

# SOLDIER

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Commanding Officer's Silver Bugler of the 1st Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles: Bugler J. Howarth. He is wearing the band's dress uniform.

Colour photograph: SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL

## ... Famous Tea Drinkers ...

It was never long before the inquisitive but lovable Pepys tried whatever was new.

On September 25th 1660 he records "I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I had never drunk before." Perhaps it didn't appeal to him for it is hardly mentioned again in his diary but you can be sure of a distinctive tea you will like to drink and be proud to serve over and over again. Insist on—



*Samuel Pepys*

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asks RALPH WIGHTMAN

—the famous broadcaster. See if you can answer these questions about the country. The correct answers are given below.

1. Which of these farm animals has four stomachs?  
(a) Horse, (b) cow, (c) pig, (d) sheep.

2. What does "feather" mean as applied to horses?

3. Is a mole vegetarian or carnivorous?

4. What are Majestic, Royal Sovereign, Bramley Seedlings?

5. An acre is 1,000 square yards, 3,650, 4,840, 6,100. Which?

6. Rabbits seldom eat two of these crops — wheat, flax, oats, potatoes. Which two?

If you've ever considered working on the land, you should know about the free training schemes which are open to suitable men and women over 18. Here are the details of pay and working hours:

During training a single man living in billets receives a billeting allowance up to 35/- a week and a personal allowance of 45/-. A married man receives an additional 10/- a week for his wife, and 5/- for the first child under 16. The normal working week is 47 hours, but trainees can earn more by working overtime. Your local Ministry of Labour Office will give you full information about the training schemes and about other work on the land, and will also help you to fill in the application form.

### ANSWERS

1. Cow and sheep. 2. The long bar on the legs. 3. Damselfly. 4. Potato, turnip, beetroot, apple.

5. 4,840. 6. Pigs and pottoes.

7. 3,650. 8. Bramley Seedlings.

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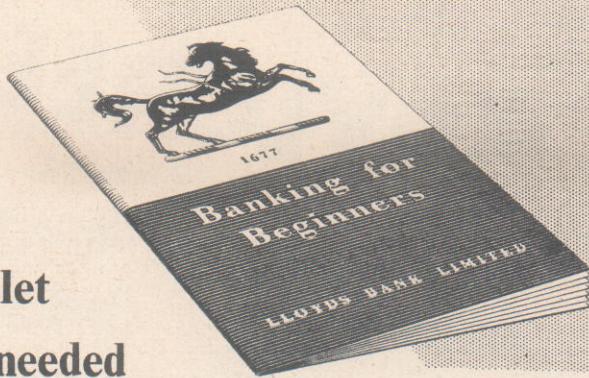
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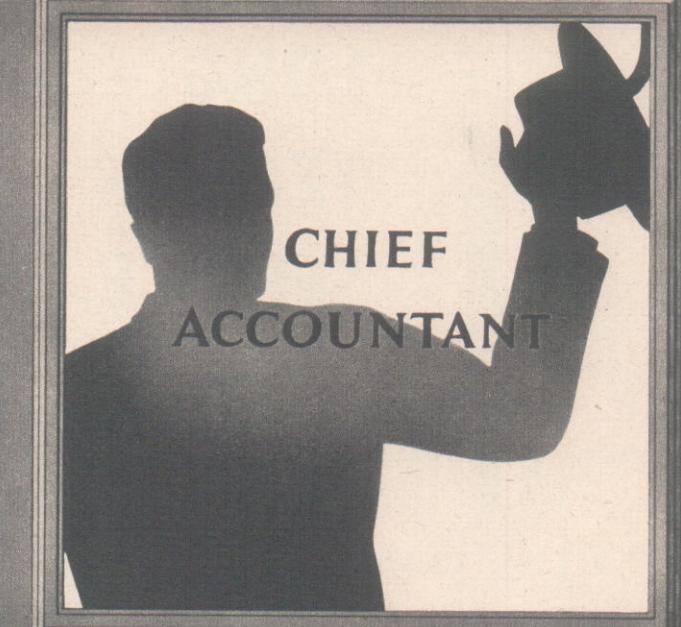
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The old manor of Everleigh is the Army Vaccine Laboratory.

**I**N the ancient Wiltshire manor house of Everleigh (which once had the inevitable underground passage linking it with the nearby Dower House) the British Army breeds, under strict control, an exclusive strain of bacteria. These are bacteria with a pedigree, and they form the Army's insurance against typhoid fever.

When a soldier bares his arm for the Medical Officer's needle, a little shot of Everleigh vaccine goes into his system.

Until 1947, the British soldier was protected against typhoid fever with a vaccine prepared from the prolific descendants of a bacterium found, in 1900, in the blood of a patient at Netley Military Hospital. It was from this original bacterium that Sir Almroth Wright prepared the first typhoid vaccine to be used on a large scale in the world.

In 1947 a different bacterium, descended from an organism isolated from the blood of an unknown Austrian soldier in Russia in the first World

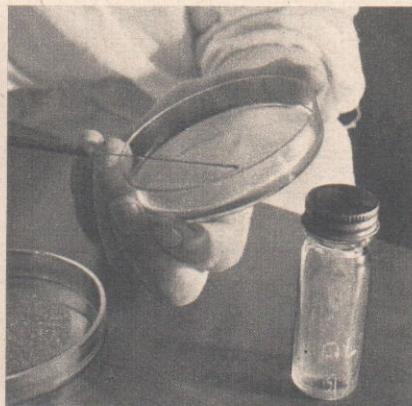
War, was brought into use in the British Army. For this bacterium, after testing, proved to be what the bacteriologists call a more reliable strain. After isolation it was resettled in some brownish jelly made from Japanese seaweed called agar agar, and came to be known as Ty 2.

