

# SOLDIER

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**GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING**

"Triple DSO Goes to the Top" — Pages 5-6.

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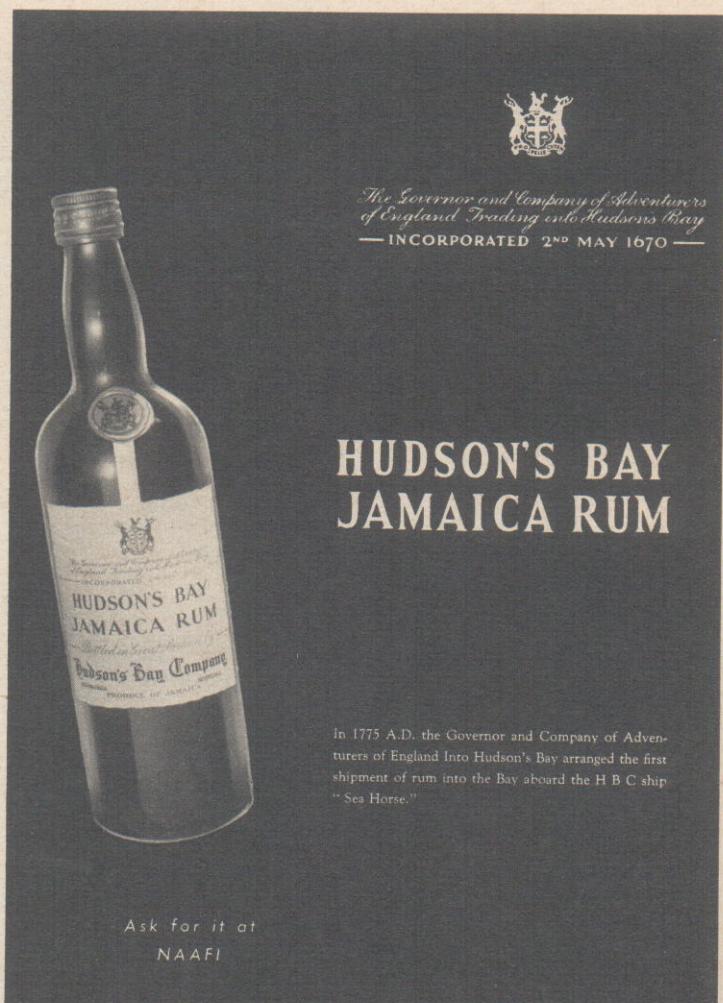
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# Triple DSO Goes to the Top

**C**AN you raise a panzer army?"

It was the "new broom" in North Africa — General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery — who asked the question. It was General John Harding who had four hours to answer it. Not so many years before the two men had been instructor and student respectively at the Staff College, Camberley.

A panzer army, a hard-hitting force capable of throwing the Afrika Korps into the Mediterranean... at that stage it was a tall order. But Harding had grown used to tall orders. He went away and reported back after four hours that he thought he could find what was needed.

For months, Harding had been earning his pay the hard way. There had been that black day when Generals Neame and O'Connor had been scooped into "the bag," leaving Harding, then BGS Western Desert Force with what must have felt like the full weight of North Africa on his shoulders. But did he show concern? Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand (Field-Marshal Montgomery's Chief of Staff) wrote:

"I remarked how tremendously impressed I was with his behaviour that day, and to me, a very junior and inexperienced officer, it was truly magnificent."

That is the commander who will shortly be assuming the duties of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in place of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

Among General Sir John Harding's distinctions are these:

*In 13 months he won three DSO's in the Western Desert;*

*In 13 years he has risen from battalion commander to the highest post in the British Army;*

*Since the war he has held these top-ranking commands: Central Mediterranean Forces, Southern Command, Far East Land Forces and the British Army of the Rhine.*

Fifty-six-year-old General Sir John Harding (he was christened Allan Francis) is a Somerset man, as the Somerset Light Infantry will be quick to remind you. His father sent him to Ilminster Grammar School. In his 'teens he worked in the General Post

Office in London. Then in May 1914 he was commissioned in the 1/11th Battalion of the London Regiment. Later he transferred to the Machine-Gun Corps, and rose to command a battalion in action at the age of 21. He served at Gallipoli, in Egypt and Asiatic Turkey, won the Military Cross and was wounded twice.

His regular commission in the Somerset Light Infantry was back-dated to March 1917. "He has a head on his shoulders far ahead of his years," wrote his brigade commander, "and has clearly found his profession as a soldier. I consider him to be the best regimental captain in the brigade."

As adjutant of the 2nd Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry the future general saw service in India. In 1930 he qualified at the Staff College, Camberley, where his con-

OVER

**A one-time Infantryman who commanded the "Desert Rats" will step into the Army's highest post in November. He is General Sir John Harding, who won three DSO's in 13 months**



Above: a Desert portrait. Below: Staff car session: General Harding, commanding 7th Armoured Division, studies troop dispositions with officers of a Free French Flying Column in the Western Desert.



## Continuing Triple DSO Goes to the Top



The Desert again: General Harding inspects the weapons of an armoured car. It was while standing on a tank turret that he was badly wounded near Tripoli. Below: As Commander-in-Chief Far East Land Forces, Lieut-General Harding flew to Korea early in the campaign. He is seen with Lieut-Colonel Andrew Man, commanding the Middlesex Regiment, and Brigadier (now Major-General) B. A. Coad.



Germany: On a recent headquarters exercise General Harding introduces British staff officers to Marshal Juin, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Land Forces in Central Europe.

temporaries included two other officers destined for fame in World War Two — Generals Dempsey and Leese. Soon afterwards he was brigade major with the British element of the International Force which maintained order in the Saar for the plebiscite. This force had a delicate role to play, and its staff officers had to draw on their inner reserves of tact.

In 1939, commanding the 1st Battalion of the Somersets in India, Lieut-Colonel Harding led his men in action in the Ahmedzai Salient, being mentioned in despatches. A year after the outbreak of war he was ordered to the Middle East to become GSO 1 of 6th Division. As colonel or brigadier he tasted the bitter-sweet of those days of advancing and retreating before General Montgomery flew out to take command. The new broom appointed General Harding to command 7th Armoured Division and he led them in the Battle of Alamein. He was with them on the long push to Tripoli, eager, resourceful, indefatigable, showing splendid leadership. He was hit by the explosion of a 75 mm round when standing on his tank in an engagement south of Tripoli, and severely wounded; so he saw nothing of the final fall of the city for which the British Army had battled so obstinately.

When he recovered from his injuries General Harding was given command of Eighth Corps in Britain, in late 1943. He had been earmarked as a Second Front general, but in January 1944 he was sent to Italy as Chief of Staff to Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander at Caserta. There he had a hand in engineering the fall of Rome that summer. Then in March 1945 he commanded 13th Corps. At the end of the war General Harding had the tricky task of maintaining order in Trieste, then in perhaps its most dangerous phase. Soon afterwards he was nominated to command Central Mediterranean Forces.

In 1947 came a spell at Southern Command, then in 1949 the appointment of Commander-in-Chief Far East Land Forces. One of his major headaches at Singapore was the increasing threat from the bandits in the Malaya jungle, with the need to build up

the security forces. He found time to pay a visit to Korea in the days when the 27th Commonwealth Brigade was performing prodigies. Then in 1951 came the appointment, which he still holds, to command the British Army of the Rhine — with its new divisions and its ever-increasing international commitments.

Very much the fighting soldier, General Harding has raised the standard of training of the troops under his command in Germany to a remarkably high level. His aim (often expressed at conferences and in directives) has been to make every soldier "fit for war at 24 hours notice."

Shortly after his arrival in Rhine Army he introduced the highly-successful scheme of making every officer and Other Rank (including his own headquarters staff) spend at least three days in each month on field training under active service conditions. He has devoted much time and energy, too, to strengthening the close ties between the Allied Forces in Germany and particularly between the British Army of the Rhine and Second Tactical Air Force.

A keen sportsman — he plays polo and tennis, rides and shoots — he also finds relaxation in his few off-duty moments in gardening and reading.

General Harding believes in personal contact and spends much time visiting units on training, often flying from his private airfield by helicopter or Auster. He has a remarkable memory and recently astounded an infantry battalion he visited by recognising and remembering the names of several officers and men who served under him 20 years ago.

General Harding has one son who did his National Service with the 11th Hussars and was demobilised last year as a sub-altern.

General Harding obtained permission from the King to be knighted as Sir John since that was the name by which he had always been known in the Army.

General Harding contains that concentration of energy which often characterises men of below medium height — and British military history can furnish many distinguished examples, from the Duke of Wellington to Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.

# S O L D I E R to Soldier

**T**HE appointment of General Sir John Harding as the next Chief of the Imperial General Staff has reminded the Military Correspondent of *The Times* that there is not, in fact, any such post.

No Imperial General Staff exists.

In days gone by the general holding the Army's top appointment was called Commander-in-Chief of the Army, a simple and satisfying title. The last man to hold this appointment was Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, whose term of office ended in 1904.

It was a fitting enough description in days when, at a pinch, almost the whole of the British Army could have been put in the field under one command. The objection to it today is that, at home and abroad, the British Army has its Commanders-in-Chief in direct command of their troops, and the "top soldier" at the War Office is essentially a Staff officer.

When the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Army was abolished, the Army came under a committee: the Army Council. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff sits on the Council, and represents the Army on the Chiefs of Staffs Committee (with an admiral and an air marshal). He was given his Imperial title because in those days there were visions of an Imperial Staff. The Dominions and India had their own ideas, however (though military links with the Commonwealth remain close and cordial).

It may be that the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Army conjures up an officer in plumed hat cantering along a ridge, rather than an officer with a red hat-band hurtling through the skies in an aluminium tube. But it is worth noting

that the present Chief of the Imperial General Staff can reach most of Britain's far-flung armies faster than some earlier Commanders-in-Chief of the Army could post from, say, Whitehall to Paris.

If it were necessary to choose between two inaccurate titles, SOLDIER would prefer the old one, with its older tradition. But probably the best solution would be simply to drop the word "Imperial" and describe the Army's No. 1 soldier as Chief of the Army General Staff.

\* \* \*

**L**AST month Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps celebrated its golden jubilee. It is a corps with a golden record.

Properly speaking, Army nursing began with Florence Nightingale, who superintended the first 40 nurses to go out to the Crimea. In 1902 — fifty years ago — the "Army Nursing Service" which had sent hundreds of nurses to tend the wounded in the Boer War was succeeded by Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, which served magnificently in two world wars. In 1949 the Service was given regular Corps status.

There was never any question about Army nursing sisters volunteering to go overseas, or into places of danger. They were sent where they were needed. They were to be found on bloody beachheads like Anzio. Some of them were prisoners of the Japanese after the collapse in the Far East. One nursing sister found herself on one of those hideous "voyages" in the Pacific on an open raft. Her account contained sentences like:

*"On the second day the children went mad, and we had a difficult time with them — lost them all."*

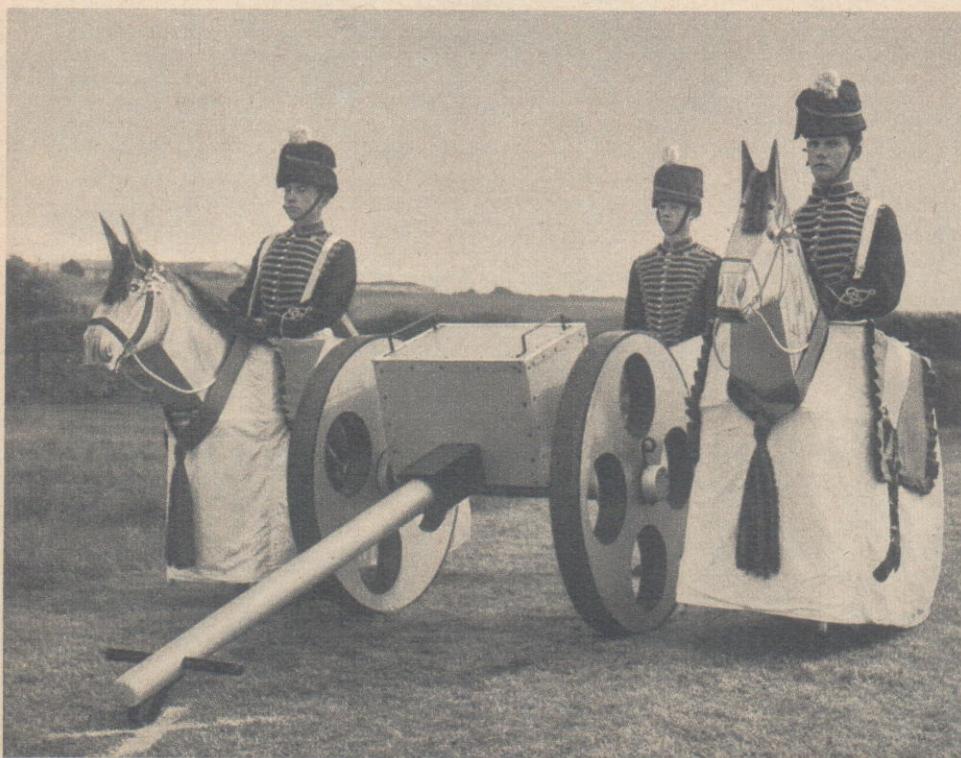
It is time the full history of this Corps was written, for it is an inspiring one. There were 12,000 nursing sisters in the late war, but the stories of their resourcefulness and kindness are many times 12,000. Not the least of their heartaches was holding cigarette after cigarette for an incapacitated man, and trying to find the right answer to questions like: "I don't look as bad as he does, do I, Sister?"

\* \* \*

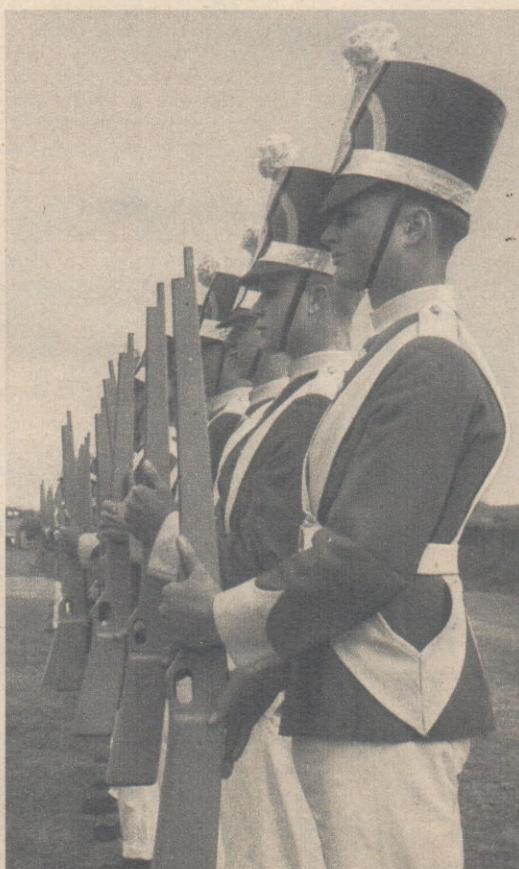
**C**ONGRATULATIONS to Corporal F. W. Merriman, Army Catering Corps, who looks like being the only National Serviceman to leave the Army with a tax-free bonus of £100.

