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"THE GREAT DUKE"

— From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the new Wellington Museum (reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Victoria and Albert Museum). ★ See Page Five





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*from Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.A.
Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee.*

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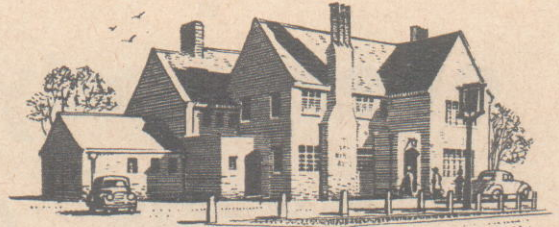
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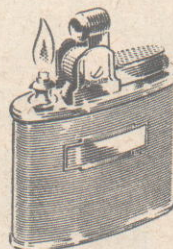


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The passage of the Douro in 1809 was one of Wellesley's early triumphs. It was a daring stroke which surprised the French Marshal Soult and liberated Portugal. (Line drawings from the *Illustrated London News* of 1852, by courtesy of the publishers.)

The Great Duke

100 years ago this month, the Duke of Wellington died. The man who defeated Napoleon and became Prime Minister started life as the fool of the family

IN Victorian England "The Duke" meant only one man: Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, victor of the Peninsula and Waterloo, Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief.

To military historians, he is on the short list of candidates for the title of the greatest general in British history.

To the Army he is an honoured and inspiring memory, even though much of the system which gave the Army Wellington's genius has been swept away. Wellington's most ardent modern admirer would not care to see it back.

He became a soldier, in the first place, because it was the custom for the fool of the family, at any rate of a noble family, to join the Army. Even his mother considered he was "food for powder and nothing more." He was the fifth son of the Irish Earl of Mornington, who was a professor of music.

At Eton Arthur Wesley (as the family name then was) did badly in class and cared nothing

for games. He much preferred to play the fiddle. He obtained his commission by purchase at the age of 18 — a system which in later years he was to defend.

Young Wesley went to the 73rd, but to avoid unpleasant overseas postings, to obtain promotion and to enable him to try his hand at politics, he was transferred, by purchase and influence, in quick succession to the 9th, 76th, 46th, 12th Dragoons, 58th, 18th Light Dragoons and finally to the 33rd (afterwards the Duke of Wellington's Regiment).

During this time he served in Ireland as aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant. He was also a member of the Irish Parliament.

His ambitions lay in politics; soldiering was a secondary activity. He saw little regimental service.

His political career was slow and his prospects were not good enough to enable him to marry a lady he had been courting in Dublin. So Captain Wesley decided to take soldiering seriously.

As a major in the 33rd he went on active service to the Netherlands. At 24 he was a lieutenant-colonel, commanding his regiment, and shortly afterwards he commanded his brigade.

In 1796, as a colonel, Arthur Wesley sailed for India, where in nine years he learned "as much of military matters as I have ever done since." His correspondence was full of rations and bullock-carts. "It is impossible to carry on a war in India without bullocks," he wrote. This concern for supplies and transport was to be the saving of his Peninsular army.

Colonel Wellesley (the family had changed its name) commanded 16,000 Hyderabad troops in the invasion of Mysore. He was at the storming of Seringapatam, and became its Governor. An officer who served under him at this time recalled that he had "a very susceptible heart, particularly towards, I am sorry to say, married ladies."

He found promotion slow. "My highest ambition," he exclaimed, "is to be a Major-General in His Majesty's service." At 33 he achieved this ambition. He campaigned against the Mahrattas and achieved notable victories at Assaye and Argum. In 1806, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed for home.

Wellesley commanded three battalions in a bloodless expedition to Bremen, and then a brigade at Hastings. At this time he married the lady he had courted in Dublin, nine years before. He had not written to her while he had been in India, but he was told she was still eager to marry him and he felt that honour compelled the match. It was not a very happy marriage.

He became a member of the London Parliament and in 1807 left his brigade to become a Minister — Chief Secretary for Ireland. His tenure of office in Dublin was first broken by a trip to Copenhagen, on which he commanded a division in the force which

OVER →



The Great Duke (Cont'd)

went to capture the Danish fleet. He was back in the House of Commons when the first French troops were marching into the Peninsula.

Here was work for Wellesley — but the work they gave him was to fit out an expedition to raid Venezuela. He proposed instead that his force should be diverted to help the Spaniards, who were reported to be harrying the French. Thus originated what Napoleon called the "Spanish ulcer," which was to sap the military strength of his empire for the next seven years.

The expedition was permitted to go to Spain. If it did any good, it might stay there; if not, it would go on to Venezuela. Wellesley, still Chief Secretary for Ireland and the youngest lieutenant-general on the Army List, landed with a force of 15,000 in Portugal, in July 1808. At Roliça he found the French in a strong position and dislodged them.

Meanwhile, the Horse Guards had sent out three men to command over Wellesley's head — two aged generals and Sir John Moore. By a few hours' margin, Wellesley was still in command when the French attacked him at Vimiero and he was able to gain a considerable victory. He said it was his only battle "in which everything passed as was directed, and no mistake was made by any of the officers."

The two aged generals now took charge, and instead of

tain, and Wellesley, who was considered to have a share in it, went home to booing crowds. There was a court of enquiry, from which Wellesley emerged unscathed, and he went back to his Chief Secretaryship in Dublin. Meanwhile, Sir John Moore, left in charge in Spain, was fighting another French army in the campaign which was to end at Corunna.

In March 1809, Wellesley went back to the Peninsula to take command. He did not return to Britain until Napoleon had abdicated, five years later. His victories in those years are blazoned as battle-honours on the regimental Colours of the British Army: Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and others.

With an army never more than 40,000 strong, Wellesley tied up many more French troops. He waged war cautiously. From the lines of Torres Vedras, where he held a French army at the gates of Portugal, he once looked down on the enemy and said: "I could lick those fellows any day, but it would cost me 10,000 men, and, as this is the last army England has, we must take care of it."

He could, however, make sacrifices. At the siege of Badajoz he lacked the engineers or artillery to breach the fortifications and so he sent in costly Infantry attacks.

He was a calculating strategist who once defined the key to victory as the pursuit of all

following up the advantage Wellesley had gained, they waited for something to happen. Something did: the French surrendered. The old men negotiated an armistice by which the French were to be sent home. The arrangement was wildly unpopular in Britain, however small, which might promote success. One means he used was what was known in World War Two as "scorched earth."

Wellesley had a great faculty for forecasting what his opponents would do next, but he planned only on certainties. No army was better supplied than his when circumstances permitted. He built up a mobile army which, for *esprit de corps* and self-confidence, probably had no equal up to the time of Eighth Army after Alamein.

Wellington, however, did not think of his men as angels. He was apt to refer to them as the scum of the earth (once he was able to staff a mint with forgers from the ranks). He remarked that the bulk of his men had enlisted for drink. In later years he relented a little. Of the French

generals he once said, "Their soldiers got them into scrapes, mine always got me out."

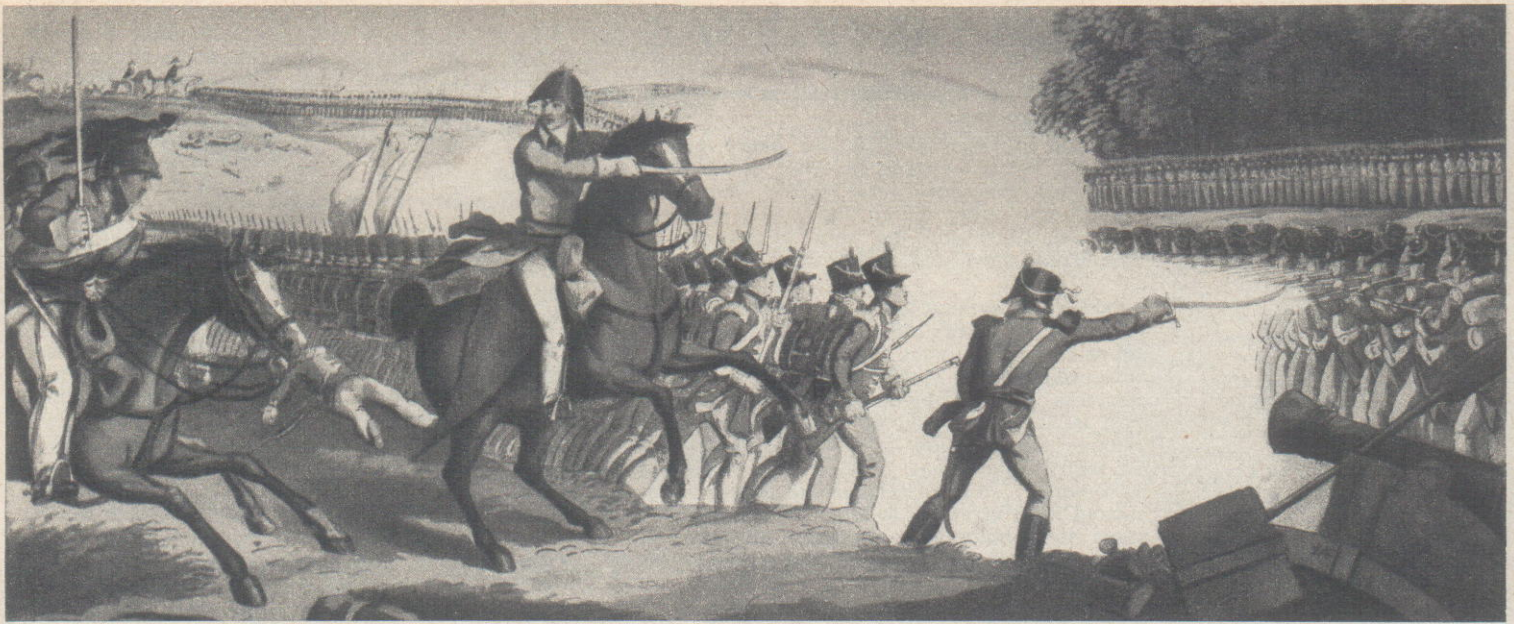
His discipline was harsh. He would order floggings and hangings without mercy. He was hard on his officers at the best of times. "British officers require to be kept in order, as well as the soldiers under their command," he wrote, and, "There is nothing on earth so stupid as a gallant officer."

In particular, Wellington came down heavily on officers who acted without his orders. This tended to sap their initiative.

He lived plainly in the field and often wore civilian clothes. For relaxation, he read, shot and hunted — he had a pack of hounds in the Peninsula. Yet he was never a good rider or a good shot. Keepers and dogs suffered from his wild aim.

This statue of Achilles, a memorial to Wellington and his men, was cast from guns captured by them. It was erected by the women of England in 1872. There was a great — and successful — outcry to have a fig-leaf added. The head has appeared on National Savings posters.





Two impressions of Wellington at Waterloo. On the left he is portrayed giving the order, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" — words which he later denied using. The picture above (by courtesy of the Parker Gallery) shows long lines of close-packed men firing point-blank at each other. In each picture the artist has allowed himself a good deal of licence.

When he crossed the Pyrenees into France, Wellington insisted that everything taken for his army should be paid for. The French, whose own army had plundered and supplied itself from the countryside without paying, were delighted. It was a wise move — politically and also militarily.

At Toulouse Wellington heard that Napoleon had abdicated. "You don't say so, upon my honour!" he exclaimed, spinning round and snapping his fingers. Returning to England, he was created a duke. His promotion to Field-Marshal had been made when he sent the Prince Regent the captured baton of Marshal Jourdan, after Vittoria. The Regent wrote back, "I send you in return that of England," which caused a flutter because there had been no baton of England and the Horse Guards had hurriedly to design one. The Regent himself designed Wellington's field-marshal's uniform.

The Duke became British Ambassador in Paris and attended the Congress of Vienna. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, however, Wellington rapidly set about organising an allied army of 90,000. In this, foreigners outnumbered the British by two to one — the British Army, as usual, had undergone a rapid run-down after victory in 1814. Except for a few Peninsular veterans, his troops were poor material. His ally, the Prussian Blücher, mustered nearly 120,000 men, also of poor quality.

Outwardly, Wellington was confident. "I think Blücher and I can do the business," he said some weeks before Waterloo. Then, pointing at a British private who was strolling in a Brussels park, he added, "There, it all depends on that article... Give me enough of it and I am sure."

Wellington's great iron funeral car sank through the roadway in the Mall during the procession. Besides the 12 dray-horses which pulled it, 60 policemen were needed to get it on the move again.

He attended the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels after he had heard that Napoleon had crossed the Belgian frontier and was engaged with Blücher. The next day Blücher took a beating at Ligny, but Wellington held a French attack at Quatre Bras. In this action, the Duke was so far forward that he was nearly cut off and escaped only by jumping his horse over some of his own Infantry. He moved his army back from Quatre Bras to Waterloo.

The battle, which was to be the last for both Wellington and Napoleon — and the first in which they had faced each other — opened about 11.30 on the morning of 18 June 1815.

Wellington had his favourite defensive position, on the reverse of a hill, the crest of which helped to shield his Infantry from artillery fire. Napoleon attacked with his men in columns, as his Marshals had in the Peninsula, and Wellington met them with his troops in lines, as he had in the Peninsula. "He [the Emperor] just moved forward in the old

style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style," wrote the Duke afterwards. The French Cavalry broke time and again against British squares and guns.

In the afternoon, and not before time, Blücher arrived with his Prussians and began to press on the French flank. Napoleon made desperate new efforts against Wellington, whose line was showing signs of strain. But Wellington's men held. The last French attack by 6000 men of the Imperial Guard was repulsed, and Wellington rode forward on Copenhagen, his famous charger, and raised his cocked hat to signal the advance. The shattered French army was swept back.

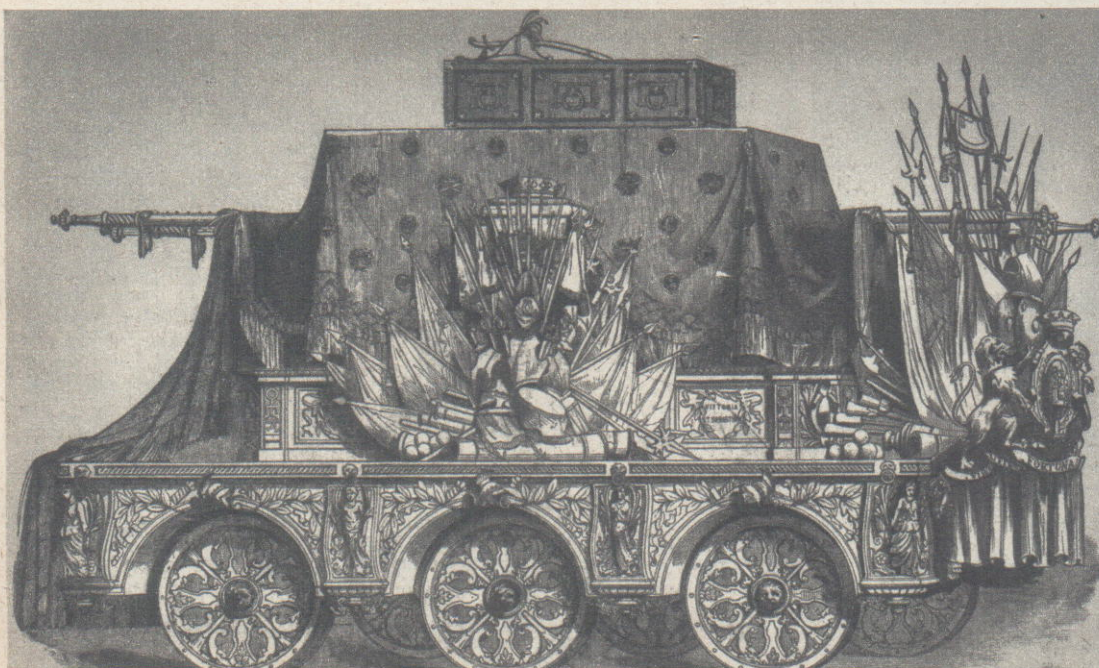
The Duke was everywhere on that battlefield, at one time reforming a shaky line of Infantry within 20 yards of the French, like a company commander. "The finger of Providence was upon me," he wrote that night, "and I escaped unhurt."

Waterloo was, in the Duke's words, "the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life," and he commented, "By God, I don't think it would have been done if I had not been there." He also said that if he had had his old Peninsular army he would have attacked Napoleon without waiting for Blücher and "should have swept him off the face of the earth in two hours." He wept when he saw the casualty lists. "Next to a battle lost," he said, "the greatest misery is a battle gained."

Wellington and Blücher chased the French to Paris, where the Duke became commander of the army of occupation. He was surrounded with gay company. He was seen squiring ladies on merry-go-rounds; he even let them ride Copenhagen. At his house, a favourite frolic was for the gentlemen to pull the ladies through the polished corridors on the carpets, and it was not unknown for the ladies to give the Iron Duke a ride in this way.

After the occupation of France, diplomacy and politics claimed Wellington's attention again. He became a Cabinet Minister and Prime Minister. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, a

OVER



The Great Duke (Cont'd)

post his political duties caused him to resign twice.

Though crusted and formidable in later years, he always found a guinea for an old soldier and always had a soft spot for children.

The Duke died, aged 83, loaded with honours. He was a Duke not only of Britain but of Spain, France and Portugal; he was Marshal of seven armies.

He lay in state for five days at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and 200,000 people filed past. His funeral was an immense affair at which every regiment of the British Army was represented.

There were many monuments to him, including a 40-ton equestrian statue which stood on top of the triumphal arch at Hyde-Park Corner, opposite Apsley House, the home the nation gave the Duke. This statue is now at Aldershot.

Wellington College, in Berkshire, was founded by public subscription and with a Royal Charter in 1853, as a memorial to the Duke. Its chief function was to educate the sons of dead officers.

The Duke's name was taken for scores of Wellington Roads and Squares, for communities ranging from the capital of New Zealand to tiny townships, for a channel in the Canadian Arctic, an island in Chile, a group of rocks in Northern Nigeria (which offers some resemblance to his profile) and a military cantonment in Madras. And the Duke's victories, especially Waterloo, are similarly and universally commemorated.

The Duke's chestnut charger, Copenhagen, was bought for him in 1807 and thereafter shared all his battles. He was bad-tempered and nearly killed Wellington in the first hours of triumph after Waterloo. Copenhagen lived to be 27.



WHAT THE DUKE SAID:

WHEN war is concluded all animosity should be forgotten.

Iwould sacrifice Gwalior, or every portion of India, ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith... What brought me through many difficulties in the war (against the Mahrattas) and the negotiations for peace? The British good faith, and nothing else.

THERE is nothing more certain than that of one hundred affairs ninety-nine might be posted up at the market-cross without injury to the public interests; but the misfortune is that where public business is the subject of general conversation, and is not kept a secret as a matter of course, upon every occasion, it is very difficult to keep it secret upon that occasion on which it is necessary... What I recommend to you is far removed from mystery; in fact I recommend silence upon the public business upon all occasion, in order to avoid the necessity of mystery upon any.

IN all retreats, it must be recollected that they are safe and easy, in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps.

AND WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE DUKE:

Field-Marshal Lord Wavell in "The Good Soldier":

AN able but somewhat cautious strategist, he had learned his warfare in India on a bullock-cart standard, and was sure and steady rather than brilliant. He was above all a master of defence, but his attack at Assaye, his crossing of the Douro, the counter-stroke at Salamanca showed that he could be bold and aggressive when opportunity offered. The methods on which he used the British line to defeat the French column proved deep and sound tactical thought. His dealings both with his own Government and with his allies show admirable common-sense and tact. He had less fire than Napoleon but sounder judgment. The soundest of all great generals, possibly.

* * *

Wellington, a master of tactics in the open field, made a mess of his sieges (e.g. Badajoz, Burgos, San Sebastian) and sacrificed good Infantry because his Artillery and engineer material was insufficient. Yet no one has suggested that Badajoz proved the worthlessness of Infantry.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart in "Famous British Generals":

HE was the least militaristic of soldiers and free from the lust of glory. It was because he saw the value of peace that he became so unbeatable in war. For he kept his end in view, instead of falling in love with the means. Unlike Napoleon, he was not infected by the romance of war, which germinates illusions and self-deceptions.

Major E. W. Sheppard, in his "Short History of the British Army":

WELLINGTON's character as a General — though not, it is to be hoped, as a man — was essentially English. In his lucid common-sense, his grasp of realities, his wide statesmanlike outlook, his power of seeing and seizing the fleeting opportunity, his timely caution and his equally timely daring — above all in what the French call his "phlegm," which means in essence the power of rising superior to, rather than being controlled by, fortune, whether smiling or adverse — he remains without superior and with but few equals among the great commanders of history. Above all the lesser men who

IT is expected that people will become soldiers in the line, and leave their families to starve, when, if they become soldiers in the militia, their families are provided for. This is an inconsistency that must strike the mind of even the least reflecting of mankind. What is the consequence? That none but the worst description of men enter the regular service.