One branch of the strain now flourishes in tiny tunnels in this kind of jelly in a little bottle no more than two inches high, kept at the Army Vaccine Laboratory. Every now and

OVER



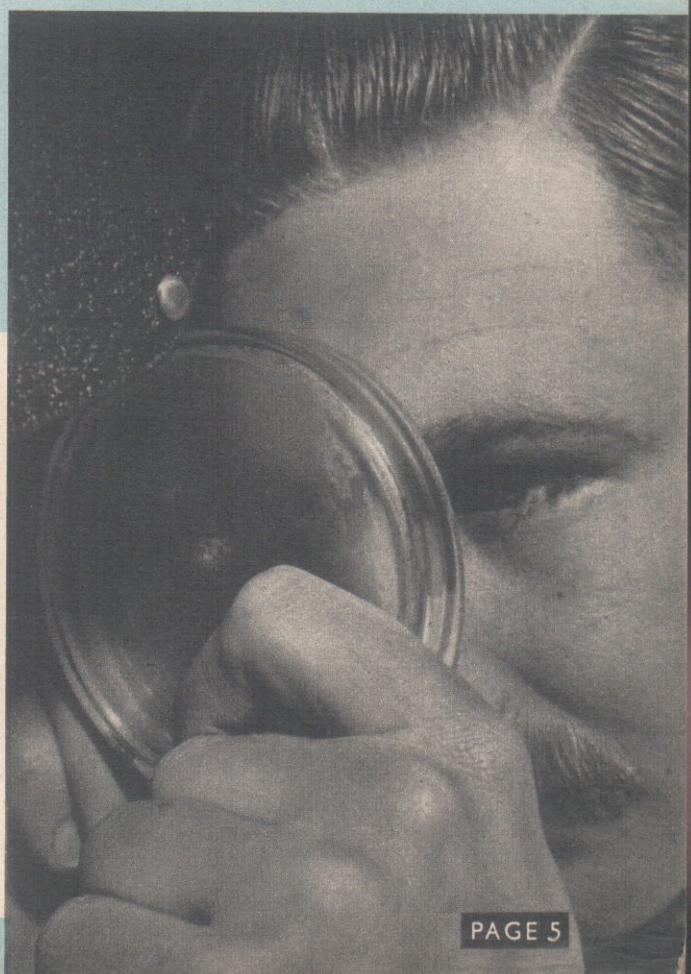
Extracting paratyphoid germs for breeding is Corporal J. Lewis. He will spread them on a jelly-covered plate...



... where the culture will grow for 24 hours. Right: Lieutenant J. E. Noble, formerly with the Wright Fleming Institute, St. Mary's Hospital, surveys a colony of germs — the misty patch on the plate.

That shot in your arm comes to you with the compliments of an unknown Austrian soldier who served in Russia in the first World War

## SOLDIER pays a visit to MICROBE MANOR





Masked men: With Lieutenant Noble, examining culture specimens for purity, is a National Serviceman, Private G. Tate, a laboratory assistant in civil life.

## MICROBE MANOR (Continued)

then Lieut-Col. M. H. P. Sayers, who commands the Laboratory, thrusts a fine wire down one of the little tunnels and withdraws with it several million descendants of Ty 2.

After undergoing stringent tests to ensure that the organisms are in perfect condition, they are grown up on more jelly in a flat, round, transparent container called a Petri dish, and after 24 hours each bacterium has produced such an enormous family that the naked eye can see them, looking like spots of mildew.

Ten or twelve of these spots or families of bacteria are picked off with a sterile wire and transplanted on to the surface of more agar jelly, this time in a small, round screw-capped bottle. The same evening the growth is washed off in weak salt solution and used for the inoculation of a litre flask, containing two inches of agar at the bottom, and known as the sow bottle.

Next morning the growth on the surface of the jelly is washed off with more weak salt solution and the resultant suspension —

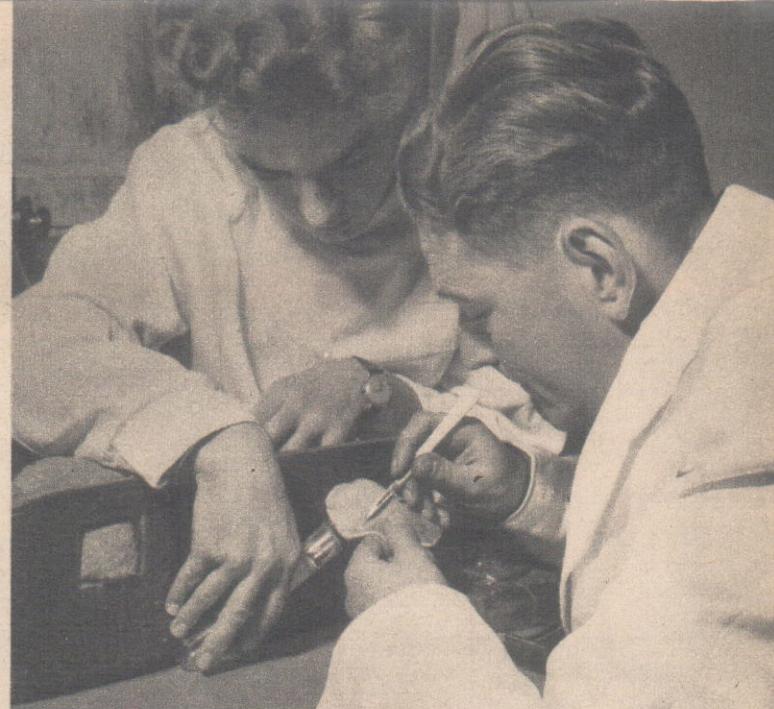
looking like milk — is poured over the surface of more jelly in big flat flasks, called Roux bottles. There they again breed for 24 hours, by which time there are enough bacteria to make a batch of vaccine.

This can be done so quickly because each bacterium divides into two separate ones about every 20 minutes, so that in one hour one becomes two and two become four and four become eight. In 24 hours one bacterium could multiply to produce many millions of descendants.

