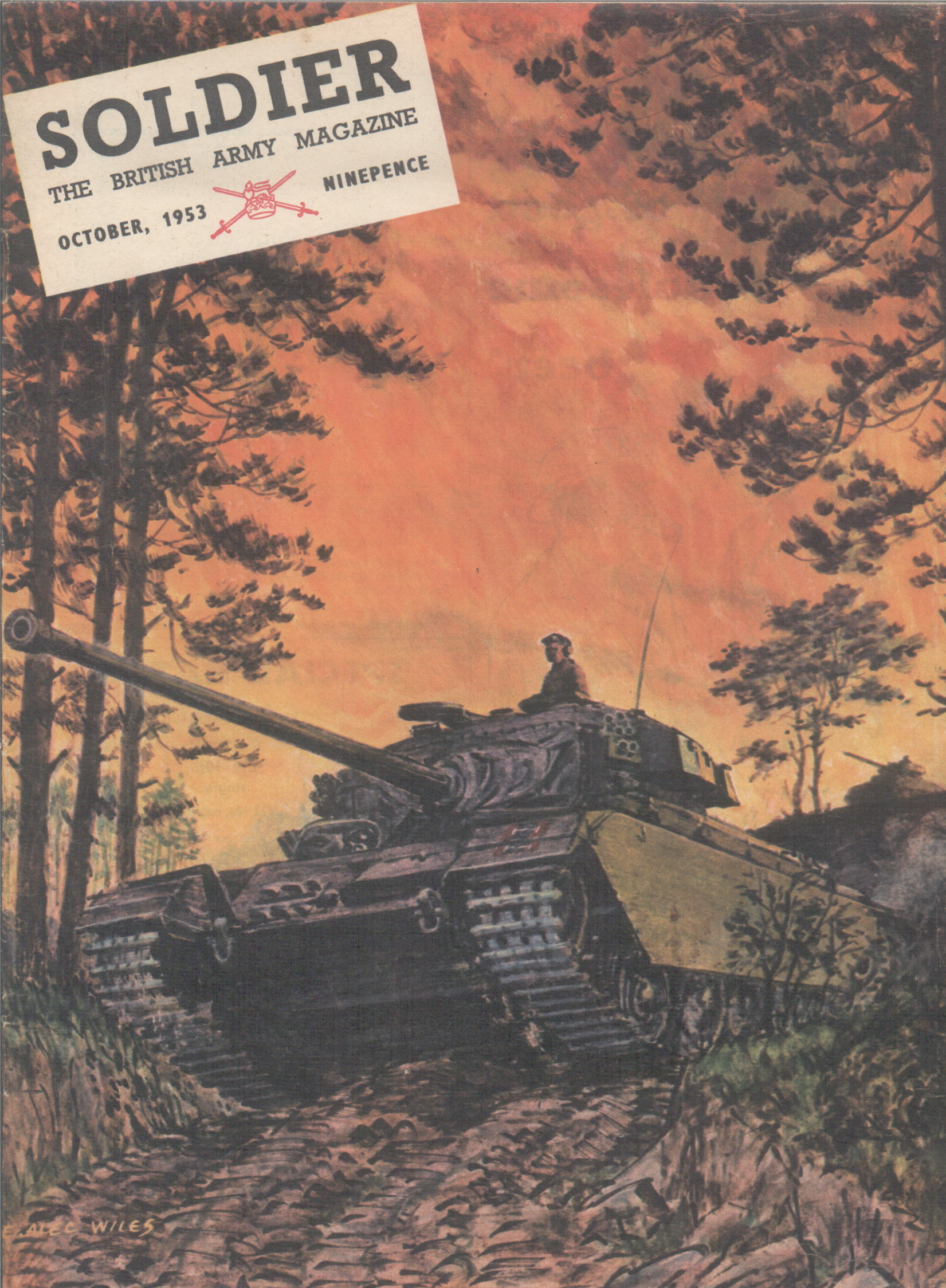
SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1953

NINEPENCE



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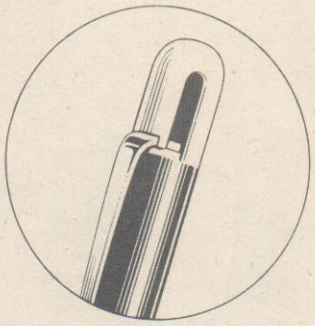

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"Luck isn't enough—only hard work and initiative lead to success."

Anne Brown :
"What a wonderful gift to be able to play like you, Miss Joyce."

Eileen Joyce :
"Thank you, Anne. I suppose most of us have some kind of gift, but it takes hard work to develop it. I had to learn music as you had to learn to type—starting right from the beginning and developing through years of hard work. I still spend many arduous hours every week studying and practising!"

Anne Brown :
"Yes—I suppose all jobs must be the same in that way—you always have to work hard if you want to get on, don't you?"

Eileen Joyce :
"You're right there, Anne. You can't rely on luck. You have to keep on trying and use all your initiative and enterprise."

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OCTOBER **SOLDIER** 1953

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Canal Zone and Libya, 4 piastres; Cyprus, 7 piastres; Malaya, 30 cents; Hong-Kong, 60 cents; East Africa, 75 cents; West Africa, 9d.

Operation in progress. Like human patients, horses wake up to find it's all over.

The Royal Army Veterinary Corps was formed just 50 years ago. Even a mechanised army needs its horses, mules and dogs

THERE'S STILL A JOB FOR THE "VETS"

ON 5 October 1903, King Edward VII signed a Warrant which provided for the creation of an Army Veterinary Corps from the non-commissioned officers and men already employed on veterinary duties.

It was not a very satisfactory Warrant, because it did not say how the new Corps was to be trained and officered. Not until three years later were the officers of the existing Veterinary Department brought into the Corps.

None the less, it was, according to the historian of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, "the Warrant which *made* our Corps," and this month the Corps celebrates its golden jubilee.

The role of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps has changed much since the boot-and-saddle days of 1903.

Today, the Corps not only provides, trains, and cares for all the Army's riding and transport animals but has several newer jobs. It finds and trains the Army's war-dogs, and the men who train and handle the war-dogs. It inspects the Army's supplies of fresh meat and sources of fresh milk for the Army overseas.

At its Training Centre and Remount Depot, at Melton Mowbray, it teaches horse-riding. Increasing numbers of young officers take the course, since there is no telling when the Army might be operating again in places where jeeps and motor-cycles cannot go. (Riding instructors from Melton Mowbray set up a temporary equitation school in London, to coach high-ranking officers of the three Services who were to ride in the Coronation procession.)

At Aldershot, the Royal Army Veterinary Corps laboratory, besides its normal veterinary work, examines animal foods and breeds guinea-pigs, mice and other animals for Royal Army Medical Corps laboratories.

In the past few years, the most important development in the Corps has been in its war-dog activities. Today Army tracking dogs and patrol-dogs seek out Communists in Malaya and Mau Mau in Kenya; there are patrol-dogs and mine-dogs in Korea; and there are guard-dogs scattered through home and overseas commands. War-dogs overseas are usually bought and trained in the Commands in which they are to operate.

Horses and mules play a more notable part in Army life now than is at first obvious. The Corps has responsibilities to several horsed units in

OVER

Gas chamber for horses—to cure them of mange : a picture from World War One.

Imperial War Museum

THERE'S STILL A JOB FOR THE "VETS" *(cont'd)*

The Royal Army Veterinary Corps trains the Army's riders. They start on wooden horses. Right: Bringing back a mule in Italy, where the Army used 20,000 of them.

Britain—including the Household Cavalry, the King's Troop and the Royal Mounted Military Police—and to police, military and civilian, overseas. At Mecklenhorst in Germany is a 300-acre remount depot which has about 200 horses, used for patrol work and recreation. There are also pack-mule units in the Middle East and Hong-Kong which are not only useful on the spot but help to keep pack-mule science alive (in the last war the Army used nearly 80,000 horses and mules in India and Burma and more than 20,000 in Italy).

The tradition behind the service which the Royal Army Veterinary Corps renders the Army goes back more than three centuries to the farriers who served with early British armies. By the 17th century, it was laid down in writing that the farrier was expected not only to shoe horses but also to "drench and lette bloude" ("drench" meant dose). In the 18th century a farrier who lamed a horse through careless shoeing was flogged and confined "in order that he may be prevented drinking any liquor but water" until the horse was sound again. Flogging other delinquents was also part of his duty. Until the 18th century the farriers provided their own medicines, and until late in the 19th, their own horseshoes, fuel and nails, receiving in return a daily allowance for each horse they had to tend—and, of course, making a profit on the deal.

The first landmark in Army veterinary history is 1796, when Professor Edward Coleman was appointed Principal Veterinary Surgeon to the Cavalry and Veterinary Surgeon to the Board of Ordnance. He was also head of the Veterinary College, then the only teaching institution in the country for the veterinary profession.

Coleman, who has been described as the greatest enemy the veterinary profession ever had in its ranks, had qualified in human medicine. He knew little of veterinary work, but he claimed it was simple, and before long reduced the period of training for the Army veterinary officers from three years to three months. One of his perquisites was the supply of veterinary drugs to the Army, which he held until 1832. He died in 1839, still in office after 43 years—a rich man.

Coleman's attitude held back the development of the Army Veterinary Service for decades, but at least it made a start under his regime, and veterinary officers were appointed to Cavalry regiments and the Corps of Artillery Drivers.

Occasionally, the veterinary officers were called on to carry out some curious jobs. They were asked to test the effects of a new bullet and a new Cavalry sword on horses, and duly obliged—first having killed the horses. It was an Army veterinary surgeon who, in 1889, first suggested using dogs for military duties in the British Army (war-dogs had been used in Egypt about 6,000 years before.

TO OUR NEW READERS

"Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier."

—Dr. Samuel Johnson

THIS issue of SOLDIER, the British Army Magazine, is the first to be on open sale in Britain.

Until now the circulation of the magazine has been limited (with a few exceptions) to Army commands at home and abroad.

SOLDIER'S primary aim is "to show the Army to the Army." It will now show the Army to the public as well.

The decision to put the magazine on the bookstalls (often suggested by readers) was prompted by the fact that there is hardly a family in Britain which has not a direct personal interest in the Army. Parents of young soldiers want to see what sort of a show their sons (and daughters) are in; ex-soldiers (whatever they say on demob!) still want to read about the Army. To all who are interested in Army tradition SOLDIER is a "must."

Originally SOLDIER was produced for the British Army of Liberation. The first issue was published in Brussels in March 1945; later that year the magazine moved to Hamburg, where it has been printed until now. The present issue is the first to be printed in Britain.

Since its early days the appeal of the magazine has been widened and its circulation extended to all Army commands. Today it is bought and read by troops from the West Indies to Korea.

As before, SOLDIER is controlled by the War Office and its policy will remain unchanged. It will be distributed in Britain by Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

To its new readers SOLDIER extends a friendly welcome. It is confident that they will feel pride in reading the story of the British Army today.

It was to Mr. J. F. Simpson, head of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, which was created in 1844, that the Royal Army Veterinary Corps owed its inception. He it was who led the fight for the 1903 Warrant, and in his memory the Corps is presenting a plaque to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons as part of the jubilee celebrations.

Up to 1903, veterinary officers had enjoyed (after much fighting for it) "compound ranks"—they were known as Veterinary Lieutenant, Veterinary Captain, and so on. Now they received substantive rank in the Army, except those serving with the regiments of Household Cavalry. Today, the Household Cavalry still has its Veterinary Lieutenant-Colonel, who is seconded from the Royal Army Veterinary Corps and appears in the Army List as a member of the Life Guards.

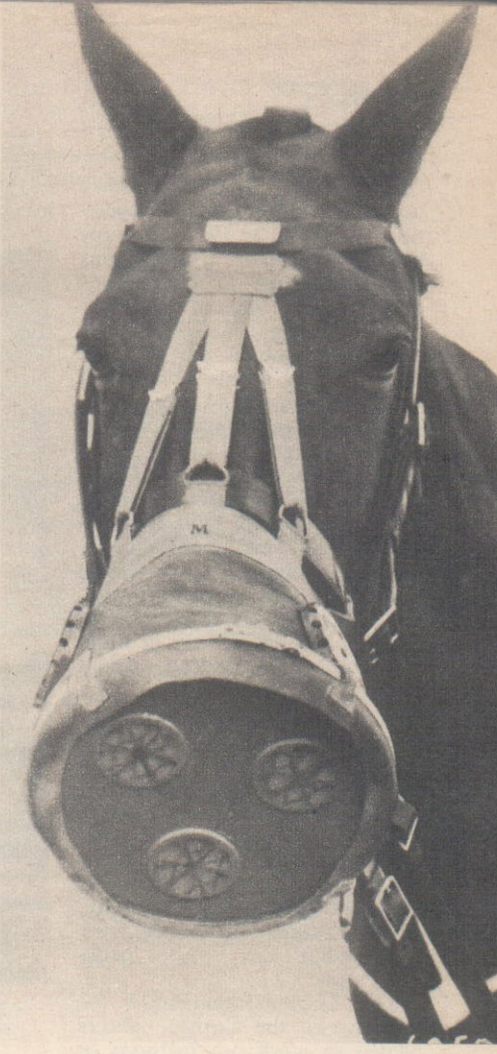
The new Corps was soon able to do something veterinary officers had long been agitating for—to establish veterinary hospitals. Until then, regiments had taken their sick horses with them, wherever they went just as (until not so very long before) they had taken their sick men. The new system aroused opposition from Cavalry officers who were reluctant to let their horses out of their immediate control.

The Corps was not on a bed of roses yet. At a War Office conference, the Director-General of Army Veterinary Services was asked: "Is your branch ready for war?" His answer, "No,' shook the conference. He explained that he had asked for stores but the Quartermaster-General had refused to put forward the application.

In a week or two, the money was found, and the Army Veterinary Corps went into World War One fully prepared. It was as well. By the end of 1914, more than 45,000 horses had

OVER

A learner-farrier practises his art without fear of kicks or of injury to the animal.



Right: Horses, like dogs, were ready for gas warfare in 1939.

Below: Horse-lines at Suvla Bay, in the Gallipoli peninsula, in 1915.

Imperial War Museum.

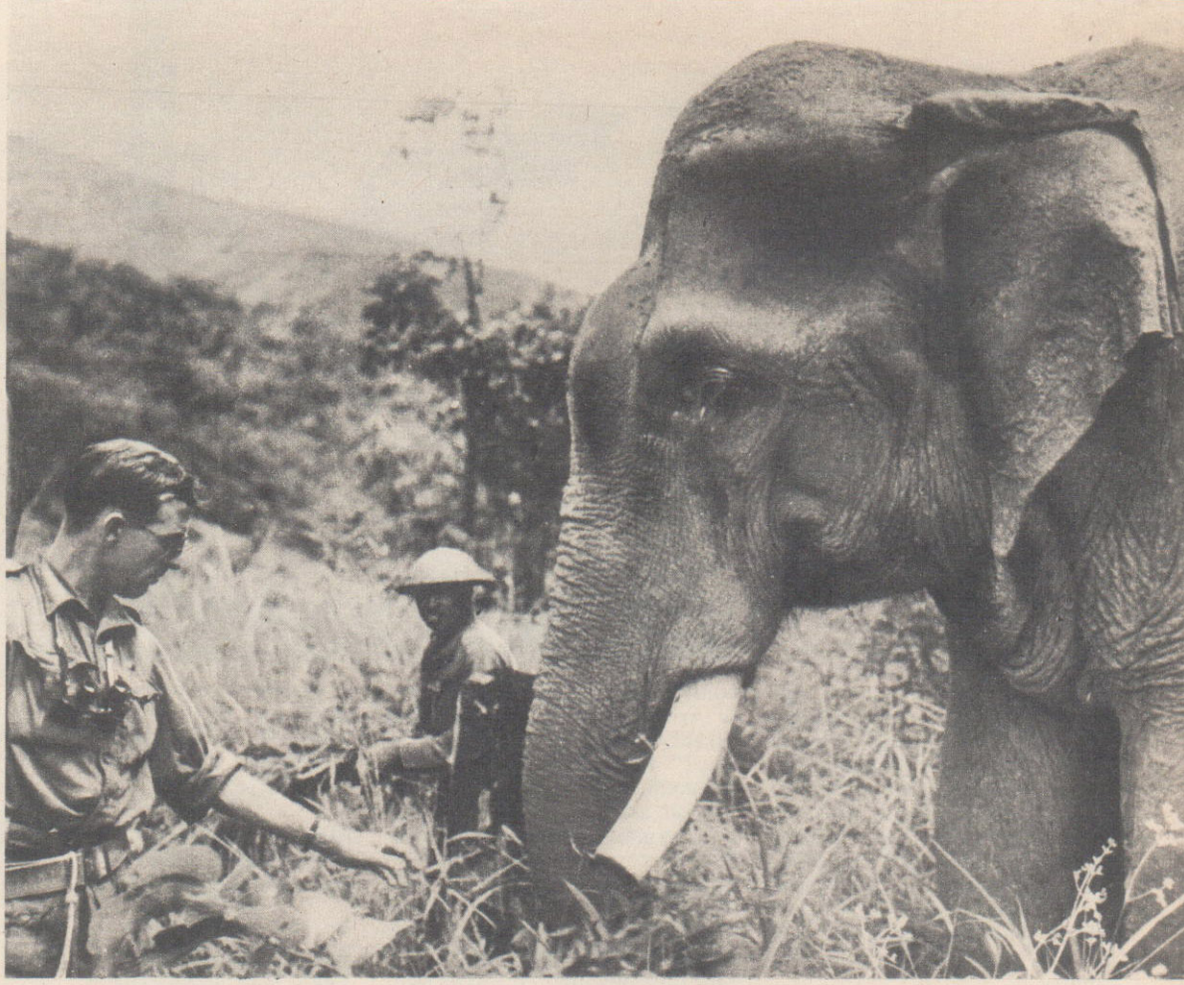
"VETS" *(continued)*

"reported sick" to the veterinary hospitals of the British Expeditionary Force. By 1917 the Corps had such a reputation that it was used as a model for a veterinary corps being formed by the American Army. An officer was sent to America as adviser. The war saw the Corps grow to a strength of nearly 44,000, and its services were recognised with the "Royal" title.

Between world wars, the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, like most others, shrank to a ghost of its former self. Mechanisation reduced its scope, though as late as 1933 an Infantry division was scheduled to have 5000 animals on mobilisation. It was in India that members of the Corps found most work.