THE desire to be forward in engaging the enemy is not uncommon in the British army; but that quality which I wish to see the officers possess... is a cool, discriminating judgment in action, which will enable them to decide with promptitude how far they can and ought to go.

THEY looked upon me with a kind of jealousy because I was a lord's son, a "sprig of nobility," who came into the Army more for ornament than use... They thought I could not be trusted alone with a division... When the Horse Guards are obliged to employ one of those fellows like me in whom they have no confidence, they give him what is called a *second in command* — one in whom they have confidence — a kind of dry nurse.

THE French generals planned their campaigns like sets of splendid harness which answered very well until it got broken and then was useless. Now I made my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on.

surrounded him his genius towers, cold and awe-inspiring indeed, but shining and magnificent, like an Alpine peak in the clear light of morning.

Private William Wheeler of the 51st of Foot, who had fought under Wellington, in "The Letters of Private Wheeler":

IF England should require the service of her army again, and I should be with it, let me have 'Old Nosey' to command. Our interests would be sure to be looked into, we should never have occasion to fear an enemy. There are two things we should be certain of. First, we should always be as well supplied with rations as the nature of the service would admit. The second is we should be sure to give the enemy a d—d good thrashing. What can a soldier desire more?

Napoleon, talking to Marshal Soult on the morning of Waterloo:

BECAUSE you have been beaten by Wellington, you consider him a great general. And I tell you that Wellington is a bad general, that the English are bad soldiers and the whole thing will be a walk-over. We shall sleep in Brussels tonight.

Arthur Bryant in "Years of Victory":

IF genius is an infinite capacity for anticipating and taking pains, Arthur Wellesley possessed it in supreme measure. He left little to chance. He foresaw every contingency and took the necessary steps to meet it... He looked facts in the face, and men too. Of the latter his views were seldom sanguine... Yet, though he... planted few seeds of love and growth in men's hearts, he was adept in the difficult art of shaping human materials for the purposes for which he needed them. Not expecting too much of men, he seldom tried them too high.



Left: The great mansion at Hyde Park Corner, stoned by a Victorian mob, more recently (and more seriously) damaged by Hitler, is now Wellington Museum.



Right: Still occupying a flat in Apsley House is the seventh Duke of Wellington. His country seat is Stratfieldsaye House, near Reading, for which he pays a token rent annually to the Sovereign. During the late war the seventh Duke served with the British Expeditionary Force, and in the Middle East and Italy. His son, Major the Marquess of Douro MC, is in the Royal Horse Guards. The Duke takes a historian's interest in the life of his famous ancestor; he published "The Iconography of the First Duke of Wellington" in 1935.

In honour of The Duke, Apsley House is reopened:

Number 1, London

TO the postman, Apsley House, town home of the Dukes of Wellington, is No. 149 Piccadilly. The facetious address "Number One, London" was probably hatched by a Victorian journalist.

Today the mansion is open to the public as the Wellington Museum. At a cost of £50,000 the Ministry of Works has restored the historic rooms and galleries, damaged by bomb explosions during the late war.

The building makes a fine memorial to the great soldier. It contains a number of his art treasures, his field marshal's bat-

tons, his swords, orders and decorations, and much of his costly plate and porcelain. It houses even more intimate relics, notably his dressing-case complete with toothbrushes and pills (compound of rhubarb and calomel).

Still preserved are strips of prepared skin on which the Duke wrote messages to his commanders at Waterloo. One of them, referring to the fire at the Chateau of Hougomont, shows what

a detailed interest he took in the battle:

"I see that the fire has communicated itself from the haystack to the roof of the Chateau. You must, however, still keep your men in those parts to which the fire does not reach. Take care that no men are lost by the falling in of the roof or floors. — After they have both fallen in, occupy the ruined walls inside of the garden; particularly if it should be possible for the enemy to pass through the embers in the inside of the house."

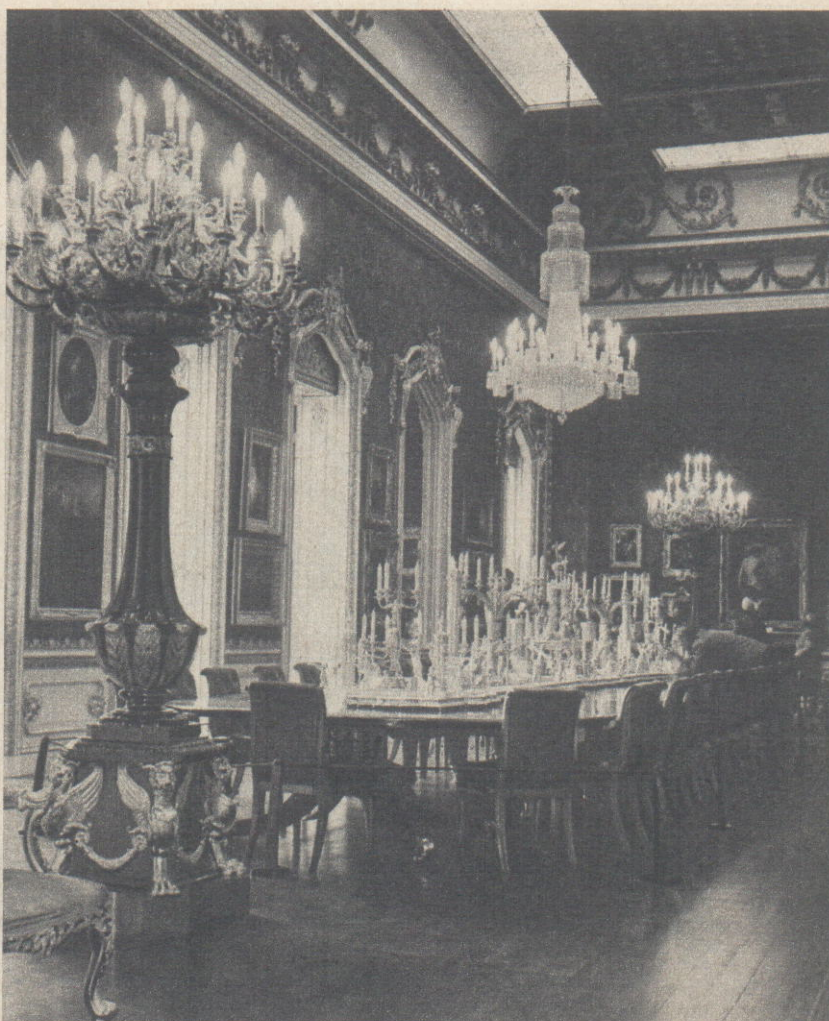
The most arresting apartment in Apsley House is the Waterloo Gallery, with its view over Hyde Park. Here, amid heroic silver statues and huge candelabra of Siberian porphyry, the Duke annually held a banquet attended by officers who served under

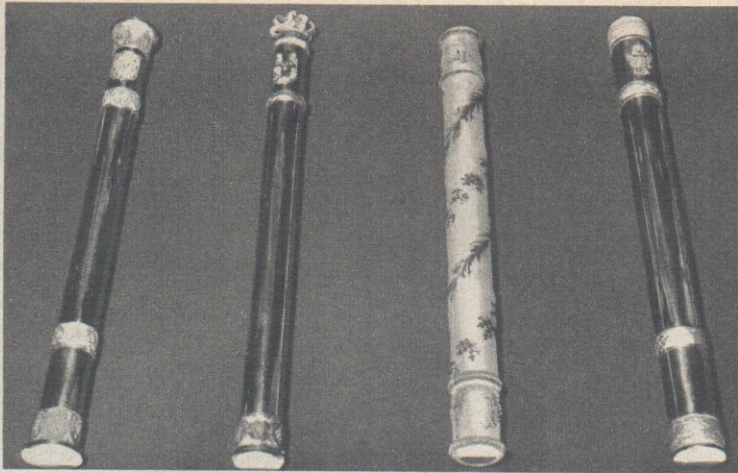
him on the Field of Waterloo. Originally the guests were senior officers, but as the years went by those who had been junior officers on the battlefield were also invited. If the food at this banquet was as rich as the decorations, there may well have been a run on rhubarb and calomel on the following day.

On the walls of the Waterloo Gallery are pictures captured by the Duke at Vittoria from Joseph Bonaparte, who had looted them from the Spanish Royal House. Later, when the Duke was planning to return them, the King of Spain, touched by such delicacy, begged him to keep "that which has come into your possession by means as just as they are honourable."

OVER

Right: In this glittering gallery, the first Duke annually held a banquet attended by Waterloo officers. Below: Centre-piece of the famous Portuguese Service, now reassembled for the first time in living memory.





The Duke's batons are on view: he was also field-marshal of the armies of Spain, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, Austria and Hanover.

No. 1, London (Continued)

An outstanding picture in this gallery is the great equestrian portrait of the Duke by Goya, painted in Madrid in 1812 after the liberation of that city by Wellington.

The Duke's friend, Mrs. Arbuthnot, strongly disagreed with the Duke's decision to clothe the walls of the gallery with yellow damask, "which is just the very worst colour he can have for pictures and will kill the effect of the gilding. However, he will have it."

The largest exhibit in Apsley House is Canova's statue of Napoleon in the nude pose of a

Roman emperor. Napoleon disliked the statue, not because he was portrayed in a fig-leaf, but because the winged victory in his hand had her back turned to him. Wellington may have had his own reservations about the statue. It was a gift from his Sovereign.

The Duke extended Apsley House in 1828-29 and was much vexed at being "cheated and imposed upon." During the radical troubles stones were thrown through his windows. On one occasion the Duke drew up plans to withstand a siege in Apsley House, even siting an armed soldier in the Duchess's bathroom.

As a compliment to the Duke, the Guards always marched to attention past Apsley House.



Even the ice pails portrayed deeds of valour. This, from the Prussian Service, shows the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE Duke of Wellington's mother was a little different from other soldiers' mothers, in that she described him as "food for powder" and nothing else.

Most mothers, understandably, regard their sons as much too good for powder.

There are still some mothers who deem their boys too good to be exposed to Army cooking, Army beds and Army NCO's. A few think it degrading that their sons should have to wash and darn their own socks and peel potatoes. Other mothers are delighted (secretly or otherwise) that their shiftless offspring should be made to do such humdrum tasks for a change.

Of late, the Army has been wooing "Mum," seeking to get in her good books. A unit with an outstanding recruiting record attributes its success, in part, to inviting "Mum" to attend "at homes" and showing her that life in the Army is not the squalid hell she may have supposed.

The wooing of "Mum" was going along well, until two officers, interviewed at an Army cooking contest, told the press that many mothers did not know how to cook. Recruits arrived in the Army unused to good and varied food, having been reared on fish and chips and egg and chips. The Army showed them what good food was, and educated their appetites.

What a howling heresy — that the Army can cook better than "Mum"! Yet those officers may have been uncomfortably near the truth. Four million mothers had much to argue about that day.

Happily, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim came along on the radio a few nights afterwards with a very fine tribute to "Mum." Indeed, "Mum" has been all of a flutter ever since. She heard how the Field-Marshal's mother used to write to him, in two world wars: "Take what care of yourself you can, consistent with your duty."

Field-Marshal Slim said that during the war he had visited two elderly mothers in one day. One was Queen Mary in Marlborough House; the other was the mother of the soldier who drove his car in Burma, in her much-bombed home in the East end of London. "I suppose you might say they were at opposite ends of the social scale... but, believe me, in courtesy, kindness, pride in their country, in courage and in humour, they were sisters — just British."

No doubt the Duke of Wellington's mother was not so different at heart!

SOLDIER appeared in the public pillory the other day.

The pillory is the "This England" column of the *New Statesman and Nation*, readers of which are invited to contribute any fatuous, inept or otherwise excruciating items they may find in the current press.

Somebody earned five shillings for submitting the following sentence from a book review in *SOLDIER*:

"It [the book] contains, among more orthodox matters, useful advice on how to shoot up a room full of people."

Jolly funny, isn't it? Or is it? *SOLDIER*'s reviewer wrote the sentence that way on purpose, hoping that the reader, after a chuckle, would take time off to think.

War is a ruthless business, and many times during the late unpleasantness it fell to desperate men, on both sides, to shoot up a room full of people. One desperate man, it may be remembered, earned a posthumous Victoria Cross in so doing, in an enemy-held building which he had reason to suppose was Rommel's headquarters.

This may prompt the reflection that if a man can earn the Victoria Cross for shooting up a room full of people, there must be something to be said for it.

It seems to *SOLDIER* that if an Infantryman, in certain circumstances, has to destroy his enemy indoors, he may as well know the right way of carrying out the assignment, at the minimum danger to himself. Just as, if he must fight with flame, he should know how to do it without burning himself and his comrades.

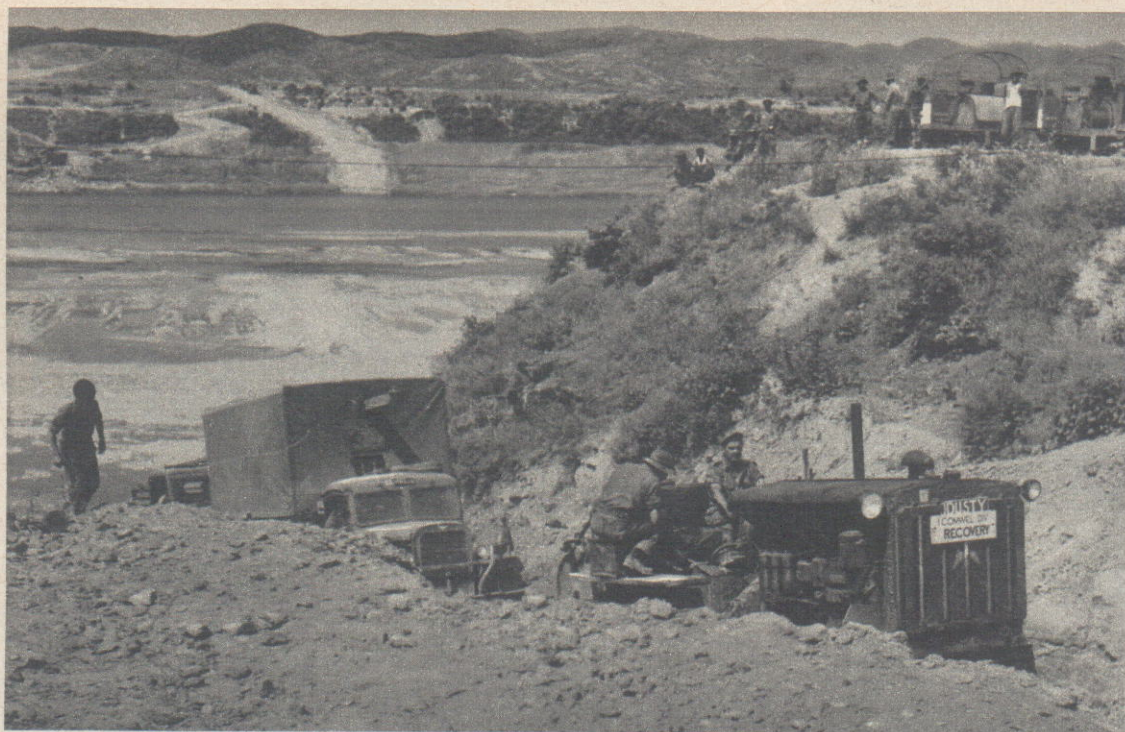
SOLDIER's heartfelt hope is that in the "next war" it will not fall to a member of the *New Statesman* staff to shoot up a room full of people before he has been given a few tips on how to do it.

TO Londoners the White City stadium suggests dog racing, athletics, boxing and horse shows. Why should it not become equally renowned for its annual searchlight tattoo?

It was a sound move by the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association to stage a military show there this year. For with the lapsing of the famous Aldershot and Tidworth tattoos post-war Britain has need of colour. That there is a public for tattoos is shown by the White City figures (100,000 during the three nights) and the success of the Edinburgh Castle tattoos.

A display of the White City type is not a challenge to the Royal Tournament, the success of which lies in its intimacy. The White City gives more room for manoeuvre and, as the helicopter spy-rescue scene showed, allows space for ambitious set pieces.

Next year is Coronation year. The chance to repeat the White City venture should not be missed.



Up from the Imjin comes a recovery tractor, towing a string of vehicles up a steep, muddy gradient.

Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards has been nominated a heavy aid detachment because of the amount of major repairs and assemblies which are done on the spot. Working day and night, they can remove and replace the gearbox, clutch and engine of a tank in 48 hours.

Recovery of Centurions was at one time a big problem. Wheeled vehicles were found to be incapable of carrying a tank over Korean roads. Men of REME recovered a knocked-out tank, removed the turret, fitted a strong towing bar to the rear, and used it to pull many tanks from the battlefields. Without its aid the tanks would have had to be destroyed or have been captured by the Chinese. This adapted tank has also been used as an Infantry carrier, ammunition vehicle and ambulance.

The new Centurion Armoured Recovery Vehicle manned by REME has also done sterling work on the battlefield. One snag is the vulnerability of the crews, who on several occasions have found themselves playing hit-and-run, or hide-and-seek with Chinese snipers. During one battle this detachment replaced the final drives of three tanks within 1000 yards of the enemy.

When asked by the Staff to produce an armoured ambulance, craftsmen set to and modified a universal Bren-carrier, which proved so successful that eventually ten were made and issued to the Infantry battalions. One of the first patients to be carried was a REME officer.

Roads rising from Korean river bridges sometimes have a gradient as steep as one in four. In order to help those vehicles which lack sufficient power, or which flounder hopelessly in the rainy season, tractors have been assigned to stand permanently by to aid the distressed. **OVER**

KOREA: KEEPING THE WHEELS TURNING

Craftsmen of Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand give of their best in a land where everything wears out twice as fast

Report by Major Hugh Pond MC, Military Observer in Korea

IN 1st Commonwealth Division, the story of REME is also the story of RCEME, RAEME and RNZEME.

It needs no hard sleuthing to discover that these expanded initials represent the Electrical and Mechanical Engineers of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. All of them come under the proud command of an officer whose home is in Lancashire: Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Good.

In a country of notorious roads, where the cold in winter is enough (in the words of a Canadian craftsman) to "freeze the nuts off a jeep's differentials," and the summer heat will allow eggs to be fried on sun-scorched stones, the wear-and-tear on vehicles, guns and other equipment is double that of any other Far Eastern command. Everything must be inspected far more frequently than by European standards.

Each brigade of the Division has its Infantry workshop. An unusual innovation was the formation last year of a divisional tele-communications workshop, in which all the wireless and other communication equipment, which cannot be repaired within a unit, is repaired centrally under

A general view of 10 Infantry Workshops, showing jeep-repairing bays, with the instruments section in the background.

one command. This was found necessary owing to the very high proportion of such equipment in the Division, and a greater than normal use of wireless. By this means, in one three-months period, a total of 1375 wireless sets were repaired.

A divisional recovery company was also formed, from vehicles taken from workshops, and this

operates well forward so as to be able to collect and backload vehicles with the least delay.

Some idea of the quantity of work that has to be tackled can be gained from these figures for one period of four months. The total of A and B vehicles which came into the three Infantry workshops was 2472. Of these 1542 were repaired and returned to units. Some 859 were backloaded to Japan for repair and only four vehicles were found to be beyond economical repair.

The REME section which maintains the Centurions of the 5th





Left: The simple prize-winning stove which earned Lance-Corporal Alec Main a spell of leave in Tokyo. Above: Digger, Pommie, Canuck and Kiwi—otherwise (left to right) Craftsman Bruce Dittmar from Adelaide, Craftsman Sid Diss from Suffolk, Lance-Corporal Edgar Pineault from Quebec, and WO II Nick Carter from Auckland.

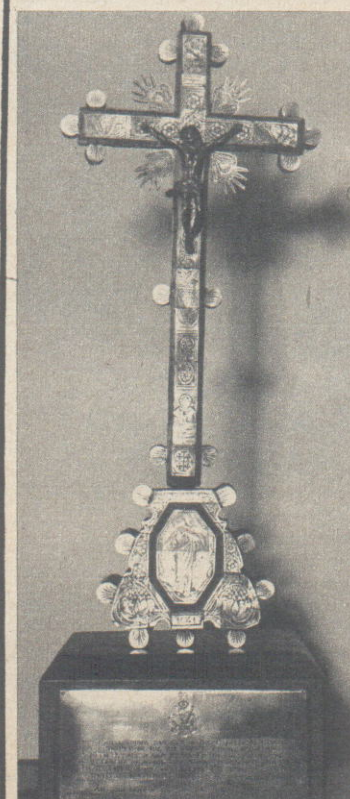
KOREA (Continued)

Not all REME's commitments are in the vehicular line. With the arrival of winter last year it was found that there were not enough petrol space heaters. A period of leave in Tokyo was offered as prize to the man who could produce from scrap, or available material, an efficient and non-lethal stove. Some weird and wonderful inventions were produced. One very large and complicated machine was under the charge of a serjeant with a Korean assistant. On the command "light" he ordered forward the Korean, who had a very scared expression on his face. When asked why he left this task to his assistant, the serjeant replied: "This stove sometimes flashes back, so I always have a Korean to light it as they haven't very much hair." Sure enough, when the match was dropped in there was a dull explosion and a singed Korean appeared from a cloud of smoke.