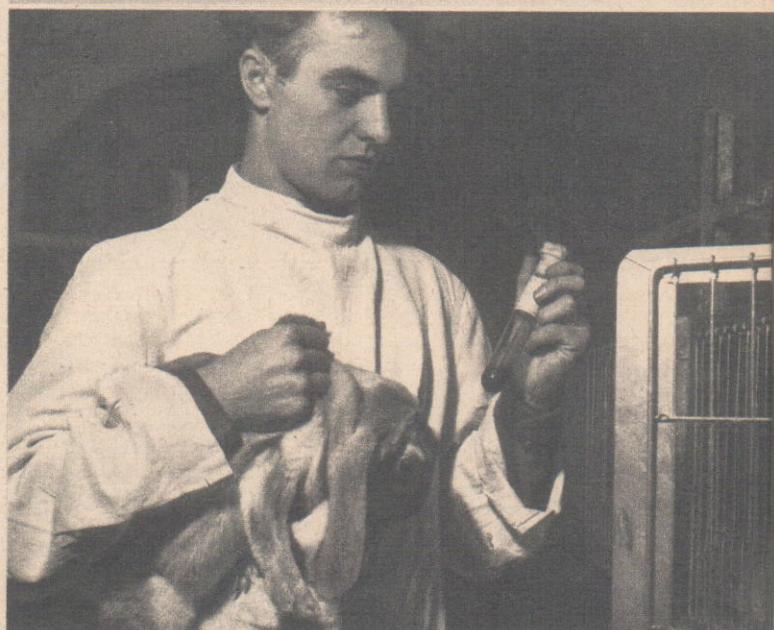
After the culture has been grown like this, it may be treated in one of two ways. The older method was to kill the bacteria with heat and preserve them in weak phenol. But during World War Two, Dr. Arthur Felix discovered that heat and phenol destroyed some important characteristics of the bacteria. He found a new way of treating them by killing and preserving them in alcohol. In 1943, the Army changed to this method.

The new vaccine, as judged by laboratory and animal tests, was better than the old one. But animal experiments are unreliable and their results are often not comparable with findings in tests in human beings. So it was decided to run a practical test of the two vaccines side by side. This test is still proceeding and the method is simple. Every soldier whose personal number ends with an odd number is given TAB(A) and every soldier with an even number gets TAB(B). Analysis of the protection afforded by the two groups after a number of years will be able to show whether, in fact, the vaccine preserved in alcohol is better than the other.

Last year the laboratory produced more than 800,000 cubic centimetres of TAB vaccine, besides making vaccines against cholera, plague and some rarer diseases. Each cubic centimetre of TAB contains about 5,000,000,000 organisms and to check the



Bleeding a rabbit from the ear is Major A. Fulthorpe, who designed the box from which the ear protrudes. Below: back to his cage, unharmed, goes the blood donor, held by Private J. B. Wright.



strength of the vaccine, the laboratory uses an apparatus to "count" the bacteria by means of a photo-electric cell. A soldier gets less than one quarter of a cubic centimetre for his first dose and less than half for his second, with a quarter renewal dose each year.

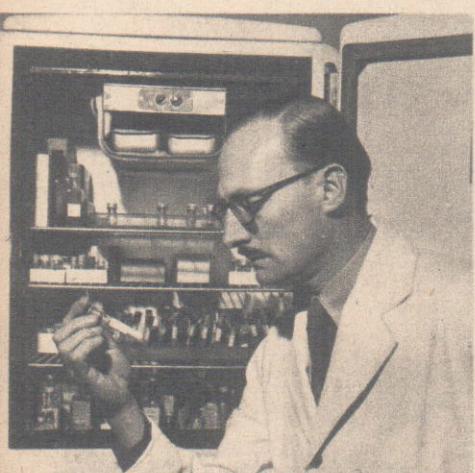
It was TAB (the letters denote Typhoid, Paratyphoid A and Paratyphoid B — for the vaccine is a triple one) which gave the Army Vaccine Laboratory its start. In the South African War, many troops died of typhoid fever, but by World War One troops were being inoculated with the vaccine and the low typhoid figures of that war showed its value. The vaccine in those days was made at Netley Military Hospital, near Southampton, but later the work was transferred to the Royal Army Medical College, in London.

On the outbreak of World War Two, the Vaccine Department moved from Millbank, because of the danger of bombing, to Tidworth near Salisbury, and in 1942 it again moved a few miles farther away into the country to its present home in the ancient manor house of Everleigh.

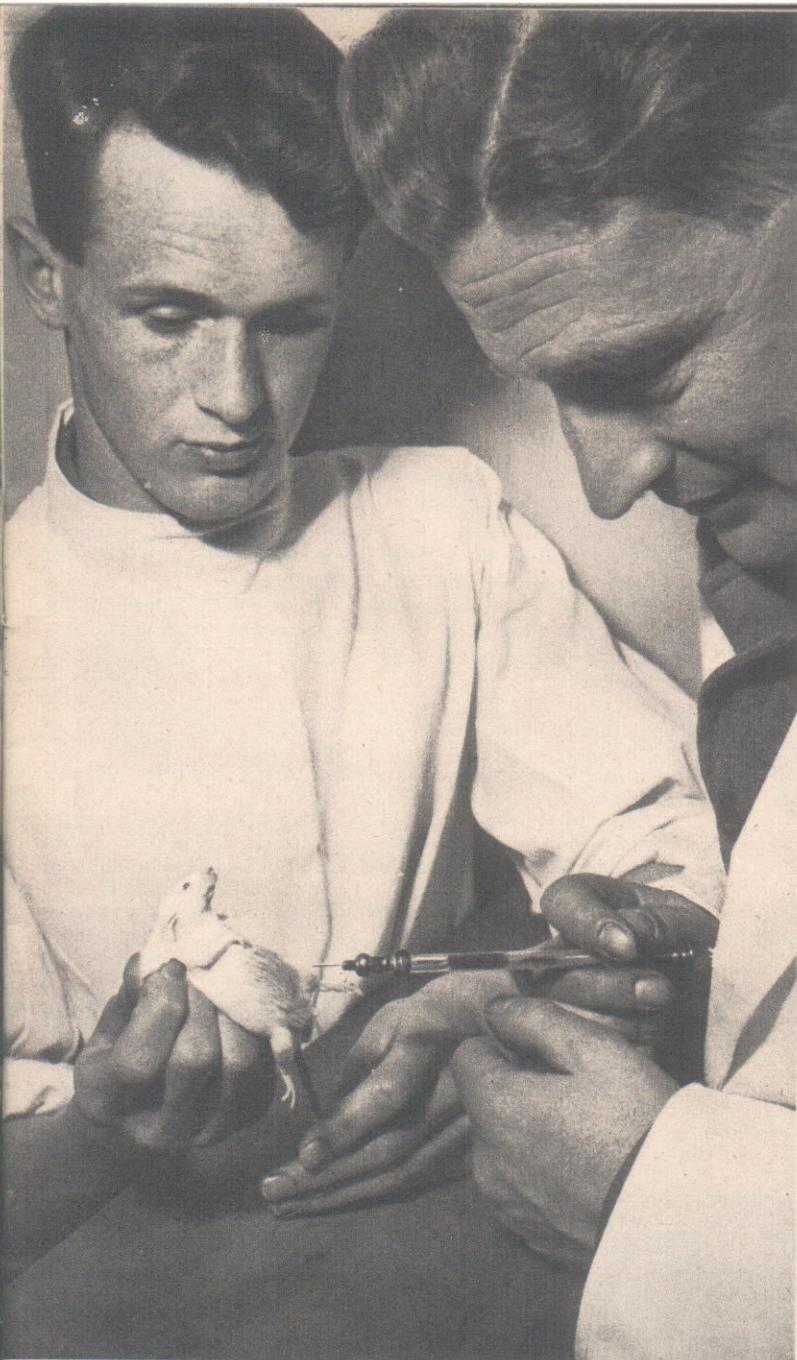
Exactly how a vaccine produces immunity is not fully understood, but it is known that it contains enough of the bacteria's attacking power in a complex substance called an antigen to stimulate the human tissues to produce antibodies, the natural defence against antigens.

