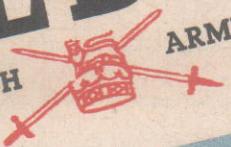


SOLDIER

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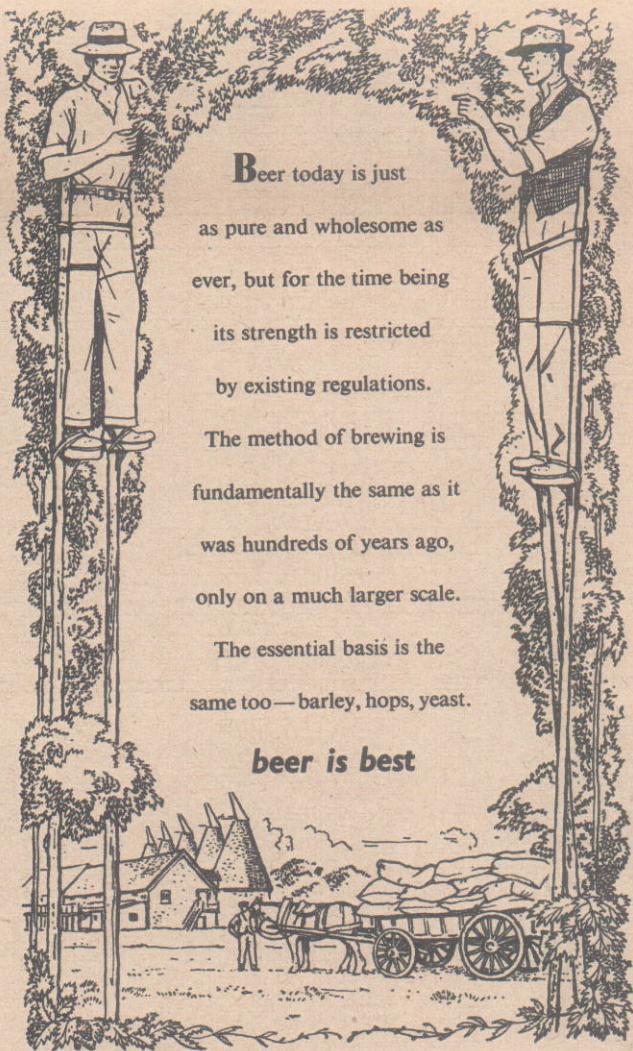




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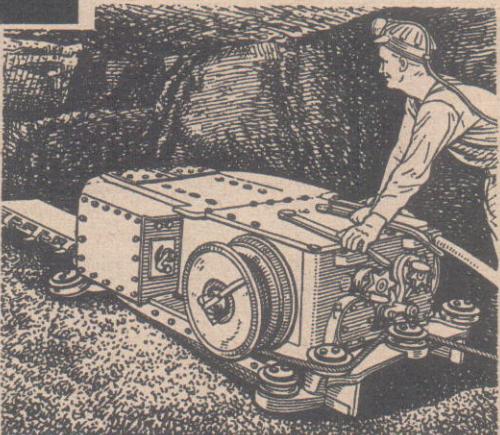
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says former Bevin Boy of 23

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Rifleman. King's Royal Rifle Corps, 1858.



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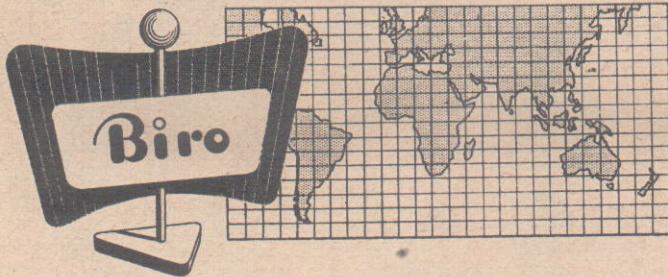
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If you want
to get ahead
-get a HAT



THE GUNS of MALTA

THE badge-conscious visitor to the George Cross island soon sees that the Gunners there wear two distinct types of cap badge.

One is the familiar brass gun of the Royal Artillery seen in the caps of the men of the British regiments serving in Malta; and the other is a variation of the same badge worn by the men of the Royal Malta Artillery. Behind the gun is the silver Maltese Cross, and instead of the usual motto are the words *Tutela Bellicae Virtutis*, meaning "Custodian of Military Prowess."

Early each morning, as the British troops in Tigne Barracks, Valletta, parade for breakfast, the Maltese Gunners — or the great majority of them — are entering the gate of historic St. Elmo Fort for their first parade. Since 88 per cent of the men of the Royal Malta Artillery are married and are allowed to sleep at home, the large tiled barrack-rooms of the Fort are usually empty at night, save for the few single men who live in.

But by day the old fort, built by the Knights of St. John, is full of activity. The guns which shot up the E-boats during the war, the 25-pounders which crash out salutes when foreign warships glide into Grand Harbour, are cleaned, manned for gun drill and cleaned again.

St. Elmo has figured in many battles, and one of the fiercest was fought before it was fully built. That was in 1565, the year of the great siege, when 1200 troops died to a man defending the fort against the invading Turks, who lost 7000 men before they captured it.

The Knights, when they completed the fort, built more lastingly than they realised, for St. Elmo has withstood modern bombing. The first bomb of the war fell on the highest point of its high walls, killing anti-aircraft defenders. Within a year the six-pounders had taken their revenge on the E-boats.

The 1st Coast Regiment, which mans the St. Elmo guns and those of the other coastal forts, is not the only unit of the Royal Malta Artillery. Just before the war the 2nd Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment was formed, and is still in existence. (Incidentally, between 1938 and 1942 the Royal Malta Artillery increased to five regiments and a searchlight battery;

Outward and upward point the defences of the George Cross Island, a porcupine squatting in the Mediterranean narrows. Italian airmen called it "L'Isola del Diavolo" — the Devil's Island



From the ramparts of Fort St. Elmo the 25-pounders of Malta's saluting battery stare out across the waters. On right is part of the viaduct which was attacked by Italian E-boats. (Photographs: SOLDIER Camera-man DESMOND O'NEILL.)

a noteworthy expansion for a small island). Compared with the British Gunner in Malta, the Maltese soldier gets lower pay and no local overseas allowance. A number seek transfer to the Royal Artillery with the aim of getting posted back to Malta. Some are successful, but the tenure of their stay can never be

guaranteed, for whereas the Royal Malta Artillery serves only in the island, British units may be posted anywhere.

The Royal Malta Artillery has its own civilian chaplains and its own doctors. Surgeon-Major G. G. Camilleri is one of the regiment's three medical officers and during the war he was attached

to 15th Field Ambulance RAMC. "I was also medical officer to the 1st Dorsets for over two years," he said.

The band is not called the Royal Malta Artillery Band. Instead it is known simply as the Royal Artillery (Malta) Band. The reason: it is intended to supply

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THE GUNS of MALTA (Continued)

music to any Gunner unit on the island, whether local or British. In addition, Bandmaster Joseph Magri finds himself playing for Naval and RAF parades. He was originally a bandsman with the band, went to Kneller Hall in 1936 and won prizes for harmony and the clarinet; he went again in 1946 to train as bandmaster, returning to Malta to take over the band he had joined as a lad.

Many members of the regiment go to Britain for training, which makes a welcome break in the routine of a unit which serves only in Malta. At present one officer is at Camberley and NCO's have recently attended the School of Coast Artillery at Plymouth, the Motor Transport School at

Bordon, and the Army School of Physical Training. RSM Julian Ebejer, who has 22 years service, has just returned from a drill course at the Guards Depot.

The oldest soldier in 1st Coast Regiment is Gunner John the Baptist Buhagiar, who in 1919 joined the now defunct King's Own Malta Regiment and transferred to the Royal Malta Artillery the same year. He has done most jobs in the regiment, including that of groom (once he was lent as groom to the Prince of Wales) and has served in every one of the coastal forts. He has seen conditions in the regiment improve notably in his 30 years service. But he still finds it difficult to talk in English.

This parade-ground at Fort St. Elmo is on the roof of a three-storey barrack building. From still higher, RSM Julian Ebejer of the Royal Malta Artillery, pace-stick under arm, watches guard mounting. RSM Ebejer recently took a course at the Guards Depot at Caterham. Across the water from St. Elmo are Tigne Barracks, home of the British Gunners of 36th Regiment.

This question of language is one to which the regiment has given considerable thought. Said the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. V. Abela MBE (he is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem): "Some years ago we started dealing with the problem of men who spoke only Maltese. The rule is that all instruction shall be in English, although the men may ask questions in Maltese if they find it easier to express themselves in that language.

"Before a soldier can re-engage he must be able to take his third-

class certificate of education, so the educational branch has set up a preliminary six-stage test to bring the men up to standard gradually. Examination papers must be written in English, but a man who does not know the English word for something can put the Maltese for it in brackets."

Many recruits come from the Boys' Battery which is run by the 2nd Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment. One ex-boy, Gunner Emmanuel Micallef, aged 21, joined the battery in 1943 and worked as a telephonist. He is probably one of the youngest



Left: On to the soldiers of today gazes one of the eyes which the Knights of St. John built into walls near most sentry-posts and watch-towers. Above it are knightly coats-of-arms. Centre: Lieut.-Colonel J. V. Abela, Commanding Officer of the Royal Malta Artillery. He was an anti-aircraft battery commander in the Western Desert. Right: The chapel, where wounded Knights were brought to die in the 1565 siege of Malta is now the Royal Malta Artillery chapel. It is the oldest part of Fort St. Elmo.



Two of the men who man the guns. Gunner J. Lafaro (left) and Bombardier J. Agius. Bombardier Agius laid the gun which "killed" the first E-boat to attack Valletta. Behind him is the shield of one of the Knights of St. John, Sir Oliver Starkey. Each gunnery control tower bears a Knight's shield. Right: Covering the entrance to Marsa Muscetto harbour, this gun looks towards Sliema.

soldiers to wear the Africa Star.

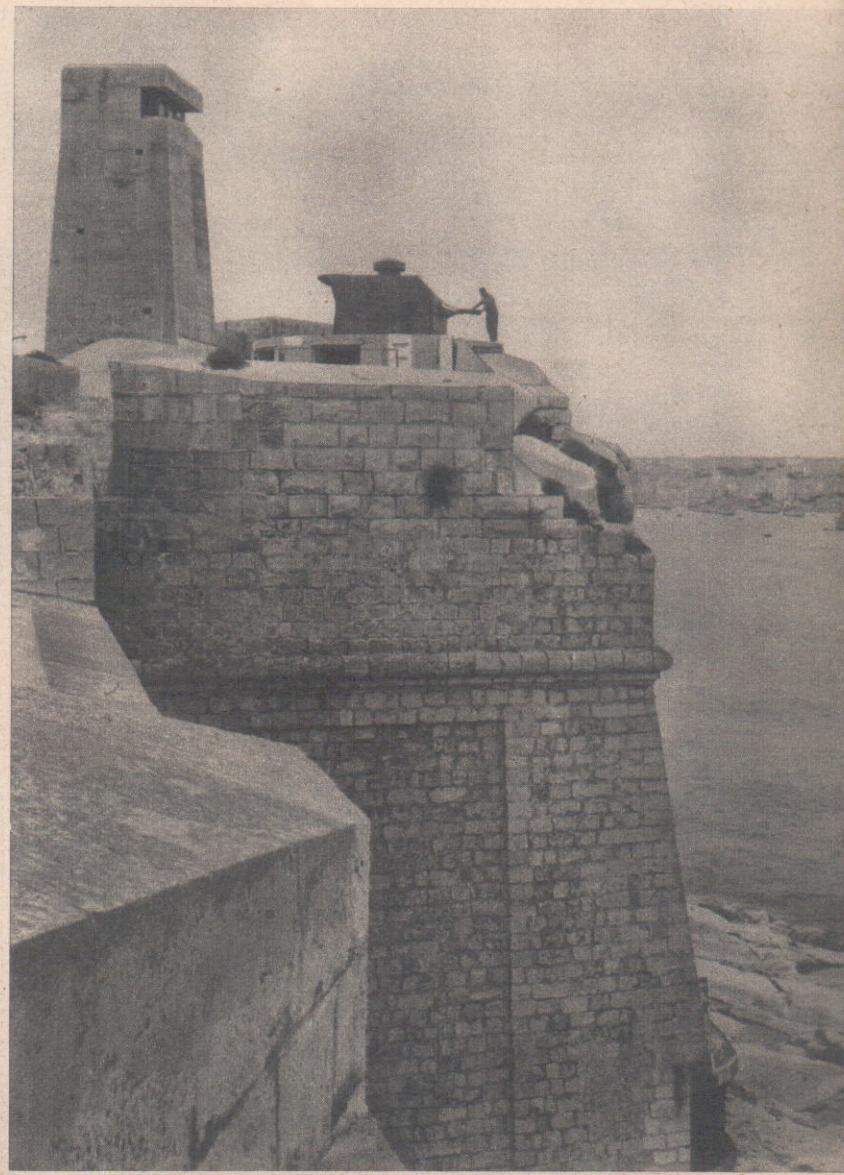
A number of British Army gunnery experts are attached to the regiment, but it is intended that eventually all posts shall be filled by Maltese. Master-Gunner C. Young, who has been two-and-a-half years in Malta, works side by side with Master-Gunner Joseph Grech, who recently attended a year's course in Britain.

Down in the engine-room where power for the guns and the searchlights can be produced almost at the drop of a handkerchief an all-Maltese staff has taken over from the British

Sappers who were in charge during the war. The passages along which the searchlight cables travel were once used by prisoners on their way to the dungeons. The cells are now mostly bricked up, but new rooms have been hewn, opening on to the cliff face, to house the powerful lights which can now sweep the sea.

In a unit so full of Maltese names like Avallone, Spiteri and Attard it is surprising to find names like Bates, Martin and Herbert on the regimental roll.

OVER



Through the village of Musta goes a 3.7 anti-aircraft gun of 36th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment. The building it is passing has one of the largest unsupported domes in the world.

THE GUNS of MALTA (Cont'd)

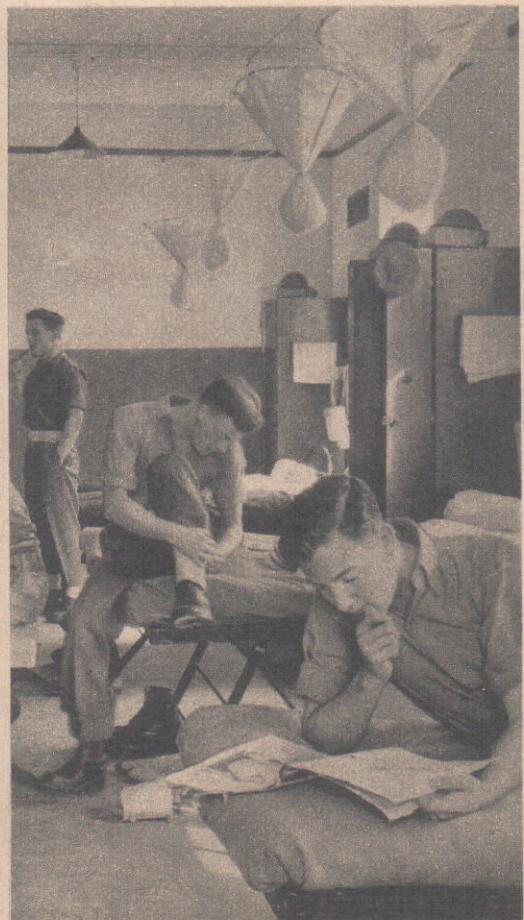
Explained the Adjutant, Captain Alfred March: "When the dockyard first opened there were no skilled workers here and mostly they came from Britain. Many settled down and married Maltese girls and so into the regiment we have had a gradual flow of English surnames."

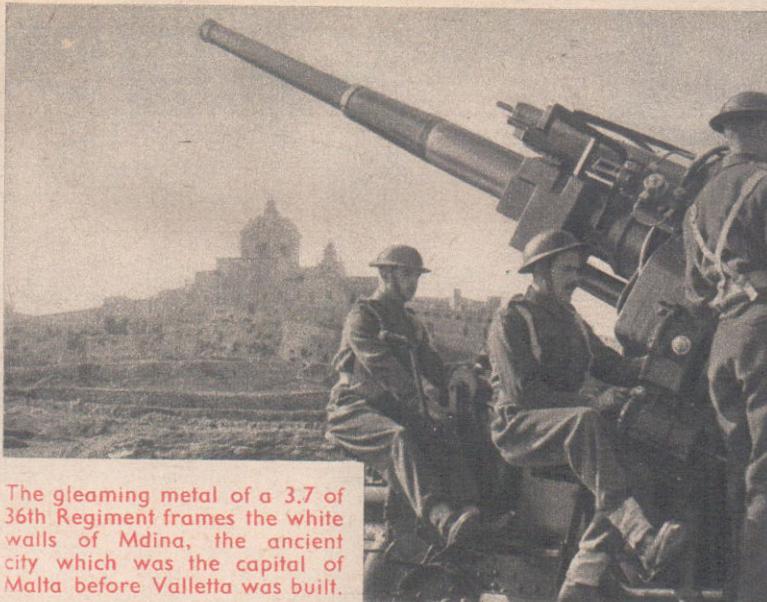
After the day's work is over a short ceremony is held by all battery serjeant-majors. This is the detail parade when the next day's duties — always written in English — are read out in Maltese. Then, apart from those on guard and those who are single, the men stream out, some in civilian clothes and some carrying the small cases in which they brought their lunch. Although the men have their own dining hall and canteen in the fort, the officers themselves mess in the Auberge de Castile, the headquarters of the Army in Malta. On dinner nights, when they toast the King who is their Colonel-in-Chief, they still wear the scarlet mess kit of pre-war days.

Twice a week the men of the regiment go to their small chapel for mass, conducted by their Chaplain, Father J. W. Orr. The chapel is the oldest part of the Fort, and during the 1565 siege the mortally wounded Knights



Contrast in barrack-rooms: Eight out of nine men of the Royal Malta Artillery are married and sleep out of barracks in peacetime, leaving their beds "made up" for inspection (above). Right: But the 36th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment has a preponderance of National Service bachelors. Note different methods of folding mosquito nets.





The gleaming metal of a 3.7 of 36th Regiment frames the white walls of Mdina, the ancient city which was the capital of Malta before Valletta was built.

were carried down the steps to it and left to die in front of the altar. In the chapel now is the wartime Union Jack which always flew from the fort (St. Elmo is an official flag station). The bell which calls the men to worship came from *HMS Maori* and was presented by the Royal Navy.

The men of the British Gunner regiments in Malta serve against a less storied background. Their guns point upwards, instead of outwards. In Tigne Barracks, built in 1900, is the 36th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, whose mobile guns may be met from time to time trundling over the narrow roads.

This regiment, the only British Gunners of the wartime garrison still on the island, was formerly the 68th (North Midland) Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment; it changed its number after the war. On the sea front facing Sliema Creek stands an unusual memorial to the 50 officers and men of the wartime regiment who died defending Malta: it is a stone lido, with tables and sunshades, reconstructed from an old, disused building with the aid of money subscribed by the people of Derby.

Today there are a few men who were in Malta during the days of raids — "Malta Chindits" the rest of the regiment calls them. One is Serjeant Frederick Wright who first arrived in 1941 and went on to Egypt in 1943.

"High prices are what I remember most," he says. "In 1941 a rabbit was 25s. Now it is 5s."

Another soldier, Serjeant John Bamford, first came to Malta in 1935 and returned home in 1943. He married a Maltese girl. "I remember buying a chicken supper for 10d in 1935. Chickens cost 1s 3d then and steaks 2s 3d. Now they cost anything up to 12s and 5s 9d each."

But most of the regiment are young Regulars and National Servicemen straight out from Britain, still getting used to playing soccer, hockey and even cricket on concrete pitches. Because three sides of the barracks face the sea almost every man learns to swim while he is in Malta.

"This is a good spot for soldiering," said BSM J. P. Spicer who has spent three of his 21 years in Malta. "We get papers the day after publication, mail two or three days after posting."

The man who knows most about how the unit spends its time is Gunner William Clements of Manor Park, London. He umpires cricket and hockey, referees soccer matches, sits on all units sports committees and operates the unit cinema projector.

"Life is much the same as in Britain," he says, "except that in summer the reflection of the sun on the yellow buildings is very strong and most people like to wear dark glasses. We have radio in each barrack-room, but it is supplied by a rediffusion company towards which each man pays sixpence a month. We get the choice of two programmes — the BBC European Service and the Maltese sponsored programmes."