No, the War Office is not paying him this sum. He won it in a "clean food" competition organised by the *Daily Herald*. Competitors were invited to choose the best hygiene hints from a list of 24, which included such familiar items as "Don't lick fingers when cooking" and "Cook reheated food thoroughly." Corporal Merriman drew on his Army training — then compiled a list which satisfied a learned public health panel.

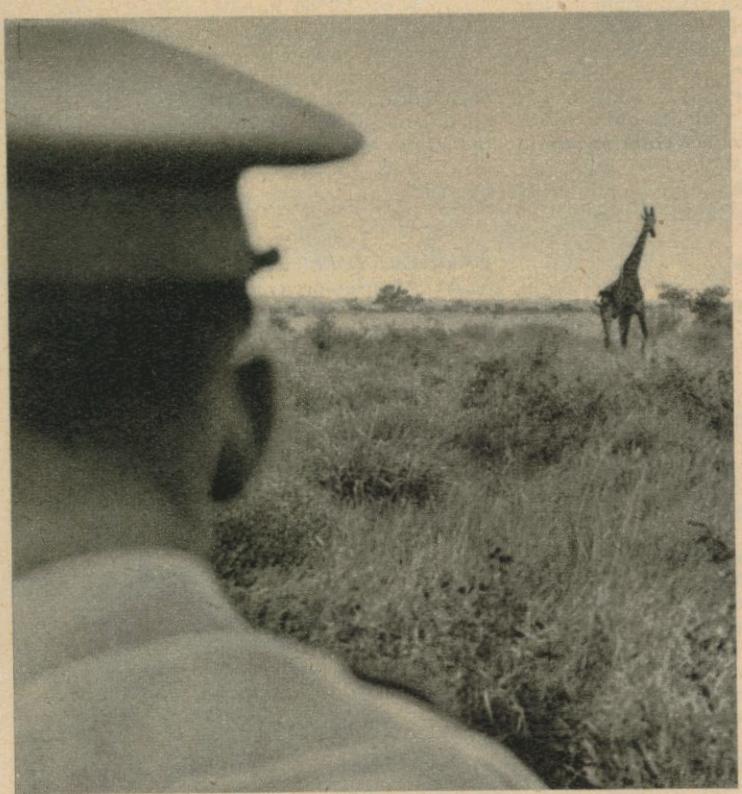
If this news does not spur recruits to pay attention to lectures on hygiene, not to mention salvage, savings and horticulture, what will?



This is a memorable summer for the lads of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Training School at Gosport. Last month they put on their well-drilled "toy soldier" show at the Royal Tournament. They are to appear again at a big searchlight tattoo at the White City this month. Left: Hobby horses and gun limber. Right: A "present" to the Duke of Toytown.



## “DRIVE CAREFULLY: GIRAFFES”



INCE no one can be bored by the sight of big game, the lot of a military policeman in East Africa ought to be a happy one. In this command a beat is sometimes more like a *safari*. Distances covered by military police patrols are prodigious by the standards of Salisbury Plain. So is the scenery.

Unfortunately, the roads are not of the same calibre as the scenery. They are mostly built of *murrum* — a mixture of dirt and gravel. In dry weather they throw up clouds of red dust; during the rains they turn into swamps of sticky mud — and a truck may take four hours to travel three miles.

A patrol recently ended a long tour through the highlands of Kenya, starting from Nairobi and taking in Nyeri, Nanyuki and Nakuru. Near Nyeri is Sagana Lodge, the gift of Kenya to Queen Elizabeth; it was here that she learned the news of her father's death. Both Nyeri and Nanyuki (the place of the bees) are on the slopes of towering Mount Kenya.

The road back to Nairobi passes through the Great Rift Valley and by the game-filled Masai reserve (the Masai are the great warrior

tribe of Kenya). Recently a car knocked down a giraffe on the road on a moonless night, killing the animal and severely damaging the car. The scenery is magnificent the whole way: rolling downland, or thick forests sometimes of cedar, sometimes of bamboo. In the distance are towering mountains with an occasional volcano, supposedly extinct, such as Longinot.

After a week's interval the patrol were off on another trip through Arusha and Moshi in Tanganyika to Mombasa (where

Left: It is the military policeman's lot to be misunderstood. Even giraffe turn a wary eye on him. Below: here is one driver who was not asked for a work ticket. (Photographs: Signalman F. Lodge)



the military police supervise the embarkation of hundreds of British troops), and back to Nairobi again. Arusha and Moshi are on the slopes of Mount Meru and Mount Kilimanjaro (20,000 feet) respectively.

On this trip the patrol passed through the Athi plain, most of which is a Royal National Game Park, with lion, elephant, hippo, rhino and almost every kind of buck. At Namanga cars are sometimes held up while elephant stroll across the road — and take their time about it.

It is strictly forbidden to get out of a car in the National Parks. Lion and rhino resent pedestrians, but rarely touch a car, though a bad-tempered bull rhino or a nursing cow may charge a vehicle if it approaches too close. A rhino can travel at 40 miles an hour over a short distance!

These patrols are not the millionaires' holiday they sound. Military vehicles of all kinds are stopped and checked for faults. The state of the roads soon turns a small fault into a big one.

It requires tact to convince some African drivers (and even Europeans) that faults ought to be remedied. An African will let his hut deteriorate until eventually it falls down; then he will rebuild it. He is very apt to apply the same principle to a truck, unless he is kept up to scratch.

A checking team once called out a vehicle of their own unit to help with a vehicle ordered off the road. When the relief vehicle arrived, it was checked like the others — and found to be deficient. Which shows that the Red-caps do their job without fear or favour. — *From a report by Major J. R. Galwey, Military Observer.*



The only Army touch in this idyllic scene on Nyali is the inevitable number on the side of the *basha*. (Photographs: Sjt. R. J. Chatten)

## THE ARMY'S LOTUS ISLE

IN East Africa the Army has one of the most beautiful rest camps in the world.

Nyali, the name of the tropic isle where the camp is situated, is hard by Mombasa Island, and is in fact linked with it by a pontoon bridge.

This isle has everything that Hollywood specifies for a romantic setting: coral strands, palm trees, vivid flowers and pretty girls...

A coral barrier prevents the biggest rollers — and sharks — from reaching the bathing beaches. It is an entrancing reef to visit, with its brilliant formations and strange kinds of marine life.

Goggle-fishing outfits, complete with frogmen flippers, can be hired by those who want to try their skill at under-water harpooning.

Living quarters in the camp are simple huts roofed with palm thatch, built for coolness on the *basha* principle. Every room has fresh water.

An Army bus carries soldiers and their families on sight-seeing visits to the old town of Mombasa, where the port is crammed with ocean-going dhows of the type which carried Sinbad the Sailor and the Queen of Sheba. Here is the great keep of Fort Jesus, now a prison, which the Portuguese defended continually for years until they had to capitulate through the late arrival of a relief fleet.

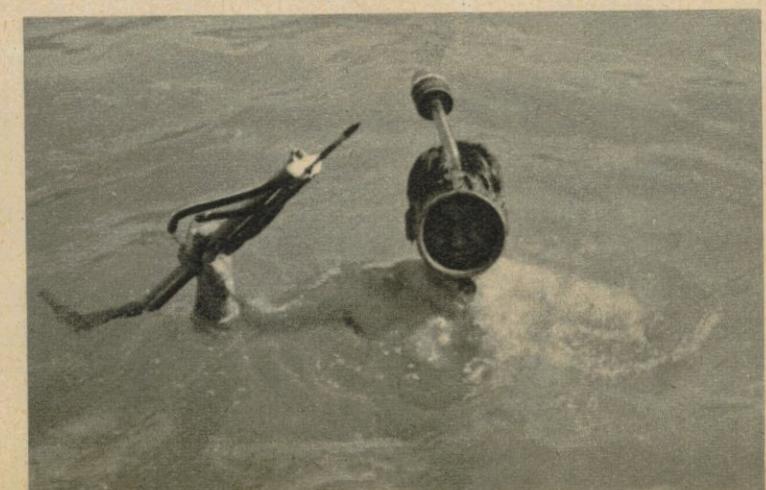
Warrant Officer Matson surfaces from a dive. There is good sport off Nyali's coral shores.



Dressed to kill — just like Daddy: The son of Warrant Officer E. G. W. Matson in goggling outfit.



The vehicle of this African driver is in order... but you should see some of the others. Note crossed *pangas* on military policeman's flash. Below: On the Kenya-Tanganyika border. John o'Groats is 7954 miles, Cape Town 3605, Cairo 3015.





Guest of honour at the special Anzac Day parade held by 1st Commonwealth Division in Korea was the Commander of the Turkish Brigade, Brigadier-General Namio Arguo (left). Today only the bravery, not the enmity, of Gallipoli is remembered. A 25-pounder gun (right) symbolised the sacrifices made by troops from "Down Under" in three wars.



Korea

## Two Years of Korea

Soon 15 British Infantry battalions will have disembarked at Pusan

**I**T has been suggested that the Korean war — now two years old — provides the British Army with a "training ground" equivalent to the old North-West Frontier, where active campaigning could be found in times of peace.

Britain, of course, has not the least desire to keep going a vexatious war 12,000 miles away, purely for training purposes, but so long as the campaign goes on the Army may as well profit by it. The annual turn-round of battalions in Korea at least ensures that the Infantry learns some of those lessons which cannot be picked up on even the most realistic manoeuvres.

There are, however, 65 Regiments of the Line, to say nothing of Foot Guards, and only the gloomiest political pessimist will expect the truce talks to go on long enough to give all the battalions a spell in Korea.

Those Infantry regiments which have served, or are serving in Korea, are the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Middlesex, the Royal Ulster Rifles, the Gloucestershires, the Royal Northumbrian Fusiliers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, the Royal Norfolks, the Welch and the Royal Leicestershires. On their way to Korea, or due to embark, are the Black Watch, the Royal Fusiliers, the Durham Light

Infantry, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and the King's Regiment.

The 8th Hussars, who first took Centurion tanks to Korea, were relieved by the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, who in turn are due to be relieved this autumn by the 1st Royal Tank Regiment. Two field regiments Royal Artillery — the 45th and the 14th — have each fired 100,000 rounds in Korea.

An operational research team, representing the War Office, has been studying the new techniques of warfare in Korea. There have been notable developments in the employment of bazookas, napalm and air supply; and valuable information has been acquired about the behaviour of material

Prize-winning picture. This shot of "Long Toms" firing won first place in the action category in a display of Korean combat photographs at the Pentagon, Washington.

— and men — in Arctic conditions.

On a staff level, the campaign has given the different nations a welcome chance to learn each other's foibles and virtues.

The 1st Commonwealth Division will have a new commander next month, when Major-General A. J. H. Cassels will be relieved by Major-General M. M. Alston-Roberts-West, recently commanding British troops in Austria. Irish-born General West (as he was usually known in Austria) served in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. During the late war he commanded 5 Infantry Brigade in Burma, earning DSO and bar.

As SOLDIER went to press, a company of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry had begun to lend a hand "sorting out" the highly organised and defiant Communist prisoners-of-war on Koje island. And it was announced that Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence, was to fly to Korea to report on the campaign — a campaign which at any moment could flare up again into full-scale war.



# Inchon is so Bracing . . .

**I**NCHON, scene of an audacious assault landing by United Nations troops early in the Korean war, now stands for rest and relaxation.

Here, beside the Yellow Sea, in a one-time "Lido" for Japanese naval officers, is the 1st Commonwealth Division Rest Centre. It offers three days "away from it all" for front-line troops, and longer spells for men convalescing from battle injuries.

The camp, though at the seaside, is separated from the Yellow Sea by an artificial salt water lagoon with sluice gate, which controls the depth of the water. Inland, the scenery is varied, picturesque and pleasant, and there is an old Buddhist temple to visit.

Commanding the rest camp is Captain R. W. Jenkins, Royal Army Service Corps. His NCO's — British, Canadian, Australian and New Zealanders — were handpicked from the Commonwealth Division for their ability to improvise. One hundred Koreans are employed as labourers, house boys, waitresses and kitchen maids.

Captain Jenkins can take pardonable pride in the camp's central heating, electric lighting and plumbing. He is now laying the foundations for a hard tennis court, and is driving a pier made of 50-gallon drums and scrounged timber out into the lagoon, for the benefit of swimmers. As a former officer in charge of water transport in Venice he is not entirely unfamiliar with piers.

The camp can take 150 men from the front and 50 convalescents at a time. In winter men arrive to a hot meal and a tot of rum. With his lunch each soldier receives a bottle of beer and 50 cigarettes "on the house."

The men sleep in marquee-style tents, heated with oil stoves. There is a Korean house boy to each tent, tending the stove, bringing morning tea, making the beds and generally acting as batman. Only the sleeping quarters are under canvas; all other buildings are solid.

During meals (no second helpings refused) the Commonwealth Division Concert Party plays popular music, and in the evenings often gives a burlesque show. Senior NCO in the party is Corporal Eddie Oliver from Montreal. He said that in Christmas week the Party gave 100 concerts in a week at the front — often in rain and snow. The shows are produced by a Londoner, Mr. Leo Prescott.

Each night in the rest camp there is a film show, and on one of the three nights there is also "live" entertainment. For example, the Inchon City Choir (who went down well) gave a performance at seven o'clock, finishing at half-past eight, and the men were then able to buy a

bottle of beer or two before returning to the dining-hall-cum-theatre-cum-cinema for a film show starting at ten o'clock.

Ye Olde Crown Inn, with its painted sign swinging in the breeze, resembles a country club rather than a village tap-room. In the evenings it sells ham and eggs and chips — without which no leave is complete.

Running the recreation room are the only British women in central Korea: Miss Hilda Wood, of Derby, and Miss Patricia Whittall, of London. They belong to the Women's Voluntary Services, and besides organising games and competitions they parcel up comforts and gift parcels for home. They do a fine job.

The mechanical geniuses of the camp are New Zealand Corporal H. R. Hewlett, and Corporal L. S. Hurst, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. They operate the plant which pumps water from a 30 feet well up the hillside to a static tank, and the Ford V8 motor which generates the camp's electricity.

Sergeant Ossie Meese, Royal Signals, has his Korean workmen busy on ambitious plans which involve rockeries, fountains, goldfish and water lilies.

Responsible for discipline is Colour Sergeant J. Neilson, of the Green Howards. "No trouble at all," he reports. Like most rest camps, this one has no parades.

## . . . and so is Ebisu



Above: This "Korean arch" is the entrance to the camp of no parades.

Right: A New Zealander, a Canadian (bearded) and two British soldiers (bareheaded), enjoying a three-day rest cure.



Waving good-bye: WVS hostesses, Miss H. Wood and Miss P. Whittall.



The things he does for Australia! General S. F. Rowell, Australian Army, reviews a line-up of Japanese waitresses at Ebisu Leave Camp, Tokyo. Troops from Korea spend five-day leaves here.





How to demolish a tree in a hurry. A 75 grenade, filled with TNT, is lashed to the trunk (left) ... and the result (right) is a mess of firewood. But a lumberjack would shake his head sorrowfully.



## Down in the Forest Something Stirred...

**Y**OU can't always send for the Sappers. If it's a simple job of demolition, do it yourself!

That's the modern rule of campaigning.

Many of the soldiers who reported to 21 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers in Germany had never seen a stick of plastic high explosive.