The start of World War Two brought the Royal Army Veterinary Corps back into its own. There was the 1st Cavalry Division to be transported across France to the Middle East, complete with horses—proud animals which were to spend the rest of their service in humble, but useful, pack columns. In France there were Indian and Cypriot pack-mule units.

The Chindits challenged the initiative of the Corps. Officers helped to work out methods of flying mules in gliders and aircraft to landing strips behind the Japanese lines. Then three officers invented a method for parachuting mules from Dakotas (a suitably drugged animal was tied to a wooden platform, cushioned with American inflatable pontoons and attack boats and sent down with six parachutes). The Chindits were worried because mule-braying gave away their positions, so a muting operation on the animal's vocal cords was quickly devised and carried out on several thousand mules. Chindit mules stampeded in ambush, so the veterinary officers invented a blindfold device, made from parachutes, which could be quickly applied, on the correct assumption that not even a scared mule would run far if he could not see where he was going.



Few veterinary officers served in India without having elephants among their patients.

Elsewhere, the Corps was treating elephants and camels, carrier-pigeons and war-dogs, inspecting, breeding or fattening cattle, pigs, sheep, goats, poultry and rabbits and caring for horses used in producing vaccines and sera for treating diphtheria, tetanus and other infections. Probably no veterinary officers needed to be more versatile than those appointed to the military governments of occupied territories to restart the civilian veterinary services. One found himself advising on the diet of the peacocks at Government House.

The Corps also helped to entertain the troops. Wherever there are horses and a veterinary officer, sooner or later there will be a race-meeting, a gymkhana or a hunt. Accounts of them are scattered through the files of the Corps magazine, between articles with such uninviting headings as "Nodular Necrosis of the Lungs in Pigeons" or "Embryonal Nephroma in a Horse." The Corps has produced a number of Grand National riders, and one, Captain "Tubby" Bennet, rode Sergeant Murphy to victory in 1923. During the war many men well known in racing served in its ranks. One of them, Bill Nevett, the jockey, won the Derby while serving.

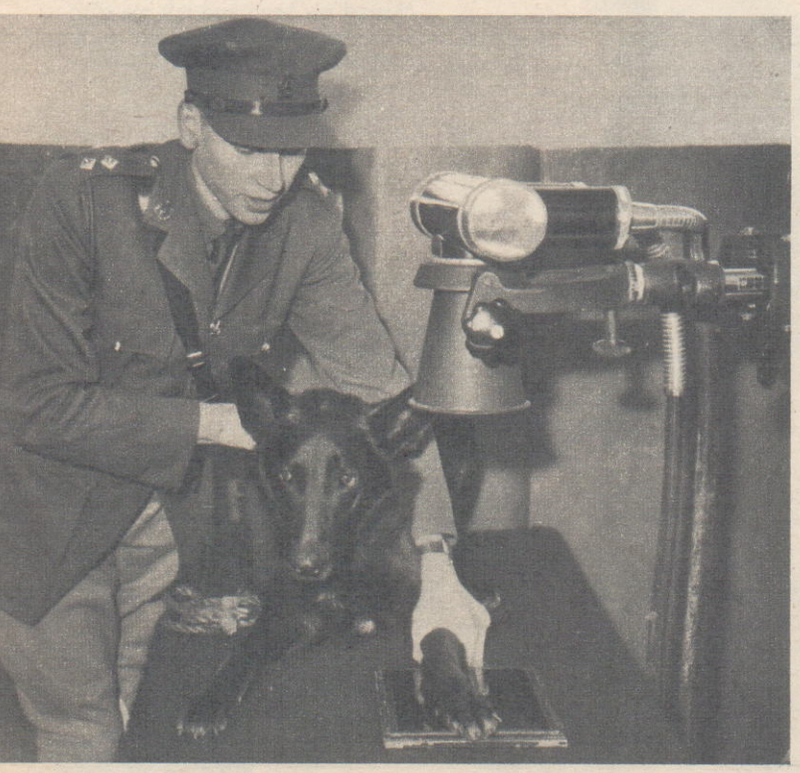
Horse-sport still occupies some of the Corps' magazine space, and its contributors also describe such interesting cases as tobacco-addict camels (they like to have smoke blown into their nostrils). But the magazine also looks grimly ahead, with articles on "Atomic Warfare and Animals."

Training war-dogs is one of the latter-day duties of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. When the dog is unmuzzled, the "victim" is heavily padded.

A war-dog undergoes a throat operation. Soon his bark will be as good as his bite.

Right: Anybody can do anything, —and that includes acting as foster-mother to a lamb.

Below: Solemn moment in the life of an Alsatian. His paw is X-rayed at Melton Mowbray.



SOLDIER to Soldier

IN North Africa the humorous artist Robb amused Field-Marshal Montgomery's troops by drawing pictures for *Crusader* of what he called "Little-known Units of the Western Desert." They included such outfits as "No 367 Miscellaneous Accumulation Squadron," "No 386 Road Obstruction Company," "No 791 Misinformation Post," and so on

Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that these units were fictitious, though some of them looked alarmingly plausible.

The truth is, of course, that the Army at any given time contains such fascinating and improbable-sounding units that it is hardly worth a humorist's while inventing fictitious ones. Only the habitual reader of Army Council Instructions, in which are listed all new and disbanded units, can have any notion of the variety of units which exist. SOLDIER admits to a weakness for browsing in these lists.

When the British Army was undergoing its big run-down, after World War Two, the axe fell not only on the big battalions but on such variegated and indispensable units as Paddy Purchase Depots, Salt Distribution Centres, Pack Bullock Companies, Advanced Blood Banks, Compressed Gas Depots, Port Identification Parties, Locust Control Pools, Convalescent Horse Depots, Camel Transport Trains, Ground Photo Reconnaissance Units and a hundred others.

An artist content to draw his own interpretation of the work performed by some of these units would have had some excellent opportunities. (As it was SOLDIER published somebody's idea of an ATS Holding Unit.) What exactly happened at a Mixed Reception Station? Most of us have visited transit camps which qualified for that title. There is something vaguely disquieting, too, about the sound of a Local Procurement Unit.

Let no one shed too many tears over these vanished units. A glance at current Army Council Instructions will show that highly specialised units are still spawning. The Army has on its books Burns Teams (nothing to do with the poet), Retreat Houses, Flame Thrower Fuel Mixing Platoons, Base Officers Kit Sections, Crane Operating Squadrons, Mobile Industrial Gas Units, Pools of Court-Martial Presidents and even a Geologists Volunteer Pool. In fact, the Army is unusually rich in pools, though just at the moment it does not seem to have a Theatre Tickets Pool (a gratifying command if ever there was one).

On to SOLDIER'S desk has just fluttered a cutting from the *China Mail*. It describes a visit of inspection to "one of the most interesting and colourful formations in the British Army," to wit, the 3rd Independent Amphibious Observation Troop, Royal Artillery, which flourishes in (and out of) the China Sea. This is the first SOLDIER has heard of such a unit; it sounds a very attractive one. Most people relish the idea of being amphibious, still more the idea of being independent.

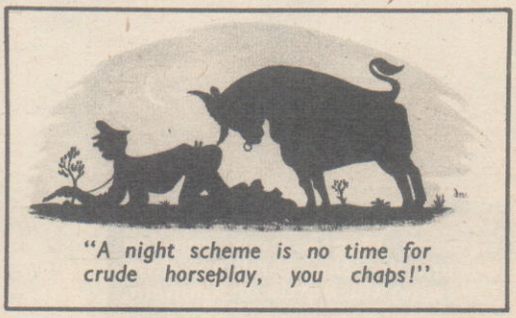
When specialist units—like War Crimes Teams—pass out of existence, the experience they have gained does not pass out too. There will always be somebody to tell somebody else how to run a Tyre Retreading Unit, or how to recruit and brief Antiquities Officers for the next siege of a cathedral city.

But let us not suppose that the British Army has a monopoly of highly specialised units. SOLDIER scooped the press of Great Britain by discovering that the Australian Army Psychology Corps was represented in the Coronation Procession.

* * *

A WOMAN'S magazine recently gave hints on how to write a letter to a soldier. Perhaps some day SOLDIER will publish an article on how to write a letter to a woman.

In the old days—two hundred years ago, approximately—they had these things highly organised. A book containing specimen letters for all occasions included one from a soldier informing his sweetheart that he had lost a leg and an eye. It expressed the hope that this would make no difference to their relationship, since the lady had always said she loved him for his spiritual qualities, not his personal beauty. There was a letter for the lady to write in reply, saying that the injuries would not affect her estimation of him in the least.



"A night scheme is no time for crude horseplay, you chaps!"

Tea-making as a military art has undergone several changes in the past few years. Now men in Malaya are to try the most revolutionary change of all

HEADING FOR THE LAST BREW-UP?

Jon's "Two Types" of World War Two sustained their morale by brewing-up at every suitable, and unsuitable, opportunity.

THE art of brewing-up may soon be on its way out.

For the last two years the Army has been experimenting with a powder which contains tea, milk and sugar and is instantly soluble. Dropped into hot, not necessarily boiling, water, it will produce a ready-to-drink brew in a moment. One ounce will make about a pint of tea, the exact quantity depending on whether a man likes tea strong or weak.

The new powder is intended to replace the traditional tea, milk and sugar, packed separately. First to sample it under active service conditions will be troops in Malaya. Later this year they will receive it in experimental operational ration packs.

This is not the first time the men who decide the Army's rations have tried to simplify the brew-up. The "compo" tea of World War Two was not a tea powder; it simply consisted of tea leaves, milk-powder and sugar all mixed together. The brew this produced was never popular.

If the new powder is to be a success, it will have to be good. The British soldier is, in his fashion, a connoisseur of a cup of tea. It is his staple drink. He likes it strong, sweet and stiffened with milk. The strongest, and richest—"a spoon could stand up in it"—qualifies for the description "Sergeant-major's tea."

Probably no front on which the British Army fought in World War Two failed to produce a war-correspondent's article beginning "This campaign is being won on tea." The Chindits were trained to make smokeless fires for a brew-up behind the Japanese lines; in the woodless Western Desert men evolved their own sand-and-petrol stoves. No troop-train did its duty by its passengers if the engine-driver could not produce boiling water at every halt.

Things have changed a little since then. The punctured petrol-cans which dangled from the back of war-time tanks, to do duty as stoves, have been replaced by "electric kettles" in Centurions. Some British troops have been introduced to the American method of tea-making—putting a tea-bag in a cup and pouring boiling water on it.

A soldier is apt to produce tea at any time of the day or night. It is the comforter equally of the cold and wet or of the hot and thirsty. A cup of hot sweet tea is the first treatment a wounded man receives for shock. It is the traditional reviver.

By tradition, tea should help tired men to keep awake. An oriental legend credits the discovery of tea to a Buddhist saint who, feeling drowsy after five years of a seven-year vigil, chewed some leaves of the tea plant and was thus able to remain awake.

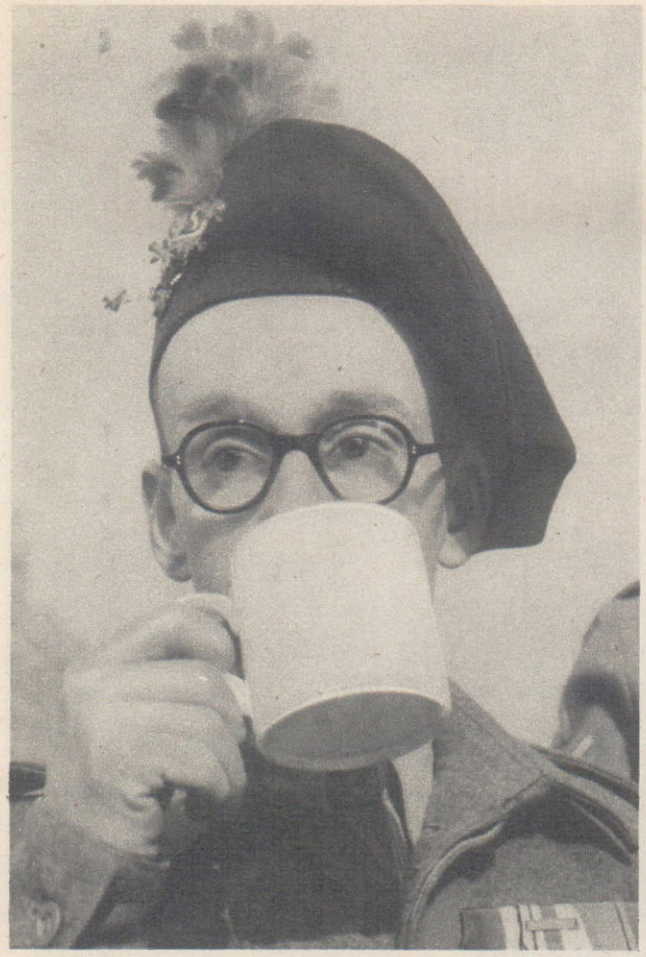
Many a weary man, it is true, has felt better able to carry on after a cup of tea. But equally, many a soldier has lain down soothed by hot tea under his belt and immediately fallen into a dreamless sleep in the most unlikely circumstances. Like tobacco, tea seems to be able to soothe as well as stimulate.

For long, tea-drinking was too expensive a pastime for the British soldier. In the middle of the 18th century, tea was to be found on the table of the labourer's cottage only because more than half the tea in England was smuggled. The soldier, in his wandering life, probably had little opportunity of obtaining the luxury in this way.

In any event, the soldier (quartered, as he often was, in alehouses) had plenty of temptation to stronger drink. Cheap spirits beguiled the boredom of his life and those long, hungry intervals between meals.

The Duke of Wellington was a keen tea-toper, and told his generals after Waterloo, "Tea cleared my head and left me with no misapprehensions." He took supplies of tea on all his cam-

Tea for an Army commander: General Montgomery outside Sollum in the thrilling days following the Battle of Alamein.



Tea for a Territorial. No, his head-dress is not the wrong way round. He is a Liverpool Irishman. Right: Tea for a Prime Minister. Mr. Churchill shares a brew-up beside the Rhine.

paigns. To a visitor at his headquarters in Paris, who commented on the good hot tea (served in a coffee-pot), the Duke described tea as an essential of his larder.

There is little evidence that the humbler members of the Duke's Army drank tea, but by the time of the Crimean War it was recorded that "men who had hard and bitter hours ahead of them were drenched with tea, regardless of their nervous systems."

Until about this time, the Army's official issue of rations was confined to bread and meat, but when a camp was set up at Aldershot after the Crimean War, the commissariat began to issue rations on a new and larger scale. Tea was now included.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley believed in tea for the troops. "Once, during my military career," he said, "it fell to my lot to lead a brigade through a desert country for a distance of over 600 miles. I fed the men as well as I could, but no one, officer or private, had anything stronger than tea to drink during the expedition. During my Egyptian campaign I carried out the same plan and the troops who captured Tel-el-Kebir drank nothing but tea three times a day."

In World War One, Lawrence of Arabia found himself in agreement with Lord Wolseley: "There's something about Army tea," he wrote. "It is a peculiar colour, thick with leaves but scalding hot, wonderful for a parched throat in the desert."

The development of the Royal Artillery canteen at Woolwich strikingly reflects the rise of tea-drinking. In 1878, the "wet canteen" occupied most of one floor of the building, serving ale at fivepence a quart, porter at threepence and stout at fourpence. Tea, coffee and cocoa could be obtained, at a penny a cup, in a small room tucked away on the same floor.

In 1914 the wet canteen (now selling ale at fourpence a quart) was cut by half and the tea-coffee-cocoa bar was doubled. In 1928, when the canteen was laid-out anew, the beer-bar was a ghost of its former self. Instead of four attendants serving quart pots, it had one attendant serving half-pints. Someone calculated that the average consumption of beer in the Royal Artillery barracks had dropped to a quarter of a pint per man per month—and the main takings now were in the restaurant, where tea was the mainstay.

NAAFI has reckoned that where once 95 per cent of the takings in canteens came from beer, now beer accounts for less than five per cent. In the year ending last November, NAAFI's customers spent more than £1,300,000 on 157,000,000 cups of tea at twopence a cup.

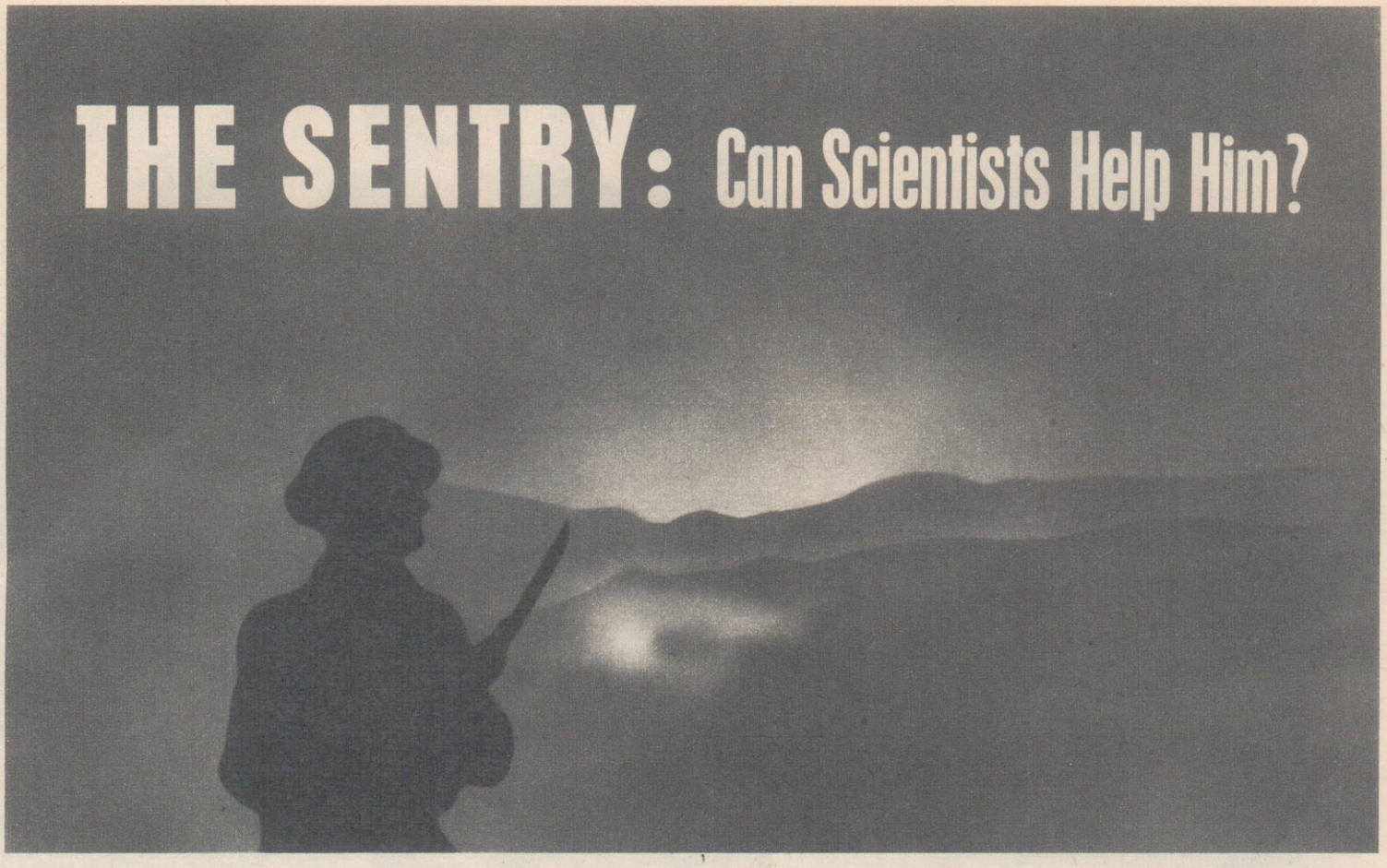
Both NAAFI and the Army's provision office buy tea grown in the Commonwealth or Colonies. Each employs a highly-skilled tea-taster to set and maintain the quality.