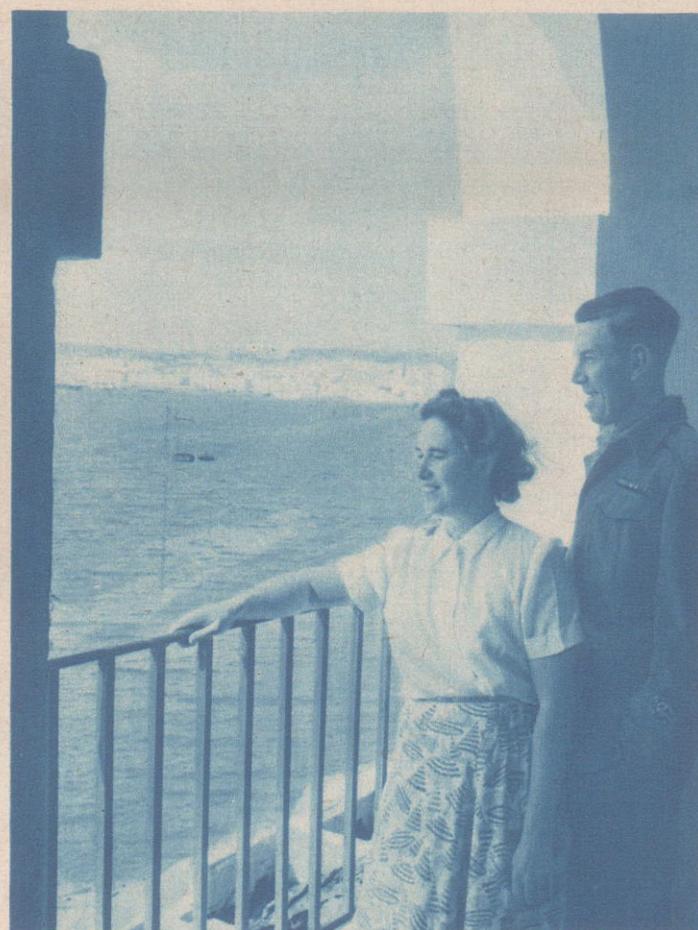
The view of the families was expressed by QMS (Artificer) and Mrs. Joseph Belton, who have recently come from quarters at Tidworth. Mrs. Belton is still getting used to the Maltese pound, which to most shopkeepers is 14 ounces, and to the *rotolo*, which is a commonly used local measurement and is 1 lb 14 ounces. Flour, 11½d in Britain, is 2s 5d in Malta. Tea, 3s 6d a lb in Britain, is 5s 5d in the island. And milk is always tinned.

"We certainly need the extra allowance for overseas," said Mrs. Belton. "Ready-made clothes are more expensive than at home, but material is reasonably cheap."

A man who knows Tigne Barracks well is Mr. "Bill" Rayner, steward in the warrant officers' mess, who came to Malta in 1908 as Master-Gunner to the Royal Garrison Artillery. "In 1930 I left the Army and came back here. My son is a Master-Gunner in South Wales, but he was here with me during the siege."

Many petty officers from the Fleet in Grand Harbour are honorary members of the warrant officers' mess at Tigne. In fact, it is not easy to tell that it is an Army mess, because of the Naval crests which cover the walls — gifts from the Senior Service.

PETER LAWRENCE



Quarters with sea-breezes laid on. QMS(A) Joseph Belton and his wife take the air on their private balcony.



Under another name, 36th Regiment fought in the World War Two siege of Malta. It was raised in the Derby area, and the people of Derby subscribed to equip this lido for the regiment.

News from North Africa



ACROSS the deserts where Eighth Army rode in triumph, the British Army carries out more peaceful tasks today. From Malta, **SOLDIER** staff writer PETER LAWRENCE and photographer DESMOND O'NEILL flew on to Tripolitania and Cyrenaica to see the garrisons at work and play. They saw the British soldier against the background of flourishing Tripoli, the ancient ruins of Sabratha and the modern ruins of Tobruk and Benghazi; they talked to the men whose duties take them into the waste-lands of the south. The journey to Malta and Libya involved nearly 5000 miles by air and hundreds of miles by road. Their first report from North Africa will appear in **SOLDIER** next month.

SOLDIER to Soldier

EVERY now and then a soldier with literary leanings writes a "powerful piece" in one of the newspapers on his Army service.

Army life (he says) is just too boring and frustrating; idling is encouraged; talent is scorned; a man learns to scrub floors but not to be a soldier, and so on.

A recent article on these lines in the *Daily Mirror* by a former trooper contained this sentence:

"I have a School Certificate, so these were the Army jobs I had: tank gunner, coal heaver, gardener, range-finder, regimental magazine writer, squadron runner (equivalent to an office boy), batman, spare clerk and learner driver."

When the Editor of **SOLDIER**, who also has a School Certificate, was in the ranks, he was not even given the chance of being a "regimental magazine writer." His only literary assignment, in fact, was when he was issued with an india-rubber and detailed to rub out a large number of obscene poems and drawings from the walls of an ablution-block which was due to be handed over the ATS. He had many equally humble, though usually more edifying, tasks, but he tried to console himself with the thought that somebody had to do them. Apparently this was wrong; he should have written to the papers about it.

IT was noteworthy that this ex-trooper's article rattled a number of Army readers, who made these suggestions (among others): The ex-trooper should be made to do his National Service over again; he must be one of those men who are determined to dislike the Army before they are in it, and hence make their service twice as boring as it need be; since he is so proud of his School Certificate, why didn't he lighten his boredom by furthering his education? A more sympathetic critic suggested that the trooper "like all intelligent soldiers, was frustrated." No one asked the obvious question: why did he not try to become an officer, so that more use might be made of his talents? (The trooper admitted that he became a batman and an officers' mess gardener at his own request).

SOLDIER feels bound to say that frustration and boredom are not complaints suffered exclusively by those who hold School Certificates. In fact, soldiers who hold School Certificates ought to have a sufficiently well-stocked mental background to help them to rise above boredom. And soldiers with School Certificates certainly should not expect to be spared the menial jobs (in fact, most of them "muck in" willingly).

Inevitably, there are periods of boredom in the Army. But no one is going to put a "spare clerk" on a charge for learning shorthand or a language, instead of sitting to attention in the office doing nothing. Even in the Army, boredom is often a man's own fault.

The soldier who has learned a little more than the next man has plenty of opportunity of lightening the boredom of others, and lightening his own at the same time. All the more credit to those who do.

ONE of those historic occasions at which **SOLDIER** would like to have been present was when a group of soldiers, serving in Lancashire, were suddenly summoned on parade — from their beds, according to one account — in order to shoot a circus elephant.

It is a pleasing picture on which to dwell . . . the entry of the orderly serjeant, the shouted summons to turn out to shoot an elephant . . . the realisation that it must be one of those serjeants' jokes, the first incredulous stares, the groans, the sliding back into slumber . . . Then the whole thing over again . . .

What would **YOU** have done if you had been roused by the Orderly Serjeant crying, "Wakey! Wakey! On parade to shoot a mad elephant"?



The dedication: a full parade of the 7th Hussars attended the ceremony.

THIS WAR MEMORIAL IS PORTABLE

The Seventh Hussars have no "home" in which to put their war memorial. So they carry it round with them



The memorial and the model. SQMS Herbert Smith was chosen as a typical NCO of his regiment.

AT the entrance to the regimental headquarters of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, at Lüneburg in Germany, stands a war memorial.

It is small, as war memorials go. But it incorporates all that one expects of a regimental war memorial. And it has something else: portability.

When the 7th Hussars decided, a year ago, to have a regimental memorial to the men who had died of wounds or been killed in the campaigns of World War Two, they had to face the fact that they had no permanent depot in which to put it. So they decided to have one they could take with them, to whatever part of the world duty might lead them.

The result was a memorial which can be taken to pieces and packed into a wooden box only three feet six inches long.

Assembled, the memorial stands nearly five feet high. It is surmounted by an 18-inch bronze figure of a trooper sergeant dressed as the 7th Hussars were dressed in the early North African campaign—in battledress with a scarf, a pistol in a holster on the right hip and a pair of binoculars slung round the neck.

Round the base of the column are the names of the battles of World War Two in which the regiment took part—Pegu, Schwedang and Monywa in the first Burma campaign; Capuzzo, Sidi Barrani, Beda Forum and Sidi Rezegh in North Africa; and Ancona, the Gothic Line, and the crossing of the River Po in Italy.

Three sides of the column bear the names of the 139 officers and men of the regiment who died

during the war and the fourth side has the regimental crest and an appropriate inscription.

Although the memorial bears the names of those who were killed, it also honours those members of the regiment who lived. The figure of the trooper sergeant represents all those who fought with the 7th Hussars and its model was a man who still serves with the regiment—Squadron Quartermaster-Sergeant Herbert Smith, who joined up as a boy 18 years ago.

SQMS Smith was selected by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Rankin, as a typical NCO. Dressed and armed as he had so often been when he was a trooper sergeant in the early days of the war, SQMS Smith was photographed from all angles; from those photographs the bronze figure was moulded. SQMS Smith was with the 7th Hussars in Egypt when war broke out and fought with the regiment in North Africa and Burma. In Burma he lost five stones in weight but after three months in hospital and a tour of duty at the RAC Training Centre in England he was fit to rejoin the regiment in Italy at the end of the war.

Only a mile from another, more famous memorial, commemorating the surrender of the German armed forces on Lüneburg Heath, the 7th Hussars held a ceremony to unveil and dedicate their

OVER

(Continued from previous page)

memorial. From England, to unveil it, came the widow of a former commanding officer of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Byass, DSO, MC, who was killed at Sidi Barrani.

The dedication service was conducted by the Rev. N. S. Metcalfe, who was the regiment's padre for four and a half years during the war and who earned the DSO tending the regiment's wounded and dying in Burma. He is now serving with Rhine Army at Hanover.

Among the men who took part in the ceremony were a score and more who had campaigned side by side with the men whose memory was being honoured. The adjutant, Major J. F. Astley-Rushton, was captured as he fought with them at Sidi Rezegh. The Serjeant of the guard of honour, Serjeant William Watson, was one of the few who served with the regiment in every one of its World War Two campaigns. He was with the 7th Hussars in Egypt when war broke out, fought with them in North Africa and the first Burma campaign and after a short break rejoined them as a tank driver and later a serjeant-mechanic when they went to Persia and

Shoulder to shoulder with the veterans stood the young National Service soldiers and for them the Padre had a special word in his address. He described them as "members of a great and glorious family, many of whose sons willingly laid down their lives for their King and Country and so that others might live." It should be their determination, he said, to do all in their power to honour the men who had died by living for the cause of peace and freedom.

The march-past. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Rankin, takes the salute. With him are Mrs. Critchley, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Byass who was killed at Sidi Barrani, and the Rev. N. S. Metcalfe, DSO, former Chaplain of the regiment.



German boy beaters rouse the hares from their forms with "banshee" cries... and bring in the bodies afterwards.



There is one "front" on which British soldiers and German civilians now carry firearms against a common enemy: the hare

"Dead-eyed Dick" of the Welfare syndicate: Sjt. James McCulloch, a former Chindit.

RHINE Army soldiers have a new kind of "war" on their hands — a war in which Germans are their allies and the enemy are the millions of rabbits and hares which roam the German countryside, causing tremendous damage to growing crops.

It is a week-end, shot-gun war which is being waged by the scores of Army shooting syndicates throughout the British Zone — from the farmlands of Westphalia in the south to the pastures of Schleswig-Holstein in the north; a war in which the enemy is skinned and eaten.

From the capitulation of Germany until recently, no Germans, except the forest masters and their assistants, were allowed to possess firearms of any kind. The result was that wild game, and especially the rapidly reproducing hares and rabbits, multiplied almost unchecked.

Now, after urgent appeals from farmers, German sportsmen of known good character are allowed to use shot-guns provided by the Army syndicates and take their place side by side with British soldiers. (Incidentally each British soldier has to pay £2 for a firearms certificate).

SOLDIER had to be up early to accompany a recent hare drive near Molln in Schleswig-Holstein. Fourteen guns belonging to the BAOR Welfare Unit syndicate had 40 miles to travel before they met the German guns and beaters outside the local *gasthaus* at Breitenfelde, just after breakfast. They were welcomed by the entire village (including two policemen and a score of dogs) and were given a special fanfare on the hunting horn by the two assistant forest-masters. A dozen German farmers and local tradesmen had turned up in their pre-war hunting dress — dark green jackets and breeches with leather jackboots and Tyrolean-style hats. The troops' garb

German boy beaters rouse the hares from their forms with "banshee" cries... and bring in the bodies afterwards.



HARE HUNT

included thick sweaters and jeep coats, flying boots and airborne jackets, trilby hats and thick woollen mufflers.

The guns, split into two sections, set off for the first beat over a field newly-sown with spring wheat. Up at the front were scores of wildly excited boys armed with sticks to scare the hares from their forms (lairs, to the layman) and at the rear followed a farm cart to collect the bag.

The first section was placed along two sides of the field, under cover of hedgerows and ditches, some 50 yards apart. Their job was to deal with the hares driven into them by the long line of beaters moving in from one end of the field.

As the startled hares forsook their refuge in the furrows they were met by a fusillade of shots; if they turned in their tracks and broke through the beaters they were shot at by members of the second section following close behind and if they careered straight ahead they ran head-on into the guns hidden at the far end of the field. There was little chance of escape, but occasionally one would slip through a gap and disappear with a flash of its white tail. The dogs tugged at their leashes waiting to retrieve the hares that had been wounded and had broken through.

At the end of the first beat eight hares and three rabbits were slung into the farm cart; by lunch-time the score was 42 hares and five rabbits. In the afternoon dozens of younger children, who had finished school for the day swelled the ranks of the beaters. Bad light ended the shoot after the tenth beat, with a total bag of 97 hares and eight rabbits — a record for the syndicate.

In the courtyard of the *gasthaus* the hares were laid out carefully in rows of 20. The guns and beaters made an inner circle round them, and were surrounded themselves by the villagers. The German forest master raised his hand and called for silence and everyone stood still while his two assistants sounded a final victory call on their hunting horns. The hares and rabbits were then ceremoniously counted and distributed — 64 hares and two rabbits to the Germans and the rest to the soldiers.

Most of the Germans who shot had hunted regularly before the war in the highly organised drives arranged by Goering and his



Syndicate leader Captain R. W. Carr has dropped one hare and drawn a bead on a second, which is being driven towards him by the beaters.

forest masters. But there was little they could teach men like Serjeant James McCulloch, of the Black Watch, who served with General Wingate's Chindits in Burma, or Serjeant William Lomax, Manchester Regiment, whose idea of enjoying a week-end leave when he is at home in Scotland is to track Highland deer or go seal-shooting.

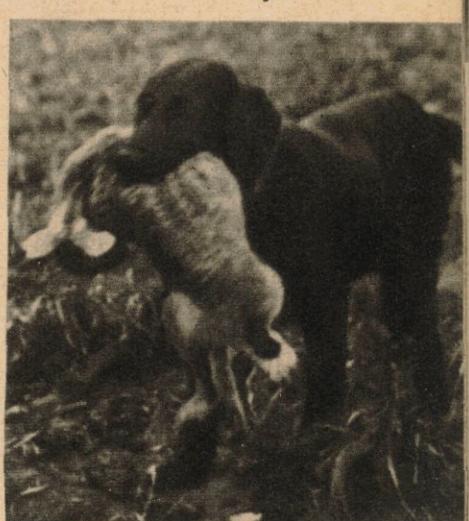
The syndicate leader, Captain R. W. Carr, RASC, and his team have been shooting together for the past two years — every weekend and sometimes twice a week. Their kills have included wild boar, deer, foxes, wild duck, pheasant and woodcock and even wild dogs. Every man is a first-class shot.

Staff-Serjeant Thomas Cousins, Royal Signals, who works with the British Forces Network technical staff, is probably the only man in Rhine Army who has killed two deer with one shot. Last year, using a rifle fitted with telescopic sights, he brought down a fine buck with a bullet which passed through its head and instantly killed another buck standing immediately behind.

Serjeant Leonard Clark, Royal Engineers, has not missed a Sunday morning shoot for over two years. His favourite sport is wild pig hunting, which he is likely to miss when he reaches Hong-Kong, where he has been posted.

Another unit which regularly takes part in the all-out offensive against the hares is Hamburg District Workshops, REME, whose record score with 14 guns on a day's shoot in the Kiel area was 82. Old hands like AQMS Edgar Tulip and AQMS Fred Hassell have been shooting in Germany for three years. Perhaps the most enthusiastic member of the REME syndicate is Cook-Serjeant Alf Tripp who skins and bones most of the syndicate's hares and tins them with his own canning apparatus so that the troops can have jugged hare occasionally for tea.

E. J. GROVE



Left: Hare hunting is a hungry sport, and to judge from evidence in the background, a thirsty one. Left to right: Sjt. W. Lomax, Sjt. J. McCulloch and Sjt. W. Jackson. Above: "Peter," the syndicate's gun-dog, brings back a hare for his master, Sjt. L. Clark.

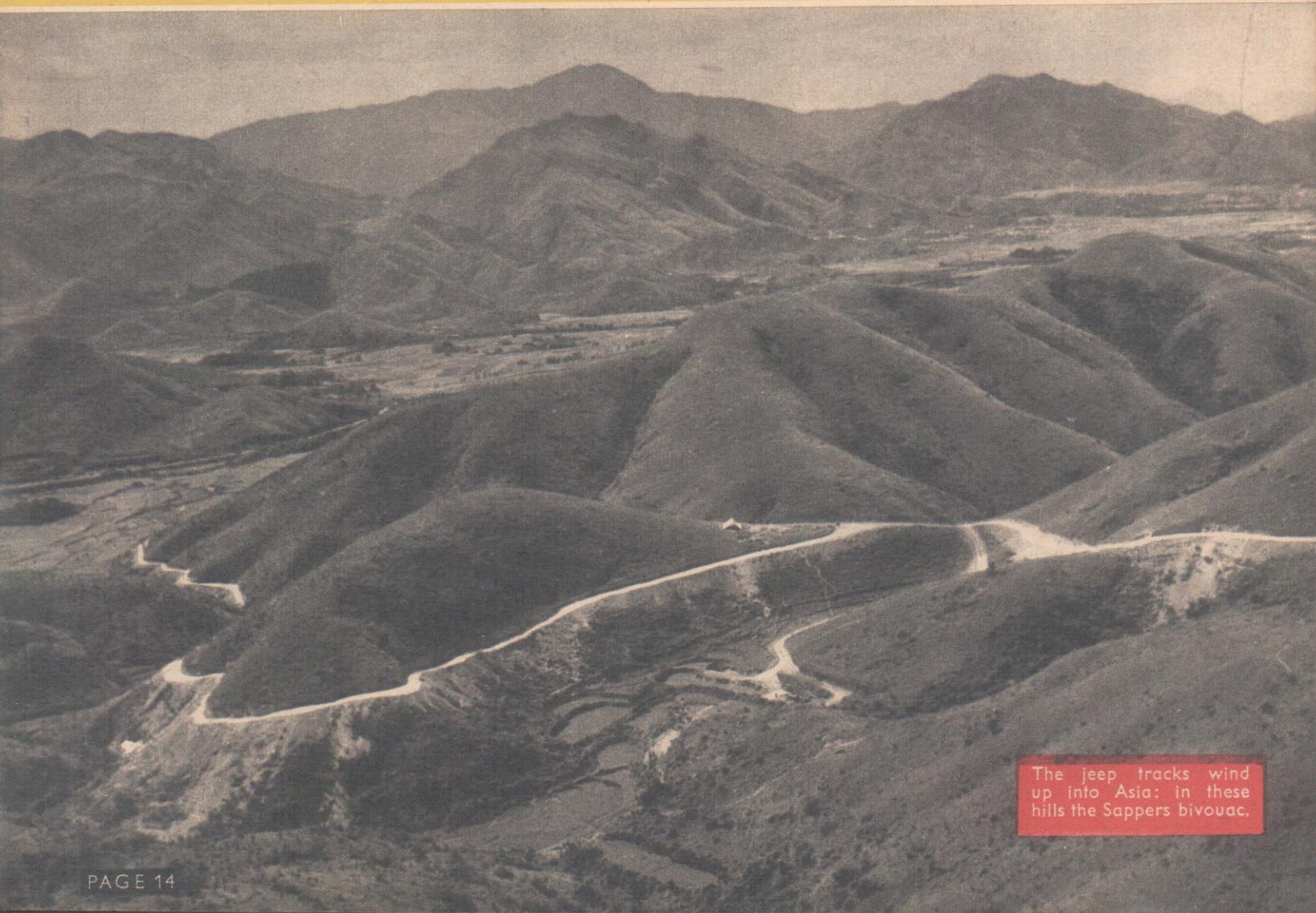
THERE ARE DRAGONS IN THEM THAR HILLS...

In the bare hills of Hong-Kong's New Territories, new defence roads are being cut by Royal Engineers. Sometimes queer and unexpected problems arise

THE Royal Engineers have a way of taking strange jobs in their stride. And that is how they tackled a recent request to erect a dragon-proof gate outside a Chinese village, in the New Territories of Hong-Kong.

It was during the preliminary stages of building a jeep track to defensive positions in the hills that the Sappers of 37 Squadron, 24 Field Engineer Regiment first came up against the primitive superstitions of the Chinese peasants.

At the far end of a village which bordered the beginning of



The jeep tracks wind up into Asia: in these hills the Sappers bivouac.