Five days later, at the end of a concentrated course on explosives, mines and demolitions, they had used four different types of high explosive to shatter steel bridge-girders, fell trees, crater a clearing

in a forest and torpedo a way through a barbed-wire entanglement.

Already some of the students are on their way to the Far East. Knowledge gained in a German wood may be put to the test in Korea.

The course in Rhine Army — for officers, NCO's and men of all arms — is designed to teach the most effective use of high explosives and at the same time to qualify men as instructors in their own units. Students are shown how to lay and clear minefields, and they learn the details of the latest mines used by the enemy in Korea.



To blow a worth-while crater, first sink your camouflet. For greater effect, craters are blown in pairs (right) ...



... the result is a raw hole eight feet deep and twelve feet across. Infantrymen on this course were suitably impressed.

# The CLIFF HANGERS

It was all done with ropes and rockets—the kind of cliff-scaling technique that might have helped General Wolfe at Quebec

“CLIFF-HANGERS” is the name given to those serial stories in which the hero is left at the end of the instalment dangling on a cliff face.

Royal Marine Commandos staged a “cliff-hanger” of their own — the most thrilling since the war — on the Isle of Wight. The spectators were students of the Army, Royal Navy and Royal Air Force Staff Colleges.

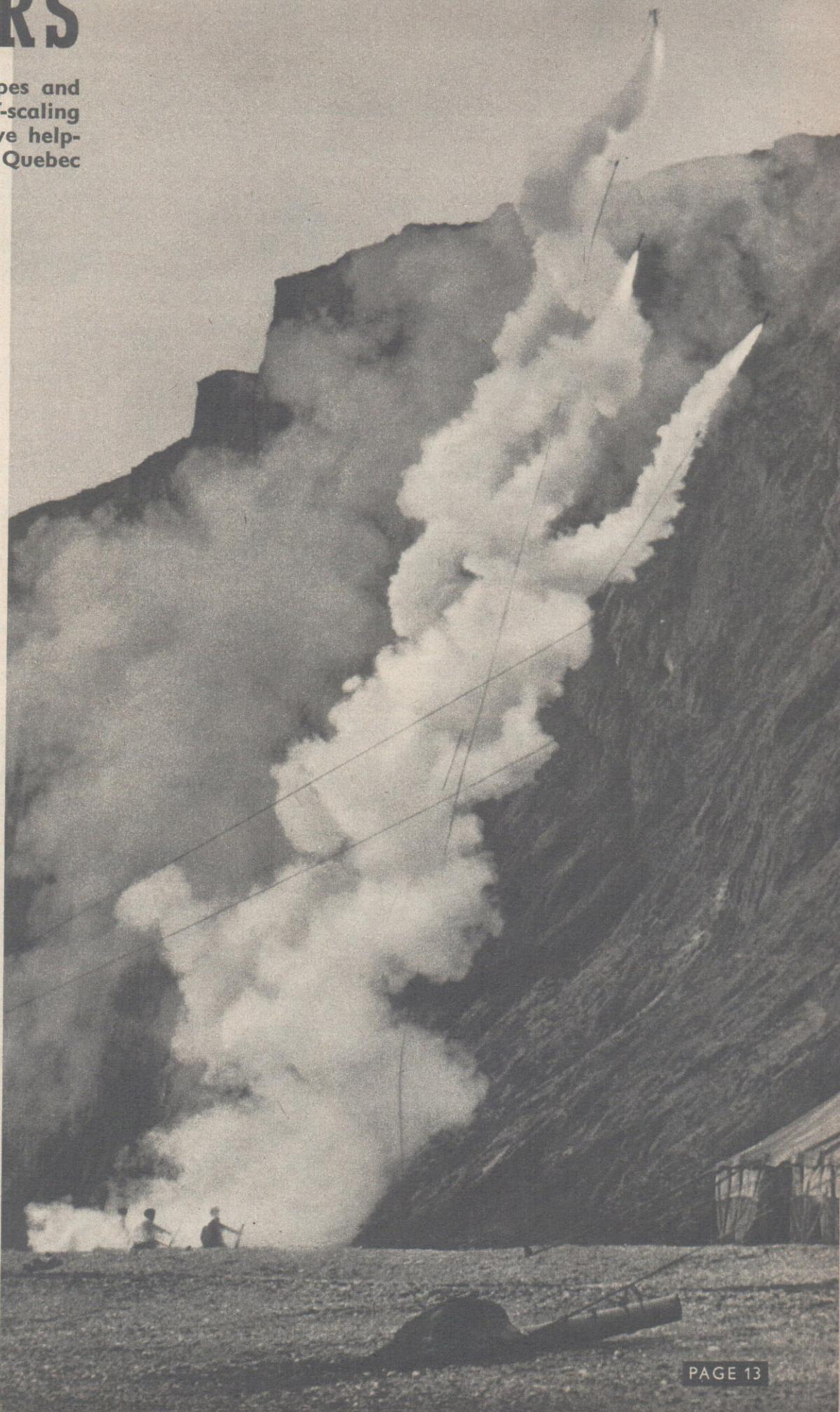
It was assumed to be night. From surfboats the first Commandos came ashore with ropes in baskets on their backs. Linked together, and using ice axes, they began to scale the vertical cliff face, while others crouched on the foreshore ready to give covering fire.

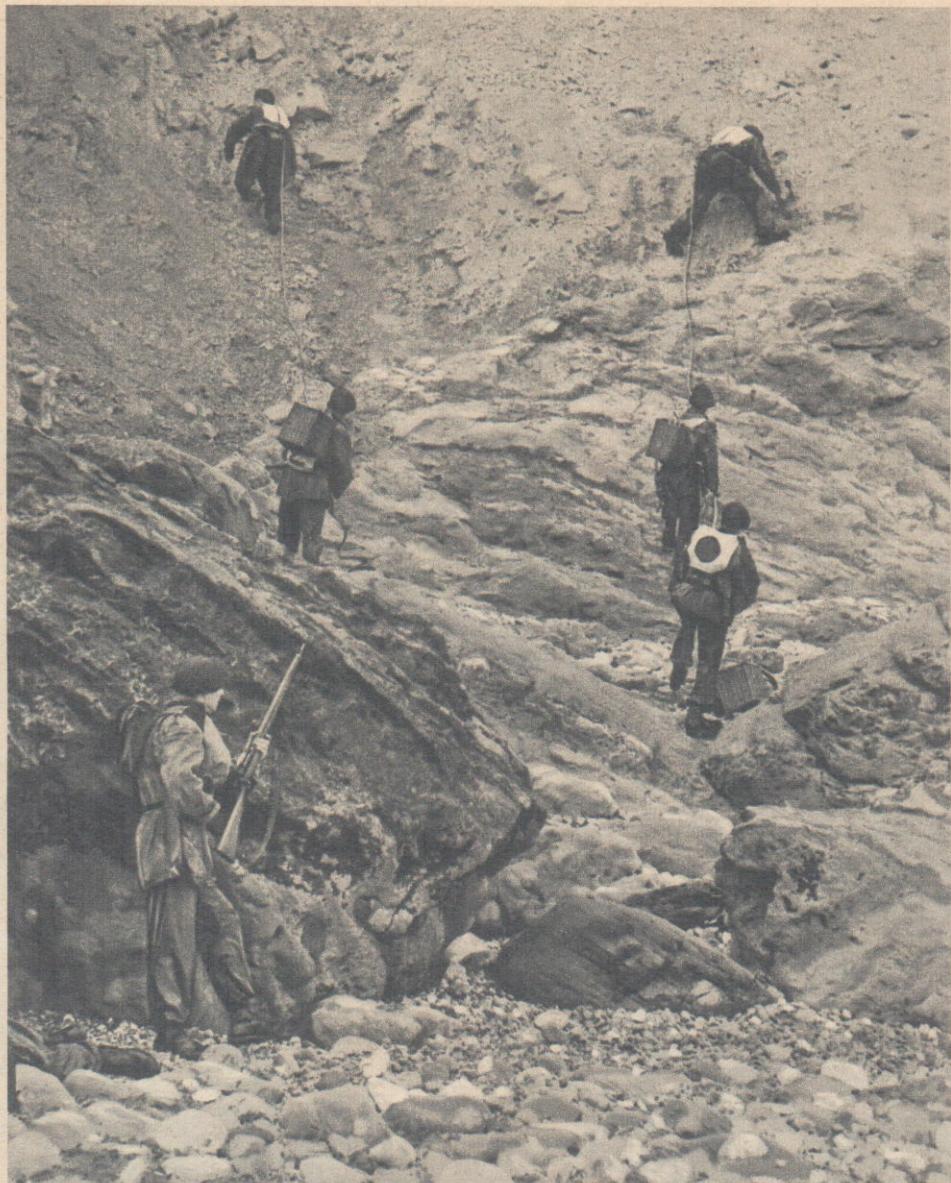
That was one way to scale a cliff... Now came a salvo of rockets from the beach. These were no ordinary rockets — they carried grapnels, and tethered to them were ropes and rope ladders. When the grapnels bit, the ropes were ready for the assistance of the next wave of attackers. Incidentally, climbing a rope ladder up a cliff face is not nearly as simple as it sounds.

The Commandos had other tricks up their sleeves. A two-

OVER →

Right: Sizzling upwards go the rope-carrying rockets, to land on the top of Culver Cliff, Isle of Wight. Note grapnels on rockets. The first raiders (below) climbed the cliff in human-fly fashion. A basket containing a rope can be seen on the back of the second man.





Left: These are some of the roped men who first scaled the 250-foot cliffs — just like in the Royal Tournament. The spot on the man's back is for the benefit of the commentator. Above: demonstrating the descent-by-cage method of evacuating casualties. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE)

"The Commanding Officer's Descent": seated in a "chair," with one arm over the rope, and a newspaper to beguile the tedium, an officer slides effortlessly towards the beach.





First men ashore at Southsea erect a large sign for signalling back to the invasion fleet. Top, right: the field guns trundle ashore. Right: "Comes the blind 'Fury' . . ." with all its chains flailing the shingle to explode mines.

## CLIFF HANGERS (Cont'd)

man cable car — for evacuating casualties — mysteriously materialised; it turned out there was even a small motor up there on the cliff for operating it. And the simplest of all ways of descending was also demonstrated — just sliding down on a rope, with or without a chair.

The demonstration at Culver Cliff followed a big amphibious landing on the beaches at Eastney, Southsea, in which all three Services took part. In this "potted" version of the Normandy landings the Army was represented by the 1st Battalion The Gloucestershire Regiment — now demonstration battalion at Warminster — and a troop of the 4th Hussars, lately returned from the Far East.

As an overture to the landings, three Marines in "frogmen" suits were dropped into the sea from a Hastings aircraft. Bad weather prevented them jumping with a collapsible boat, but the Navy arranged for a boat to be there just the same. The frogmen laid demolition charges and withdrew. There was a "sneak landing" by a surfboat — the type of operation in which an agent, or a prisoner, could be taken from shore.

Jet aircraft from the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force streaked over the beaches. Then the Infantry and the armour came in. The 4th Hussars' token force included Centurions, flail and petard tanks and a Crocodile flame-thrower. Soon 25-pounders and 17-pounders came ashore. Dukws and Buffaloes were in action, too.

Back and to plied two helicopters, showing how armed men could be plucked effortlessly from sea to land. A liaison officer, picked up from a landing craft, was wound down to the shore on a quick-release cable, to save the pilot the trouble of landing.

In all, 800 Servicemen took part. It was the biggest amphibious operation since the war, and it was twice repeated. Among those who watched were two field-marshals — Lord Alexander and Sir William Slim.

Some of the men who took part in the operation at Southsea can vouch for the realism of the explosions — their headgear caught fire!

You've heard plenty of jokes about the Liaison Officer, the man who carves himself out a comfortable war by "swanning" from mess to mess. The job's not like that any more, even supposing it ever was. Here a liaison officer drops into the beach-head, like a spider on a thread (observers used to descend like this through cloud from Zeppelins, once upon a time). In the left foreground are two soldiers minding their own business. Who could be bothered staring at such commonplace incidents as men dropping from helicopters?





A finance team (the British Army suffers from them too) argued that American service pay was upsetting to native economies, that Communist troops had used cash stolen from American casualties to pay spies and saboteurs, and that a "fox-hole poll" in Korea found GI's in favour of the proposal 9-1.

"Assuming that the question was put to them correctly," said *Army Times*, "those GI's apparently did not think over it carefully... We see no need for anyone to tell anyone else what he will do with the money he has earned. There is no need, it seems to us, for the Army to go into the banking business without the consent of its men... the precedent is dangerous."

The plan, it appears, has now been abandoned.

Apparently that rivalry between single and married soldiers, which is not unknown in the British Army, afflicts the American Army too. *Army Times* has had letters alleging feather-bedding of married soldiers. One soldier wrote to say that since his divorce came through he had been given more fatigues than when he was married. Another complained because he and two other soldiers had been turned out of their seats on a military train to make room for "an SFC, his wife and seven-year-old daughter." "Korean Vet" waxed sarcastic at the recreational facilities reserved for these "precious dependents," and prophesied the break-up of many homes when Army wives were brought home to face harsh realities.

According to a recent editorial, "many a serviceman who has had a taste of living overseas acquires a distaste for coming back to his native land." To judge from the letters column, this applies in particular to American soldiers living in Germany, especially the married ones.

Besides leading articles, answers to queries and letters from readers, *Army Times* prints a fairly uninhibited humour page; also a series of photographs with the commendable object of "showing how gorgeous Army women are." One "WAC of the Week" was 21-year-old PFC Shirley Attebury, who played a "lusty-voiced" siren over the radio to lure the "enemy" from their foxholes on manoeuvres.

On the male side, there was a contest to find the soldier with the biggest feet; he appears to be Corporal Richard F. Burkett, serving in Korea, whose combat shoes are size 14½ EE.

*Army Times* carries advertisements. One of the most frequent shows American soldiers flying home to the States in double-deck strato clippers, relaxing in the foam-soft seats of club lounges, where lovely girls sit with their long legs crossed.

**TAILPIECE:** One recent issue contained a reference to "mess hells" in Germany. Presumably it was a misprint — or was it?

# 'A Regiment for Sale'

**SOLDIER'S tame researcher finds some odd sidelights on the Army in the advertising columns of old newspapers**

**ARMY. A LIEUT-COLONELCY in an OLD REGIMENT at home to be DISPOSED OF.** There are advantages attending this Commission which render it peculiarly eligible. Letters, post-paid, addressed to Y. Z., Cannon Coffee-house, Charing Cross will be immediately attended to.

**T**HAT advertisement appeared in *The Morning Post* of 21 April, 1803. Note the date: Napoleon was shaking his fist across the English Channel and "invasion flaps" were frequent. Note, also, the inducement "at home."

To the readers of *The Morning Post* in those days there was nothing unusual about this type of advertisement. A colonel was as much entitled to use the "Personal" column as the country gentleman seeking a new protector for his discarded mistress, or the quack who offered to cure disreputable diseases, or the vendor of lottery tickets, or the "respectable young woman with a good breast of milk."

The price of a lieutenant-colonelcy was fairly steep. Even a lieutenancy or a cornetcy could run into several hundred pounds. This is from *The Morning Post* of 28 June 1779:

**GRATUITY.** Any Lady or Gentleman who can procure a person a first or second Lieutenancy of Marines, who has served in a military capacity in the late war, shall receive £250 on his receiving the Commission. None but real principals will be attended to. Please to direct to A. B. at Mr. Jones, Hair Dresser, High Street, Marylebone.