For family shops NAAFI provides a number of varieties, including China tea, which most soldiers would not appreciate. As in any good restaurant, however, a soldier who asks for China tea in a club or canteen should be able to get it. Club and canteen staffs do their best to cater for individual tastes in the matter of milk and sugar. Many members of the women's corps, perhaps thinking of their figures, prefer their tea unsweetened.

NAAFI also reports an improvement in the manners of the tea-drinking soldier over recent years. Where once he would grunt, "Char and wad," he now says, "A cup of tea, please, Miss," and goes on courteously to express his preference in the matter of cakes and pastries. The Army's daily tea-ration varies from theatre to theatre, but it normally produces about three pints of good tea. Operational ration-packs include three-quarters of an ounce of tea a day for each man. No special blends are produced to suit the Army's different stations, but the Army does have its own methods of packing, such as hermetically-sealed tins, to prevent spoiling in field conditions.

This sign appeared in the lines at El Alamein. The joke was unintentional.

THE SENTRY: Can Scientists Help Him?



There's a new look-out for look-outs. Radar and infra-red rays may be used to sharpen the watch on no-man's-land

ON a celebrated occasion in Canada, a Coldstream sentry was saved from being slaughtered through the "sixth sense" of a tame duck, which could detect the presence of assailants when he himself could not.

Now scientists are at work on devices which, in their ability to sense stealthy movement, should give the sentry a long start over even the most intuitive duck.

Hitherto the range of the sentry has been the range of his eyes and ears. Sometimes, trip wires and simple booby traps have been set up in no-man's-land to give him advance warning of infiltrators. But, in a scientific sense, "early warning" devices have been the prerogative of the Gunner, not the Infantryman. (Last month's SOLDIER described how Field Gunners "sound out" the enemy.)

Among the new weapons which were described, for the first time, to American Congressmen recently were experimental warning devices designed for front-line Infantrymen. The U.S. *Army Times* has printed brief accounts of these. One device is electronic, another acoustical and the third employs the infra-red technique.

The radar warning set, weighing between 80 and 100 pounds, is intended for use in front-line positions. Its purpose is to enable Infantry to "see" through smoke-screen or fog, and pick out enemy tanks while still a long way off. Clearly it would have limitations in hilly country. The set is still in the experimental stage.

The United States Signal Corps has produced an acoustical device designed to help front-line troops to pick up infiltrators. It will enable certain outposts to be "manned" only by microphones, which will transmit back to a receiver in the possession of the sentry. This receiver would indicate which outpost had picked up the sound of intruders, and thus he could tell in which direction to concentrate his attention. The idea is that a large area can be guarded by a small number of men. One obvious snag would appear to be that the microphone would inevitably pick up and relay many harmless noises, like those of animals and birds. (Field Gunners' microphones are adjusted to pick up only major sounds, like the reports of enemy guns and mortars.)

Invisible searchlights are being devised by United States Army Engineers. One invention, called a metascope, is for transforming infra-red light to visible light. With it, a soldier can read a map in what appears to be total blackness. It is claimed that vision should be as good as with a standard flashlight and the naked eye. Yet the location of a metascope cannot be spotted because its infra-red rays are invisible to the naked eye.

An infra-red searchlight could be used by an Infantryman wearing head-mounted infra-red binoculars, and enable him to scan the night terrain almost as well as he could by daylight.

It makes an eerie prospect: a no-man's-land in which patrols grope through what they suppose is darkness, but which is nothing of the sort, and where their least whisper is likely to be transmitted hundreds of yards to listeners in an enemy dug-out. But by that time the scientists will be perfecting jamming or decoy devices.

It may be that the best scope for the new devices will be in the protection of giant dumps, like the one at Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE BRIGADIER'S TOOTH

See those small teeth in the lower jaw? Three of them once made a human tooth.

MOST human teeth when extracted are thrown away. Some are used to demonstrate to student dentists; others, on very rare occasions, may be sold to bone-meal merchants.

But a large back molar which belonged to an Infantry brigadier in Rhine Army has found its way into a tiger's head.

The story began when an Army dental surgeon visiting the 1st Battalion The Royal Leicestershire Regiment criticised the dentures of the tiger's head which stands in the officers' mess—a gift of the 2nd Battalion, in 1858. The commanding officer suggested that the dental surgeon should carry out repairs and next day sent the tiger's head and all the necessary Army forms, to the surgery.

A dental card was made out showing that Private A. Tiger (vision glassy, parentage unknown) required several fillings, a major repair to one sabre tooth and three artificial teeth in the bottom jaw.

The previous day the brigadier had had a back tooth extracted and as this had not been thrown away the surgeon cut it into three small teeth, polished them and inserted them in the tiger's head. Soon Private A. Tiger was back on the officers' mess mantelpiece with a faultless set of teeth and his snarl looking much more ferocious than before.

Major-General M. M. Alston-Roberts-West, late Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. His Korea command was due to end in the autumn. He has a bar to his D.S.O.

(Courtesy, Illustrated)

Major-General H. Murray, a Cameronian, the new Commonwealth Division commander. He fought (and was wounded) at El Alamein, commanded 1st Division in Palestine.

THE MAN WITH THE BIG STICK

—as seen by ROBERT JACKSON, former SOLDIER Staff writer, recently in Korea

THE name of Major-General Michael Montgomerie Alston-Roberts-West boils down, conveniently and inevitably, to "Mike West."

When the news came that the General had been given the command of the 1st (Commonwealth) Division in Korea, there were those who said "Poor Mike West!" Not because he was going out to fight on a desolate battlefield, but because his predecessor, Major-General Jim Cassels, had been such an outstanding success.

"Nothing matters—much," said General West, dragged to the telephone from his bath to hear the news. Certainly nothing has been allowed to damp the General's good humour. His cracks and quips have been familiar all through the Division's line.

At Munsan, the brass-hats of the United Nations were mustering for the arrival of the released prisoners, General West among them. He leaned on his shepherd's crook, a fine curved staff given to him by Canadian Infantrymen under his command, to look round at the impressive gathering.

Everything was ready, but the flap was on just the same. General West surveyed the scene and said to me with a grin: "If everybody below the rank of major would go home, this show would have a chance of going off without a hitch."

But no one who knows General West is deceived by his nonchalance. Right to the end, everything *has* mattered when the night breezes blew on the hot ashes of war and his men left the safety of Little Gibraltar and other strong points to patrol and probe and guard against surprise.

All along the front, the guns in those last days kept up a steady roar and the scrubby hills on both sides of the lines were nightly set ablaze and looked like giant torches thrust out to light the sky.

But the Chinese guns fired far less than ours. To 3000 Artillery shells and the same number of mortar bombs, the Chinese seldom replied in a night with more than a hundred of each. Sometimes, in place of shells, the Chinese would substitute propaganda, especially when armistice negotiations were drawing to a close.

Several times a night, the Commonwealth troops would be invited to "stop fighting the Americans' war," and a new terror for fighting patrols in no-man's-land was introduced when "sky-shouting" aircraft came in low to put over a propaganda line. "Not even safe out here," grumbled the patrols.

General West laughed at the idea that enemy propaganda would weaken the Division's will to wage war. His men—five of the Division's ten battalions are British—were full of fighting spirit, unimpressed by talk delivered either at Panmunjom or through loud-speakers from the enemy's lines.

A day with the Divisional Commander starts at daybreak when, more often than not, he sets out from his headquarters for a forward unit, driving his own jeep. He is as agile as a mountain goat and never seems to tire. "Keep close behind him," a friendly brigadier counselled, as we scaled the rutted tracks leading to the summit of Little Gibraltar, "If you don't, he's sure to dive in somewhere and we'll lose him."

Even his youngest aides are shaken. "Last Sunday," said his Canadian aide, wincing still, "the General said he was going for a stroll. We'd done 12 miles before we got back."

The General has fought in the Far East before. He commanded a brigade in Burma in the war against the Japanese and applied in Korea the lessons he learned the hard way there. He has never under-estimated the foe. "In Burma," he said, "the Jap was a first-class soldier but his army was third-class. In Korea, the Chinese is a first-class soldier, but *his* army is better; it is second class."

He knew, too, in the later stages, that the cards were stacked up in his favour on the Commonwealth front, that the story might have been very different if the Chinese had had more equipment.

Each morning, the General and

This road was in full view of the Chinese, 1500 yards away, until 28 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, set to work with camouflage nets.

Army Public Relations

KOREA ROUND-UP *(Continued)*

Each night, in the last months of fighting, the hills on both sides of the line were set ablaze by gunfire.

Illustrated

his staff, speaking in all the accents of the Commonwealth, would gather at their forward headquarters to hear news of the night that had brought fear to some, uneasiness to others, captivity or death to a few.

One by one, the reporting officers would make a statement: a company probe here, a counter-attack there, perhaps a failed "snatch" patrol. A skeleton had been found near a minefield, and was believed to be that of an enemy agent because he was carrying plenty of food. Four propaganda broadcasts had been made and a few leaflets left near one of our positions.

"Nothing happened," the correspondents would shrug. But in the last days, that was the life in Korea for the General and his men.

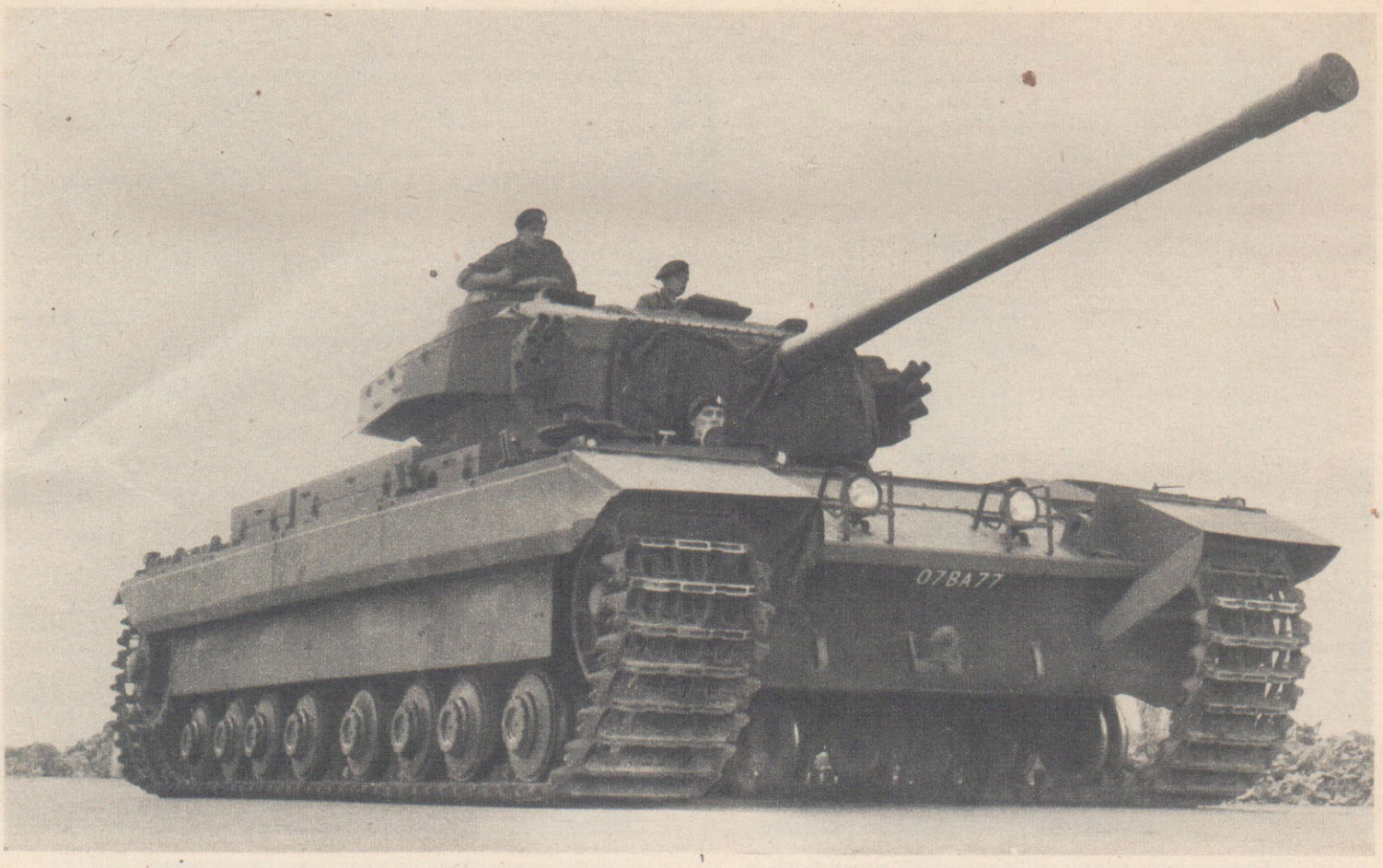
Another Sapper job: a cable railway which saved both time and muscles in moving supplies to hill positions.

Illustrated

Signposting by numbers on a Commonwealth corner.

The "Armadillo" suit worn by an American serjeant in Korea. It consists of an armoured vest and issue trousers with laminated nylon plates attached, and weighs about 24 pounds.

Below: It looks like Bleriot crossing the Channel. These ambulance helicopters are common in Korea.



The Caernarvon's suspension is notably different from that of the Centurion, but the turret is familiar.

IT'S A CAERNARVON

Now comes the Caernarvon tank, a muscular monster soon to be issued to units for automotive trials

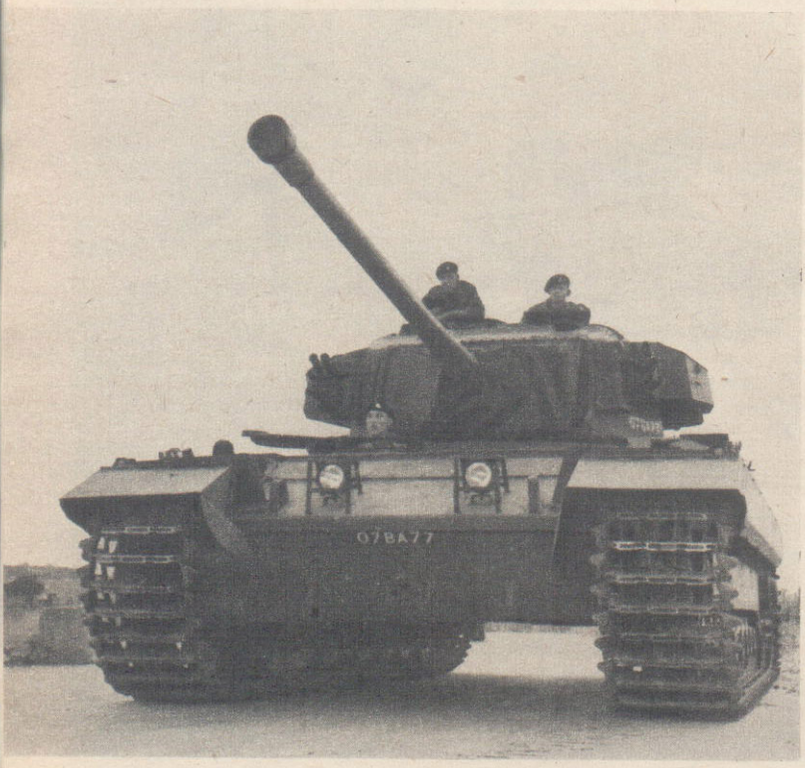
"I CANNOT help feeling that we must be getting near the end of the development of the tank when we reach sizes like this," Brigadier Antony Head, the War Minister, said recently, when he forecast the arrival of the Army's new heavy tank.

Now the Caernarvon is here—an experimental tank designed to yield production data for the heavy tank referred to by the War Minister. All that is released about the Caernarvon is that it is an improvement on the Centurion, has better armour and a more powerful engine, and that improved suspension and wider tracks will give it lower ground pressure.

At present there are two versions of the tank, one with a Centurion turret and one with ballast weights instead of a turret. Both types are to be issued to units for automotive trials over all kinds of country.

When the perfected heavy tank arrives, it will be complementary to, and not a substitute for, the Centurion.

The War Minister has said: "Probably it will be the most powerful tank in the world."



A front view of the new tank, showing the wide tracks. Right: for comparison, a Centurion. Note: the tank on the front cover of this magazine is a Centurion.

10,000 ON THIS ROUTE MARCH

Have you ever been sprayed with eau-de-cologne by a pretty girl at the end of a day's foot-slogging?

Twenty-five miles a day over the roads (and fields) of Holland: the Sapper team follows the Gunners.

THE six teams of Rhine Army soldiers who took part in Holland's international four-days long-distance march had never been on a route march quite like it before.

As they passed through the flower-bedecked towns and villages brass bands played and crowds shouted encouragement. Pretty girls ran into the roadway handing out refreshments and spraying the weary marchers with eau-de-cologne; others cycled alongside keeping up a lively chatter. Each evening teams of nurses tended their feet. At the end of it all there was a medal for every man who completed the course on time.