A rabbit which is injected with dead typhoid germs does not suffer from the disease but it does produce antibodies. And from the blood of a rabbit treated in this way a serum containing antibodies can be made. When a patient is suffering from what looks like typhoid fever, a doctor, if he can, will get specimens of the organisms which are causing the trouble and put them with some serum from the rabbit. Then if there is a reaction — probably a clumping visible to the naked eye — the doctor can confirm that the patient is suffering from typhoid.

If, for some reason, an organism cannot be isolated from the patient, diagnosis can be made in the opposite way. A little of the patient's own serum is mixed with known dead



Lieut-Col. M. H. P. Sayers, commanding the Army Vaccine Laboratory, with his collection of cultures. This refrigerator is opened by no one else.



"Who, me?" A mouse is injected to test the potency of a vaccine. When not taking part in tests, mice are allowed to live a family life.

bacteria of the same kind as those suspected of causing the disease, and any clumping noted. If the patient has produced antibodies capable of clumping the dead organisms, then it is likely that the disease he is suffering from is caused by live organisms of the same kind as the dead ones used in the test.

This is a notable field in which the Army Vaccine Laboratory helps doctors with their diagnosis, by producing the appropriate sera and suspensions of germs.

Another bacteriological job the laboratory does is to trace carriers of the typhoid fever bacterium who may be quite healthy themselves but a danger to others. For this purpose it calls in the help of minute organisms even smaller than bacteria and only visible with the aid of an electron microscope.

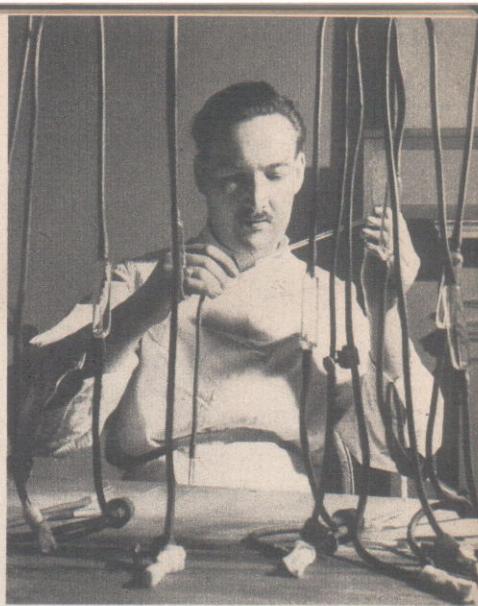
There is a parasite of the typhoid fever bacterium which is called a bacteriophage, or phage for short. This parasite attacks and destroys typhoid bacteria by bursting them so that they disappear. However, this phage can be trained to attack only

certain kinds of typhoid bacteria. So that if a collection of differently trained phages are tried out on any typhoid organism isolated from a case of typhoid fever, it is possible, by noting the effect of the phages upon it, to label that bacterium as of a certain type. If then in an outbreak of typhoid fever the bacteria concerned are found to be all of the same phage type, and it is also found that there is a carrier of typhoid germs of the identical phage type in the company cookhouse, for example, it is a safe bet that this man, who has not got the disease himself, is carrying the germs and is the cause of the outbreak. He will have to be segregated to prevent further infection of his fellows.

This bacteriological work is more complicated than it sounds. All over the building are endless refrigerators, from small domestic ones to others as big as small rooms. There are big bottles, little bottles, flat bottles, bulbous bottles. There are sterilisers, bottle-washing machines, bottle-drying machines and bottle-filling machines. In every labor-



Mouse under observation: his rations are a small dog-biscuit a day and water as required. His bed is sawdust.



Two more of the many jobs at Everleigh. Above: Corporal C. N. Jarvis assembles blood transfusion apparatus. Below: Private C. F. Fern bottles glucose saline, which is used for treating shock.

atory there are neat racks of test-tubes, each carefully marked to indicate the test that is going on.

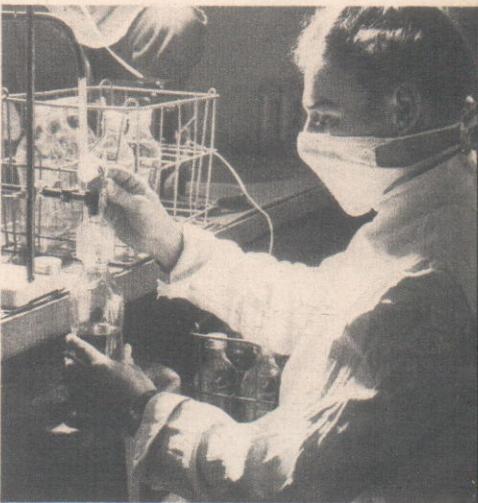
Out in the grounds is the "zoo" — huts housing from 150 to 170 rabbits, 500 to 600 white mice and 50 to 60 guinea-pigs. There has been trouble among the mice recently; some new cages turned out not to be mouse-proof, with the result that one female white mouse produced a litter of dark coated youngsters betraying the presence at some time of a stranger. This is a serious matter, as field mice carry mouse typhoid, which is a highly infectious disease among mice. To prevent the possibility of an extensive infection among the white mice, rendering them useless for laboratory tests, the whole batch had to be replaced.