On 8 July 1805 an advertiser in *The Morning Post* offered a "Cornetcy to India or Cornetcy of Dragoons" on what he described as "very moderate terms." An advertisement just

below dangled a Cornetcy for £400.

There were of course military posts which offered better pickings than lieutenancies or cornetcies. In *The Times* of 3 July 1797 appeared the following:

**THE SUM of £500 will be given to any Lady or Gentleman who may be able to procure the appointment of assistant Commissary to the Forces in Great Britain for a Young Gentleman who has a strong knowledge of business; or to any person holding that appointment and willing to resign in favour of the advertiser... The strictest honour and secrecy may be relied on. Address to A. B., Nando's Coffee-house, Fleet-Street.**

Pledges of "honour" were invariably made, though by modern standards many of the transactions come under the heading of common bribery.

The ordinary soldier rarely appears in the advertising columns of those days unless as a proscribed fugitive. Since a commanding officer was personally responsible for raising and maintaining his regiment, he was personally responsible for capturing his own deserters. Hence advertisements like the following, from *The Daily Advertiser* of 22 January 1759:

**DESERTED from His Majesty's Second (or Queen's) Regiment of Dragoon Guards, commanded by the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Lord George Sackville, Thomas Knight, of Major East's Troop. Born in Gloucestershire, about 25 years of age, upwards of 6ft high, fair Hair, round Face, pitted with the Small Pox and hollow grey Eyes; is slow of speech, thickish Legs and not well shaped. Had on when**



"Readers of *The Morning Post*..."

he deserted his old Regimental Cloaths and Watering Cap. Whoever apprehends the said Deserter so as he may be committed to any of His Majesty's Gaols shall by applying to the Commanding Officer of the Regiment at Kilmarnock, North Britain, or to George Ross Esq., agent of the Regiment in Conduit Street, London receive Twenty Shillings over and above the Reward given by Act of Parliament.

Thomas Knight, by his description, does not seem to have been a great loss to the Second Dragoon Guards. But a recruit was a recruit, and a commanding officer could not afford to be too fussy.

In those times every other soldier was pock-marked and many of them appear to have been bandy-legged. On 26 April 1760 the 16th Dragoons were advertising in *Lloyd's Evening Post* for William Beven, aged 16 years — "stoops a good deal as he walks and but very indifferently made."

Dozens of similar advertisements for mis-shaped wretches on the run are to be found in old newspaper files: they give a vivid and often disconcerting picture of the Army which smacked down the Continental tyrants of long ago.



"Mis-shaped wretches"



"Two men absent, sir."



"I always wanted to be an engine-driver myself, but there it is—one must take what comes."

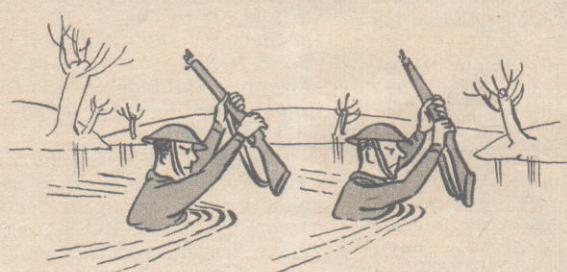


## SOLDIER humour

"Dear Mum, I've managed to wangle my way off drill parades for a while . . ."



"And if you fall into the Sweet Water Canal, this is the kind of microbe which may attack you."



Crawford



"MUST you fellows put your beer on the piano?"

IT is not every day the British Army is given the job of helping to preserve rural England (more often it is accused of trying to steal the beauty spots and mutilate them).

Through the peaceful pastureland of the Vale of Evesham winds the River Avon. On its 21 miles between Evesham and Tewkesbury are seven locks, built centuries ago by prosperous millers, and since then left to the slow, destructive work of Nature.

Not so long ago it was discovered that the rotting locks were about to give way and reduce the six-foot river to little more than a mass of mud. This was bad news for the people of the surrounding country — and visitors from Birmingham — who were accustomed to use the River Avon for pleasure boating. So began the "Save the Avon" campaign, launched by the newly created Lower Avon Navigation Trust.

At this stage the Army saw an opportunity, not only to help a good cause, but to practise its Regulars and Supplementary Reservists in bridge-building and river-damming. It was agreed that they should dam and pump dry Chadbury Lock, the one in the worst state of repair. A bridge was needed to connect up one bank with the "island" which formed the other side of the lock, in order that a giant excavator could be moved across to clear the silt.

Thus it was that men from No. 1 Engineer Stores Depot at Long Marston and Supplementary Reservists of 112 Engineer Stores Regiment suddenly found themselves in the news. To see them at work, the Mayor and members of his Corporation journeyed from Evesham; along came farmers and their wives, pressmen and a man with a microphone from the BBC's Midland Service. Sightseers even came by pleasure boat from Evesham, their fares helping to swell the Avon fund. For the peaceful Vale the Army's operations were quite an event.

The Regulars had the task of clearing the silt and then ram-



The excavator, which was used to free the silted river, crosses the Bailey (left). Below: one of the dilapidated lock gates which are to be replaced.

ming into place two dams of interlocking steel sheet piling. Once that was done they had to pump out the water between to allow civilian contractors to repair the stone sides and replace the heavy oak gates.

Some of the men had done this type of work before. Warrant Officer J. Loach, in charge of the 14 who formed the Regular Army attachment (they lived in tents nearby), was a wartime member of a port construction company. He helped to repair canals and locks in Europe so that supplies

could be ferried from the coast to inland depots.

His men included an ex-prisoner-of-war who worked on the Burma "death railway" (Lance-Corporal Jack Scott), an ex-bomb disposal man who served in Britain and Italy (Corporal Walter Hourihane) and a soldier who recently was building an air strip at Gua Musang in the Malayan jungle (Staff-Sergeant Eric Evans). Another, Corporal Ken Bishop, had not long before been responsible for maintaining the water supply in the ancient

Greek city of Cyrene in Cyrenaica.

Among the Supplementary Reservists (whose task was building the bridge) were a number of National Servicemen who had seen service in Egypt during the recent trouble. One of their officers — Lieutenant Hugh Sturgess — was awarded the George Medal for rescuing two Egyptians from a minefield.

Another officer in the party had carried out a unique assignment during the war. Captain Dennis Millar MC, now senior architectural adviser to Hayes Council, was the bogus ADC to Lieutenant Clifton James, the Royal Army Pay Corps officer who posed as Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery during a trip to Gibraltar and Algiers shortly before the Normandy D-Day.

The Sappers' work was saving the local people about £1000. Even then a large bill had to be met, for the provision of new lock gates at Chadbury and the repairing of the bank were estimated to cost about £4000.

Said Mr. C. D. Barwell, chairman of the Navigation Trust: "We are very grateful to the Army for their help. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they are helping to preserve a beautiful part of Britain."

## The Army Answers an SOS— Save Our Scenery

**X** Back to the stricken beaches of Normandy went JOHN GROVE to re-trace the road of the British Liberation Army through four countries: a road still heavily scarred by the "red rake of war." This is the first of two articles

1952 pictures by H. V. PAWLICKOWSKI

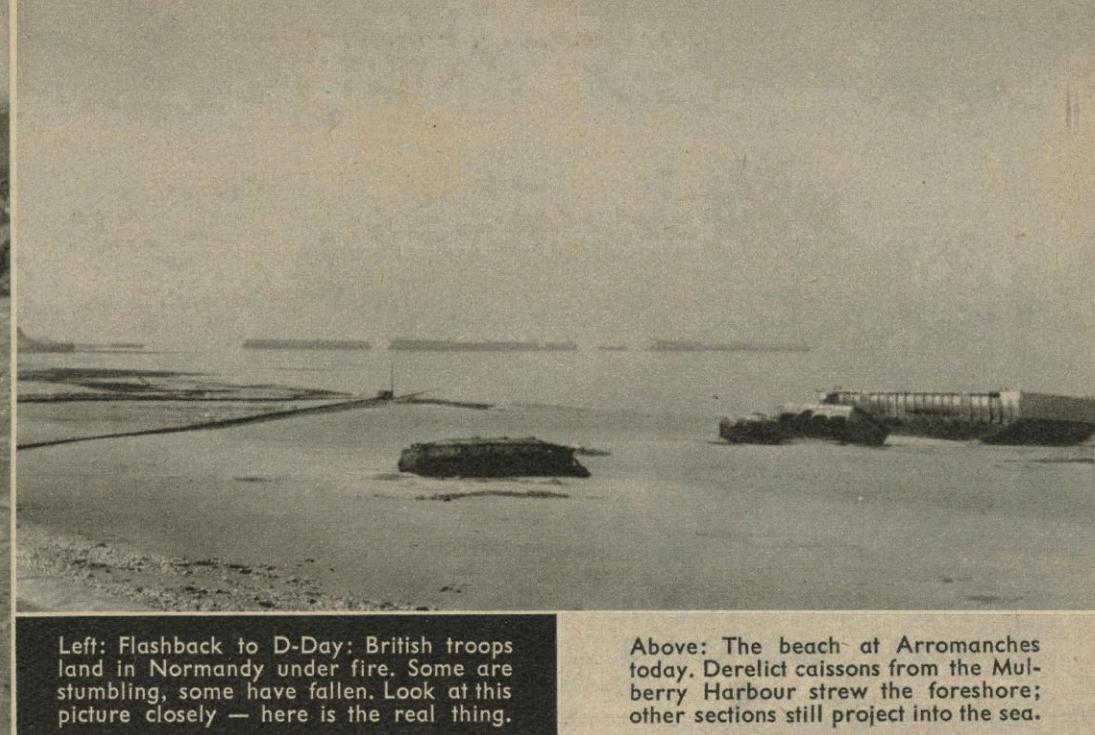


The battlefield eight years after: wreckage of British, American and German tanks, with barbed wire and airfield track, is piled in a French field. Unnatural trees struggle back to life after their savage pruning.

June 1944: Infantrymen file through Villy Bocage, past a memorial of World War One...



... and here is the same scene today. The church spire has been levelled off, houses at right have been rebuilt.



Left: Flashback to D-Day: British troops land in Normandy under fire. Some are stumbling, some have fallen. Look at this picture closely — here is the real thing.

Above: The beach at Arromanches today. Derelict caissons from the Mulberry Harbour strew the foreshore; other sections still project into the sea.

# THE ROAD FROM PORT WINSTON

**T**ODAY, eight years after the invasion of Europe was launched on the beaches of Normandy, it is all too simple to follow the route along which the British Army fought its way across four countries to the shores of the Baltic Sea.

It is a road sign-posted with lopped spires and ruptured bridges; with dead trees standing in surrealist shapes in the fields and orchards of Normandy; with rubbed-out townships; with fields of white crosses.

Here and there, especially in France, the Army's tactical signs painted on houses and walls can still be seen, pointing to fields and woods which once were supply depots. There are times when one half-expects to see the once-inescapable signs "Town Major" and "Field Cashier," or "Town Circuit Ahead."

To every soldier who fought in the British Liberation Army some single spot is of consuming personal interest. The ditch beside

which his glider crashed is like no other ditch in the world; the great oak through which the sniper's body fell is like no other oak. Few experiences are so engrossing as revisiting the fields and villages where life for a brief spell was lived at double intensity; yet not many soldiers are able to afford this indulgence.

Sometimes the scene lacks reality. The *estaminet* at the corner looks all wrong without the Redcaps' trestle tables outside. The barns where brave men died are clucking with hens. The once-upon-a-time blood bank now has the local equivalent of an aspidistra in the window. An unnatural peace hangs over those tree-ringed *chateaux* which are destined, in war, to become headquarters of friend and foe in rapid succession.

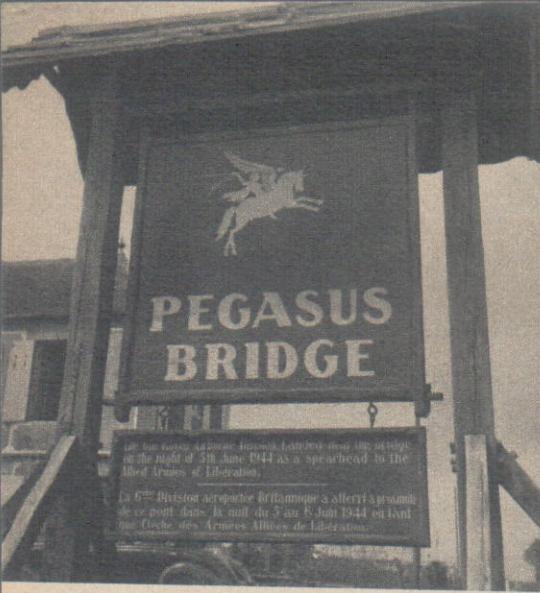
Though there is still much of ruin on the invasion route of 1952, there is much that is new. Brave efforts have been made in all four countries to rebuild devastated towns and villages, and new housing estates have risen from ruin. In France, hundreds of miles of roads have been re-surfaced, and the tanks and guns have nearly all been gathered in from the battlefields.

OVER



Arromanches-les-Bains is now called Port Winston. On the partly rebuilt promenade stands this modest monument commemorating the landings. Below: digging for worms on the beaches where history was made.





## THE ROAD FROM PORT WINSTON

(Continued)

Belgium, which suffered least from the ravages of war, has rebuilt most of her damaged towns. The Dutch have closed the dykes which the Germans opened in 1945 and the vast areas which were inundated have been again reclaimed. Even in Germany, a big rebuilding programme is beginning to change the countryside, although most of the destroyed towns in the Ruhr and the Rhineland are much as they were when British troops entered them in 1945. The Germans estimate that it will be another 15 years at least before the ruins are cleared. Many towns will have to be rebuilt on new sites.

The story of the invasion route begins on the sandy beaches between Arromanches-les-Bains and Le Hamel on the Normandy coast, where troops of 50 Division made their assault in the early hours of 6 June 1944. There is a ghostly atmosphere about the place today. A little way out to sea are the gaunt remains of Mulberry Harbour, the pre-fabricated port which was towed across the Channel. The huge concrete caissons rise up from the sea at grotesque angles, silent monuments to the most hazardous military adventure in history. On the beaches, under the shadow of caissons which the storms of eight years have washed ashore, children build sand castles and fishermen dig for worms where once soldiers searched for mines.

On the smashed promenade at



Tanks of three nationalities still strew the fields outside Chambois. Near here was the great "killing ground" of the Falaise Gap.

Arromanches — now called Port Winston by the inhabitants of the town — a small stone monument, surmounted by a wooden board (which badly needs a coat of paint) proclaims: "Arromanches-les-Bains. Winston Harbour. The Key to the Liberation of France. 6 June 1944." On the reverse side in French is the message: "From here the Allied soldiers left for the liberation of France on 6 June 1944."