Coolies under British Infantry NCO's cut a new track out of the barren hillside. The white tape shows the eventual width of the roadway.

the track, a series of thick wooden stakes about a foot high were found driven into the ground. The explanation of this mystifying barricade was furnished by the village headman. It was, he explained, a barrier against the dragons and evil spirits which lived in the hills. Dragons loved to use roads and paths but were unable to get over the big wooden stakes. Unfortunately jeeps were not able to do so either, and it was pointed out to the headman that they would have to be removed to make way for

the track. Greatly alarmed, he predicted sleepless nights for the village, as everyone would be in constant fear of dragons coming down after dark and snatching away children, poultry and dogs.

Not wishing to offend the villagers or to ridicule their beliefs, the subaltern in charge of the track hit upon the happy idea of building a gate which he assured the headman would be completely dragon-proof. It was duly erected and although the villagers were doubtful at first, after a few nights they declared

they were completely satisfied; now they say that they have less trouble with dragons and evil spirits than ever before.

The gate, a simple pole barrier such as is seen outside any guard-room, thus serves the dual purpose of keeping away both dragons and unauthorised vehicles. Its fame has spread over the surrounding countryside and several more villages have since requested the erection of anti-dragon gates.

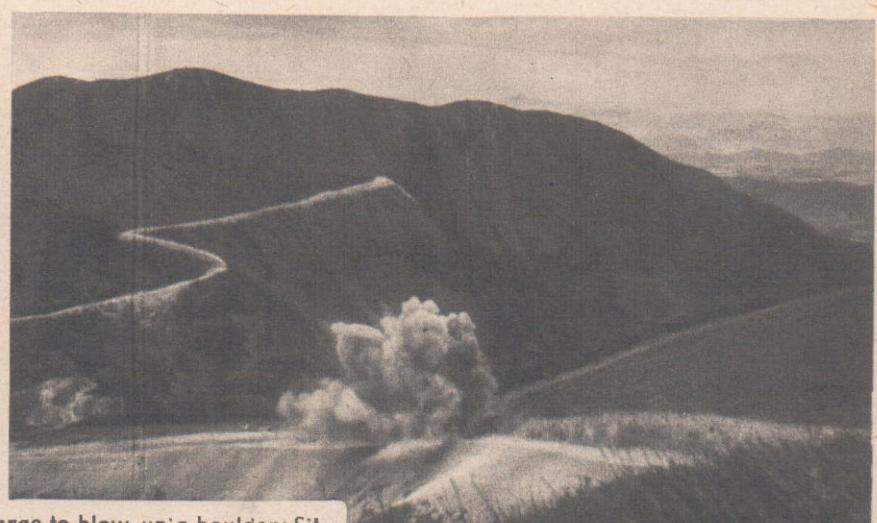
This jeep track is just one of many which have been built by

24 Field Engineer Regiment in the few months they have been out in the Colony. Leading to positions and observation posts on the summits of hills overlooking Chinese territory, these tracks climb as high as 1400 feet over ground which is far from easy going, as mostly it is covered with thick scrub or rocky boulders.

The task of hacking out the track from the hillside is carried out by gangs of Chinese coolies, supervised by NCO's from Infantry battalions **OVER**



Tamping in the charge to blow up a boulder; Sjt. G. Thompson, of Morpeth (near camera) and Cpl. J. K. Snelson, of Crewe. Right: The charge goes up: even dragons are used to the thud of explosive.



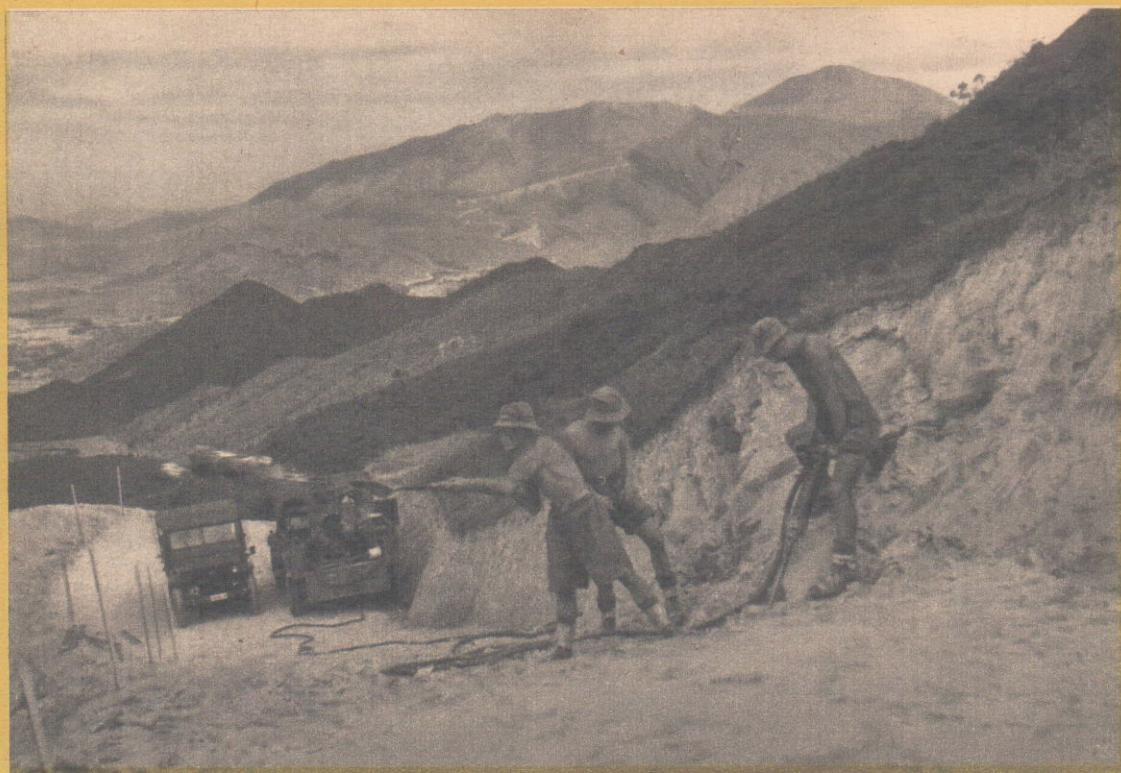
(Continued from Page 15)

stationed in the New Territories. The preliminary surveying and the supervision of the construction are done by Sappers; so are the blasting operations necessary when solid rock is struck. Many hundreds of pounds of explosives have been used to clear away great mounds of rock from the hillside. For smaller pieces the Sappers use pneumatic drills driven by a compressor mounted in a 15-cwt truck.

Half the Chinese coolies, who receive an average of three Hong-Kong dollars (3s. 9d.) a day, are usually women. To British soldiers newly arrived in the Colony this seemed a trifle un gallant, but in China, where a good deal of the heavier manual work is carried out by the "weaker sex," these women, in their characteristic black costumes and wide-brimmed, cloth-covered straw hats, are a familiar sight as they wield pick and shovel, or plod along the roads carrying the most amazing loads across their shoulders.

The Sappers working on these jeep tracks find it is often more convenient to build themselves bivouacs at the top of, or half way up, the hills, rather than waste time and energy each day in getting to and from their permanent camp. These bivouacs usually consist of dugouts with a bamboo and attap covering, and a great deal of ingenuity is shown in their construction. Each troop or section vies with the next to build the most comfortable camp.

Rations are brought to the foot of the hill by truck each day and are then carried up by the coolies. For "ablutions" the hills can usually be counted on to provide a clear running stream. Indeed, one troop were lucky enough to be able to swim in a small lake half way up their hill. On Sundays the men have a free day and transport is there to take them into Kowloon or to Hong-Kong island.



Above: The compressor deals with the smaller pieces of rock. Right: Darts on the mountain top: Sapper W. Gill, of Windermere, plays an after-lunch game with Corporal H. P. Chapman, of Hull. It's a good open-air life, and a welcome change from normal routine.

At present these tracks are intended for jeeps only, and a good deal of drainage work has yet to be done before the heavy rains come in the spring. Ultimately, however, solid surfaces will replace the present earth ones and the tracks will be widened to take any type of vehicle up to a three-ton lorry.

— Story by CAPTAIN A. G. R. CROSS, Military Observer, Hong-Kong.



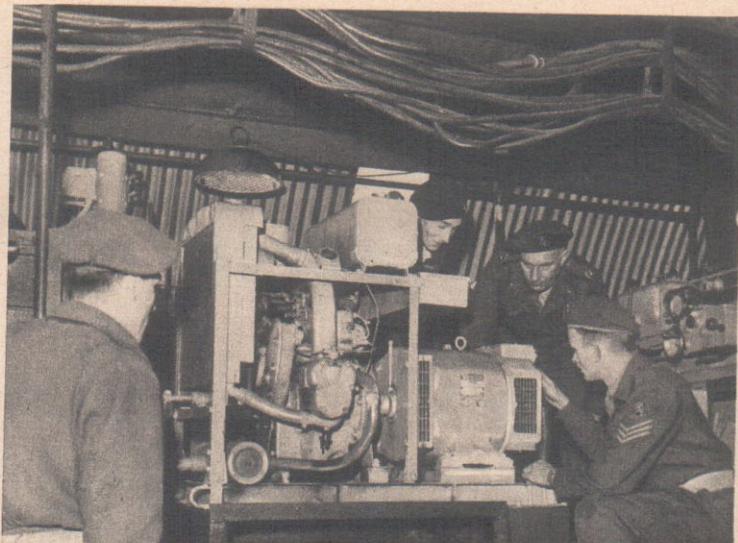
AFTER THE TYPHOON

Corporal K. A. Spencer sends these pictures from Hong-Kong to show that the Nissen hut does not always survive the typhoon, as a recent picture in SOLDIER suggested.





"Je Maintiendrai" — "I shall maintain" — reads the motto on Cornet Fleurby's sleeve. Pictures on this page were taken at Deventer, Holland where British Gunners taught "ack-ack" methods to the Dutch Army.



And here "Je Maintiendrai" takes on another meaning. Maintenance of electrical equipment is taught to Dutch officers and NCO's. The Dutch serjeant on right spent several wartime years in the British Army.

INTERNATIONAL SOLDIERS

Two British batteries are home after a six months technical tour in the Low Countries. Whose turn next under Western Union?

WHILE troops of five Western Powers were exercising on the plains of Germany last autumn, two British batteries stationed in the Low Countries were completing an important, if less spectacular, assignment under Western Union.

They were perfecting the training of Dutch and Belgian cadres in anti-aircraft defence; one of the arts of war in which Britain has, no doubt, something to learn but a great deal to teach.

Now those Gunners who helped, in a modest way, to make history are back on home soil, with agreeable memories of six months collaboration which was not exclusively technical.

Building up a modern anti-aircraft arm from scratch is a big problem for a small country; building the equipment itself is all but impossible. It was clear from the outset that if the defence forces of Western Union were to be strong, Britain would have to pass on the knowledge she had gained during the war; and she could do that only if equipment were standardised.

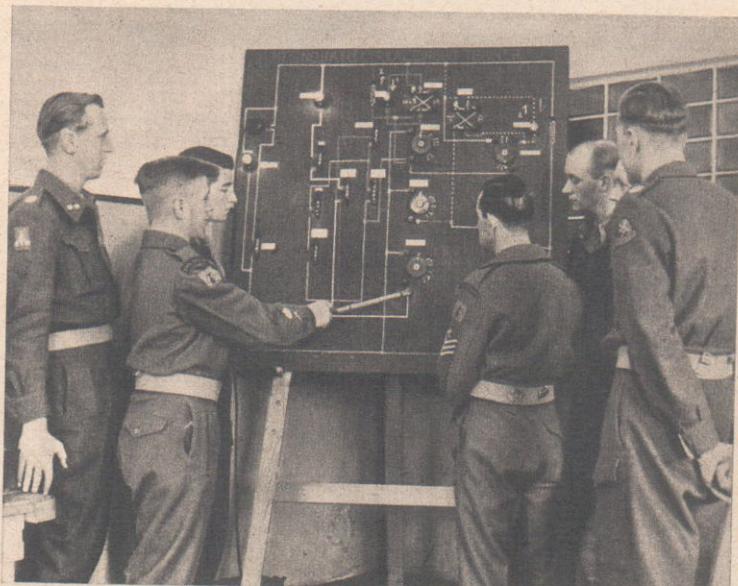
Now a formal "drill" has been laid down for future exchanges of soldiers between the Western Union Powers (Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg). Movement orders will be made out in three languages — English, French and Dutch; men will wear the uniform of their own country (there will NOT be a Western Union uniform); carrying arms will depend on the custom of the country; soldiers will not be allowed to engage in another country's politics.

Western Union Defence has begun to leave the planning stage, but there is a wider sphere of defence in which the British soldier will ultimately have to play a part — a sphere which is apt to be overlooked by critics of conscription. The Western Union Powers are themselves

signatories to the North Atlantic Pact, which involves a scheme of mutual defence for Britain, America, Canada, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, Italy and Portugal. (Notable omissions: Sweden and Spain). The member nations have a total population of 250,000,000, but since many of them are small states, they must look to America for weapons. Already the Western Union Powers and several of the other signatories have applied for help to Washington, and expect shortly to receive the first instalments of supplies.

The North Atlantic Pact was drawn up after the military chiefs of the United Nations had failed to make any progress in three years towards an international army; but the Atlantic Powers still subscribe to the ideals of UNO. Already they have a complicated network of joint organisations. And recently it was announced that Britain, America and Canada were ready to collaborate in standardising military equipment, as a prelude to collaborating on similar lines with the other Powers.

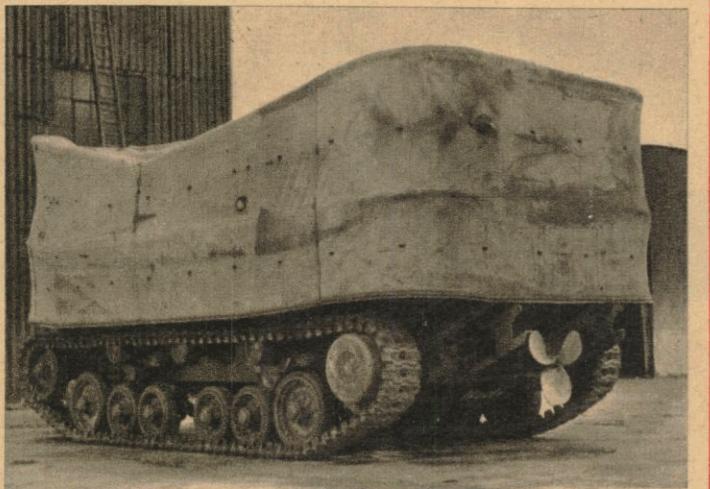
If the onus of supplying arms falls on America, it is likely that much of the onus of instruction will fall on Britain. For the ordinary soldier, this means a widening of horizons and comradeships. The Gunners who trained the Dutch and Belgians at Deventer and Kapellen report that their tour of duty was a most enjoyable one; they have received many invitations to go back for a holiday. Being an "international soldier" (Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's phrase) has its compensations.



Above: Rather like something out of an amusement arcade is this circuit trainer, on which lights flash when a student makes a mistake. Below: a British instructor (right) listens to a Dutch student discoursing on the command post's "electric brain."

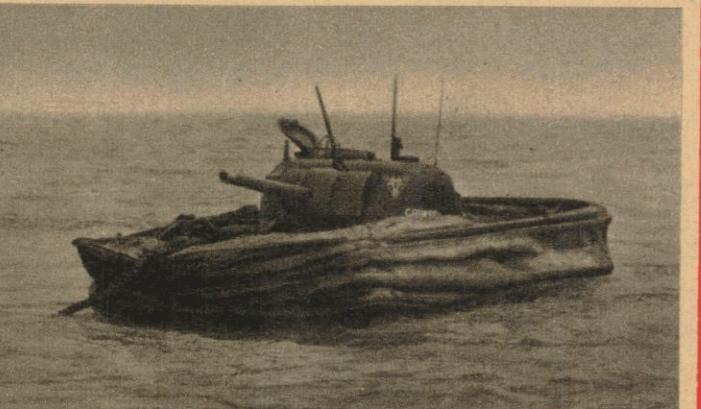


1. THE TANK WHICH WENT BY



But We Had Our Own Floating Tanks . . .

The Allies' floating tanks surprised the Germans in the Normandy landing. Above is a duplex-drive Valentine with its "skirt" raised to give it buoyancy; note the propeller at rear. Below: a Sherman floating tank crossing the River Adige, in Italy, in the final stages of that campaign; and (at foot) a Sherman with the "skirt" collapsed.



THREE-dimensional weapons are not so very new. Before World War Two the French had a much-publicised submarine, the *Surcouf*, which could break surface and launch an aeroplane for reconnaissance purposes.

Here was a weapon which could operate not only under the sea and on its surface but in the skies too.

The *Surcouf* was the forerunner of a number of ideas on similar lines. In World War Two the Japanese produced 400-foot submarines of 5500 tons carrying hangars housing three bombing aircraft.

They also produced a submarine weapon of interest to soldiers, rather than to airmen. It was, says the American Army's *Military Review*, an amphibious tank which rode pick-a-back on a submarine. One version of the vehicle is believed to have been 35 feet long and to have carried a crew of an officer and six men besides a landing-party of 35 men.

Before an attack, the submarine would surface, and after a wait for the sea-water to drain out of the tank the crew and landing-party would get in. Then either the tank would be driven off the submarine, or the submarine would submerge, leaving the tank floating on the water and ready to move off under its own power.

The Japanese never used these odd machines operationally, though about 100 of them were built. But they had possibilities, especially for doing damage to

lightly-garrisoned small islands and isolated coastal installations.

In 1944, when the Axis was going over to the defensive, the Japanese found a completely new role for this invention. They fitted it with two torpedo cradles. The idea was that the tank could take the torpedoes near to a target, without its parent submarine running into danger, and release them at short range. The tank could then be scuttled, the crew going with it to join their ancestors. It was probably the only tank ever intended to take part in a naval battle.

FOOTNOTE: At the moment American strategists are more concerned with sending tanks by aircraft than by submarine. Major-General James M. Gavin, writing in the US *Infantry Journal*, recalls that light tanks were landed in Hamilcar gliders in Normandy and thinks this is an idea worth following up.

An impression by GORDON HORNER of Japanese submarine tanks as they might have appeared for a surprise landing. No authentic details are available—but the artist's guess is as good as yours.

2. THE DRUMS CAST ON THE WATERS

SOME time in World War Two a British thriller-writer wrote a book about a man who thought out a cheap way of sending war supplies from America to Britain.

They were to be loaded on to rafts and towed into the Gulf Stream. There they would be turned loose, and the Gulf Stream would do the rest, carrying them across the Atlantic in its own good time. All they would need as convoy would be a motor launch to act as a tug, correcting minor deviations off course, and a few maintenance men.

Somebody in Japan had a similar idea and when shipping losses caused the Japanese to tighten their belts, the authorities began to give ear to their oceanographers who said that ocean currents could be used to carry necessities to Japan.

It seemed that nine out of every ten experimental bottles put into the Japanese Sea off the east coast of Korea reached the northern part of Honshu, in Japan proper. So why not use the same current to carry soya beans from Manchuria across the sea? Other goods could come from the main-

land of Asia in the same way. And the currents would probably cooperate with the Japanese in bringing material all the 1000-odd miles from the island of Formosa.

The Japanese set off a 200-ton wooden ship from Fusan, in Korea, and in due course it turned up on the Honshu coast. Pleased by this success, they planned to float metal drums of supplies across the sea. These would drift almost submerged, but some would be equipped with radio and at intervals they would rise and make contact with land stations, so that their movements could be traced.

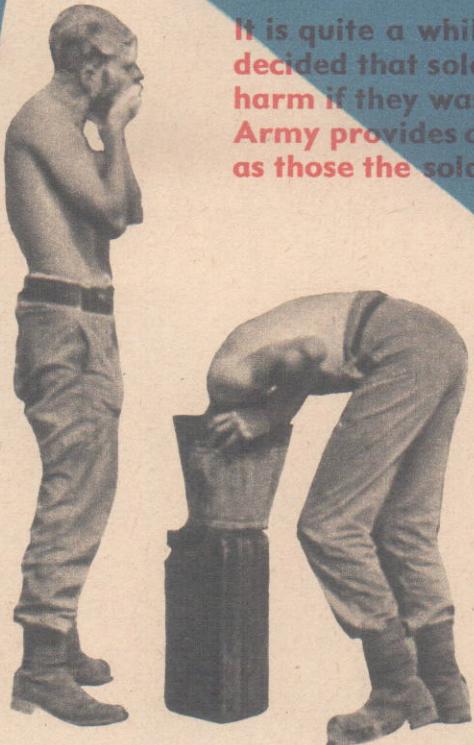
But events in the Pacific war moved so fast that the Japanese could not put the plan into operation.

In the Gulf Stream version the inventor found himself adrift with his rafts and a young woman to whom he had not been introduced. That was a risk the Japanese had probably not counted.