The final design chosen was an adapted 20-pounder brass shell case. A ring of holes at the base supplied an air draught up a chimney made from empty pudding tins, and a regulated petrol drip produced constant flame. Thousands of these heaters have been made in the Division, and have given comfort and "brew ups" to front-line Infantry.

At times, craftsmen have been called upon to provide combat squads in anti-guerrilla sweeps, and they have proved themselves competent soldiers. In their less busy spells they have been able to divert some of their ingenuity to making themselves more comfortable. All sorts of improvised buildings have been constructed, and many little luxuries devised — chairs made from NAAFI beer crates, baths from 40-gallon oil drums, and ingenious hot and cold showers.

It is a maxim among Commonwealth troops, as among those from Britain, that any fool can be uncomfortable.



The CROSS of SEOUL

A 300-year-old crucifix found by a trooper of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars among the ransacked belongings of the Bishop of Seoul will soon find a temporary resting place in Westminster Abbey.

When the war in Korea is over the 8th Hussars will return it to Seoul Cathedral as a memorial to their Korean dead.

It was in March 1951 when the Korean capital had been recaptured by United Nations forces, that the 8th Hussars were detailed to guard the British Legation which stands next door to the Anglican Cathedral of Seoul.

In their off-duty moments the guard tidied up the damaged cathedral and the looted house of the Bishop. (The Bishop himself has been listed as a prisoner-of-war.)

In the Bishop's garden one trooper discovered a damaged crucifix, bearing on its mother-of-pearl face the date 1641. The Commanding Officer, Lieut-

Colonel Sir William Guy Lowther, decided to have it repaired and eventually restored as a regimental war memorial.

Twice the crucifix was taken to Japan, but no suitable repairer could be found. When the Regiment returned to Britain the missing pieces of mother-of-pearl were replaced by a firm of church fabric repairers and the crucifix was sent to Germany where the Regiment is now stationed. In transit the crucifix was again damaged and once more had to be repaired — by a German craftsman.

A metal plate is now attached to the base on which the crucifix stands. It bears these words from the hymn "O Valiant Hearts":

"All you hoped for, all you had you gave To save mankind; yourself you scorned to save."

The restored crucifix is examined (right) by the Rev. Benjamin Howarth and Lieut-Colonel Sir William Guy Lowther, commanding the 8th Hussars.

The Padre of the Regiment is anxious to discover the identity of the trooper who found the crucifix. "All I can remember is that the guard included a corporal nicknamed 'Ginger' and a Trooper Butcher," he told SOLDIER. "I believe they were all Reservists and are now out of the Army again. Life was lived at such intensity in Korea in those days that I cannot remember the name of the man who found it."





Two of the modified Weasels, with their insulated cabins. They are painted orange, in order that they may easily be seen in the snow.

ORANGE WEASELS—FOR GREENLAND

CLAIMS to have the Army's coldest job come mostly from men who work in refrigeration plants.

Henceforth such claims will raise a smile from the four British soldiers who have left Britain to spend more than two years in the wastes of North Greenland. With them went eight Army-prepared Weasels and a stock of the Army's winter-warfare clothing.

The four men, members of the 25-strong British North Greenland Expedition, are Captain J. D. Walker, Royal Engineers, Captain J. S. Agar, Royal Signals, and Staff-Serjeants S. P. Boardman and J. W. Oakley of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

They have other Service companions. A Royal Navy officer, Lieutenant-Commander C. J. W. Simpson, is the leader and there are four other Naval officers, one Royal Marine officer, two Naval petty officers and a Danish Army officer in the company, besides civilian meteorologists, seismologists, geophysicists, surveyors, glaciologists and physiologists. Royal Air Force aircraft are co-operating with the expedition.

There are two teams which will explore by Weasel (three Weasels to a team) and two dog teams. Captain Walker has charge of one Weasel party. The two staff-serjeants (both former Army apprentices at Arborfield) belong to the Weasel teams and will act as mechanics and drivers. Captain Agar is the expedition's radio officer and the petty officers are there as radio operators.

The British Army has lent machines and men to the two-year North Greenland Expedition

None of the party will limit his activities to the job on the list, however; in Arctic exploration everyone must be able to do everything. When the staff-serjeants went in front of a selection board (they were picked from 50 volunteers) they were asked whether they could cook and whether they could operate a wireless set.

The Canadian-built Weasels, obsolete now in the British Army, are themselves war veterans, and there was much to be done to fit them for the expedition. The work was undertaken by 10 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, at Mill Hill, London.

The vehicles needed a complete mechanical overhaul and a good deal of modification, for which a number of firms provided free materials. Welding and plastics made the hulls waterproof. Wooden cabins with double walls, between which was packed fibreglass as insulation against cold, were fitted to six of the vehicles. These cabins were made so that they could be lifted off and transferred, if necessary, to the two other Weasels, which are spare. The cabins were given double perspex windows. Inside went two folding stretchers, which can be used for sleeping, and a wireless set.

Heating apparatus was fitted to the engine, battery, gear-box and rear axle, to facilitate starting in temperatures below zero. On the side of each engine went a specially-built tank with a large filler-cap. Into this the crew can stuff snow which will be melted by the heat of the engine to provide fresh drinking water.

Maintenance in polar regions presents its own problems. Members of an Antarctic expedition had found they could not mend riveted Weasel tracks, so the men at Mill Hill patiently removed 22,000 rivets from the tracks and refitted the plates to endless belts with nuts and bolts.

So that a small number of men, working in Arctic conditions, could tackle the heavy job of changing an engine, each Weasel was given a fitting for a davit by means of which the old engine could be lifted out and the new one dropped in.

There were plenty of minor modifications. The Weasels received interior lighting, com-

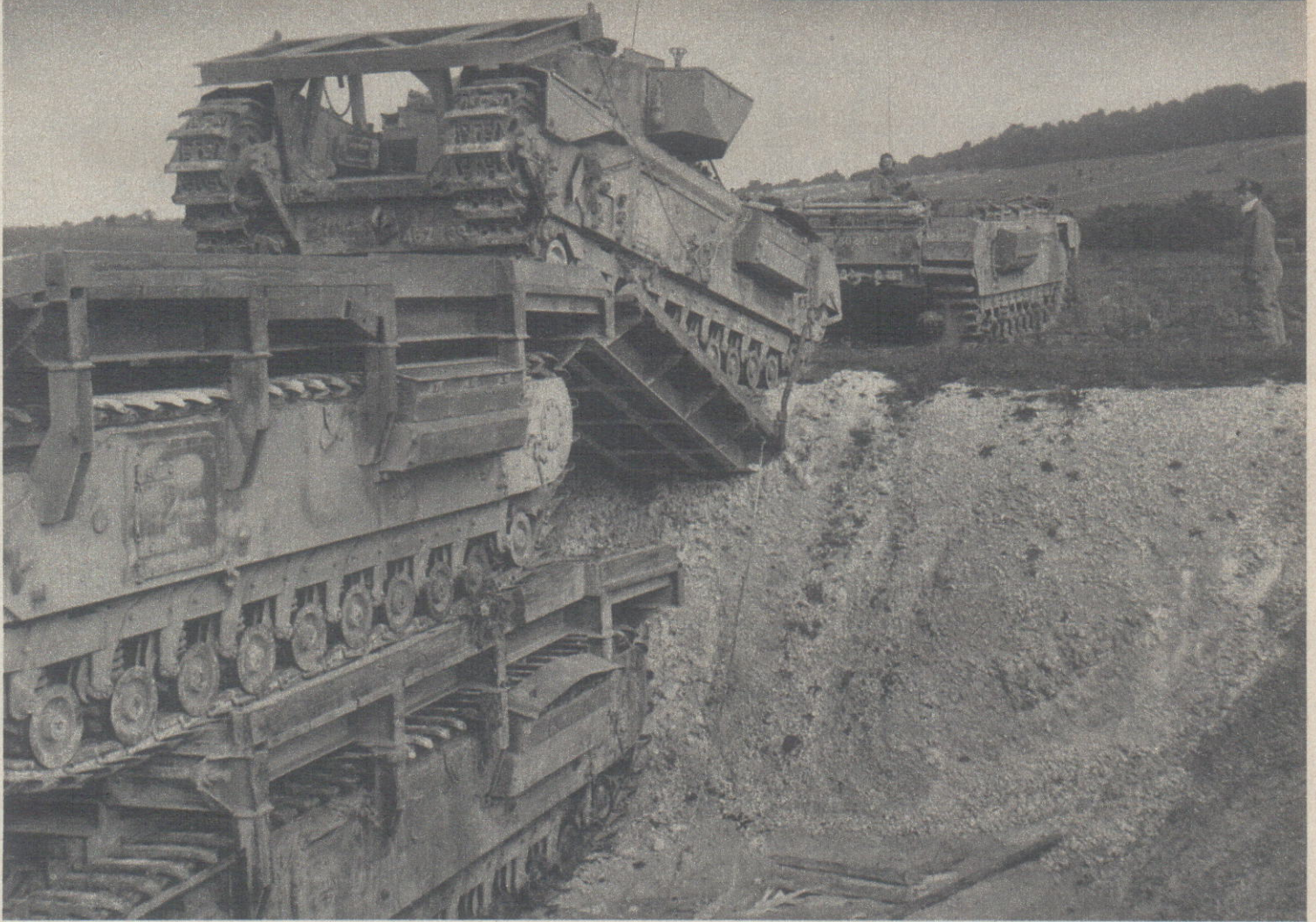
passes, seat-belts (like those in passenger aircraft) and canvas covers to go over the link between the engine and the winch and keep snow out of the engine.

The Weasels were tested in a static water-tank and on the Welsh Harp and showed they could each carry 12 men and half a ton of stores. Finally they were painted a bright orange, for recognition in the snow.

The workshops also made special lifting gear, so that the Weasels could be hoisted aboard by ship's davits and hoisted out again into the sea, to "swim" ashore. And they made "cyclometers," to fit to the aluminium sleighs the Weasels were to tow. These devices would record the distances covered by the Weasel parties and so help the navigators.



Staff-Serjeant S. P. Boardman adjusts a snow-proof canvas cover.



BACK TO THE ARK

DIM ages ago, "armoured" monsters disported on Salisbury Plain; slow-moving, deliberate saurians of frightening aspect.

Today armoured monsters still charge about on the close green turf. Among them are the mechanical "funnies" which were devised to carry the weight of modern war on their backs.

SOLDIER went to see the Territorials of 113 Assault Engineer Regiment handling the ark, the fascine tank, the bridge tank, the centaur dozer and others. Of these, the least familiar to the ordinary soldier is probably the ark, so-called because it looks not unlike the traditional Noah's Ark when its ramps are raised.

Fundamentally, the ark is a tank from which the turret has been removed and replaced by a bridge. When there is a gap — or a river — to be crossed the ark is used to plug it. If necessary another ark is driven on top of it. There is nothing to prevent a third ark being driven on to the top of the second, if the first one is reasonably level (SOLDIER understands that this has been done); but the deeper the hole the more difficulty in extracting the

first ark. At the crossing of the River Savio, in Italy, four arks linked up one behind the other to connect the two banks.

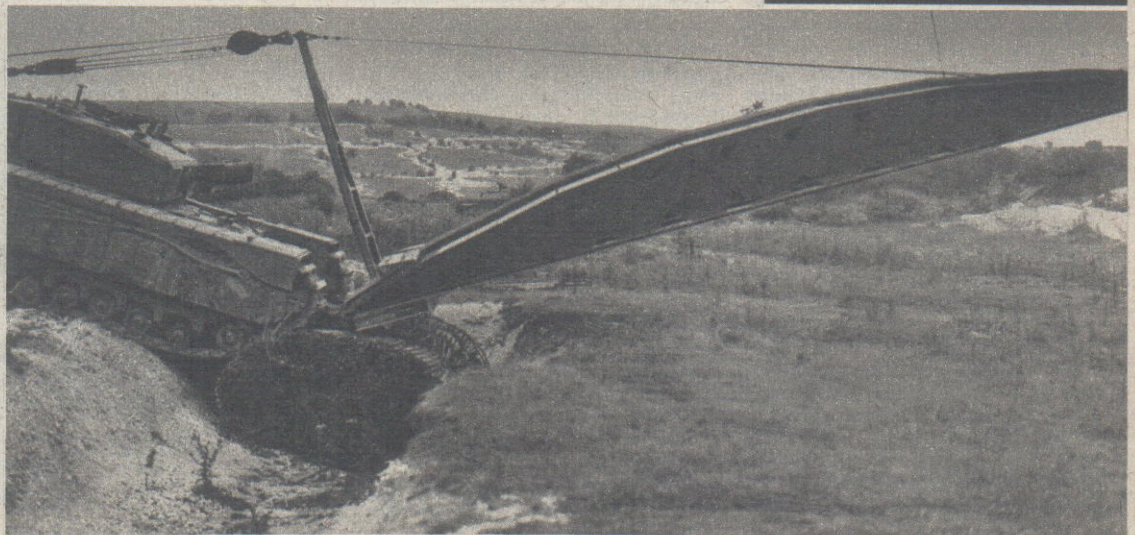
Besides bridging gaps, the ark can be used to help a tank up a sharp vertical rise, like a sea wall. The tank, for example, can negotiate the first ramp of the ark, which is lowered, and ride up the other, which is raised. Or sometimes it can bump its way up with the aid of suitably placed fascines (large bundles of saplings

or strips of rafter-like wood) which normally are used for plugging awkward gaps in the ground (see picture at foot of this page).

When the various bridge-carrying tanks are used in combination there are few obstacles which cannot be surmounted.

How is an ark recovered from a hollow into which it has been driven? With the aid of winches, plus the power of its own engine, and if necessary by cutting an exit road for it.

To transport armour across steep-sided gaps, there's nothing like a "Double Ark." Here, on Perham Down, one half of the Ark is standing on the shoulders of the other half. A fascine tank (its burden shed) is being eased down the ramp by a recovery vehicle. This was a special demonstration; armour *could* have crossed on one Ark, but it was more fun this way! Below: A bridge crosses a bridge: the fascine has been deposited in the ditch by another tank, and the bridge tank is nosing its way across. (Pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman A. BLUNDELL.)



Reservists Train on Foreign Soil

RARELY has so much of Britain's armed strength stood on foreign soil.

One result is that it becomes more and more difficult to find, in Britain, a unit which can give appropriate training to Territorials and Army Emergency Reservists called up for their annual camp.

In past years, many Territorials have gone overseas, to Germany and elsewhere, for training. This year the first batch of Army Emergency Reservists—six officers and 126 troopers of the Royal Armoured Corps—left Britain to spend their fortnight's camp in the British Army of the Rhine. All former National Servicemen, they had previously served in armoured regiments, most of them in specialist trades like those of gunner, driver and wireless operator.

The number of armoured units stationed in Britain was too small for them all to receive their refresher course on home soil. It was therefore decided to call for volunteers to go to Rhine Army, where for two weeks they would be absorbed into highly trained regiments equipped with latest machines and weapons.

The response was immediate and so unexpectedly large that many who volunteered had to be left behind in Britain or put back to receive their training in Germany at a later date.

Among the first Emergency Reservists to visit Germany were men who had been released while serving with units now in Rhine Army and who wanted to renew old friendships. Others had spent their National Service in Britain or the Middle East and welcomed the opportunity of visiting another country.

In Rhine Army, five armoured units were selected to receive the Reservists. Most of them were away from their stations, training in the field.

The regiments were agreeably surprised at the short time the Reservists needed to pick up the

threads of their military training. Those soldiers who went to the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment at their training quarters under canvas arrived shortly after seven o'clock on a Monday evening. At eight o'clock the following morning they were distributed by their trades to squadrons and began "refresher" courses on gunnery, wireless operating and tank and reconnaissance car driving. Four hours later, all except three were pronounced efficient enough to take their places in the tank crews and to set off with the Regiment on a three-days exercise. The three who required a little more instruction left to join the exercise at three o'clock the same afternoon.

Most of the Reservists had been away from the Army for a year. Some of the drivers had never

seen a Centurion tank. Also, there had been changes in gunnery and wireless procedure.

"It was not at all difficult getting back into the way of things," Trooper J. Williams, a tank driver and now a labourer in a London sugar factory, told SOLDIER. "Tank driving is rather like riding a bicycle—you never forget it."

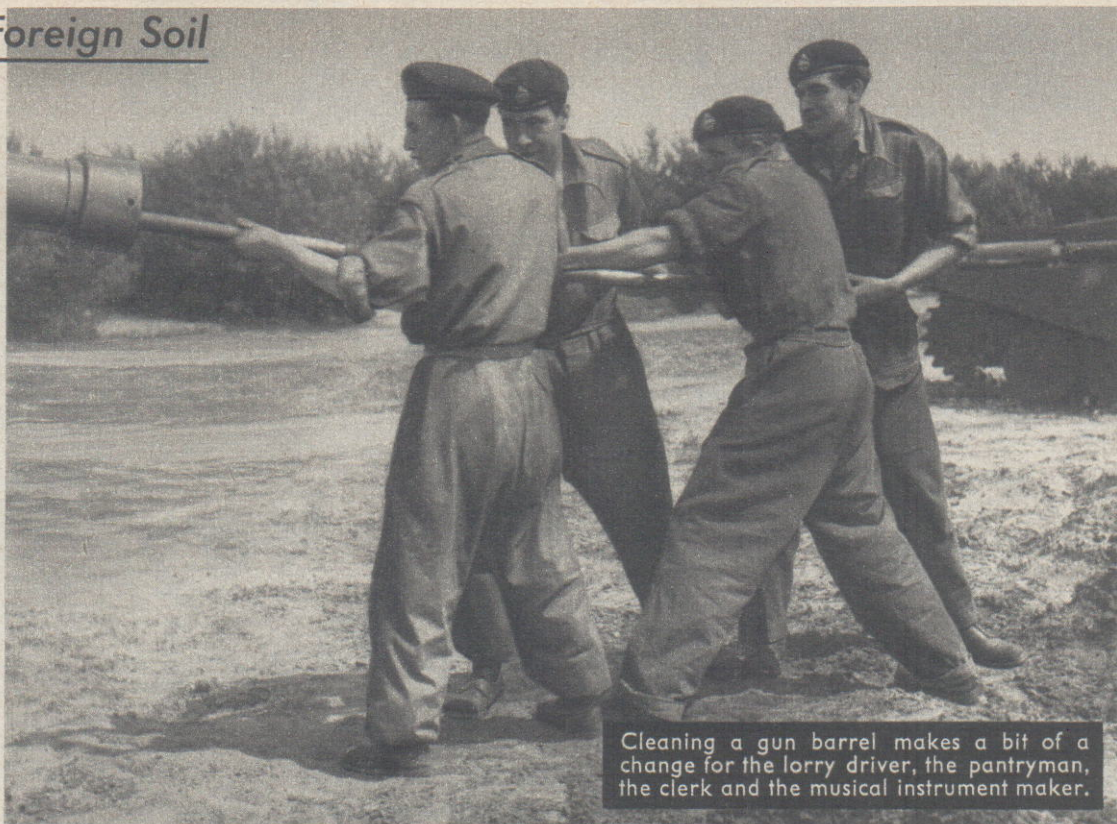
There were few evenings when the Reservists were free from training but some found the opportunity to visit nearby towns for an hour or two.

The Reservists with the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment were of widely varied occupations and came from all over Britain. Trooper D. Walters, an income-tax officer from Birmingham, took over his old job as a wireless operator; Trooper R. D. Bowers (now Police-Constable Bowers of

the Birmingham City Police Force), who served with 4th Royal Tank Regiment in Egypt, went back to a squadron headquarters as a clerk; Lieutenant G. Strivens, late of 4th Royal Tank Regiment, took over command of a troop of Centurions; and Trooper D. Messa, a commercial art student from Acton, found himself once more in the gunner's seat of a tank.

Some who had served in the same regiment during their National Service met again for the first time since their release from the Army.

Further parties of Emergency Reservists were being sent to the British Army of the Rhine throughout the summer and autumn. It is likely that many will find themselves taking part in one of the large-scale manoeuvres later in the year.



Cleaning a gun barrel makes a bit of a change for the lorry driver, the pantryman, the clerk and the musical instrument maker.