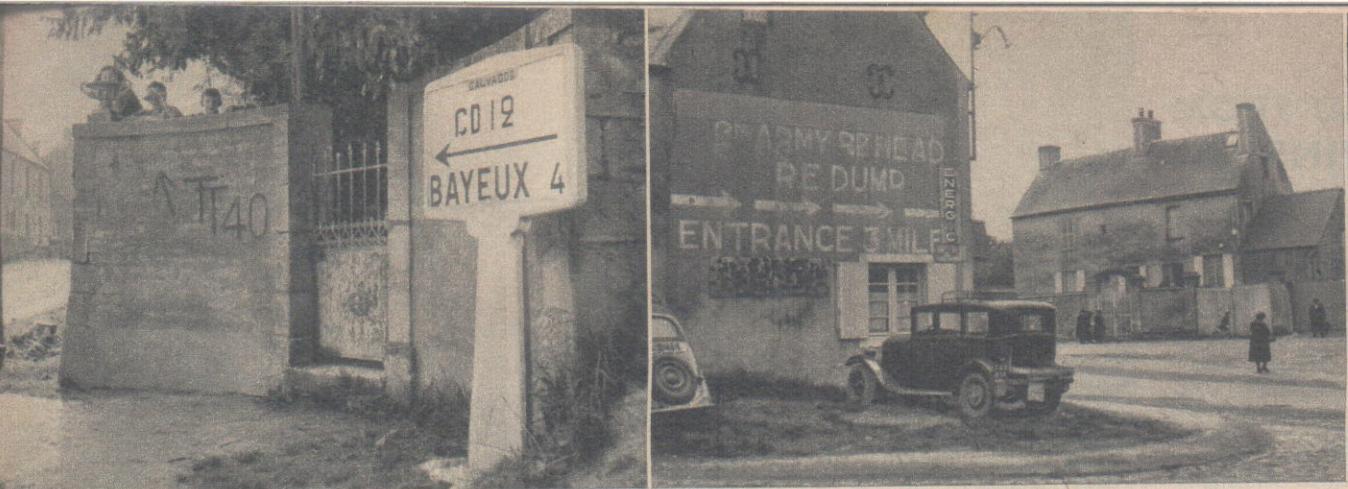
Arromanches itself is almost completely destroyed and most of the population have left to live elsewhere. A few shops sell souvenirs to British and American tourists in summer. The shells of little hotels and restaurants are a pathetic reminder that once Arromanches was a thriving holiday resort for Normandy farmers and families from the industrial towns of Northern France. In a small room in the badly damaged

mayoral office is a tiny museum which contains a diorama of the invasion beaches, signed photographs of Mr. Winston Churchill and Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, a few picture postcards and a battered British steel helmet. (The foundation stone of a new museum has since been laid by the First Lord of the Admiralty — Editor.)

A mile or so to the east lies the still-smashed village of Le Hamel, where D-Day assault troops suffered heavy casualties. Houses and restaurants on the sea shore have been claimed by the sand and overgrown with grass. A few villagers struggle to repair the wreckage of war but the task is too great for most. Long ago they accepted the fact that their once-attractive holiday resort is unlikely to rise again. Yet they carefully tend and keep fresh with newly-cut flowers the stone memorial on the main crossroads of the village erected



Over this peaceful road — unscarred by war — the Guards Armoured Division made their famous dash to Brussels.



Still visible on a wall on the road to Bayeux is a direction sign of the "TT" (Northumbrian) Division. In a village between Bayeux and Caen a 2nd Army sign continues to occupy a gable-end where one would expect to see a sign for Byrrh or Dubonnet. And the 30 Corps club sign is still seen on a pylon near Putanges.



July 1944: a British sniper in the ruins of Caen, where the last of the enemy are being "winkled out"...

in 1947 in honour of the 50th Northumbrian Division.

The gliders which littered the fields around the bridge across the Caen Canal near Benouville, where 6 Airborne Division landed on D-Day, have all been cleared away. The Canal bridge now bears the name "Pegasus Bridge" on a huge board painted in airborne maroon and blue. Nearby is "Pegasus Bridge Cafe" where SOLDIER discovered the first French family to be liberated — the proprietor, M. Georges Gondrée, his wife and two children.

It was shortly after 2 a.m. on 6 June 1944 that the Gondrée family were awakened by glider troops who had landed by the bridge. All through that night and the next few days, when the Germans repeatedly counter-attacked the bridge, they tended the British wounded, using every inch of space in their restaurant. M. Gondrée, who later received a letter of thanks from the War Office, keeps in close touch with many of the airborne soldiers. Each year on 6 June a party of former 6th Airborne soldiers visits his cafe and drinks his health in Calvados and cognac.

On the southern outskirts of Bayeux, which was only slightly damaged, is one of the last war-material graveyards in France. Here, tanks, guns, and vehicles, their tactical signs still discernible under the rust, have been stacked into a junk yard, to be cut up and sent away for scrap — some to Britain and the rest to French steel factories.

It is after Bayeux, in the thickly wooded Bocage country, that one can conjure up in retrospect the full fury of the struggle that took place there eight years ago. The destruction is almost overpowering. Whole villages still lie stricken and forlorn. It is true that the masses of rubble have been tidied up and the roads have been repaired after a fashion; there are live cows and horses in the fields and orchards instead of stinking, often head-less or leg-less carcasses. But there are still gaping shell-holes in the fields and slit-trenches overgrown with grass. Hedgerows crushed flat by tanks have not yet recovered. Every few hundred yards a line of once luxuriant trees thrust their skeleton fingers upwards as if in pain and protest.

Some well-remembered villages, like Cheux, Tilly-sur-Seulles, and Fontenay-le-Pesnil have been more or less abandoned, and new villages are beginning to take shape away from the old sites. In a few places new flats and houses, and sometimes even a new hotel, are being built, albeit very slowly for France's financial situation will not allow more rapid reconstruction.

Farther south still, in the rich farming area where the German armies were cut to pieces in the Battle of the Falaise Gap, nearly all the farmhouses are still in ruins and very few new ones have yet been built. Many of the big farms have been divided up into small-holdings. It is not unusual to see fields bounded by British Army barbed wire and gaps in hedgerows filled with triple dannart.

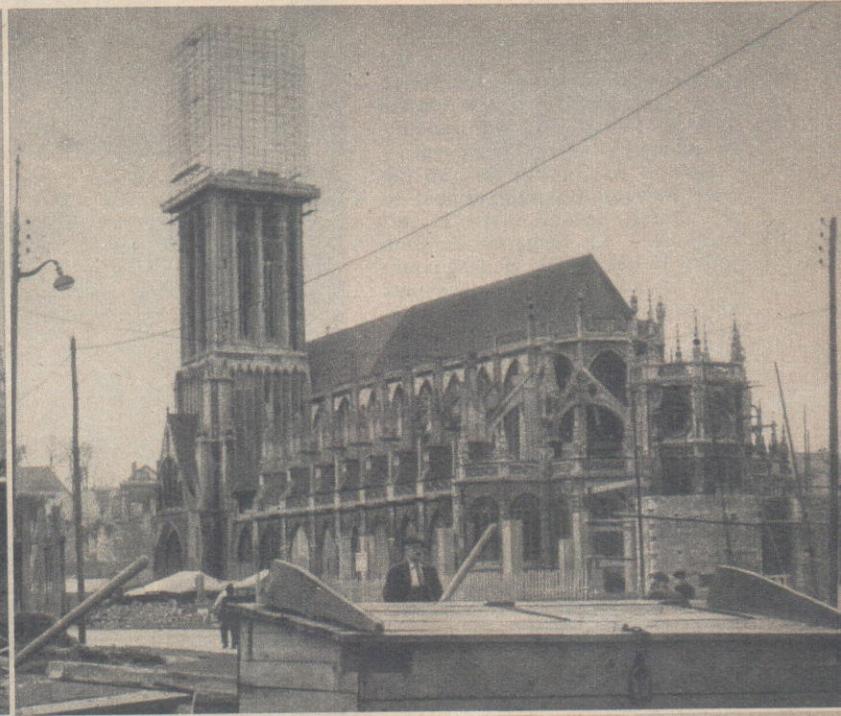
Almost all the tanks and guns have now been cleared away, but on the crest of a hill outside Chambois, where the Falaise Gap was finally closed, scores of tanks — British, American and German — are still waiting to be transported to French steel factories.

Northwards lies Caen, the Normandy key-town whose capture was vital to the break-out operations. Whole streets are still heaps of rubble, thousands of buildings are burned-out shells. But some sections are now being rebuilt and on the northern and eastern slopes outside the city new housing estates have begun to spring up. This was one of the worst-hit French cities which the authorities say will take at least 20 years to rebuild.

Gradually, the countryside east of a line drawn south from Caen to Falaise becomes less devastated. It was from this line that the British Army, after the Battle of the Gap, drove swiftly to the Seine, crossing the river at Vernon. Vernon itself was heavily damaged and all traffic has crossed the Seine since August 1944 by the original Bailey bridge. The piles of a new concrete bridge which the inhabitants of Vernon hope to complete this year have been driven into the river bed.

East of the Seine the scenes of desolation almost stop, for this was the route along which the Guards Armoured Division made

OVER



... and Caen today. Only recently has work been begun on the Church of St. Pierre and the surrounding area.

## THE ROAD FROM PORT WINSTON

(Continued)

their famous dash from Beauvais to Brussels, driving south of Amiens and outflanking Arras, capturing Douai and Tournai against light enemy opposition.

Near the little Franco-Belgian border town of Mouchin-Bachy Customs officer Josef Dusany today lifts up the barrier to let cars pass when their papers have been approved. Eight years ago as an officer in the Belgian Resistance Army he met the first of the Guards tanks as they crossed the border and rode with them to Tournai. "That was a wonderful day," he told *SOLDIER*.

Today, at the crossing point where the Guards tanks thundered on their way to Brussels the Customs house closes for lunch between one and two p.m. and the luckless tourist must wait patiently before the barrier is raised.

East of the border and all the way through Belgium almost to the Dutch border there is left little sign of damage. Belgium today is one of the richest countries in Europe and her first task at the end of the war was to rebuild. Even Antwerp, which suffered heavily from V.1 attacks, bears very few scars and the docks are working to full pre-war capacity. Recently the port received the first of Germany's new cargo ships. But there are still some signs of war: the occasional heap of rusted vehicles and parts of tanks, and a large board which bears the 12 Corps sign of three trees and announces: "Mass will be held at 8.30 and 1000 hours."

Brussels, which escaped serious damage, today shines like a gaudy jewel; her neon lights are among the most colourful in the world. The grand hotels, the theatres, the cinemas, the clubs, the cabarets which she proudly presented to her liberators are now thronged with hypnotised tourists. Eight years ago the streets were full of ramshackle cars with ugly producer-gas plants grafted on to them — half cars, half locomotives; now the newest American limousines glide everywhere. In one of the avenues is an expensive club where — historic experiment — the British Army once indulgently allowed officers and other ranks, of both sexes, to meet over the tea tables, and on the dance floor. From the printing presses which first produced *SOLDIER* now flow film and women's magazines in rich profusion.

Along the line of the Escaut Canal near the Dutch border few signs can be seen of the determined resistance which temporarily halted the British advance and gave the German Army time to improvise a front based on the Meuse and the Rhine. It was here, in the autumn of 1944, that the British Army took a breather before launching an all-out drive into Holland and the North German Plains. The attempt was doomed to glorious failure in the epic that was Arnhem.

(To be continued)



Left: British troops cross the Seine at Vernon by a pontoon bridge in 1944; this was replaced by a Bailey.



Left: at Beerlingen, on the Albert Canal in Belgium, German prisoners are doubled to captivity by British soldiers.

Right: the same place today. Life is once again placid and uneventful.



Left: Beerlingen again. British armour crosses the Albert Canal after the bridge has been repaired.

Right: where the foxhole was, a workman tides the sidewalk. A tramcar has replaced the tank.



Right: Today the same Bailey still spans the Seine at Vernon. The town was occupied by 43rd Division.



## SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

# First Commander to Mention the Private

**I**N Trafalgar Square, London, stands a statue to General Sir Charles Napier, victor of Meane, conqueror of Scinde. A plaque on it says: "Erected by public subscription, the most numerous contributors being Private Soldiers."

This was the commander who, against all tradition, mentioned in his despatches the names of NCO's and privates. Alas, the names were kept from the public!

Nevertheless, the private soldier knew that the cantankerous, beak-nosed, spectacled general was his friend; a man who would never hesitate to quarrel with the War Office and the East India Company in his efforts to provide decent barracks.

A brisk and sympathetic biography of this grand old warrior, who died 99 years ago, has been written by Rosamond Lawrence: "Charles Napier: Friend and Fighter" (Murray, 21s). The author is Lady Lawrence, a collateral kinswoman of the general. She frankly admits that she sees him "walking in an air of glory."

Commissioned at the age of 12, a major at 26, General Napier fought under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He was badly wounded, and captured, at Corunna, but freed by courtesy of Marshal Ney. Later, during the retreat to Busaco, he was riding beside the Duke when they came under fire. All dismounted, except Napier, the only officer in a red coat. "No," he said, "this is the uniform of my regiment, and in it I will stand or fall this day." For this bravado, as it would be rated by modern standards, he paid with a wound which in later life was to drive him to near-madness.

Not that General Napier was tradition-bound. He revolutionised campaigning in India by his direction: "The horse must not be killed by useless weight. A dragoon should have no kit but a cloak, a pair of shoes, two flannel shirts and a piece of soap." In India there was an order that no camel should carry more than 350 pounds. He himself seized and weighed camel loads exceeding 800 pounds.

Sometimes General Napier carried simplicity in campaigning to



General Sir Charles Napier: from a contemporary sketch reproduced in the biography by Lady Rosamond Lawrence.

a point beyond eccentricity. After the conquest of Scinde he could have dwelled in a requisitioned palace; instead he slept in his tent, with his charger Red Rover inside, in a heat which drove many of his men mad. It was a satanic climate. Once, in an electrical storm, officers' hair stood on end and every man's bayonet had a light flickering at the tip.

Napier's recipe for quietening a country was "a good thrashing first and great kindness afterwards." He had bitter, malevolent critics in high places, but when there was a crisis the country yelled for him. His scorn of pomp, his casual dress shocked officialdom. He forced his officers off the champagne standard, to the relief of impecunious subalterns. And — greatest scandal! — he even built swimming baths for his troops at Karachi.

## The Coldest Courage

**I**N the spring of 1944 a Gestapo officer let it be known that, if His Majesty's Government would deliver by parachute into France four million francs for his personal use, he would "lose" the papers of a British agent then lying in Fresnes prison under sentence of death.

The captive was Wing-Commander F. F. E. Yeo-Thomas, alias Shelley, alias the White Rabbit, who had been betrayed while on a mission to the French Resistance. He did not know of the negotiations by his Resistance friends with the venal Gestapo officer. As luck would have it, the latter was killed while making an arrest before negotiations could be completed.

Four million francs would have been a modest ransom for a man who had striven magnificently to organise and hearten the French Resistance, and who was already suffering hideous brutalities from the Gestapo.

The story of Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas's war is told by Bruce Marshall, the novelist, in

*Continued overleaf*

# Coldest Courage

(from page 25)

"The White Rabbit" (Evans, 16s). The author, like Yeo-Thomas, served in the "RF" Section of the Special Operations Executive, a section parallel to that commanded by the redoubtable Colonel Buckmaster. Their base in London was No. 1 Dorset Square, where they had inherited ("suitably enough," said the wags) offices once occupied by the directors of the Bertram Mills Circus. Commanding the section was "a dapper little cavalry officer" known as "Hutch," who is now Colonel J. R. H. Hutchison, Under-Secretary for War. (In 1944, his face surgically disguised, Colonel Hutchison himself was parachuted into France).