To stop this happening again, Major A. J. Fulthorpe, the second-in-command of the laboratory, designed a really mouse-proof cage. In his spare time he is the unit's gadget man and in the zoo there is a special box of his design, used to bleed rabbits from the ear.

There are more gadgets in another department which deals with transfusion fluids. This department prepares crystalloid solutions of glucose and saline in distilled water, which are used to treat people suffering from shock after operations, accidents or severe burns. The department also manufactures transfusion sets for administering these solutions and for giving blood transfusions.

Two of Major Fulthorpe's gadgets help to produce the sets. One, made largely of boxwood, an old door handle, a ruler and a glass cutter, makes the job of cutting glass tubes to the right length a simple matter. The other, also of boxwood, performs the ticklish operation of getting two glass tubes through a rubber bung, at just the correct distance, which is different for each tube. This one, say the staff gratefully, has saved many cut fingers.

For all this the laboratory has a total establishment of 28, six of whom are civilians and all of whom are protected with their own vaccine.



The soldiers, some of them National Servicemen, certainly suffer no ill effects. On the contrary, they are particularly proud of their boxing, organised by Quartermaster Serjeant-Major F. MacDonald, who was runner-up in the Army heavy-weight championship in 1939. A few weeks ago he took a team of novices to fight a team from a Royal Air Force unit which could pick its novices from between 500 and 600 men. The RAF won, but the Army Vaccine Laboratory rightly congratulated itself on having kept its end up against such odds.

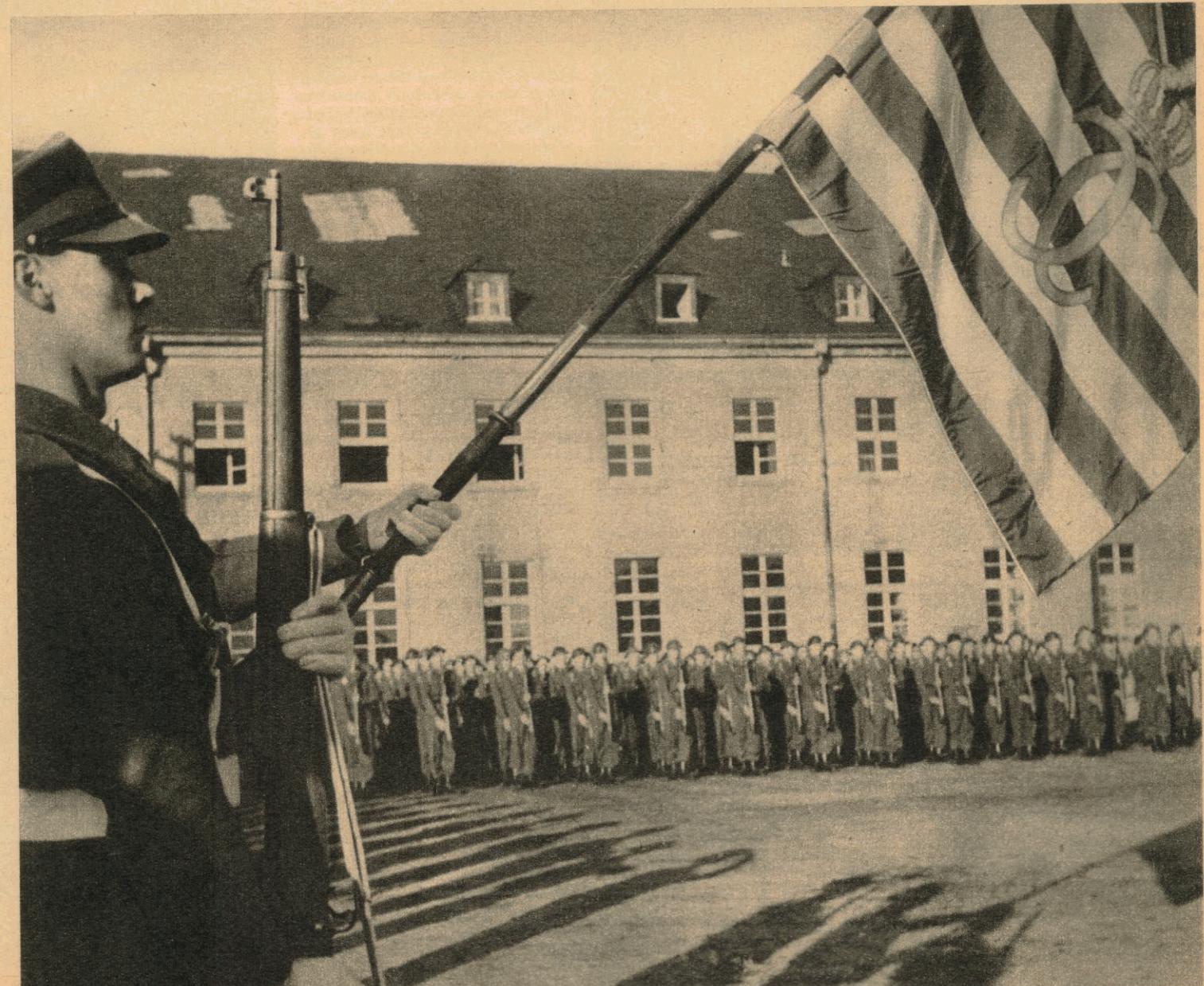


"Corporal! Didn't I say, 'Never open that door'?"

# THE ARMY WITH ONLY



Prince Felix, Commander-in-Chief of the Luxembourg Army, rides in a British jeep to inspect his second battalion in Germany. Prince Felix usually attends in person the swearing-in parade of recruits in Luxembourg (below).



**It's a tiny army—but Luxembourg contributes more soldiers per head than any other nation of the Atlantic Pact**

**B**RITAIN'S smallest military ally — The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg — is about 40 miles long and 25 miles wide. Her population is only 300,000, which is a little less than that of Hull and rather more than that of Camberwell.

Hemmed in by Germany on the east, Belgium to the north and west and by France to the south, Luxembourg is easily overlooked even on a large-scale map of Europe.