The long-distance march, an annual event first held in 1909, is organised by the Netherlands League for Physical Culture to show that with care and training anyone can reel off the miles and suffer no undue fatigue. This year there were nearly 10,000 entrants. Britain was represented by teams from the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the 1st Battalion The South Staffordshire Regiment, the Metropolitan Police Force and the Royal Air Force at Hendon.

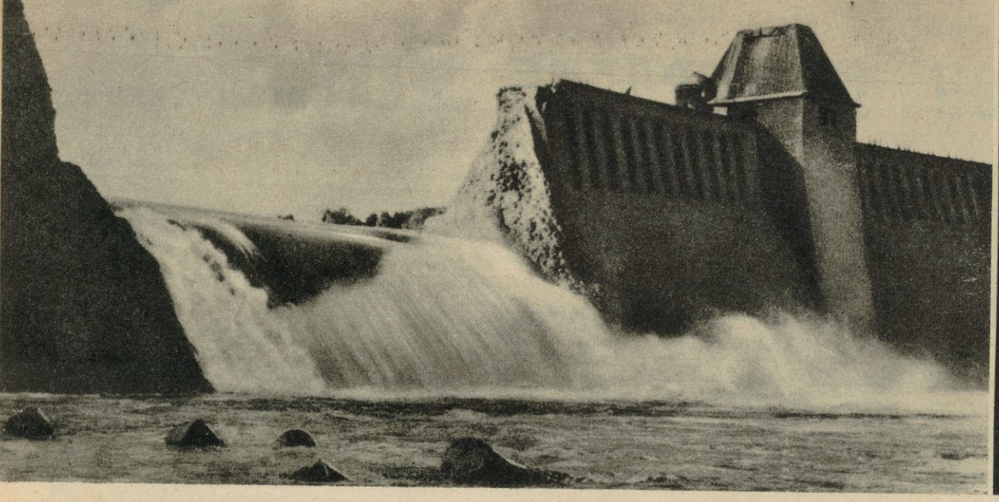
Servicemen had to march 25 miles each day, carrying arms and equipment weighing at least 22 pounds. Civilians carried only two pounds, but had to walk nearly 32 miles.

Most of the British Army teams made an early start and were able to pass the halfway mark before the sun became too hot for fast marching. On the first day, setting out over Nijmegen Bridge, Rhine Army's Sappers passed all other teams and reached the finishing line half an hour before the official checkers arrived.

On the second day the Sappers were joined by many individual contestants (including an old gentleman of 69 who proudly announced that next year he would have to walk only 18 miles each day) and an Indonesian team who joined in the singing of British Army marching songs.

The third day's march was mostly across country. There was a brisk demand for the hammer and last which one Sapper carried in his kit. On the last day massed bands (including that of the South Staffordshires) played the marchers home—and the people bombarded them with flowers.

Below: "Any complaints?" asks a Dutch nurse. Right: It's the first time Lance-Corporal Robert King ever received a medal for completing a march.



The morning after: through this 100-yard breach, blown by a ten-ton bomb, thundered 134 million tons of water to drench the sleeping valleys of the Ruhr. For two years the local *Oberburgermeister* had been appealing to the German Army for more anti-aircraft guns to guard the dam. He was told to mind his own business.

GUNS AGAIN ON THE MOHNE

They're our guns this time. What better site for an anti-aircraft exercise than the scene of the sensational raid ten years ago?

Dug into a former German *flak* position, British Bofors Gunners, on an exercise, prepare to defend the dam.

Concealed in a tower on the dam, Gunners on a mounted Bofors engage the "enemy" through the look-out opening.

ON the Mohne See yachts drifted idly in the torrid sun. At the souvenir stalls German holiday-makers bought their picture postcards, one of which showed their favourite nightmare: the water cascading through the shattered Mohne Dam after the raid by British Lancaster bombers in 1943.

Today there was another attraction at the Dam. Mobile anti-aircraft guns—British guns this time—were again being sited on and around the tremendous rampart ready to repel "raiders." Nobody took the thing seriously, except the young British Gunners, most of whom had been in short trousers at the time of the exploit which earned Wing-Commander Guy Gibson the Victoria Cross.

It had been rather different then. The attack had come in by night and the whole sky above the Mohne had been hosed with *flak*—"chains of glowing balls climbing into the darkness like red and green bubbles rising in black soda water" (to quote Paul Brickhill's "The Dam Busters"). One ten-ton block-buster from a Lancaster flying at sixty feet had done the job for which it was designed.

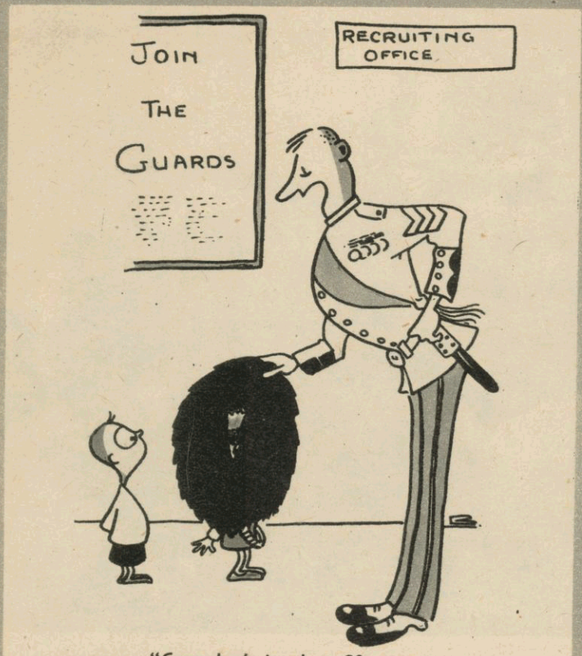
After the dam was breached the Germans—rather late in the day—built two high pylons and stretched a cable between them, with more cables hanging from it, and explosives tied to the cables. That is what any dam-busters would probably have to face "next time."

How well could a British anti-aircraft regiment defend the Mohne Dam today? Probably that is what the German holiday-makers were asking each other, as they licked their ice-cream, and watched an Auster flitting above the water. For light anti-aircraft Gunners of Rhine Army it was a long way from the "real thing," but a welcome opportunity to practise their skills in a dramatic setting.

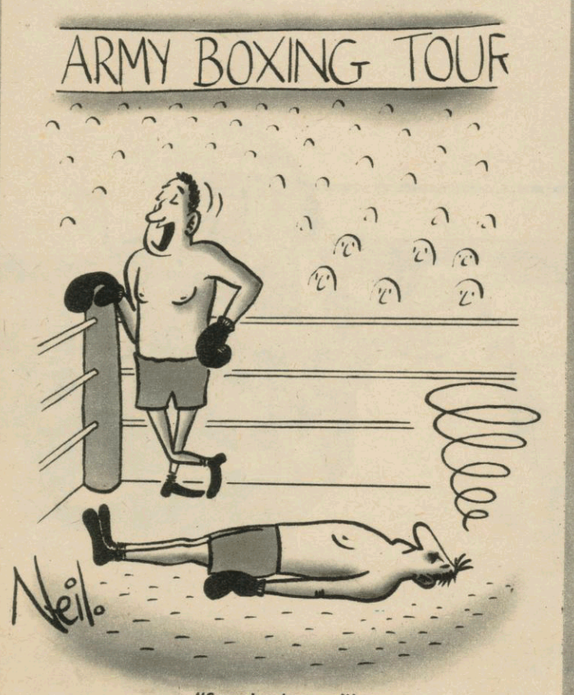
The signs of the 1943 raid are still there. Marks showing the edges of the 100-yard gap through which streamed 134 million tons of water can be traced, and the roadway is still being strengthened and repaired. A few new houses and small factories have been built along the valleys which the flood waters scoured clean, but they only emphasise the desolation which stretches westwards for nearly 20 miles.

They have saved the dam and are on their way home. The roads in the valleys are still potholed from the floods.

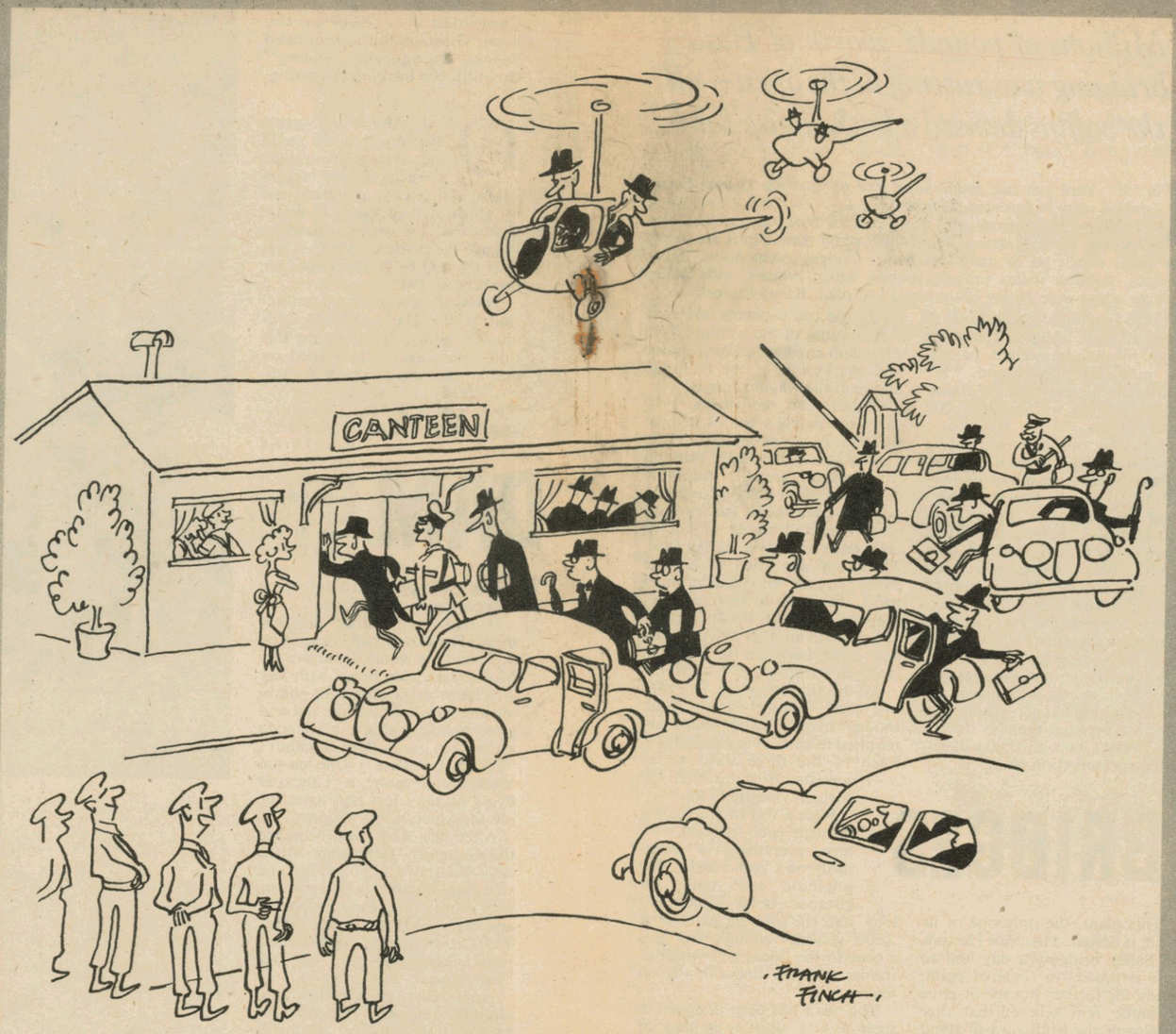
HUMOUR



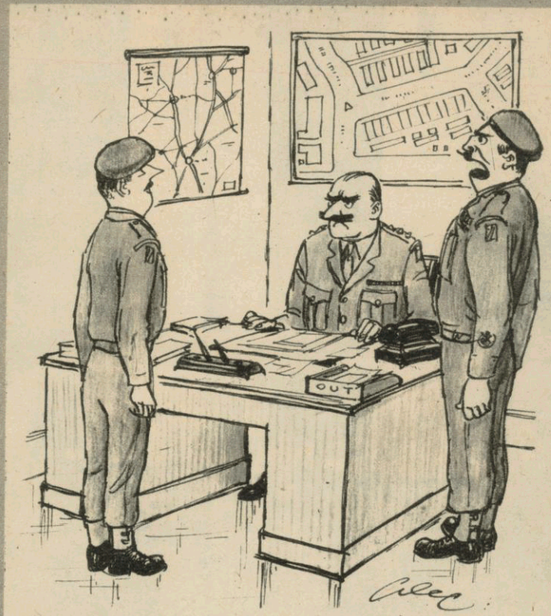
"Come back in about 20 years, when you've filled out a bit."



"Stretcher-bearers!"

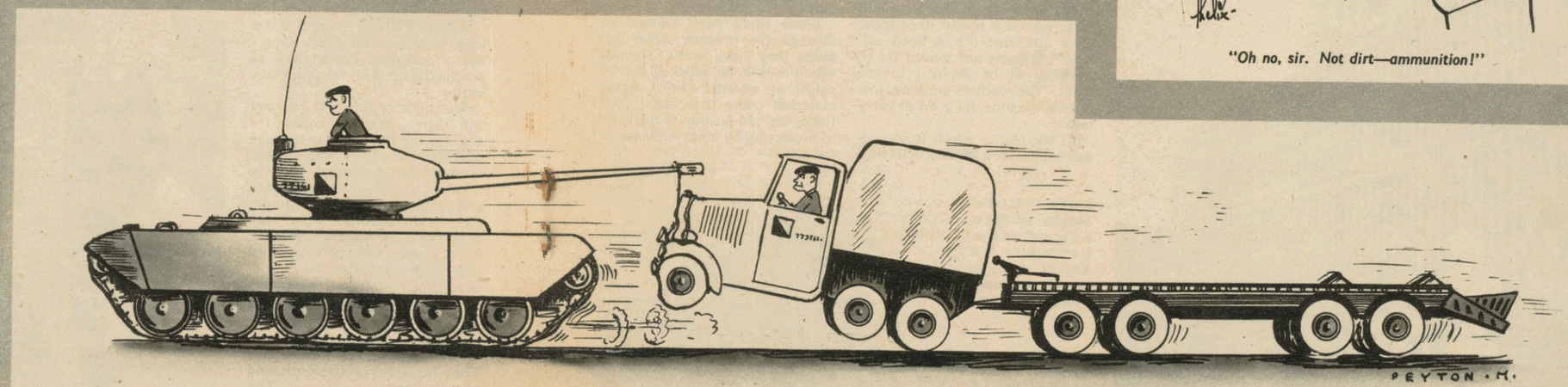


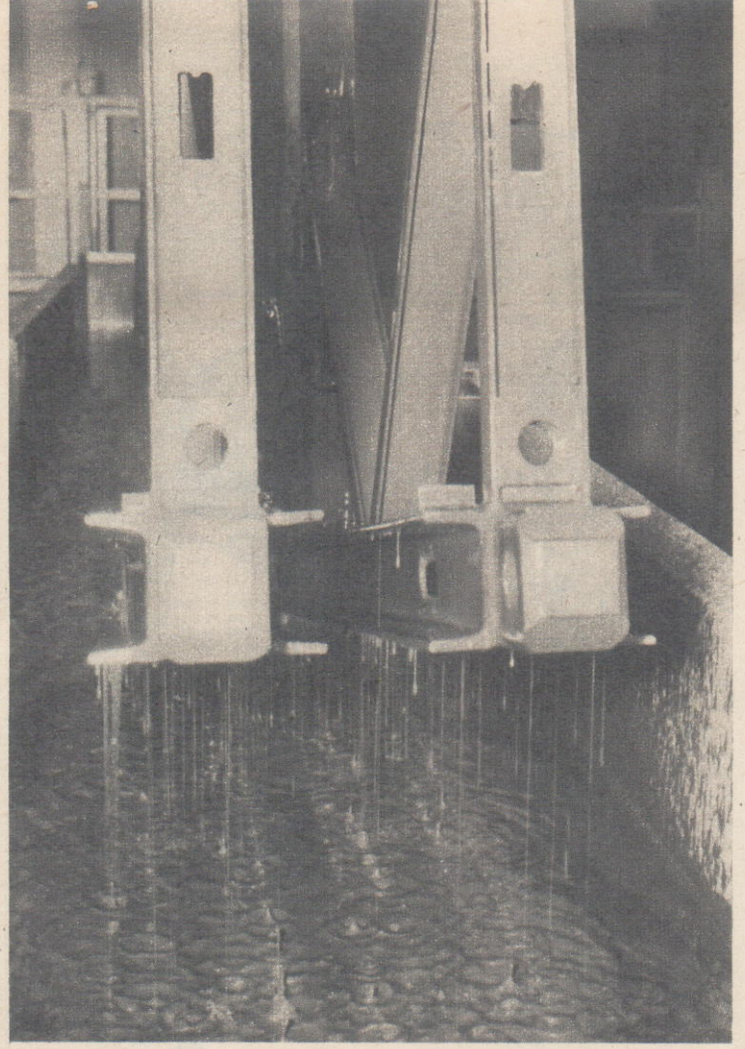
"I knew this would happen when Ginger wrote to his MP complaining about the tea."



"Private Simpson, sir. He's written an article entitled 'My Wasted Years in the Army' and wants permission to send it to the 'Daily Scream.'"

"Oh no, sir. Not dirt—ammunition!"





Painting without tears: a ton of steel rises from the tank.

BATH-TIME FOR BRIDGES

Millions of pounds' worth of Bailey bridging was rusting in the open—till the boffins devised a bath-house for it

IN "F" Yard you can obtain some idea of what Sir Donald Bailey started when he invented his bridge.

The yard is a corner, and a big one, of No. 1 Engineer Stores Depot at Long Marston, near Stratford-on-Avon. In it are stored the parts which go to make up Bailey bridges—suspension Bailey bridges, floating Bailey bridges, mobile Bailey bridges, wide Bailey bridges, extra-wide Bailey bridges and just plain Bailey bridges.

Some four hundred parts go to build all these bridges. They vary from five-hundredweight panels, to nuts and bolts—and "F" Yard, the biggest store of Bailey bridging in the world, has 83,000 tons of them.