SUBMARINE



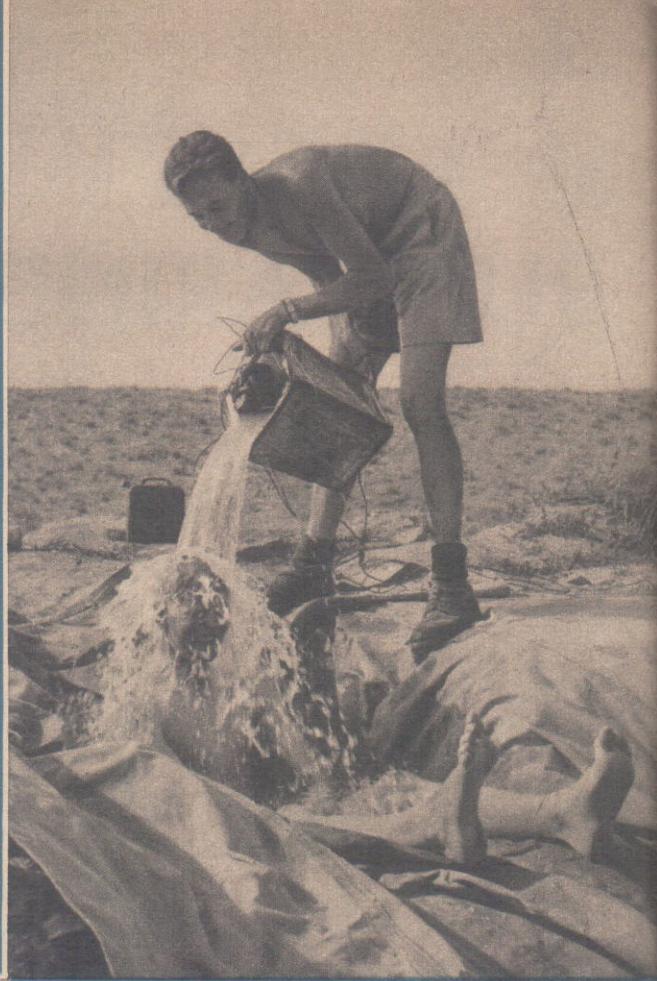
It is quite a while now since the Army decided that soldiers would come to no harm if they washed. But the baths the Army provides are never quite as good as those the soldier devises for himself



Left: The simplest method of all: a wartime picture from Pantelleria.

Right: The tarpaulin in the slit trench: or, the Mareth method.

Below: A really luxurious installation in Southern Italy: the reservoir is an aircraft long-range fuel tank.



"Tis no use, you can't clean them. 'Tis their nature to be dirty. They like it. This would be a nice regiment without the men — just the band and the Mess."

THE words were spoken to a young medical officer by an officer of a "distinguished regiment" in the second half of last century.

In the 1900's the medical officer recalled those words when he wrote an article to show

— a little, it seemed, to his surprise, — that soldiers who had been taught personal cleanliness kept clean. "Even the men in the Militia get their Regular friends to 'put down for a toothbrush' so that

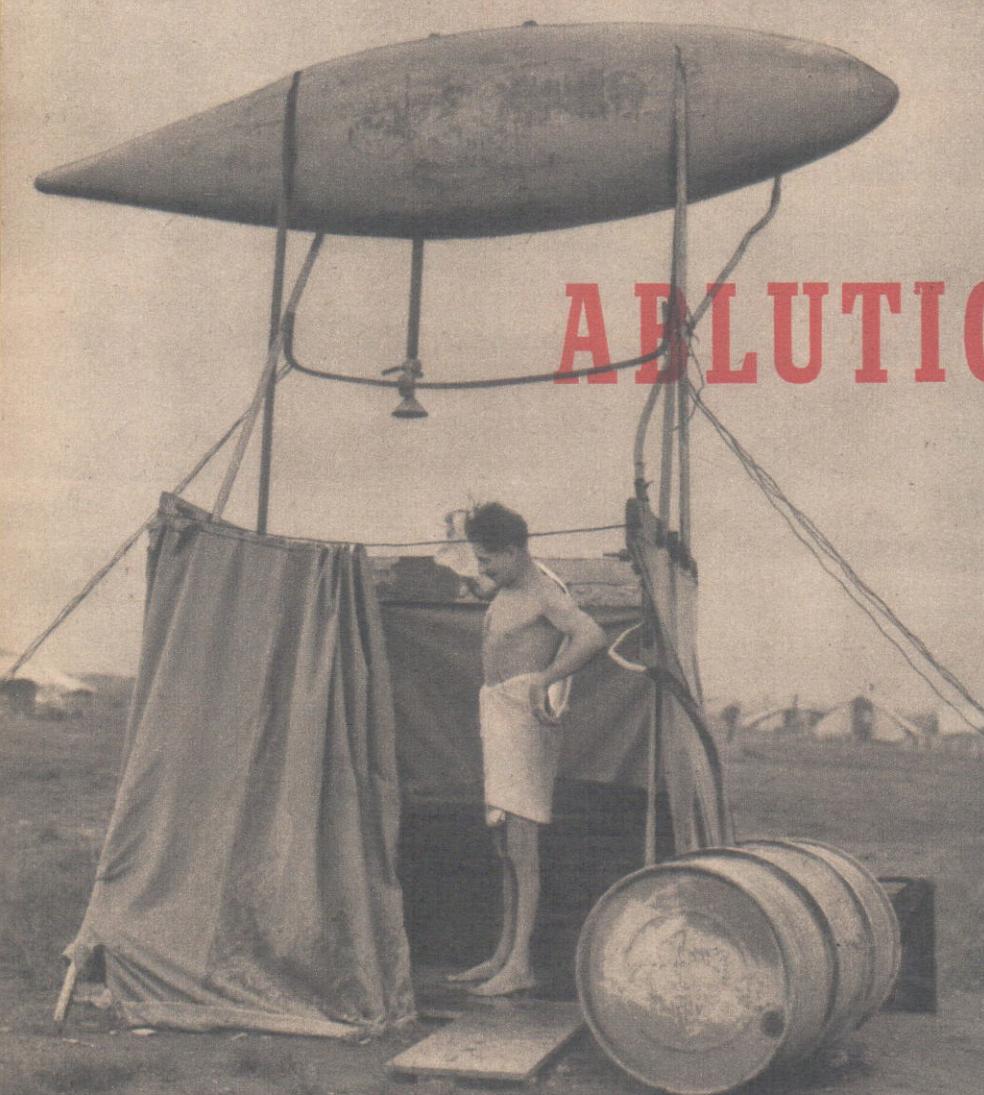
they, too, can clean their teeth."

Nobody seems to have taken much interest in the soldier's personal cleanliness until about the end of last century. One exception, in the far-from-fastidious eighteenth century, was Sir John Pringle, who served as a surgeon in Germany and the Low Countries. He preached the virtues of clean limbs in clean linen, if only to discourage the itch, the "most general distemper among soldiers," spread from one man to another in barracks.

In 1810 was published a "New and Enlarged Military Dictionary in French and English in which are explained the principal terms with appropriate illustrations of All the Sciences that are most necessary for an Officer and Engineer in Two Volumes," which fails to touch on the subject of ablutions. Under Bath it mentions only the Order of the Bath and under Washing describes a painting technique.

In the 1830's the only receptacle in which the soldier could wash, in barracks, was a tub — the same tub that was used as the solitary, stinking urinal in his barrack-room. It is recorded that a promising recruit was referred to by his serjeant as "a smart, active boy, always first in the urine-tub in the morning." By 1873 a basin of slate or iron was being provided for every four men and a bath for every hundred men.

Continued on Page 22



ABLUTIONS!



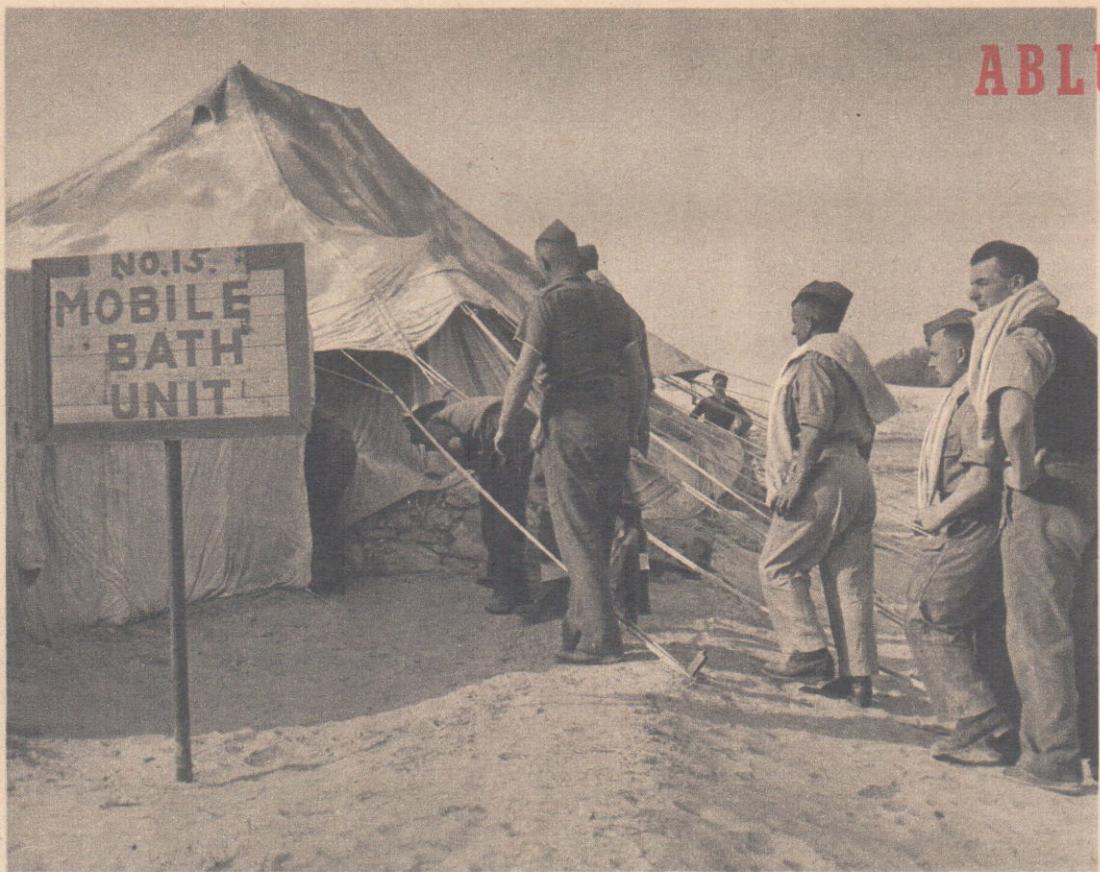
Bath time in Burma: fuel drums are put to still another practical use. It is important not to rock the bath.

Left: Tin can shower, any theatre, any time.
Below: an Eighth Army man in North Africa says, "If you know of a better tub, go to it."

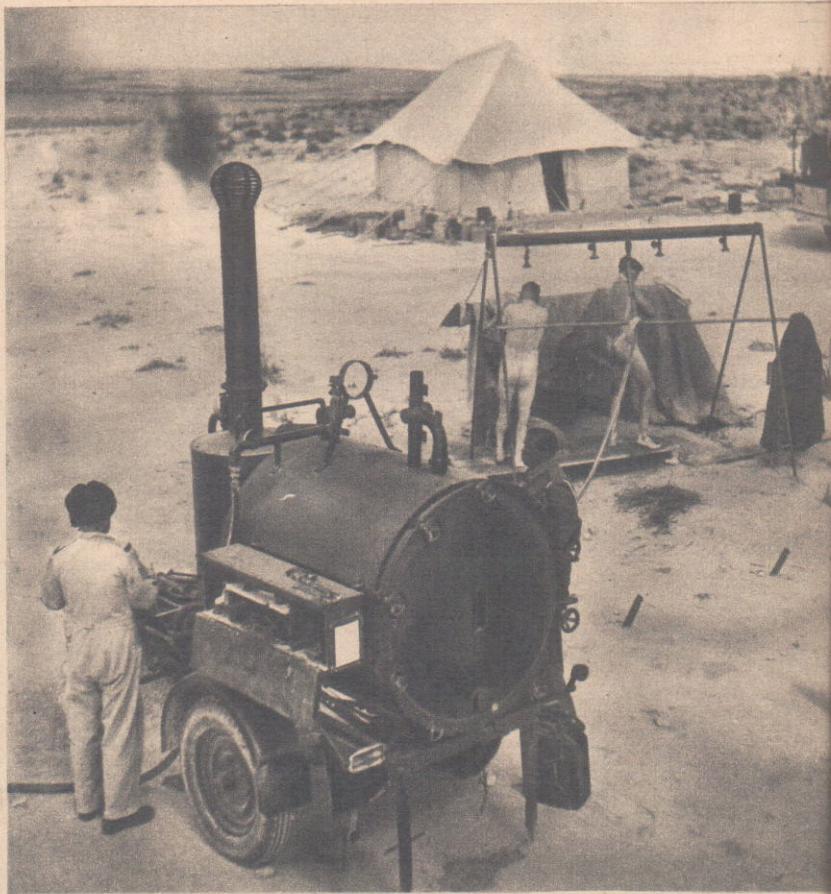


ABLUTIONS!

(Continued)



Above: One of the most welcome units in North Africa and many other theatres was the mobile bath unit. Left: improvised showers in a front-line town in Italy. Below: a German steam disinfector captured at Daba not only rids clothing of bugs but provides water for showers.



But the process of cleaning-up the Army was a slow one. Even in 1885 three thick volumes of a military encyclopaedia mentioned ablutions only under the heading of Watering-place, meaning something to be done lower down a running stream than drinking.

The South African War stimulated sanitary reforms, but progress was not fast enough for the more enthusiastic medical officers. One wrote in the "RAMC Journal" in 1904:

"Wash-houses are another adjunct to the barrack-room which need attention. In the later barracks they are always stowed away in a dark corner, and in the darkest corner of the wash-house itself stands the black, depressing slate bath. It is now, however, possible for a man to get a hot bath in barracks. Five years ago it was not. Much money has been unwisely spent in providing fixed wash hand basins and brass taps. These are useless as for some reason the plugs and chains at once disappear and soon the taps also become *hors de combat*. A fixed shelf and movable tin basins are alone required; these basins will also supply the place of the fixed foot-baths which have been erected with much care and ingenuity, but are very seldom used. If the money these things cost had been spent in admitting air and light and enamelling the baths, the result would make for cleanliness."

Unfortunately chains and plugs disappear just as mysteriously today.

About this time the Japanese Army was being held up as a model to the British Army. The Japanese had campaigned in Manchuria with what seemed to be almost immunity from the

local diseases. The reason? Cleanliness. The soldier of Nippon was always bathing — every night when he was in barracks. His baths were hotter than Europeans generally like them — 110 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit and sometimes even hotter. And with an eye to contingencies, "Every man bathed before going into action and made himself as near surgically clean as possible."

By World War One, cleanliness had taken its place next to godliness in the Army. Soldiers went to great lengths to keep clean in the trenches of the Western Front. In areas of Mesopotamia where there were no wood and stone, they built ingenious shower-baths of wire and petrol tins. Elsewhere they dammed streams to make sit-down baths or diverted them to make waterfalls to use as showers. The Army issued an ablution bench for use in the field. It was deservedly unpopular until some genius conceived the idea of adding a rail to it, to hold clothing and towels which until then had been getting wet and dirty on the ground.

In World War Two mobile bath units took cleanliness to men on the fighting fronts. In their absence the men made their own arrangements — wallowing in the flowing *chaungs* of Burma, or contriving somehow to bathe in a pint of water in the Western Desert. The first requisite of any leave centre or club was good bathing facilities.

Since World War Two, ablution facilities have improved again. A new "barrack synopsis" (which includes built-in bedside lamps) lays down that new barracks shall have ablution-rooms with a wash-basin with hot and cold running water and a mirror running its full length, for every four men. That is an improvement on the 1938 specification which merely stipulated "hot water will be provided."

There will be four sinks for washing "smalls" for every hundred men, one drinking fountain in each toilet area, one slipper bath to every twenty men and one shower bath to every ten men. The 1938 "synopsis" laid down only one slipper bath and six showers to every hundred men.

Medical opinion in the Army



Why not a bath on the gun-site? Troops in Tobruk were able to use baths salvaged from bombed houses.

favours showers as against slipper baths. A shower sluices all the dirt away. Moreover you can have a good shower with five gallons of water; a slipper bath may take 20. Again, you can't read a book in a shower, so the turn-over is quicker. And showers are easier to clean. Ordinary showers do not suit the women's corps: women do not like to get their hair wet. Flexible showers are planned for them.

The doctors recommend that hot water should be available in barracks at least three hours every day and that each man should have two baths a week. These are the assessments for Great Britain; in the tropics troops need to wash more.

At one time in the history of ablutions, someone conceived the idea of bath-books, kept by an NCO and inspected by a medical officer. The original idea was to ensure that every man had a bath at least once a week; but sometimes the book serves as a safeguard to prevent one man taking too many hot baths and leaving the water cold for his mates.



Above: The oldest bath of all, and a satisfying one too. This picture is from a Normandy battle school. Below: Servicewomen like to bathe this way too; these girls are American nurses at Bataan. (SOLDIER could not find any ATS bath-time pictures).



A Show-Place in a Show-Place



Above: A Colour Serjeant's arm badge of about 1845. The crossed flags and three chevrons did not come in until 1875. Below: This was how they looked, once upon a time. Major Pereira with some of the museum's statuettes.



The history of Scottish regiments, in bloody relics, in statuettes and even in cups and saucers, is enshrined in Edinburgh Castle — under the care of a Sassenach

IN Scotland they believe that if the relics of past gallantries are worth treasuring, they are worth treasuring well. That is why the Scottish United Services Museum is a model among museums.

No finer setting could have been found than Edinburgh Castle for a display of Scots regimental relics. Not only has the castle itself a long martial history, but within its walls is the Scottish War Memorial, one of the noblest in the world.

The museum contains exhibits of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force, but the major emphasis is on the Army. Although the exhibition was started in 1933 (under a different title) it was closed during the war and reopened only last summer "under new management."

The new curator is Major H. P. E. Pereira, late of the Worcestershire Regiment, who organised the present museum of that regiment. It is a strange job for a Sassenach, perhaps, but Major Pereira is a keen student of military history, and he does not allow his enthusiasm to be limited by mere geography. (In the castle library he can browse among 3000 books on Army tradition.)

Frequently Major Pereira pays visits to the various regimental museums, to which the museum in Edinburgh Castle acts as the parent museum. There is a system of exchanging exhibits in order that some of the treasures in the depots may be shown to the public visiting the castle, and duplicate items from the museum are loaned to the regimental museums.

A feature which distinguishes this museum from all others is the range of eighty statuettes of Scots soldiers, each in period dress, covering the years 1633 to 1918. This army of Lilliput, beautifully carved and painted, was fashioned from Scots oak by Mr. Charles d'O. Pilkington Jackson and his assistants, the uniform research being done mostly by Major I. H. MacKay Scobie, the then curator. There is an uncanny air of vitality about these 18 inch models.

Inevitably the museum has its Waterloo relics. There are bagpipes which were played there, and

Continued on Page 29 →

GLORY BEHIND GLASS

FROM blood-stained Colours to model Bailey bridges and from field-marshals' batons to complete tanks, the Army's history is well represented in museums.

The Royal United Services Museum, in Whitehall, has a fine collection of relics of great commanders, colourful dioramas of battlefields and models and photographs illustrating the scientific side of war.