Yet this tiny country, where most people speak three languages (Luxembourg, German and French), is playing a notable part in the plan for European security and economic recovery as one of the 12 nations of the Atlantic Pact and one of the five Western Union Powers.

Twice in World War Two the Grand Duchy was a battle-ground (first when the Germans used her as a short cut to the Channel ports in 1940 and again when she was liberated by the Americans in 1944). Fortunately, her large steel industry in the south escaped destruction, but much of the northern part of the country was in ruins at the war's end.

It says much for the spirit of her people that even before

# ONE COLONEL

the war was over Luxembourg had decided to conscript into the army all her young men at the age of 18.

Today Luxembourg's little army totals just over 2000 officers and men, 1500 of them National Servicemen. It doesn't look very impressive on paper; but it represents a figure of one in every 150 of the population — a much larger percentage than that of any other Atlantic Pact nation. And what the Army lacks in quantity it makes up in quality, as *SOLDIER* saw when it visited Luxembourg and watched the troops in training.

Luxembourg's army is moulded completely on the British pattern. Organisation and equipment are British and the two Infantry battalions use British six-pounder anti-tank guns, mortars, Brens, Stens, Vickers medium machine-guns and Enfield rifles. Drill and weapon training are precisely the same as the British (training manuals are French translations of the British text books).

As if this were not enough to signify the close relationship with the British Army many of the Regular officers and some of the non-commissioned officers wear British World War Two medal ribbons. A large number escaped from Luxembourg during the war and joined the British Army, the Belgian and French Free Forces, the French Foreign Legion or the French and Belgian Resistance.

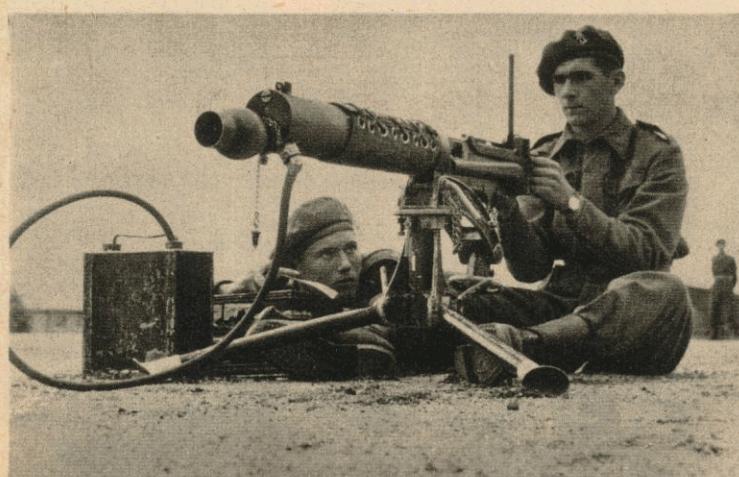
The Luxembourg Army already has several claims to distinction. Apart from the United States Army it is considered the best-fed in the world (every soldier consumes at least 4000 calories a day in the shape of large meals rich in meat and fat content, with plenty of fruit and vegetables). Non-commissioned officers are the highest paid of any European army. As long as he is physically fit any man (officer or other rank) may serve until he reaches the age of 65.

Luxembourg's army has only two Infantry battalions — one of which is carrying out occupation duties in the French Zone of Germany at Bitburg, some 40

km. from Luxembourg.

Thus every year a whole battalion is trained, ready to go

OVER



Private M. Hoffman (behind gun) and Private Nik Resch training on a Vickers machine-gun with the 2nd Battalion in Germany.

miles from the city of Luxembourg; the other is stationed at Walferdange within the Grand Duchy. In addition a Guard Company, 400 strong and all Regulars, does duty at the Ducal Palace and at other official functions.

The Guard Company has one of the finest military bands in Europe, composed of 60 professional musicians trained at the Luxembourg Conservatory of Music.

Commander-in-Chief with the rank of general is Prince Felix, the Consort. He and his son, Prince Jean are joint Inspectors-General. Both served with the British Army in World War Two.

Prince Jean was a captain in the Irish Guards and fought with the Guards Brigade in the North-west Europe campaign.

Colonel Aloyse Jacoby, the only colonel in the army, is Chief-of-Staff. He and his Deputy Chief-of-Staff, Major W. Albrecht were members of the pre-war Guard Company (then Luxembourg's only armed force) and were sent to Dachau concentration camp by the Nazis for their underground activities.

Many of the other officers, and of the non-commissioned officers, are battle-toughened veterans who escaped from Luxembourg during the war and joined the British Army, the Belgian and French Free Forces, the French Foreign Legion or the French and Belgian Resistance.

These men are the foundation around which the new army is gradually being built up. Every year between 1500 and 2000 young men are drafted into the army when they reach the age of 18. They serve for 12 months, but so closely is their army service linked with the demands of their country's economic needs that they may choose to stay in the army for only six months. In the latter case they are called into the army for two weeks training every year for ten years after their conscript service has finished. Thus every year a whole battalion is trained, ready to go



RSM E. P. Simpson — the man a Prince sent for — notes instructions from the Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion.

## The RSM is an Englishman

**R**EGIMENTAL Serjeant-Major Edward Simpson of the 2nd Battalion of the Luxembourg Army is an Englishman who served in the British Army for 18 years.

He had to obtain special permission from the British Government to join a foreign army.

RSM Simpson, late of the Durham Light Infantry and the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, was a member of the Allied 68th Rearmament Team which went to Luxembourg just before the end of the war to lay the foundations of Luxembourg's new army. So impressed were senior officers with his value as an instructor that when he was posted to a REME unit in Rhine Army in 1947 they asked Prince Felix of Luxembourg, to apply to the British authorities for permission for him to join Luxembourg's army.

When RSM Simpson retired from the British Army in 1948 permission still had not been given, so the RSM went to Luxembourg (paying his own expenses) and worked as a crane driver for nine months.

It was not until September 1949 that approval was finally given and RSM Simpson received a message to call at the Ducal Palace in Luxembourg for an interview with Prince Felix.

"Prince Felix told me that I could join the Luxembourg Army as a regimental serjeant-major and wished me the best of luck," RSM Simpson says.