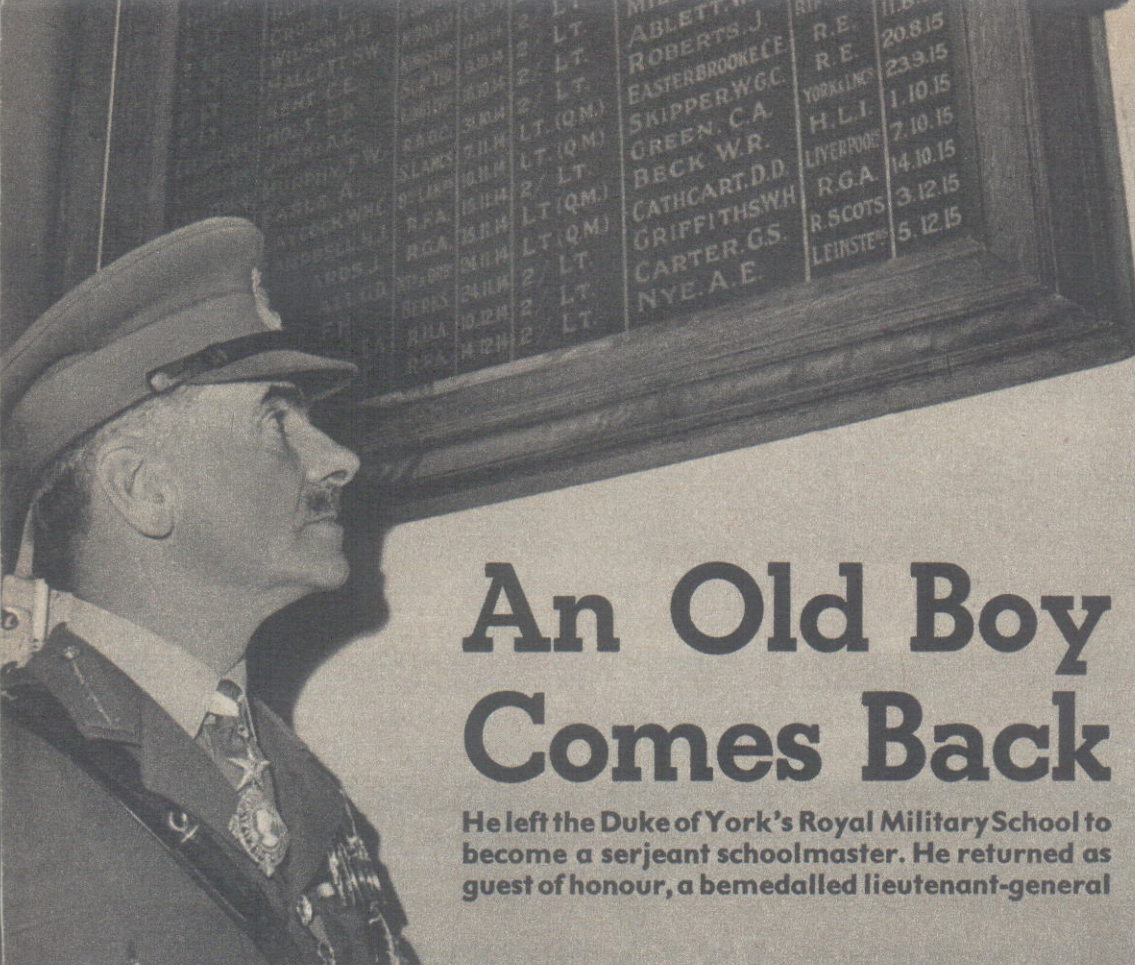
TO CAMP - IN GERMANY

A troop commander of 2nd Royal Tank Regiment goes over the Centurion's engines with a group of Emergency Reservists.



Trooper J. Williams, who left the Army only a year ago, is back at the controls of a Centurion under Serjeant M. Waller.





Lieut-General Sir Archibald Nye looks up at the board on which the date of his commission is recorded.

An Old Boy Comes Back

He left the Duke of York's Royal Military School to become a serjeant schoolmaster. He returned as guest of honour, a bemedalled lieutenant-general

AT the Duke of York's Royal Military School high on the hills behind Dover, Grand Day is the day of the year. Hundreds of proud parents and a throng of old boys turn up to watch the "Dukies" Troop the Colour.

It is a ceremony the lads perform themselves, without command or assistance from their officers or staff drill instructors. Some of the boys are still in short trousers, but they all wear uniform with their fathers' regimental badges on their lapels, and their toe-caps glisten like Guardsmen's. The senior officers who take the annual salute never fail to praise the precision of the boys' drill movements.

This year the toe-caps had that extra shine and the drill showed the extra snap that soldiers of all ages put on for a very special occasion. For the guest was himself a former "Dukie" who had risen to high rank in the Army —

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Nye, a former Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, one-time Governor of Madras, ex-High Commissioner for India and High Commissioner designate for Canada.

Of all the boys who have achieved military distinction (the record includes: two generals, ten brigadiers, 16 lieutenant-colonels, one VC, six DSO's, 44 Military Crosses, 46 DCM's and 60 Military Medals) ex-Boy Nye holds a perhaps unique place in the hearts of present-day pupils. For he has played no small part in widening the scholastic opportunities of the school.

Among the spectators who watched the General inspect the ranks while the school band (100 strong with the corps of drums) played waltzes, was his old schoolmaster, 86-year-old Major B. Dryer, who retired 30 years ago. He was teaching at the School when it was at the Duke of York's Headquarters in King's Road, Chelsea. In September 1904, nine-year-old Archibald Nye arrived a shy, new boy. He had been entered by his father who was a serjeant-major in the Oxford regiment of Light Infantry. He became No. 24 in A Company (it was later renamed Wolfe Company and the number is now held by Corporal Roy Tyrrell).

"Boy Nye was very clever and we knew he would go far," said Major Dryer as he eyed the row of medals and the stars of the Orders that hung from the General's uniform. "He came top of 100 boys, so I put him up to the next class a year before his time. When he was 15 he became a student. That is, he stayed on as a junior teacher to instruct the younger lads. By that time, of course, we had moved from Chelsea to here. Boy Nye became Serjeant Nye of the Corps of Army Schoolmasters."

In 1915 Serjeant Nye became Second-Lieutenant Nye in the Leinster Regiment. When it was disbanded with other Irish battalions in 1923 he transferred to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. His old school watched his rise through Staff College to become battalion commander, War Office staff officer and brigade commander.

In 1945, when he became one of the Commissioners of the Duke of York's School, he helped to broaden the syllabus so that today the education is many-sided and provides a boy with either the normal academic education of the Grammar school type, a secondary modern school education or a secondary technical training. Boys likely to benefit from higher education may stay until they have completed their course of studies, which may take them to the age of 18. This is a far cry from the



A prize, and a hand-shake, for 11-year-old Boy P. Stopford. The prize was a book token.



Lieutenant-General Nye takes the salute as the boys march past.

days when every boy left at 14 and openings in the Army for boys were limited.

Since the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, opened in 1947, 16 "Dukies" have passed out as officers. Many others have gone into the Army apprentices' schools and the new Infantry Boys Battalion, while those who did not choose a Service life have gone to the universities, into the Civil Service, the Church and the professions. But 70 per cent of the boys still go into the Armed Forces. They know that today they can, with luck, rise higher than their fathers in the Service.

The widening of the syllabus has extended the popularity of the School, which next year celebrates its 150th anniversary. More and more soldiers are entering their sons' names. First consideration is always given to orphans,

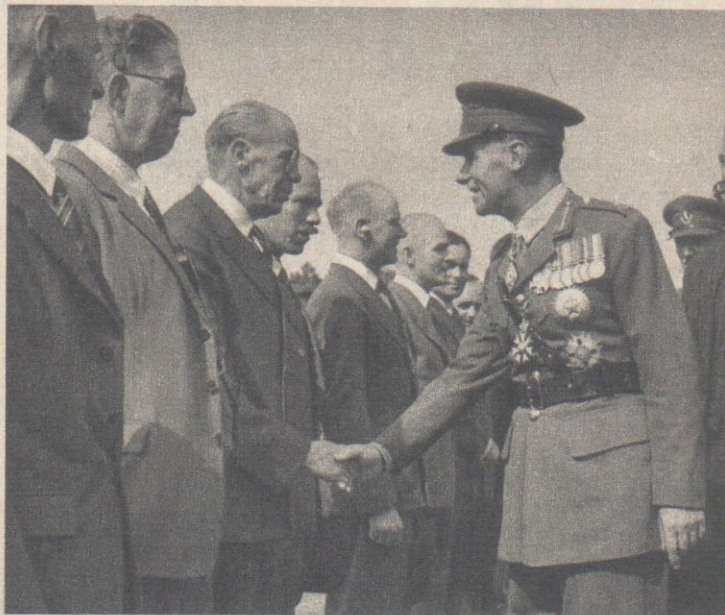
for the free education at the Royal Military School is an acknowledgment of the father's service. At present one boy in four is the son of a soldier who died in action. A father who has given outstanding service is never overlooked. The Commissioners do not forget the School's motto — "Sons of the Brave" — when making decisions. At the same time the boy's own ability and personality are taken into account.

The Duke of York's is open to the son of any soldier who has served in the non-commissioned ranks of the embodied Army. This can include war-time soldiers and even National Servicemen who have fought in such campaigns as those in Korea and Malaya. At the moment one applicant in six is lucky, for the School's limit is about 400. As so many officers have served in the ranks, many "Dukies" are the sons of captains, majors and colonels.

Apart from free education (even accommodation and clothing are provided), sport is a great attraction. At Soccer the boys this year have played Lancing and Westminster and teams from Corinthian-Casuals and London University. They also play rugby, cricket, tennis, hockey and basketball, and spend much of their time swimming, shooting and boxing.

Before he left on Grand Day the General gave this advice for success to the new generation: "Develop a capacity for hard work. Do everything with a will. Even if it is only a small thing like cleaning a pair of shoes, make sure that no one else has cleaned a pair of shoes as well as you are going to."

PETER LAWRENCE



Greetings for another old pupil, Captain W. H. Williams, who was a student-teacher at the School 49 years ago. Below: The General shares a two-way wireless set with 17-year-old Corporal Keith Stracchino. Fifteen-year-old Boy David Mead looks on. On the boys' lapels are the badges of their fathers' regiments.



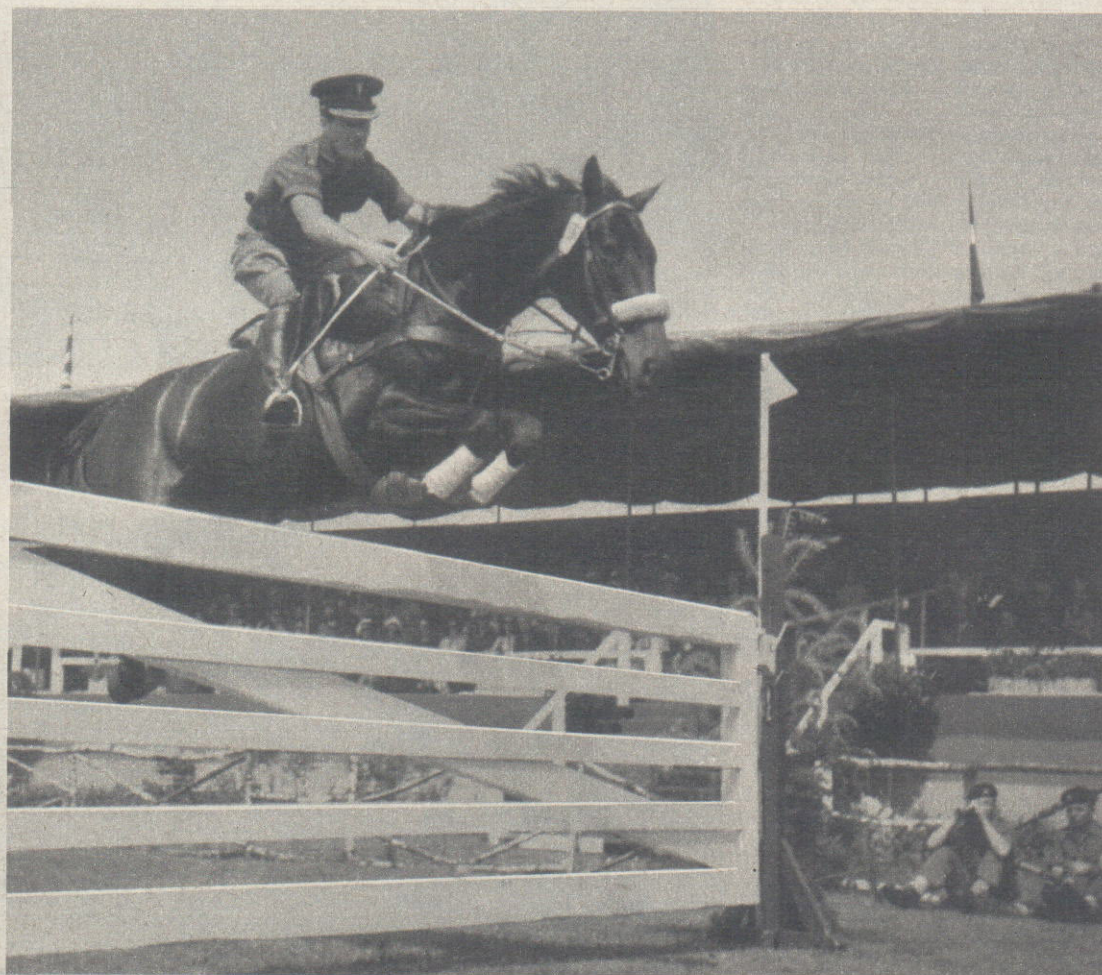


What is a horse show without music? Massed pipers of three regiments play at Bad Lippspringe. Right: Major P. H. Jackson, 10th Hussars, takes a jump on Balbo.



SEVEN NATIONS IN THE SADDLE

When Rhine Army staged a two-day horse show, Olympic riders of Argentine and Germany competed against military teams of five nations



Most successful British rider at the meeting was Major G. B. Gibbon, Welsh Guards. He won the Grade "B" jumping.

OVER the loudspeakers came announcements in four languages. Above the grandstand fluttered the flags of seven nations: the Argentine, Belgium, Britain, Denmark, France, Germany and Holland.

The occasion was Rhine Army's two-day horse show at Bad Lippspringe in the British Zone of Germany: the largest show of its kind yet organised.

In the stands, round the jumping rings and in the refreshment tents soldiers of all the allied armies in Germany rubbed shoulders. A party of Russian officers paid a courtesy visit. And, since the weather was brilliant, the ladies were able to put on something of an international fashion show.

The show attracted more than 250 entries from units in the British and French zones. In special events there were competitors from the German and Argentine Olympic teams.

The Germans won the international team jumping contest and the Argentine team the triple team relay, in which the 10th Hussars were third. Argentine riders also won the McCreery Cup for open jumping, the 1st Corps Cup for the most powerful jumper, the 7th Armoured Brigade Cup for open jumping and 5th Infantry Division Cup for jumping at speed.

The most successful British rider was Major G. B. Gibbon of the Welsh Guards, who won the challenge cup for grade "B" jumping and was second in the grade "B" jumping for the British Troops Berlin Cup and the "Touch and Out" competition for the 4th Armoured Brigade Cup.

Captain A. Darley, Royal Horse Guards, won the 2nd Infantry Division Cup for combined dressage and jumping, and Major R. M. Burke, Hanover District, won the "Touch and Out" event. The British Troops Berlin Cup was



Lieutenant-General A. D. Ward, G.O.C. 1st Corps (left) was among the spectators. Above: Lieut-Colonel Molinuevo, captain of the Argentine team.

First-aid for damaged jumps was provided by men of the 3rd Hussars. Below (right): Lady Harding pins rosettes on the French team which was third in the international jumping event.

awarded to Captain J. W. Scott of the Grenadier Guards.

The best Rhine Army team were 10th Hussars, who won the inter-regimental jumping from 3rd Hussars, with 17/21st Lancers third.

On each of the two days, two of Germany's best-known riders—Baroness Ida von Nagel and Herr H. Pollay—gave a remarkable display of a mounted *pas-de-deux*. There was also a polo match between 6th and 11th Armoured Divisions which was refereed by General Sir John Harding, Rhine Army's Commander-in-Chief and CIGS-designate. The match ended in a draw.

There was military spectacle too, such as has not been seen in Germany for many years—a cavalcade of colour in which officers of 12 British Cavalry regiments and a Horse Gunner appeared in full ceremonial dress mounted on horseback. As each officer appeared in the arena to the accompaniment of his regimental

march played by the band of the 3rd Hussars, the crowd rose to its feet and cheered. They cheered, as loudly a little later when the massed pipe bands of three Scottish regiments—the Royal Scots, the Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Seaforth Highlanders—swung into the arena.

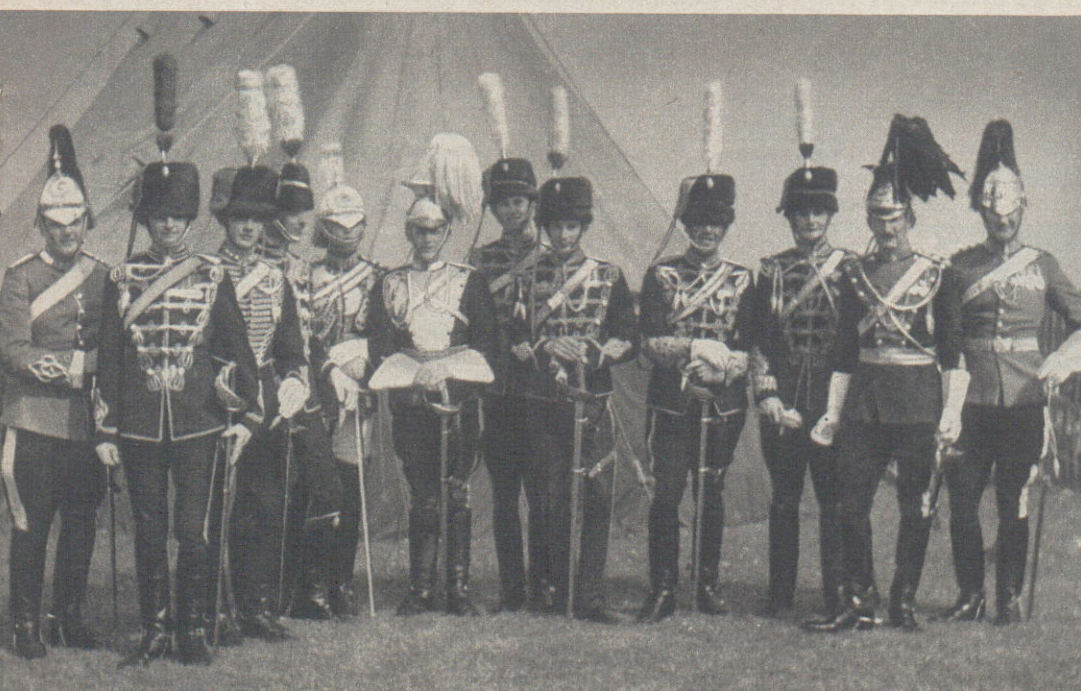
The groundwork for the show was laid by the 3rd Hussars. They chose a disused air-strip, where there was already a grandstand made mostly out of Bailey bridging equipment. An entire squadron, carrying out the work in conjunction with its training, levelled off the ground in the competition rings. Large areas were completely re-turfed and because of the dry weather had to be kept continuously watered. Fences and jumps were made and erected and scores of large marquees capable of holding several thousand spectators were put up.

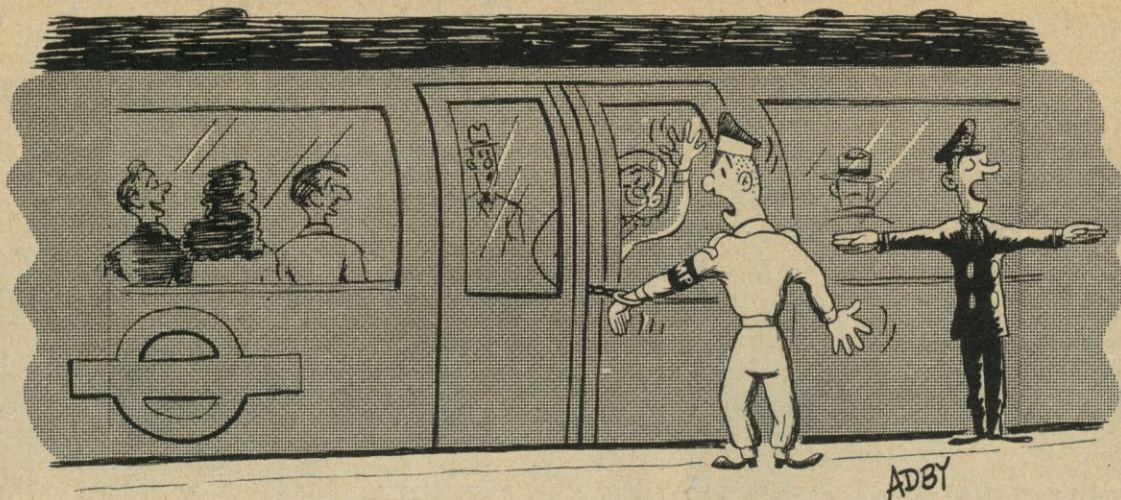
As a final touch the Hussars planted 9000 shrubs and flowers.