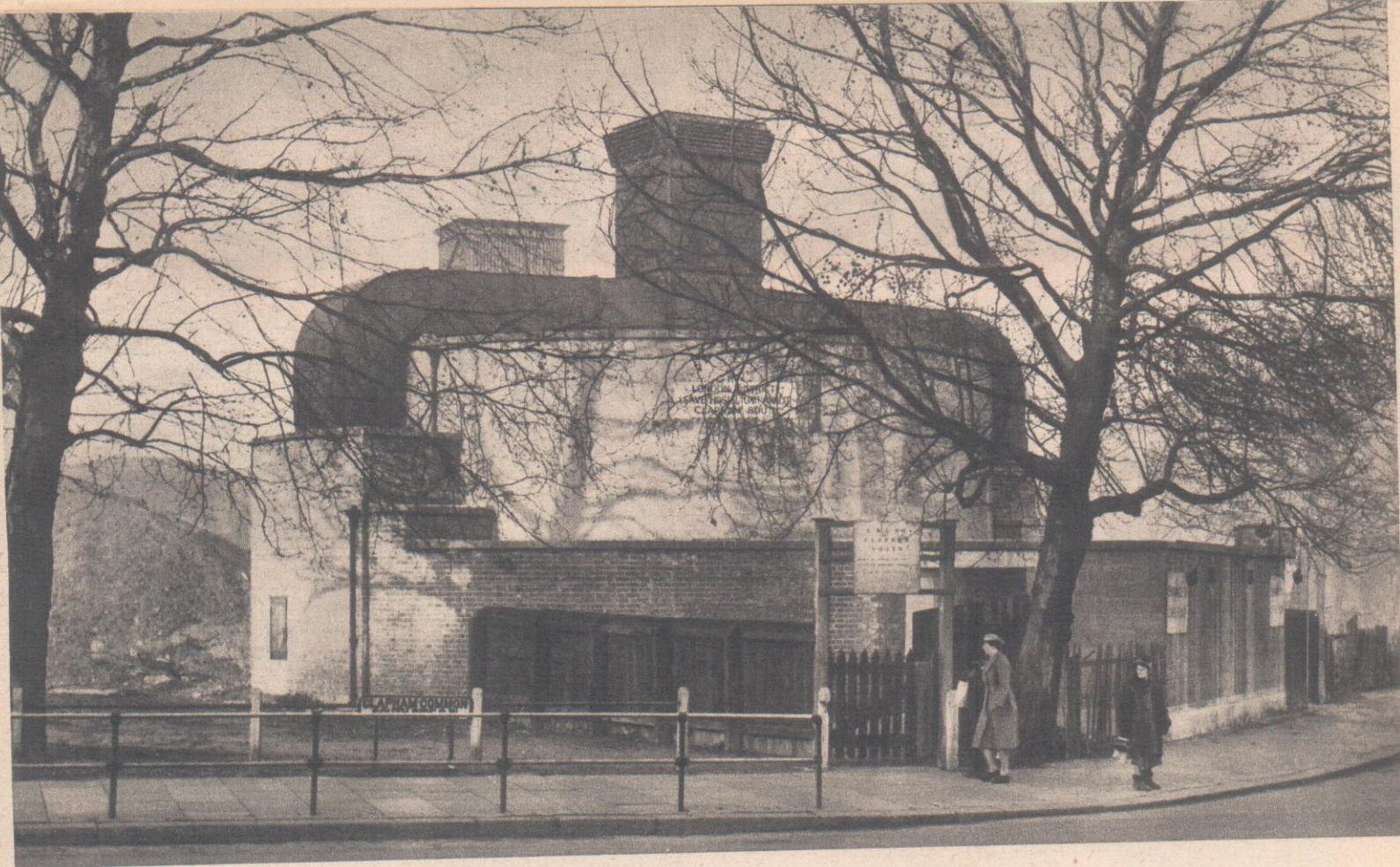
At the Tower of London, which has a famous collection of armour, there are relics of all periods up to 1914. The Imperial War Museum, in the old Bedlam building, devotes itself exclusively to World Wars One and Two.

The Royal Military Academy Museum, Sandhurst, includes relics of the Indian Army and of Irish and cavalry regiments which no longer exist.

Regimental and corps museums are more intimate. Two of the best-known are the Royal Artillery Museum in the Woolwich Rotunda, and the Royal Armoured Corps collection of "heavies" at Bovington. Two of the least-known — because they are among the newest — are those of the Airborne and of the Women's Royal Army Corps.



Only 45 years ago, they were still gorgeous. This statuette is of a drum horse of the Royal Scots Greys in review order in 1905. (Colour photograph by SOLDIER cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL)



There's more here than meets the eye: the shelter entrance erupts on to Clapham Common.

Long tiers of beds curve under the earth; underground trains run above.

CLAPHAM DEEP

This may be your billet next time you are in London, if the suggestion of a group of Members of Parliament is adopted. It began as an ultra-deep Tube shelter and became an air raid shelter



THE lift gates clang and the machinery starts purring. It goes on purring for a long time as the lift slides down inside the well of a spiral stairway. Round and round go the stairs, down and down goes the lift cage, and the air gets heavier and more static. The roar of London's traffic fades away upwards into a dull rumble, a pulse of sound, a mere whisper and then nothing.

That is the first impression of Clapham Deep, one of the eight huge air-raid shelters in the London Area whose warren-like steel-ribbed tunnels curve and criss-cross 40 feet below the deepest underground railway line.

When the lift stops at last the visitor steps out into an echoing labyrinth of iron and concrete. Clean, white and cold, like the corridors of a hospital, the electrically lighted tunnels stretch away into darkness. Seemingly endless rows of beds curve away out of sight in a dormitory; strains of a mouth organ drift faintly from the other end where a small group of soldiers in transit try to animate the ghostly silence of 400 empty cots.

Clapham Deep is not wildly popular with Servicemen, partly because it is too far from the centre of London, partly because washing and sanitary arrange-

ments are a little primitive and partly because they prefer to live on the surface like other human beings. At present only 30 to 40 soldiers a night drift into the shelter, usually when they have failed to find accommodation elsewhere, but if a recommendation made by the House of Commons Estimates Committee is carried out, the concrete floors will soon be echoing nightly to the clang of military hob-nailed boots.

In view of the need to release London property now held by the Services, the Estimates Committee suggested that if feeding arrangements were made and sanitary facilities improved, the Clapham shelter should adequately fill the transit needs of all three Services. Beds at least would not be scarce. The shelter is always ready to accommodate 4000 and this can quickly be increased to 5750.

Clapham Deep was originally

designed as one of a chain of ultra-deep Tube stations linking North and South London, to be served by express trains. When war broke out the work was pushed on at top speed and by the end of 1942 the shelter, with its quarter-mile-long network of galleries 120 feet below street level, was completed.

During the war the shelter was a hive of life. Servicemen and Servicewomen in transit, displaced persons, gangs of workmen moving from one job to another, Land Army girls, Voluntary workers, Allied nationals all spent a night or two buried deep and safe in the bowels of the earth while the bombs fell overhead. A special staircase was built from the platform of nearby South Clapham Tube station down into the shelter, so that bombed-out families from other parts of London could be shepherded straight from the trains to safety. Emergency doors were cut in the lift shaft at each turn of the main stairway so that, in a general panic, the injured could be pulled in off the stairs and whisked down to the galleries.

Before D-Day the shelter was cleared of civilians. It was thought that when the invasion of Normandy went in the Germans would try to bomb all the railways from London to the South coast. The plan was for reinforcements to be fed into London from the North, concentrated in the shelter and sent on by road next day. Luckily it was not necessary to operate this plan, but in the first week or two the shelter housed 8700 men a night.

When the war ended, a tide of displaced persons, soldiers in transit and prisoners-of-war flooded through the shelter. Parties of men and women from almost every country in Europe have passed a night in this warren under the streets of London, their dreams disturbed by the rumble of Tube trains on the Northern Line 40 feet overhead.

Its construction set several unexpected problems. At that depth the pressure behind the water supply is so great that special valves had to be fitted. The London sewers, of course, are overhead, so sewage has to be blown up to them by compressed air. A 5000 gallon sump was dug beneath the shelter in case the air pressure plant failed or the main sewers were bombed. A special transformer and switch-over gear had to be installed to enable the shelter to use either the London County Council lighting supply or the direct supply of the London Transport. Four 25 h.p. pumps draw the stale air out of the galleries, while the fresh air pours in down the main shaft.

Perhaps one day the people who are now clamouring for their property to be de-requisitioned will again be vying with each other for one of the snug bunks in the shelter. If the surface building is covered with lead sheeting to screen the galleries from radioactivity, Clapham Deep is judged to be proof even against atom bombs.

TED JONES



If the policy is "Clap 'em deep into Clapham Deep," a soldier won't have quite so much space to do his chores.

It was a curious idea to name shelters after fighting admirals; other London shelters bear the names of famous soldiers.

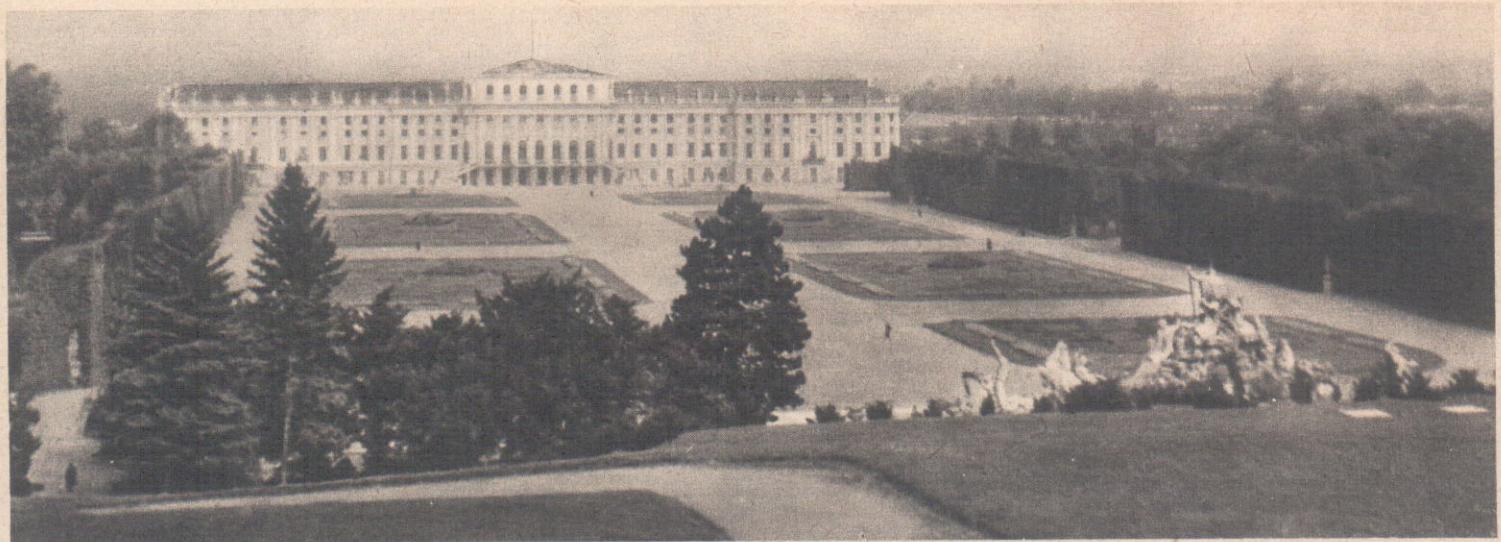


Serenade for Servicemen: Mr. A. H. Cairns, manager of Clapham Deep, plays his guests gramophone records.



What, more ablutions? The washroom below looks pretty bleak... but who worries about a mirror when he has a polished mess tin?





Schonbrunn, one of the great palaces of Europe, has two links with the British Army.

The Army's Church in an Empress's Stable

VIENNA'S vast Palace of Schonbrunn, one-time home of the Hapsburg Emperors, housed British military headquarters just after World War Two.

It still retains two links with the British Army: in a small ground-floor room overlooking the great formal gardens sits a Royal Signals serjeant supervising the military telephone exchange, which could not conveniently be rooted up when the main body of the Army left for more modest surroundings;

The walls of St. Michael's-within-Schonbrunn, church of the British garrison in Vienna, once echoed the neighing of the Hapsburgs' horses

and in a former stable, where the horses of the Emperors were fed and watered, is the British Army's Church of St. Michael's - within - Schonbrunn.

It is hard to believe, on first sight of the cleanly vaulted roof supported on its spare white pillars — just as it was built in the days of Maria Theresa — that the building was not designed in

the first place as a church. A plaque records that it was first used as a place of worship in September 1945, when the "goodly company" included the Lord Bishop of Portsmouth and Lieut-General Sir Richard L. McCreery, then commanding in Austria. The conversion was carried out at the same time as the Army helped to heal the scars of war on the Palace itself.

In the absence of stained glass,

a discreet touch of colour is lent by the badges of British divisions reproduced on the walls. Over the simple altar is a painting of St. Michael.

St. Michael's-within-Schonbrunn is the church not only of British soldiers and their families but of those serving on the Allied Commission for Austria. The parish magazine contains frequent announcements of marriages between Servicemen and girls of the British colony, and of course Viennese girls. It also contains announcements of the baptisms of Johns and Johanns, Hildas and Hildegarde.

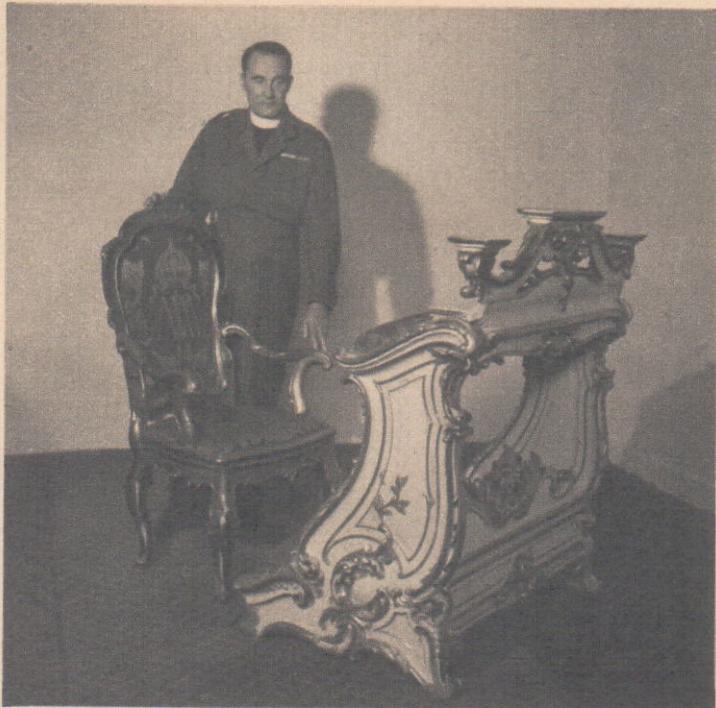
This austere little church, unique in a city where churches

A touch of colour is lent to the austere interior by divisional signs round the wall.



The entrance to the stable-turned-church. Many British soldiers have been married in St. Michael's.





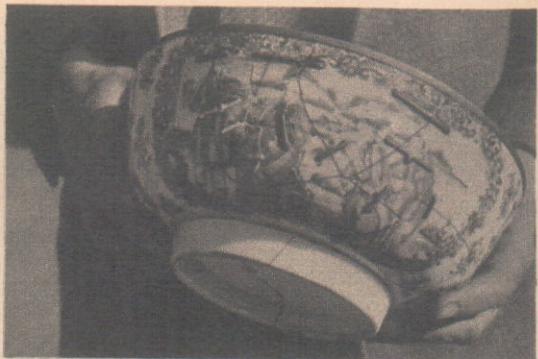
run to baroque magnificence, remains on lease to the British community for as long as the occupation lasts. The present Senior Chaplain is the Reverend Frank Jarvis, who served with Western Desert Force and Eighth Army, and was formerly at Headquarters, Rhine Army.

Hard by is another Imperial stable, the contents of which bring home vividly the change which has been effected at St. Michael's. It houses the fabulous State coaches of the Hapsburgs, with teams of life-size carved horses, including the nightmare all-black funeral coach on which the rulers of a ramshackle empire rolled to their tombs.

This ornate *prie-dieu* has been lent from the Palace of Schonbrunn. It is the only touch of Imperial magnificence in an otherwise austere church.

Passing through the Palace grounds, the Senior Chaplain, the Rev. Frank Jarvis, stops to talk with Serjeant Harry Charlton, Royal Signals, a former First Army man who supervises the military telephone exchange in the Palace.

This bowl was dashed from the hands of Bonnie Prince Charlie, to keep him sober while disguised as a woman.



A Show-Place (Continued from Pages 24-25)

red coats which were worn there; there are also two curious cups and saucers with a story of their own. They were handpainted by a Belgian woman, Mlle. Louise Bonast, who, after the battle, nursed a wounded British officer, Lieutenant (later Colonel) Robert Winchester, 92nd Highlanders. One cup has a view of the La Belle Alliance, the farmhouse which was Napoleon's headquarters, and the saucer has a plan of the battlefield showing the positions of the Allied and French armies. The larger cup shows a 92nd Highlander in front of La Haye Sainte farmhouse, the scene of severe fighting on 18 June 1815, and the saucer shows the church at Waterloo.

Another historic piece of china is the bowl from which Prince Charles Stewart drank when sheltering at Kingsburgh House, Isle of Skye, after Culloden in 1746. He was disguised as "Betty Burke," the maid of Flora MacDonald whose father owned the house. At the time there was an officer in the building on the hunt for him, and fearing he would be discovered "if further potations were indulged in" the father tore the bowl from Charles's hands, breaking it.

The bowl, reassembled, stands in the same case as the clothing discarded by the Prince during his flight.

Relics of Culloden include the blood-stained Colour (the stains are still there) of the Stewarts of Appin, in defence of which 17 of the clan died. Next to it is the King's Colour of the 34th Regiment (now the King's Own Royal Regiment) under which one officer and 17 men died and six officers and 108 men were wounded.

In a glass case are order books of the Stewarts and the 34th Regiment (equivalent to the operation orders of today). The Stewarts' book for 9 December 1745/46 (the reason for the unusual date was the change in the calendar) says: "The Army sojourns at Manchester tomorrow. Two captains, two lieutenants and 100 men of Appin's Regiment will mount guard this night at the Town House."

The 34th's orders read: "March 23 1745/6. As there is a considerable body of the Rebels that has

passed the Spay with an intention as they give out themselves to surprise this post, the General does hereby order that till such times as the motions of the Rebels are certainly known neither officer or soldier to throw off their cloaks or go to bed."

A man who gets a corner to himself is Serjeant C. Ewart of the Scots Greys, who captured the standard of the 45th French Infantry at Waterloo. The standard is now in Chelsea Hospital, but will shortly be handed to the regiment, who will place it in the museum. Ewart is buried in the Esplanade in front of the castle.

A strong man among strong men was "Big Sam," of whom there is an etching. He was Serjeant Samuel Macdonald of the Sutherland Fencibles and later the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, who died in Guernsey in 1802. He was 6 ft. 10 inches tall, four feet round the chest.

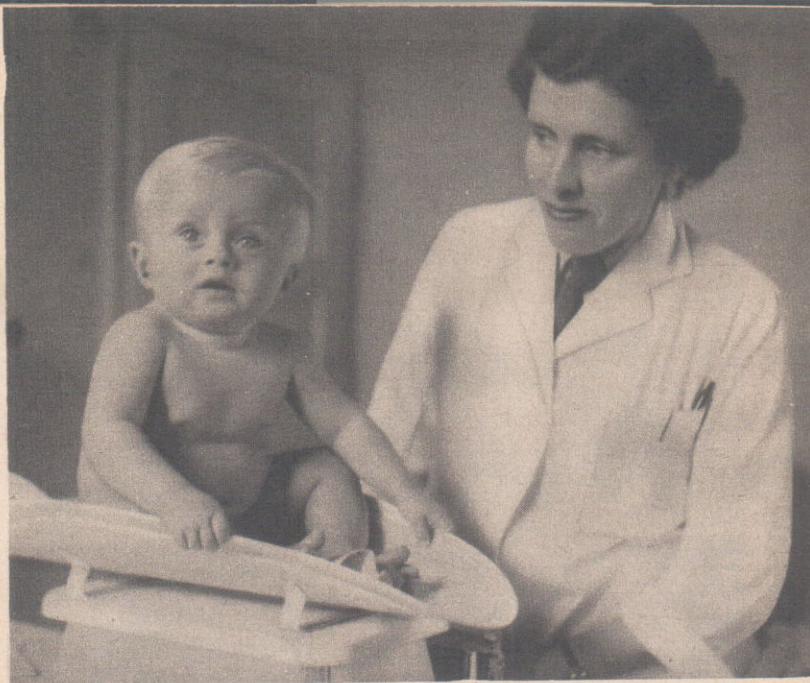
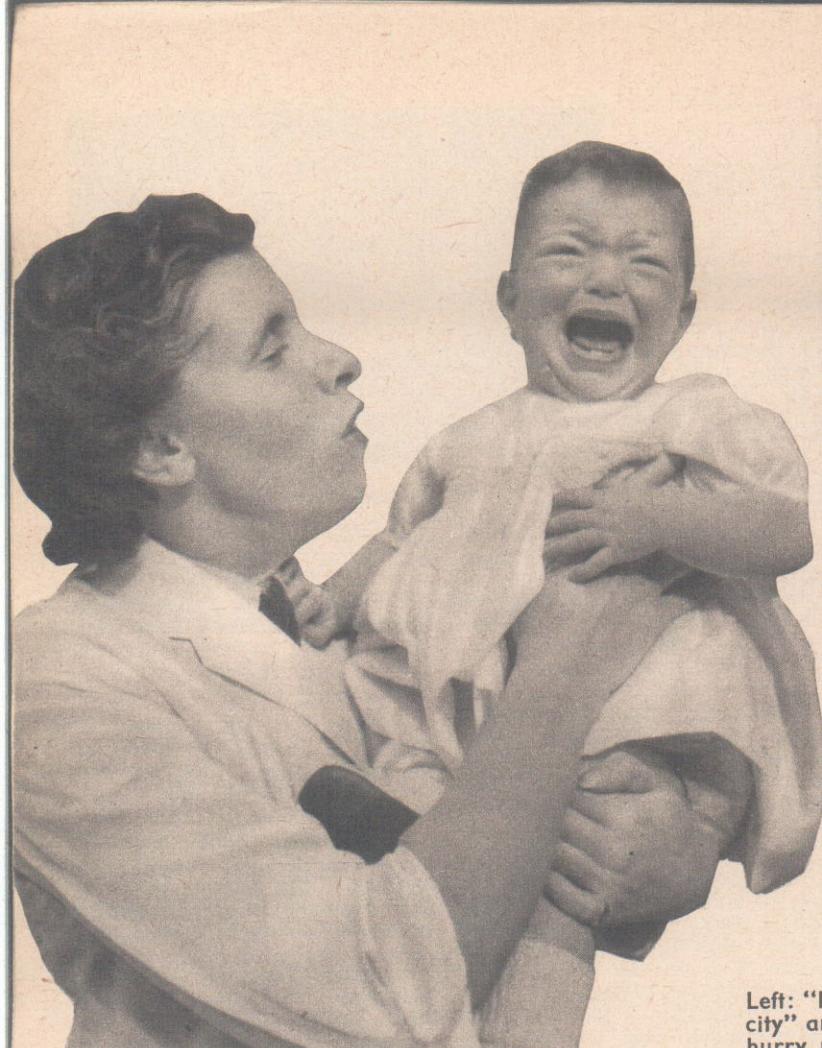
Among later exhibits is the flag of the 51st Highland Division which flew outside the divisional headquarters at Alamein—a little tattered maybe but neatly patched with bivouac lining cloth by a Lance-Corporal Chesney, according to a scribbled note on an OHMS envelope signed by Major-General Douglas Wimberley.

