

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

September 1947



ARMY MAGAZINE

Sixpence Vol. 3 - No 7



Traditionally to be found in the knapsack of every private soldier: a Field-Marshal's baton. (See page 40)

(Photograph: F. D. O'NEILL.)



CAN YOU DESIGN?

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### RULES

1. The design must be capable of reproduction on paper, in wood or metal, or as a stencil.
2. Each entrant may submit up to three designs.
3. Competitors may prepare designs in pencil, crayon, ink or paint.
4. Entries will be judged on the following qualities —
  - (a) Shape;
  - (b) Colour;
  - (c) the incorporation of the letters NAAFI;
  - (d) motif.
 As a guide, the shape should be bold, recognisable at some distance, and likely to be easily remembered.
5. Colour; there is no restriction in the use of colours but entrants will no doubt bear in mind the Navy, blue, Army scarlet and Royal Air Force blue as suggesting a suitable colour basis.
6. NAAFI; the letters NAAFI (without full points) should be incorporated into the design and be immediately readable.
7. Motif; this should symbolise the NAAFI's service to the Royal Navy, Army and the Royal Air Force.
8. Designs may be of any size, although 12 ins. by 12 ins. is suggested as convenient limit.
9. The Number, Rank, Name and permanent address of the competitor must be written on the back of each entry submitted.
10. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence in connection with the competition will be entertained.
11. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.
12. NAAFI does not guarantee to adopt as its official badge the winning design, or any design, submitted in this competition.
13. NAAFI reserves the right to reproduce the designs of all prize winners.
14. Unsuccessful designs will be returned to the entrants.
15. The result of the competition will be announced in this Journal as soon as possible after the closing date.

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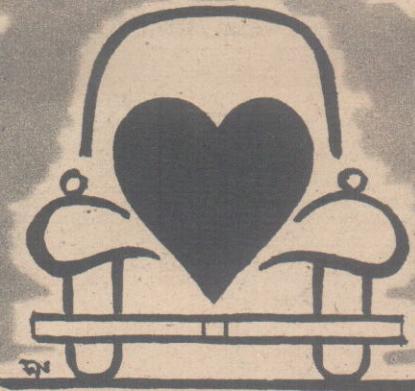
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EDGE



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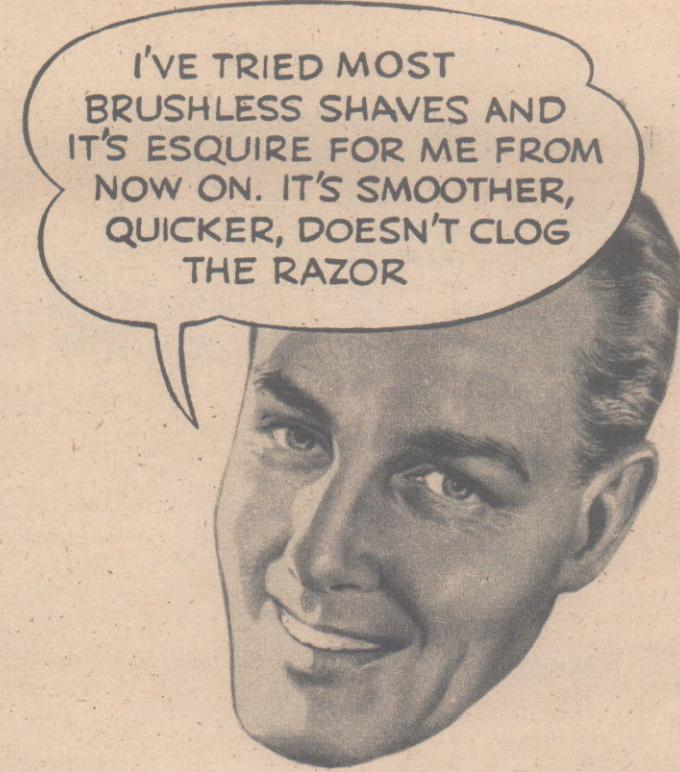
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**W**HAT are they saying about the Army? This question matters a lot. "They" are the world at large — the lad who may be a recruit, the friends and relatives who may influence him, the writers who influence them; "they" are the people of Britain who own the Army and pay its bills and have a right to know about and have a say in what it is doing; "they" are the men and women of many nations whose attitude can make the Army's job easier or harder.

For the Army is not an autonomous body that can do what it likes. If "they" don't understand or have confidence in it, "they" may, through their government, starve it of recruits, of money and supplies and reduce it to a shadow of what it should be. "They" would suffer, of course, in the long run, so it is the Army's duty to the nation as well as to its own interest to see that "they" understand it.

In the first instance the job of telling the world about the Army is done by every soldier, whether he is a Field-Marshal addressing a learned society and a host of reporters, a glamorous Guardsman scintillating on a public parade or a humble squadie writing home or chatting over a pint of beer.

But the Army's official mouth-piece is Army Public Relations, an organisation of soldiers and

publicists of all kinds with up-to-the-minute knowledge of the Army, whose job is to see that the Army's point of view is put to the public in newspapers, films, broadcasts, by books, pamphlets and posters, at exhibitions and when soldiers make official public appearances.

This is not just a publicity job, although it includes the publicity for the recruiting campaign. It means telling the British public that the Army is their Army, what it does for them and what its difficulties are, to build up a pro-Army public opinion.

And public opinion is fickle. In war-time, when the Army is carrying out the job for which it is principally designed, the soldier is a hero, whether the news is of a Dunkirk or an Alamein; but when the war is over the Army is likely to be forgotten and neglected, like a film-star who has been out of the public eye too long, unless it takes steps to keep itself in full view.

## MOUTH-PIECE OF THE ARMY

**N**ever was the Army so popular as at the end of World War Two. But the popularity of the Army in peace-time, like the popularity of a film-star who stops making films, is apt to fade. It is the job of Public Relations to prevent that

There is a subtle resistance to be overcome in "selling" the Army to the public. For centuries it has been as much a stand-by for funny men as mothers-in-law and plumbers — especially its Colonels, Second-Lieutenants and Serjeant-Majors. Cartoonists generally pick on the Army for Service jokes. "Blimps" are nearly always associated with the Army, since the original Blimp was made a Colonel by his creator, though there are just as many people who could qualify for the name in the Civil Service, big and small business, the professions and the other fighting Services.

Individually these jokes do little harm, and even if they did a free country has no means or desire to prohibit them, but their cumulative effect is to produce in some people a reluctance to treat the Army seriously and to believe that such often repeated jokes as the legendary short-temper of senior officers must have foundation in fact.

And there are more serious misunderstandings. There is no fighting service in the world that has better relations between its officers and men than the British Army, yet the occasional disciplinary troubles that get into the newspapers are liable to be magnified enormously by less thoughtful readers; the story of an extraordinary piece of "bul" that appears now and again

is interpreted by some people as suggesting that the whole Army spends its time washing coal; a demand by some organisation or public figure, who should know better for a smaller Army is backed up by the allegation that the Army in peace-time is just a wasted labour-force.

When Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, then War Minister, set up Army Public Relations in 1937, the Army, cut to the bone by between-wars economies, was very little in the public eye. The first Director of Public Relations, Major-General A.G.C. Dawnay, was given the job of making the people of Britain realise that the Army was their Army and something to be proud of; PR also had to prepare the way for the introduction of the Militia and the ATS and the doubling of the Territorial Army.

By the time World War Two broke out Major-General Ian Hay Beith, who had established a reputation with his novels of World War One, was installed as Director of Public Relations and he had two distinguished war-time successors: Colonel the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot (who elected to do the job as a Colonel and had the curious distinction of having a Brigadier as his deputy) and Major-General Lord Burnham (now managing director of the *Daily Telegraph*).

At the end of 1945, when the recruiting campaign was starting up, Major-General E.H.A.J. O'Donnell, who had held a key position in the Adjutant-General's branch, became Director and gave PR his specialised knowledge of "A" matters. He left the Army at the end of 1946 to become a Master of the Supreme Court of Justice and was suc-



Part of the war-time service: In the Western Desert a Public Relations Officer gives war correspondents the latest information on which to base their requests for trips to forward areas.

These six authors are writing popular histories of World War Two. The Public Relations branch helps them to get their material.



CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY, ex-war correspondent, is dealing with Norway, Greece, Crete, Syria and Madagascar.



MAJ.-GEN. IAN HAY BEITH, former Director of Public Relations, is writing "Arms and the Men," a sketch of the Army.



FRANK OWEN, editor of the *Daily Mail* and former editor of the Army newspaper *SEAC*, is covering Burma and the Far East.



JOHN NORTH, who landed as an observer-officer on D-Day, writes the popular account of the campaign in North-West Europe.

## Continuing MOUTH-PIECE OF THE ARMY

ceeded by the present Director, Major-General R. Edgeworth-Johnstone, who retired from the Regular Army in 1938 to take up an appointment with PR as a civilian Press officer with up-to-date military knowledge and who has climbed the whole PR ladder since.

In war-time, Public Relations duties were mainly concerned with war correspondents. These newspapermen, magazine writers, broadcasters, Press and newsreel photographers, were officially "accredited" to the British Army at the request of their employers and thus became subject to military law.

About 1500 of more than 20 nationalities were accredited to the Army between 1939 and VJ-Day.

When they went into an area of operations Public Relations fed and housed them, provided them with transport and conducting officers, arranged conferences with senior officers for them, gave them news at its own conferences, saw that their stories were censored and despatched to their papers with the minimum delay.

Special Press camps were set up in forward areas, where correspondents could base themselves. After visiting the battle areas in PR vehicles, they would write their stories at the camps,

and special despatch riders, line facilities arranged by Army Signals and special aeroplanes would take their copy back to GHQ. Here the stories were censored and sent off by the quickest means to the papers. Sometimes it was quicker to get a message from, say North Africa to London via New York, so it went that way to save time. In the Far East a special wireless ship was provided for correspondents who were to cover the invasion of Japan, to act as their base, carry censors and wireless their stories home. It was used once at the Rangoon landing, and correspondents were loud in their praises.

Military Press censorship was another PR responsibility, one

that had to be linked up with Naval, Air, civil and allied censorship. War correspondents were treated as members of the Army; commanders disclosed their plans to them before battles, they were given news of new weapons and events at times when the information would still have been of great use to the enemy and told when it would be released. The Army's trust in the correspondents was justified. Few of them tried to beat the censor; even fewer succeeded. None of them deliberately and maliciously betrayed a confidence.

If any one of them felt his stories were being unjustifiably cut by the censor, he could go and argue the matter with the censor



These quick-folding tents, specially designed to use on PR trucks, provided blacked-out offices in which war correspondents could write their stories at night in forward areas, as well as sleeping room.



ERIC LINKLATER, best-seller and historian of the Highland Division, is producing a book on the campaigns in Italy.



EVAN JOHN served as an Intelligence officer in the Middle East and is now writing about the campaigns in Africa.

himself; the censor would explain the reason for the cut, perhaps make a concession and come to a compromise. The accuracy of a correspondent's despatch was not within the censor's jurisdiction, but he might give a friendly hint if the correspondent had made a mistake and deliberate damaging mis-statements would be cut. Correspondents' opinions were not censored unless they gave hints about the future which might compromise a commander's plans.

Besides the correspondents, PR had its own soldier-photographers of the Army Film and Photographic Unit (SOLDIER, 2 March 1946) and its own soldier-reporters. The reporters were the officer and NCO observers, mostly former

journalists, who were posted to formations down to divisions. The observers established their own contacts and local correspondents among the units they covered and produced stories which the war correspondents, with a whole front to cover instead of only a division's sector, could not hope to touch. All their material was made available to war correspondents, but their principal service was to local papers in Britain, about the men and units from the papers' areas. At one time something like 300 observer stories were being issued to the Press every week and today they still average about 100.

Today in every Command, Public Relations officers are still helping newspapermen, photo-



Public Relations in war was a 24-hour-a-day job. Correspondents with different "deadlines" to catch, were kept informed as far as possible of what news was going to be released.

LONDON EVENING STANDARD

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1945

# Sussex Men Took Over "The Snake's Head" A TOUGH JOB AT CASSINO

## VILLAGE TAKEN BY FORESTERS IN ITALY

### DERBY MEN'S PART IN "DASHING VICTORY"

DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER

## READING STANDARD

Observers of Public Relations cover the intimate stories that press correspondents, watching a whole theatre, cannot touch. They also write the "local boy makes good" stories for the smaller papers.

## BECKENHAM JOURNAL

# NOTES AND COMMENTS The Signallers at Anzio

By WANDERER

SOUTH LONDON PRESS

## KINCARDINESHIRE OBSERVER

# THEIR WAS A GLORIOUS FAILURE

The Hampshire Regiment on Mount Damiano

By A MILITARY OBSERVER

HAMPSHIRE HERALD



Colonel Solodovnik, seen here with the late Lord Moyne and Mr. R. G. Casey, was with the British Army in Middle East as a Russian war correspondent; he next appeared in North Africa as a Major-General in the Russian Army, with a Russian mission.



Like many other specialists, Public Relations worked in close co-operation with the United States Army in joint theatres. Here a British and an American soldier are despatching correspondents' stories.

## Continuing MOUTH-PIECE OF THE ARMY.

graphers and broadcasters to tell the world about the Army — answering their queries, telling them when stories "break" and what big events are coming off, arranging visits for them to Army camps and installations and interviews with soldiers.

One branch of PR at the War Office acts as agent for the Army's publicity campaign and produces or arranges for the production of pamphlets, posters, exhibition stands and advertisements which will appeal not only to recruits but to their parents, wives and sweethearts, because PR realises that they, too, must know all about the Army if they are to encourage, or at least not discourage, young men from joining. After PR's long-term job of building up favourable public opinion and after it has put the

potential recruit in touch with the Army, it is up to the Army to justify the claims made for it in the publicity campaign. How far it does so will decide the success or failure of voluntary recruitment; now that so many youngsters are experiencing Army life the contented soldier is more than ever the best recruiter and no publicity can replace him in the long run.

Other branches deal with "permission-to-publish" for serving soldiers who have written for publication. Like the war-time censor, they are closely concerned with questions of security and, since the serving soldiers always speak for the Army, however unofficially, with comments on current Government policy. They also advise the BBC on radio scripts about the

Army, arrange for Army announcements (such as delayed leave-party sailings) in the Press and on the wireless, provide soldiers for "personal appearances" — a company to take part in a film, a band to play at a public function or a PT team to give a display.

Another PR job is answering the hundreds of odd queries that come into the War Office addressed to nobody in particular or to "The Manager, The War Office". Typical queries:

From a boy of 13 interested in locomotives as a hobby: Where could he see some WD locos?

From a man in Northern England: Were Conscientious Objectors' Corps formed in the last two wars and if so what happened to them?

From a soldier in Middle East: Why do troops in ME now have to pay 1½d air mail postage home instead of getting it free as

before, and why do troops have to buy some of their own clothing?

From a man whose hobby is embroidery: Can you give me some authentic medal-ribbon colours?

Film companies also get some expert answers from this branch. One wanted details of the insignia of the higher ranks of the Gestapo which only the Army seemed to have; another wanted to know all about released prisoners of war from Japan — where they were received, what they wore, how they were received into hospitals, what the hospitals were like, everything in great detail.

Among the branch's correspondents is the library of the Pentagon, the United States War Department building in Washington, which wants to get hold of certain regimental journals.

Just now PR is concerned with arranging facilities for six distinguished authors who have been commissioned to write popular histories of World War Two; "facilities" here includes tours of the battle-areas in all parts of the world. PR will help any serious author who is writing about the Army to make his researches, telling him where he can find the answers to his questions, getting him access to war diaries and entry to the War Office Library. Recently a widow sent in the diary which her husband kept throughout World War One, believing that it might be worth preserving. It was carefully examined and although it is of no use at present, it has gone into the War Office archives where, in perhaps a hundred years time, it will be invaluable to a writer making research into the life of a soldier of 1914-18.

"The public has never taken the Army to its heart very much until there has been a war," says Major-General Edgeworth-Johnstone. "After the last war the Army was more popular than it had ever been and the big public relations job now is to do everything possible to see there is no great reaction."



"I wish you'd forget all this old soldier business and stop roughing it. You make me feel jolly uncomfortable."

The Army's senior civil servant won the MC in World War One. After release he let his finances dwindle to £2 10s before getting a job. Today he controls the expenditure of the Army's millions. He is Sir Eric B. B. Speed—the man with the best-known signature in the Army

In every orderly room and staff office of the British Army, wherever it may be, there is one signature and one only that you can be sure of finding. It is the one at the end of every batch of Army Council Instructions, the edicts of the Army's highest-level committee, and it reads "Eric B. B. Speed."

The "Eric" is neatly but not very legibly written, the "B's" precise and plain, but the "Speed" is jazzy and undecipherable, obviously written very quickly. It is followed by a big full-stop, as though the pen had been jabbed impatiently down on to the paper as the writer turned eagerly to the next task.

The signature reflects the personality of the man who writes it. Sir Eric Bourne Bentinck Speed, KCB, KBE, MC, JP, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War and Accounting Officer, Secretary and Member of the Army Council, to give him his full name and offices, is a man who thinks and talks fast, who gives you the impression he can concentrate on detail when it is necessary but not when it is trivial, who prefers to get on with the task ahead rather than linger over past triumphs. This

The tie will be approved by any light Infantryman. Sir Eric served with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry in World War One.



The man in the tweed cap who paid a three-day visit to Southern Command in 1942 with General Sir Bernard Paget was Sir Eric Speed, then Joint Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War. He visited other theatres during the war.

## THE ARMY'S NO. 1. CIVILIAN

impression is strengthened when you find that he can detail you his programme for the next few days but cannot remember the exact year he entered the Civil Service.

Although he is the senior civilian working for the Army, next to the Ministers, and has

been a civil servant some 27 years, Sir Eric is about as much like Puffington as a greyhound is to a fat poodle. He is likely to greet you in shirt-sleeves, if the weather is warm. He will talk to you pacing up and down his enormous office, smoking cigarettes one after another. His hair is greying, but he is upright and, at 52, has the meagre middle-age spread of a man who has always kept himself fit.

His voice is quiet and quick, but it sounds as if it could take on a spine-chilling rasp if he was displeased. His language is racy and he says he assimilated some of the notable fluency in forcible words of his predecessor and former colleague and chief, Sir James Grigg.

The Army's chief civilian has been a soldier too. When he left Christ's Hospital in 1914, he joined the Royal Fusiliers and was commissioned into the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry about the end of 1914. He was shot in the stomach on the first day of the Somme battle, won the MC and the French Croix de Guerre and was mentioned in despatches. He left the Army with the rank of Captain.

"When I was released," he says, "I played cricket, hockey and golf for a year on my war



"By Command of the Army Council, Eric B. B. Speed." The phrase and the signature make Army Council Instructions effective.