Today No. 08786 RSM Edward Simpson of the Luxembourg Army (his old British Army number was 4449175) is in charge of training at the 2nd Battalion's headquarters in Bitburg in the French Zone of Germany. He conducts his drill parades and lessons in weapon training in the Luxembourg language (a mixture of French, German, Dutch, Italian and Flemish).

"Learning the language has been difficult, but my wife is a Luxembourg girl and I have learned a lot from her," he says.

Sometimes, however, in the stress of the moment RSM Simpson reverts to English and military commands like "Right Markers" and "Target" have slipped out.

The RSM is completely at home with the training weapons, and especially the Vickers medium machine-gun on which he gave instruction to recruits when he was in the British Army.

One of RSM Simpson's proudest moments was when he went with a contingent of the Luxembourg Army to the Victory Parade in London and marched behind the Prince Consort and his son, Prince Jean. "That day Luxembourg's soldiers marched like trained Guardsmen — I've never seen a better display," he says.

For his services to the Luxembourg Army while with the Rearmament Team he was awarded the "Couronne de Chêne," Luxembourg's second highest award. He wears this medal ribbon in front of his British Army medal ribbons — the 1939-45 Star, France and Germany Star and the Victory Medal.

RSM Simpson, who hopes to be able to stay in the Luxembourg Army until he is 65, has another claim to fame in Luxembourg. He has introduced into the warrant officers' and serjeants' mess the habit of sprinkling his soup with curry — a habit he acquired in India. "The rest of the mess had never tasted curry before," he says. "Now they almost fight for it."

## Army With One Colonel (Cont'd)

into action at a moment's notice. In this way Luxembourg hopes to be able to field a high percentage of her men in an emergency.

When the Luxembourg soldier is called up he receives six weeks primary training, followed by eight to nine weeks individual instruction at Walferdange. He is then sent to the 2nd Battalion in the French Zone of Germany where he completes his training, at the same time helping in the occupation of Germany.

A conscript receives 12 francs (about 1s. 9d.) a day as a second-class soldier and 15 francs (2s. 1d.) a day when he has completed his individual training. A corporal gets about 3s. a day. Regulars up to the rank of corporal receive only slightly higher pay.

Non-commissioned officers of the rank of serjeant and above are all Regulars and their pay rates are high compared with those of the British Army. An unmarried serjeant gets about £34-10s. a month and a married serjeant £37-10s., plus a billeting allowance of £4-15s. a month and £1-3s. a month for each child. All NCO's and officers receive a clothing allowance (in the case of a serjeant £27 a year) and automatic pay increases of between £2-10s. and £3-15s. a month after every three years service.

The Chief-of-Staff, Colonel Aloyse Jacoby and his Deputy Chief-of-Staff, Major W. Albrecht, were both put into Dachau concentration camp for their resistance activities during the war. The picture on the wall shows the Luxembourg Royal Family.

Pension rates are liberal. After 30 years service an officer or NCO retires on 50/60ths of his pay. A serjeant discharged because of illness or wounds receives about £16-10s. a month.

As there are no facilities for training young officers in Luxembourg all potential officers serve in the ranks for one year and are then sent either to the famous French military college at St. Cyr or to the Belgian Military Academy for a period of three years training. Not all this training is done at one time. After a year a lieutenant will return to the Luxembourg Army for a spell of duty with one of the two battalions and return later to complete his officer training.

There is very close liaison with other Western Union armies, and officers and non-commissioned officers are regularly sent to British and American Army training schools in Germany.

The Luxembourg Army has its own canteen service similar to NAAFI where the soldier can



The Luxembourg Army is one of the best-fed in the world. Here an officer inspects part of the day's baking of bread.

buy 600 cigarettes a month at the privileged price of 6d a packet of 20.

Football and fencing are very popular and every man must learn how to swim before he finishes his national service. Twice a week he goes to a swimming pool for instruction.

"Education is also an important part of our soldiers' training," Major Albrecht told SOLDIER. "All our young soldiers were children during the war and lack a really sound education. Like the British Army we set aside several periods each week to teach them mathematics, general knowledge and citizenship as well as to give them lectures on current affairs. We aim to turn out good citizens as well as good soldiers. That is taking another leaf out of the British Army's book."

The Luxembourg National Serviceman is on parade for nine

hours a day. He gets up earlier than the British soldier. At half-past five, rain or shine, he is on the barrack square doing physical training before breakfast at six o'clock. He then cleans out his room and lays out his kit before first parade at half-past seven. Training goes on until half-past eleven, when he breaks for lunch. Afternoon training begins at two o'clock and finishes at five. At half-past six the soldier may leave barracks if he is not on duty. He is not allowed out of barracks in his first six weeks training, but after that he gets a week-end pass once a month. The Regular has ten days leave a year, with one week-end every month. After ten years' service he becomes entitled to 16 days' leave a year. No soldier is ever more than 80 miles from home if he is serving with one of the two battalions.

## Men of Luxembourg



Senior-Serjeant D. Neven escaped from Luxembourg to join the Free French Navy, later fought with Britain's No 10 Commando at Walcheren.



Warrant-Officer Georg Doerfel joined the French Foreign Legion in 1936. During the war he served with the British Army's Belgian Brigade.

A notable figure in the Luxembourg Army is Captain Emil Krieps, a resistance leader who is credited with having organised the escape from Luxembourg during the Nazi occupation of several hundred young men. He was arrested and closely questioned by the Gestapo and released when nothing could be proved against him. He escaped from Luxembourg himself in 1942 and made his way to England by way of Belgium, France and Spain. He rarely speaks of his experiences in Spanish jails where, he says, the treatment was as brutal as in a German concentration camp. Shortly after arriving in England Captain Krieps joined the Special Air Service and was parachuted in civilian clothes into Belgium where he operated with the *Armée Blanche* (Belgian Maquis) until the invasion caught up with him. He wears three rows of medal ribbons (including British Army awards and the Belgian and Luxembourg Croix-de-Guerre) as well as the SAS wings. He married an English girl at the end of the war.

Lieutenant Jean Knaff, Finance Officer and 2/Lieutenant Leon Nicolas were two of the men Captain Krieps helped to escape. They both made their way to England through Belgium, France and Spain. Lieutenant Knaff served with the Belgian contingent of the RAF as observer/navigator instructor and 2/Lieutenant Nicolas was a sergeant in the Belgian Brigade.