Right: An officer of the Queen's Bays thrills younger spectators.

Below: A rare sight in 1952: officers of 11 Cavalry regiments and one Horse Gunner together in full dress.

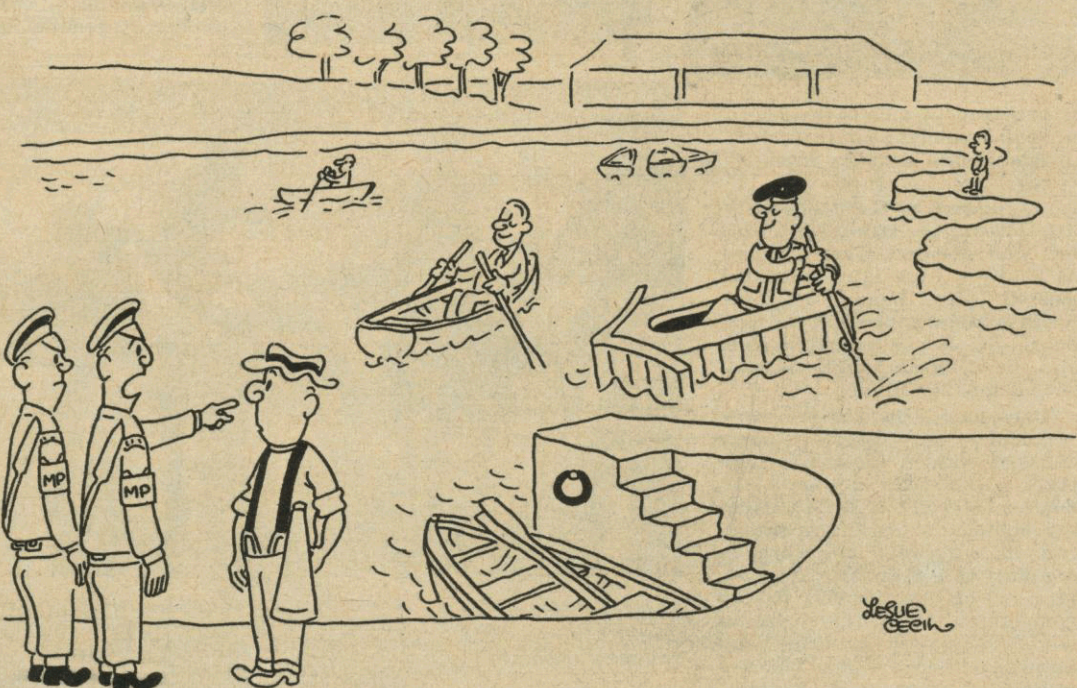
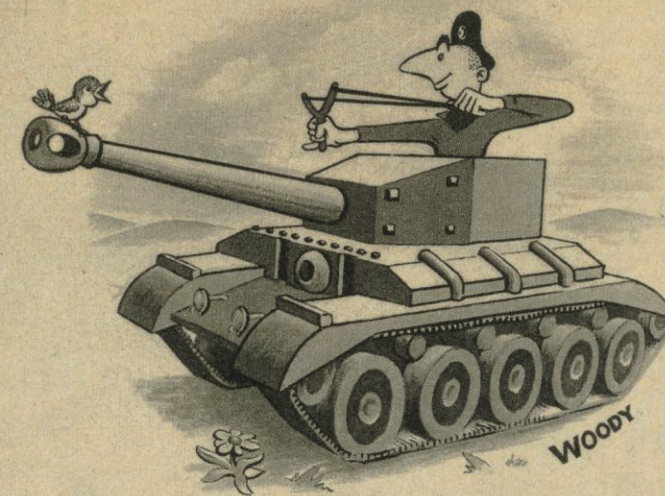




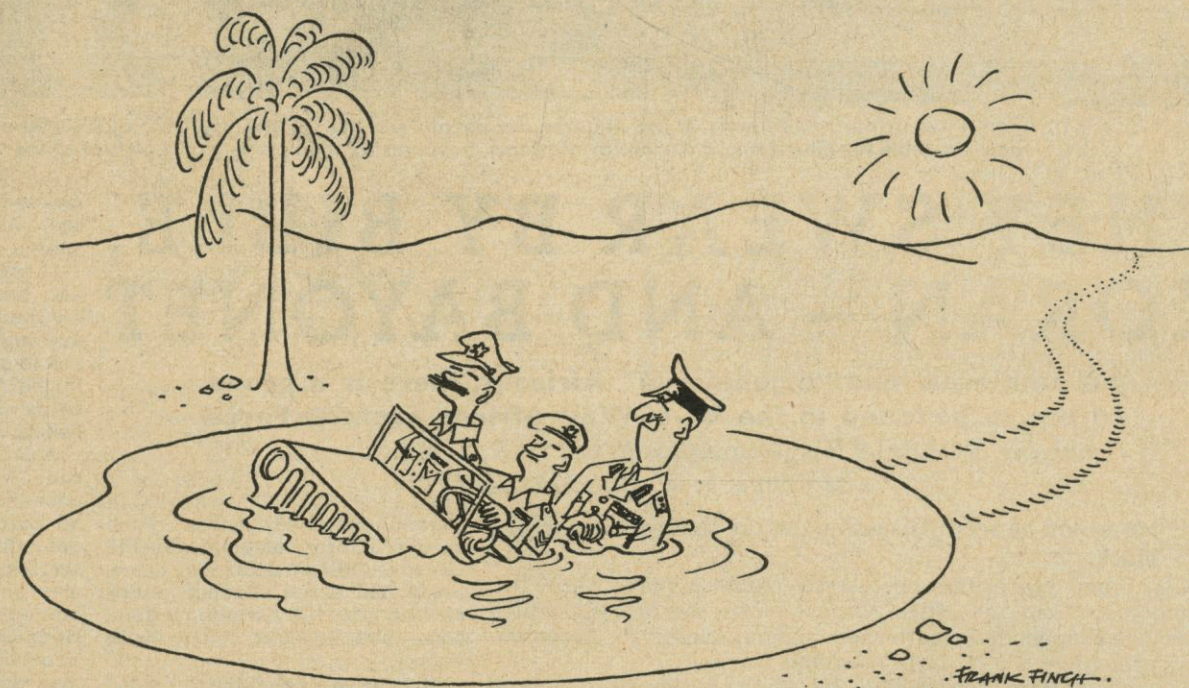
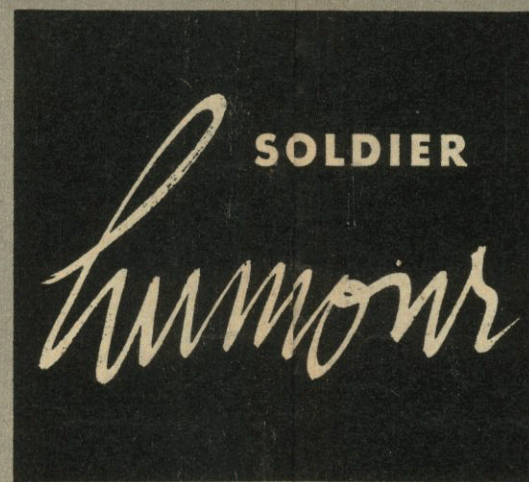
"Goodbye, Clodwulf —
do take care of yourself!"



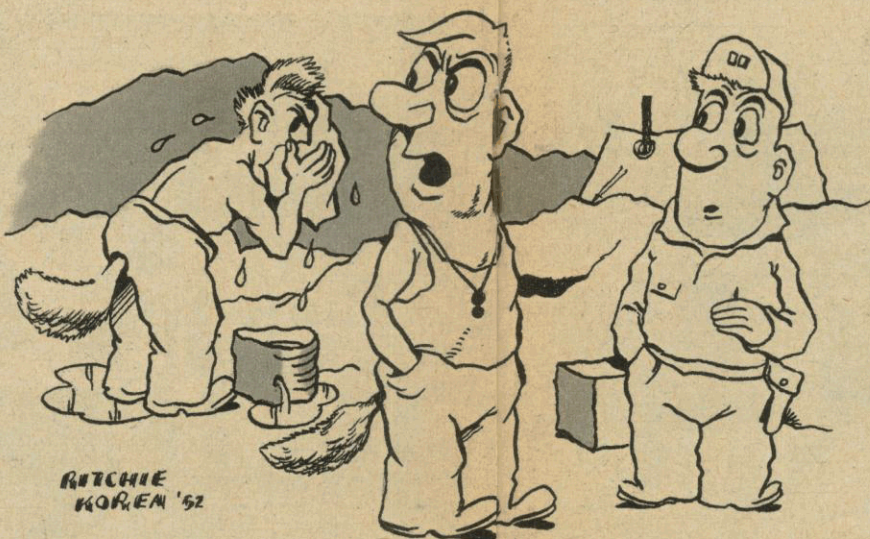
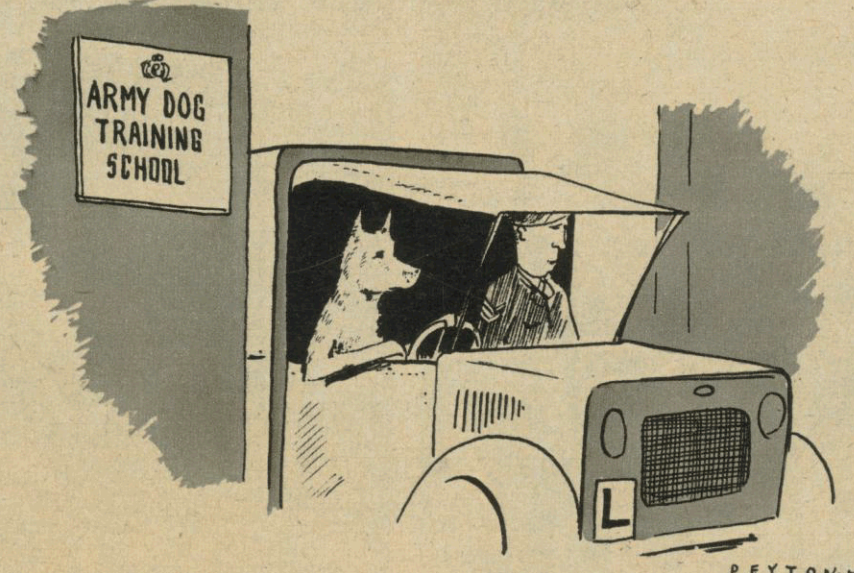
"I said 'Square BASHING,'
not 'Square dancing,' you
horrible man!"



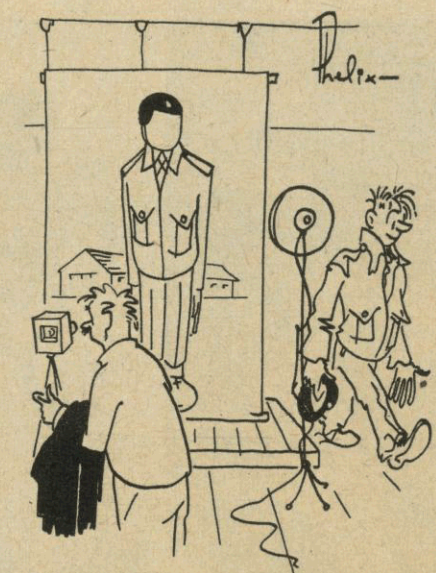
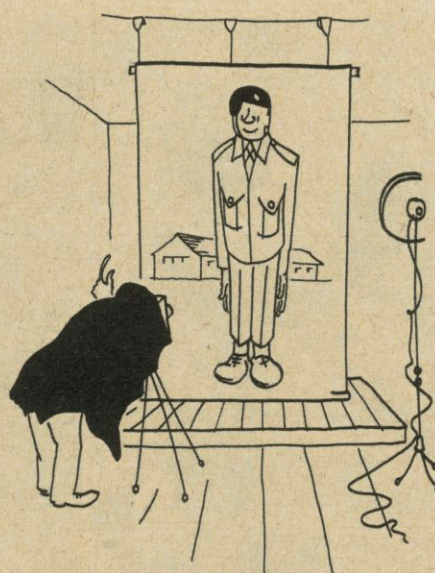
"Call that one in!"

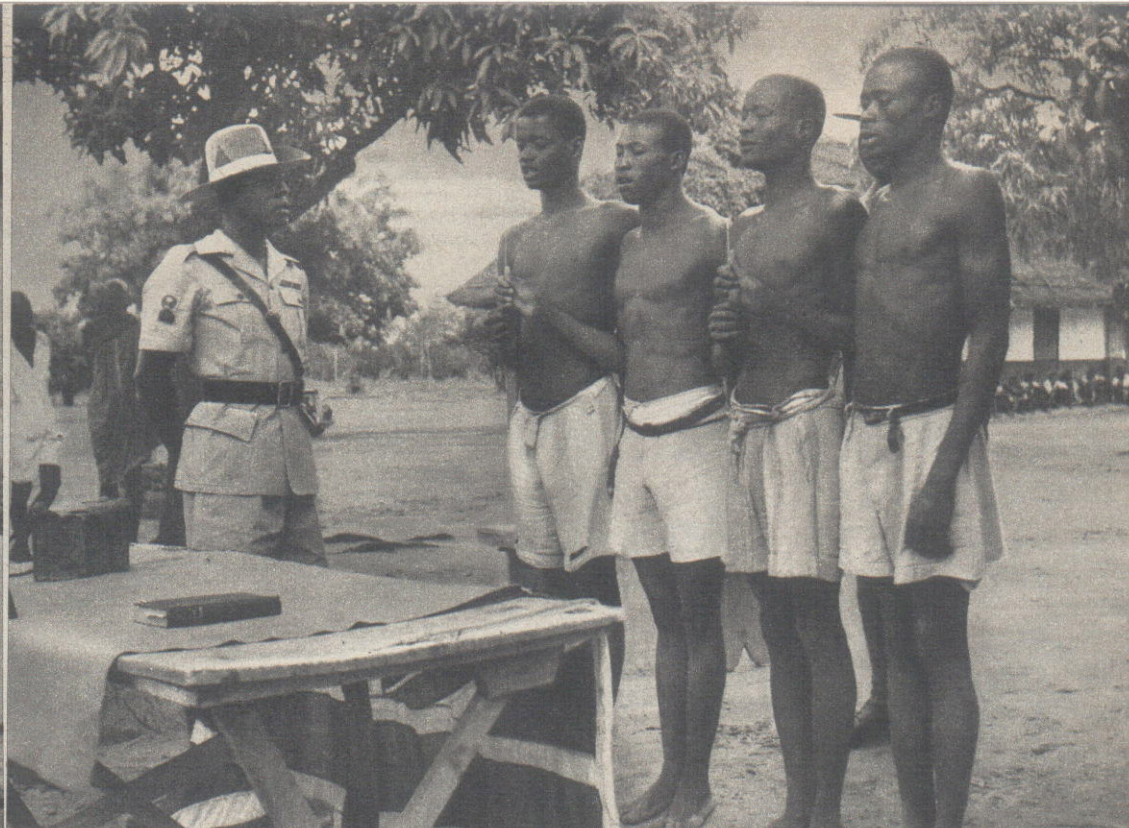


"So much for your mirage, major."



"Hey, Joe, this guy wants to know how long we've lived in foxholes."





For a swearing-in ceremony at the Nigeria Regiment Training Centre, the Union Jack-draped table bears a Bible for Christians, a Koran for Moslems, bayonets for pagans — and a picture of the Queen.

THEY SWEAR BY BIBLE, KORAN — AND BAYONET

To ambitious and "dejobulated" Africans, there is a proud career to be found in the Royal West African Frontier Force
Continuing SOLDIER's West Africa Report by RICHARD ELLEY,
with pictures by W. J. STIRLING

THE would-be recruits squatted in the shade of a barrack-block.

Some wore European-style clothes; they were the young men from the cities. Others wore shorts over which they had draped gaily-patterned mammy-cloths — the toga-like garments worn by both men and women.

Still others wore nondescript garments which amounted to little more than a loin-cloth; these were the men from the mud villages in the tropical forests of the south, or the grasslands of the north.

They had come to the Gold Coast Regiment training centre, at Kumasi, from distances up to

several hundred miles. Each carried a form completed by the District Officer near his home. Some had given advance notice of their arrival by sending letters; some had brought letters with them.

"I am a dejobulated boy," wrote one, to indicate he was unemployed. "I suffered half orphan," was how another described the loss of a parent. "I am

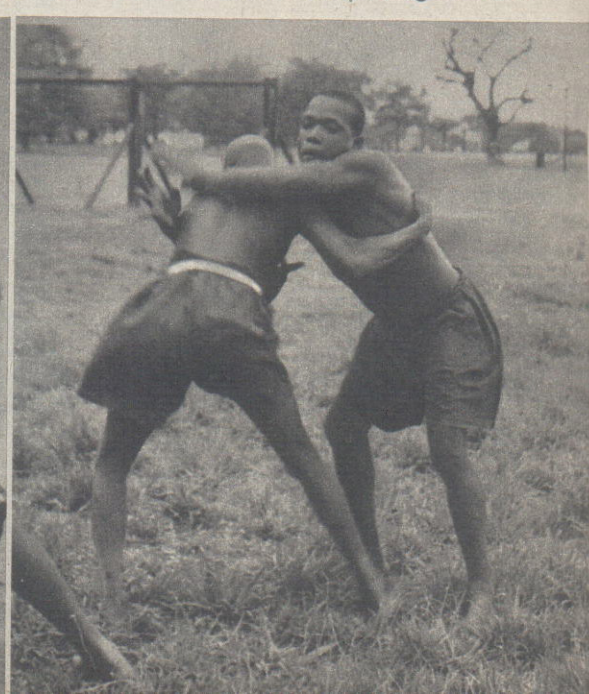
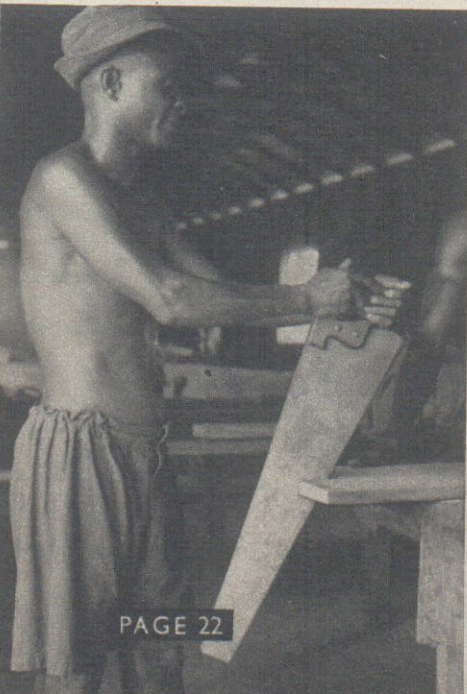
ninety-five per cent interested in the Army activities and in sports," wrote a third.

"I promise to be good, faithful and true, and also to discharge all duties entrusted to my care, and hope I will never be permitted to step backward without job in the Army," said a letter typed by a licensed letter-writer on behalf of an illiterate.

A father wrote on behalf of his son: "Want him to gain experience in the Army — to overcome all that is bad in him. To bring out all that is good, for the service of God and humanity. It may no doubt interest your high office to learn more of this lad... He is born a natural leader — he is a child of Mars, the planet of war, armies."

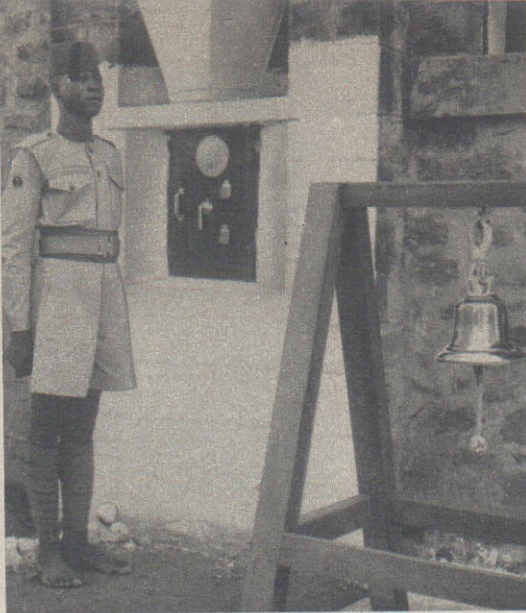
The young men had travelled to Kumasi at their own expense. Some wanted to learn a trade which would be useful at the end

Left: Up and away, down and towards — the way a West African uses a saw. Centre: The same motion is used to manipulate a spade. These two pictures were taken on the Gold Coast. Right: The young men of the Dakakerry, in Nigeria, prove their manhood in wrestling matches.