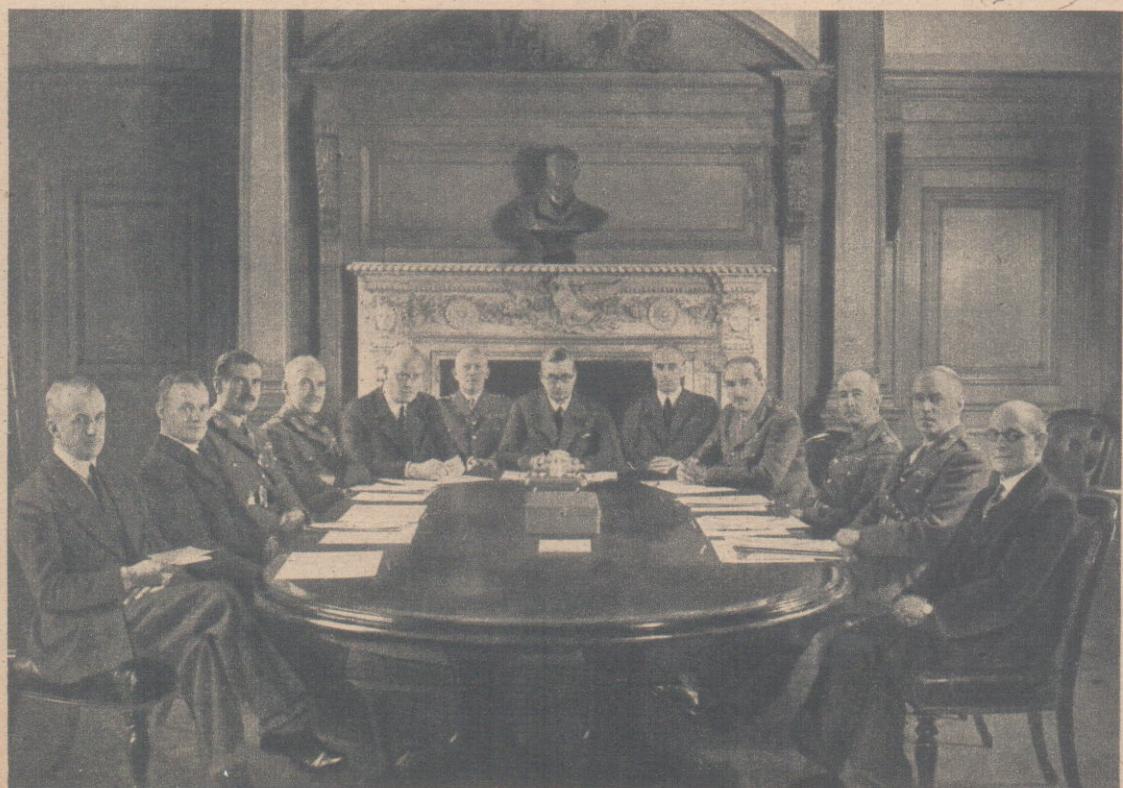
Above: In a corner of his vast office, where the Army Council Executive Committee meets, is an up-to-the-minute recruiting chart.

Left: Sir Eric copes with masses of paper-work. His secretary stands by for a quick decision and instructions.

Right: Historic silver-ware in Sir Eric's office is a relic of the old Board of Ordnance and bears its arms, which are incorporated in the modern War Office flash.



The war-winning Army Council, presided over by Sir James Grigg. Opposite Sir Eric Speed at the bottom of the table sat his fellow Joint Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Frederick Bovenschen.



## Continuing THE ARMY'S NO. 1. CIVILIAN

gratuity and when I was reduced to the sum of £2 10s in the bank I got temporary employment with the Ministry of Pensions."

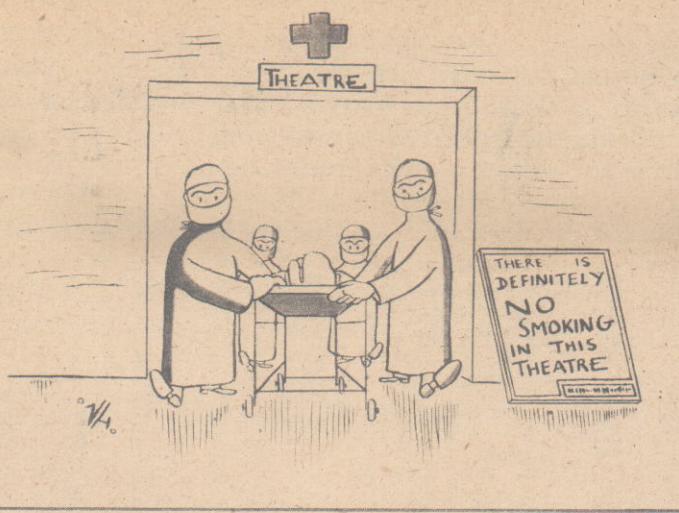
From the Ministry of Pensions he went to the War Office, having passed the post-war Civil Service reconstruction examination, and stayed at the War Office until he was transferred to the Treasury in 1932. During those years he ran the War Office cricket side.

Sir Eric left the Treasury to become second private secretary to Lord Baldwin (then Prime Minister) and then returned to the Treasury where he was closely concerned with the rearmament programme in 1938-39. He came back to the War Office in 1940 as principal private secretary to Mr. Anthony Eden, who was then War Minister. He held the same job under Lord Margesson, who succeeded Mr. Eden. When Sir James Grigg, who was Permanent Under-Secretary, became Minister, Sir Eric Speed became joint Permanent Under-Secretary with Sir Frederick Bovenschen until Sir Frederick retired in 1945 and he took over the whole job.

Before he left the Bluecoat School, Sir Eric had taken a classical scholarship at St. John's College Oxford, but he did not go into residence because of the war. He was offered a course there, when he was released, but refused it because during his Army service he had forgotten all the Greek and Latin he had known. The result is that he is one of the few men in the higher division of the Civil Service without a university degree, which, he says "always gives me a certain amount of satisfaction."

Big moment of Sir Eric's month is the meeting of the Army Council. The other members are the Secretary of State for War, his junior Minister (the Financial Secretary), the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the Vice-CIGS, who is responsible for organisation, weapons and equipment, the Adjutant-General, responsible for personnel questions, and the Quartermaster-General, responsible for quartering, feeding and maintenance of the Army. They are all of equal status, except that the other members are subordinate to the Secretary of State, and the decisions they make, whichever branch they may concern, are the responsibility of the whole Army Council. The Permanent Under-Secretary and the military members of the Army Council except the CIGS, form the Council's executive committee which meet every Friday to despatch the executive business of running the Army.

He recalls that at every Friday meeting during the war, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Nye, who was Vice-CIGS, used to give the executive committee a summary of what had happened in the various theatres. Week



after week the news got steadily worse. Sir Eric told him: "One day, Archie, you'll come and give us some good news."

"And one day," says Sir Eric, "he did. It was the battle of Alamein. And from then on the prospects and reports began to get brighter."

The Army Council is like a board of directors in a very big firm, where each director, except for the chairman and his deputy, is managing director of a particular section, responsible for one side of the firm's work.

Sir Eric Speed, as PUS and Accounting Officer, is responsible to Parliament for the Army's expenditure, which he controls, and once a year he is interrogated by the Parliamentary Public Accounts Committee on the previous year's expenditure; he also looks after the Army estimates and accounts, Army contracts and all financial questions affecting the Army. His other responsibilities include the conduct of the Army Council secretariat, which serves all members of the Council, Army Public Relations, the chaplaincy services all civilian staffs in the War Office and out-stations, civil affairs (at present the civil management of the former Italian colonies in Africa) and War Department lands.

When Sir Eric talks about his job, he emphasises that the main work of the civilian element in the War Office is co-ordinating and advisory, and to help the military to obtain what they need and to get the best value.

Sir Eric's good relations with the uniformed side are demonstrated every Monday midday when he goes off to lunch with Field-Marshal Montgomery in the flat Monty took over from his predecessor as CIGS, Lord Alanbrooke. His friendship with the Field-Marshal goes back to the war years.

"I visited him at his headquarters in Sicily, a day or two before we crossed over to Italy," he recalls. "I had a bumpy air passage from Algiers to Malta and then on to Sicily. I had another bumpy flight across Sicily in a two-seater plane and a journey by road through clouds of dust and over pot-holes on a very hot day, to Monty's headquarters. I was a very tired civilian.

"I'd known Monty some years before, but I had never stayed with him. I rather thought I should find a very austere mess and get a glass of water and Army biscuits. On the contrary, when I got to Taormina, there was Monty standing at the top of the steps of a lovely villa holding in his hand a cut-glass goblet of iced champagne for me. And when I had swallowed that, he turned to his ADC and handed me another one."

Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand, Monty's Chief of Staff, recalls this same visit in his "Operation Victory."

"One night after dinner," he writes, "when the Army Commander had retired, several of us were playing a quiet game of *chemin-de-fer*. A very charming and high-powered civil servant on a visit from War Office was watching us. He said he didn't play, but appeared quite interested. Shortly before we closed for the night I had a very good bank. Our guest, who had had a long experience in the Treasury, must have suddenly decided that there was money in this game, for he quietly said he would like to join in. The result was, we took his Italian lire then his French francs (he was visiting Algiers), and finally his few remaining English notes found their way into our pockets! Besides this sharp tactical success, however, we profited further by the visit. He would patiently listen to our grousing and although he never promised anything, we found that in the course of time various changes were made in the Army regulations which we knew were a result of his activities."

Sir Eric's comment on that story is "They skinned me dry."

When he has time off, you may find Sir Eric as the family man with his wife, 11-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son, in his home at Chelsea which, he says, consists mainly of stairs. Otherwise, he may be watching a cricket match — he is a member of the MCC — or playing golf or fishing; or attending a reunion of his regiment.

But wherever you find him, he will not be having a lazy time. That just isn't his nature.

RICHARD LASCELLES.

## SOLDIER to Soldier

THE British soldier has been told often enough that he is a policeman.

As such he does not quarrel with his beat, any more than the policeman posted to the spiv-and-street-walker district of London quarrels with his beat.

There has been much fuss at home over young soldiers being sent to Germany. Well-meaning writers and speakers say it is wrong to expose them to the demoralisations of a defeated nation. These critics seemingly have the idea that the Army contains vast reserves of middle-aged married men who could carry out the "occupation of Germany, along with their families. The Army just can't be run like that.

No one denies that in Germany there are many and varied temptations. A nation in the trough is an unwholesome sight. Too many familiar standards lapse. Defeat loosens the flood gates of cynicism; defeat slackens the reins which a civilised mind keeps on its natural lusts.

The smell which rises from ruins of many a German city is not necessarily the smell of putrid flesh; it is the smell of putrid morals. A sensible man avoids the smell. A good unit keeps its men out of idleness — and that does not mean buying everybody a glider and a motor cycle.

The British soldier is not a natural-born profligate and racketeer. He is a normal human being, subject to normal appetites. In Germany he is called on to keep his self-control as sternly as his comrade-in-arms in Palestine is called on to keep his temper. The ability to do both are essential in any soldier.

Germany will never recover her self-respect if the occupying soldier loses his. It will be a bad day if he ever gets into the habit of leaving his morals at Harwich. Thousands who fought to bring victory are dead; the honour they won in the field must not be trafficked away, furtively, in the shadows.

Soldiers who, by the luck of the draw, were sent to theatres where more normal standards, courtesies and currencies prevail may well congratulate themselves. Not that Rhine Army can claim a monopoly of temptations. Soldiers serving in Asia will agree that:

*"...the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts at Khatmandu. And the crimes of Clapham chaste at Martaban."*

The British soldier, wherever he is, does not ask for mollycoddling or the deadly drip of sympathy. He can stand on his own two feet. If he keeps his head he will go home a stronger and a wiser man; and his biggest satisfaction will be that he set an example to those in dire need of one.

WITH some reluctance, SOLDIER must confess that it doesn't know everything. There is no superman on the staff who can answer all Army queries fired at him. If there was, Mr. Bellenger would have lured him away with a big salary long ago.

SOLDIER's job — like that of the War Minister, when beset by MP's questions — is not so much finding the answer as finding the man who knows the answer. Somewhere in the War Office is a man who knows the rates of pay of bandsmen and Beefeaters; somewhere else is the man who knows the ration scales for Basutos. Sometimes, when the man is found, the desired information can be obtained by telephone; at other times it can be got only by the expedient of starting a file. This is not necessarily the comical, timewasting procedure it is often represented to be. SOLDIER receives ready assistance in answering enquiries from hard-worked branches at the War Office, Rhine Army and other overseas HQ's, and would like to put the fact on record. Some of the files which come home to roost are of imposing dimensions. How galling it is, therefore, to find occasionally that after SOLDIER has sent a reply to the original enquirer the letter returns after a lapse of time marked "insufficient address." That is one of half a dozen sensible reasons why correspondents should give full name and address; since obviously not all letters can be answered in the pages of SOLDIER.

Meanwhile the postbag is nothing if not varied: recent items have included a request for a detailed feature on Bing Crosby; a "please settle an argument" letter from a German lad who wants to know whether he can join the British Army; and a request from sergeants and warrant officers of 5th Royal Tank Regiment for information where to send money for the assistance of British Olympic athletes.



In hundreds of boxes enquiries are filed away; then, when fresh information, or another enquiry comes in, it is checked with the files. If it "matches", another family solves its worst post-war problem.



They take no chances in the department that deals with prisoners' property. Every batch is sprayed with DDT — false teeth, flat-irons and all.



"My son has not been heard of since Caen fell in 1944," explains a father. "We were bombed out and had to move." Below: For two years behind wire he thought his family was dead; then the Bureau brought him news. Now they are together again.



A green postcard arrives at a prisoner-of-war camp in Britain; a brown card is delivered to a bomb-shattered German home. For the first time for years a man hears news of his family and a family learns he is alive. The agency that links them is a unit unique in the British Army.

## THE UNIT WHICH RAISES THE DEAD

Iron Crosses (first and second class) are two-a-penny in the Bureau's junk-room, where any property bearing the swastika insignia is impounded. An SS chief once strutted round wearing the arm-band resting on the two daggers at the top of the table.



ONE day recently a green postcard was delivered to Werner Baecker, a prisoner-of-war in Scotland. It was the first communication he had had from his wife for over two years.

The same day a German postman knocked on the door of a house in Flensburg and handed Frau Anna Baecker a brown postcard — the first information she had had of the husband she had thought dead for over two years.

And in Hamburg, in an office used before and during the war as a Court of Justice, an officer and two sergeants supervised 200 German girl clerks as they searched through box after box of record cards, checking names and addresses and dates of birth, and then sent off scores of other green and brown cards to other prisoners in European and Middle East prison camps and their relatives in nearly every country in the world.

This unit with the task of linking prisoners with families they thought dead and mothers and fathers with sons they assumed had been killed in battle has the rather uninspiring and slightly misleading name of the Central Postal Enquiry Bureau. It is the only unit of its kind in the Army. By its agency nearly 100,000 relatives have made contact with their men behind the barbed wire.

When the Bureau was set up in the summer of 1945 it was faced with the titanic task of tracing millions of relatives. Bombed-out families were living in some cases hundreds of miles away from their home towns. Hundreds of thousands from the north and the east whose menfolk were fighting in the *Wehrmacht* swelled the tide of homeless refugees. There was no record of these mass movements and control broke down.

Today, after two years work which has involved the recording of over a million-and-a-half enquiries, the Bureau is still tracing lost persons at the rate of over 1000 a week and putting them in touch with their relatives. Enquiries pour in from all over the world.

When *SOLDIER* visited the Bureau at its spacious Altona Allée offices three girls were sorting through the day's mail and sending requests for information to the correct departments. In another office the information contained in the letters from relatives of prisoners was placed on a green card and then checked with the hundreds of thousands of brown cards sent in

by prisoners requesting information of their families. If insufficient information is contained in the letter, a green card is sent to the relative who completes the questionnaire, writes a message to the prisoner and returns it to the Bureau. If the whereabouts of the prisoner is known half the green card is sent to his POW Camp and the relative is sent a prisoner's brown card. The duplicates are filed away in the unit's record rooms where hundreds of boxes are searched each week.

In carrying out this work the Bureau has very often put one member of a family in touch with another when neither has had the remotest idea of the other's whereabouts. Occasionally there are instances of a prisoner deliberately giving the wrong address of his family for reasons of his own, and of a relative refusing to admit the identity of a prisoner. Such cases are not frequent, but when they do occur they cause headaches in the Bureau.

There is sometimes a light relief to the heartbreak stories of the Bureau's mail-box. A few days ago the Commanding Officer received a request from "Heinrich Himmler" to let him know the whereabouts of "Adolf Hitler, the Führer." And appended was a message in German: "Don't leave us for too long. We can never forget you. The others give us less to eat than even you gave us."

Then there was the woman who, having received an "OHMS" letter from the CPEB, addressed her reply as follows: —

*To: On His Majesty's Service, Open by cutting Label instead of tearing envelope, Fasten Envelope by gumming this Label across Flap, HAMBURG.*

In another office two ex-*Wehrmacht* men and a girl were questioning a score of repatriated prisoners from the Russian and French Zones who had not heard from their families since before the end of the war. All the information they could give was noted down and the green enquiry cards were searched for clues that might lead the men to their families. In most cases the relatives had already asked for information from the Bureau.

The Bureau also deals with the personal effects of prisoners who have been repatriated and of prisoners who have died in cap-



Money of nearly every European currency and totalling (at prewar rates) thousands of pounds, pours daily into the Bureau's office to be confiscated and sent to the Paymaster.

tivity. All kinds of articles from a flat-iron to a Leica camera, are sent by sea in large wooden boxes to the Bureau where they are sorted out in parcels and despatched post-free to their home addresses. There are old clothes and gum-boots, gold watches and fountain pens, lighters and rings, cameras and women's underwear, photographs and letters, gramophone records and false teeth. To guard against infection the girls spray the articles with DDT powder as they sort them out.

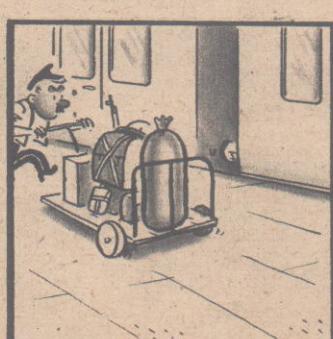
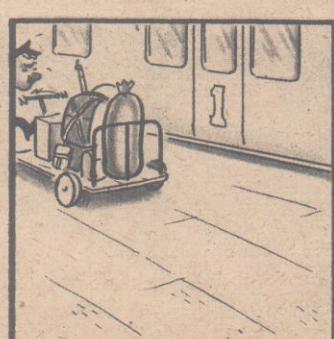
"It is this department that gets the rude letters," says Captain J. Jackson, in charge of the unit. "Sometimes a grasping wife writes to say that the gold ring we sent her is made of brass and didn't belong to her husband anyway. Others allege that we pilfer the parcels and sell the stuff on the Black Market."

This department is also responsible for impounding all articles bearing the swastika and all currency other than German marks. The money goes to the District Pay Office. Swastika-marked articles include medals, hence Capt. Jackson's office

possesses hundreds of military medals, from the Iron Cross First Class down to a mechanical engineer's proficiency badge.

Girls in another office record the deaths of prisoners and members of the German Mine-Sweeping Administration, and issue authority for local registry offices to make out death certificates. There are still tens of thousands of relatives in Germany who have not applied for information about their menfolk, although notices are displayed on advertising sites in all German towns and information is given in the German press. Hamburg radio broadcasts each evening lists of names of prisoners and their families. Enquiries are now being received on a larger scale than before from prisoners in Russian and French Camps. From an official list of prisoners published each month by the French authorities scores more families are being united. "This work will go on for several years until the last prisoner is linked with his family, and when that is done I think we can say we have done a good job," says Capt. Jackson.