Just now, the most interesting thing about "F" Yard is the contrast between the stacks of five-hundredweight panels—each stack as big as a three-storey block of flats. Some are dull and dingy, rusty and with flaking paint. Others, so neatly arrayed that you can gaze 60 feet straight through a row of a hundred pin-holes each less than two inches in diameter, are smart and shining in factory-new green paint.

Yet both rusty and shining parts have been stored in the open air for something like ten years. The contrast between them is due to the Depot's new £300,000 Bailey Bridge preservation plant.

This plant, the only one of its kind, is designed to clean 125 tons of Bailey bridging a day and to give it protective coats of paint, ready for further storage or issue to units. It is believed that after treatment the bridging will stand four or five years in the open before requiring fresh processing; if so the plant may be used for preserving other steel articles.

The bridging is first tested to make sure it is sound, then loose scale and rust are scraped off. Next the parts are loaded on to warflats, to be shunted to the plant. The warflats are long, low railway wagons designed to carry tanks.

At the plant—which from outside looks like a factory in its own right—electric capstans take over the shunting of the warflats from the steam engines (to keep smoke and sparks out of the building) and haul the wagons inside.

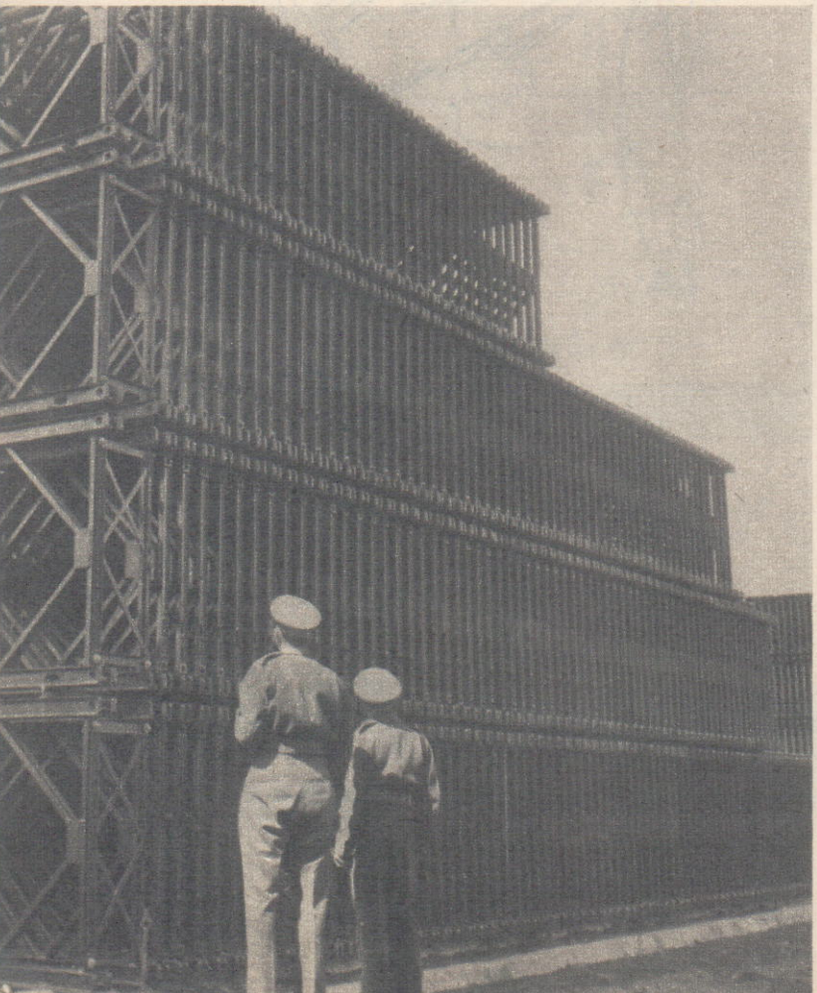
Cranes and conveyors now carry the parts, a ton at a time, through 15 processes. They are dipped into caustic soda solution (to remove grease), sulphuric acid (to remove rust), phosphoric and chromic acid (to prevent corrosion) and rinsed in hot or cold water five times in between. Then they are dried in a huge oven, dipped into red priming paint, dried in a stoving oven, dipped into green finishing paint and dried in another stoving oven and lifted back on to warflats, ready to return to "F" Yard.

All this time, they are, like canned food, untouched by hand, though many skilled hands are required to control the machinery. Each of the three shifts a day consists of more than 50 civilians, mostly Poles.

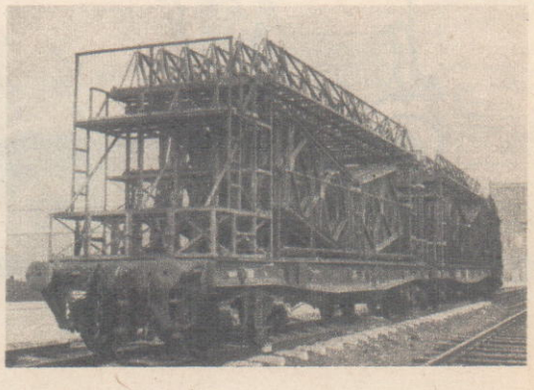
With a ton of steel going through each process at a time, everything is necessarily on a grand scale. The sulphuric acid tank, for instance, holds 27,000 gallons, and the priming paint tank 5,200 gallons—enough to give a coat to the doors and window-frames of every house in a small town.

The plant has been designed in such a way that a jig-load of rusty bridging goes into the first process every six minutes and a jig-load of treated bridging comes out of the final stoving oven every six minutes.

Some small parts cannot go through the process, either because they have screw threads which would be blocked up by paint, or because they contain materials other than steel. For these, the old-fashioned methods of preserving by hand will have to be used.



Left: Like blocks of flats stand the stacks of Bailey bridge panels at Long Marston Depot.



Right: Two loaded warflats wait with a new consignment.

Even today, there are many who think that the secret war plan of the Earl of Dundonald is one of the world's great unsolved mysteries. But the secret slipped out, very quietly, early this century

THE MAN WITH A HORRIBLE IDEA . . .

"INFALLIBLE, irresistible, but inhuman."

This was one reaction of a secret committee, set up in 1812, to consider a "secret war plan" submitted to the Admiralty by a young naval officer, Captain Lord Thomas Cochrane. It was a powerful committee, headed by no less a person than the Duke of York, and included Colonel Sir William Congreve, inventor of the Artillery rocket.

The committee recommended that Cochrane's plan should be sealed up and marked "Secret" (there was no "Top Secret" in those days). Somehow the Napoleonic war was won without it.

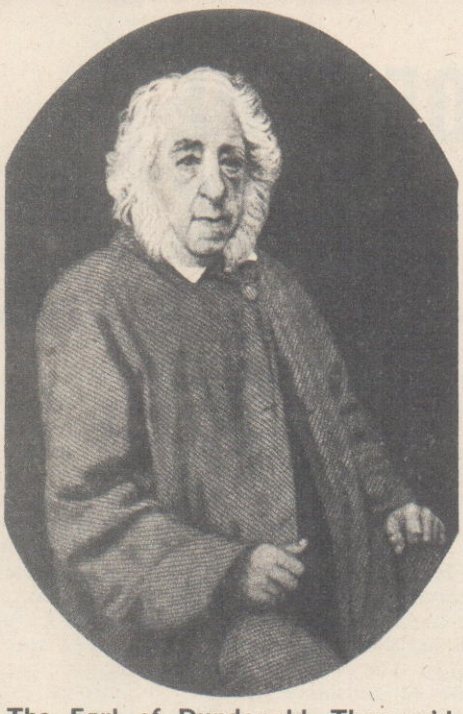
Through other causes, the inventor was disgraced and, after giving an undertaking to the Prince Regent not to divulge his plan, went off to command, in succession, the navies of Chili, Peru, Brazil and Greece. He was a brilliant, if insubordinate, officer, and some of his exploits as captain of a frigate read like the adventures of Horatio Hornblower.

In time, he was reinstated in the Royal Navy and produced his Arcanum, or Secret Plan, again in 1846. Another secret committee considered the idea, but doubted if it was practicable.

When the Crimean War broke out, the Earl of Dundonald, as he now was, nearly 80, volunteered to go to the Crimea to put his plan into execution. Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, thought his offer should be accepted. "If it succeeds," wrote Palmerston, "it will save a great number of English and French lives; if it fails *in his hands* we shall be exempt from blame, and if we come in for a small share of the ridicule, we can bear it and the greater part will fall on him." But Sevastopol fell before the Secret Plan could be put into action, and back it went into the archives.

Dundonald bequeathed his Arcanum, which had now become very famous, to a friend, who returned it to the inventor's family on condition that the plan should be divulged only in case of national emergency. The secret was quietly made available at the Public Record Office early this century, but so quietly that there are still authors who write of Dundonald's brainwave as one of the world's unsolved mysteries. Early in World War Two, a national newspaper suggested that Dundonald's Secret Plans were lying at the Admiralty, a ready-made answer to Hitler's threatened secret weapon.

What were Dundonald's proposals? At this stage of history, they do not seem very terrifying. Briefly, he advocated chemical warfare and the smoke-screen. In later years he summed up his ideas thus: "To the Imperial mind one sentence will suffice: All fortifications, especially marine fortifications, can under cover of dense smoke be irresistibly subdued by fumes of sulphur kindled in masses to windward of their ramparts."



The Earl of Dundonald. They said his secret weapon was infallible.

He was not, however, the first to conceive unpleasantnesses of this type. The Romans catapulted decomposing corpses into besieged Jerusalem, an idea which stayed with siege warfare for many centuries. A later Roman suggested the use of wet quicklime to stifle the enemy, and projection of scorpions and poisonous reptiles. South American natives are said to have tried to repel the Spaniards by throwing gourds filled with red pepper, as a sort of tear gas.

Dundonald's idea for chemical warfare came to him when he visited sulphur mines in Sicily. He proposed ships with layers of burning charcoal and sulphur on the decks, and claimed that if the Spaniards had used such a method against Gibraltar they "would have destroyed every animal function until the walls would have been in ruins."

The 1812 committee finally decided that the plans were "so perfectly new that we cannot venture an opinion." They also doubted the success of an experiment because of the vagaries of winds, weather, tides and currents.

The committee which considered Dundonald's idea in 1846 endorsed the Duke of Wellington's opinion: "Two can play at that game." They decided that a sulphur attack would not accord with "the feelings and principles of civilised warfare."

During the Crimean War, the Ordnance Office attitude was that Dundonald's scheme was hazardous and by its failure it was likely to "bring discredit on the service and give the enemy cause of boastful advantage calculated to improve his ebbing strength." The authorities doubted whether the smoke-screen would conceal the approach of sulphur vessels and pointed out that if the Secret Plan succeeded in Dundonald's proposed attack on Cronstadt, the attackers would not be able to occupy the forts because of the "pernicious influence of the sulphur cloud."

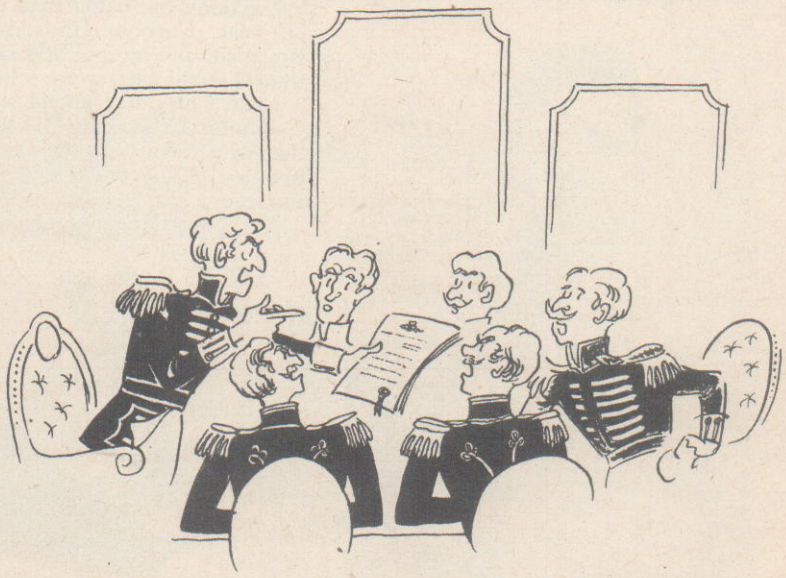
Michael Faraday, the great scientist, pointed out that streams of sulphur would spread until their height was only 10 or 15 feet above the water. If the scheme was anticipated by the defenders, it would not be difficult for them to provide respirators for their men.

Dundonald's Secret Plan was not to be completely wasted, however. His grandson, a general, brought it to the notice of Field Marshal Earl Kitchener in 1914. Kitchener thought it was of no use for land warfare, and as it was put forward by an Admiral, should be considered by the Admiralty. There the First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill, who had served under General Lord Dundonald in South Africa, examined the Secret Plan. The smoke-screen, thought Mr. Churchill, was "fraught with most hopeful possibilities." He set up a technical committee, under General Lord Dundonald, to consider it. On the poison gas proposal, he made it clear that Britain would not depart from the accepted Laws of War. But he noted "with some misgiving" attempts by the German government to buy sulphur on an exceptionally large scale.

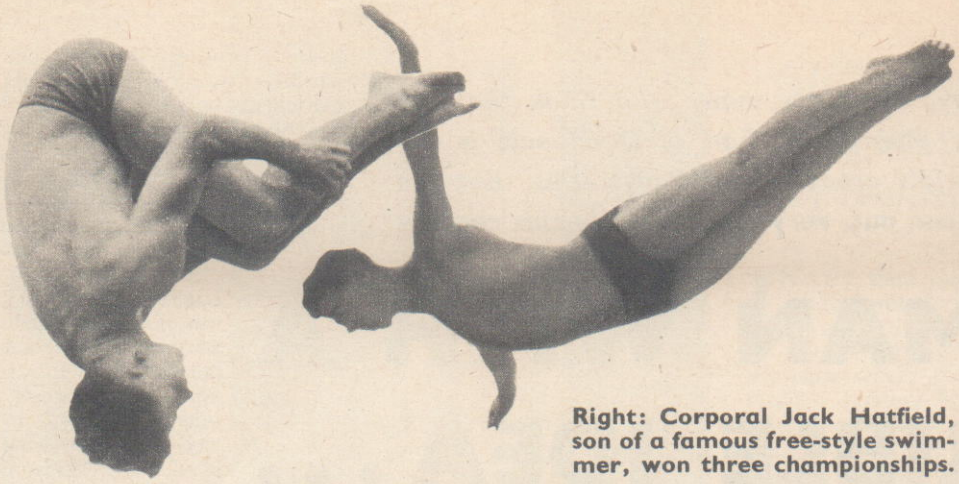
Experiments went ahead with smoke-ships. For land warfare, there was designed a lorry on which a smoke-producing furnace or kiln could be mounted. It was to be pushed or towed by an armoured car.

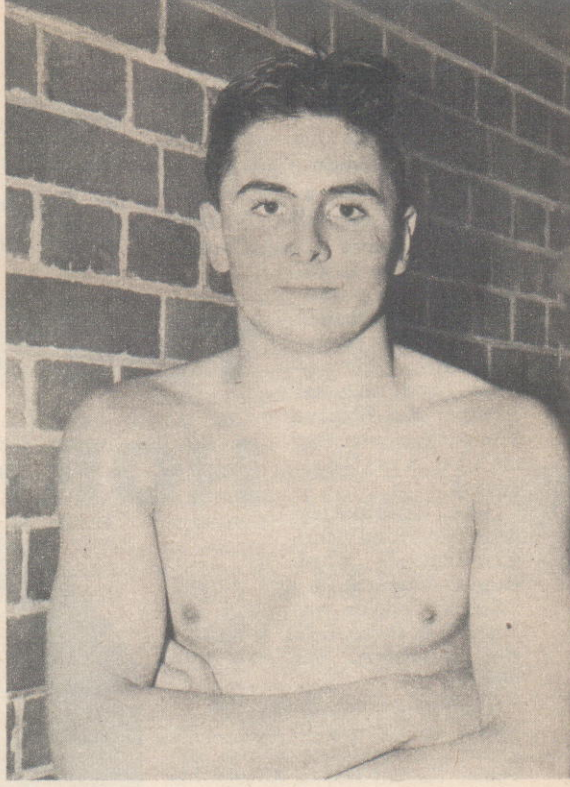
In the spring of 1915 Mr. Churchill wrote to Sir John French, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, suggesting the smoke might be used to blanket a whole sector of the enemy's artillery or rifle fire, to cut out a village or line of trenches until British troops were on them with the bayonet, or cover the bringing up of a large mass of cavalry to a decisive point at a critical moment.

The smoke-screen did good service in two world wars. As for poison gas, it was only a week after Mr. Churchill wrote that letter to Sir John French that the Germans launched the first gas attack.



"Gad, gentlemen, we don't want to win wars this way!"

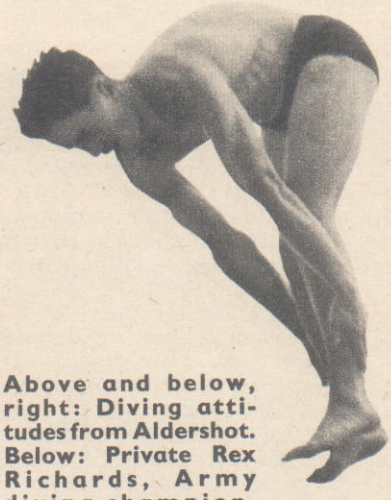




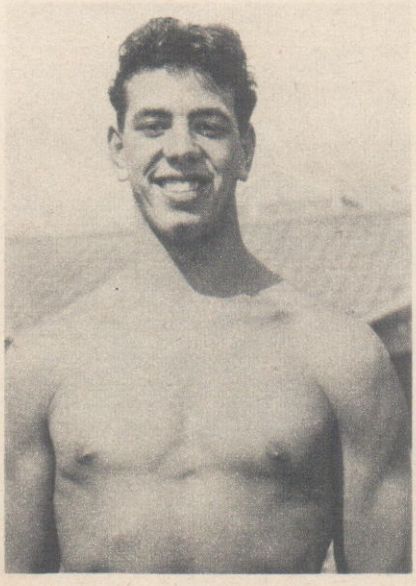
Right: Corporal Jack Hatfield, son of a famous free-style swimmer, won three championships.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

The name is Hatfield—and it's a famous name in swimming annals



Above and below, right: Diving attitudes from Aldershot. Below: Private Rex Richards, Army diving champion.