The end of the oath. A pagan recruit "kisses" the bayonet.



the north stretch the proud Fulani, whose ancestors 150 years ago swept across Northern Nigeria and established an empire, the southern boundary of which was set by the tsetse fly, which killed the conqueror's horses. Few Fulani join the Army.

From Bornu, one of the few areas which successfully resisted the Fulani, come some of Nigeria's best fighting soldiers — and in good numbers. From the Zuru area come the Dakakerri, a people who beat off the slave-raiders and whose youths prove their manhood in wrestling similar to the Cumberland and Westmorland style, instead of standing up to flogging with raw-hide whips, as do some of their neighbours. From across the border, in French territory, come the warriors of another good fighting race.

For every 16 recruits who are Christian, there are nine Moslem and six pagan recruits. The Christians take their oath on the Bible, the Moslems on the Koran and the pagans on a bayonet, all before a picture of the Queen. Later, they take an oath of allegiance to their regiment on the Colours.

Recruits stay at their regimental training centres for 28 weeks. Much of their time is given up to learning English, now the common language for all Colonial troops.

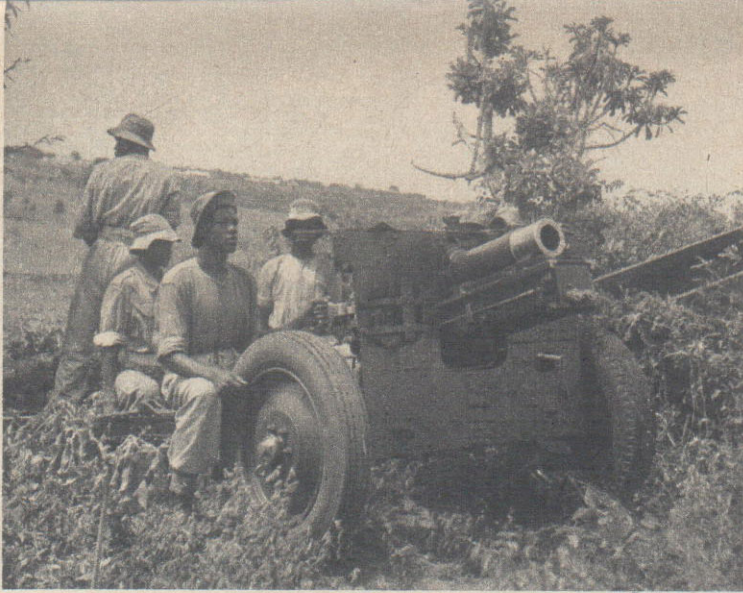
Inevitably, most West African soldiers end up speaking Coast English, which is a joy to the newly-arrived European with a sense of humour. "Air for back tyre all go die," one driver told his officer, and for amplification, "She catch small small hole." If a car engine breaks down, "Engine go die." An aeroplane may be described as "Wind wagon for up." A soldier told to go and find something may return empty-handed and say, "I find it, I no see it," meaning that he looked but did not find. To go and eat is to "Go catch chop." "Savvy" is in common use, and a "savvy-boy" is roughly equiva-

Near Accra, the 3rd Battalion of the Gold Coast Regiment has a safe in the front of its guardroom — where the sentries can best watch it.

Right: A member of the demonstration platoon of the Gold Coast Regiment slides down the cable at the Command Training School at Teshie.

Below: Demonstration platoon on a rope bridge. Instructors from all four West African territories are coached at the Command Training School.





Not so long ago this 3.7 inch howitzer of 2 Light Battery (Gold Coast) was carried piecemeal on men's heads. Now it has a tractor.

BY BIBLE, KORAN - AND BAYONET (Cont'd)

lent to the American "Wise guy." "Palaver" means not only talk but any activity.

A "teef-man" is not a dentist but a thief; a "dash" is any kind of gift or tip. Anything primitive, broken, unsatisfactory or ill-done may be described as "bush." Europeans soon become used to telling Africans to "Wait small" or to exhort a special effort with, "Do him proper."

In training, the African responds best to demonstration and learns to do most jobs in the European way. One special aptitude he has, according to Major D. J. Bond, an "Old Coaster" who served with West Africans from 1938 until he recently gave up command of the Nigeria Signal Squadron, is for operating the morse key of a wireless set. "It's the rhythm in their bones," says Major Bond. "They operate their keys like the bush telegraph."

The policy of Africanisation is giving more and more Africans

A *magagia* (head wife) of 4th Battalion, The Nigeria Regiment, at Lagos. A private's wife, she is responsible for keeping order in the family lines. Note CSM's badge.

the chance to show their aptitudes. You can meet the first African instrument mechanic, and the serjeant who is being trained to go to Britain for a course which will make him the first African ammunition examiner. Among African officers now serving as subalterns are the first to qualify as a Signals officer and the first Education officer.

For much of this development, the African has to thank the Command Training School at Teshie on the Gold Coast, which trains instructors in nearly everything from tactics and games to education and driving and maintenance. The School recently ran the first shorthand course for Africans.

One thing the Army does not have to teach African recruits is how to carry a load. Except for members of one or two tribes, West Africans carry their loads on their heads (African ladies in European clothes may sometimes be seen carrying European-style handbags that way, too). Not many years ago, African Gunners were carrying 3.7-inch howitzers, suitably broken down, on their heads. In the late war the



The round *giddah* (house) is now being replaced by modern married quarters. It is still used for single men's accommodation.

Chindits found African porters with head-loads useful on narrow jungle trails.

Some Africans can carry enormous weights. On the Gold Coast, a General Transport Company claims to have a man who will shift the engine of a Bedford lorry on his head. At Kaduna, in Nigeria, SOLDIER found an African Sapper who made no fuss about carrying a rocking-roller, part of a Bailey bridge equipment, weighing 202 lbs and, according to the manuals, a four-man load.

The West African soldier is proud of his uniform, pleased to drill, and glad to put on a coloured zouave jacket and red fez for a ceremonial parade. He is much the same size as the soldier from Britain except for his feet. Ordnance depots find the demands

are mostly for the bigger sizes of boots, up to 14's. A Nigerian lance-corporal who needs size 14½ has never been fitted and is the envy of his transport unit because he is the only man officially allowed to drive a truck with his feet bare.

The African is very much a family man, and is entitled, by civilian custom, to four wives if he can afford them. The Army allows a soldier only one wife on the strength, for whom he draws a marriage allowance. In some stations, the married soldiers live out; in others they have married quarters in thatched round mud-brick *giddahs* (houses). In the newer barracks modern, concrete quarters with asbestos roofs are going up.

Each unit appoints at least one *magagia*, a sort of head wife, not

The trainee-drivers are Africans, but the model might be in England — except for the mud village in the foreground.





In the Military Hospital at Accra, RSM Kanjarga of the Gold Coast Regiment is helped with his embroidery by Lieut. D. Ashton, QARANC.

necessarily the wife of the senior NCO, who is made responsible for the cleanliness and orderly conduct of the family lines. On inspection days, the *magagia* greets the inspecting officer with a low curtsy and escorts him round the quarters. In some units she turns out in a military tunic with a serjeant-major's crown and a red sash.

The only unusual item issued for African married quarters is a mortar and pestle, with which the mammy grinds up the peppers and other food. One other item, not on issue, is indispensable in an African home — a chop-bowl, which the mammy carries on her head to go and collect her husband's rations (none are issued for the family). A specimen has been sent to the War Office and

any time now, "bowls, chop" are expected to appear in the barrack stores list.

The rations include *garri* (processed cassava root), garden eggs (which look something like tomatoes), plantains, yams, groundnuts, palm oil (for cooking), dehydrated vegetables, sweet potatoes, dried fish and dried duck. The Africans also like dried alligator meat, which is not officially issued.

The wives have one other important part to play in unit life: they run a "mammy market" in the lines where, under official supervision, they sell soap, candles, tinned food, yellow dusters (a treasured part of any African soldier's kit), polish and other necessities to the single soldiers. At break times they also sell such

OVER

These happy feet (size 14½) are too big for boots, so their owner is privileged to drive without.



Nigerians in the swim, at their regimental training centre at Zaria. Right: Baby on her back, chop-bowl on her head, this Gold Coast soldier's wife goes to collect her husband's rations.



Lieutenant C. C. Bruce, Gold Coast Regiment, briefs his platoon. Lieutenant Bruce served in the ranks for five years before becoming an officer-cadet at Eaton Hall.

Exercise SOLDIER



THE exercise was laid on by "A" Company, 1st Battalion, The Gold Coast Regiment as a compliment to **SOLDIER's** representatives.

A group of bandits, suitably clad, had taken refuge on top of a hill near Inchaban, a few miles out of Takoradi. A local resident, who had been a serjeant-major of the Gold Coast Regiment, was available as a guide.

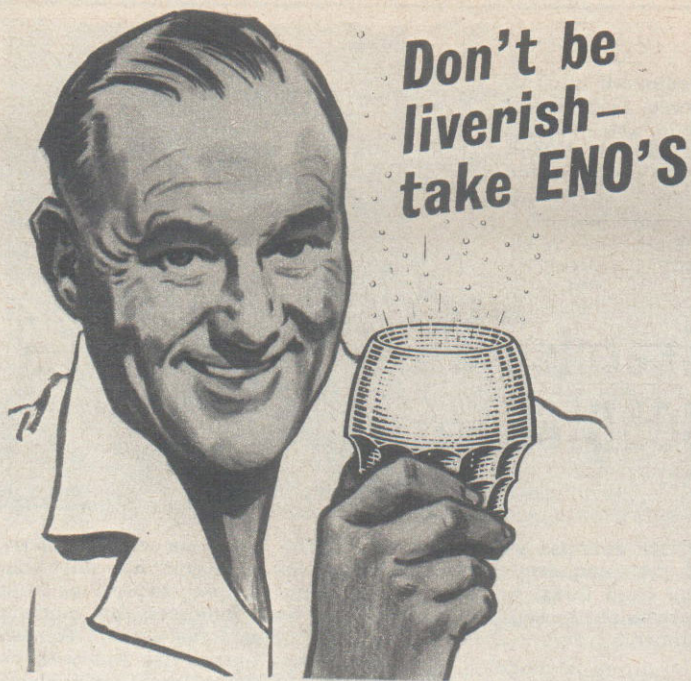
A track leading past the bandits' position was sealed off. At one end of the operational area, a group of mammies put down the gourds of palm-toddy they had been carrying on their heads and squatted patiently in the shade. At the other end a group of men and women knocked off work in a cassava-patch, collected their friends and a host of boys, and stood under some coconut palms to watch.

As an exercise this was no picnic. The bandits' hill and the area round it were covered with thick and prickly bush. It had taken three men with machetes four hours to cut a 30-yard track up the side of another hill to site a Bren-gun "stop."

The platoons were quietly deployed around the start-line. Then thumping explosions from the bush indicated that mortars had opened the assault. A rush of small-arms fire followed as the riflemen went in. There were cheers and yells in the green depths, then two bandits burst out on to the track, to be realistically shot down and bayoneted by pursuing soldiers. Their "death-yells" were gruesome. A bandit prisoner came marching along the track with his hands above his head, followed by this captor. Both were grinning happily.

Mopping-up over, bandits and pursuers marched off to camp together, rubbing thorn scratches and red-ant bites. Now they could pack up for the week-end and discard their jungle-green or their bandit costumes for khaki-drill and the bush-hats with the Battalion's distinguishing white band.

On the track, the mammies picked up their gourds and plodded on. Work started again in the cassava-patch. Only the boys stayed to see what the soldiers would do next. The war was over.



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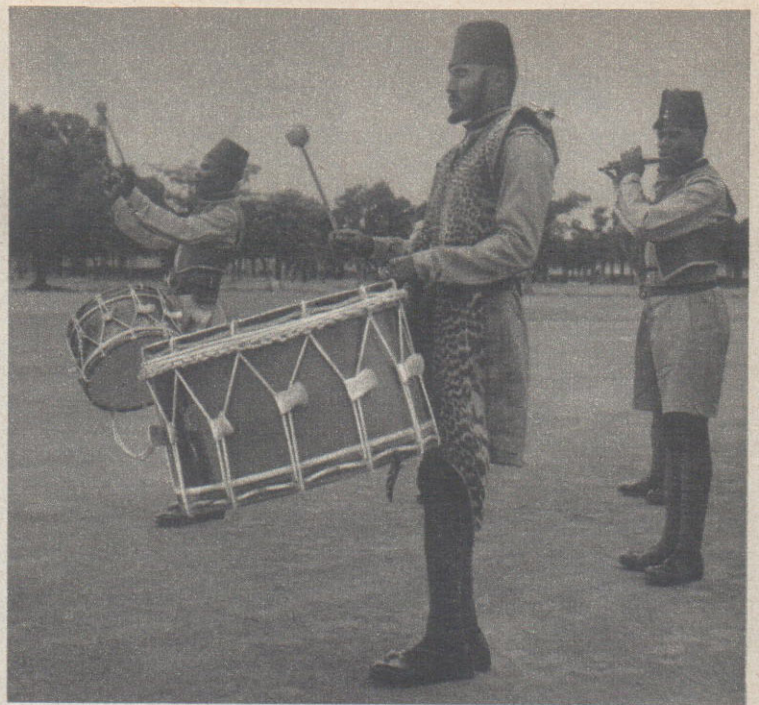
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The big drummer at the Nigeria Regiment training centre is also the unit ju-ju man. He uses his powers to find thieves.

BY BIBLE, KORAN — AND BAYONET (Cont'd)

snacks as kenke cakes (rather like doughnuts) and fried banana or fried plantain.

The African soldier may also buy at certain NAAFI shops. He always insists on the best, a NAAFI manager told SOLDIER — the most expensive brands of cigarettes and the best talcum powder, of which he buys a good deal. He buys few razor blades. Most Africans have to shave only two or three times a week to keep a clean chin. Beards are permitted.

Off-duty, the African soldier has his canteen or (a fairly recent innovation) his sergeants' mess, and his recreation room. One of his favourite games is ludo, but draughts, darts, table-tennis and billiards are also popular. In Army Education hours, many Africans study agriculture, in anticipation of the day they will go back to their villages.

The African likes a party, but it is rarely spontaneous. It must be arranged and then there will be drumming and singing and dancing far into the night. In Sierra Leone, the dance will include devil-dancers, a jester, a lion-man and others in grotesque costumes.

For some Africans the ju-ju, little understood by Europeans, is still a powerful influence. Men who believe a ju-ju has been put on them lose hope, and may develop symptoms of madness or paralysis. Some have been given leave to go and see tribal medicine-men, and have come back cured. There are medical officers who recommend that a man who has suffered from a ju-ju should be discharged, on the grounds that he would be susceptible again.

The ju-ju, however, is not always evil. At the Nigeria Regiment Training centre, a stately, bearded big-drummer who is a ju-ju man is called upon to seek out stolen property. He usually finds it — and the thief.

The African soldier joins up for six years with the Colours and three on the Reserve, with opportunities to soldier on to 22 years and beyond, up to 45 years of age. Some who rise to the top stay in longer than that, however. Probably the oldest serving West African soldier is Battalion Serjeant-Major Chari Maigumeri of the 3rd Battalion, Nigeria Regiment.

BSM Maigumeri first enlisted in the German Army in the Cameroons in 1913 and fought against the British West Africans in 1914. He was captured, and later joined the Nigeria Regiment, with which he served in East Africa and Burma in World War Two. He has a row of 12 medals, headed by the Military Medal and British Empire Medal, and tells anyone who admires them that he once had an Iron Cross too.

Battalion Serjeant-Major Chari Maigumeri has been 35 years in the Nigeria Regiment. Before that he served in the German Army.





SHAPE Village

FOR a married soldier, a posting to Paris does not mean renting an attic in Montmartre: with luck, it means a modern, model flat in SHAPE Village.

When Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe came into being, the Paris press was already grumbling at the demands made on accommodation in the city by international organisations. So it was decided to build homes from scratch.

Only six months after the formation of SHAPE, General Eisenhower declared the Village open to its first tenants.

The French set much store on siting new towns and industries to harmonise with their surroundings. For SHAPE, the difficulty was that for miles around headquarters the land was either State-protected or valuable agricultural land.

However, a site was finally chosen near St-Germain-en-Laye, at the Chateau d'Hennemont, with its 20-acre park, overlooking the great pear-growing district of Chambourcy (the French Vale of Evesham).

The Chateau itself is a solid piece of nineteenth century fake. Erected by a pastille maker, it was bought by the Maharajah of Indore, thence acquired by SHAPE.

During the war the Germans painted it grey-black; now it is rose-and-cream again. It is to be an officers' club.

There is nothing nineteenth century or fake about the new quarters. They are modern, solid and distinguished-looking. All apartments contain refrigerators, combined gas-electric stoves and double sinks; heat and constant water are laid on. The lighting is shadowless. There are no central, fixed light fittings; instead lamps swing into position on balances (similar to those used in dental surgeries).

The French architects succeeded excellently in guarding the rural aspect of the site. Eight

Happy families: Three of the first tenants were M/Sgt. Blackwell from Indianapolis, Serjeant Unwin from Nottingham and Adjutant Chef de Ligne of Genevilliers, France. Right: the Chateau d'Hennemont.

officer blocks of three storeys are skillfully placed among the trees on different levels, and the 100 apartments for "enlisted men" are contained in one curving three-storey block which never shows more than 50 yards of itself at a time.

For enlisted men rents work out at about £9 a month for a one-bedroom home, and £12 for three bedrooms. These figures are provisional; the cost of coal, which was £18 a ton in France last year, is expected to rise.

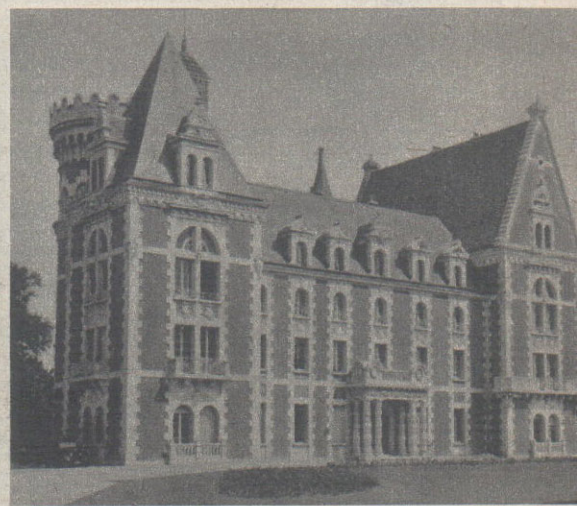
A school in which many tongues are spoken is already in operation. There will be clubs, a shopping centre and a children's playground.

Is SHAPE, then, a dream posting? Alas, the family has expanded so fast that already there is a waiting list.

Clean and ship-SHAPE: curved front of one of the new blocks of married quarters for soldiers serving with SHAPE, on the outskirts of Paris. Below: inside a soldier's apartment. (Photographs: SHAPE)



Some of the British residents still have a sneaking preference for an independent home with a patch of garden, much as they appreciate their surgical kitchens. They would not deny, however, that the Village is a well-conceived international project, brilliantly executed by the French. — From a report by Major H.V. Collier, Royal Pioneer Corps, SHAPE.



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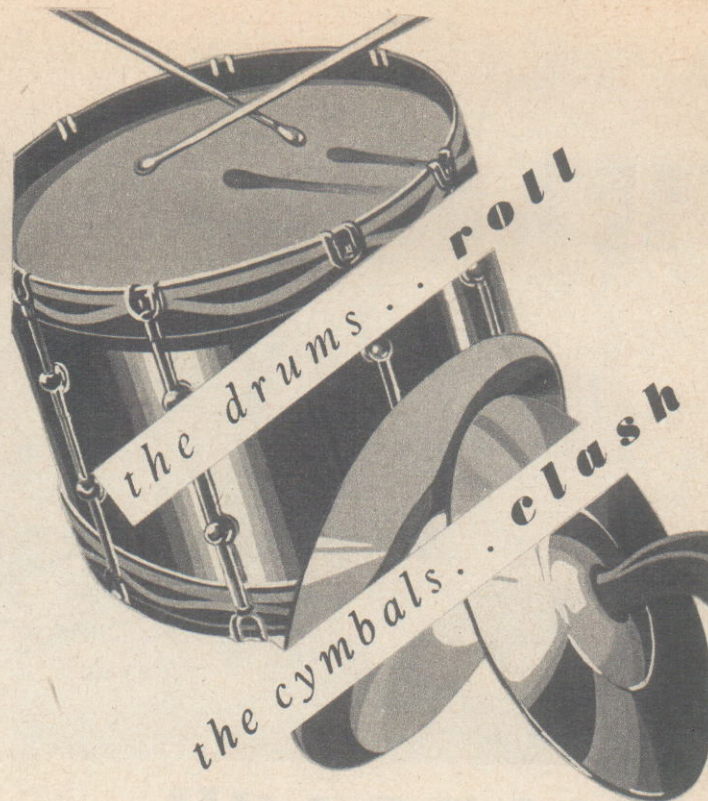
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THEY ALL AIM TO BE CHAIRBORNE

The Army's own rifle meeting at Bisley is distinct from the national event. This year the Army's crack shot became — for the first time — a *Queen's Medallist*

MORE than 1000 soldiers, ranking from private to brigadier, compete in the Army's own "Bisley." Each, no doubt, nurses a secret vision of himself in the victor's chair.