E. J. GROVE.



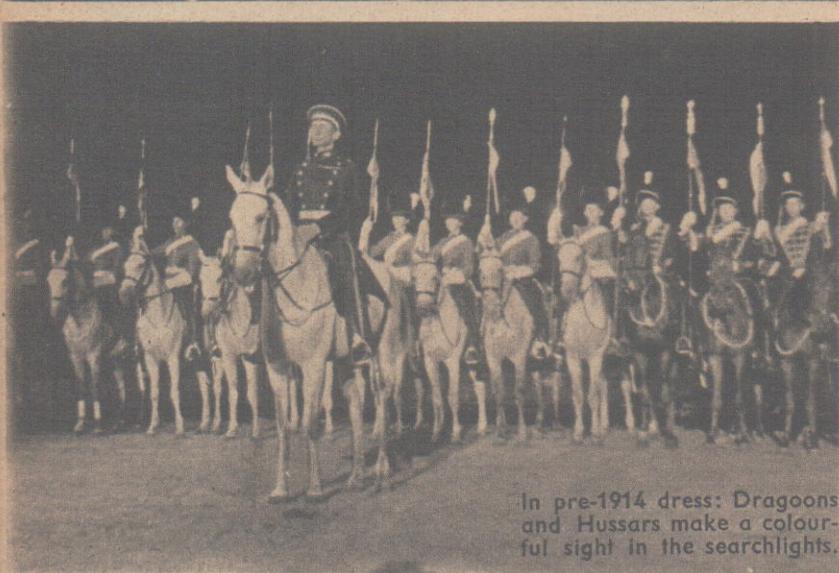


The British Army stages a brilliant spectacle on the field in Berlin where the world's athletes once contested the Olympic Games

(Photographs: Sgt. A. G. Weed.)

## BERLIN TATTOO

A change from flak: fireworks in the night sky of Berlin.



In pre-1914 dress: Dragoons and Hussars make a colourful sight in the searchlights.

THE Signalman from Lancashire was sure there was a more original way of riding a motor-cycle than by merely sitting on the saddle, sitting wrong way round in the saddle, standing on the saddle or lying on the handlebars.

So was the Signalman from Yorkshire.

The two began to experiment.

Signalman W. A. Chippendale had a strong six-foot pole built on his motor-cycle just behind the saddle. Then he started his machine, put it into second gear, and shinned up the pole like a monkey on a stick. The machine kept going, and incredibly enough Signalman Chippendale kept up the pole.

Signalman C. Cross meanwhile was having a ladder fitted to his machine. He also put his cycle into second and climbed the ladder for a better view. Like his comrade he found that not only

could he stay aloft, but by a blend of balancing and wishful thinking he could steer.

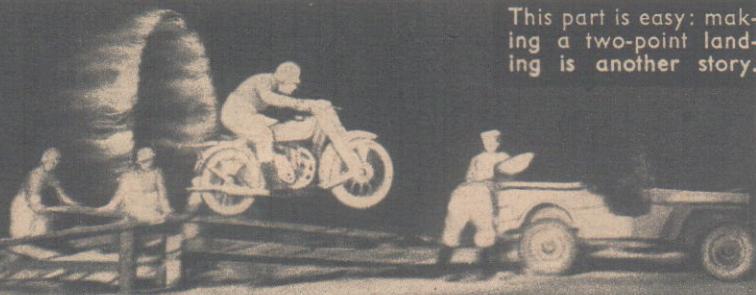
For less than a week the two men practised, falling off from time to time but like good despatch riders falling off unhurt. Then their D-Day came, and out they rode under the massed searchlights at the Olympic Maitfeld in Berlin and brought a gasp of disbelief from an international audience. It just wasn't possible.

Of course, said the wiseacres in the audience, these men were members of a special Army stunt team, who had been riding in motor-cycle rodeos for years. Certainly it was hard to believe



Cavalry charge: climax of a fine display by Rhine Army horsemen.

This part is easy: making a two-point landing is another story.



The man up the ladder is Signalman Cross; he practised this stunt for less than a week.



Comedy interlude: bridal car by 7th. Armoured Workshops.



that the Royal Signals riders who took part in the Berlin Tattoo were ordinary soldiers who had volunteered from their units to show just what a young Army can do.

That was an aspect of the Tattoo which ought not to be missed. Here was a young Army showing its paces, not a handful of "professionals" combed from crack units for the occasion.

There had been sniping in Press and Parliament when the Army announced it would hold a six-day Tattoo in Berlin. This was encouraging the Germans to reverence martial displays; this was a waste of manpower, a squandering of materials, and so on.

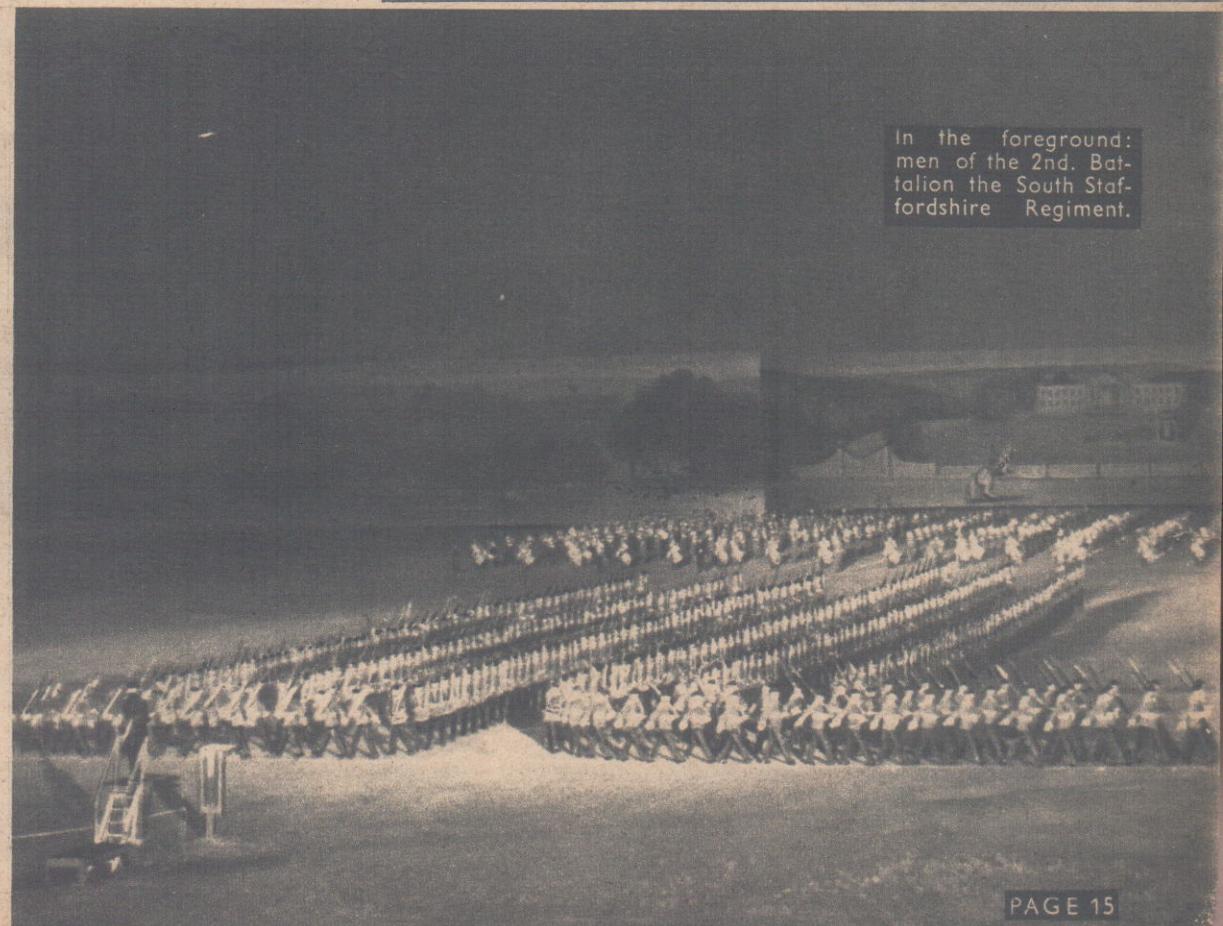
No one—British or German—who saw the Tattoo is likely to hold any doubts whether the show was worth doing.

The Tattoo did not demonstrate pill-boxes being fried by flame-throwers. It did not—as in the Royal Tournament at London's Olympia—show Commandos scaling an impossible cliff. The Berlin Tattoo was a colour-and-music pageant, pure and simple. It was not a squandering of materials, but an ingenious marshalling of them. And the men who organised and prepared for the Tattoo would be the last to say that they learned nothing useful. The literal-minded who argue that controlling a motor-cycle from the top of a pole is hardly a part of Army training miss the point that a Tattoo is a demonstration of an Army's ingenuity, fitness and ability to do things with dash and efficiency. An Army which makes a hash of a tattoo will make a hash of an invasion.

Preparations for this Tattoo began in a former German munitions factory at Menden. Here the "props" were made out of surplus and scrap material. Next the 1300-odd performers had to

be accommodated somewhere near the Olympic Maifeld. Where better than in the great Olympic Stadium hard by? But the Olympic Stadium was a long way from being a habitable barracks. Sappers and resident troops got busy. Before long the smoke of camp ovens rose from the gigantic arena where once the light which was carried from Athens by relays of runners flickered over the Olympic Games. The British Army was making itself comfortable. Tackling this oper-

OVER



In the foreground: men of the 2nd. Battalion the South Staffordshire Regiment.

*Continuing*

## BERLIN TATTOO

ation was Major W. J. Feehally, whose men of the 2nd. Northamptons were doing a fine job erecting the large-scale scenery.

When the day of the Tattoo came — 11 August — the flags of the Allied nations flew from the heights of both the Stadium and the Maifeld, and the grey walls of the arena were relieved by banks of bright flowers.

Explosives ushered in the Tattoo, but they were the explosions of fireworks in the evening sky. The only other gunpowder was used up in the spectacular *feu de joie*. The drill display of the Staffordshires, in their full-dress red uniforms was one of the high-lights. Many were puzzled to know how the orders were transmitted, since no shouted commands were heard, and the sight of 450 men right-turning on a common impulse was uncanny. The secret was the flashing of coloured lights on the far side of the saluting base.

Another spectacular item was the display of physical training by the 1st. Battalion the York and Lancaster Regiment and five squadrons of the RAF Regiment. When the searchlights went out the exercises were carried out with lighted clubs, till the Maifeld looked like a field of agitated fireflies. Vastly impressive was the massing of the Highland pipers, accompanied by the torch-bearers who merged in a carpet of flame.

The cavalry made their own colourful contribution with a musical ride by men of the 1st. Royal Dragoons, the Royal Scots Greys, the 7th. Queen's Own Hussars and the 10th. Royal Hussars. And a good comedy effort came from 7th. Armoured Workshops in the shape of a perpetually exploding bridal car.

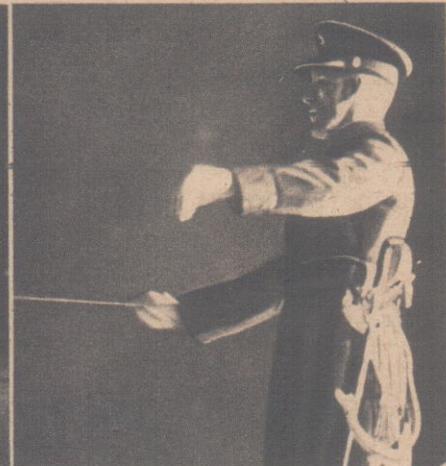
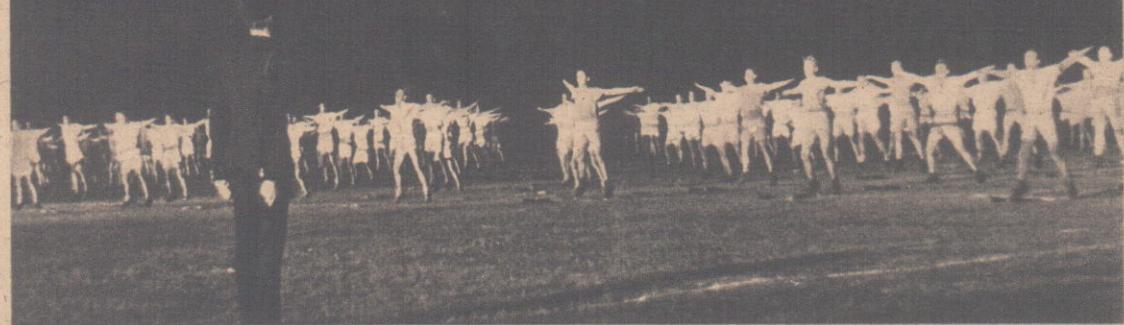
Producer of the Tattoo (profits of which go to the children of Berlin) was Lieut-Col. L.S. White, who was responsible for the previous Tattoos — both this summer and last summer — at Dortmund. He is the first British producer to be called upon to fill Hitler's Maifeld and he did it excellently.

ERNEST TURNER

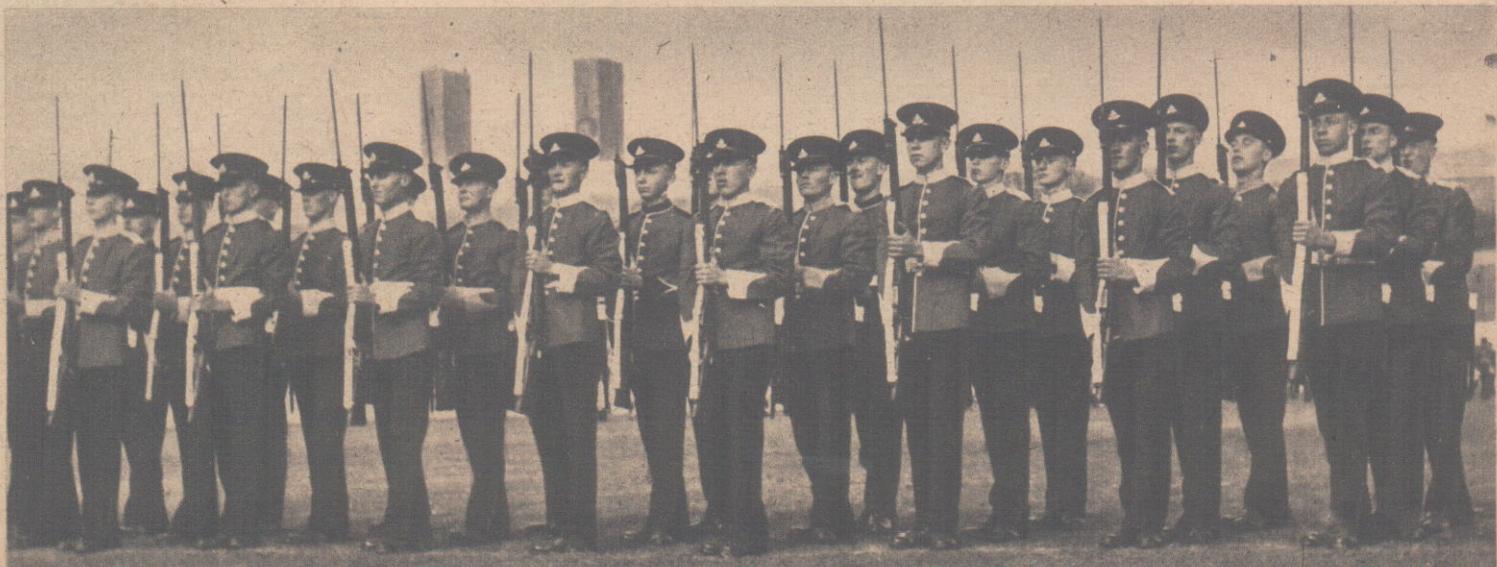
Coiled barbed wire effect is produced by men swinging illuminated clubs.



A section of the PT display by more than 500 performers.



Above: torch-bearers kneel while kilted comrades perform Highland dance. Right: the man who ruled the massed bands—Major T. S. Chandler, Welsh Guards. Below: daylight shot of the men of the 2nd. Bn the South Staffordshires, in their full dress.



# CYPRUS HOLIDAY

RICHARD ELLEY, MIDDLE EAST REPORT  
touring Middle East  
for SOLDIER, sailed from Palestine to Cyprus  
and found British troops relaxing in ancient  
Famagusta and on the slopes of Mount Olympus



In the warm Cyprus nights the best place for a cabaret is out-of-doors. These pictures were taken at Nicosia, the island's capital, where NAAFI runs residential clubs. Below: ATS under Naval convoy scramble up the hillside at Troodos. (Photos: Sjt. Stuart Shrimpton.)



WITH Palestine's gay spots not what they were in the days of the war, Cyprus is becoming a holiday island for Service men and women stationed in the Holy Land.

They get there in the *Tripolitania*, a ship which spends its time shuttling backwards and forwards between Haifa and Famagusta.

The *Tripolitania* was once an Italian vessel, but she was scuttled at Massawa during the war, and then raised by the Royal Navy and set to work flying the Red Ensign. Her last job was as a trooper on the Athens-Salonika run. She has now been refitted as a leave ship to carry nearly 500 passengers in plenty of comfort for a trip which starts about tea-time and ends with breakfast ashore.

From the time they sight the thick, red-grey walls of the ancient city of Famagusta, there are plenty of things to enchant the newly-arrived holidaymakers from Palestine, apart from the freedom from barbed wire and the fact that they can park their rifles or Sten-guns with the Military Police and forget them until it is time to re-embark.

Most of them find it a welcome change to drive on the left-hand side of the road again instead of the right, as in Pales-

OVER 

# Continuing CYPRUS HOLIDAY

tine; to see a majority of familiar British cars in place of the overwhelming masses of pretentious American models that hoot their way about the mainland; and to marvel at the Model "T" Fords and other long-forgotten vehicles that Cypriot ingenuity has kept on the roads.

They like to wander, without armed escort, round the shopping streets of the towns. They delight to haggle in the novel shillings that are divided into nine piastres, to lounge in the bars, cafes and restaurants and experiment with Greek and Turkish dishes and drinks as a change from the eternal eggs-and-chips and beer. For some there is attraction in the cabarets, where it costs four shillings to buy the glass of coloured liquid that entitles them to one dance with the "hostess" for whom they have bought it.

There are pleasant rides round the island on the Welfare buses, across the plain from Famagusta, where rows of windmill water-pumps stretch among the olive and orange groves and the fields; or up into the hill villages whose red-roofed houses contrast with the mud-brick buildings of the plain, where the bus may be held up during blasting in the great asbestos quarries. And in

the plains there is an infinity of pleasant walks among the wooded slopes to villages that always have at least one attractive cafe.

For Servicemen on leave there are camps at Famagusta — where NAAFI has opened a new Golden Sands camp — at Polemedea, near Limassol, and at Troodos, where NAAFI runs a Pine Tree camp. There are also residential NAAFI clubs at Nicosia, the island's capital, and for those who can afford them there are town and country hotels.

Most Servicemen like to divide their holidays equally between one of the coast resorts, where they can lounge in the sun and use Welfare-provided canoes and bicycles, and Troodos, which is 6000 feet above sea-level, on the saddle just below Mount Olympus. At Troodos the weather is cool and clear in the summer and stimulating after the heat of Palestine; in the winter it has four or five feet of snow and becomes a ski-centre for holiday-makers.