VETERANS of the swimming world conjure up memories of a great swimmer when they hear the name of Jack Hatfield.

To the younger generation of swimmers Jack Hatfield is a name of promise. Since this year's Army championships, young Jack, son of old Jack, is one of the up-and-coming free-style swimmers.

Jack senior, J. G. Hatfield, was probably the finest all-round free-style swimmer Britain has produced. He swam to fame in 1912, when he won the 220, 440, 500 and 880 yards and the mile amateur championships. The following year he won the Kew-to-Putney long-distance swim.

For 20 years his name remained in the championship lists. He swam in British Olympic teams. He played water-polo for England. The only free-style championship which eluded him was the 100 yards.

Today, Jack Hatfield senior keeps a sports shop in Middlesborough, and until his call-up Jack Hatfield junior—now Corporal J. D. Hatfield, 9 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps—worked with him. Like his father, Corporal Hatfield belongs to Middlesborough Swimming Club.

In the Army championships, his first success was in the 440 yards, which he completed in 5 minutes 15.5 seconds, not good enough to beat Serjeant J. A. Ellis's Army record of 5 minutes 9.8 seconds, but better than that swimmer's time last year. Corporal Hatfield did not seem at all stretched, and he told SOLDIER afterwards, "I think I could have swum a little faster."

Next, Corporal Hatfield won the 220 yards in 2 minutes 26 seconds, 1.6 seconds slower than the Army record. In the mile he came first in 23 minutes 48.4 seconds, some 52 seconds short of the record.

Corporal Hatfield says he is largely self-trained, "but my father gives me encouragement and tells me what to do."

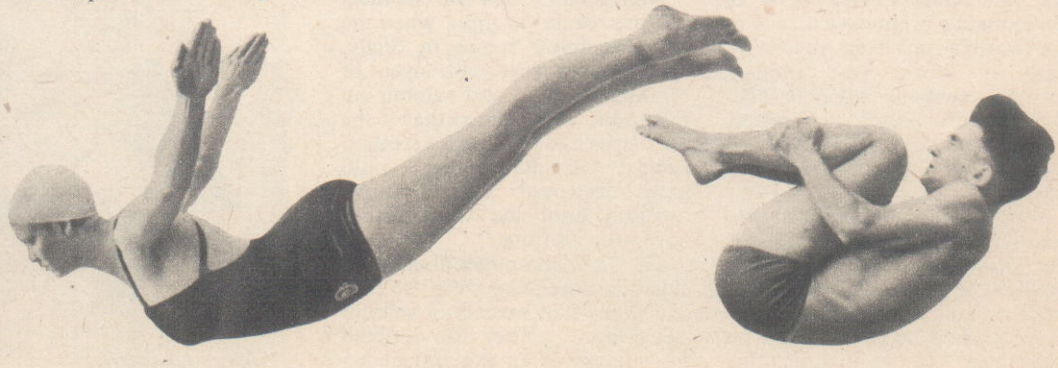
The Army's 100 yards free-style championship was retained by Captain P. H. Kendall, Royal Army Medical Corps, an international swimmer, in 56.4 seconds—1.4 seconds better than his last year's time. A new Army record was set up in the men's 100 yards backstroke by Private Peter Jones, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in 65.6 seconds. Private A. Gurr, Royal Army Service Corps, previous joint holder of the record at 67.2 seconds was second and also beat his record time, finishing in 66.5 seconds. Private Gurr had swum for England against Holland the previous week.

There was a notable improvement in the times for the women's events this year. Private I. Julian, Women's Royal Army Corps, won the 66⅔ yards backstroke in 53 seconds and the 100 yards free-style in 80.2 seconds, cutting 10.8 and 16 seconds respectively off the 1952 times.

In the unit team championship 4 (Armoured) Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers reached the top, with 9 Battalion Royal Army Ordnance Corps second. Relay race records were broken.

The diving championships were held, as usual, in Aldershot's great civilian open-air pool, where the diving-boards, unlike those of the military pool, conform to Amateur Swimming Association standards. The pool is so large that the championships took up only a corner of it and bathers were able to continue using the rest.

There were two double-champions. Private Rex Richards, South Wales Borderers, won both men's events (from the one-metre springboard and the five-metre firmboard), and Serjeant B. Hill, Women's Royal Army Corps, took both the women's championships.



THINGS THAT GO BUMP ON THE BEACH

Airborne Territorials made a dropping-zone on the beach and gave Southport holidaymakers a free show

THE younger holidaymakers at Southport, Lancashire, showed no resentment when soldiers in red berets roped off an area of beach 1,000 yards square on a sunny week-end.

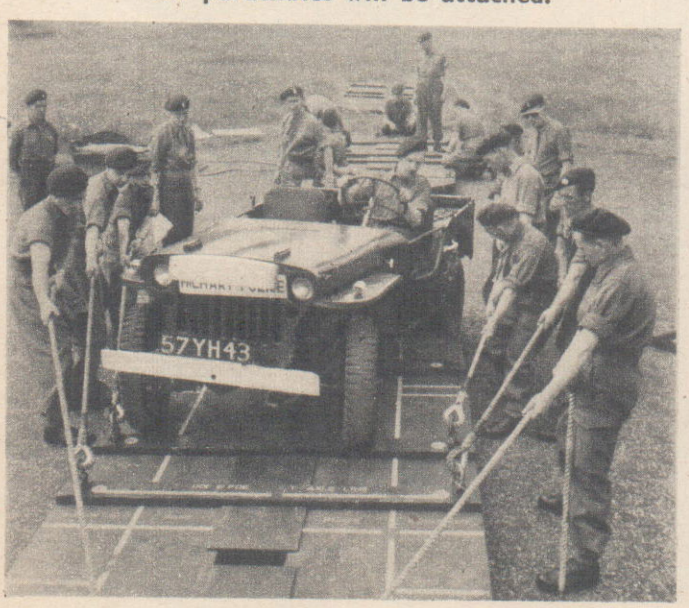
What could be seen going on inside the ropes was worth a couple of sand-castles any day.

Two American C 119 (Flying Boxcar) aircraft came over. Out of each parachuted 20 men, who landed on the sands, clambered into trucks and drove off. Later the same aircraft returned,

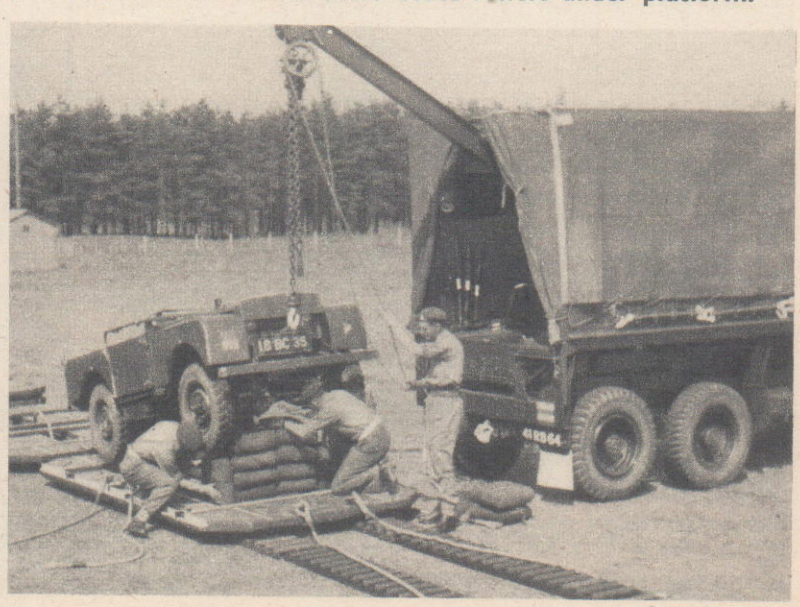
OVER

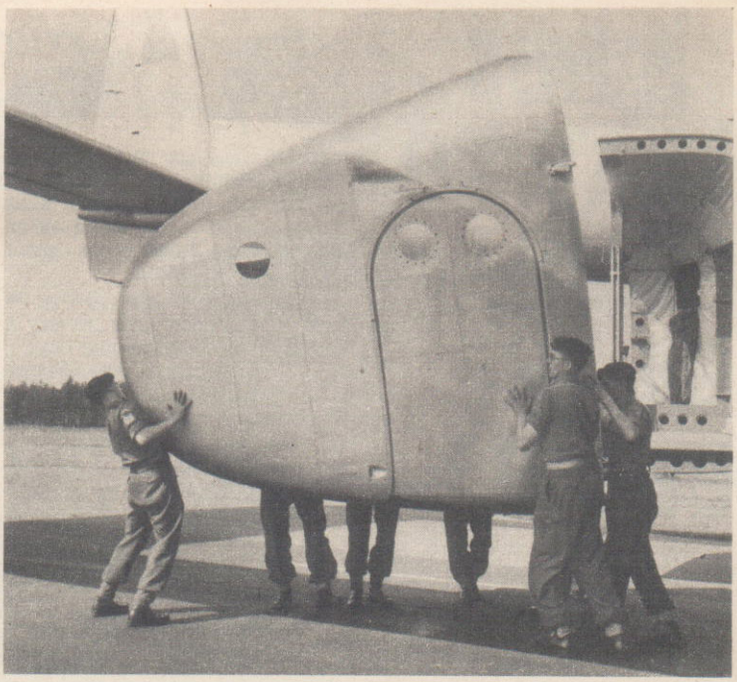
Visitor's-eye view as two sticks of parachutists land on the sands. Top: A jeep's pilot parachute has just opened.

A jeep is driven on to the platform to which four parachutes will be attached.



To cushion the bump, soft packing is placed under the front axle of a Landrover. Note rollers under platform.





A door is removed from a Flying Boxcar to let a jeep in. Left: The vehicle and its packing are weighed together.

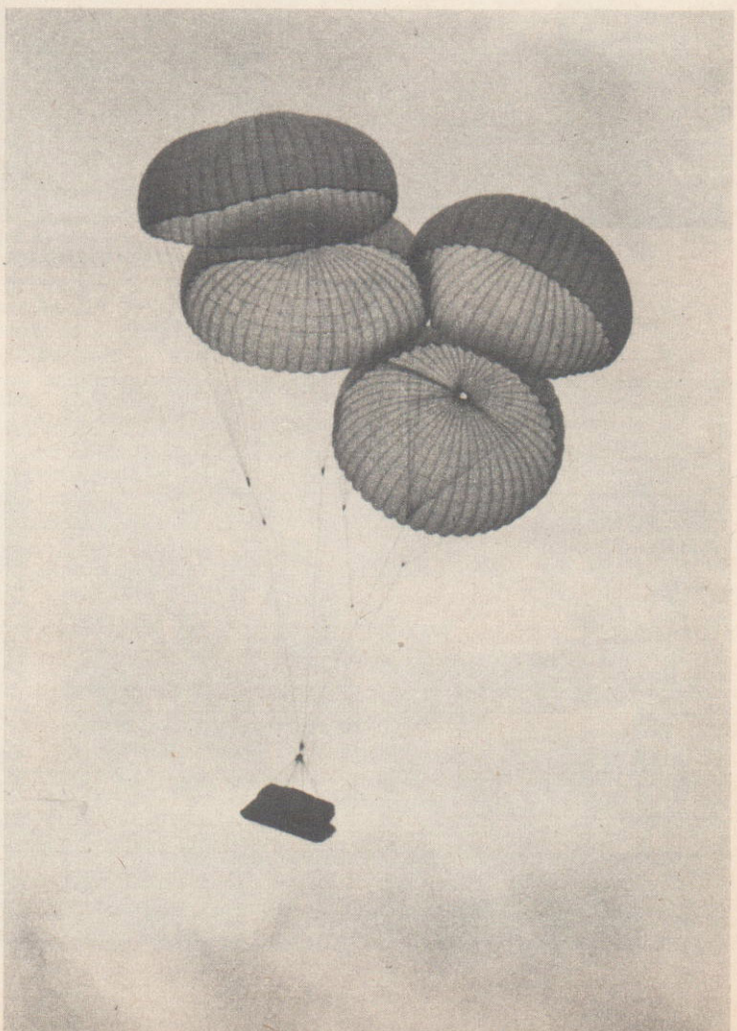
THINGS THAT GO BUMP ON THE BEACH *(Cont'd)*

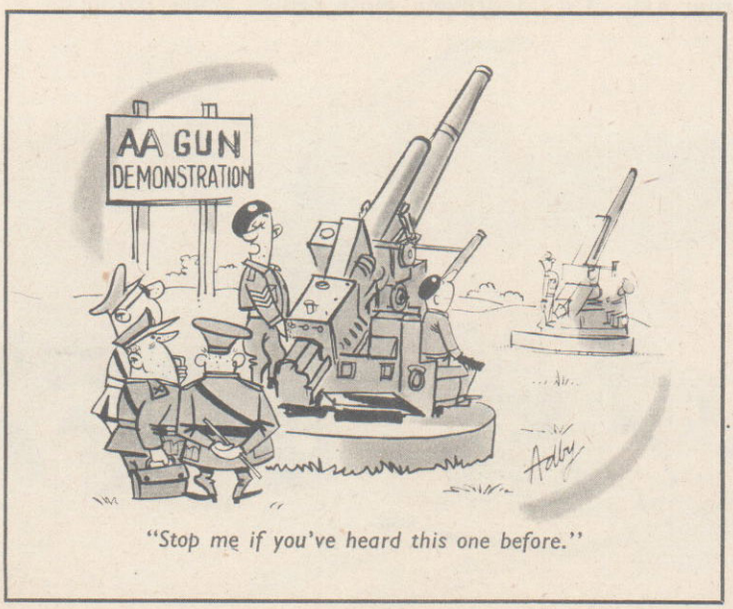
and the same 40 men dropped out again. They had been no farther than a local Royal Air Force station for a cup of tea and a fresh parachute and to take the air again.

Two more Flying Boxcars appeared from time to time. One dropped a 25-pounder gun, sustained in its descent by seven parachutes. The other, at various times, dropped jeeps and a Land-rover, each on four parachutes.

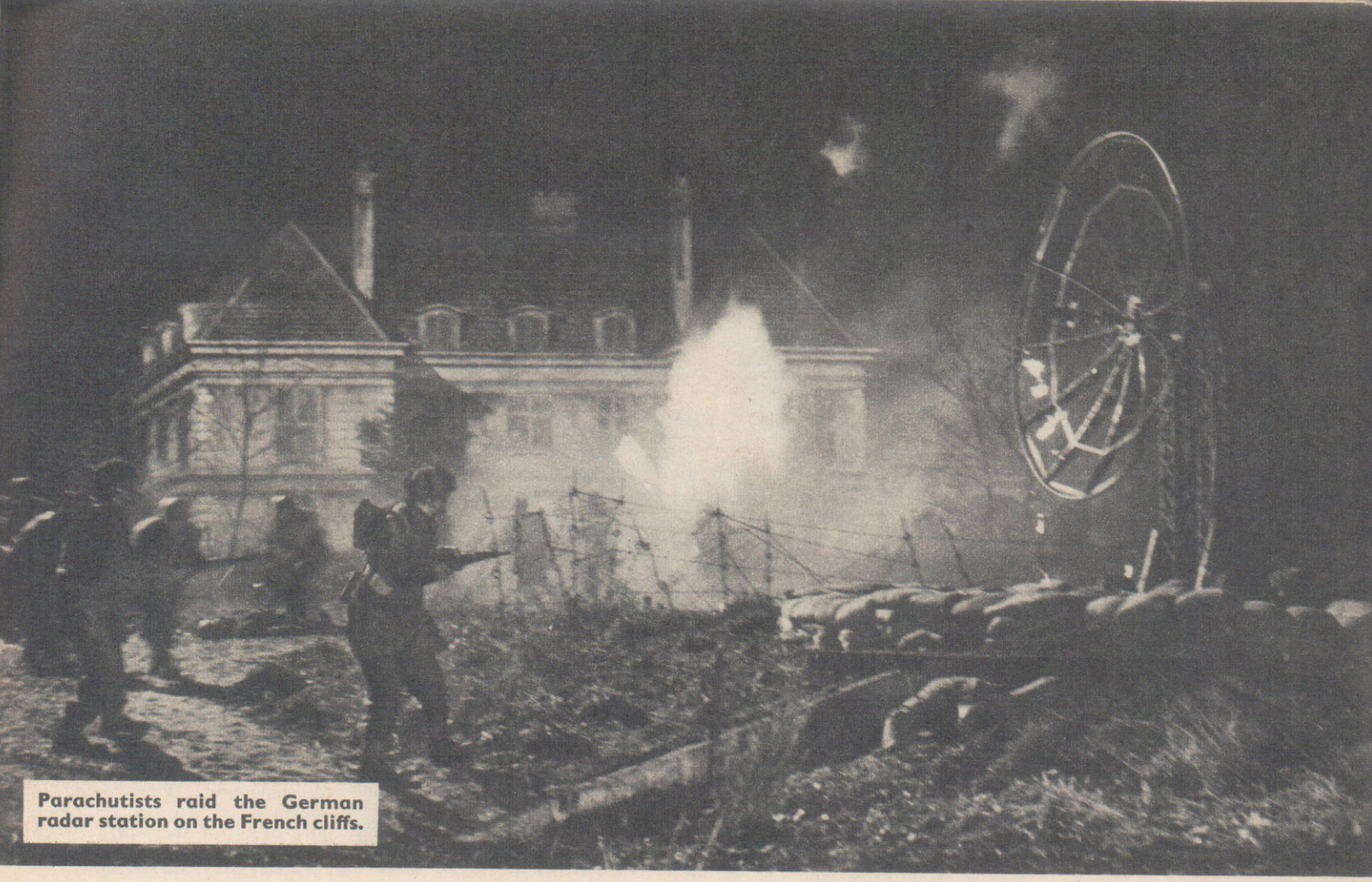
It was all part of an exercise planned by units of 46 Parachute Brigade, 16 Airborne Division, Territorial Army, to practise men in loading and dropping heavy equipment. The parachutists who landed on the beach were other Territorials of the Division who had come from week-end camps in Scotland and Wales.

On rollers, the load slips easily from a truck into the aircraft. Right: The parcelled jeep swings to the ground.





"Stop me if you've heard this one before."



Parachutists raid the German radar station on the French cliffs.

"THE RED BERET"

The early days of the Parachute Regiment are recalled in a new colour film. Some of the scenes were shot in Rhine Army

HOW many different nationalities can you cram into a barrack-room?