Like vampires, the staff of "RF" Section were busiest during the full moon. That was when the agents and saboteurs were parachuted into France, or deposited by Lysander (in which event the Resistance always handed the pilot champagne to take home).

After one of his first visits to occupied France, Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas was so dissatisfied with the rate at which the Resistance were being armed that he appealed, over the heads of the air marshals, to Mr. Churchill. "I can give you five minutes," said the Premier, and gave him 55. What was more, he gave

the Resistance the arms they needed.

Long before the Gestapo pounced on him at a Paris Metro station, with cries of "Wir haben Shelley!" Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas had known the dubious thrill of being hunted (there were 32,000 Gestapo agents in Paris alone). He learned "that a sleuth is trained to recognise his prey by his walk. Sometimes, therefore, he wore shoes with steel tips, sometimes shoes without tips, and occasionally he put under the heel of one foot a wedge of cardboard, thus completely changing his gait."

After his arrest Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas's poison tablet, which he kept in a finger ring, was taken from him; thus he had no quick escape. Gratuitous blows and kicks were rained on him with sickening regularity at all stages of his captivity. In Paris he was stripped naked and — in front of giggling girls in uniform — half-drowned, revived, half-drowned again, revived, and again half-drowned... But he did not talk. Or rather, he talked without saying anything.

From Fresnes jail, Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas was sent to Buchenwald, where by a macabre plot he and two companions, all awaiting execution, were able to

assume the identity of three dying typhus patients. From Buchenwald he went to Gleina and Rehmsdorf, hell-holes both. Always he defied authority; always he was busy with escape plans. At one stage he began to hatch a promising plot with a Corporal Stevenson of the Leicestershire Regiment, imprisoned in a nearby Stalag. Finally, as the war was ending, he did escape, crossing to the American lines.

This is a book to leave anyone marvelling at what can be endured by a man who means to live. It is with unashamed satisfaction that one notes from a preface that some at least of Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas's persecutors were later hanged.

The Wing-Commander was awarded the George Cross to add to his Military Cross. In due course he went back to his pre-war job in the Molyneux dress-making firm in Paris.

One sad reflection from this book is that many men of the underground suffered needless torture, not through betrayal, but through carelessness of associates — failure to obey rules against recognition in the streets, or against keeping incriminating documents. Underground operations are no field for amateurs and for the undisciplined. There is a telling episode when Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas, in his London headquarters, tears a powerful strip off a sloppy Army officer who volunteers to be dropped by parachute. He is rejected out of hand. "Lieutenant X, it was clear, had volunteered merely in order to obtain a free railway voucher to London."

★ Bruce Marshall, who tells this story with a sardonic and often savage commentary, served in the Royal Irish Fusiliers in the first world war, when he lost a leg. After his Intelligence work in the second world war, he joined the Allied Commission for Austria.

# So Johnnie Blew up...

CAPTAIN Johnnie Brown's Indian soldiers would do anything for him. He would do anything for them — and guard them from "interference."

Their job was loading aircraft for the supply drop to Imphal.

Although "Johnnie Sahib's" section was efficient, it had the untidiest lines in the company. Did that matter on a remote airport in Bengal? Johnnie thought not. His Major knew otherwise; he was worried, because the company had so far proved its worth that the higher-ups were going to take a hand in its control.

Johnnie blew up at the news that the company would be subordinated to a Staff organisation. Deputy Assistant Directors of Supply and Transport — ugh! Just like the Staff, to let other men do the pioneering, then come in and run everything.

For the Major, the problem now was what to do about Johnnie. Wars cannot wait because one man does not fit.

This is the theme of "Johnnie Sahib" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s 6d), a novel by Paul Scott, who was awarded a £500 prize by his publishers.

Many of the human problems raised in this novel arose in other theatres of war. Junior officers will recognise some of them. But how many junior officers, taking over a difficult section like Johnnie's, would have written such a novelist's letter to the man responsible for their misfortunes as the one which Lieutenant Jim Taylor sits down to write?

By contrast, the dialogue throughout is all too realistic, though less crude perhaps than in current American war novels. It is a pity the author thought it necessary to include chapter nine.

# Tournaments? No, Sir!

SHOULD soldiers be encouraged to display their prowess in public tournaments? In the 'eighties, many people thought not. A soldier ought to know his place. Public acclamation might swell his head.

That may have been the view held by Major-General His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, commanding the Home District. Invited to become a patron of one of the first Royal Tournaments, His Highness serenely answered, "No."

This is revealed by Lieutenant-Colonel P. L. Binns in "The Story of the Royal Tournament" (Gale and Polden, 15s).

Although the Tournament today is a big money-spinner for Service charities, early displays lost money. Mere demonstrations of weapon drill did not interest the public. In 1882 came the first Musical Ride, and the public has been clamouring for it ever since. Audiences of the 'eighties also relished the Balaclava mêlée, in which bareback riders armed with single-sticks tried to displace each other's head plumes. Good clean fun.

Unlike to be revived is the contest known as cleaving the

Turk's head. A decapitated "head" was set up on a tall pole and cavalrymen slashed at it in passing.

By 1886 the organisers of the Tournament — now a success — were emboldened to "lay on" a real river. There were plenty of inspiring bangs and flashes in the battle pieces. One year there were horses which had charged at Tel-el-Kebir; another year the 4.7 gun, as used in defending Ladysmith, fired a single loud report.

After World War One, women motor drivers entered the Tournament to disprove those jokes about women drivers. In its maiden display the Royal Air Force gave a "modest little demonstration" which involved unwrapping an aeroplane and wrapping it up again.

Of the 156 pages in this volume, 50 contain lists of champions-at-arms. There are photographic and line illustrations.

## The General

has never marched past a good book. He knows that they can be obtained from the Forces' Bookshops or from S.C.B.D.

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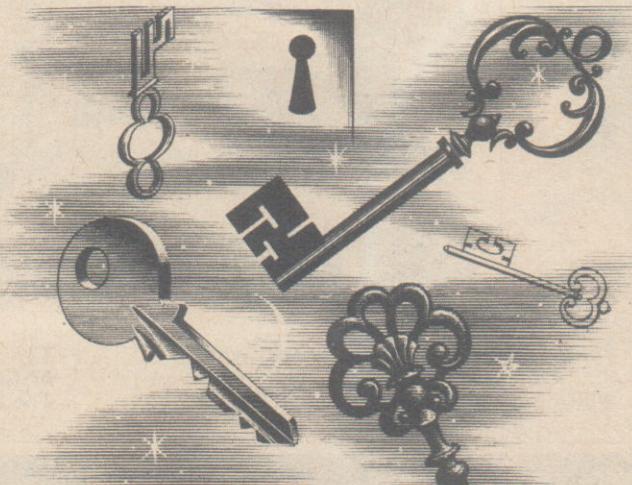
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*Secrets of Sleep*



**If you dream of keys...**

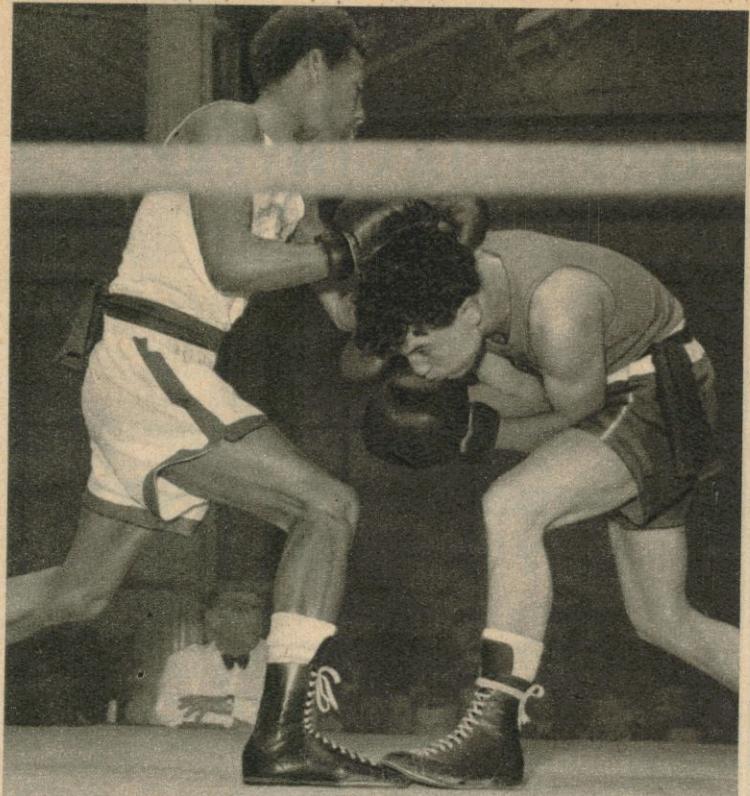
IF YOU dream that you lose a key, say the soothsayers, it is a sign of disappointment and displeasure. But to dream that you find or receive a key foretells news of the birth of a child. To dream of many keys denotes success in business and prosperity in the future.

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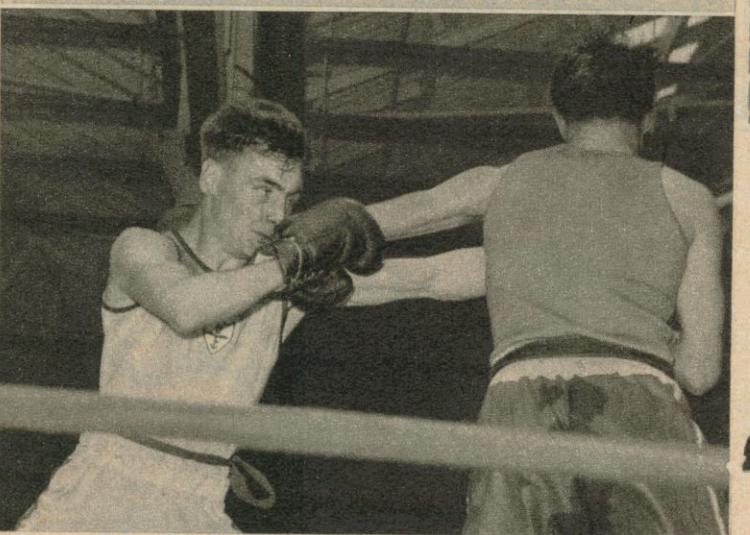


**The chocolates of your dreams**

**DUNCAN—THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE**



Private Mohamed Hamia (France) ducks to avoid a series of hard punches from SAC Percy Lewis (Britain). Lewis, who is a brilliant southpaw, won the featherweight title on points. Below: Exchange of lefts between bantamweights L/Cpl. Malcolm Grant (Britain) and Sjt. H. Pratesi (France). The sergeant won.



The Navy signals a British victory.

Poker-faced American seconds watch the progress of one of their team, which was drawn from occupied Europe.

The French trainer, Marcel Petit, wore a first-aid belt containing a variety of bottles. The French team was second with 24 points.

Colourful back of American second. "ET" stands for European Theatre.

Two near misses: on left is PFC Robert Parrish (USA), who lost in the middleweight class to L/Cpl. Terry Gooding.

## Seven Nations

**British Service boxers won the international military tournament staged by the Royal Navy at Portsmouth**

**T**HE most ambitious international tournament yet to be held for Service boxers was staged at the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth — and staged in a manner which, according to one critic, "out-Solomoned Solomons."

It was open to the armies, navies and air forces of seven nations: Belgium, Denmark, France, Holland, Italy, United States (European forces) and Britain.

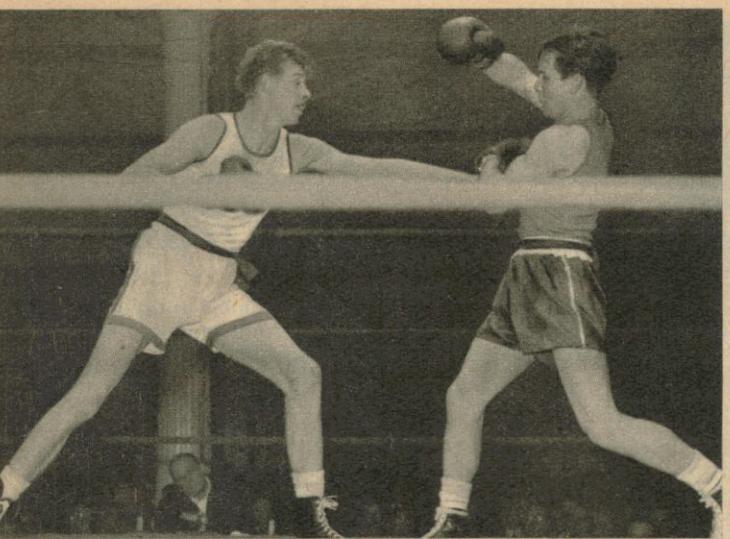
To find any event comparable to this week-long tournament, the experts had to go back to 1919, when the victorious Allies held a professional tournament in the Albert Hall, with such boxers as Tunney, Wells, Driscoll and Wilde.

Of the seven British boxers in the finals, only three won. They were SAC Percy Lewis, the coloured featherweight; AC John Maloney, the Dagenham welterweight; and Lance-Corporal Terry Gooding, the Welsh middleweight.

However, the final sum of points put Britain well in the lead. The figures were: Britain 33 points; France 24; United States 21; Italy 16; Belgium 8; Denmark 5; Holland 3.



The Navy signals a British victory.



Showing the long straight left of AC Bruce Wells: his light middleweight opponent, whom he defeated, is Pte. Andre Drille (France).

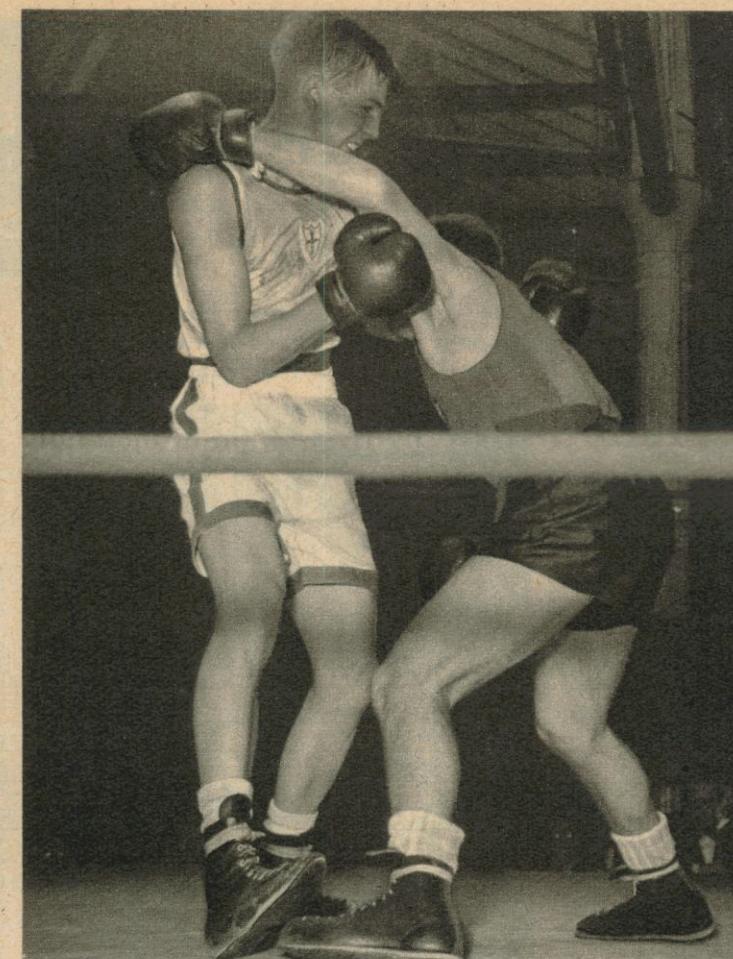
Below: With a sore nose—and a welterweight title—to take back to Italy: Private Franco Vescovi.