Cyprus is full of picturesque characters, like this old man who is willing to pose for anyone's camera. Typical Cyprus scenery is this hill village (below) clustered round its Orthodox church, on the steep road to Troodos.



Above: It gets nippy at Troodos, 6000 feet up, in the evenings, so ATS girls in the leave-camp collect firewood and pine-cones for a blaze in their quarters. Below: But it's warmer down at Famagusta and the Mediterranean is just right for keeping cool.



Here RICHARD ELLEY describes life in the Army families' villages at Fayid, on the Great Bitter Lake, where a new kind of communal living is being tried out

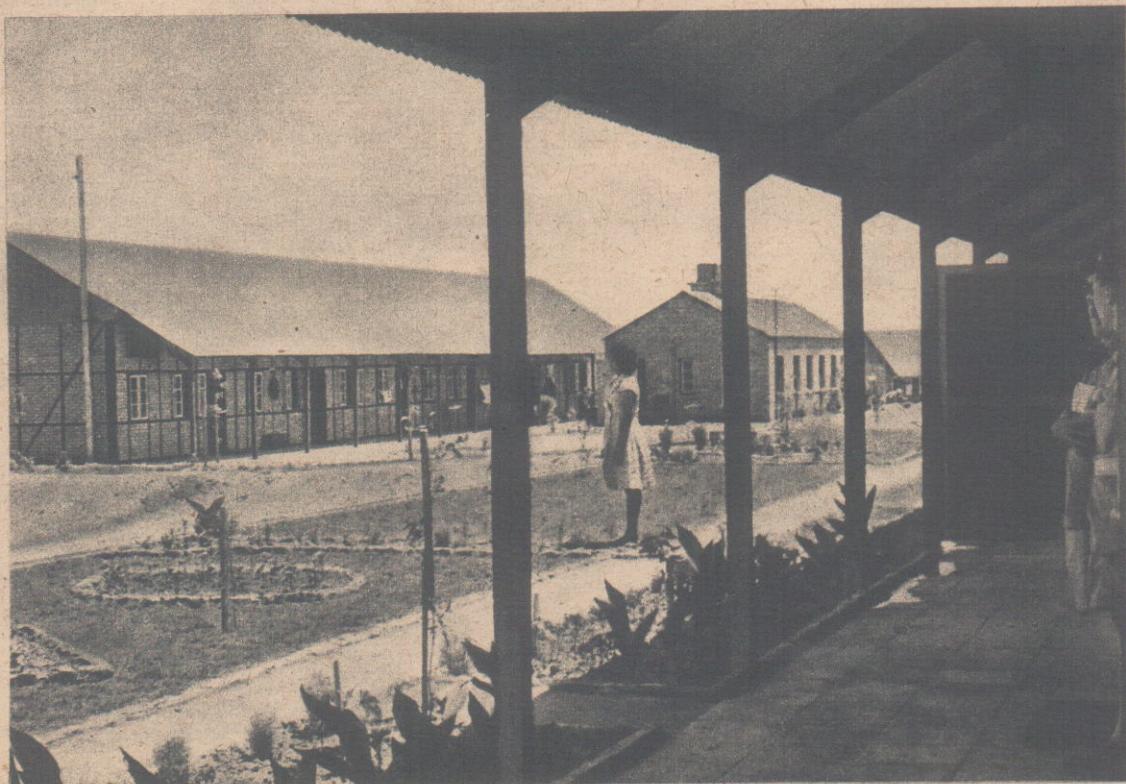
MIDDLE EAST REPORT (Continued)

## THE ARMY CONDUCTS A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT



Above: Straight from the churn comes the milk for the schoolchildren's mid-morning break. Below: The neat gardens are planted in canal mud which has been laid over the sand.

## FAMILY VILLAGE



ONE of the Army's greatest social experiments is getting over its teething troubles. At Fayid, on the Great Bitter Lake, communal living on a scale that Britain has never tried before, except for short holidays, is beginning to show that it can be a success for a long period.

In the five married families' villages at Fayid, about 225 couples and 200 children are shaking down and writing home to say they are quite happy, thank you, and the neighbours are very helpful.

They came to Fayid a little doubtful, to move into their 19-foot square bed-sitting-rooms, with one extra room for each child that needed a separate bedroom. They went a little shyly into the social centres where they were to have their meals, sit in communal lounges, play communal games, dance and watch film shows with their neighbours.

They were a bit worried about sharing a bathroom with another family, if their own family was not big enough to entitle them to a bathroom to themselves. There was some doubt about how Mother would get on in the little kitchen in which families from each block of rooms would make morning tea, wash the laundry they did not send to the *dhobi*, share an ironing board, an electric iron and a primus stove. They felt, in fact, a little bit like the recruit from a sheltered home who, for the first time, has to undress, wash, sleep and eat with 20 other men.

But they need not have worried. They soon found they had all the privacy any hotel could have given them. Their bed-sitting-rooms really were big enough to be used as sitting-rooms and there they could entertain their friends for a drink or a game of cards if they did not want to use the communal bar or lounges.

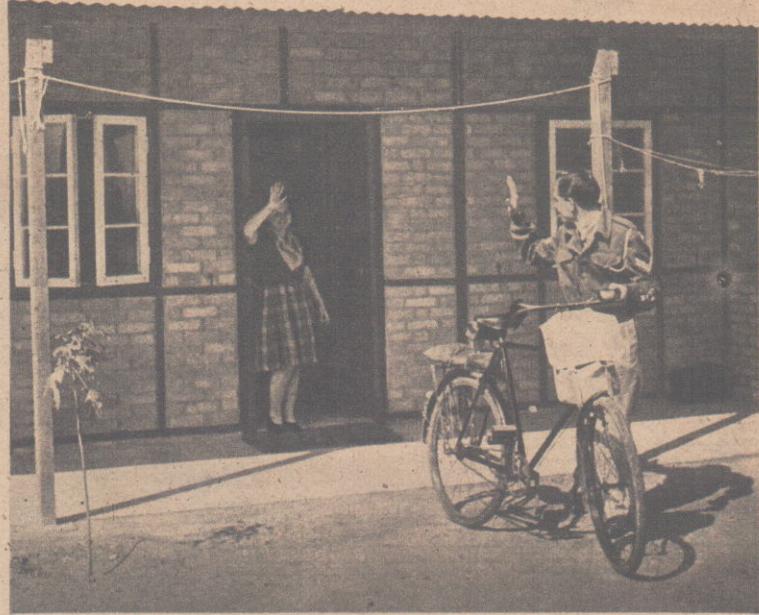
They had their meals at separate tables in the dining-rooms; they were under no obligation to patronise the other communal rooms; it was not really much trouble to put on a dressing-gown and cross the three or four yards to the bathrooms; and the partitions the Sappers put up on the verandahs of the living-blocks made their own rooms as private as any house in a row in England.

Of course, it wasn't luxury. The Army had put up these villages in a hurry when the evacuation of the Nile Delta was speeded up. They were intended only as a temporary measure, to tide families over the two or three

OVER



There are separate tables in the communal dining room and Cpl. and Mrs. Wainwright eat their lunch in as much privacy as in a good hotel.



"Good-bye—see you tonight!" Cpl. Wainwright sets off to his work as a Q Branch draughtsman at GHQ, Middle East Land Forces.

## Continuing FAMILY VILLAGE

years until the complete evacuation of Egypt. That was why there was no water-borne sanitation and that was why there was communal living.

Whatever the disadvantages they were offset by the families being together again after long wartime separations, by the abundance of food, by the thought that many of them would have been far worse off sharing a house with a relative at home, and by the evidence that the Army was doing its best to make them comfortable.

There are five family villages in Fayid, four for officers' families and one for men; the proportion is strictly in ratio to the numbers of applications for accommodation and there are still four times as many officers as

men on the waiting list.

For officers and men the accommodation is exactly the same; so is the furniture and so are the amenities of the social centres. A private gets exactly the same as a colonel. The only difference is that in the officers' villages the Army rations drawn are for the officers themselves; their families' food is provided by NAAFI, who make the appropriate charge, while in the men's village everyone lives on Army rations cooked by NAAFI.

After a couple of months this system began to come in for complaints from both ends. Junior officers said they could not afford NAAFI's charges; men complained that Army rations did not provide the right sort of meals for small children — although

there was plenty of milk — and the wives considered there was too much camouflaged bully-beef. Like any other complaints that can't be dealt with inside the villages, these were forwarded to higher authority and should be settled before this article appears in print.

Otherwise, grumblies have been negligible. In each social centre is a complaints and suggestions book on which the house committee, which is a sort of parish council elected by the villagers, takes action. In the men's village book there were only three entries after six weeks: the first suggested piano lessons for the children; the second asked that NAAFI should provide water-glasses for the dining-room (this was done); the third suggested the electric light shades in the dining-room should be cleaned more often (it turned out that they were of a kind of frosted

glass which, to the uninitiated, looks dirty when it isn't).

In No. 2 village (officers) the book had far more entries, none of them containing a serious complaint. An onion-hater asked that onions should be served on separate plates to avoid contaminating the other food; a picnicker asked that the bar should stock canned beer since it was easier to carry than bottled beer and cans were expendable; two or three people asked for new paths to be built and lights put up to guide them home after dark past the booby-traps set up by the builders putting up new quarters; a gourmet wanted to see curry on the menu; another asked for plainer cakes at tea-time.

For general opinions on the villages, I spoke to some of the wives. This is what they said:

Mrs. G. Mackenzie, wife of a Gordon Highlander CSM: "I've

## THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE



The Canal area seems to suit the children. Two mothers whose babies had been "poorly" before told SOLDIER that they were putting on weight at Fayid. These healthy youngsters were photographed at a baby show in the grounds of the Commander-in-Chief's home. The little boy on the see-saw made a front-page picture for *Parade*, the Army's Middle East weekly magazine.



The furniture, like the room, is the same for a Colonel or a private. Wives like it, because it is up-to-date and easily kept clean.

been living in married quarters about 12 years, at home and in Tripoli, and these are the best. The furniture is better because it's more up-to-date and there's plenty of cupboard room. I don't see much of the other wives except when we go to the social centre because I'm far too busy looking after three children. This is a good place for kiddies — my little girl, who is two, was very poorly until she came here, but now she's doing well."

Mrs. Gladys Horne, wife of RSM. Wilfred Horne of the Army Fire Service: "I was in married quarters at Catterick and Abbassia before I came here. We haven't as much room as in our bungalow at Abbassia, but there's enough and the furniture is very much nicer. The other wives are very nice, but I don't see very much of them."

Mrs. Guitana Spiteri, wife of Corporal Spiteri, a Maltese woman who speaks very little English: "These are my first married quarters and I am delighted with them. The other wives are all very nice and I have made a lot of friends; I am always visiting them or meeting them in the social centre."

When the camp opened up, each village had a secretary and a WVS hostess, but it was soon found that the hostess was unnecessary and now villages are beginning to appoint honorary secretaries from among the residents to take the place of the permanent secretaries. Honorary secretary of No. 2 Village is Mrs. Crawfurd Dunlop, wife of a Staff major, who told me what the wives do with themselves all day.

"A good many of them work in offices at GHQ," she said, "and they don't have time to do much around the camp. Of the rest, apart from those who have a full-time job looking after babies, some work in the Church of Scotland canteen; then they take it in turns to look after the flowers

in the social centre or help in the sewing room where we are going to give sewing classes. Others help in the weekly clinic we hold for mothers. There is always one committee member who looks after the dining-room, supervises the meals, deals with the children's food and sees that invalids get their trays with what they want on them. Then there are always mending and shopping to be done. And there are the beaches. Many of the wives have only been out here a few weeks and they are still taking a holiday after the strain of the last seven years in England."

Quite a number of wives who have time on their hands at present will be busy soon. They are expecting babies and in the camp they are getting ante-natal care. They will have their babies in the military hospital at Fayid and after that they will take them to see the woman Medical

Officer and the SSAFA nurse at the weekly clinic in the village, where the babies will be weighed and the mothers can ask for advice and get wool and baby-food at reduced prices.

A report some while ago in an English newspaper that there has been a lot of sickness in the villages owing to lack of elementary hygiene precautions was received indignantly by the families, who knew it was untrue and believed it would cause their relatives at home a lot of unnecessary anxiety.

It was true that fly-proofing was not complete in the social



You can have your own lunch and dinner parties in the families' villages. For birthday parties and other special occasions, you can have one of the social centre's rooms for your guests.

centres when the first families moved in, but the job was finished well before the warm weather brought the first flies of the year. Anyway, Fayid has far fewer flies than any other inhabited part of Egypt; the Army went over native villages in the area very thoroughly with DDT and the families' villages buildings are treated with DDT at least once a month with the result that you can take your

is far higher than it was in the Delta, not only because of more hygienic living conditions but also because people lead a more open-air life. Medical officers who live in the families' villages themselves were the first to refute the suggestion that hygiene was not all it could be.

So far, schooling for the 100-odd children of school age in the villages is being given on a temporary basis. Buses take them each morning to the Army Educational Centre at Fayid, where four Queen's Army Schoolmistresses work with normalized classes. They are assisted by RAEC serjeants who teach science, a Brigadier's wife who teaches singing, a chaplain's assistant who teaches scripture and an ATS serjeant who takes junior classes. The APTC give swimming instruction to the children who also go to an RAF centre for arts and crafts lessons.

An infants' school has been started in the annexe to one of the social centres, with two young schoolmistresses, both of them specially trained in infant-school work and experienced in civilian schools, to look after 40 children.

The slight increase in the number of diarrhoea cases reported to the medical officers is due to two things: in Fayid everyone is told to call in the Medical Officer at the first sign of illness, however slight, whereas in the Delta most people treated themselves for "Gypsy tummy" in their billets; then there are a lot of families just out from England whose members have not yet discovered that too much ice-cream or too many cold drinks will bring on the same symptoms.

The general standard of health



Modern refrigerators keep food fresh in the kitchens of the families' villages.

meals in the dining-rooms without seeing a single fly.

A primary school was preparing to open in the centre of the villages, and in September there will be a secondary school; between them they will be able to teach about 175 children. In addition to classrooms and other essential accommodation, the primary school will have a central hall and a milk bar and the secondary school a laboratory, an art room, a handicraft shop and a library. Besides the usual playing fields, the schools will have a recreation ground for children to use out of school hours.

# FAMILY VILLAGE —



Above: When British wives set off on shopping trip, Japanese house-girls follow to carry groceries. Labour cost is paid by Japanese Government.

## WIVES

Staple rations are delivered to homes by jeep. Extras are bought at a well-stocked grocery store.

Below: Mrs. K. Kyle and daughter outside their steam-heated bungalow. The shrubs were transplanted from the hills.



ON the island of Eta Jima, near Kure, on the Inland Sea of Japan stretched a barren expanse of land upon which the Japanese Air Force built an airfield for small reconnaissance and training aircraft. Planes rising from this field could see, over the mountains and across the straits, the doomed city of Hiroshima.

Today this is just another corner of a foreign field which is, temporarily, England. It is a colony for families of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force.

Until recently the United Kingdom element of the occupation force had the greatest number of families in Japan — 76, as against Australia's figure of 54. But Australian immigration is progressing rapidly, and the United Kingdom figure will soon be a minority one. The biggest colony is expected to be at Hiro, near Kure, where 34 Australian Infantry Brigade has its headquarters.

By the end of this year it is expected that over 700 British Commonwealth families will have been settled in Japan, and that 300 more will be waiting for a passage.

The little community at Eta Jima — one of 14 centres in Japan where occupation families are to be found — looks out on a wide sheltered bay, and is backed by timbered hills. Through the green pines are the white-pillared buildings of a famous Japanese Naval Academy.

Food is varied and plentiful, even by Australian standards. Homes are steam-heated against Japan's cold winters. There is a school, a playground for children, and a big tiled swimming pool (which went with the Naval Academy). And the "ration" of Japanese house-girls is generous — two for a childless couple, three for a couple with children.

At Eta Jima, too, is the Occupation Force's School of Cookery, where Japanese girls are trained for six weeks in Western ways of preparing food.

## JAPANESE

## STYLE



Hachuko Kakiuchi, a Japanese schoolgirl, travelled from Hiroshima across Inland Sea to present flowers to the teacher of the British school on Eta Jima.

## CHILDREN

Left: Big thrill for Australian pupils at Eta Jima's school: talking to children back home by radio.



## COOKS

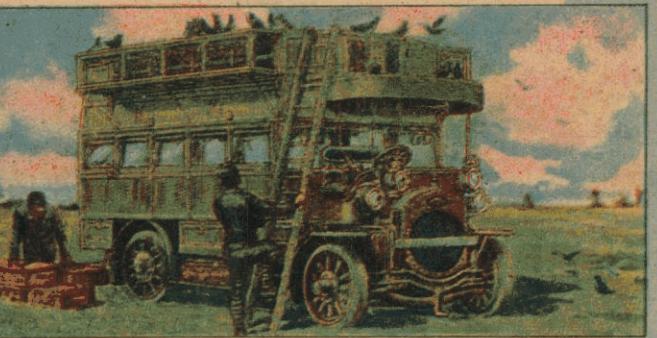
New Zealand instructor's comments on the contents of the saucepan seem to have amused these Japanese girls learning to cook the Western way. Right: A classroom session, with interpreter. Note butchery diagrams.





#### MOTOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERY

The Canadians were very proud of these mobile Maxim-gun batteries, armoured against rifle fire. King George V and Lord Kitchener turned out to inspect them.



#### MOTOR PIGEON-COTE

Brain-child of the French Staff were these former Paris buses converted into pigeon-cotes. Even in World War Two there were motorised pigeons.



#### MOTOR RAILWAY-ENGINE

When the artillery had made the roads and fields of Flanders impassable to lorries, the French produced this answer: the lorry converted to a locomotive.



#### ARMOURED CARS

These formidable engines of war were Russian. They were designed to go over any kind of country. In each forward fort were two machine guns.



#### MOTOR FORTRESS

Almost noiseless, "thanks to the invention of the sleeve-valve engine," were these British motor fortresses, carrying two machine-guns and a crew of six.

# MILITARY MOTORS

HERE'S a period display — a selection of cigarette cards in the series "Military Motors" issued during World War One. Many readers in their late thirties may remember collecting these cards.

Contemporary with this series was an issue of "Tributes" — "A Tribute to the Infantry," "A Tribute to the RAMC" and so on. And there were dozens of series on Allied generals, regimental badges, regimental standards. Some of the more ambitious "cards" were printed on silk.

Paper shortage scuttled any intention the cigarette-makers may have had of turning out similar cards in World War Two. Today there is a rising generation which has never collected cigarette cards and as things are will never have that pleasure.



#### MOTOR WIRE-CUTTER

This was the ingenious French answer to a barbed wire barricade — a knife-arrayed touring car guaranteed to slash through any ordinary entanglements.



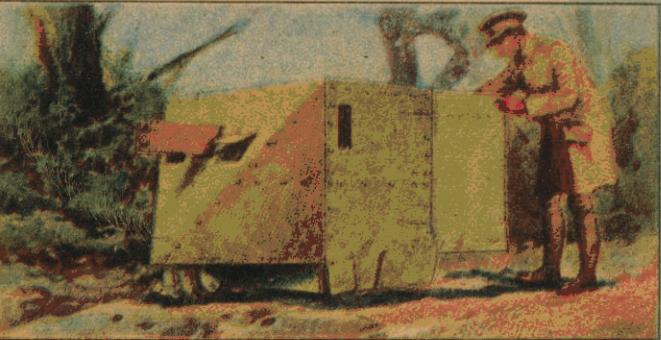
#### MOTOR SHEEP-BUS

It's one of those Paris buses again — but this time it has been loaded with a flock of sheep so that the *poilus* can have fresh mutton with their rations.