The group of parachutists whose fortunes we follow in "The Red Beret" include a Scotsman, a Welshman, a Pole, an Italian, an Irishman, an American masquerading as a Canadian, and, to show that there's no ill-feeling, a few Englishmen.

They are sound lads at heart, though at first you have the feeling that they are a pretty glum lot. Touchy, too; in fact, it's one of those films in which, if anybody can step on anybody else's fingers, he does so. It must be the effect of that tough instructor in the opening scene who cries: ". . . and if you can't stab him in the guts, *jump on his —— fingers*!"

The story of "The Red Beret" begins at a parachute training school. Then comes the raid on the German radar station at Bruneval and, as climax, the capture of an enemy-held airfield at Bone, North Africa, with a vivid battle in a minefield (apparently this North African episode is a combination of many scattered incidents).

The Bruneval raid is excitingly done, yet why did the attackers start a furious battle just when their technician was quietly and successfully dismantling the piece of equipment which was the objective of the raid?

The central character, played by Alan Ladd, is an American wearing a "Canada" flash. There is a mystery about him, a mystery which gives him a large-size chip on his shoulder.

OVER

Shooting up the German headquarters at Bruneval.

Sticky moment: at a German control point in North Africa.

WORLD PREMIERE

THE film "The Red Beret" had its simultaneous world première in two cinemas 2,400 miles apart. One was the plushy Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, London; the other was the Army Kinema Corporation's New Garden Cinema (which has an open-air cinema attached) at Moascar, in Egypt's Canal Zone.

Stationed in the Canal Zone are the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group. Among those expected to attend the première were two divisional commanders: Major-General J. H. M. Poett and Major-General T. Brodie.

Première proceeds went to the Airborne Forces Security Fund.

Producing "The Red Beret" was a combined operation by the Army, the Royal Air Force and Warwick Film Productions.

The script was "vetted" by the War Office and Colonel R. G. Pine-Coffin DSO, MC, commander of the Parachute Regiment Depot. It was Colonel Pine-Coffin who commanded the battalion which attacked Bone airfield, an incident portrayed in the film.

Mass parachute drops, in which Territorials took part, were filmed in Rhine Army. Trawsfynydd, in North Wales provided settings—and men—for the North Africa and Bruneval beach scenes.

"THE RED BERET" (Cont'd)

He has a sparring love affair with a pretty parachute packer (Susan Stephen), whose advice on love and life suggests she has seen a good many Hollywood films.

We all have a shrewd notion why there has to be an American playing the lead in a British war film (some day, perhaps, Hollywood will let an Englishman join the United States Marines and plant the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima).

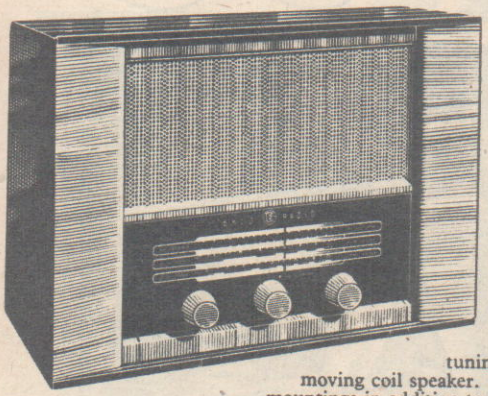
Outstanding performances are given by Harry Andrews as a Scots regimental-serjeant-major and by Leo Genn (a one time lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Artillery) as the major. ("I'm a professional soldier and I mean to be one after the war," he warns his men.) A General Whiting turns up to see the Bruneval raiders leave; they might as well have called him General Browning. The technical serjeant is called Flight-Serjeant Box, whereas in real life the job was done by Flight-Serjeant Cox—a somewhat literal example of playing box and cox with history.

Though "The Red Beret," which is in colour, is easy enough to sit through, it does not give the well-minted ring of the book by Hilary St George Saunders from which it is derived. But it will do very well until the really great film about the Parachute Regiment comes along.

Sickly moment: in the training establishment.

One of the boys of the new brigade!

Maybe he is lucky! Maybe he is doing the kind of job where he can use a set like this. But then, that's soldiering all over—it might be barracks, billets, huts or tents. But if you've got the chance to settle down for a bit, especially abroad, this fully tropicalised Ekco 5-valve Superhet is just the job. It's neat, handy, powerful—very reliable, very good quality!



A treat in the Tropics!

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● The Ekco range includes mains and battery operated receivers suitable for every purpose. These, and the A194 featured here, can be obtained overseas, through the N.A.A.F.I.

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As a day-time beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' brings nourishment to brain and nerves. It assists in sustaining strength and energy throughout the day.

Remember to order 'Ovaltine' in your Canteen

OVALTINE
Tablets
for eating

'Ovaltine' Tablets contain the nourishing properties of 'Ovaltine' and are an acceptable emergency ration. Packed in handy sizes for the pocket.

Prices 8d and 1/3.

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P 824 A

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Please send me fuller details of the Cadet Scheme.

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Cultured thirst

HAVING acquired a really blazing thirst, the wise man makes the most of it. He does nothing so prosaic as to rush to the nearest tap, nothing so undistinguished as to bury his face in a babbling brook. Slowly, with a slightly transcendental air, he mixes himself a glacial draught of Rose's Lime Juice. Then, pausing to feast his eyes on the iridescent green-gold liquid, he observes a magic misting of the glass and feels an icy heaven at his finger-tips. Only when the agony is unbearable does he liquidate his precious pangs. Have you drowned any good thirsts lately?

ROSE'S *Lime juice*

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

What are you reading?

Something about banking.

But you don't know the first thing about banking.

That's exactly why I'm reading this. It's a booklet called "Banking for Beginners". It explains how to open a banking account and how to use it to the best advantage.

That sounds interesting.

It's *most* interesting. Why don't you get a copy?

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

"Banking for Beginners" may be obtained from any branch or by post from Lloyds Bank Limited, 71 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

– they have such a good name

HEADS TURN, eyes brighten at the sight of Duncan Hazelnut. There's no resisting this smooth milk chocolate that's crammed full of hazelnuts. Every nut is skinned for extra sweetness, golden-roasted for fuller flavour. Enjoy it today —the good-time chocolate that *does* you good.

DUNCAN—*THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE*

Jack Hawkins as the Royal Air Force commander in "The Malta Story." Centre: as a tank commander in his next film "The Intruder."

He looks just as convincing in the Senior Service—as the corvette commander in "The Cruel Sea."

HE'S EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE COMMANDING OFFICER

Film actor Jack Hawkins, late of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, is fated to wear uniform

WHEN Colonel Jack Hawkins left the Army in 1946, he thought he had finished with uniform.

He was mistaken.

Since then he has worn the dark blue of the Royal Navy, the light blue of the Royal Air Force and the khaki of the Army—for the film cameras.

As everybody's idea of a commanding officer, he is now in danger of being "typed." Future generations may get the idea that Jack Hawkins won the war single-handed. But it is his own fault: he looks so absolutely right as a senior—well, not too senior—officer. He looks authoritative, dependable, four-square, unvexed by inner doubts.

In his newest film "The Intruder", Jack Hawkins is in khaki, commanding a tank regiment. In "The Malta Story" he played the island's senior air officer; in "The Cruel Sea" he commanded a warship; in "Angels One Five" he was a fighter station commander.

Jack Hawkins has been an actor since he was 12 (he is now 43). His first appearance was in "St. Joan", rehearsed by George Bernard Shaw himself. He first put on khaki at the age of 18 to play the cowardly Hibbert in "Journey's End" on Broadway. Then followed a series of stage parts and character roles in film "quota quickies." In World War Two he tried to enlist, only to be told to await his call-up. He "did a bit of fiddling round the back door of the War Office," and found himself in the Royal Welch Fusiliers at Wrexham. The usual run of training and peeling potatoes lasted five months. As an unpaid lance-corporal he went off to an officer cadet training unit and was soon back in his regiment as a second lieutenant. For a time he trained with his first battalion on Cheltenham racecourse (his company office was in a horse-box) and then orders came for him to report to the War Office. He was asked to appear in a film as a brigade major. The film turned out to be that well-remembered one "Next of Kin," designed to make troops security-minded.

Jack Hawkins rejoined his battalion in time to sail with the 2nd Infantry Division for India. One evening, after a mess party, Major-General J. M. L. Grover said to him: "It's time we had a divisional concert party."

Jack Hawkins agreed. "Good," said the General, "because you are going to run it. You can go anywhere you like in the division to get the talent."

For nine weeks Lieutenant Hawkins journeyed from unit to unit. At the end he had collected some 40 men, including drivers and administrative staff. Today he says: "Looking back, I recall how helpful General Grover was. I have never known anyone give greater encouragement and yet interfere less than he did." (General Grover tells SOLDIER that Jack Hawkins was also an excellent regimental officer and battle school instructor.)

The Cross Keys Concert Party toured the division. Hawkins wrote much of the material, gave female impersonations and took part in a singing act. Later he was posted to ENSA and eventually found himself in charge of Service entertainment in South-East Asia Command, with the rank of colonel. A member of one of the first London ENSA parties to visit him was a Miss Doreen Lawrence. She is now Mrs Jack Hawkins.

In the film world ex-Colonel Hawkins is rated fourth in individual box-office appeal in Britain. But he would like a change from Service parts.

As he was in World War Two: Lieutenant Jack Hawkins.

Just the job!

TEA for his parched throat! And look at those shoes! It's his Nugget shine that keeps *them* from becoming parched in the penetrating heat of the Australian desert! For Nugget does more than give a superbly smart shine—it is also a *protection* for the leather.

On parade too, Nugget is just the job for looking really smart—Nugget's fine waxes give a brighter, longer-lasting shine!

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

The largest-selling shoe polish in the world

"Wot d'you think you are — a bushy-topped tree?"

YOU DON'T KNOW what the sergeant means? Well, take a look in a mirror. See that dry, lifeless, unmanageable hair? It *does* make you look like a bushy-topped tree. And it may mean Dry Scalp.

When your hair floats all over the place, or if you see dandruff in your parting or on your collar, you probably have Dry Scalp. You'd better *do* something about it. The best thing is to get some 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic and gently massage your scalp with a few drops for 20 seconds every morning. This will quickly make a difference and end Dry Scalp. There'll be no more remarks about bushy-topped trees. Your hair will feel — and look — really smart, will stay in place all day long. And when you go on leave . . . well, girls just naturally go for the well-groomed hair you get when you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

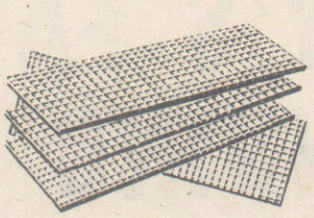
Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

The Dressing That Ends Dry Scalp

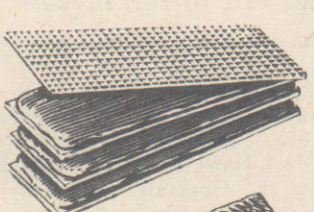
* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

1892

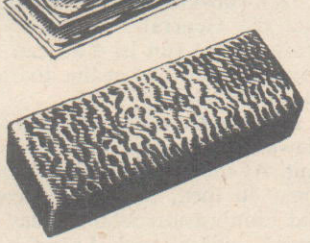
Imagine the crispest crunchiest wafers **1**



filled with the most enticing sweetmeat . . . **2**



and coated with the smoothest chocolate . . . **3**



GOOD THINGS IN ONE

THREE times thrilling—that's Blue Riband. There's nothing quite so more-ish as this happy blend of wafer, sweetmeat and chocolate. Each is a treat in itself—together their *triple goodness* adds up to sheer bliss.

BLUE RIBAND

CHOCOLATE SANDWICH WAFER

A GRAY DUNN PRODUCT

Everything goes with

HP

SAUCE

When is a Territorial On Duty?

CAN a commanding officer award a Territorial soldier 14 days' detention on the 14th day of a 14-days' camp?

Try that one out on your barrack-room lawyer.

A more reliable answer will be found in a short book with a long title: "A Practical Guide to the Application of Military Law to the Territorial Army" (*Gale and Polden*, 2*s* 6*d*) by Major P. G. Clark, a former instructor in military law in the School of Military Administration.

Detention can be legally awarded to a Territorial soldier, says Major Clark, "but there is no authority for depriving a man of his liberty once he has ceased to be subject to military law—in other words you can give a man detention, but you can't keep him in detention when he is no longer subject to military law."

Thus, a man sentenced as suggested in the opening paragraph would serve less than a day of his sentence.

Does this mean that a Territorial soldier can "get away with murder" on the last day of camp? It does not. If he commits a serious offence on the last day, he can be remanded for court-martial, which can impose sentence of imprisonment or detention.

Some controversy has arisen as to when, exactly, a Territorial is on parade, and therefore liable to military law. According to Major Clark, he is not subject when travelling to and from his place of duty in uniform. A man "may meet his wife after parade and take her to a restaurant for supper, or meet a friend and go into a public-house on the way home." This does not count as part of his "training," though the man might well be a source of embarrassment to the military police if he had "one over the eight."

The fact that no further legislation has been deemed necessary in this field "is surely a tribute to the high sense of discipline of the Territorial Army," says Major Clark. He is absolutely right; but anyone who thinks that a Territorial soldier who is determined to make himself a nuisance can flout the law with impunity should think again. The files of newspapers contain evidence to the contrary.

Major Clark's short booklet contains several curious items of information. A Territorial officer cannot be compelled to sit on a court-martial. Any Territorial is exempt from jury service (but in England and Wales he must take the necessary steps to keep his name off the jury list).

Finally, a Territorial *on duty* crossing a toll bridge to his drill hall pays no toll; but if he is going there for a half-pint of beer, he is expected to pay toll!

"And don't go around talking all this slang—it binds everybody rigid."

Ambassadors in Football Boots

THE British soldier, who is often told that he is his country's best ambassador, sometimes exercises his diplomacy in unconventional ways.

In Sumatra, in 1946, there had been serious bloodshed between the 1st Battalion The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, and the local Indonesians at Palembang. Then a high Indonesian official asked the Battalion to play a local team at football, to promote a more friendly feeling.

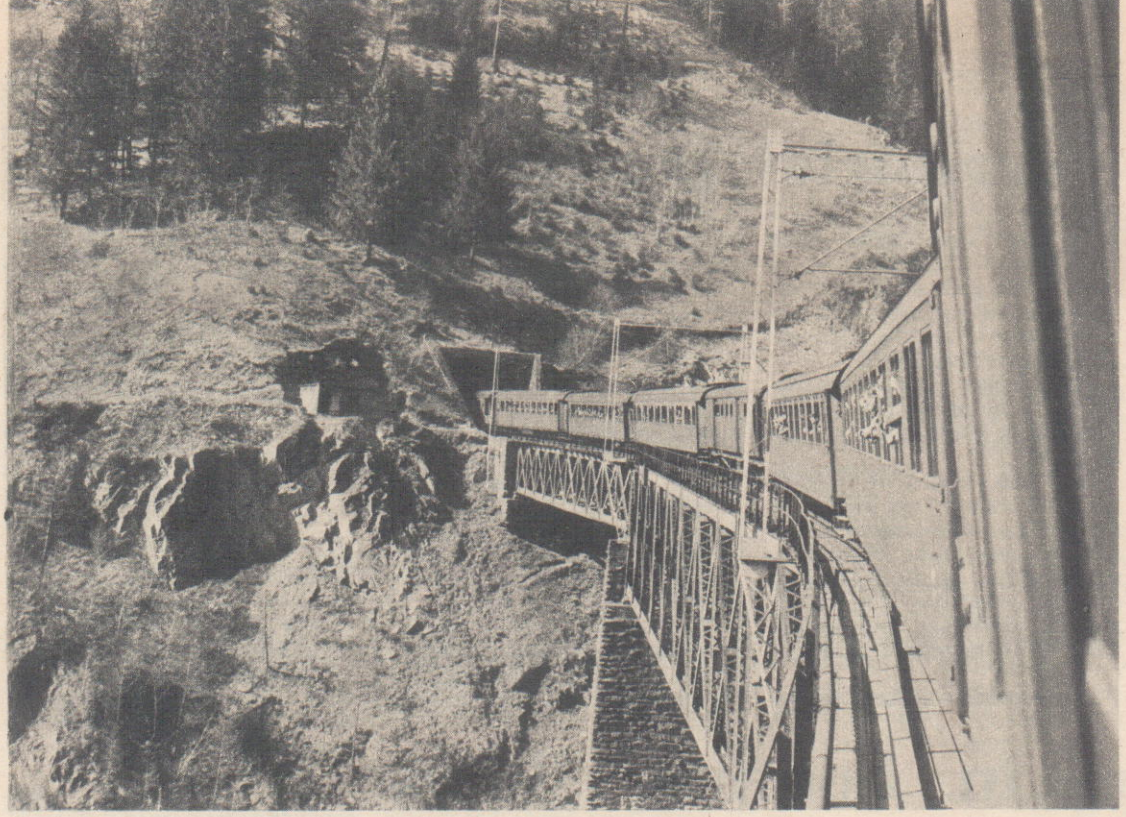
Between 3,000 and 4,000 Indonesians, and a band, turned up and saw the soldiers beat the Indonesian team 4—0. The Battalion also won a return match.

"Thereafter Palembang became one of the quietest places in the Netherlands East Indies," says "The History of the Tenth Foot, 1919-1950" (*Regimental History Committee of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, New Barracks, Lincoln*, 25*s*), compiled by Major L. C. Gates and edited by Major-General J. A. A. Griffin.

In Holland, the 4th Battalion indulged an unorthodox taste for sport, by organising a regatta on the flood-waters in which they spent most of their days. The craft were flat-bottomed, canvas-sided assault boats, and the events aroused such enthusiastic cheering from the spectators that the Germans shelled the area heavily—though not until it was all over and the crews and spectators had moved away.

In Burma, two members of the 1st Battalion had unexpected escapes after being captured by the Japanese. The first had his rifle and boots removed, but was left his bayonet and a grenade. After that nobody took any notice of him, so he slipped away and, after hours of wandering barefoot in the jungle, returned to his unit. The second was taken back a short distance by his captors, who were just about to knock his brains out when they were stopped and he was told by signs that he might go. He ran off, while the Japanese took pot-shots at him. He was wounded in one arm, but disappeared into the jungle and found his way back to the Battalion.