Every aspirant for the championship of the Regular Army — and the coveted Queen's Medal — must enter for three competitions. A touch of suspense comes from the fact that results of the earlier competitions give no clear indication of the winner.

This year's champion, Quartermaster-Serjeant Instructor Tom Seaman of the School of Infantry's Small Arms Wing, came top in the Roberts Cup with 138 points out of 150, second in the Henry Whitehead Cup (178 points out of 200) but only 27th in the Army Hundred Cup with 154 out of 200.

Nevertheless his total of 470 (out of 550) was four points ahead of the next man and earned him a ceremonial ride behind a band through an avenue of cheering spectators, a glass of beer from the hands of Field-Marshal Lord Wilson (president of the Army Rifle Association), the Queen's Medal, the Watkin Challenge Cup, the Army Rifle Association's gold jewel, a silver spoon and a money prize.

The annual central meeting of the Army Rifle Association lasts just over a week. Shooting for the Whitehead Cup starts on the first Saturday, with first practice

at 600 yards. After being given a couple of "sighting" shots each man fires ten rounds in the prone position. It is a deliberate shoot, each hit being signalled.

Then follows fire and movement with targets appearing for 45 seconds and disappearing for 15. Competitors start prone at 600 yards with ten rounds in the magazine, and when the target appears they double forward to the 500 yards firing-point and fire two rounds before it vanishes. Directly it reappears they double to the 400 yards point, but at this range and at 300 yards they must fire kneeling or sitting, and at 200 and 100 yards, standing. The competitors return to 300 yards to fire ten rounds rapid and ten rounds snapshooting.

The Roberts Cup has three practices: ten rounds at 500 yards after doubling from 600, ten rounds snapshooting at 300 yards after doubling from the 500 yards firing-point and ten rounds rapid



The first Queen's Medallist, Quartermaster-Serjeant Instructor Tom Seaman of the School of Infantry. It was his last Army meeting.

fire at 300 yards. In both contests competitors are divided into three classes — one for officers, warrant officers and serjeants; the second for officer cadets, corporals and men; and the third for young soldiers (mainly National Servicemen).

The hundred men with the highest aggregate score from both shoots then enter for the Army Hundred Cup. This is fired on the last Saturday of the meeting, and is the toughest of all. It starts with ten rounds deliberate at 600 yards, ten rounds fire and movement from

600 to 100 yards, ten rounds rapid in 40 seconds at 300 yards and finally a snapshooting practice at 300 yards with the target appearing at different points on a 20-foot front.

The winner of the Army Hundred (this year AQMS E. Mitchell of REME) receives a challenge cup, silver spoon and £16.

There are more than 20 cups and trophies for the Army meeting and money prizes total more than £1000.

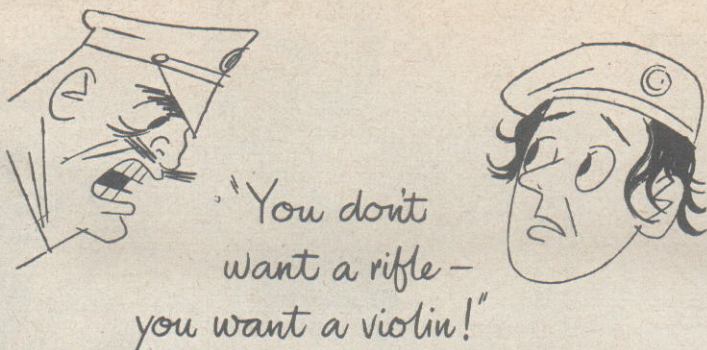
One of the trophies, the Methuen, is for inter-Service

OVER →



The scene every shooting enthusiast treasures in his memory: a firing point at Bisley. Right: A drink with Field-Marshal Lord Wilson, president of the Army Rifle Association, for the Queen's Medallist.





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

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Shooting at the Olympic-style targets at Bisley. Captain V. H. Viney, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, won the Revolver 30 Cup.

THEY ALL AIM TO BE CHAIRBORNE (Cont'd)

shooting. It was won this year by the Royal Marines with REME second. REME also won the trophy which they gave for the Army team with the highest score in the Methuen competition. Another unit which won its own cup was the King's Royal Rifle Corps, which scored the highest aggregate for all Cavalry and Infantry units throughout the meeting, thus winning the unit championship, after the Queen's Medal, the most important event. The runners-up in this were the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Two officers from the 14/20th Hussars won the Lindley Cup for the best Cavalry pair on light machine-guns and two corporals (both young soldiers) from the Duke of Wellington's Regiment won the Worcestershire Cup for the best Infantry light machine gun pair.

Noteworthy also were the achievements of Captain K. E. P.

Andrews, Royal Signals, who scored 182 out of 200 in the Henry Whitehead match; and Bombardier R. Carrington who won class "B" of the Roberts Cup with 134 out of 150.

For 41-year-old QMSI Seaman, Queen's Medallist, it was his last Army shoot. Shortly he goes on release, after 21 years. He started shooting at Bisley in 1932 and has competed before for the King's Medal (he is the only rifleman with the Queen's Medal). Last year he was 45th on the list. He has been an instructor in weapons at Hythe since 1945.

★ Winner of the Queen's Territorial Medal and Officers' Cup was Lieut. J. P. Goodacre, of 305 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army.

★ Once again for the seventh year running the Royal Air Force won the Burdwan Cup, awarded to the Service with the highest aggregate in three competitions.

The last Bullet—the train which has carried marksmen down the little branch line to Bisley for 62 years—ran at the end of the National Rifle Association meeting. It was played out by the band of the Gloucestershire Regiment. Major A. B. Kinnier-Wilson, late Royal Army Medical Corps, this year's Queen's Prize winner, waves from the engine.



From Factory to Colliery

"Work with more variety, job with better scope"

After 25 years in the Army, Warrant Officer Frank Morgan got a factory job but "I decided I wanted work with more variety and a job with better scope," he says. "I thought I'd try Mining although I'd never seen a coalmine. Now I've been in the job for 3 years. I'm a fitter underground and the job suits me."

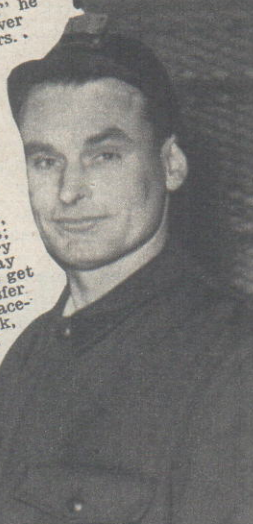
"You can get on well"

"The fellows you work with are a good lot," says Frank, who's 42 and works at Stafford Colliery. "You can settle down and get on well if you've got the right spirit."

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Choosing The Army's Wines

Who supplies the wine for the toast of "The Queen"? And the champagne for the serjeant-major's wedding? One guess should be enough

FOR well over 35 years Mr. Charles Baker, who was a Sapper serjeant in World War One, has been taking gulps of wine without swallowing a drop.

He is cellar manager, and a wine taster, to NAAFI.

From his office below ground in Kennington, London he keeps a paternal eye on thousands of bottles of wine, liqueurs and spirits, destined for Service messes in Great Britain. Tucked away in one corner is a supply of liqueur brandies bottled just before young Charlie Baker joined the Army in 1916.

It takes about 12 years to become a good cellar manager and wine taster, says Mr. Baker. Tasting calls for the exercise of three senses simultaneously. A man must have an eye for colour, a keen sense of smell and a sensitive palate.

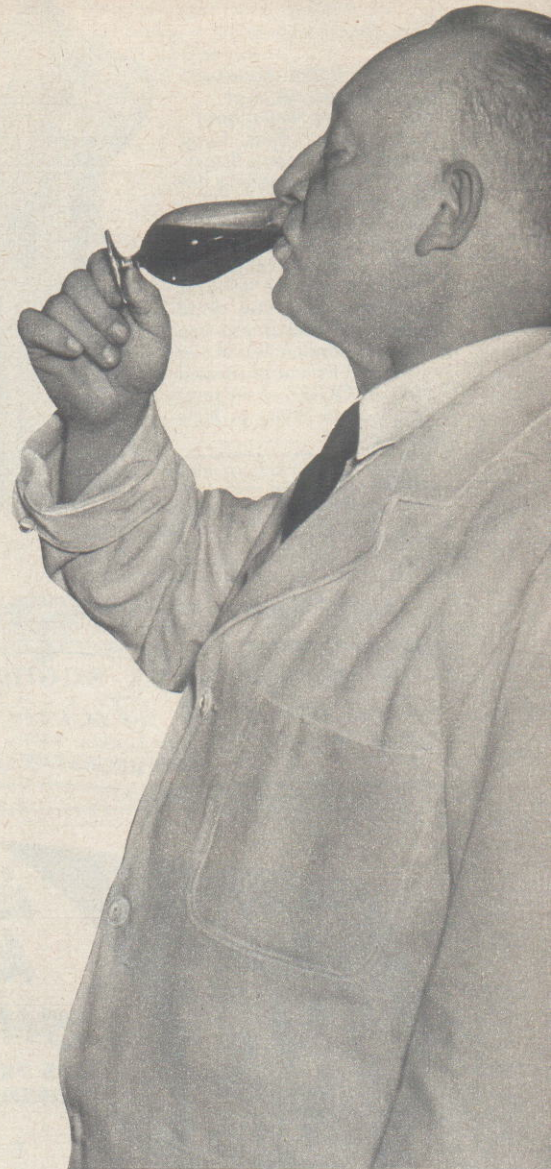
The best time for tasting wine? Not before eleven o'clock in the morning, and then "the palate is at its very best." To eliminate the taste of one wine before sampling the next, there's nothing like a hard dry biscuit.

The man in control of NAAFI's wine-buying organisation is Mr. Dunstan Gough. Several times a year he goes to Paris and there establishes contact with leading French growers and producers. When necessary he visits the vineyards.

The casks come to the cellars in Kennington from France, Portugal and Spain. Sherries arrive in 108-gallon "butts"; port comes in 115-gallon "pipes"; and Burgundy in "hogsheads" holding about 50 gallons. The wines are allowed to settle for several weeks before samples are drawn off and tasted.

All wines in these cellars are hand-drawn from casks to bottles. One man who has been doing this job for the past 26 years is Harry Perry-Taylor. And by his side for the past ten years has been Nathaniel Waller, who strikes home the corks.

Any Service mess in need of an opinion about which wine to serve, and when, and how, can receive expert advice from one of NAAFI's wine representatives. One of them is monocled Colonel Guy Heseltine, who won the Military Cross in the first world war and commanded the 12th Royal Horse Artillery for a spell in the second.



Reverently, Mr. Charles Baker sips the sherry . . . but he does not swallow it. Below: Colonel Guy Heseltine MC, who advises Service messes on wines, watches a sample drawn in NAAFI's Kennington cellars.



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SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

COLDITZ castle, perched on a crag in Saxony, was "the bad boys' camp." No Allied prisoner-of-war had escaped from it in World War One, and the Germans were determined that none should do so in World War Two.

They gave it a garrison which outnumbered the prisoners and confidently sent to Colditz only officers who had qualified, by escaping from some other camp.

But Colditz was not escape-proof. One of the men who slipped away to freedom was Captain P. R. Reid of the Royal Army Service Corps, author of "The Colditz Story" (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s). His book is illustrated by another ex-inmate of Colditz, John Watton, who was a lieutenant in the Border Regiment.

The escape stories of World War One were Captain Reid's inspiration: "Escape books," he writes, "are sometimes said to make escaping more difficult for the future, but the escape stories of the First World War made the majority of POW's in the Second World War escape-conscious. In the First World War escapers were an uncommon breed of men. A spirit was created by the early books which thrive and bore fruit."

Minor escape techniques may have been made public by the early books, admits the author, but much was left unsaid — and



Fortress built by a King: Colditz Castle.

that applies even more to the stories of today, thanks to authors who have deliberately left out enthralling details. Captain Reid's generation of escapers were up against unfamiliar, unprecedented conditions of life in Germany, and (he says) it will be new conditions which will be the obstacles in future, not escape-books.

Many were the attempts to escape from Colditz in which the author took part as officially-appointed escape officer. There were tunnels. There were explorations of drains, most of which ended in unsuitable places. There were nocturnal creepings, across roofs. One British officer started a bid for freedom bundled in a palliasse which was being

moved to a nearby village. He wriggled out of it in an empty house and reached Vienna before being recaptured.

A French officer and a small Belgian officer shared a cloak as they were marched out to exercise, and only the Belgian returned when the exercise was over. An athletic Frenchman was catapulted from a friend's hands over the nine-foot wire. A third Frenchman dressed himself as a girl in a disguise smuggled in parcels from France by his wife. As he passed a

group of prisoners outside the camp, his dainty wrist-watch fell off and he was discovered by a German sentry who stopped him to return it.

Finally, the author himself escaped successfully in 1942 — over a roof, across a sentry's beat, into a cellar and up a chimney so narrow that he had to remove his clothes to negotiate it. He crossed the frontier into Switzerland, received the Military Cross for his escape and was appointed Assistant Military Attache in Berne, where he was no doubt able to welcome later escapers.

Up, Essex!

ONE of the more stubborn and critical battles of the Western Desert was that fought out on Ed Duda, a ridge some nine miles south of Tobruk.

When the siege of Tobruk was about to be raised, the 1st Battalion The Essex Regiment, which formed part of the beleaguered garrison, was sent, along with a tank force, to seize this ridge and cut the enemy's supply line running across it.

For 14 days men of the Essex Regiment underwent shell fire on Ed Duda. They beat off some six counter-attacks, at the cost of half their officers and 240 men. Divisional Headquarters in Tobruk at one point were about to order the abandonment of the position, but the Commanding Officer sent a message "growing stronger every hour... strongly deplore any suggestion of withdrawal."

The full story of the battle is told by Colonel T. A. Martin in "The Essex Regiment: 1929-1950" (The Essex Regiment Association, 21s). In this triple-size volume are recorded all the highlights of the Regiment in World War Two.

Not long after its Ed Duda stand, the 1st Battalion found itself engaged in long-range

Continued overleaf

Italy on His Hands

"It seems to me that Military Government must be enormously fascinating and exciting and... and elevating! I imagine to rule a province must make you feel like the Psalmist when he sang exultantly — you remember? — 'Moab is my washpot...'"

So says one of the feminine characters in E. G. Cousins's latest novel "Moab Is My Washpot" (Benn, 12s 6d), a story of Allied military government in Italy during the latter stages of World War Two.

The central character is Major Larry Grail, already encountered as the Town Major of Bab-el-Medwah in Mr. Cousins's earlier novel, "To Comfort the Signora." This time he is a Town Major and much more besides... a *Governatore*, charged with the cleaning up — in every sense — of stricken Italian towns, and the frustrating of Communists.

The officers' mess in which the Major finds himself at Paura is a superb example of how a mess should not be conducted. His Public Safety Officer is an unmannerly oaf with one saving virtue: incorruptibility. His lady interpreters are not ladies. His colonel does not start work until the afternoon. His landlady comes and lies on his bed o' nights. All in all, Major Grail has much to contend with before he can even begin the task of interviewing people. And what people!

"...people who wanted to visit their old mammy in hospital, people who wanted clothes, somewhere to live, some means of livelihood, reunion with their children, petrol for their trucks, hay for their donkeys, relief from moneylenders, help with restoration of houses, mills, stables, churches, even a casino; people who wanted to open a wineshop, a bank, a brothel; people who wanted to give him advice or a dozen bottles of wine, waste his time, intimidate him, bribe him, wheedle him, flatter him, shout him down, and threaten suicide."

An old-fashioned sense of duty carries Major Grail through his worst trials, and he avoids all but the most innocent feminine entanglements. He is quite a hustler when he gets the chance; see how he turns a shattered building into a hospital, and has all the windows glazed by appealing for glass from picture frames... only to find his patients and nurses bundled out, while his back is turned, to make an overnight billet for a British battalion moving up to the front.

Quite a few SOLDIER readers served in Allied Military Government in Italy. They will have to find out for themselves whether Mr. Cousins lays it on too thick — or does not lay it on thick enough.

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 WINTERBURG (Y.M.C.A.)
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 VIENNA (Schonbrunn Barracks; Y.W.C.A.)
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At times like these it's as well to remember that a good book makes life worth while. For the rest of the evening read a book from the Forces' bookshops or from S.C.B.D.

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How Much Do You Know?

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannonball took off
[his legs,
So he laid down his arms.
Who wrote that?

2. If you heard two men talking about Rolleiflexes, Ikontas, Graphics, Makinas, Voigtlanders and Bessas, what would their hobby be?

3. If you had an opisometer, would you use it to measure the camber of a road, a curved line on a map, the stickiness of glue, or the distance of a star from the earth?

4. She was a queen who fought her brother for her share of government. Two famous Roman generals became her lovers and a play has been written about her relations with each. She died of a snake bite. Do you know (a) her name; (b) her country; (c) the names of the two Romans?

5. Take eight ounces of flour, two eggs, a

pint of milk and a pinch of salt, mix and allow to stand for an hour or longer. Put two or three tablespoons of dripping in a tin and heat, pour in the mixture and bake for about 20 minutes. What will the result be?

6. The name of John Tiller is associated with (a) fleets of motor buses; (b) troupes of dancing girls; (c) exhibitions of statuary; (d) circuits of cinemas. Which?



7. What is the popular name for Crystalline Sodium Carbonate?

8. Which word does not belong in this group: Gorgonzola, Brie, Camembert, Peck, Edam?

9. In Britain, a bottle of gin costs £1.13.9. How much of that goes to the Government in duty?

10. NICE VOCAL TERN is an anagram of the actress pictured here. Who is she?

(Answers on Page 38)

FILMS

COMING YOUR WAY

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

CASTLE IN THE AIR

A comedy set in Scotland. An impoverished Earl has two seekers after his family seat: a Coal Board official who wants to requisition it and an American lady who is willing to pay a good price for it. David Tomlinson plays the Earl, with Helen Cherry and Margaret Rutherford among his supporters, and Barbara Kelly, A. E. Matthews and Patricia Dainton (as a ghost) causing the trouble.

PENNY PRINCESS

A rich American dies and leaves a small European state he once bought to Yolande Donlan. Dirk Bogarde turns up to help her run it and to save off its bankruptcy by legalised smuggling of Schneese, the Schnapps-fortified local cheese. Lots of fun in Technicolor.

SCARAMOUCHE

Rafael Sabatini's "romantic rogue, fiery lover, fabulous swordsman and man of a thousand adventures" in Technicolor. Plenty of costumes and sword-play. Stars: Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh and Mel Ferrer.

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS

More swashbuckling in Technicolor. Seal-poacher Gregory Peck and his roughneck crew start a monumental binge and become involved with Russian princes and countesses (this is before the Revolution). There are battles and misunderstandings, and Ann Blyth to head the feminine interest.

THE QUIET MAN

John Wayne is a retired American prize-fighter who buys a cottage in Ireland, to spend the rest of his days in peace. He meets trouble in the persons of Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald and Victor McLaglen. In colour.

BOOKSHELF (Continued)

Up, Essex!

penetration in Assam and Burma. It was as well that mules did not read Battalion orders, for the rule was: "If a mule leader or groom allows his animal to run away, he will be automatically placed upon a charge." Just about this time the Battalion were cautioned against marrying women members of the American forces without "first obtaining the approval of the Commanding General United States Forces, China, Burma and India." Somehow or other, the Battalion rose above all these obstacles. In time they found themselves treading one of the deadliest of all the Death Valleys of the war. This one was perhaps unique in that it was almost at the top of some enormous mountain ridges. "Here the column was marching over corpses, corpses sunk in the mud, with a helmet or a piece of equipment or a limb showing, and past an almost continuous line of dead pack animals... the continuous line of dead stretched for 20 or 30 miles." And this was in the monsoon, with all packs doubly heavy by being sodden. No one had any appetite, yet all talked of food.

The 2nd Battalion — the Pompadours — were in the Dunkirk evacuation and later in the invasion of North-West Europe. Fighting in the floods of Holland was an Infantryman's nightmare.

Patrols went out in ancient boats among half-submerged houses. They were sitting targets and only a few of the patrol could use their weapons at a time.