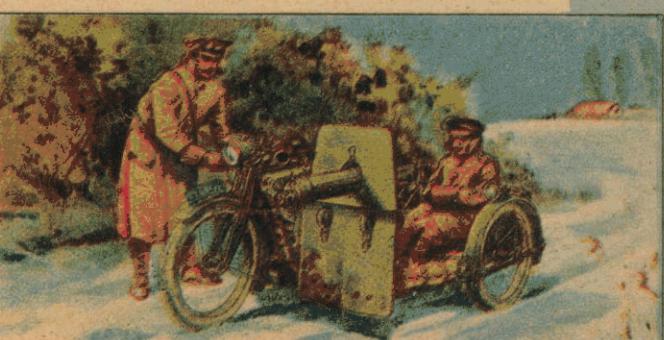
#### ARMOURED TRICYCLE

Designed for use in narrow lanes where an armoured car could not manoeuvre, these British armoured tricycles — carrying a machine-gun — gave the enemy a shock or two.



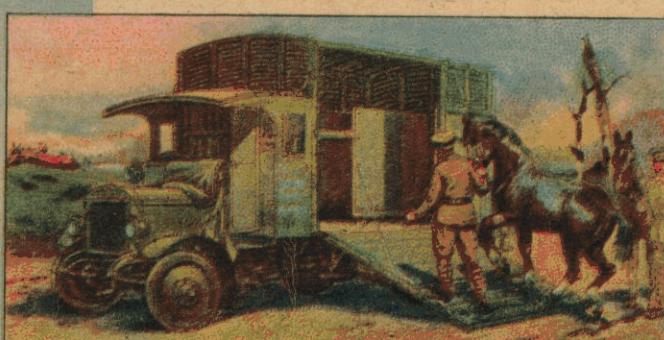
#### MOTOR AMBULANCE, DISGUISED

Ambulances bearing red crosses were shelled by the Germans, so the French Army in the Vosges camouflaged their vehicles to look like the forest.



#### MOTOR-CYCLE MAXIM

The passenger in the sidecar could not complain that he had nothing to do. Unlike the driver, he had armoured cover. Ammunition was carried under the sidecar axle.



#### MOTOR HORSE-AMBULANCE

In these Commer Cars, built at Luton, the French loaded their wounded horses for transfer to veterinary depots. This helped to cut the high mortality rate among horses.



#### MOTOR AUTO-GUN

Before firing, this French auto-gun was jacked off the ground and supported by two side pieces. It pumped out a gratifying non-stop stream of small shells.

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH TROOPS HAVE ENJOYED A RIDE ON



THE

## Wuppertal "Flyer"

British soldiers in Germany look twice when they see the Overhanging Railway of Wuppertal, which the townsfolk like to regard as the eighth wonder of the world. And having looked twice, they go for a ride on it

(Photographs: CQMS. W. Johnston.)

WUPPERTAL, one of Germany's leading textile cities before and during the war, lies almost hidden in a deep hollow formed by the sharply rising Bergischen hills. The River Wupper which flows through the centre of the city twists and turns every few hundred yards like a tormented serpent.

Straddling this river, and piercing the bomb-battered streets at housetop height runs the famous *Schwebebahn*, or Overhanging Railway, which the people of Wuppertal like to think of as the eighth wonder of the world. It is a railway which has provided thousands of British soldiers with a thrill, riding suspended by a single electric rail above the swirling waters of the Wupper.

Towards the end of the eighties Wuppertal had become so developed that there was a danger of the city losing its pre-eminence in the textile industry because of lack of communications. To have constructed a ground railway would have meant tearing down hundreds of houses and many factories; and it was impossible to lay tracks along the side of the River Wupper because trains would not have been able to follow its multi-curved course.

Then a young engineer named Karl Langen of Cologne had a brilliant idea. "Why not have a railway that goes overhead?" he asked the city's authorities.

At first the city officials were sceptical of this "hair-brained" scheme and many violently denounced it as "dangerous and revolutionary." "I can foresee one of the greatest tragedies of the century if we allow this scatter-brained young man to have his way," one official is recorded as saying. "No single line can possibly hold up a heavy train, and the first time it is tried out the train and all its occupants will plunge into the river. I will have nothing to do with such devilry!"

But Langen persisted and two years later had persuaded the city officials that not only was his scheme practicable, but that it would save Wuppertal vast sums of money.

How wrong were those who feared disaster is proved by the fact that since the erection of the railway in 1901 there have been only three fatal accidents and not one carriage has fallen into the Wupper or to the street. Of the

three persons killed two were suspected suicides who fell from the carriage window, and the third accidentally slipped in front of the train when it was pulling into a station.

Since 1901 the railway has carried more than 650,000,000 passengers — mostly local workers to and from the elastic, ribbon, and lace factories.

The railway runs from the suburb of Oberbarmen to Sonnborn — just over eight miles, and the carriages and engines used today are the same as those first used nearly 50 years ago. Here again Langen was ahead of his age for he built all-steel carriages, probably the first ever to be used. The train, which normally pulls two coaches is suspended on double-axial wheel-works attached to an outer supporting rail. One wheel of each wheel-work is driven by an electric motor and the other acts as a track-wheel. They are so constructed that even if the main axle breaks the train remains suspended. Only the finest steel was used.

The frame on which the track rails are placed is a bridge construction supported by huge inclined framework supports rising up from the concrete bases in the river bed and in one section from the streets.

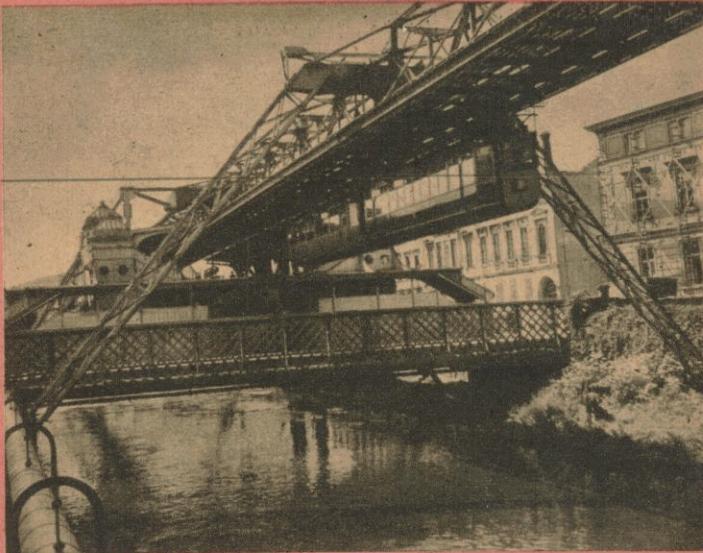
At Oberbarmen and Vohwinkel (Sonnborn) are terminal loops where trains pass through a housing shed and begin the return journey.

Each train has two 600-volt driving motors, electrical energy being taken from a current-rail running alongside the overhead frame.

One advantage the railway has over other types is that most of the stations (there are 18 in operation now) are just raised platforms with stairways leading directly up from the street, and their construction was inexpensive.

During the war the railway was damaged in the heavy air-raids but repairs have almost been completed, and trains are now running every two minutes in either direction and transporting over 4000 people each hour.

The inhabitants of Wuppertal will go out of their way to explain that their railway is faster, cleaner, less expensive and more thrilling than any other. They will also tell you with some pride



Above: Another shot showing bridge over river, and railway over both. There was no steel shortage in those days. Below: The pattern on the River Wupper.



that the folk of Wuppertal are very "air-minded" and provided some of the best German pilots in both World Wars. They attribute their "air-mindedness" to always riding in "space ships" high above the town.

ERIC JAMES.

Postscript: To Scottish readers this article may recall the experimental section of the Bennie railplane at Milngavie, near Glasgow. This system also was intended for traversing difficult country cheaply, but so far it has failed to find favour.

Two years ago Captain Henry Johns of the Indian Army sat in the cool of the verandah of his quarters and opened a newspaper from home. There he noticed a picture of two Beefeaters being initiated at the Tower of London.

When he took a closer look he recognised one of them as ex-RSM. Tom Randall of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in which regiment he himself had served as a warrant-officer.

Six months later Yeoman Warder Johns joined Yeoman Warder Randall at the Tower.

There are 50 yeomen warders, but only 37 of them are "active." They have all been warrant officers in the Army or the RAF. How are they chosen? Tucked away at the end of King's Regulations are the qualifications: "A candidate must be a WO or colour-serjeant serving, on date of application, on a regular engagement in the British Army or RAF; must be in possession of the LS and GC medal and at least one medal for field service; must be under 50 years of age on assuming appointment and not less than 5ft. 8 inches in height."

This means that the warrant officer must have served 21 years and must apply for the post while still in the Army. The Defence Medal counts as a field medal.

Eighteen months ago Mr. Johns saw his name added to the list of 233 Beefeaters on the large board in the Warders' Hall at the Tower (the list goes back only to the time of the Duke of Wellington, but the records of previous warders are available from 1543). He was given the picturesque Tudor uniform, allotted married quarters for which he pays 5s. a week, and drew his first week's pay of £5. (After two years it rises to £5 5s.) And, perhaps most important of all, he was given a history book. For yeomen warders have to answer questions — questions asked by old ladies, by small boys with mouths full of sweets ("Please, mister, which is the Bloody Tower?"), questions by people of all nations. It's no easy task learning the history of the world's most famous fortress.

"I must admit I knew almost nothing about the Tower when I came," said Mr. Johns. "But I know a good deal now. Apart from the official pocket history which every warder gets I have managed to borrow a good many hefty volumes from the libraries. And the other day in an old bookshop I bought for tenpence a little book on the Tower published 70 years ago which had a great deal of information on the Elizabethan period.

"But it is not only questions about the Tower. It's the supplementary queries they thrust at you. In themselves they are often quite simple, but when in the middle of a talk on the early history of the White Tower someone in-

# "ANY QUESTIONS?"

*If you're a Yeoman Warder at the Tower of London you have to know all the answers*

Against the background of the Bloody Tower — dear to historians and music-hall comedians — Yeoman Warder A. Baber, veteran of the Boer War, gives a lesson in history. The small door leads to the Jewel House.





Yeoman Warder T. J. W. Seabrook, a former captain in the Worcestershire Regiment, lost an arm at Dunkirk. Scene: Middle Drawbridge.



Chief Warder Arthur Cook with six Guardsmen conducts the 700-year-old Ceremony of the Keys.



The board in the Yeomen Warders' Hall in the Byward Tower carries the names of 234 warders appointed since the Duke of Wellington was Constable.

terrupts you with, 'And how long did William the Conqueror reign?' you have to think quickly."

It was the public's interest in every aspect of the Tower that prompted the Major and Resident Governor, Colonel E. H. Carkeet-James, OBE, MC, JP, to write the pocket history for private circulation among the warders. It is their pamphlet and on it they base their talks to visitors.

The colonel, who used to brief war correspondents at SHAEF, has a shrewd idea of the things people like to know and when there are few visitors about he often wanders round and carries out a private quiz. From him the warders often get their most complicated questions requiring detailed answers, but the practice stands them in good stead.

Used to complicated questions is Yeoman Warder R. Furman, former RSM, in the Middlesex Regiment. SOLDIER found him at the Middle Tower which actually is the most exterior one and is the entrance to the fortress. About the Middle Tower there is not a lot to tell, but in his 21 years as a warder, Mr. Furman has found that people start asking awkward questions at this point, particularly when he points out that Trinity Green on Great Tower Hill, which they have crossed in order to reach the Tower, was the scene of 75 public executions.

Usually someone pipes up with, "Oh, that was where Mary Queen of Scots was executed," which, as Mr. Furman then points out, is incorrect. Mary Queen of Scots and the Tower have little

connection. But the public is not satisfied. When and where was she executed? And Mr. Furman (or whoever is conducting that particular party) has to come out with that little bit of information which most people would consider to be outside the province of a guide to the Tower — "Fotheringay Castle, 1587."

"So many people have pointed to the Port of London Authority building and asked what it is that now we automatically tell them," said Mr. Furman.

The oldest warder is ex-CSM. D. Sprake of the Dorsets. At 80 he still delights in taking parties round and his free moments are occupied with tailoring, which is his hobby, and a useful one to

have when you are yeoman quartermaster. He has repaired and altered the uniform of every warder in his 30 years at the Tower. No, he says, things have not changed much except for the bomb damage; 250 incendiaries and 15 direct hits, one of which killed a soldier in the barrack block. And recently the doors of the Medical Officer's house and the Chaplain's house have been painted bright colours as they were in the days of Queen Anne, for Queen Anne was a woman who liked vivid hues.

Five years younger than Mr. Sprake but with longer service at the Tower — he came in 1915 — is Mr. P. Phillip, who was a colour-serjeant in the Royal Engineers.

He married the daughter of a Beefeater in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower, which is really what gave him the idea of becoming one himself. He has shown many thousands of people over the Bloody Tower, including General Pershing, who led the Americans in World War One, and Mayor Walker of New York. Americans are usually prepared to spend hours listening to the stories of the famous men and women who have been imprisoned in the Tower, although few have ever heard of the only American prisoner, Edward Grove of New England, who was locked up in 1683 for waging war against Charles II. Their enthusiasm rises when they are shown the adjacent windows in the King's House (Colonel Carkeet-James's residence) behind which were imprisoned Queen Anne Boleyn (executed on the grass below in 1536) and Rudolf Hess (serving a life sentence in Germany).

The two warders with the most authority are the Chief Warder, ex-RSM, A. H. Cook of the Somerset Light Infantry whose tunic carries the ribbons of the DCM, MM, and BEM, and the Yeoman Gaoler, J. Ford, who served with the Dorsets and later with the Military Police. Ford had a spell in the Tower with the police in 1906, little realising that one day he would be wearing Tudor uniform and carrying the famous axe on State occasions. His first job each morning is to open the Tower. Centuries ago his predecessors carried the axe in front of State prisoners with the blade turned away from them if they

The public ask awkward questions... so does the Governor, Colonel E. H. Carkeet-James, who conducts a snap quiz from time to time.



OVER



## Continuing "ANY QUESTIONS?"

were innocent, towards them if guilty.

Other warders have specialist jobs like Mr. R. Smith, MM and Bar, who was with the Royal Horse Artillery and who is now Yeoman Clerk in the Colonel's office; Mr. A. Baber, ex-Royal Garrison Artillery, who is clerk to the two Royal Chapels; and Mr. C. Saunderson of the Essex, who is sexton.

Further responsibility will soon fall on the warders with the return from their wartime hiding place of the Crown Jewels. Before the war often 20,000 people a day visited the jewels, and because there was only one entrance to the Wakefield Tower it was a long, painful process. Now alterations have been made. Eventually Colonel Carkeet-James hopes to have a special showroom built in the White Tower.

There was an attempt to steal the Crown Jewels in 1671 when the notorious Colonel Blood, dressed as a parson, got as far as the gate with the Crown and Orb.

Each night the Ceremony of the Keys is carried out by Chief Warder Arthur Cook and six Guardsmen as it has been performed without alteration every night for the past 700 years. Every night that is, except one. In 1940 the NAAFI was fired by incendiaries and the heat was so great that the ceremony could not be completed. The same year the party were blown off their

feet by a bomb. Picking himself up the Chief Warder yelled out, "Come on, on your feet!" and the ceremony went on.

Once the gates are locked visitors must use the password. At one time only the King, the Constable and the Lord Mayor knew the official word.

Besides their pay the warders get 1s. 2d. a day pension granted by the Duke of Wellington for good service. They get £10 a year clothing allowance. Tips are pooled and shared among all men on the active list. They receive free medical attention, holidays with pay, one day off a week and sick pay. As far as possible every arm of the Army is represented. Two men hold the MC, three the DCM and two the MM. There are two ex-RAF Beefeaters.

"We get quite a number of applications although many warrant officers leaving the Army do not know the paragraph in King's Regulations," said Colonel Carkeet-James. "They have to apply while still serving, but that does not mean they have to come if for some reason later they don't want to. Many leave the Army to find good jobs elsewhere and so they just write and tell us. Others serve for a while and then leave to take another job. They are always free to go. Most of them come because it means a job for life, and quarters. They also like the semi-military ceremony and *esprit de corps* which prevails in the Tower."

In the evenings when the last

This is the ancient ceremony of swearing in the new Beefeaters. The new men are William Chapman (left) and Thomas Randall. Inset: A less formal ceremony afterwards. The officers are Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, Constable of the Tower (nearest camera); Colonel Carkeet-James, the Governor; and Lieut-Gen. Sir John Harding, Lieutenant of the Tower.



The "best beer in London." Bar profits go to yield nest-eggs for members.



Off duty, but still hard at work, Yeoman Warder W. Rennick digs his allotment beside the East Drawbridge. Right: A game of skittles in the social club.

sightseer has gone the Yeomen Warders dig their allotments, play bowls on their own green or pass the time in their social club where, they contend, they get the best beer in London. All profits from the bar go into a trust fund which is invested by the Resident Governor to yield a nest egg for each man.

Only a few warders go on night duty each night (for which they get a day off.) Together with the sentries and the ravens hopping about Tower Green they keep watch on the ancient fortress whose silence is broken only by the cry of the guard: "Pass, King George's Keys."

PETER LAWRENCE.

# MISCELLANY

## WHITEHALL BURROW

THE War Office has lost a cosy underground home. Montagu House Annexe, just behind the Royal United Services Institution, is being demolished to make way for new Government offices, part of the Whitehall Gardens long-term office building scheme.

Montagu House Annexe was a temporary building which, like an iceberg, had far more below the surface than above. It consisted of two floors and you went down two flights of stairs from ground-level to reach the upper floor.

Offices were a good deal more convenient than the old-fashioned rooms of the main War Office building; they had "daylight" electric lighting and air conditioning.

The building housed Signals installations, Public Relations, a typing section and some smaller branches. It had a canteen and a conference room that could hold 200 or 300. Steel doors could shut Montagu House Annexe off in an emergency.

## THE SPOKE-MAKER



NOTHING very special about this carpenter's job, when you look at it like this, is there? Yet Mr. E. C. Harris, of Syston, Leicestershire, was specially released from the Army to do it.

The job is timber-cleaving and it's one where you have to grow up in the science of the craft before you are really good at it. Mr. Harris learned all the ancient and highly-skilled tricks from his father, who had learnt them from his grandfather before him.

They called him up during the war and he served a year in searchlights before he was hurriedly released — to work on 10,000 cleft oak spokes for Woolwich Arsenal.

## SMALL TALK

THE US Army has licensed a new machine called the Mechanical and Numerical Integrator and Calculator. Nothing much in that, you say? Well look what the initials spell.

\*  
A reader of the *Sunday Express* has written to complain that the BBC pronounce Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's name as Muntgomery. If this is right, he says, the cry should be 'Good old Munty!'