## in Ring

Army boxers who reached the finals included Private Derek Glanville, Army flyweight champion, who was narrowly outpointed by Private Spartaco Ferrilli, of Italy. Another finalist was Lance-Corporal Malcolm Grant, Army bantamweight champion, who fought well against Sergeant Hilaire Pratesi, France. Private Ronald Hinson, Army lightweight champion, lost to Private Seraphin Ferrer, France. The Army's heavyweight hope, Corporal Arthur Worrall, was outpointed on his way to the finals by Private W. Peyre of Belgium (later defeated by PFC W. Graham, United States).

Among the best encounters were those between Percy Lewis and the Frenchman Mohamed Hamia; and between Bruce Wells and the Frenchman Andre Drille.

It is expected that the Imperial Services Boxing Association will stage a similar tournament next year, perhaps in Paris.



AC John Maloney (Britain) avoids a left from Pte. Franco Vescovi (Italy) in the welterweight final. Below: Private Derek Glanville (Britain), amateur flyweight champion, was narrowly outpointed by Private Spartaco Ferrilli (Italy).



At the ringside were high Service officers of several nations. Here (left to right) are General Sir John Crocker (Adjutant-General); General J. E. Hull (US Army Vice-Chief of Staff) and General Sir Ouvry Roberts (the new Quartermaster-General); Lieutenant-General Sir Nevil C. D. Brownjohn (Vice-Chief of Imperial General Staff); Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Gale (who is taking over British Army of the Rhine).

## THE GENERALS WERE THERE



# You Can't Keep Them away from Greasepaint...

EVEN before World War Two was over, there had been an outbreak of amateur drama on Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's Staff. His Rear Headquarters put on "French Without Tears" in Brussels in March 1945 (see the second issue of *SOLDIER*).

When 21 Army Group Headquarters finally settled down at Bad Oeynhausen, in Germany, false whiskers were more and more in demand.

Headquarters talent found an outlet in such groups as the Mercury Theatre Club, later replaced by the Rhine Army Theatre Club (soon to tackle its seventieth production at the Kur Theatre).

Amateur drama is an unpredictable growth in the Army. It may catch on at once, and not surprisingly it is more likely to flourish in headquarters towns (Fayid, in Egypt, has a good record). Elsewhere the few enthusiasts give up after an unequal struggle against apathy, lack of official support and absence of facilities. One snag in Army drama is the risk that a leading performer may be posted a week or two before curtain-up.

In Rhine Army, interest in amateur drama is not confined to Bad Oeynhausen. Thirty-three teams were entered for the recent Inter-Services Drama Festival in the British Zone. One of the plays — offered by YMCA Dortmund — was not only produced, but

OFF DUTY IN BAOR



Nathaneel and Noah in "Before The Flood" (Rhine Army Theatre Club).

written, by two private soldiers, Bernard Wells and Eric Reed.

This Inter-Services Drama Festival has been held for the last three years. The Royal Air Force, though putting up a close fight, has not yet succeeded in beating the Army.

Throughout the finals the Kur Theatre was packed. The adjudicator was Mr. Leonard Crainford, one-time general manager of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, and director of drama activities in the Festival of Britain last year. He praised the general standard of Army drama.

For the second year running it was the Rhine Army Theatre Club that carried off the Inter-Services cup, and also the British Army of the Rhine Drama Shield. The Club's entry was a new and unusual work by A. A. Milne — "Before The Flood." This play has a liberal helping of rich humour and also many moments of simple but telling drama, and it calls for only the most basic Old Testament costumes. Runners-up were the Hilden Players with "Hands Across the Sea."

The Second Tactical Air Force Shield was won by the Royal Air Force Station Altona, who played J. B. Priestley's "The Rose and Crown."

Behind the scenes there was much excitement. One of the rules strictly limited each production to 50 minutes. In that span the players had to set up the props, act the play, strike the set and leave an empty stage. Sometimes the last carpet was rolled up with only seconds to spare.



Battledress of 2000 AD: from a production of "Cupid Rampant" in the Rhine Army drama festival.

# The Baltic Calls — but Soldiers must Learn to Navigate

A Gunner and a colonel, a staff-serjeant and a retired brigadier, a Sapper and a major were all students together at a recent two-day course in the Rhine Army headquarters town of Bad Oeynhausen.

They were members of Service yacht clubs undergoing instruction by experienced yachtsmen (two of them lieutenant-commanders in the Royal Navy) in seamanship and navigation.

Recently, because of chill financial winds, many yachts used by British clubs have had to be handed back to the Germans, and professional German yachtsmen have been dismissed. As a result the British Kiel Yacht Club, whose craft last year sailed more than 40,000 miles in the Baltic Sea, finds itself short of experienced cruising yachtsmen. So does the Royal Engineers Yacht Club, the only other club with yachts capable of long sea voyages. But many British soldiers who sail on the inland waters of Germany need only tuition and experience to qualify them to handle cruising yachts at sea, and it was for these enthusiasts that the course was held.

There was a test paper on navigating a 30-square metre yacht on an imaginary voyage of 70 miles from a west-coast Swedish port to the Danish island of Samso. For this, students had to solve problems caused by bad weather, suddenly discovered currents and other emergencies.

Cruising in the Baltic is open to all ranks. If the yachts are now fewer and smaller they are no less exciting to sail. For a three- or four-berth 30 square metre thoroughbred, only £1 a night is charged, and rations can be drawn in advance. Nowhere can cruising be found so cheaply, and there are few more beautiful cruising grounds than the Danish isles with their quaint old villages. Nature has simplified navigational prob-

lems by making the Baltic almost tideless.

Sailing has always been a popular pastime for soldiers in Germany, and beginners are encouraged. The sport is less expensive than one might suppose. At the Pig Yacht Club, Steinhude, which is exclusively for Other Ranks, and which operates fleets of Olympic and Tornado one-designs, the subscription is only £4 10s for a season lasting from Easter to mid-November. This club claims to be the oldest British club in Germany, having been formed by 30 Corps, whose formation sign of a wild boar inspired the title and burgee of the club. Early members profess to have been sailing on one side of Steinhuder Meer while German guns were still firing on the other. There is sleeping accommodation for week-ends or leave periods for about 50. Meals and accommodation could hardly be cheaper at 4s 6d for 24 hours.

Soldiers go sailing too at the Berlin, Hamburg and Kiel clubs, but owing to accommodation problems, Dummer See, Balderney See and Mohne See are at present open only to officers, to whom charges are higher.

An interesting development this year is the stationing of two motor cruisers, with berths for seven and five, on the Dutch canals, which are becoming increasingly popular with yachtsmen from all over Europe. This scheme is under Royal Air Force auspices, and if the demand arises the British Zone Sailing Association may increase the canal fleet. The cost will be a fraction of the charges made by the Netherlands Owners' Association for hire of cruisers.



Navigation course for volunteers. Rhine Army offers inland, long-sea and even canal cruising.



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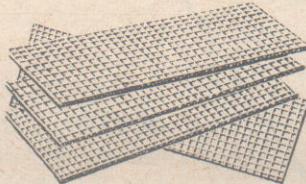
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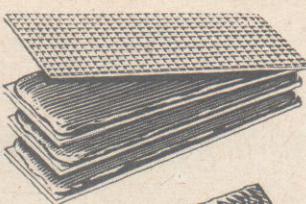
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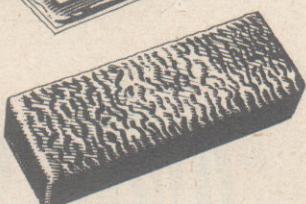
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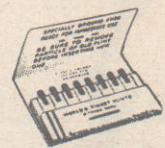


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# How Much Do You Know?

1. You know what a bargee is. What is a burgee?

2. French newspapers headline news from "Corée." What is the English name for the same place?

3. Newport News is not a newspaper. What is it?

4. In what parts of the world will you find

- (a) Tananarive;
- (b) Leopoldville;
- (c) Cayenne;
- (d) Ploesti?

5. When an art critic praises a painting's chiaroscuro, what is he talking about?

6. Was it the Kin-Toki Expedition — or the Kon-Tiki or Kun-Taki?

7. A Spaniard, he set out in 1518 with 550 of his countrymen, 300 Indians, 12 horses and ten brass guns to conquer an empire. The emperor received him as a friend, but was himself killed by his subjects. The Spaniard had to leave the capital, but returned and subdued it after a 75-day siege — the last organised resistance to his conquest. Can you name

- (a) the Spaniard,
- (b) the emperor,
- (c) the empire?

8. The Royal Air Force has just received its 11,020th and last of a twin-engined aircraft, originally designed for Imperial Airways in 1933. Can you name this long-service veteran?

9. Parados, reredos, abattis, bastion, ravelin — one of these words does not belong in this group. Which?

10. The bastinado is a very unpleasant form of punishment. Of what does it consist?

11. Chlorophyll is appearing in

the chemists' shops in various new forms. What is

- (a) chlorophyll in its natural state,
- (b) its use in manufactured form?

12. If you had a cantaloup, would you wear it, drink it, eat it, use it in metal-work, or ask a surgeon to operate on it?

13. English children annually remember an event which occurred in 1605. What was it?

14. What do these initials stand for: (a) OEEC, (b) RSVP, (c) TNT, (d) FRS?

15. Complete this verse, and name the poem:

*Ah, make the most of what we yet*

*may spend,*

*Before we too into the dust descend,*

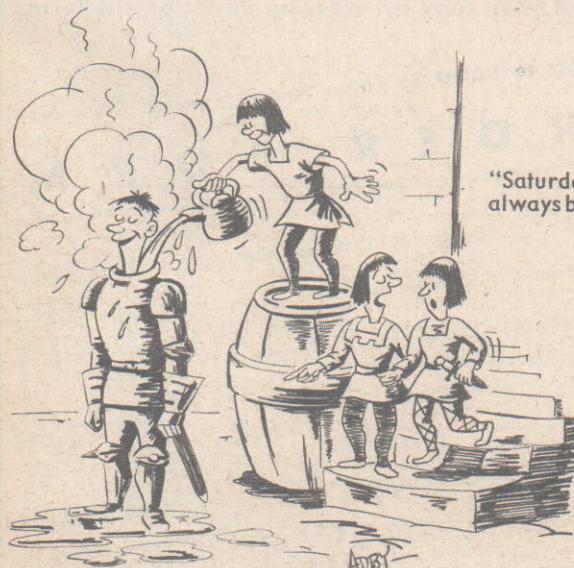
*Dust into dust, and under dust,*

*to lie —*

16. This lady's surname is also the name of a fabulous bird. She is the fabulous — who?



(Answers on Page 36)



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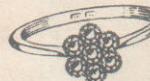
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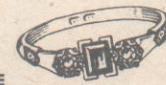


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77 BRANCHES IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

# Money to Burn...

ONCE a month, in Klagenfurt, headquarters town of British Troops in Austria, two officers and a warrant-officer deliberately and calmly destroy currency notes representing thousands of pounds.

They are carrying out official instructions to inspect and destroy those British Armed Forces Special Vouchers which, because of age or rough treatment, have become unserviceable.

When they report to the Command Pay Office the team find that Royal Army Pay Corps officers are already waiting, with sealed bundles of notes in denominations from £1 down to 3d, stacked on a table. These are the tired-looking BAFSV's which have been received in the previous four weeks from area cash offices in Austria.

Methodically the board of inspection and destruction thumbs its way through the pile, making sure that each note really is of no further use. Sometimes as many as 15,000 notes of all values have to be counted and examined.

When sufficient notes have been checked two members detach themselves and consign the filthy lucre to the flames in a small combustion stove. The notes are dropped into the fire a few at a time (if too many are put in together they tend to clog and smoulder). Afterwards one man takes a long poker and stirs the ashes just to make sure every note has been destroyed.

Finally, a form is placed in front of each member, demanding his signature to the declaration that he actually assisted in, and witnessed, the destruction of the money.

The ceremony, which is conducted behind locked doors, takes nearly the whole day. The burning of the notes alone often takes three hours.



Stop! You're breaking our heart! Another handful of £1 vouchers goes into the stove—a stove which has already consumed a fortune.



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all meals

## FIVE GUINEAS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

ANY soldier with a camera can enter for SOLDIER's photographic competition.

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 or finish, but they must be clear.

Command Education Officers will judge the 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 Attachés' staffs or Military Missions) may send their entries direct to the Editor, SOLDIER, BANU, 58, Eaton Square, London, SW1, 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.

## Films Coming Your Way

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

**CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY:** The film of Alan Paton's poignant novel on South Africa's colour problem. To take the lead parts, two distinguished American negro actors, Canada Lee and Sidney Poitier, travelled to South Africa, where they were joined by a number of South African natives and 19-year-old Vivien Clinton, then at a girls' finishing-school in England. The European cast is headed by Charles Carson.

**SONG OF PARIS:** "As unsophisticated, farcical entertainment, the film is first-rate," says a trade assessment. Other adjectives from the same experienced reviewer: "Irivolous," "saucy," "wildly extravagant." Stars: Dennis Price, Anne Vernon (from Paris), Mischa Auer and Hermione Gingold.

**DEADLINE:** There's a body in the press and it's spoiling the first edition. But editor Humphrey Bogart is trailing the murderers, helped by Ethel Barrymore and Kim Hunter.

**SAILOR BEWARE:** America's latest crazy team, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, join the Navy and a television kissing contest. Corinne Calvet and Marion Marshall are among the kissed.

**LYDIA BAILEY:** A complex, Technicolor phase of Haiti's rebellion against the French in 1802. Stars: Dale Robertson and Anne Francis.

## Don't Miss SOLDIER!

YOU may buy SOLDIER, at ninepence a copy, from your unit, your canteen or your AKC cinema. You can also make sure of your copy by ordering direct on the form below.

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(BLOCK letters please)

ADDRESS.....

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- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."

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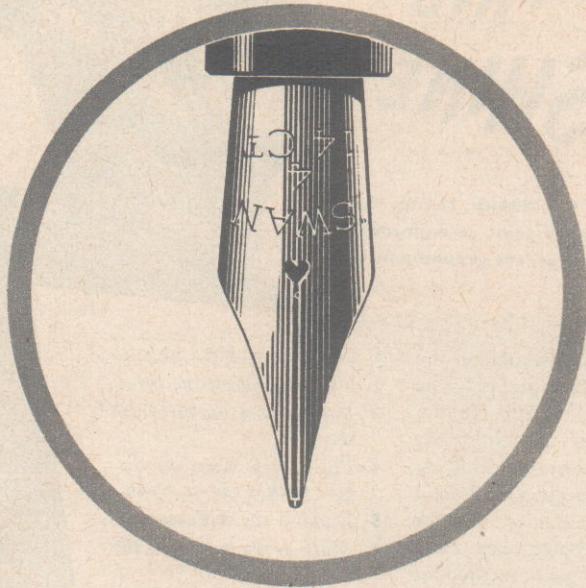
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## PEKING JOURNEY

In SOLDIER to Soldier (May) you stated there are Regulars still serving who can tell of soldiering in China between the world wars. You may be interested to know that as recently as September 1949 to May 1951 I was stationed in Nanking and later in Peking. While I cannot claim to have been "stamping up and down" outside the Embassy in a fur cap and a sheepskin jacket (this diversion now being undertaken by the Chinese Communists' Army) I can say that the heating arrangements in the Military Attaché's office left nothing to be desired.