More recent still is the replica of a Viking sword recently presented to the 52nd (Lowland) Division by the Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Army. It commemorates the services rendered by the Division to the Norwegian Brigade in the years 1941-1944, and the gallantry of that division in the Netherlands in 1944-1945, when many Norwegian officers fought in its ranks.

ERIC DUNSTER



Inspiration to all Highlanders: a worn flag of the 51st (Highland) Division.



HIGH up in her Vienna flat, protected from unwelcome callers by the Union Jack on her front door, the soldier's wife from Hull or Hampstead goes about those domestic duties which are the same the whole world over.

Sometimes, understandably, she feels a little lonely, a little cut-off, especially when one of her young children is ailing. So it is a welcome break when the door bell does ring, and on the doorstep is Welsh-born Sister J. C. Jones, who has called to see how the family are faring.

Left: "I don't care for personal publicity" and (above) "I don't mind, but hurry up — these scales are cold."

A Sister to Assist Her



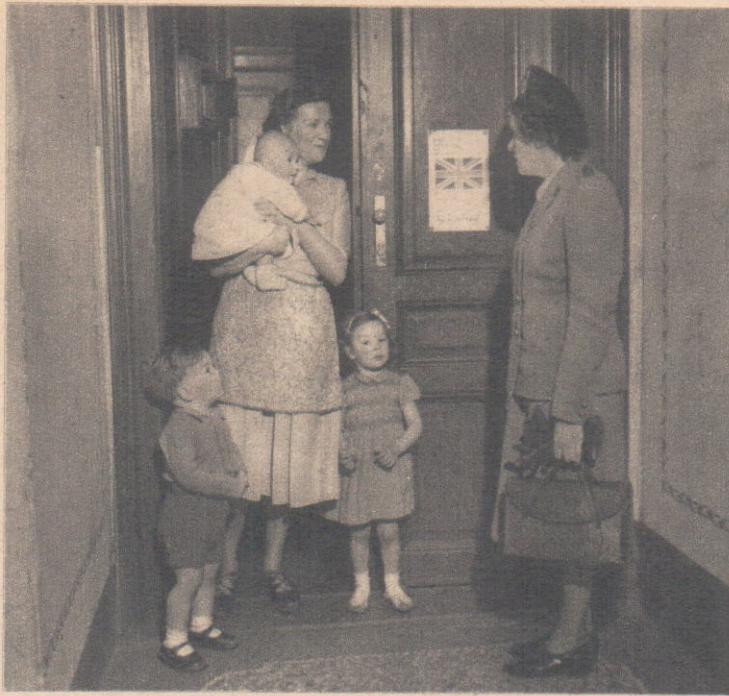
The way in to the weigh-in:
Sister J. C. Jones and a group
of British wives in Vienna.

Sister Jones runs a children's clinic, near Schonbrunn Barracks, where British wives bring their children for a weekly weighing and check-up. It is quite a social occasion. Not all the wives have the same ideas about diet and feed times; among Austrian wives, for instance, the tendency is to give children heavy flour mixtures at an early age. But the British tradition of cod liver oil and orange juice is winning.

At the British Military Hospital in Vienna Sister Jones makes the acquaintance of wives who are shortly to have babies; thus she is no stranger to them after the babies are born. In certain cases she can help in providing layettes for children.

Two other sisters do a similar job in Austria. They are Sister B. M. Rae, who looks after 500 families in the Klagenfurt area, and Sister H. N. Porter, who runs the more recently opened clinic in Graz.

The service is not, of course, exclusive to Austria; clinics are to be found at most overseas stations. It is nearly 60 years since the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association started its nursing service.



Personal call: Sister Jones visits the Vienna flat of Mrs. Baldwin, wife of Staff-Sergeant S. V. Baldwin RASC, who was one of "Wavell's thirty thousand."



This trading venture run by British wives in Germany helps to lighten the clothing bill.

THE SHOP IN THE KURPARK

IN Bad Oeynhausen, the spa town where Rhine Army's Headquarters are housed, British wives have got together to make the most of their supplies of clothing.

A committee of them run the Thrift Shop. There wives take clothing which they do not want—sometimes new clothing from Britain which was the wrong size—and the shop keeps it in stock until other British wives buy it. Then the seller gets the proceeds, less a penny in the shilling for expenses.

Shoes qualify as clothes for the shop's purpose. Men's clothing finds its way there, too. And there is one department which deals in evening gowns.

The shop is staffed by volunteers among the wives, so its expenses are low. The result is a profit of £300 to £400 a year from which, since its foundation two-and-a-half years ago, the committee has given £200 to charities and bought the shop's old stock to distribute to German refugees in the British Zone of Germany.



How Much Do You Know?

- What was it our grandfathers called a "boneshaker"?
- Here are the names of five reformers: Pankhurst, Wilberforce, Romilly, Plimsoll, Cardwell. With what movements were they identified?
- Who is out of place in this gallery: Sir Henry Irving, Edmund Kean, Charles Kingsley, Sarah Siddons, William Macready, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Dame Irene Vanbrugh?
- Any mistakes in this sentence?: "When I said I did not do those sort of things, he said, 'What will I do now?' and sprung up and left."
- If anybody calls you a casuist, it means—(a) you are the type who takes it easy; (b) your philosophy is "To hell with you, I'm all right"; (c) you use artful, but bogus, arguments; (d) you are always helping lame dogs over stiles. Which?
- Who was Uriah Heep?
- The slogan of the spiv is "Caveat Emperor." What does it mean?



If you were offered a job in the clique, you would find yourself — (a) seeing stage shows for nothing and applauding like mad; (b) wearing hired clothes and eating free in restaurants; (c) entertaining queues outside cinemas; (d) recovering items of value from sewers. Which?

"If the body be supported at this point, the body will balance about it in any position whatsoever." What point is that?

Five hundred years ago, he led the men of Kent against London and defeated the King's men, but was later driven out and killed. His name?

In which country did the Bushrangers operate?

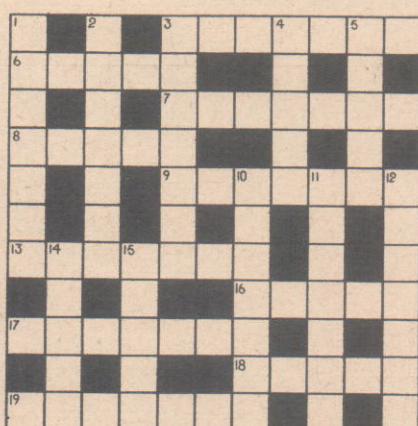
Can you name an Oxford triple blue—in cricket, football, athletics—who for some years held the world's long jump record?

Can you name one word which means all these: (a) a ship; (b) part of a ship; (c) a tray for holding printers' type?

Can you name the three principal bones in the limbs illustrated here?

(Answers on Page 45)

CROSSWORD

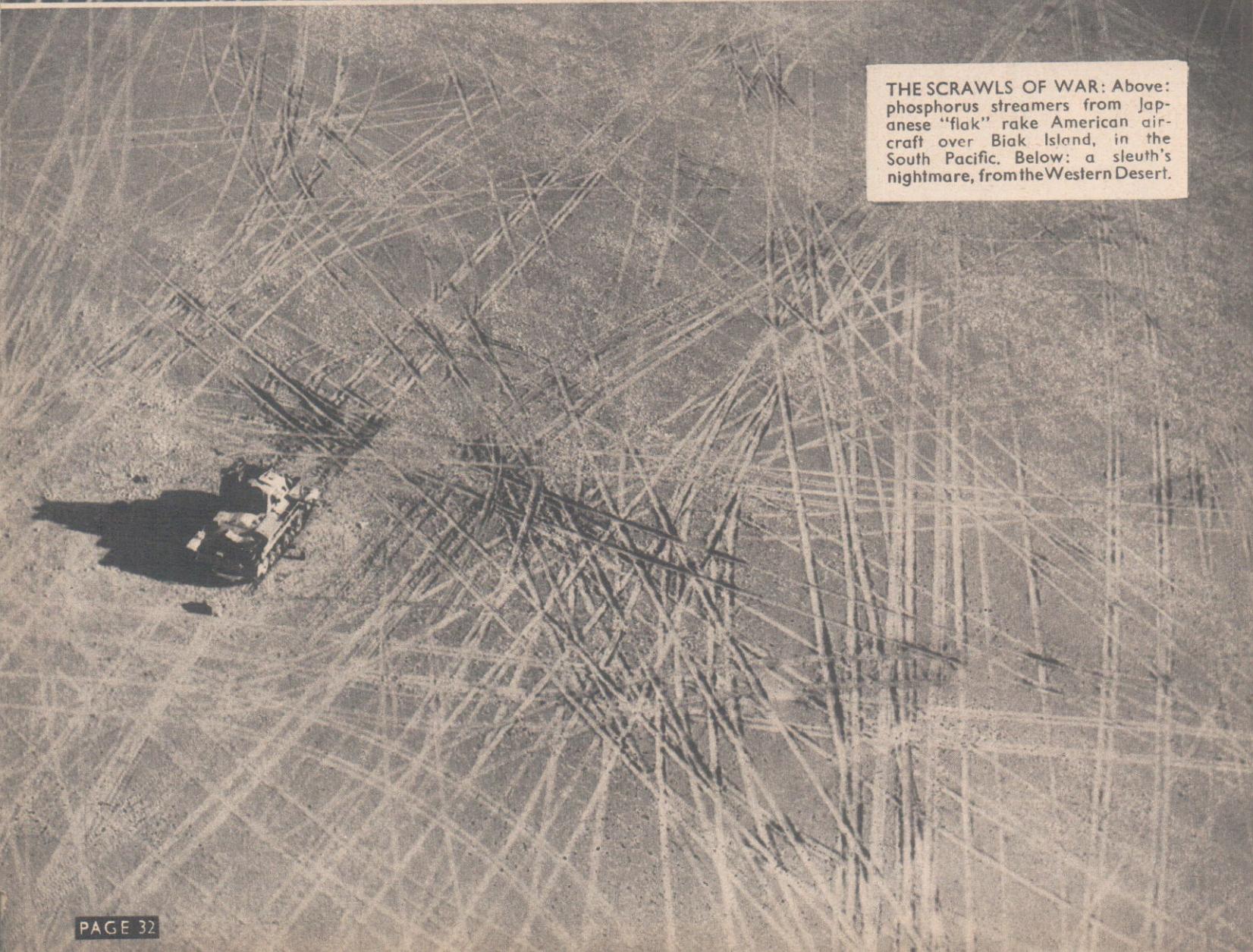


ACROSS: 3. Fainted, perhaps, but still unyielding. 6. Proprietor. 7. Little devil, 50, insect. 8. Eat up with mockery. 9. A bit of a pig, or a whole horse. 13. Make a political left-wheel? (two words)

words). 16. A smooth letter is some occurrence. 17. "Re air, Vi". (Anag.) 18. Even the happiest soldiers like to this their units on this. 19. No cress for blue-pencil wielders.

DOWN: 1. Scan a kind of associate. 2. Take the lid off. 3. Motorless fishing boat? 4. A piece of thin lettuce. 5. Just this time. 10. Also red trials. 11. The old man with the scythe and hour-glass in gaol? (two words) 12. Not a noiseless cattle-thief. 14. I tune to bring together. 15. It's right to hit them on the head.

(Answers on Page 45)



THE SCRAWLS OF WAR: Above: phosphorus streamers from Japanese "flak" rake American aircraft over Biak Island, in the South Pacific. Below: a sleuth's nightmare, from the Western Desert.



Rommel

ist hier!

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by One of His Captives

A book by a member of a victorious army about, and even in praise of, one of the foremost generals of the other side is one of the rarer occurrences in the literary world.

But somebody was bound to write a book about Rommel. The British soldier suspected, almost from the first time he heard the name, that this was something out of the ordinary run of German generals. His impression will be confirmed in Brigadier Desmond Young's "Rommel" (Collins 12s 6d).

In the Western Desert, the British soldier acquired even an unhealthy respect for Rommel. General Auchinleck, then Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, had to take steps to dispel the Rommel legend. He wrote to his commanders:

"There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogey-man to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. He is by no means a superman, although he is undoubtedly very energetic and able. Even if he were a superman, it would still be highly undesirable that our men should credit him with supernatural powers..."

In the introduction to Brigadier Young's book, Field-Marshal Auchinleck is able to write more fully about his opponent:

"I could never translate my deep detestation of the regime for which he fought into personal hatred of him as an opponent. If I say, now that he is gone, that I salute him as a soldier and a man and deplore the shameful manner of his death I may be accused of belonging to what Mr. Bevin has called the 'trade union of generals.' So far as I know, should such a fellowship exist, membership of it implies no more than a recognition in an enemy of the qualities one would wish to possess oneself, respect for a brave, able and scrupulous opponent and a desire to see him treated, when beaten, in the same way one would have wished to be treated had he been the winner and oneself the loser. This used to be called chivalry: many will now call

it nonsense and say that the days when such sentiments could survive a war are past. If they are, then I, for one, am sorry."

Brigadier Young was taken prisoner by the Afrika Korps and met Rommel briefly just afterwards. The Brigadier had refused to obey an order, given him by a German officer, to take a message to a British battery which was firing on the area in which the prisoners were. Rommel came on the scene and ruled that the British officer was entitled to refuse.

There were other recorded incidents of Rommel's "correct" behaviour towards British prisoners and when he received Hitler's notorious order that Commando prisoners should be killed, this is what happened, as reported by his chief of staff:

"Marshal Rommel and I read it standing beside our truck. I then immediately proposed that we should not publish it. We burnt it at once, where we stood... But it was only on another continent that one could have got away with so blatant an act of disobedience."

Rommel was very far from being the typical Junker general. He was the son and grandson of schoolmasters; he was a lazy, gentle boy, who wanted to be an engineer in the Zeppelin factory. His father frustrated this



Unlucky toast: Rommel drinks to victory on the eve of Alamein. Prints of this picture were distributed to German soldiers before the battle; this one was handed by a disillusioned German captive to a British sailor.

ambition, so Rommel joined the Army.

As a young officer he was a drill enthusiast and he probed the smallest details of military organisation. In World War One he was a distinguished regimental officer.

"He was not one of those queer personalities who crop up in wars and make an impression by being unusual. He merely had the qualities of courage, boldness, determination and initiative in so exceptional a degree that they could not fail to attract attention. He was a Freyberg rather than an Orde Wingate."

He ended that war with the *Pour Le Mérite*, Germany's equivalent to the Victoria Cross. Afterwards he stayed on in the Army as a regimental soldier, refusing a chance to go to the Staff College and join the German Army's elect on the General Staff.

In 1939 Rommel was a Colonel, but before the "phoney war" ended he commanded a panzer division with which he made a spectacular dash across France. It was Rommel who captured St. Valery and most of the 51st (Highland) Division, so it was fitting that the reborn 51st Division should have contributed to his defeat in Africa in 1942-43.

Was he a Nazi? Rommel (says the author) was impressed by Hitler, but not with the men around

Hitler. Neither did he like the SS troops, whose outrages in occupied countries he deplored. He lost faith in Hitler when muddle and broken promises robbed him of the materials for victory in North Africa.

Soon after the end of the African campaign he realised that Hitler was leading Germany to ruin. At the same time others were laying plans to end the Führer's career.

Rommel was in a curious position in 1944. He was the much-publicised general who was preparing to throw the Allied invaders back into the sea — and he did so with loyalty and brilliance. But at the same time, he was one of the few who saw that the invasion could not be effectively resisted. A few weeks after the invasion he said as much to Hitler. Secretly, he was proposing to approach Eisenhower and Montgomery to ask for an armistice.

Meanwhile the plot to kill Hitler was maturing, and the plotters planned to make Rommel president of Germany. Rommel did not know that the Hitler plot went further than deposing the

Continued on next page ➤



More than once, General Rommel was featured on the front cover of *Signal*, the magazine which had one policy: to convince the world that the German Army was invincible.

ON THE GUARDS

After the book "Rommel" had gone to press private papers of the dead Field-Marshal were found bricked up in the wall of a German house. They have been summarised to form an appendix.

One of the documents contains Rommel's verdict on the Guards who fought at Knightsbridge: "This brigade was practically a living embodiment of the positive and negative qualities of the British soldier. Extraordinary bravery and toughness was combined with a rigid inability to move quickly."

Many times Rommel criticises the British command in the desert for caution, slowness to re-act and slowness to exploit. Of the Italians he says that they fought better than they had done for a hundred years.

Was This The Army's Biggest Search?

A story which needed to be put on record — not only for the satisfaction of those soldiers intimately concerned, but for the benefit of historians — is that of the operations by the men of Sixth Airborne Division in Palestine from late 1945 to mid-1948.

Here it is in "Cordon and Search" (Gale and Polden 10s 6d or 7s 6d) by Major R. D. Wilson MBE MC, who served on the Headquarters Staff of the Division.

It was a difficult story to tell. Major Wilson says: "Opinions, where they are expressed, are the product of moral conviction, but are necessarily those of the soldier and will inevitably give rise to controversy. The intention has been to record events and their effects on the troops at the time, and not conveniently to pass over the more difficult or unpleasant facts; to omit or soften them would present a false picture, and the production of the book would be pointless."

In theory the Army in Palestine was empowered to take any action it thought fit; but, as the author points out, in practice political expedience often decreed otherwise. The only retaliatory weapons were the curfew and the road block. "This will explain in advance why the sequels, or counter-action, to so many vile acts by the opposition were not as they might have been, had the issues been more straightforward." It is creditable that, in view of the provocation offered, acts of retaliation by British troops were limited to two.

When the war in Europe ended, Sixth Airborne were destined for the Far East. Came the atom bomb, and they were switched to Middle East. Palestine was chosen only because the best airfields were in that country; the Division hoped against hope that it would



Remember this picture? It shows a patrol car of the "Death or Glory Boys" driving down a flight of steps in Jerusalem. In Palestine there was death, but little glory.

not be involved in internal policing, but disillusion soon came.

At first, Arab thieves were the problem. Men would go to sleep in a tent with all their arms and equipment beside them, and in the morning they would be left with only their blankets. But this sort of thing was easy to endure in comparison with the raids of Jewish gangsters who shot, kidnapped, blew up, flogged and, on one notorious occasion, hanged British soldiers. Negligible aid was received from the local Jewish population and even the children were taught spitting songs which they performed in the presence of British troops.

The task of cordoning and searching hostile towns was a formidable one of which few details were revealed at the time. Preserving security before-hand was a major problem, since civilian employees were untrustworthy. The strain of planning one operation while apparently

will take only three seconds to act... I know I should never reach Berlin alive."

In the Chicago gangster tradition, the two generals took Rommel for a ride. He took his poison in their car. And still in the gangster tradition, the Nazis gave Rommel an elaborate state funeral, complete with funeral oration.

Footnote: In March 1945, Frau Rommel received a letter which ran: "The Führer has given me an order to erect a monument to the late Field-Marshal Rommel and I have asked a number of sculptors to submit designs... The slab can be made immediately, as I have special permission from Reichsminister Speer. Generally monuments cannot now be made in stone. But in this special case it can be made and quickly shipped."

The letter remained unanswered.

planning another was very great, and high officers used to resort to tricks like dispensing with the red bands on their caps in order to divert attention. Plans for big sports meetings would be allowed to go on, even though those at the top knew they would never take place.

The whole story is here — the switch of the Division from south Palestine to north, the protection of the oil depots, the handling of the illegal immigrants, the attack on Acre Jail, the case of the President Warfield, the barrel bombs, the fighting in Haifa and the withdrawal — all the events which made headlines at the time. The British soldier's list of black memories in Palestine would almost certainly be headed by the word "guards," says the author. Any kind of action was welcome. Many of the junior ranks had just missed serving in the world war, and were determined to acquit themselves well even on this disagreeable form of active service. At least an operation took them away from the barbed wire encampments in which they were forced to spend their leisure.