\*  
Near Fairbanks, Alaska (says *Colliers*) the life of an Army parachutist was saved after his 'chute collapsed in mid-air. Just as it folded, a brother paratrooper who was descending a little below and to one side was swept by a gust of wind so close

to the disabled 'chute that he was able to grab its shroud lines, which he held while his own 'chute carried himself and his companion to the ground.

\*

In Tripoli British troops have been playing Bocce — a sort of bowls game invented by Count Bocce in the 19th century. It is played with unweighted wooden balls on a sandy floor in a rectangular court. A 'Hot Dog Bocce Tournament' was the high-light of the "season."

\*

A conference of Scandinavian insurance representatives at Oslo has decided that atomic bomb damage is not to be the subject of claims on insurance companies. Such damage, said the insurance men, will be considered an Act of God.

## COMMONS SMILED

BIGADIER A. H. Head MC, ex-Eton and Sandhurst, late Life Guards, now Conservative MP for Carshalton, Surrey drew entertainingly on his Army past when he opened a recent Commons debate on the Territorial Army.

Here are extracts from his speech:

"... On the only occasion on which I have met an officer who has had contact with the trade union representatives (on Territorial associations), he described them in terms which I would like to repeat to the Committee, but owing to the somewhat eccentric habit of the Army of couching its endearments in rather obscene terms, I am afraid I would be out of order. However, I can assure the right hon. Gentleman that they were most complimentary..."

\*

"Anyone who was a soldier in 1935 will be solidly behind me on the effect of the lack of equipment with which to train. In a long military career, my only military success was enjoyed at such a period. I was put in command of a squadron of armoured cars represented by flags carried in Austin Sevens and on motor bicycles. By the rather artful procedure of drawing from the quartermaster three times my usual allotment of flags, and by using motor bicycles and dispatch drivers of friends I achieved a mobility and ubiquity which was the admiration of every umpire and general near the place. That is not soldiering but practical joking."

\*

"Serjeant-majors are traditionally frightened of their wives. If you do not house them, not only will you not have them contented, but I am quite certain that hell will know no fury like a homeless, henpecked serjeant-major."

\*

"When the National Service Bill was introduced, I wondered very much whether it was fully realised by the right hon. Gentlemen and the Front Bench as a whole what an immense responsibility that involved. I was put in mind of a brother officer of mine many years ago who got engaged to be married. As custom was at the time, he went to the commanding officer, and asked



Brigadier Head: he "was the admiration of every umpire."

ed permission, and the commanding officer, much revered but somewhat pontifical, said to him, "I assume you have considered the immense responsibilities and implications of taking this young woman into your somewhat ill-nurtured and unprepared bosom?"

\*

A few days later in a debate on the Regular Army, it was the turn of Lieut-Col. D. R. Rees-Wiliams, Labour member for South Croydon.

He told MP's of a would-be recruit to the Welch Regiment who, rejected for insufficient height, bribed a man with his last 10d. to hit him on the head with a bottle. This raised a bump big enough to enable him to qualify.

The other story was of a happy-go-lucky battery commander of the Royal Horse Artillery who, when an inspecting general said "I have never seen such a filthy lot of men in my life," replied, "Ah, sir, wait till you see the rear rank — they're lousy!" Yet the battery loved their commander, and rescued him when he was badly wounded at Omdurman.

## COMMANDO STUFF

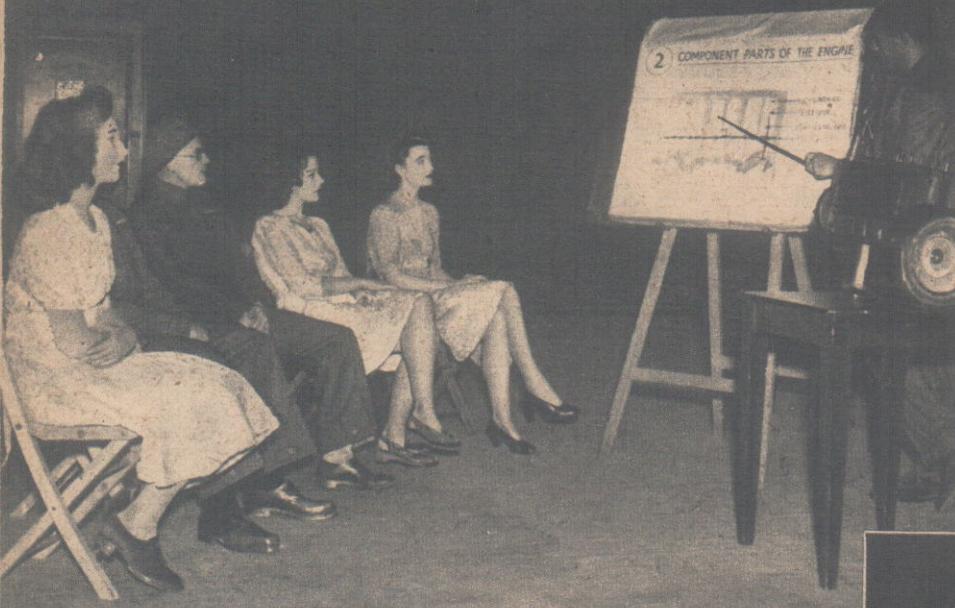
SOME little while ago SOLDIER listed on this page some of the more bizarre Army and ex-Army types portrayed on the London stage.

A recent play — "Noose" by Richard Llewellyn — gives the Army quite a lift. It is all about how a bunch of tough ex-soldiers clean up a West-End vice gang on their own account. There is plenty of good thick-ear stuff in this play. For the sake of the record, it must be confessed that the biggest laugh is inspired by a character who says, "You know what they say in the Army — if it isn't nailed down, it's mine."

There was another play —

"The Man From The Ministry" — in which a serjeant who was too clever for words came out of the Army and built himself a house while everyone else was tied up in red tape. It was to be supposed that he had learned his way round red tape in the Army.

The cheering aspect of all this is that there is a public which still looks to the Army for swift action and no nonsense — even if only in the world of wishful thinking.



Girls learning the "component parts of the engine" are (left) Rita Simmons, a chemist's assistant, Bobby Barton, a model, and Gwen Williams, a secretary. Campaigner in centre is Gunner A. W. Ward.

EVERY Colonel of a regiment claims that the men under him have "the family spirit." Today some of the new Territorial regiments possess it in a literal sense never foreseen by commanding officers of old.

The recruits who turn up twice a week at the Mitcham Lane Drill Hall, Streatham for training in 562 Searchlight Regiment include a husband and wife who are both sergeants, a father and daughter, three sisters, and a lieutenant and a gunner who are brothers.

About half the ATS were in the Services during the war. The rest have joined to "see what it is like." Their occupations include those of housewife, telephonist, silk screen operator,

typist, secretary, dress maker and shop worker.

It all started with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bastard of Balham. Turn back the pages of history eight years and you will find them at this same drill hall where they both belonged to the old 27th Searchlights. It was here they first met. Just after the outbreak of war they married; then off with the unit to Middle East went Sjt. Bastard, to be taken prisoner in Crete. He came home after four-and-a-half years to find the unit disbanded.

On the evening of the last day



Two sisters, Marjorie and Gwen Williams, study a model. Lieut G. R. Kirkwood is the instructor.

Pay time for husband and wife: Sjt H. R. Bastard RA and Sjt Bastard ATS sign on the dotted line. Does it all go into housekeeping?

of April he and his wife visited the drill hall again. At midnight they signed on, the first members of the newly formed 562 Searchlight Regiment, London Electrical Engineers. Twice a week they leave their two children in their grandmother's care while they become Sjt. Bastard RA and Sjt. Bastard ATS.

Mrs. K. M. Sheehan of Streatham read about Mrs. Bastard in the paper and she, too came along.

One day Pamela Quinney, who is 19 and is a clerk at Clapham, decided she would give the unit a trial. Her friend Bobby Barton, a West End model, decided to sign on too.

The word spread. Mr. C. W. Botting of Babbington Road left the Army in 1925 and missed it. So he came along, bringing Miss Botting. Today father and



daughter are gunner and private. Lieutenant G. R. Kirkwood, who was in 124 Light Ack-Ack Regiment during the war, brought his ex-Desert Rat brother, not long out of 11th Hussars.

Mrs. George de Pasquier, secretary to a large trade organisation in the West End, remembered her days in the ATS. She joined. Her sister Majorie Williams, receptionist secretary to a firm of textile manufacturers, had also been in the ATS, so she came. Twenty-one-year-old Gwen, the third sister, who is also a secretary, had never been in the Service but could hardly be left out of it. Today the three Williams sisters, as they are known, rarely miss a parade.

Twenty-three-year-old Beryl Goobey, from Tooting, is an ex-despatch rider in a heavy ack-ack regiment, and 26-year-old Corporal Myrtle Norris from West Norwood, used to work with Signals at the War Office. When in the ATS they longed for their release. Today, they say, they are glad to be back in the old atmosphere if only for a few hours a week.

Said the adjutant, Captain A. M. Edmonds, MC: "Both the men and girls like it because we run a social club which they can attend after parades and also a full restaurant service. All ranks

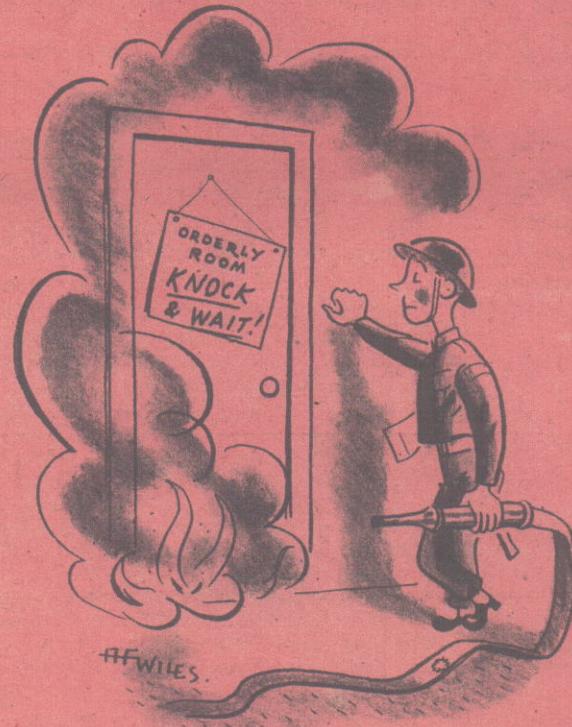
are dropped in the club and there is a good family spirit."

The regiment has batteries at Upper Tulse Hill and Merton Road, Southfields. A small ATS unit is also attached to Brigade headquarters at Chelsea. The commanding officer, who joined the TA as a private in 1936, is a barrister. His second-in-command and adjutant are civilians. Only the quartermaster and RSM are regulars.

The unit was formed in 1897 by a professor, who was its first commanding officer, for members of the Institute of Electrical Engineers. The unit served in the South African War and in World War One (as the London Electrical Engineers RE) and they formed the first Territorial anti-aircraft unit responsible for training thousands of men in searchlights. A company was sent to France for electrical and engineering work in the field.

After World War One the unit became the 27 AA Searchlight Battalion.

In World War Two batteries were stationed at Gosport, Fawley, on the East Coast, in Middlesex and Bedfordshire before going to the Middle East in 1940. They saw action in the Desert, Crete — where casualties were heavy — Egypt, Palestine and Syria.



Drill is over... all ranks foregather in the social club. Here are the newest recruit, Bobby Barton, RSM. A. Collings and the Quartermaster, Captain W. H. Howlett. Half the fun of being a Territorial is in the social life.



# PUSH-BUTTON WAR:

This is the second "digest" of current American military magazines. The first appeared in last month's *SOLDIER*.

## TWO AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE FUTURE

**D**ISCUSSING the future of anti-aircraft defence against supersonic rockets and jet aircraft, Paul W. Martin, an American scientific research writer, says:

"A network of early-warning radar sets surrounding our country would be necessary. Inside this network would have to be the defensive rocket launchers, each launching area with its tracking and range-finding radar. These would pick up the missile and send a rocket on an intercepting course.

"But even if this were done, the enemy could send over a thousand rockets, of which only a hundred carried atomic warheads. We would have no way of discovering which were which, and it would be necessary to intercept each rocket individually — an all but hopeless task with so many missiles. The enemy could employ radar jamming devices which would make it impossible for the intercepting missile to "home" on its target. He could send escorting, high-speed rockets with his atomic missiles to intercept and destroy defensive weapons. And, finally, no defensive system has ever been one hundred per cent effective. Some of the rockets are bound to get through.

"This then is the new problem. On its solution may depend the future of our country . . ."

(From "Army Ordnance")

### No Maginot Line Here

**P**USH-BUTTON warfare, if and when, is going to be expensive. General George C. Kenney, Chief of Strategic Air Forces, writing in the American *Infantry Journal*, hangs some price tags on the development of a 5000-mile guided missile — for development, "billions"; to construct the first one, 7,000,000 dollars; thereafter the "modest sum" of 270,000 dollars a-piece.

"The control by radio," says General Kenney, "becomes increasingly difficult and complicated for every mile of increased range. Five-thousand-mile control today looks somewhat fantastic. Another thing to think about is the introduction of man-made static to interfere with guiding such missiles by radio . . . push-button warfare is not around the corner . . . It must not be set up as our Maginot Line behind which we think we can sit secure."

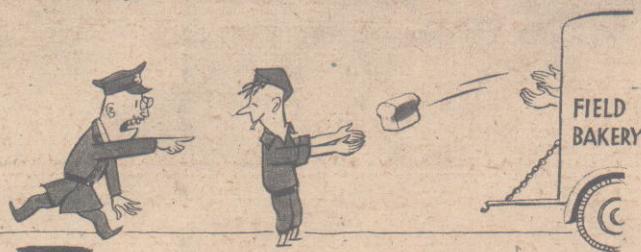
General Kenney's conclusion: piloted bombers and fighters will carry the load in any war within the next 20 years.

**N**OW let's hear an American voice from the past: "As we swept away from the shore I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance — their absence of all enterprise and improvements — their respect for the fiddle and their contempt for the Almighty Dollar." — Washington Irving, *The Creole Village*, 1837.

\* \* \*

## INTERNAL CUMBUSTION

**A**n explosive, made to look like flour and capable of being eaten when baked into bread, was developed secretly during World War Two by Professor George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard. Shipped to neutral countries in bags labelled 'flour', the product was trans-shipped to Japanese depots, where much of it fell into the hands of



saboteurs and guerillas operating behind Japanese lines in China. The Japanese failed to discover the secret." (From *Military Review*)

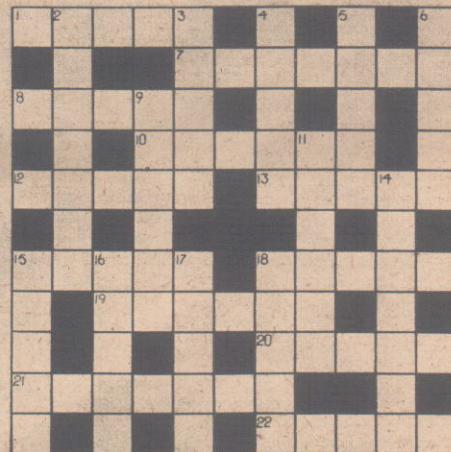
\* \* \*

## SOUVENIRS

**T**HAT Civil War cannon on the court-house lawn may be replaced by a M4 tank or 155mm. rifle, if the demands of patriotic and civil organizations, museums, and institutions continue. The Ordnance Department reports that in the last 12 months it has donated 102 tanks, 385 field guns (from 37mm. to 155mm.) and 352 museum pieces including rifles and machine-guns." (From *Infantry Journal*)

\* \* \*

# CROSSWORD



22. A girl likes to be this, but not her clothes.

### DOWN:

2. Bicycle pedal lethal to rodents.
3. Thin candle.
4. They give their owners cares, too.
5. People who are 11 up get this as a collar.
6. Customary.
9. Adjective concerning that little chap in Piccadilly Circus.
11. See 5.
14. Sailor to find the answer to free from blame.
15. Donkey starts to test metal.
16. Infectious fright.
17. Describes the squirrel's hoard.
18. Razor-blade economist.

(Answers on Page 40)

## How Much Do You Know?

1. Which of these statements are true (if any): (a) More men get gout than women; (b) Jack Sheppard was a famous jail-breaker; (c) Scheherazade was the wife of Herod; (d) There is a Bridge of Sighs at Cambridge.

2. If you wanted to show anyone some bascules, you would go to: (a) The Tower of London Armoury; (b) The Tower Bridge; (c) Swindon railway works; (d) Brighton Aquarium.

3. "My first name is the surname of a famous actor, my second name is the name of a famous capital city. I am a composer. Who am I?"

4. Supply the word after the hyphen in these names of motor cars: (a) Frazer-; (b) Isotta-; (c) Alfa-; (d) Mercedes-; (e) Hispano-

5. The Brenner Pass links: — Austria and Switzerland; Switzerland and Italy; Italy and Austria; Austria and Jugo-Slavia. Which?

6. Name a well-known animal which was once known as a camelopard.

7. Pearl White, "queen" of the silent film serials, is played by Betty Hutton in a new film called — what?

8. Memory is short. Can you name the three

German leaders acquitted at Nuremberg?

9. There was once an Alsatia in London. It was a sanctuary for (a) criminals; (b) refugees from Alsace-Lorraine; (c) Alsatian dogs; (d) the penniless. Which?

10. If Nostradamus came back to earth you might appropriately ask him one of these questions: (a) How did you cure King Philip of Spain's apoplexy? (b) Did Messalina make you a good wife? (c) What's going to win the three-thirty? (d) Why did your flying machine crash?

11. Can you name the English peer who — founded *Comic Cuts*; offered £1 a week for life to anyone who could name how much gold the Bank of England would hold on a given day; conducted British propaganda against Germany in World War One?