The Royal Lincolnshires won two Victoria Crosses, both posthumous. The first went to Major Charles Ferguson Hoey, who died leading his company in an attack in Burma; the second was awarded to Captain John Brunt, whose leadership and personal aggression helped repel two counter-attacks in Italy. Captain Brunt, who was killed the day after this action, was commissioned in another regiment but had served with the 6th Lincolnshires for some time and had applied for a Regular commission in the Regiment.



Entering an Austrian tunnel. To the young soldier who has never been abroad, the Medloc journey is an exciting one. Two million men have now made the trip.

MEDLOC MILESTONE

WHEN Private Ronald Walker, of the 1st Battalion The Middlesex Regiment, left Klagenfurt station in Austria for 21 days leave at home, he was presented with:

An engraved plaque,
A large box of chocolates,
A novel of his own choice,
A reserved first-class sleeping compartment, stocked with beer, lemonade and periodicals.

Moreover, he learned that he was to be fêted at the Hook of Holland and Harwich—and all with the compliments of Q (Movements).

For Private Walker was a very special passenger—the 2,000,000th to travel by the Army's Medloc route.

It had taken Medloc eight years to the day to build up this total from the time the first train left Milan laden with 650 veterans from the Italian front, some of them going home for the first time in five years.

That first train was the answer to many problems. There were thousands of troops in the Middle East and Central Mediterranean commands who had not had home leave for years. They had travelled overseas by troopship, but there were not enough troopships to bring them all home in good time.

So Medloc — Mediterranean Lines of Communications—was born. The railways of Europe were war-torn, but Switzerland lent rolling-stock and the use of her railways (the Swiss people also gave a rapturous reception to the early passengers).

Even so, conditions on the early Medloc were primitive. Passengers often had to travel on hard, narrow seats, to wash and feed by the side of the track in all weathers. The main thing was, however, that Medloc got them home. New Medloc routes were opened, from Toulon, Villach and Verona, with "feeders" from other towns, such as Naples and Taranto.

Gradually conditions improved. Dining-cars, washing facilities and sleepers appeared on the trains, until Medloc could compare with any international route.

Middle East Command went back to normal trooping. The Army left Italy. Routes were closed one by one until only the present Medloc survives, serving troops in Austria and Trieste.

It is a well-regulated and well-fed journey. The homeward train sets off by evening from Villach through some of Austria's finest scenery. Next day passengers have breakfast and lunch in sight of the Rhine, with its vineyards, castles and barges. Then come the flat farm-lands of Holland.

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

"THE RED BERET"

The new film about the Parachute Regiment. Reviewed, with pictures, on pages 27-28.

"THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE"

It's the magic year 1745 again, and the clans are flocking to the standard of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The sons of Lord Durrisdeer toss a coin to determine who shall join the rebellion and who shall stay at home. One of them, Jamie, is played by Errol Flynn, so it's a safe guess how the coin will fall. On the collapse of the rising, Jamie turns pirate and returns to Scotland a rich man. It's Robert Louis Stevenson's story, more or less. Roger Livesey and Anthony Steel are in it up to their ears; so are Beatrice Campbell and Yvonne Furneaux (who attended the Army première in Berlin). Good swash-buckling, cutlass-clashing stuff.

"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"

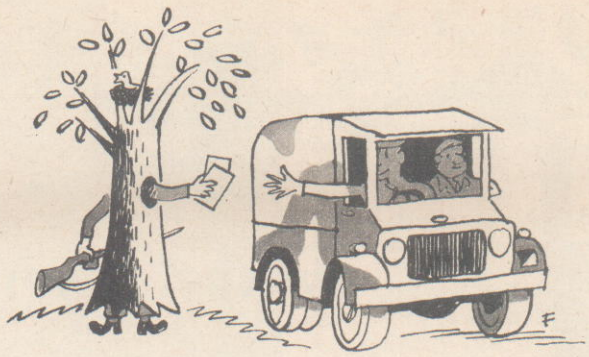
This is a tribute to the Danish story-teller—not an authorised biography. It is already famous for the tune "Wonderful Copenhagen." Danny Kaye plays the village cobbler who is in danger of being banished for keeping children from school by telling them tales. He wanders to Copenhagen, falls in love with a ballerina (Jeanmaire) and returns to his village as a national hero.

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"

A comedy of an American small-town family, with some agreeable old-time tunes, including "The Only Girl in the World." Gordon MacRae is a soldier returned from the wars, and Doris Day is the girl waiting—and singing—for him. No picture for cynics and sourpusses.

"WHITE WITCH DOCTOR"

Bongo, bongo, bongo. . . it happens in the Congo. Susan Hayward plays a nurse forcing herself as a penance to work among savages. Robert Mitchum squires her through lurid adventures. Gold and gangrene, drum-beats and gunshots, feasting and torture.



LETTERS

CRASH HELMETS

Recently much has been written in the daily papers advocating the wearing of crash-helmets by motor-cyclists. In Chichester recently I saw a soldier in uniform riding a civilian motor-cycle and wearing a civilian pattern crash-helmet. Was the soldier laying himself open to a charge of being improperly dressed? He could not, I believe, draw an Army pattern helmet for private use, so is he, in the Army's eyes, wearing mixed dress or merely taking a sensible precaution against an accident—and slightly "bending" walking-out order? **—Cpl. D. E. Stubbs, Royal Sussex Regiment.**

★ *The soldier could not draw an Army crash-helmet for private use. An authority on Dress Regulations says he may be "bending" Dress Regulations, but might plead that he was engaged in a form of sport and was properly dressed for that purpose.*

PIN-UP POLICEWOMAN

I am a member of the United States Air Force, but a very regular reader of SOLDIER. My copy makes the rounds of the barracks. In the August issue we saw the picture of Private Doreen Gilbert, who was chosen a "typical beauty of the new Elizabethan age." We not only agree with this decision, but we might add she is one of the most beautiful Servicewomen we have ever seen. So the men of my barracks have voted her "the policewoman we would most like to be arrested by."—**S/Sjt. Richard J. Hagerty, 10th Recon. Tech. Sq., A.P.O. 123, United States Air Force Europe.**

GENERAL LIST

Could you please tell me where I can find a definition of the General List of officers? Several of us have made a search; our efforts were in vain.—**SQMS R. V. Dudley, RASC, HQ, Field Records, British Troops in Austria.**

★ SOLDIER *can trace no published official description of the General List. It is, however, a list of officers who are commissioned to take up appointments which do not fit into the list of duties of any regiment or corps. It may include quartering commandants, specialists, and Civil Servants commissioned without pay and allowances to take up appointments in Command Secretariats in operational commands overseas. There is also a General List, Infantry, officers of which may be posted to any Infantry regiment. No officers on long-service Regular engagements are commissioned to the General List, only short-service and Army Emergency Reserve officers. The Territorial Army has a long General List which includes officers of the Army and Combined Cadet Forces.*

FIRST-CLASS

The appointment of 1st class staff serjeant-major (warrant officer class 1) has been reintroduced in the Royal Army Service Corps and is given to the senior recommended staff serjeant-majors in the Corps. This is quite a good thing within the Corps, but unfair in formation headquarters where they work as chief clerks of branches alongside warrant officers class 1 of other regiments and corps. I was promoted warrant officer class 1 about six years before two men serving in this headquarters who are now being appointed 1st class staff serjeant-majors, although we hold identical qualifications. Admittedly there is no financial gain, but they have the honour of holding the highest warrant officer rank in the Army.

Cannot a similar appointment be introduced into all corps and regiments? The Royal Artillery and Royal Army Ordnance Corps already have their 1st class master gunners and conductors respectively. All warrant officers class 1 could be given a similar appointment after a qualifying period of service.—**WO 1, Command HQ.**

★ *The appointment of 1st class staff serjeant-majors is traditional in the Royal Army Service Corps and, until the present Pay Code, did affect the pay of the men to whom it was granted. According to Queen's Regulations, 1st class staff serjeant-majors are bracketed with conductors and master-gunners 1st class at the head of the list of warrant officers class 1 for precedence. War Office says there is no intention of creating a special grade of warrant officer in other corps for prestige among their fellows.*

NO NEIGHBOUR

Light Infantrymen who attended the 150th birthday celebrations of the Light Infantry (SOLDIER, August), probably did not have time to descend the cliff to Sandgate, where Sir John Moore lived while his headquarters were at Shorncliffe.

There they would have seen another memorial to him, a handsome bronze relief and plaque, looking very shiny and new on a clean white pillar, standing on the sea front opposite the path Moore was wont to climb up to Shorncliffe. In fact, this is no new memorial. It stood on the same spot until two or three years ago when heavy seas broke up the sea wall round it. It was replaced, duly cleaned up, in good time for the celebrations. Light Infantrymen will be glad to know that the public lavatory which was the memorial's neighbour to one side was washed

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

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

● SOLDIER cannot advise on questions which involve unit discipline.

away by the sea and has not been rebuilt.—**Man of Kent (name and address supplied).**

★ *A wreath was laid on this memorial by Field-Marshal Sir John Harding.*

WELL-WISHER

I am indeed very pleased to read in SOLDIER that future numbers will be on sale to the general public.

I realise that this important "step-forward" has only been achieved after overcoming several obstacles and I congratulate those who succeeded in persuading the trade to co-operate.

My copy has regularly been passed on to a gallant old soldier who has derived much pleasure in reading about the present Army. He has more than once told me of the number of veterans who would wish to buy a copy but find this impossible. Now all this is overcome and I trust that your sales will leap up accordingly.

I have no doubt that in its wider field of circulation SOLDIER will do much to bring the Army before the public and thereby serve as a valuable recruiting agency.—**"Black Button" (name and address supplied).**

BUYING OUT

I believe that discharge by purchase is starting again. Can you give details?—**"Purchaser."**

★ *Discharge by purchase (see Queen's Regulations paras* 393/98) *which has been in abeyance since the start of the Korean war, except for recruits within their first three months and for all Regulars with strong compassionate reasons, restarts on October* 1. *The scheme covers any Regular (not National Serviceman) seeking premature release, including compassionate discharge. In compassionate cases, a reduction in the purchase rate can be authorised. Certain types of tradesmen are excluded from the scheme, but bandsmen are no longer restricted. Regulars with more than three months' service must complete three years before applying to buy out (unless on compassionate grounds). Men serving abroad must pay their fares, and those of their families, to their home depots and from their depots to their homes. No terminal leave is given.*

Buying out does not affect gratuity, but certain soldiers who have received bounties for signing on may have to repay them. Some men on the new 22-*year engagement waive their right to apply for buying out if they have received specialist training. Discharge by purchase does not free a man from recall under the National Service Act, nor does it absolve him from Reserve service under legislation now contemplated. There is no buying out of the Reserve. The above rules continue to apply to Servicewomen.*

Buying out rates, which have not been changed, are set out in articles 431 *and* 480 *of the Pay Warrant; this is in possession of all units.*

TOO MUCH FLESH?

The newspapers recently waxed merry over a slimming order issued to women of the United States Army.

No one who knows the British Army will deny that senior serjeants and warrant-officers (the backbone of the Army) are usually men of considerable girth. Would the backbone be any stiffer if some of the fat were removed? Or would compulsory slimming produce the discontent it produces in women? Passed to you, Royal Army Medical Corps.—**"Thirty-Six Waist" (name and address supplied).**

NOT FOR SALE

Can a soldier who was not awarded the Coronation Medal purchase his own?—**"Battery Serjeant-Major" (name and address supplied).**

★ *No. The Coronation Medal is the personal gift of the Queen. It is not for sale.*

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

* *To preserve secrecy models are used for photographs and initials instead of the original names. The original letter may be seen at Sheffield with thousands like it.*

MORE LETTERS

HOME POSTING

Having just returned from West Africa, I find I have been posted to the depot of the Royal Hampshire Regiment. This is, of course, a normal posting, but puzzles me because I volunteered for further service with the King's African Rifles, Northern Rhodesia Regiment, Somaliland Scouts or the Malay Regiment. I am single and have no family ties to keep me in Britain and I have had quite a long experience of service with Colonial troops. I also said I was willing to forfeit any amount of my leave to obtain such a posting.

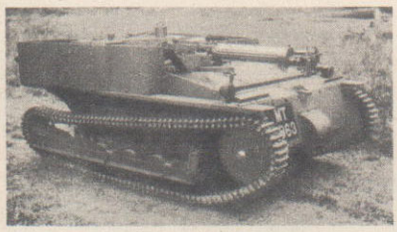
From my own experience, I know there are always vacancies somewhere in the Colonial forces for orderly-room serjeants. And surely somewhere in Britain there is an orderly-room serjeant who is married or has good compassionate reasons for remaining in Britain. I could, of course, have volunteered to return to West Africa for a further tour, but wished to widen my experience. — **ORQMS F. Welch, MBE, Warwick.**

★ *Two ACI's influence this reader's posting. ACI* 188/53 *says "only in special circumstances and when the interests of the Service demand it" may West Africa tours be extended or made consecutive, and ACI* 320/53 *says "The normal tour in extra-regimental employment will be from two to three years." The War Office believes it is in the interests of the Service and the individual that any orderly-room serjeant shall return from extra-regimental employment to duty with a Regular Battalion or depot sooner or later.*

CARDEN-LOYDS

On behalf of our mess members would you please settle two queries:—

(1) A member states that the machine gun company of the 2nd Bn The Loyal Regiment stationed at North Camp in 1930 were issued with Carden-Loyd carriers. His colleagues claim that these were not issued before 1936. (2) What was the name of the Parachute unit which formed at Ringway in August, 1940, under Wing Commander Strange and Major Rock?—**C/Sjt J. Moston, 2nd Bn Gold Coast Regiment, British West Africa.**



The Carden-Loyd machine-gun carrier.

★ (1) *The following appeared in the regimental journal of the Loyal Regiment for April* 1929: *"We discovered that the Carden-Loyd is a funny animal. Its power of locomotion is an ordinary Ford engine, turned back to front, causing a sort of front wheel drive within the track. This engine takes up to half an hour to start on a warm morning, but when it does get going, it propels the vehicle in real good style, over the average country, can take the usual fences and can do nearly* 30 *mph on a road. The principal drawbacks appear to be:* (a) *If the driver drops his right hand, it falls on an exposed exhaust pipe. This is extremely painful. This exhaust pipe also frequently sets the driver on fire.* (b) *The radiator cap is just behind the driver's neck. Most people know that an engine often causes the water in the radiator to boil.* (c) *The fan, which is exposed, is between the driver and his companion. It strongly objects to being fondled. Apart from these defects, we are quite happy."*

(2) *In June,* 1940, *No* 2 *Commando was turned over to Parachute duties and moved to near Ringway. In the following November the name was changed to* 11*th Special Air Service Battalion. In September,* 1941, *it became the* 1*st Parachute Regiment.*

The Central Landing School at Ringway was commanded by Squadron Leader L. A. Strange. Major John Rock was appointed to organise the Army side of Airborne Forces. He was a member of the School and was not an officer of No. 2 *Commando.*

CO-EDS

My husband has been warned for posting to Rhine Army. We have a daughter in her last year at a Grammar School. Are there schools in Germany to which she could be transferred and so take her Certificate of Education next year?—**Mrs. P. Noble, Chatham.**

★ *The War Office administers two co-educational boarding secondary schools in Germany, one at Plon and one at Wilhelmshaven, and a day school in Hamburg. A fourth secondary school is to be opened this year at Hamm, for both boarders and day pupils. All schools have fully qualified staffs. Parents should communicate with HQ, British Families Education Service, Bad Salzuflen, as soon as they know when they are travelling to Germany.*

MASCOTS ONLY

I am off abroad soon. Can I take my dog and a bicycle? Naturally, I am prepared to pay for them but I would like to know if they can travel with me. —**S/Sjt. A. J. Lancashire, Hadrians Camp, Carlisle.**

★ *No. Only regimental mascots may travel officially. Private pets and bicycles must be sent by non-military routes under a soldier's own arrangements.*

DIFFERENT ARMY

I have the following comments to make on the article "It's a Different Army Today" (SOLDIER, June), contrasting today's Army with yesterday's.

"*He was not issued with pyjamas or sheets.*" Certainly not pyjamas, but we definitely had sheets and pillow cases. Admittedly they resembled, and felt like, ship's canvas, but they were styled sheets.

"*Spent much time struggling with puttees.*" For the first two or three days, yes; but one soon learned where to start and marked the boot accordingly. They looked much smarter than the gaiters.

"*Had to join for at least five years with the Colours.*" Quite wrong! I enlisted in January 1937 for four years with the Colours and eight with the Reserve. Had I wished to become a driver, I could have enlisted for three and nine years.

"*Had no Army magazine.*" Not strictly Army magazines, but many corps and regiments had, and still have, excellent regimental journals.

In spite of the 1953 amenities as opposed to what we had in 1937, soldiering was much better then. Ask any pre-war Regular.—**S/Sjt. F. G. Head, RE, The War Office.**

SOLDIER, the British Army Magazine, is published for the War Office by H.M. Stationery Office, and printed by Sun Printers Ltd., London and Watford.

Trade distribution inquiries: to P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1. Army inquiries: to Circulation Department, SOLDIER, 58 Eaton Square, London S.W.1 (SLOane 3468 ex. 2).

Editorial inquiries: to Editor, SOLDIER, 58 Eaton Square, London S.W.1.

RISE AND SHINE!

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

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

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

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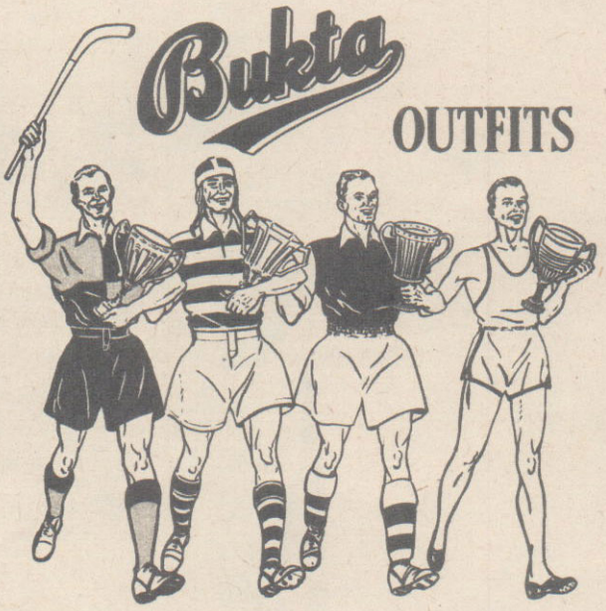

are *consistently* good

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SOLDIER
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

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