In spite of all, the Division was able to put in some airborne training, but the only major flying operation was a drop on Khartoum. It is on record that one officer was left dangling in telegraph wires and in this position had the boots stolen from his feet.

Bookshelf Continued Overleaf

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Size and thirst

WITH figures involving the square of the surface exposed to evaporation and arguments still less convincing, theories have been advanced that big men are thirstier than little men. Plausible perhaps, but every one regardless of size knows the point where he feels he can get no thirstier without catching fire. These are the glorious moments for Rose's Lime Juice, pure juice of Nature's most refreshing fruit, pure cane sugar, a rare flavour thirst-quenching in itself. With cool gleaming ice, drink one, or two or three (according to size) then settle down with the best of short drinks, Gin and Rose's. Perhaps to discuss whether little men can drink more than big men.



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BOOKSHELF (Continued)

Dire Disasters at "Duffer's Drift"

N EARLY half a century after it was first published, a little book called "The Defence of Duffer's Drift" has reappeared on the bookstalls.

The author is Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, now in his eighties. He wrote it in 1904, after serving in the Boer War (in which he earned the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the DSO).

The book might be sub-titled "Tactics Without Tears." In humorous form it contains all the lessons of a good Infantry training manual. The "hero," a young subaltern who has passed all his examinations and speaks French, is detailed with 50 men to defend a vital ford on a South African river. He is a little uncertain of himself, because apparently the defence of a river was not one of the things they taught him.

"Now, if they had given me a job like fighting the Battle of Waterloo, or Sedan, or Bull Run, I knew all about that, as I had crammed it up and been examined in it too."

At the end of the first chapter, thanks to inexperience in siting his men and the efforts of Fifth Columnists, the position is overrun and his men are casualties; he starts off again to defend the same place in chapter two, having learned two or three lessons the hard way, but once again Duffer's Drift is over-run; and so on for six chapters. Thus, in painless fashion (for the reader), fundamental principles of defence are stressed — principles applicable to almost any war in any period.

"The Defence of Duffer's Drift" has been used in the American Army, translated into Spanish, and into Urdu for the Indian Army. Its present reappearance (*under the imprint of George*

Ronald, Oxford at 3s 6d) is due to Field-Marshal Lord Wavell who, visiting his regiment in Germany and watching them carrying out a defence exercise, was suddenly reminded of the little book he had bought and digested when a subaltern in India. Realising that the modern generation of officers had never heard of Duffer's Drift and its brave though incompetent defence, he "incited the author" to consider republication.

To anyone tempted to scoff at the idea of learning lessons from the Boer War, Lord Wavell says:

"I would remind him that the author of this little book was one of the most far-sighted officers the Army has produced, who wrote tales long before the first war foreshadowing the effects of air warfare, of mining, and even of that very exotic modern development, psychiatry (The Second Degree); and who during the First World War was responsible more than anyone for the introduction and development of the Tank.

"If after studying this little work, any officer decides that he has learnt nothing, I can only recommend him to apply for employment in an Administrative branch of the War Office; for he will certainly be a danger to troops in the field."

Rome Fell Just In Time

BEHIND the fighting line, a hundred minor battles go on. One of them is the battle to get news of the fighting back to an anxiously-waiting world.

One of the men who fought this headline campaign was Marsland Gander who represented his paper, the *Daily Telegraph*, in Burma and Iceland, mid-Atlantic, in the Dodecanese, in Italy and Greece and, finally, going in with glider-borne troops, in Holland and Germany.

In "After These Many Quests" (Macdonald 15s), his autobiography, he recalls the competition among war correspondents to be first into Rome. Gander was held up by a German road-block which American tanks were attacking. As he waited, a wedding-party appeared among the shell-bursts.

Gander begged a lift from another correspondent, but was held up by more firing. Then, while he was investigating, the jeep and his companion, who was an agency man and could not wait, vanished. "This was terrible. I had now lost both jeep and

typewriter on the eve of the biggest story of the campaign."

But he got back to the Press camp and recovered his typewriter and still Rome had not fallen.

My own judgment of the situation was that although a few forward elements might cross the city limits that night, it would occur late, and, with limited transmission facilities, we could expect to get practically nothing in the following morning's papers. Had we known it, that night all London newspaper offices were tense with a terrific suspense that had nothing to do with the imminent fall of Rome. It was the eve of the landings in Normandy.

That afternoon, Gander and Eric Linklater saw a pall of smoke over Rome, from which the Germans were pulling out.

I said: "My God. They're burning Rome. What a story!" Linklater was terribly pained. "Burning Rome, and all he thinks of is a story."

But the following day Fifth Army, and Marsland Gander, made an entry into Rome. From the war correspondents' point of view, it was only just in time. The day after that was the Normandy D-Day.



"Talk about a dog's life!"

SOLDIER-HUMOUR



"Please, may we have our ball, sir?"



"Well, either you're dead, old chap, or this thing's bunged up."



"He said he was very pleased with the general smartness of my turn-out and the keenness and efficiency I have shown in the performance of my duties; and that if I carry on as I have been doing it won't be long before he gives me another stripe."



"They've fairly slashed the band establishment this time."



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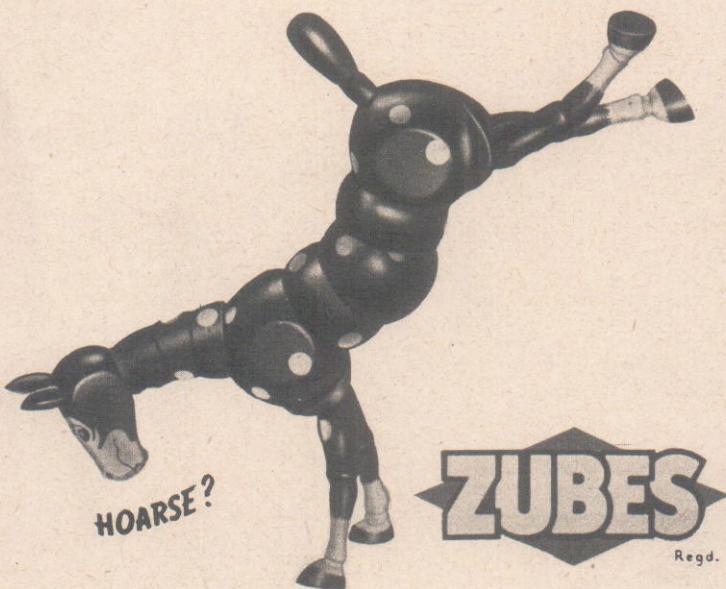
PAT ROC takes her lovebirds seriously and is an expert on feeding this delicate species. One of her many other hobbies is collecting hand-made gloves. She has gloves with feather edgings, gloves with pearls and sequins, gloves entirely made of ribbon!

This lovely and versatile young star was educated in Paris where she studied philosophy — where, too, she acquired her taste for really good chocolates. "Nowadays", says Pat, "I always ask for CAPITAL ASSORTMENT — the centres are so deliciously varied." Pineapple, raspberry, lime, nuts, nougat, marzipan, caramels, canache — the choice is surprising, the value unbeatable. In $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cartons, 1/- (also in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packs).



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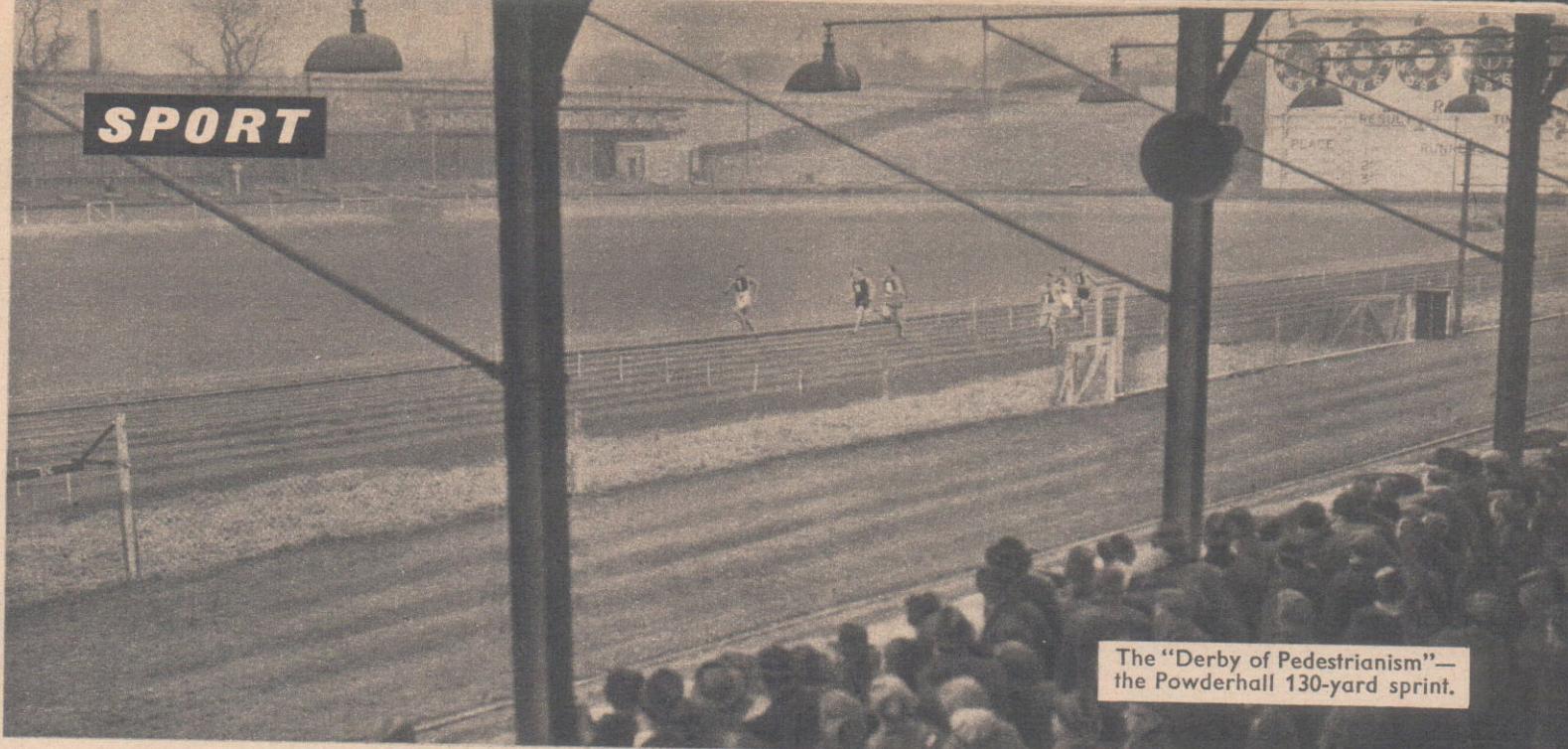
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The "Derby of Pedestrianism"—the Powderhall 130-yard sprint.

A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY

THEY call the Powderhall sprint the Derby of Pedestrianism. The description is not a bad one. The sprint, like the horse Derby, is the main feature of its meeting and the biggest thing of its kind in professional running. Like the horse Derby, too, it involves big sums of money.

This curiosity of sport, which is staged on the Powderhall ground at Edinburgh, started in 1870. The idea probably came from the old Sheffield handicap, which has long been defunct. It has attracted entries from all over the world.

Though the main event is the 130-yards sprint with £100 prize-money, at various times the meeting has been extended to include a £100 10-miles marathon race, a £40 mile race, a £20 220-yards, a youths' sprint championship, a veterans' handicap of 80 yards and a £100 whippet race—all handicaps.

The race-meeting is complete with bookies, punters and money-prizes. But the entrants are neither horses nor dogs; they are professional athletes from many parts of the world

Most of the entrants are artisans, many of them from mining areas. Since the cost of training is usually beyond their means, they find a backer to subsidise them.

Usually the runner goes away, for six to 12 weeks' training, accompanied by a pace-maker and a trainer. They are likely to get about £5 a week each, with their food thrown in. Besides this, the runner generally gets the odds to £100 on himself if he is successful, as well as the prize-money. Sometimes, in the past, backers have looked after the same runner for two or three

OVER →

H. Short, of Ashington (No. 1) breasts the tape when winning the final of this year's Powderhall sprint.



A look of fierce determination (above) was worn by J. S. Wilson as he won the 1948 sprint. The look (below) as he clung to his trainer afterwards might be due to the thought of All That Money or sheer breathlessness.



Continuing A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY

years, nursing him along. The backer is often a bookmaker or a sporting publican, or there may be a syndicate, whose interest is in the betting. At one time there was a "call-over" on the night before the race at which men were backed to win as much as £10,000 or £12,000. Stakes no longer go that high, but several thousand pounds is still not uncommon on one bet.

For the runner, if he is a poor man, the race can mean a holiday and some money in his pocket, even if he does not win. In the days of industrial depression an unemployed man who could find himself a backer for the Powderhall sprint considered himself lucky.

Many of the entrants run under false names. In the past some have tried to confuse the handicapper by this means — though not many got away with that. But mostly it is to confuse the betting, so that people not in the know cannot study form and perhaps shorten odds on a good man.

So far as betting on the course is concerned — and bookmakers

turn up to cater for the 20,000 or so spectators who may arrive — by the time the final is run, there is a pretty good knowledge of form. For entries are high — this year there were 306, a record — so that heats and semi-finals have to be run.

Most of the runners are pretty tough, but occasionally some get overwhelmed by the importance of the occasion — and the amount of money they "carry." One well-fancied entrant in the 1920's had such an attack of stage-fright that he could not get out of his bed on the day of the race and developed a complete nervous breakdown and was never, so they say, the same man again.

Probably nobody went to greater lengths to enter the sprint than a young Australian, Malcolm J. Dunn, whose family came from Edinburgh and who was determined to enter in 1932. He and a friend set off to work their passages from Australia, Dunn looking after a mental patient on the ship and his friend working as a pantry-boy.

They got to Liverpool short of money; after a time they were reduced to a meal a day. Then, three weeks before the race, Dunn found someone to back him. But three weeks was not long enough to find his form: he won his heat

but was only runner-up in his semi-final.

The 130-yards handicap seems to offer chances to runners of all ages. In 1944 it was won by James Urquhart, aged 18, in 10 1/10th seconds — a 6 to 4 favourite. But in 1938 it was won by J. Armour Milne (racing name, E. J. Saxon) a London journalist who was 35 years of age. In 1935 the winner received his prize from the hands of the winner of 1886, who was 27 when he won the race.

Winners often try again and W. McFarlane of Glasgow set up a record by winning in two successive years — 1932 and 1933.

This year only two previous winners survived the heats on the first day: James Urquhart who comes from Edinburgh and J. S. Wilson from Musselburgh, but neither was successful on the second day. Instead H. Short of Ashington propelled his 14 stones from the 7 yards mark to win the final in 12 and 9/16ths seconds.

Short, whose real name is Harry Harle, is 27 years of age, an ex-Royal Navy man, a professional footballer and painter and decorator. He was second favourite in the heats but favourite at 6-4 on after the semi-finals. A yard behind him came A. Lothian of Walkerburn who had started from the 6 1/2 yards mark at 12-1.

He Just Couldn't Wait to See SOLDIER

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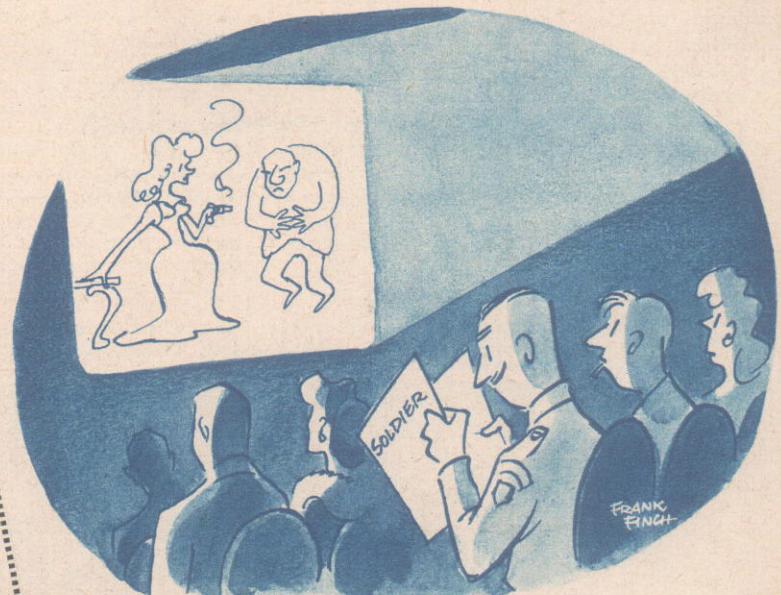
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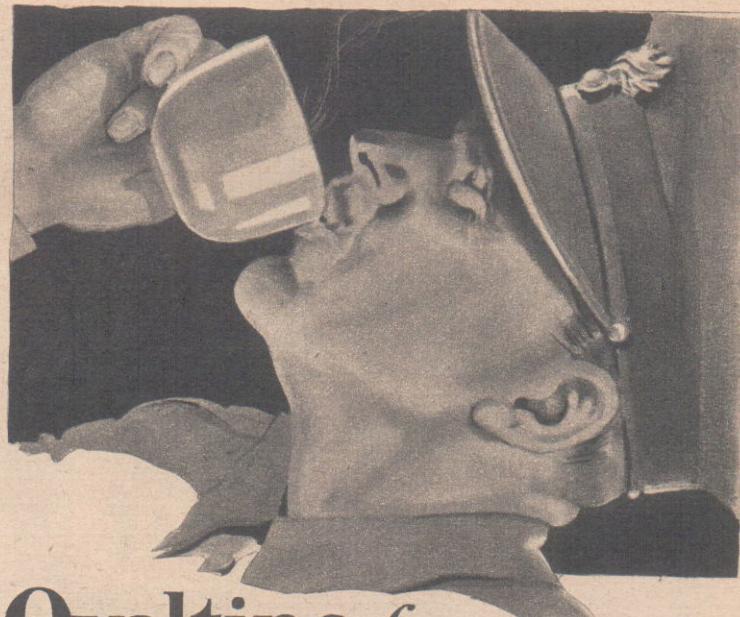


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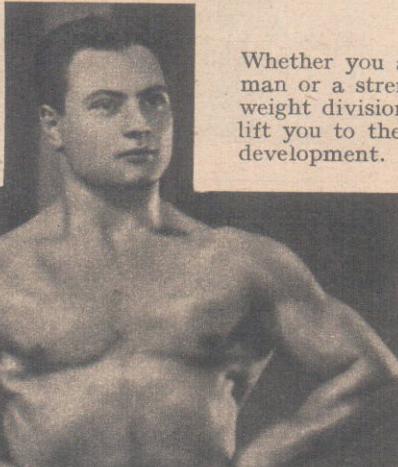
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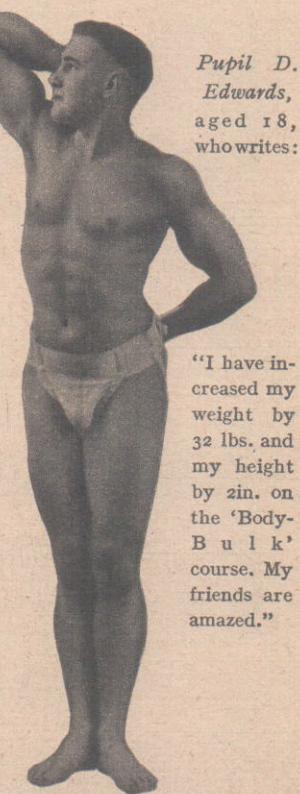
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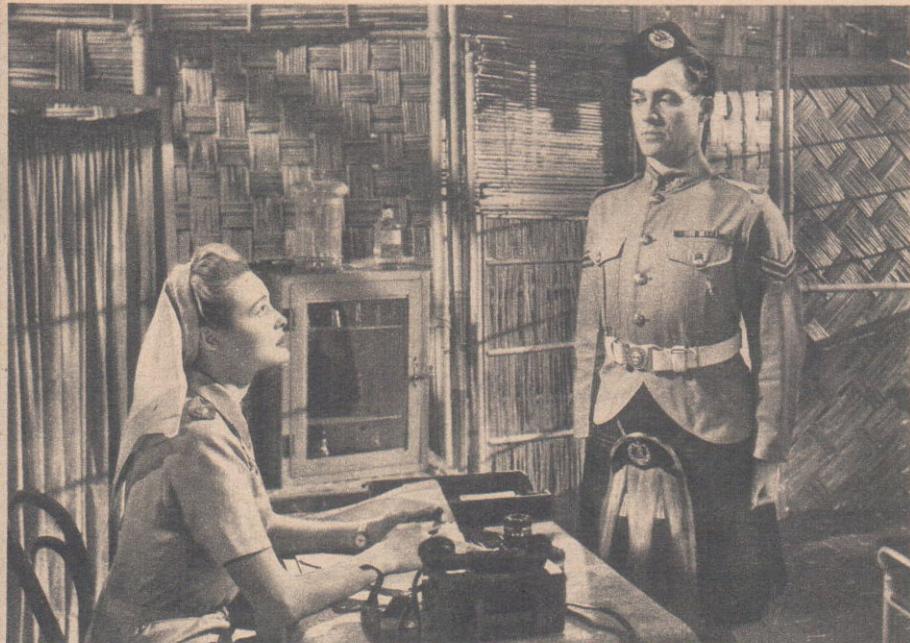
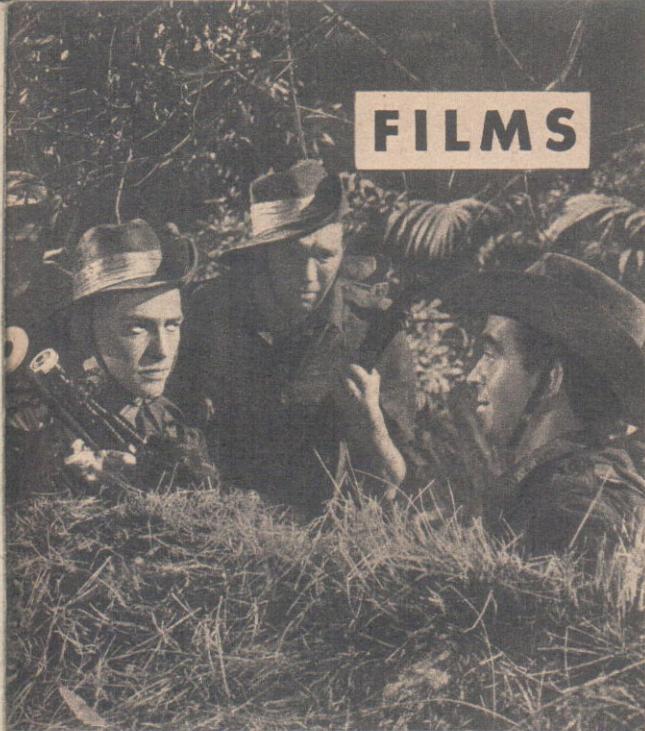
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FILMS



THE CASE OF THE SURLY JOCK

BACK to Burma, but no Errol Flynn heroics this time.