12. What was the name of Dick Turpin's horse?

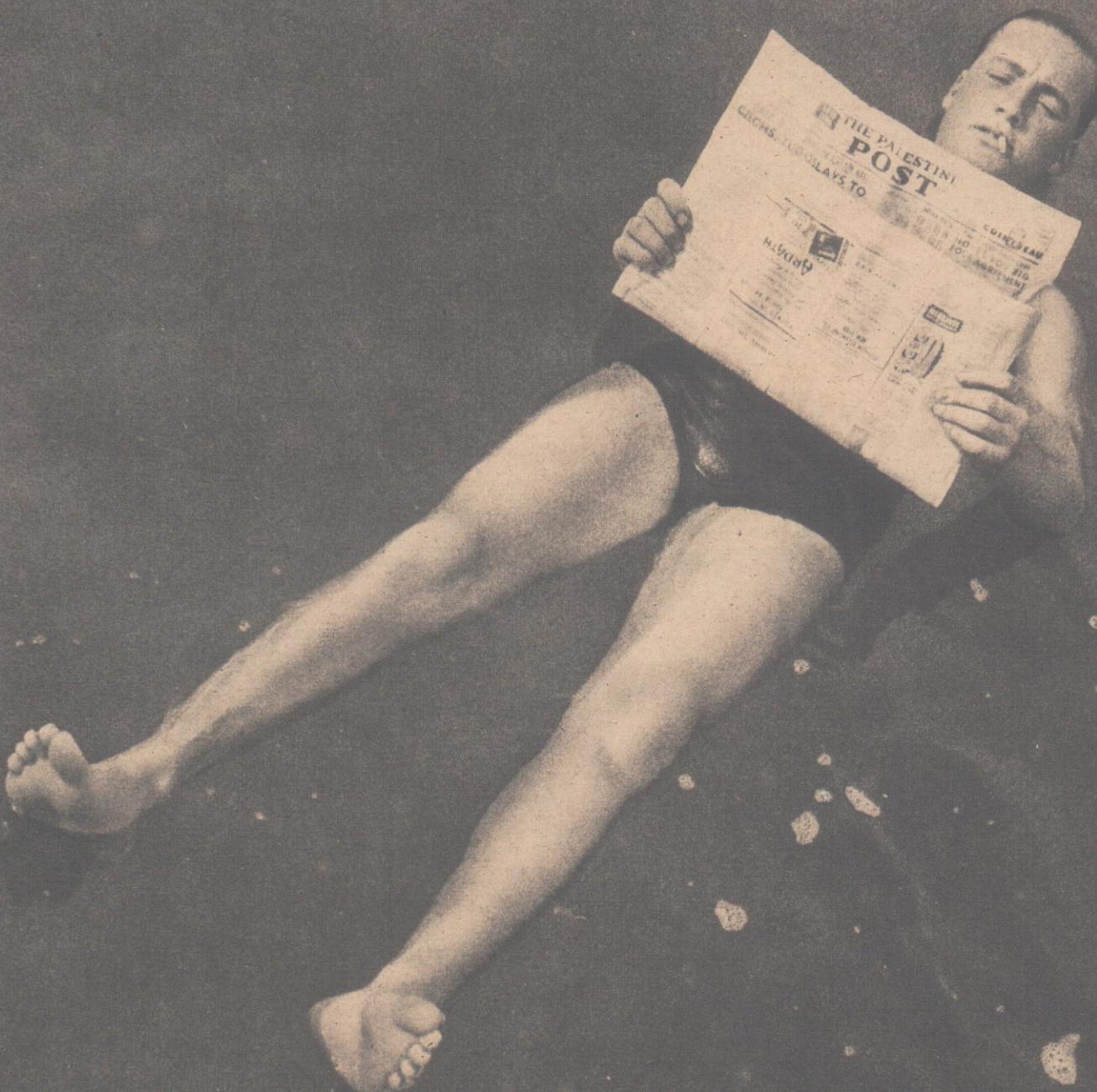
13. These three Members of Parliament have an attainment in common: A. P. Herbert, Benn Levy, E. P. Smith. What is it?

14. Here's a picture of a well-known actor in battle-dress. He appeared in a popular British film. Can you identify him?



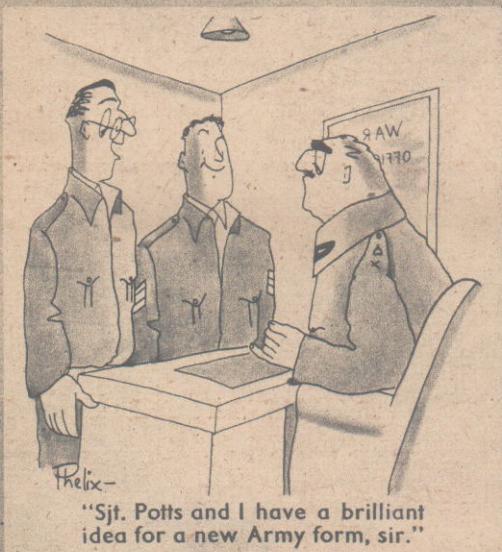
(Answers on Page 40)

# QUIET PAGE



THERE'S only one place in the world where you can take a photograph like this. You're right — the Dead Sea.

Reading the paper is Driver George Rennie, of the Black Watch from Aberdeen. His main concern was not to allow any of the Dead Sea to get in his eyes. When you let that happen the smart is terrific. You can be photographed just as easily in a sitting posture, reading the paper. If you go out to shoulder depth you will find the salt water is so buoyant that you will find it hard to keep your feet on the bottom. If you let the Dead Sea water dry on you when you come out you will get a rich, white coat of minerals (property of Palestine Potash Ltd.) which will make your skin sore. Luckily there are fresh water baths for a matter of 80 mils (about 1/9d).



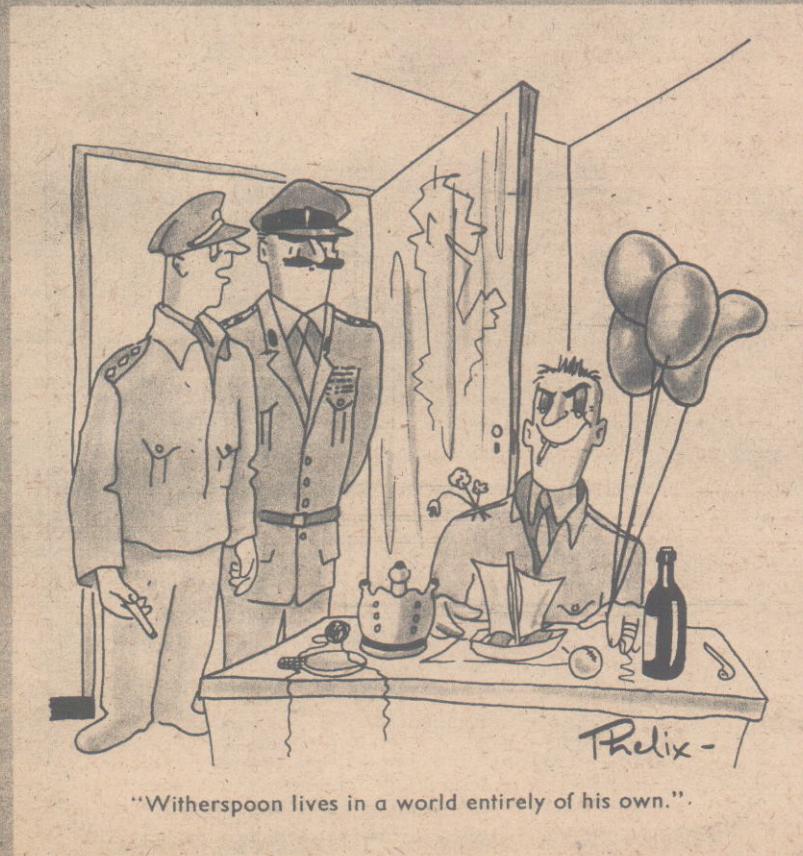
# PHELIX

## HIS

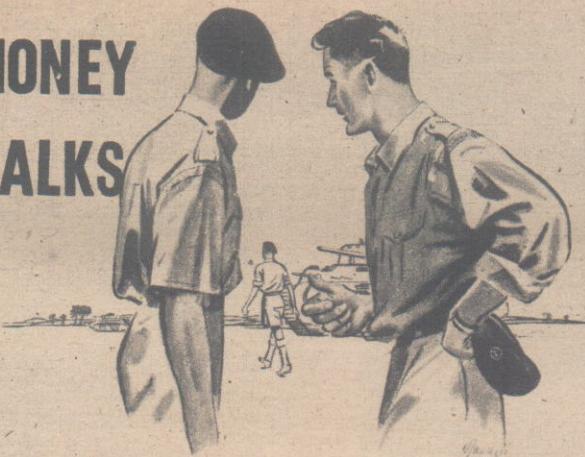
## PAGE



This is "Phelix," whose work has been featured in SOLDIER recently. The shoulder flash you can't quite read says "Radio SEAC."



# MONEY TALKS



"See that bloke over there?"  
"Uh-huh."

"His father's worth a packet."

"What's that make him?"

"Well, it should make him worth a couple of drinks."

"But does it?"

"I don't know. I've often found that people who own a lot of money aren't very free with it."

"Are you having a crack at me, chum?"

"It's the first time I knew you were a man of means."

"You'd be surprised. Owing to an arrangement I made with the Savings Officer, I shall have quite a nice little sum tied-up in National Savings Certificates by the time I get Home."

"And what do you call a 'nice little sum'?"

"Rather more than you'll ever be able to lay your hands on, old boy—unless you get weaving on this National Savings idea yourself."

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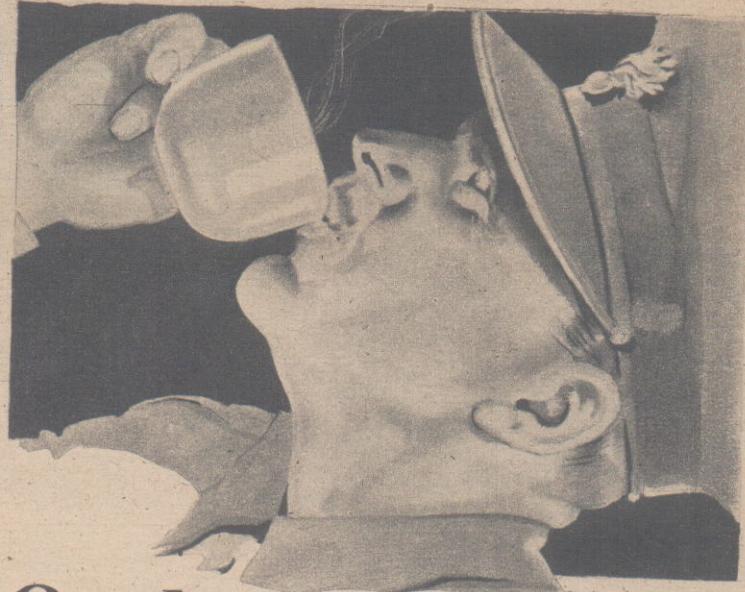
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"Take a tip from an old timer, son. This KIWI gives a gleaming shine in half the time. Not only that — it gives a shine that you can bring up a dozen times a day with just a quick rub over . . ."

"Thanks for the tip, but KIWI's already a "must" with me. My old man used it in 1914-18 and it's been a family

habit ever since. He says KIWI's rich waxes get right down into the pores of the leather and help to preserve it by keeping it soft and pliable."

"And how right he is, son."

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The man in the headlines inspects the guard: Captain Harry Whittle, of the REME Training Centre, Arborfield.



The sporting public know this athlete in singlet and shorts; here he is on regimental duty complete with Sam Browne.

## THE ORDERLY OFFICER IS A DOUBLE CHAMPION

Not every mess can boast glittering prizes like those won by Captain Whittle at White City.



A REME officer started the athletic world by pulling off two national events at the White City championships. Soon he will be released, and will look for a job which will let him train for Olympia

PERCHED on the piano in an officers' tiny mess bar in a Berkshire village are two silver cups.

They are national athletic trophies, and they were won at the Amateur Athletic Association Annual Championships at White City to the astonishment of a 40,000 crowd and the gratification of his messmates by Captain Harry Whittle, of the Tactical Wing, REME Training Centre, Poperinghe Barracks, Arborfield Cross.

Never before in the long history of British athletics has a serving soldier carried off two coveted national prizes at the one meeting. Milocarian Club has had Lieut. G. L. Rampling and Lieut. J. F. Sheffield as national winners, and a similar honour went to Sjt. Cotterell, of the Royal Corps of Signals. But I have yet to discover a soldier completing such an outstanding double.

Captain Whittle was born in Farnworth, Lancashire, midway between Liverpool and Manchester, 25 years ago, and was at Manchester University from 1940 to 1943. There he excelled at the long and high jumps, half mile and javelin. He was given his Colours for three years and was Captain in 1943.

In spite of the war, he took his B.Sc degree in civil and mechanical engineering before he donned khaki. Soon after that he was winning CMF championships at Audine, Northern Italy taking the 1943 long jump at 22ft 6ins and the high jump at 5ft 8ins. He also competed in the half mile steeplechase and javelin throw.

The two years he served in Italy were mostly spent at Rimini with 648 Servicing Station and 535 Searchlight Battery Workshops. He came home to be an instructor at Arborfield Cross and joined the go-ahead Reading Athletic Club, which in addition to Whittle's two championships, landed the six-miles flat event through A. H. Chivers, while another club member, A. A. Robertson, the reigning national cross-country champion, chased home third behind a Hungarian and a Belgian in the two-miles steeplechase.

Last March Captain Whittle resumed his athletic career in



In the red track-suit of an Army athlete: the man who is going to spend his winter in cross-country running.



"They will take away my speed if they try to improve my style," says Captain Whittle.



Whittle's longest jump to date is 23ft 9½ inches: it is five inches below Harold Abrahams' British record.

England by taking part in the Reading Club's championships in Palmer Park, and won the high jump at 5ft 8ins, the long jump at 22ft 7ins and the 100 yards in an undisclosed time! Notice how consistent were these efforts with his Italian times. His next appearance was in the Polytechnic Pentathlon, and in order to make up the necessary five events he decided to go for the 440 yards hurdles, an event he had tackled only once before when — at Loughborough in 1942 — he was captain of Manchester University in an Inter-Varsity meeting and a few points were needed for his team to win.

That Loughborough effort took him a minute; in the Poly affair he wiped off a couple of seconds. And yet this was the event in which in a few weeks he was to beat all-comers for the British

championship. His next attempt over hurdles was for the AAA against Cambridge University, and his pertinacity again showed itself in a win. Then came the Northern Counties Championships at Chesterfield and another low hurdles win in 56.8 seconds.

And so we come to the White City. The holder, D. R. Ede, of Epsom and Ewell Harriers, was below his previous season's form and had not been down to 55 seconds. The danger was thought to be W. Christen, a Swiss running in the Poly's colours. Captain Whittle was not seriously considered, but he and the two favourites got through the Friday heats safely enough to the next day's finals.

Of the six runners, Ede was drawn inside with Whittle on the extreme outside. As they were running in echelon Whittle could not see his rivals from pistol to tape, and in his own words, "he just belted along hoping for the best". His strength pulled him through in the home stretch, a win being recorded in 55 seconds flat, with Christen 0.8secs behind and Ede 1.6secs further away.

There was nothing classic in Whittle's victory to be quite frank, and it compares badly with Facelli's 53.4 secs and Lord Burghley's British record of 53.8 secs, but what it lacked in quality it made up in grit. In discussing his Olympic prospects with me afterwards, Captain Whittle expressed his fear that

"they will take away my speed if they try to improve my style". There is a lot of horse-sense in that statement.

But Whittle's triumphs were not at an end. Aided by the fact that the Nigerian Prince Adeyoyin had been continuously engaged in the high jump and 120 yards hurdles finals for the past 90 minutes, Whittle leaped 23ft 9½ins — his best effort ever — and that was one inch more than his coloured rival could manage. It falls five inches behind Harold Abrahams' British record, but it was a praiseworthy jump nevertheless and the fact that he got just that little bit further than before when the ordeal came was a true test of a champion.

Whittle is Army champion and Inter-Services champion; since winning at White City he has won for the AAA at Cheltenham against three Western counties. Now he awaits the Olympic programme. And it is a matter of unusual concern for him. If he remained in the Army he could reasonably hope for time off to train to represent his country at Wembley in 1948. But he has a broken career to pick up. The age of 25 is none too soon to settle to civil and mechanical engineering, so Whittle will be released and will then have to cast around for a job, hoping that it will be convenient for him to fit in time to prepare for Wembley in 1948. He is Britain's best at two events; yet it is problematical whether he will be in a position to take his place in the national team. That could happen only in England.

When I went to Arborfield Cross in search of this non-smoking, teetotal, bespectacled, sandy-haired, ruddy-faced, affable young bachelor, I found him, as Orderly Officer of the Day, inspecting meals in the cook-



The Royal Mint has begun work on the cupro-nickel Defence Medal which is being awarded to most Servicemen as well as Civil Defence workers and Home Guard. One side carries the King's head, the other the Imperial Crown over an oak tree defended by a lion and lioness, with the inscription 1939-1945 The Defence Medal.

house. He took me to see his training ground. It is the unit's quarter-mile running track, and for hurdle practice he often uses Army benches piled two high at regular intervals. His only supporter was Captain Walter Hutchings, long-service soldier, long-distance runner, who kept Whittle's nose to the grindstone.

And so this young officer, who is also Army hop, step and jump champion, and whose name is now engraved on cups that bear names like Burghley, Facelli, Bosman, Abrahams, Maffei and Paul, will go into Civvy Street soon wondering what to do for the best. Has he done right in deciding to leave the Army and take up his career? Is it better to go for the low hurdles or the long jump? Or both? Meanwhile, his immediate programme is to take a course at the Loughborough Athletic Summer School during his release leave, and then devote himself to cross-country running during the winter.

ARCHIE QUICK.

## SOLDIER'S COVER

# THE KING GIVES THE BATON



The baton is 17 inches long, carries 18 gold lions.

THE Field-Marshal's baton seen on SOLDIER'S cover was Earl Haig's, and was photographed in the Royal United Services Institution Museum.

It is exactly the same as those presented to the Field-Marshal's of World War Two, except for a plate on which the recipient's name is engraved.

Batons have long been the symbol of command in an Army in the field. Their origin was probably in the scytale; used by the Lacedemonians for a crude form of coding. Two batons of exactly the same dimensions were made. One of them was given to the commander of a military expedition and the other was kept at home. When he wanted to send a secret despatch back, the general wound a narrow strip of parchment spirally round his baton and wrote across its edges, the innocent theory being that only the authorities at home, with the other baton to wind the parchment on, could read the message.

The rank of Field-Marshal, on its present footing, was established in 1735, though before that there had been such ranks as Marshal of the Army, Marshal of England and, in the Civil War, a Field-Marshal-General on the Royalist side and a Brevet Field-Marshal on the Parliamentary side. Batons seem to have varied a bit and the Duke of Wellington's baton, which has just been presented to the Nation, is quite different from the modern Field-Marshal's baton.

For the last hundred years, Messrs. Garrard and Co, Ltd, of Albemarle Street, who are the Crown Jewellers, have made all the Field-Marshal's batons. They are presented to Field-Marshal as gifts from the King. About 17 inches long, they are of soft wood covered with crimson velvet studded with 18 gold lions. At the top is the traditional full figure of St. George and the Dragon, below which are two chased bands of rose, shamrock and thistle. At the bottom are two similar chased bands and a flat base recording the gift.

Batons are carried with full dress on State occasions, and the last time they made a public appearance was at the Coronation of the present King. Many batons are left by Field-Marshal to their old regiments.

## SOLDIER IN THE COMMONS

SOLDIER was again the subject of questioning in the House of Commons recently. The following is quoted from the Official Report of 28 July:

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter asked the Secretary of State for War whether a reduction has been effected in the amount of paper made available for the publication SOLDIER issued by his Department, proportionate to the reduction imposed by His Majesty's Government on daily newspapers.

Mr. Bellenger: No, Sir.

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter: Is the right hon. Gentleman aware of the fact that this publication is now an affair of 48 pages; and is it not a little unfair that it should be permitted to use paper on this scale when the popular Press is reduced to four pages?

Mr. Bellenger: I do not think so. It serves a very useful purpose. At any rate, there is no discrimination between this publication and other publications of a similar nature run by private enterprise.

Major Legge-Bourke: Would the right hon. Gentleman bear in mind that there is no one class of newspaper which is more appreciated by men in the Forces than their local newspaper; and would he not consider using some of the paper allocated to this publication to bring the local newspapers back to something more nearly approximating to their normal size?

Mr. Bellenger: No, I do not think I could do that, because the allocation of this paper comes from the Control Commission for Germany. I would say that this publication is very greatly appreciated by members of the Forces.