There are, perhaps, not very many laughs in these 668 pages; but there is an agreeable story of an officer of the Regiment who spent £200 on much-needed comforts for his troops in a Western Desert NAAFI and was then invited by the manager to help himself to anything he wished because the canteen was about to be over-run.

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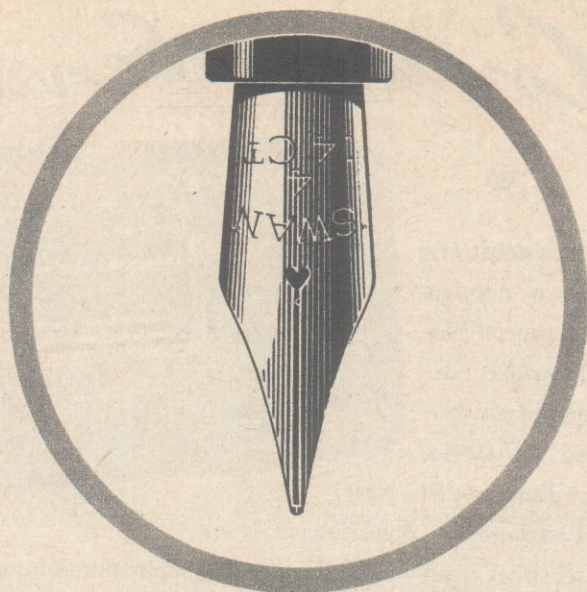
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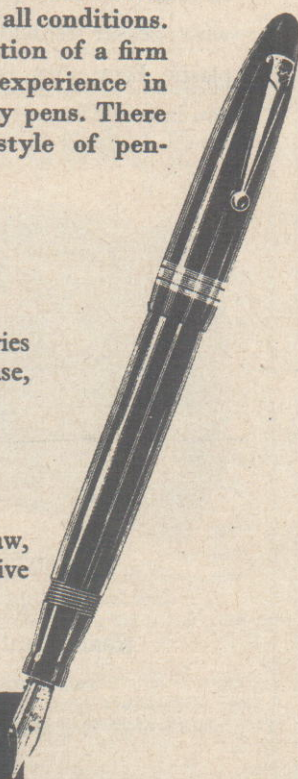
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LETTERS

THE QUEEN'S PICTURE

We have purchased two photographs of Her Majesty the Queen. These are unsigned. Will you please inform us whether the photographs should be signed before hanging and if so what steps should we take to obtain such signatures? — S/Sgt. A. E. Bell, Serjeants' Mess, 3rd Training Battalion RAOC, Hilsea, Portsmouth.

★ War Office instructions are shortly to be issued. Briefly, only photographic or photo-gravure reproductions approved by the Queen may be submitted for her signature. Commanding officers in Britain and Rhine Army may write direct to the Assistant Private Secretary at Buckingham Palace giving the full title of their units and stating that these have a reasonable "expectation of life." They must also say whether they have already received a signed picture of the Queen taken since her accession. On hearing that Her Majesty has consented to sign the portrait, units must place their order with the official firms (Dorothy Wilding or — for photo-gravure — Raphael Tuck and Sons Ltd) who will deliver the portraits to the Palace and arrange for them to be sent to units.

The same ruling applies to portraits of the Duke of Edinburgh. Only two photographs (or two pairs) will be authorised for one unit. Units overseas (other than BAOR) must submit applications through Command or District headquarters.

Prices of approved portraits vary from £2 to £10 10s; frames are extra and units in Britain must also pay purchase tax.

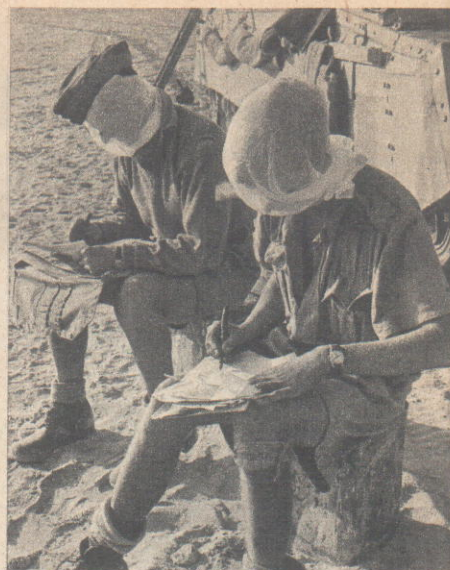
"FOUR IN A JEEP"

Following your article in May about the international Police patrol in Vienna, I thought you might like to hear about the police patrol in Wetzlar, US Zone of Germany. Twenty-four hours a day an American military policeman, a French gendarme, a Moroccan military policeman and a German policeman are on duty in a radio jeep. If an American soldier is involved in a scrap, the American military policeman turns him over to the US authorities; in the same way the others take care of their own countrymen. The Moroccans are, of course, French troops but it is considered desirable that they should have their own police on the job. — "American Reader" (name and address supplied).

CARRIED IN BATTLE

You stated in your May issue that the Colour of the Northamptonshire Regiment was the last to be carried in battle (1881). In World War One I served in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in 27th Division and we took with us to France the regimental Colour made by Princess Patricia. It was kept at Battalion Headquarters. In 1916 one of our officers, Hugh Niven, was awarded the MC for "saving the Colour" and that same year I was a member of the permanent Colour escort. — H. T. I. Lee, 50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

★ This information is confirmed by the Department of National Defence, Canadian Army, Calgary, Alberta,



●SOLDIER welcomes letters.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

who state that Princess Patricia presented the Colour to the regiment on 23 August 1914 before it sailed for France. She had herself designed and worked the Colour during the fortnight of mobilization.

Says the regimental history: "The Colour became famous as the only one carried into action by a British unit during the Great War, and it has sometimes been supposed that special permission was granted by the War Office to the Patricias to take the Colour into the field. This was not the case. The Colour was originally presented as a camp Colour only, and as such was taken to the front without infringing Army Standing Orders. Its adoption as a regimental Colour came much later... thereafter it was always paid ceremonial honours though it was only consecrated two months after the Armistice and a few days before the Patricias left Europe for home."

It appears that the Colour, which was always in the charge of the adjutant, was hit on a number of occasions by bullets and shrapnel.

"WHAT DID YOU DO?"

May I attempt to settle the argument (SOLDIER, February) over the saying, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" When at school I read "A Soldier's Rights and Privileges" by E. M. Downey (HMSO), at the end of which appeared this rhyme reputed to have been written by a soldier of the Crimean War:

What did you do, Daddy, before you went to war?

I learned to peel potatoes, son, and to scrub the barrack floor.

I learned to use my rifle as a shovel or a pick,

I learned to get a spurt on and I learned to make them click,

I learned the road to Folkestone as I looked my last on home,

I heaved my beans and bacon to the fishes on the foam.

It contained about 14 verses, all of which I learned by heart. — Cpl. M. J. Rowan, 56 Company RASC, BAPO 1.

ROYAL REGIMENTS

In conversation a friend and I claimed that the Royal Artillery was the only Royal Regiment. This was quickly refuted by someone who had served in the Highland Brigade. He maintained that the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) was also a Royal Regiment. Who was right, please? — A. Wiltshire, Banstead, Surrey.

★ According to the Cabinet Office Historical Section a Royal regiment is one with the word "Royal" in its title. Many people have held the view that there are only two Royal regiments — the Royal Artillery (or more fully, the Royal Regiment of Artillery) and the Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment). Certainly these are the only two that carry the words "Royal Regiment," as distinct from the word "Royal," in their title. But the Royal Highland Regiment is no less royal; and the same applies to the Royal Norfolk Regiment and the Royal Corps of Signals. They are all Royal regiments, even if they are corps.

OFFICER BOXERS

In your reply to Major B. N. Whitty you say that Second-Lieutenant P. Hoppe was the first officer to win an Army boxing title. During my service in India from 1928 to 1934 I served under Lieutenant Caffer of the Royal Artillery who held the ISBA heavy-weight title and was amateur heavy-weight champion of Great Britain in 1927. — Sjt. F. Allen, 67th Regiment RA, Park Hall Camp, Oswestry.

★ It is correct that Lieutenant Caffer won the ISBA title but it was in the contest for officers only. A separate contest was then held for those below commissioned rank. Since then there has been one open contest for officers and men, and Lieutenant Hoppe was the first officer to win the title open to the whole Army.

DUKW

Can you tell me what the letters "DUKW," referring to the amphibious vehicle, stand for? — "Interested" (name supplied), 65th Training Regiment, RAC, Catterick.

★ The letters come from the American manufacturer's hand book. SOLDIER is assured that "D" stands for the year (1942), "U" for utility, "K" for frontwheel drive and "W" for six wheels. It's still pretty baffling!

FIVE-STAR MAN

Do you have to be a marksman on both rifle and light machine-gun to be a five-star soldier? If you are five-star and you fail to become a marksman on both, do you drop to three-star? — "Maggie" (name supplied), The Depot, Gloucester.

★ To earn a five-star assessment an Infantry soldier must be a marksman on the rifle and a first-class shot on the Bren, or vice versa. The answer to the second question depends on the classification obtained on both weapons. The regulations are in annexure E to appendix III of ACI 361/51.

BANKING ACCOUNT

Is there any recognised method whereby my pay could be paid into a banking account? — "Regimental Sergeant-Major" (name and address supplied).

★ No. Only officers may have their pay paid straight into an account in a private bank.

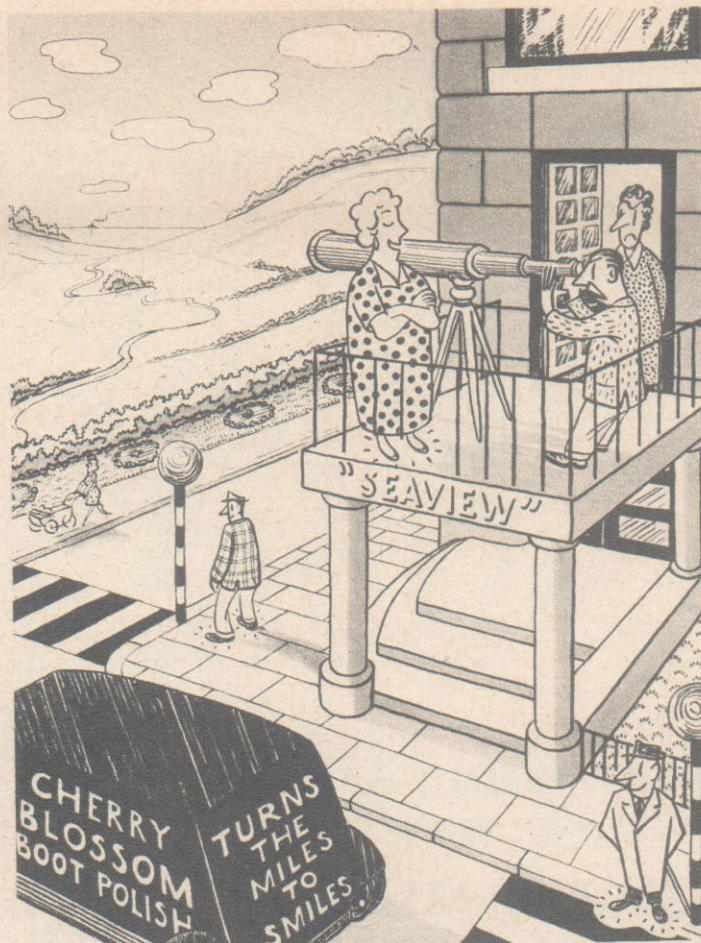
However, a paymaster is authorised to accept applications for casual or regular deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank (Army Branch). Alternatively, there is nothing to stop a soldier drawing his pay at monthly intervals and then depositing it in a local bank. A soldier going overseas may also make periodical remittances through Army channels of sums within the limits of any credit balance on his pay account, and such remittances may be made to any nominee, including a private bank.

CANINE

I was very interested to read comments on US Forces' newspaper jargon in SOLDIER for July. After leaving the Army in 1946, I was employed on the make-up of the US 3rd Air Division weekly newspaper. It was necessary for headlines to range at the ends and not show ragged, and for all words in the headlines to start with a capital even if all space between words was dispensed with.

Once, after every attempt had been made to make a heading fit the space by using alternative words, it became necessary to abbreviate the word "dog." This, of course, was impossible to a mere Englishman but the American editor was able to substitute "K9". — J. W. Bayliss, Pinner, Middlesex.

Letters Continued Overleaf



"You'll find it's no walking distance at all if you clean your shoes with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."

LAST CHANCE FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

THE last coupon for SOLDIER's photographic competition is printed below. The competition, which opened in April, closes on 30 September.

Entries should illustrate the theme: "The Army must use every ingenuity and device." Treatment may be serious or light-hearted. Prints may be of any size, but must be clear.

Command Education Officers will judge entries from their Commands and forward the best to SOLDIER for final judging.

FIVE GUINEAS will go to the sender of the best entry, TWO GUINEAS for the next best, ONE GUINEA for every other entry published.

**SOLDIER
COUPON PHOTOGRAPHIC
CONTEST**

CONDITIONS

1. The competition is open to serving members of the Army and Territorial Army (including women's corps) and the Army Cadet Force.
2. Photographs must have been taken by the competitors submitting them. They must not have been published or sold for publication.
3. Competitors must submit prints only, but must be prepared to send negatives if SOLDIER asks for them.
4. A competitor may submit any number of entries.
5. On the back of each print must be written the name and address of the competitor submitting it.
6. An entry coupon will be printed in each edition of SOLDIER during the competition and one of these coupons must be stuck on the back of each print submitted.
7. Entries for Command judging must be sent to Command Education Officers at Command Headquarters by 30 September 1952.
8. Competitors not serving within normal Army Commands (e.g. members of Military Attaches' staffs or Military Missions) may send their entries direct to the Editor, SOLDIER, BANU, 58, Eaton Square, London, SW 1, by the same date.
9. Copyright of prints entered will be retained by the Editor of SOLDIER for six months after the close of the contest.
10. Neither the Editor of SOLDIER nor Command Education Officers can enter into correspondence with any competitor on the subject of the competition.

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YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING THERE!



YES, YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A
BLUE RIBAND
CHOCOLATE SANDWICH WAFER

A GRAY DUNN PRODUCT



ASTONISHING RESULTS

of Consulting Hair Specialist's
New Treatment for Premature
HAIRFALL

Greyness, Dandruff and other Hair Disorders

UNHEALTHY
HAIR SHEATH



In this illustration the hair itself is also unhealthy, because Dandruff has seeped into the gaping sheath out of which the hair grows. But hair that is perfectly healthy may fall out even more alarmingly if the cause of the trouble is a weak, relaxed sheath.

HEALTHY
HAIR SHEATH



Strong and healthy hair sheath, free from Dandruff, and tightly braced up, holds hair fast.

Remarkable results are being achieved by the new treatment. It is especially prepared for each of the different types of cases by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the well-known Consulting Hair Specialist, of Blackpool. The following letters afford most gratifying evidence of the results obtained:

"Your treatment has stopped the hair from falling, arrested the greyness, and improved the growth wonderfully."

Mr. E. J., Stoke-on-Trent.

"My hair has improved beyond all recognition."

Mrs. D., Leighton Buzzard.

"Your treatment really is wonderful. I have a nice head of hair, which I never expected to have again."

Mr. J. S.

Readers who are suffering from any hair disorder should at once fill in and post the form below for a free copy of Mr. Pye's book, "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES." It is clearly printed on good paper and contains enlightening diagrams and illustrations on every page. Post the form to:— Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 99.

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To Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 99.
Send Book offered and particulars of treatments.

NAME
(Block Letters)

ADDRESS
(Block Letters)

SOLDIER, SEPTEMBER 1952

MORE LETTERS

MISTAKEN SALUTE

Your note in **SOLDIER** for June about the warrant officer who was saluted by mistake reminds me of the allegedly true story of an Army Service Corps driver, "dressed to kill," at Felixstowe during World War One. On being asked by the Military Police why he returned the salutes of hundreds of recruits, he replied: "I always return that to which I am not entitled." — Major John Scaife (rtd), 239 Wilson Avenue, Rochester, Kent.

CLUB THAT CLOSED

The NAAFI club at Southampton has been closed. This place was a great boon to soldiers who could get meals in its cafeteria far more cheaply than outside. There are still plenty of troops about, many of whom now sit in the park because there is no club for them. — Pte. B. Yusuf, Royal Pioneer Corps, Wimborne, Dorset. ★ NAAFI say the club was only a temporary one and was intended to serve a wartime purpose only. It was established in war-damaged property held on lease, and the lease has now expired. They regret the necessity for closing temporary clubs, but many new permanent clubs have been set up in the larger Service centres.

DCM LEAGUE

I have heard that there is an association for men with the DCM. Can you give me their address? — F. Lloyd-Jones, Margate.

★ The Distinguished Conduct Medal League has its headquarters at The Ship Tavern, 12 Gate Street, London WC2. The secretary is Mr. A. Fox DCM. It is holding its dinner and dance at the Bridge House Hotel, 4 Borough High Street, London Bridge, on 27 September with a rally and service at the Cenotaph, Whitehall, the next day.

RESERVE

I am due for transfer to the Royal Army Reserve for five years. What rate of pay shall I receive? If I volunteer for the Territorial Army do I forfeit this pay? — Sjt. H. Graham, RASC, Egypt.

★ A soldier transferred to Section A of the Royal Army Reserve with a liability to be called out for permanent service outside the United Kingdom when warlike operations are in preparation or in progress (and without Royal Proclamation) receives 1s 6d a day if a private, 1s 9d if a corporal and 2s if a serjeant or above.

If he is transferred to Section B or D with a liability to be called out by Proclamation for permanent ser-

Answers

(From Page 34)

How Much Do You Know? 1. Thomas Hood. 2. Photography. 3. A curved line on a map. 4. (a) Cleopatra, (b) Egypt, (c) Julius Caesar and Mark Antony. 5. Yorkshire pudding. 6. Troupes of dancing girls. 7. Washing soda. 8. Pekoe — tea; the rest are cheeses. 9. £1 8s 5½d. 10. Corinne Calvet.

vice in Britain or elsewhere in imminent national danger or great emergency, he receives 1s a day if a private, 1s 3d if a corporal and 1s 6d if a serjeant or above. This pay is issued quarterly in arrears.

Owing to his Reserve commitments it is not possible for a soldier to serve on a Territorial engagement as well. He may, however, apply for attachment to the Territorial Army as an instructor.

RED HILLS MEMORIALS

This 1936 photograph of the memorial to Indian Army casualties was taken somewhere near the Red Hills



not far from Cairo. Nearby is another memorial to Australian soldiers. Can anyone tell me how there came to be casualties at this spot? — Trooper W. Leacock, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, BAOR.

NO ROSETTE

I have the General Service Medal with Palestine clasp for service in 1936-7 and another clasp for service in Palestine 1945-8. Should I wear a rosette on the ribbon? — Bandmaster E. Palmer, The Loyal Regt, Trieste.

★ No.

EXECUTIONS

Please settle a life-and-death argument. We have been discussing the procedure adopted by a military firing squad and we have differing views as to how many men have live rounds and how many have dummy. Can you settle this for us? — Cfn. G. A. Cooper, REME, attached 221 Vehicle Battalion RAOC, Malaya.

★ No. Detailed instructions for carrying out executions by firing squads are secret.

2 minute sermon

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name that will I do..." (St. John's — Ch. 14, verse 13).

MANY of us, when young, are taught to pray. But sometimes, as we grow older, it seems as if God doesn't answer our prayers — at any rate as we want Him to — and we become discouraged. Little by little the good habit we learnt in childhood is neglected.

To ask for something in His Name means much more than just to tack on His Name at the end of the prayer. It means that we should try to pray in accordance with His principles and His teaching and thus prevent our prayers from becoming selfish and self-centred.

Our prayers are, in fact, always answered, but not in quite the way we may expect or wish. We do not always know what is for the best. But God does. An earthly father may have to say "No" or "Wait" to his son; so also may the Heavenly Father.

A very young boy asked his father if he could have a gun. The father very properly told him to wait until he was older. The boy accepted the decision because he loved and respected his father. Let us try to think of God in the same way. Prayer will be much more full of meaning for us if we do.



THE PICK OF THE CROP

AVAILABLE IN 1lb. & ½ lb. TINS AND HANDY 4oz. & 1oz. AIRTIGHT PACKS

Sun-Pat
SALTED NUTS

OBTAINABLE THROUGH ALL NAAFI STORES AND CANTEENS



RISE
AND
SHINE!



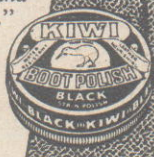
R.S.M. A. J. BRAND, M.Y.O., M.B.E.,
gives his 7 point recommendation
for a parade ground polish.

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."

Deep-shine with **KIWI**

It puts life into leather



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EFFECT ALMOST
IMMEDIATELY...

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with 2 'ASPRO' TABLETS
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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

ARMY MAGAZINE



VERA-ELLEN

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