The scene of "The Hasty Heart" is a military hospital where a Scottish corporal is dying. The other men in the ward, and the nurse, conspire to cheer him up. They even present him with a fine kilt, to feed his Scottish pride.

But the soldier is a problem case, surly as they come. In the play on which the film is based he was a sergeant, but the film-makers' military advisers told the director that a soldier so embittered and rebellious would be lucky to get two stripes and most unlikely to get three. So one came down.

Richard Todd impressed the critics as the Scotsman. Others in the cast are Ronald Reagan and Patricia Neal. Incidentally, many nurses are of the opinion that Patricia Neal, as a member of the QAIMNS, looks much too glamorous. Men don't seem to mind.

Your girl friend will weep happily at this one. Other films which will shortly be shown at Army Kinema Corporation cinemas include:

YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE

Still more uniforms. This time the lady is Ann Sheridan in American khaki and Cary Grant as a French officer. Together they get into fun and trouble with the black market in Germany. One result is that Cary Grant becomes a male GI bride. The film was made mostly around Heidelberg.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE

Another comedy. This time a middle-aged writer goes to college (American, of course) to qualify for a literary prize he has won and works his way by becoming head cook and bottle-washer in the girl students' living-quarters. Then the writer, Clifton Webb, meets Shirley Temple, a budding newspaperwoman, and the fun starts.

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG

A huge, and lame, gorilla goes from the jungle to a Hollywood night-club. Naturally, it gets drunk and tries to wreck the place. Equally naturally, it redeems itself by saving children in a fire. But the accent is on comedy, so everybody goes home happy. With Terry Moore and Ben Johnson, King Kong stuff.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS

Edward G. Robinson in a Kaiser Bill moustache builds up a banking fortune and is then found out: The sins of this father miss three of his sons and land on the fourth, played by Richard Conte. The lad has compensation provided by Susan Hayward.

LUST FOR GOLD

The trouble with gold mines is that they are always getting lost and that people who go looking for them generally end up by killing each other. It happens again here — but the story, say the film-makers, is a true one. With Ida Lupino and Glenn Ford.

Left: Three men in an ambush—with Lachie, the dour Scot, clinging to his bagpipes. Above: The nurse who befriends Lachie hears that he has hopes of marrying her.



Lachie is a dying man. Above: He hears the news for the first time from the Commandant of the military hospital. Below: "I don't want to die alone..."



For COLDS & FLU JUST DO THIS

'ASPRO' is the quick-working, effective, modern answer to colds and 'flu. It gets to work in no time—clears the head, stops the feverish, shivery sensations, dispels the aches and pains and the miserable fed-up feeling. On going to bed it is a good idea to take a further couple of 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. 'ASPRO' lulls you off into a refreshing, natural sleep, at the same time inducing a gentle perspiration which helps to eliminate the cold through the pores of the skin. In most cases you will lose the cold while you sleep—by morning it will all be gone. Where colds and 'flu are concerned it is better not to delay one hour—or one minute—so

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Wonderful Recovery From 'Flu

B. M. S. writes from London, S.W.16:—"I would very much like to express my gratitude for such a wonderful recovery from 'flu. I am feeling very well again now. I was with friends at a party and was taken ill with 'flu. I could not go back to my place until the following morning. A friend gave me two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. He also gave me a small box of tablets and then I was in bed for one day only. I was then able to carry on with my work feeling myself again, thanks to 'ASPRO' tablets, and I shall never be without them."

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LETTERS

BACHELOR'S PLAINT

I think families have a bad effect on the Army. A married man is too apt to neglect barrack duties in order to get away to his married quarters. His life no longer centres in the barracks and he will try to dodge barrack duties whenever possible. As married men are often holding senior rank, this means they have lost touch with the life of the private soldier and do not do as much as they might to help improve his living conditions. Family men are inclined to form a clique, giving special consideration to each other with a resulting loss to the average soldier. — "Private" (name and address supplied) BAOR.

LAND ROVER

In SOLDIER for December you have a picture of Mr. Shinwell inspecting troops from a vehicle which you call a "jeep." This is incorrect. From the part of the vehicle visible it would appear to be the new British machine called a Land Rover. This has a right-hand drive, and the body and the driving compartments are separate, not in one piece like the jeep. The vehicle following Mr. Shinwell's appears to be the genuine jeep. — AQMS D. G. Clarke, 4 AA Group Workshops REME, Manchester.

★ If SOLDIER has sinned, it is in good company. The Land Rover has been freely described as the "British jeep," and the word "jeep" is likely to be employed for small, open runabouts of this type. However, the vehicle in the picture was undoubtedly what the makers call a Land Rover.

LANGUAGE MONEY

When I was serving in Malta a monthly prize of £10 was paid to successful candidates in an examination in the Maltese language, yet there would appear to be no encouragement for soldiers to learn German and Russian. Are there any prospects of such financial encouragement being introduced in BAOR? — Student (name and address supplied).

★ HQ BAOR have recently been authorised to offer a limited number of awards to officers and men who pass an examination in Colloquial German and Russian. The award is £10 for German and £20 for Russian.

FLOWERS FOR NAAFI

In your article on the NAAFI conference in the January SOLDIER you quote a sergeant as saying, "Most Servicemen think NAAFI is a swindle."

Personally, I don't. What is more, I think that most Servicemen think NAAFI is a pretty good show. — "Regular," (name and address supplied).

NOT SAHIB

I have so much regard for your splendid paper that I think it worth while to draw your attention to a rather serious breach of taste on page 34 of your August issue. You depict a Gurkha soldier calling a British sergeant "Sahib," which is entirely wrong. Gurkhas are an integral part of the British Army and rank as the equals of British soldiers. They would call a sergeant-major "Sir" but so would British soldiers call a Gurkha sergeant-major "Sir." Below that rank the normal British Army form of address is used—"serjeant," "corporal" and so on.

SOLDIER is read extensively by Gurkha troops in Malaya and that

● **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.

cartoon could not fail to give offence to any Gurkha soldier who saw it. The term "Sahib" is rigidly restricted to King's Gurkha officers and both Gurkha and British commissioned officers. A Gurkha would never address a British warrant officer as "Sahib." — Maj. R. A. Eden, British Services Mission, Rangoon, Burma.

★ SOLDIER's apologies to any Gurkha to whom this has caused offence.

MONOCLE MAN

One of my eyes is weaker than the other and I have been recommended to wear spectacles with one magnifying lens and the other of plain glass. I would much prefer to sport a monocle, but I am not sure whether other ranks are allowed to do so. Can SOLDIER enlighten me? — "One-eyed private" (name and address supplied).

★ Monocles are rarely prescribed by oculists for purely medical reasons; they are usually worn for personal adornment. If a soldier has a defect in one eye, the Army practice is to give him standard steel-rimmed



spectacles with a plain lens on one side. SOLDIER knows of no regulation forbidding other ranks to wear monocles (in fact, here is a picture out of the file showing Sergeant P. W. H. Marsh, Royal Engineers, wearing one). However, SOLDIER does not advise anyone to try to wear a monocle inside a respirator, or on an assault course; or to try to emulate the Canadian troops who sought to take a rise out of their monocled officer, and paraded all wearing eyeglasses; the officer surveyed them, flipped his monocle in the air, caught it again with his eye, and said to the troops: "Now do that, you — — — s!"

HORN RIMS

About a year ago, in Parliament, Mr. Michael Stewart, Financial Secretary to the War Office, stated that a scheme would be introduced



NAME

ADDRESS

(Dept. G 2)

shortly whereby soldiers would be able to obtain civilian pattern spectacles on payment of part of the cost. Has this scheme been started yet? — A. Clarke, Records Branch, HQ 2nd Echelon, BAOR 1.

★ This is still under consideration and it is not yet possible to say when the scheme will be introduced.

SIX COUNTIES

In "How Much Do You Know?" (December) you list the six largest counties of England. Surely Lincolnshire should be included? — Dvr. E. R. Creer, A Pl., 578 Coy. RASC, Goojerat Bks., Colchester.

★ We apologize. Lincolnshire is certainly in the first six. Men of the Lincolnshire Regiment, please save stamps.

EX-OFFICERS' DRESS

I am now a civilian after 24 years of commissioned service. Am I allowed to wear uniform on military occasions? I have my khaki service dress, blue patrols and scarlet mess kit. Is mess kit still being worn at regimental dinners and dances? — "Captain," St. Michael's Hill, Cosham, Bristol.

★ Permission to wear uniform by officers not in military service is at present restricted to parades in connection with the official birthday of His Majesty The King, State ceremonials, ceremonies in connection with Remembrance Day, regimental functions or celebrations at a military station (with the approval of the regimental authority concerned), and occasions on which an announcement about uniform has been made beforehand by the War Office.

Mess kit is now obsolete and service dress and blue patrols are obsolescent. Dress henceforth is restricted to battledress and No. 1 Dress, when issued.

'T' FOR TERRITORIAL

I was a Territorial before 1939 and I am again now. And I am proud of it. What is more, when I put on my uniform, I would like everybody to know I am a Territorial.

So let us have the old "T" back, the badge that used to show the world that we were "week-end soldiers," giving our spare time to the needs of our country.

It was one of those little things that helped to keep us together, and it would again. Besides, it would stimulate interest in what Field-Marshal Montgomery called "The best club in the district," and thus recruiting.

In time, we should make our National Service recruits want to

Answers

(from Page 31)

How Much Do You Know?

1. The early bicycle, without tyres.
2. Votes for women, emancipation of slaves, abolition of death penalty for minor offences, institution of loading on ships, reorganisation of British Army.
3. All actors and actresses, except Charles Kingsley, author.
4. "Those sort of things" should be "that sort of thing"; "will" should be "shall"; "sprung" should be "sprang."
5. (c).
6. A hypocritical, fawning character of Dickens.
7. "Let the buyer beware."
8. (a).
9. Centre of gravity.
10. Jack Cade.
11. Australia.
12. C. B. Fry.
13. Galley.
14. Femur (thigh bone), Tibia (shin bone), and Fibula (splint bone on outer side of leg).

CROSSWORD

Across: 3. Defiant. 6. Owner. 7. Implant. 8. Scoff. 9. Trotter. 13. Turn red. 16. Event. 17. Riviera. 18. Leave. 19. Censors.

Down: 1. Consort. 2. Uncover. 3. Drifter. 4. Inlet. 5.Nonce. 10. Ordeals. 11. Time lag. 12. Rustler. 14. Unite. 15. Nails.

What is SURPRISE?

There is £80 for the writer of the best essay, not more than 10,000 words long, on the following subject:

"Surprise is among the most potent factors in war." "What is the real meaning of this cliche, and to what extent is it true? What is surprise, and how is it brought about? Compare the deliberate efforts to achieve surprise employed by Napoleon, Von Moltke and Montgomery. In what essential did their methods differ? What will be the future trends in the technique of achieving military surprise?"

This Bertrand Stewart Prize Essay Contest is open to all officers and other ranks who are serving or who have served in the fighting forces of the British Commonwealth. Entries must be typed in quadruplicate; they should not bear the sender's name, which must be contained in a sealed envelope bearing a motto on the outside; all quotations must be authenticated by title of book and page number; entries must reach The Editor, *The Army Quarterly*, Little New Street, London EC 4 by 23 June 1950. It is hoped to print the prize entry in *The Army Quarterly* of the following January.

wear it, too. — "Old Sweat" (name and address supplied).

★ Mr. Shinwell received much the same request in the House of Commons recently and answered that most Territorial Army formations were opposed to wearing the letter "T" on their uniforms. He added: "Having regard to the future role of the Territorial Army, any mark distinguishing it from the rest of the land Forces would be inappropriate. It would also be undesirable to differentiate between volunteers and the National Service men who will in future serve in the Territorial Army."

Under ACI 928 of 1949 the distinguishing symbol "R" is to be worn, below the badges of rank, by the following categories of officers when they are allowed to wear uniform: Officers and ex-officers of the Regular Army Reserve of officers, the Territorial Army Reserve of officers, Militia and Supplementary Reserve; ex-officers of the Regular Army; ex-officers of the Territorial Army; ex-temporary officers of the 1914-18 and the 1939-45 wars.

The wearing of the letter "R" is obligatory. It will be bought by the individual and will be of metal of a colour appropriate to the officer's Arm of the Service. Rifle Regiments will wear black, Light Infantry silver, and so on.

BORDERLINE CASE

In August 1945 I applied to re-engage to complete 21 years with the Colours, but as the right forms were not obtainable in India, where I was serving, I agreed to defer my release until the forms arrived. I finally re-engaged in January 1946 to complete 21 years. Can I claim to be treated as if I had re-engaged before 19 December 1945, when the new pensions code came into force? If so, am I eligible for a modified pension if discharged after 18 years service? Must I serve for 21 or 22 years and

OVER



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CB/JE

PAGE 45



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but they've worn well...



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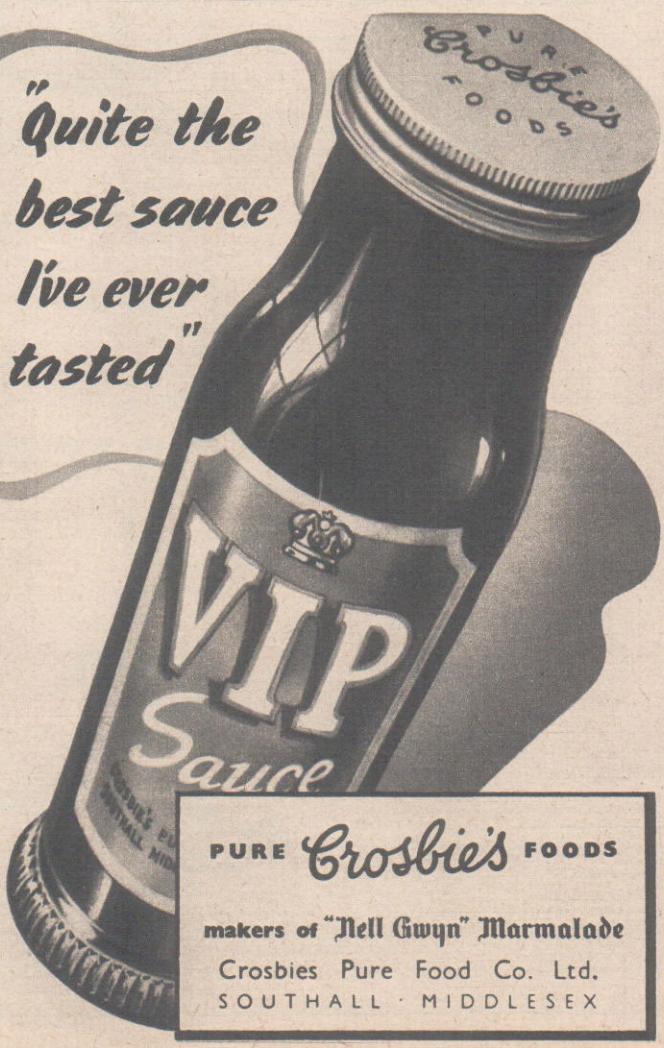
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MORE LETTERS

will my pension be assess-
ed on the old or new rates?
— S/Sjt. J. H. Brewster,
Bodmin.

★ Men who re-engaged
after 19 December 1945 have
no right to pension under
the old code terms even
though they may have
undertaken an old code
engagement of 21 years
with the Colours instead of
the new code 22-years en-
gagement. On completion
of their 21 years service
these men will receive a
pension on the new code
rates, but they must com-
plete the full 21 years
Colour service; they can-
not get a modified pension
after 18 years service. If a
man was prevented by cir-
cumstances from re-engag-
ing until after 19 December
1945 and was particularly
anxious to take advantage
of the old code terms, he
might apply through his
unit for his case to be
given special consideration.

He would have to attach corroborative statements to support his claim.

NOT BROKEN

I have been told that by enlisting in BAOR on a Regular Army engage-
men I break my overseas tour and
have to begin a new one. Is this
correct? — S/Sjt. H. Morrell, HQBAOR.

★ If he re-engages while still
serving a soldier does not thereby
break his overseas tour. An overseas
tour is broken only if a man goes
on release and then re-enlists.

CANNOT BE HELD

Can a unit hold back a National
Serviceman after the last day of his
release period because the unit is
under strength? If so, is there a
maximum time that a National
Serviceman's release can be deferred?
— Spr. S. V. Tucker, Hanover Area
Postal Unit, BAOR.

★ An officer commanding a unit
has no authority to retain a National
Serviceman beyond his release date
on the grounds that the unit is under
strength. If, however, the National
Serviceman signs a certificate saying
he is willing to continue serving for
a stated period, authority to retain
him may be granted by War Office.

FISH OUT OF WATER

I am a National Serviceman who
will have Territorial service to do
after release. I passed my examina-

TEETH TO PICK

Sir, I long to wield a pick
When I see a Saw-Tooth Brick.
See the whitewashed borders prick—
Point on point, and nick on nick,
Click, click, click, click, click, click,
Really, it's a bit too thick. [click...
Really, it is time to kick.
Roadways must be span and spick;
Is there not some other trick
For preserving chic (or chick)?
Something neat, and straight, and quick,
Something which will stand and stick?
Sir, I do not like to kick,
But I am profoundly sick
Of the whitewashed Saw-Tooth Brick.
Your obedient servant, MICK

tion for the Royal Navy but as there
were no vacancies I went into the
Army and am now doing a lighter-
man's course for the Inland Water
Transport. Can I do my reserve
service with the RNVR instead of
the Territorials? I have been a
fisherman since I was 14 and have
plenty of experience with small fishing
craft. — Spr. B. A. Smith, 52 Port
Training Sqn., Southampton.

★ With qualifications like these a
man may apply for transfer to the
RNVR to complete his part-time
service. He must wait until he is
posted to his part-time Army unit
and apply under the National Service
Act 1948 (Sec. 3) and the Regulations
(Provisional) for National Servicemen
in the Army, 1948.

NEITHER A NOR B

In the article "It's Better by Bus" (SOLDIER, November), you refer to an Italian "Alpine" soldier as belonging to the Bersaglieri. In fact he is a member of the Guardia Finanza, a sort of combined customs and currency police. The error was probably caused by his hat, which is an Alpini one, but the Guardia Finanza are allowed to wear Alpini hats when on duty in mountain districts. The Bersaglieri are light infantry. They wear a bunch of feathers, not a single plume. — M. de C. B. Denny, Trinity College, Dublin.

2 minute sermon

In these times of crisis the quality we need more than any other is the ability to make up our minds. A crisis is not a bad thing — like a sudden tragedy that comes upon us unawares; it is brought about by something that has been festering for a long time. The crisis is the moment when it is forced out into the open and a decision has to be made.

We often find it hard to believe that God is active in the world because we allow our idea of God to become a projection of ourselves — and we expect Him to act as we would act. Every crisis is a sign of God's judgment. It means that there are certain things you can't get away with. Everything we do must sooner or later come before the bar of judgment. When that happens we face a crisis — and we have to decide what to do about it. We try to avoid this decision by complaining that God should do something. We ask "Why doesn't God stop war?" We fail to realise that to do that He would have to abandon the moral government of the world. If we have freedom in a world in which God is active we must be prepared to accept judgment.

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