## Answers

(from Page 34)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. (a), (b) and (d). 2. The Tower Bridge (the moving sections of the road bridge are bascules). 3. Irving Berlin. 4. (a) Nash; (b) Fraschini; (c) Romeo; (d) Benz; (e) Suiza. 5. Italy and Austria. 6. Giraffe. 7. 'The Perils of Pauline.' 8. Von Papen, Schacht, Fritzsche. 9. Criminals. 10. 'What's going to 'win the three-thirty?' 11. Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Harmsworth). 12. Black Bess. 13. They all write plays. (E. P. Smith is 'Edward Percy'). 14. Stanley Holloway in 'The Way Ahead.'

### CROSSWORD

CROSS.	1. Trust.	7. Anchors.
8. Stoep.	10. Recess.	12. Prior.
13. Steal.	15. Appin.	18. Burst.
19. Acumen.	20. Agile.	21. Aviator.
22. Dated.	— DOWN.	2. Rat-trap.
3. Taper.	4. Acres.	5. Noose.
6. Usual.	9. Erotic.	11. Strung.
14. Absolve.	15. Assay.	16. Panic.
17. Nutty.	18. Beard.	



L/Cpl. J. F. Stafford hopes to take his goshawk, Grip, home with him on release.



THERE ARE SIX

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OF VINTAGE LEAF

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at the man  
who wants the best"



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# SOLDIER Bookshelf

## THE ARMY, THE MAN — AND THE WOMAN

**T**O United Kingdom soldiers in East Africa Command during most of the war, Brigadier John Knott was not just the Brigadier in charge of Administration: he was also one of the stars of almost any amateur entertainment put on for their benefit.

Now this very human Brigadier has put his ideas about the Army on paper. In "The Army and the Man" (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.), he writes only of the human side — of pay and clothes, leaders and quarters — and puts forward some ideas that have already been generally accepted and others that are distinctly original.

He believes, for instance, that there is no need for the modern Army to live in barracks, except in the case of recruits, if there is a "lying-in" picket available at short notice.

"Initiative and self-reliance... cannot be encouraged or given scope in a life in which the man, off duty, is so seldom asked or

even allowed to think for himself, in which his bed must be just so, his light put out at such and such a time, and his socks and underclothes laid out with the precision of a pre-war drill squad." He wants soldiers put in houses or flats, with lodgings or hostels for the bachelors, a mile or two away from their place of work.

Brigadier Knott dwells at length on the "folly of imitating the masculine in designing women's uniforms" and suggests "putting the organisation of the compulsory service of women into the hands of some non-official body such as the FANY, where true *esprit de corps* is high and achieves much that any amount of regimentation and arbitrary discipline can never do."

## "MONTY" IN PICTURES

**T**HE advantage of an illustrated biography is that it focusses in the reader's mind pictures that words, however skilful, may not be able to present quite clearly. For that reason "Montgomery: His Life in Pictures" (Sagall Press, 30s) will make an excellent companion volume to Alan Moorhead's biography of the man with two badges in his beret.

Of especial interest among the photographs Victor Musgrave has collected for this book are those that were taken before Field-Marshal Montgomery rose to eminence.

Montgomery does not appear to have been more photographed than the average in his early days, but there are just enough pictures to pick out some of the phases in his early career — the unremarkable two-year-old, the slightly supercilious junior schoolboy, the self-possessed senior boy, captain of the First XV and member of the swimming eight at St. Paul's.

He was known at school, it

appears, as "Monkey" and a satirical article in a school magazine suggests that his methods on the football field were as forceful as his methods on the battlefield in later years. "He lives on doughnuts and 'Meredith Mixture' and may always be snared by a 'fairy-cake,'" says the article.

The later pictures form a useful record of Montgomery's great days. They picture him in scores of attitudes and they include such classics as the Luneburg Heath surrender pictures and SOLDIER's now-famous close-up of Montgomery's medal ribbons, reduced to black and white.

## ENTER THE DRAGON

**A** new Army magazine is *The Dragon* produced by the Army College (Central Mediterranean), which from No. 1 sets out to help "make the language muscular, alive, and active."

Says *The Dragon*: "Most of the contributions in this issue represent an attempt at a more effective expression. In the poetry, for example, form is often subordinated to theme. Such is necessary, for unfortunately, as a people, we have lost interest in words... Business language and journalism lie upon the language like dead weights. The machine age has dulled our feelings."

Here is a quotation from one of the poems:

*vaulted Cathedral spaced out in architectural emptiness  
gloom shadowed crypts staring the light of two waxed candles  
booming shepherd bell tower soaring marble poised-balanced  
broad buttocked high breasted prostitutes mince deliberate stepping  
mouldy stone course on course through man sweat matted time  
teeth scraped melon rind wrinkling in sun gutted gutters.*

Last month it was Mr. Hunt of the *Goose Girl* of Gottingen who had us puzzled; puzzler this time is poet G. W. Target.

But *The Dragon* is not quite like this. For the old-fashioned it offers a page of "clerihews". Sample:

Johann Strauss

Would never have a dog in the house  
He couldn't bear to hach  
to a Bach.

## "ARMY RECRUITER"

**Y**OUR description in "Now it's Army Recruiter" (SOLDIER, May), is incorrect and if intended as a stimulant to recruiting is liable to have an opposite effect.

One of the figures is described as "recruiting serjeant", the other as "Army recruiter" when in point of fact they are both Army recruiters. One was in peace-time pre-war full dress, the other in war-time service dress.

You call them serjeants. They are not, and it is likely that before joining the Recruiting Service (not staff) they both held higher rank. The correct title of an ex-WO or serjeant who joins the Service is Mister, as he is a civilian subject to military law.

The difference between the two types is as follows:

The recruiting serjeant (obsolete nearly 30 years) was a serving soldier detached from his regiment for recruiting duties (usually he was unwanted by his unit). He had a ram-rod like appearance, with moustache, waxed, mark I; he was devoid of brains and tact, lacked human feeling but was relentless and ruthless; he had a sponge for stomach, a neck of solid brass and a stone for a heart.

His plan of campaign was to dress in full walking-out uniform (pre-World War One type) plus a rosette in his cap of the kind presented to the best milk-yielding cows at cattleshows, and to haunt the highways coaxing anything in trousers to take the King's Shilling.

He believed in getting his man by any sort of jiggery-pokery,



lies or misrepresentation. In fact, he did his foul best to ensure his beer money (recruiting reward). If by chance he secured a recruit for the Household Cavalry the sponge within his cavity would perform a somersault and present its dry side uppermost for a real soaking. Is it a wonder that the present-day recruiter detests the sound of the name "recruiting serjeant"?

The Army recruiter made his first appearance after World War One under the title of paid pensioner recruiter, changed about 1934 to Army recruiter.

He is usually a pensioned ex-warrant officer or serjeant, and he deals with lads as though they were his own sons, telling them the truth, hiding nothing and helping them to select a corps or regiment if they ask him. He gives them time for reflection, invites questions and generally puts the lads at ease. After the enlistment is completed his interest in the lads does not die.

I could go on for hours in this vein but I would ask you to forget that the recruiting serjeant ever existed. For as long as the term is used the Army will be looked upon with doubt and distrust. — W. P. Carter (Army Recruiter) 7 Ferguson Street, Halifax.

\* SOLDIER agrees that the old-time recruiting serjeant often had an unenviable reputation. But not all of them merited quite such strong criticism.

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# LETTERS

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## IRATE GUNNER

Now that the national newspapers are printing pictures of Ack-Ack girls again must we suffer once more the inaccuracies which disfigured all press captions in war-time? Already one paper has described a girl looking at a portion of a 3.7 as "learning the predictor." During the war every blonde gazing into an identification telescope was "studying radiolocation." Girls working on height-finders were always "working predictors," and vice versa. Even the official history "Roof Over Britain" described heights being obtained from the identification telescope. There are tens of thousands of gunners and ex-gunners who wince whenever they see "howlers" like these. — Sjt. M. Turner, ex-HAA.

## NEWS REELS

The AKC have greatly improved the variety of films shown in BAOR but must we have their special news reel? It is neither interesting nor educational, and the short musical scene at the end is embarrassingly futile.

Is it not possible to have home news reels again? — Bdr. M.O.G.M. (Name and address supplied).

★ AKC say that to be of any use home commercial news reels must be screened within two weeks. Also, owing to shortages of material sufficient footage was not available from the trade and an alternative had to be sought—the AKC News Parade, which includes items of general but not overnight interest. This measure was taken to combat complaints that Rhine Army received old news reels. However, the matter is under review and every effort will be made to provide up-to-date reels.

## HUSBANDS GO FIRST

Before the war it was the practice for a man on posting overseas to be informed exactly where he was going. If he was married, his wife and family would accompany him.

The need for secrecy has passed but the rules remain in force. A man is told that he is posted to MELF, ALFSEA and so on. Such vagueness causes unnecessary hardship to the married man who is usually a regular soldier, and it is on this man that the Army largely depends. — ASM. Stillwell, REME, HQ Schleswig Holstein.

★ A new hospital suit has been designed, of a much darker blue, and made from a good serge material. With it are worn a pale blue shirt and a black tie. Existing stocks of hospital blues must be used up first.

## INSURING KIT

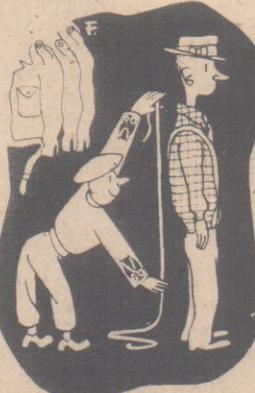
The Military Forwarding Office will not take any responsibility for loss or damage and will not insure kit. This is quite unreasonable, particularly in areas (like Japan) where no other facilities for despatching kit exist. If I lost some personal kit in this way, could I take action through a lawyer? — Capt. G. H. Dempsey, HQ 268, Ind Inf Bde, Japan.

★ Baggage sent through MFO is sent at owner's risk; no charge is made for it and as loss in transit is a normal risk in civilian life, and an insurable risk, there is no compensation from Army funds. There is an insurance scheme detailed in ACI 54 of 1945; private insurance firms will also issue policies.

## TAILOR'S BADGE

I am a tailor in the Army. Can you help me to get a tailor's trade badge? — Pte. P. A. Brown, 6 Bn. RAOC.

★ To cater for the many tradesmen who wanted a badge during the last war three trade badges were introduced—Class A, B and C. A qualified tailor gets a Class C badge, a Roman "C" surrounded by a laurel wreath. Ask your Q.M. for one.



## STAMPS

In May you published an article on the Antarctic with two splendid illustrations of postage stamps of the Falkland Islands Dependencies. Could we have some more articles similarly illustrated for the benefit of Service philatelists, with interesting stamps of a Service character. — WO II R. B. Taylor, 121 (Brunswick) Brit. Mil. Hospital.

★ A colour page of "soldier" stamps was published in SOLDIER last November.

## RIFLE LESSON

In our first rifle lesson the question arose: why is there a small hole in the bottom of the magazine of a Mk. 4 rifle and why is the staple there? — **L/Cpl. W. Riley, 565 Field Sqdn RE.**

★ The small hole is for draining off any moisture in the magazine, and the staple is for securing the canvas which covers the breech.

## WHEN IT RAINS

I read with interest your article on the new uniform soon to be an issue. Sounds wonderful, but what do we wear when it rains? Do we stagger along in a large overcoat or wrap our long-suffering bodies in the issue ground-



sheet that is a cross between a bell tent and a pram cover? We need a light raincoat. — **BQMS. W. McGladdery, Sjt. R. Lewis, 50 RHU.**

★ The issue of a light raincoat for walking-out is not contemplated. Under consideration is an operational waterproof, designed for use as a mackintosh, ground sheet and gas-cape. It is evolved from the Poncho (SOLDIER, 10 Nov. 1945).

## SHORT AND DUMPY

Sjt. Richardson, who wrote the letter "Girls in Uniform" (SOLDIER, July) is hardly in a position to discuss female dress. If, as he says, so many ATS are "short and dumpy", does he not realise that a short and dumpy person could not fail to look anything else in the uniform with which we are issued? It seems to me that, rather than have a uniform designed on a smarter and more flattering line, he would have us diet accordingly. I consider his remark about ATS stuffing themselves with fattening food both foolish and pointless, not to say vulgar. I might add, for Sjt. Richardson's information, I am neither short nor dumpy. — **Margarette Smethurst, ATS Signals, Hamburg.**

## GIRLS IN WHITE

In "Goodbye to Brussels" (SOLDIER, July) you refer to the closing of Victory House.

You say thank you to the Girls in Blue but omit the fact that a great deal of work was done in the cleaning of soldiers' billets and making of beds by the Girls in White. Is it possible to express your appreciation to the Girls in White of Victory House? — **Lily Buleke and friends, Brussels.**

★ **SOLDIER**, smitten with shame, gladly says thank you on behalf of British troops to the admirable Girls in White.

## ROYAL PICTURES

Where can I obtain three sets of pictures of the Royal Family for the three messes of this unit? — **Sgt. F. Thomson, RAOC, 854 Amn. Depot.**

★ Write to NAAFI HQ., Imperial Court, Kennington, London SE 11.

## ANYONE KNOW?

Is it a fact that there are three Scottish Regiments which are not obliged to stand up when the National Anthem is being played, because they once fought against the King? — **Pte. C. Rowley, 4 Trg. Bde.**

★ We know of regiments that do not drink the King's Health, but not of regiments which sit through the Anthem.

In my collection of signs worn by the Allied Armies I have one that I cannot identify.

It is a cornflower set upon a khaki background. The flower is blue and the bud and stem green. I obtained it in 1942, so it is not a new sign. — **Officer Cadet A. J. Mackay-Paxton, Sandhurst.**

★ We cannot trace this one. It is doubtful whether anyone has a complete collection of Army signs. So many formations were born and changed during the war that some signs lasted only a matter of weeks. "Heraldry in War" (Gale and Polden) contains a comprehensive catalogue of Army signs.

## PALACE GUARD

Has an Infantry regiment ever taken over guard duties at Buckingham Palace from the Brigade of Guards? — **R. F. Eaton, Home Farm, Norley, Cheshire.**

★ Before the war an Infantry regiment relieved the Guards of their London duties each summer to allow them to undergo field training. A different regiment did the spell each year.

## NO MEDALS

I am often asked by soldiers of World War One why they received no medals despite service before the Armistice. I suggest the answer is that no medals were issued to men who did not go overseas. Am I right? — **Major R. J. Ottaway-Wilson, COD Longtown, Carlisle.**

★ Quite right.

## MENTIONS

In March you said that "mentions" won between the wars are to be accompanied by the award of the oak leaf emblem. I cannot trace this in any ACI. — **CSM. F. Hammond, Swindon.**

★ See page seven of White Paper 7035 of February, 1947. An Army Order on the subject is being issued shortly.

## ARMY HONEYMOON

I am to marry a German girl on my next privilege leave. Can we spend our honeymoon at a BAOR Leave Centre? — **Dvr. G. Davis, 29 General Hospital.**

★ Yes. You should book accommodation direct with the centre you choose.

## TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Is the leave scheme to Czechoslovakia (SOLDIER, June) available to Servicemen in Home Commands? — **Pte. Bliss, Watford, Herts.**

★ No. You can go at your own expense providing you can return within the period of your authorised leave.

(More Letters on  
Page 46)

**"BRYLCREEM**  
By Jove!..some  
chaps are lucky!"



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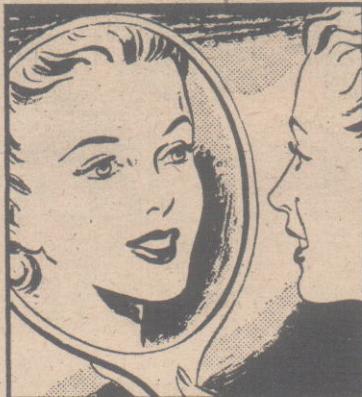
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## MORE LETTERS

### ARMY SCHOOLS

I intend signing on for 22 years and I hope my wife, who is with me now, will be able to join me in other overseas stations. We have a son, aged nearly seven, and we would like him to attend one of the Army schools in Britain as we want him to have a good education. Can you advise me about these schools?

— Sjt. H. J. Scott, 7th. Armoured Division, Signal Regiment, BAOR.

★ The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Guston, Dover, and the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, Scotland, are the only two boarding schools administered by the War Office. The Duke of York's gives free education, clothing and accommodation to the sons of NCO's and men. Boys can be registered between eight and 11 and admitted between nine and 12. Preference is given to orphans or to boys with one parent. Particulars can be obtained from the school secretary. The Queen Victoria School gives similar service to the sons of Scotsmen. Many civil schools also help children of soldiers. Your Education Officer may have particulars.

### STEP-CHILD

A friend wishes to marry a German who has a child, but we have heard that the child cannot be taken to England until a year afterwards. Who looks after it in the meantime? — Cfn. E. Wright, 144 Rundown Vehicle Park, BAOR.

★ You have been misinformed. A young child can go with the step-father but unlike the mother does not take on British nationality.

### TAKING A TROUSSEAU

There is controversy in BAOR over what a soldier is allowed to bring back from Britain. Please give me the present ruling over clothing, as I am hoping to bring a wedding trousseau back with me for my German fiancée. — Rfn. H. Foote, Rifle Brigade.

★ Restrictions on export are numerous, especially on clothing and food. You should write for advice to the Export Licensing Dept., Board of Trade, Stafford House, King William St. London EC 4, giving them a list of what you intend taking back.

### SENDING MONEY

I wish to send my fiancée in Britain some money from my credits. Can you tell me which Army Form I need and where I get it? — Rfn. Musgrave, 1 KRR, CMF.

★ Ask your orderly room for Army Form 1727A. This is a remittance form authorising payment from your credits to anyone you nominate on it. The form then goes to your Regimental Paymaster who sends a postal draft to the person nominated.

### AGRICULTURAL LEAVE

I am a regular soldier. Previously I worked on a farm. Can I be released from the Army to work in agriculture? If not, can I get agricultural leave? — Cpl. R. Leeson, RASC 4 Trg. Bds.

★ No. A regular soldier cannot get a Class B release for agriculture. Bu



as you are an agricultural worker you can get agricultural leave. ACI 536 of 1947 gives details. The farmer who wants you obtains a certificate from the local War Agricultural Executive Committee stating that you are essential for the work in hand. This certificate he sends (in your case) to GHQ, 2nd. Echelon, BAOR.

### EMPTY COCKPITS

The 84 Group Gliding Club, Germany, is not running to full capacity. It is open to all ranks of the RAF, Army and CCG, to members or non members. Flying instruction is given daily or on weekly or fortnightly courses and accommodation, including flying, costs 8s a day for officers and 5s 3d for men. — F/L. J. Muhylo, Secretary, 84 Group Gliding Club, Salzgitter/Harz, BAFO.

## Two Minute Sermon

The sort of homeland we want is our own responsibility. If it is to become what we hope—the best place in the world—it must be the home of men and women who are actuated by the highest motives and ideals, who are determined that everything low, mean, despicable and selfish shall have no place in our individual and national life.

The greatest enemies we have to fight are not those outside our borders but those within. We are our own

greatest enemies and the forces against us in our individual and national life are the most difficult to fight against. In this fight we must have on our side someone who is able to give us that power and strength we need so desperately.

God alone is able to give us this power and strength and without Him we are bound to lose this battle of life. It is in Him we must put our trust and cause and with and for Him we must fight.

ALL ATHLETES NEED

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