As for Peking being as inaccessible as Lhasa, I can but blush for you! Doubtless your text book dates back to the era of sedan chairs. On my return to Britain in May 1951 the journey from Peking to Tientsin took approximately three hours. Entertainment en route was provided in the form of a propaganda team which, accompanied by a one-string orchestra, sang (in a strictly Chinese sort of way) tunes about the "wicked General MacArthur."

Peking is only inaccessible through the Chinese Government's refusal to grant entry permits. But for this reason there would no doubt be a British soldier and Military Attaché in Peking today. Up to the time of my departure the individuals permitted to pass through the Bamboo Curtain were Communists, their fellow travellers and other such crackpots. — S/Sgt. L. H. Adams, RASC, The War Office.

★ SOLDIER used "inaccessible" in the political, not the geographical, sense.

## PEACE RANK

Is former Colour service allowed to count for seniority under the peace promotion code? I was a bandsman before World War Two and purchased my discharge in 1938. During the war I served on an emergency engagement and re-engaged with the Colours in 1946. For promotion purposes my enlistment date is given as 1946. — "WO" (name and address supplied).

★ Under the peace code a soldier who re-enlists after a break of more than 12 months forfeits all seniority and starts again. Non-regular service does not count. Therefore this warrant officer's break was eight years.

## THREE STARS DOWN

I have 13 years service. In 1948 I was a three-star soldier but under a Northern Command Order (1371/48) I was up-graded to five stars. I am now told that under ACI 361/51 I must lose three stars as my trade group is BIV. As I gained my stars by being tested under one ACI (702/47) I feel that losing them under another is unfair. I am serving with men who have only two or three years' service but who are three-star Sappers, and the loss of three stars and consequently 14s a week is a blow to me. — "Corporal" (name supplied), Royal Engineers, Hull.

★ This NCO's re-assessment from three to five stars which was made on a non-tradesman basis in 1948 was correct. At that time the Army changed from a three- to six-star system. When the new regulations were issued it was made clear that any man classified as a tradesman would in future be assessed for pay solely on the strength of his trade quali-

# LETTERS



## ● SOLDIER welcomes letters.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

ification. Any tradesman who held a star assessment higher than his trade warranted was, however, allowed to keep the higher rate for 12 months so that he could improve his trade classification. He was then re-assessed.

This NCO has not improved on the trade qualification which he held when the six-star system was adopted. He should, in fact, have been reassessed at two stars in May 1950. There is nothing to stop him earning more pay if he obtains a higher qualification.

## RUGBY RECORD

Guardsman G. Reynolds and I think this is a record. Last year we both played in the Army Rugby final for the Guards Parachute Company, and then we both returned to our parent unit (the Welsh Guards) and played again in this year's Army Rugby final against the RAMC, which we won. Do you know if any other soldiers have played in the Army Rugby final in two successive years for two different units? — Sjt. H. J. Cahill, 1st Bn Welsh Guards, BAOR.

★ The Army Sports Control Board say: "As far as we know this is a record. It is most unlikely to happen again and, of course, could not have occurred before the war."

## Answers

(From Page 33)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. A pennant flown by a yacht.
2. Korea.
3. An American ship-building centre.
4. (a) Madagascar, (b) Belgian Congo, (c) French Guiana, (d) Rumania.
5. Treatment of light and shade.
6. Kon-Tiki.
7. (a) Hernando Cortes, (b) Montezuma, (c) Mexico.
8. Avro Anson.
9. Reredos, an ornamental screen covering a wall behind an altar; the others are parts of fortifications.
10. Caning the soles of the feet.
11. (a) colouring matter of the green parts of plants; (b) as a deodorant.
12. Eat it — it is a sort of melon.
13. The Gunpowder Plot.
14. (a) Organisation for European Economic Cooperation, (b) Répondez s'il vous plaît, (c) Trinitrotoluene, (d) Fellow of the Royal Society.
15. "Sans wine, sans song, sans singer — and sans end." Edward Fitzgerald's translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
16. Patricia Roc.

## DRESS AT WEDDING

May serving and retired officers wear uniform at a family wedding? — "Sapper" (name and address supplied).

★ There is no objection to a serving officer wearing uniform but retired officers under the rank of colonel must obtain War Office sanction.

## SHOULDER TITLES

I did my full-time National Service with one regiment, and am undergoing my part-time service with the Territorial battalion of another regiment. As a result we are having to change our regimental shoulder titles. The new ones are embroidered and cost 1s 6d a set, which we are having to pay. Are titles not issued free? — "National Serviceman" (name and address supplied).

★ Regimental titles for National Servicemen joining a new regiment may be issued free (ACI 196/51).

## COLLAR DOGS

I hear there is an ACI which states that "collar dogs" may be worn. Does this apply to the Army Cadet Force? — R. F. Swann, 20 Boundary Crescent, Stony Stratford, Wolverton, Bucks.

★ The Army Cadet Force may wear the badges, buttons and insignia of the regiment or corps to which a unit is affiliated, provided permission has been given by the regiment or corps. ACI 300/51 deals with the wearing of collar badges by the Army.

## WRIT SARCASTIC

All-embracing as the new Drill Manual may seem to be, I regret to say there is one serious omission. No provision seems to be made for donning the headdress before saluting an officer, when walking out.

The beret, as is well known, is worn under the left or right epaulette according to the wearer's individual taste. To extract it, place it on the back of the head — so as not to disturb the set of the hair — and then salute an approaching



officer, is well-nigh impossible in the short time available; yet officers seem dissatisfied with a cheery nod or wave.

Surely those champions of down-trodden soldiery, the newspapers, will take this matter up? We are told that everything possible is being done for us, yet this disgraceful state of affairs is allowed to continue unchecked. — "Sartoris" (name and address supplied).

## GIRLS SHOW HOW

I suggest that the British Army would do well to copy Girls' Training Corps who are forbidden to fix their caps under their shoulder straps or to take them off unless their commanding officer has given permission. — Cadet Margaret Bickley (206 Coy, Ealing Girls' Training Corps), 29b Creffield Road, Ealing Common, London.

## SHORTHAND

Is it possible to attend a shorthand and typing course at a Pitman college while serving in the Army? — Sjt W. S. Calcott, 2 Base Workshops, REME, MELF.

★ No. But a soldier may prepare himself for an examination in shorthand through the Forces Correspondence Course scheme.

## STUDYING

Can a Territorial soldier (a) sit for the Forces Preliminary Examination; (b) study through the Forces Correspondence Course scheme? — Pte. G. B. Peers, East Prescot Road, Liverpool.

★ (a) Not unless he has completed an engagement with the Regular Forces within the previous 12 months. This means a soldier has one year following his discharge in which to sit for the examination; (b) No.

## UNBROKEN TOUR

In July 1949 I embarked at Liverpool for Malaya. I returned to Britain on CORSUK, arriving on 4 August 1951. My course ended in October 1951 and I was attached to Special Investigation Branch, London, until I embarked at Portsmouth on 21 January last for here. Has my overseas tour been broken? — Sjt. T. G. Broderick, Royal Military Police, Tel-El-Kebir.

★ The 170 days this NCO spent in Britain do not cause a break in his tour.

## 100 MEDALS

Meritorious Service Medals are now awarded at the rate of 100 a year. Does this mean that only 100 are approved in any one year, or is it possible that a greater number are approved and some names are carried forward?

If only 100 are approved an unfair situation would appear to arise. For example, two first-class men from one unit could be recommended together, but owing to the large number of recommendations received by the War Office, only one would get the Medal. The following year, when the number of recommendations is smaller, a man not so strongly recommended from the same unit might receive the award. In the meantime the first man, who cannot be recommended twice, loses the Medal for all time. — "Chief Clerk" (name and address supplied).

★ Only 100 names are approved each year. To carry forward names in excess of 100 would only perpetuate the old evil of a large reserve which the new system is intended to stop.

A man recommended one year but not selected can be recommended in subsequent years provided he is still serving, but he may not have his name put forward if due to leave the service before the next recommendations are made. Discharged soldiers, not recommended while serving, may be recommended once only.

## CORONATION MEDAL

I was interested in your reply to the correspondent who asked about the issue of Coronation Medals (SOLDIER, April). Can you give any indication of how the men are chosen to receive them? And do members of the Territorial Army qualify? — "Serjeant Jock" (name and address supplied).

★ In 1937 two per cent of the Army (7124) were given the Medals. This was the distribution: colonels and above 641; colonels of regiments 107; honorary Territorial colonels 228; chairmen of Territorial associations 47; Cavalry regiments and Infantry battalions (five each) and brigades of Artillery (four each) 3525; establishments, schools etc. 178; honorary physicians, surgeons and chaplains 19; ADC's 42; adjutants of Household Troops, Silver Stick and orderlies at Buckingham Palace 22; Yeomen Warders 36; OTC 51; cadets 100; staffs of commands concerned in arrangements 78; guards of honour

Continued Overleaf



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## LETTERS (Continued)

and Sovereign's Escort 390; Royal procession and other escorts 69; guards of honour and escorts on other dates 36; four per cent of troops in London on Coronation Day, Regular and Territorial (from Britain) 1290; commandants of Coronation camps and two to each camp staff 18; miscellaneous, 100. Total, 6977. Medals were also given to Territorial officers and NCO's who acted as stewards under the War Office. An allotment was given for troops from the Dominions, India and the Colonies, bringing the total to 7124. Medals for the King's Company, Grenadier Guards, came from the Privy Purse quota. The Medal was also given to all holders of the Victoria Cross.

Men who took an active part in the Coronation (for example, lining the streets) had slightly preferential treatment. It was agreed that all recipients should have at least five years service, but exceptions were made for guards of honour and for cadets from Sandhurst and Woolwich. A War Office suggestion that those who had served during four reigns should receive the Medal was dropped. While only about 100 soldiers would have been entitled, 26,000 Civil Servants would. It was felt the Army should not adopt a system which the Civil Service could not.

### BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL

Where is it laid down that the holder of the British Empire Medal is allowed to use the letters BEM after his name? I can't find anything in Queen's Regulations. — "Medalist" (name and address supplied).

★ It is laid down in Article XXXVI of the Statutes of the Order of the British Empire.

### MODIFIED PENSION

Have you any knowledge of the much discussed scheme to allow short-service officers to continue for a modified pension? By this I mean officers who were not in the ranks before the war. — "Captain" (name supplied), Petersfield, Hants.

★ A modified retired pay scheme for short-service officers who were not Regular soldiers before the war is still under consideration.

### INVALIDED OUT

Owing to wounds I will shortly be returned to Britain for further hospital treatment and then discharged. I re-enlisted from Class Z Reserve on 12 September 1947 on a 12-years engagement with the Colours. Do I receive a gratuity for being medically discharged? — Cpl. C. J. Johnson, British Military Hospital, Malaya.

★ A Service gratuity is awarded to a soldier who is invalided if he has more than five years (but less than ten) continuous reckonable service, at the rate of £10 for each year in excess of five. This soldier will not qualify if he is discharged before 11 September 1953. His previous service cannot be aggregated with his present engagement because of the period on the Reserve.

### UNFIT PRISONER

Please settle an argument. If a man is of very low medical category and is excused many of the normal duties of soldiering, can he be fined by a court-martial instead of being sent to detention? — Cpl. D. J. Allan, 624 Ordnance Depot, Middle East.

★ No. Punishments which can be awarded by court-martial are not based on a man's fitness to serve them. That must be decided later by higher authority acting on medical advice. Men are medically examined as to their fitness to stand trial, and if awarded a sentence of prison or detention are again examined.

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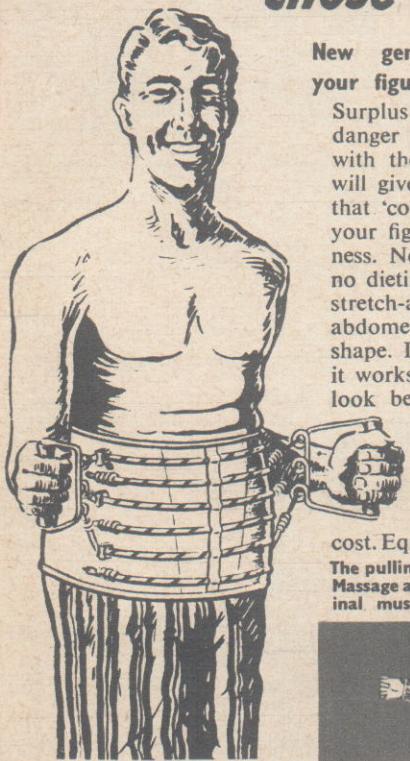


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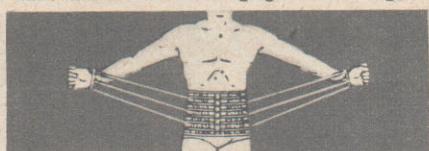
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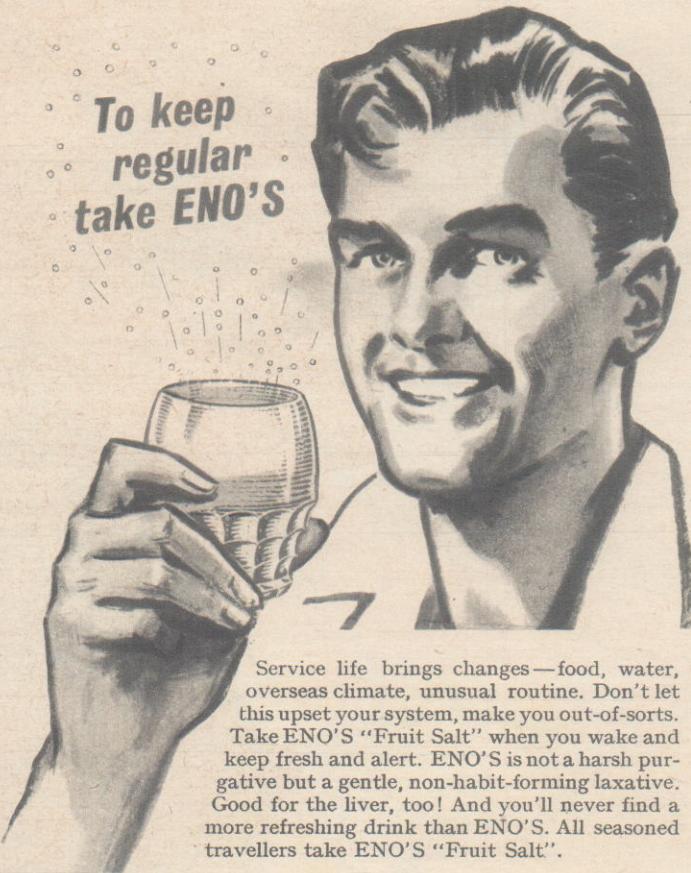


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KATHLEEN HUGHES

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