One of the battle-hardened non-commissioned officers whose wartime experiences are invaluable in the training of Luxembourg's young soldiers is Warrant Officer Georg Doerfel who joined the French Foreign Legion in 1936 and served with them until 1942 when he joined the Belgian Brigade of the British Army, fighting in the North-West Europe campaign.

"With men like these to form the hard core of our army we cannot fail to make good soldiers," a senior officer told *SOLDIER*. "Many of our men are very young and lack a certain amount of administrative experience, but they are tremendously enthusiastic. There are many difficulties in the way but we are determined, as is every Luxembourger, to contribute all our strength to the security of our country and the rest of the democratic nations."

E. J. GROVE



The Guard salutes Prince Felix as his car leaves the Ducal Palace.



Warrant-Officer Arnold Erpelding, a former student and pre-war soldier, spent four years in a German concentration camp.



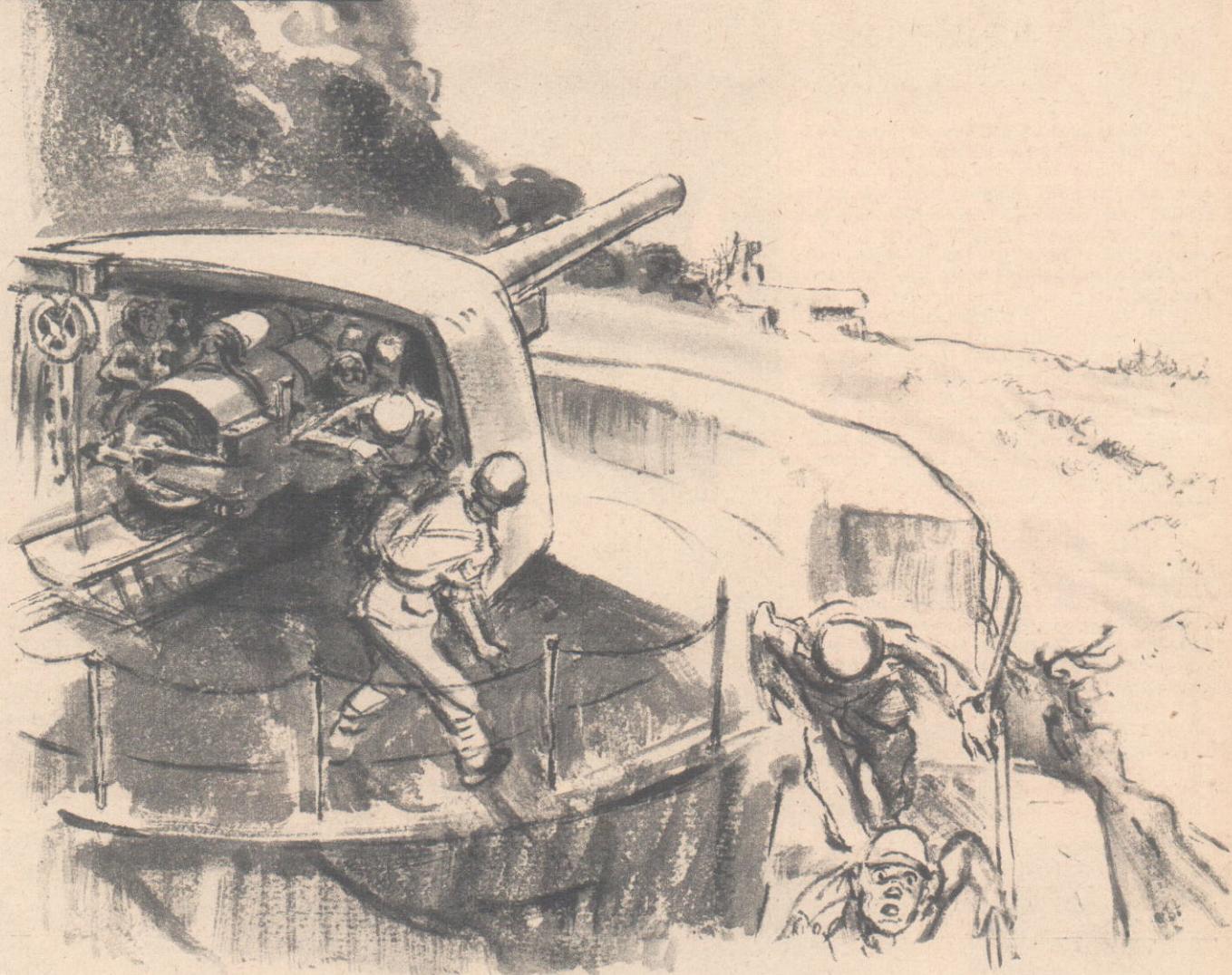
Senior-Sergeant Leon Schiltz escaped from Buchenwald concentration camp and returned to Luxembourg to join the Resistance.



Warrant-Officer Etienne Herber, a pre-war soldier, was another who was sent to a concentration camp by the Germans.



Sergeant Pierre Ries, of Luxembourg's military police, served with the Belgian Resistance for nearly three years.



Approaching the enemy's gun emplacement is a pilotless aircraft, packed with explosive. In its nose is a television unit which sends back a picture of the target to a parent screen. This is an artist's impression of a television bombardment device on which the Germans are said to have been working during World War Two.

# TARGET ON TELEVISION

**H**OW can television be used in war? John Logie Baird had hardly produced his box of tricks before this question was being debated, by scientists and amateur tacticians alike.

It did not require a great deal of imagination on the part of the layman to realise that television was an idea which could possibly be adapted for aerial reconnaissance, or for artillery spotting. Would the Forward Observation Officer of tomorrow be an all-seeing robot? Would a general at headquarters brief his commanders in the field with the aid of a televised map? If so, how could the enemy be prevented from looking in?

What few people realise is that the Germans during the war were conducting startling experiments with television weapons. Mention of these is made in a recently-published book, "Adventure in Vision," by John Swift, a well-known writer on television (John Lehmann 15s.).

Most of this book, which describes the first 25 years of television, is devoted to the uses and potentialities of the medium as a source of entertainment; but sandwiched in the middle is a chapter on television in wartime calculated to make the viewer at the fireside wonder what sort of devilish thing he has been showing off to his friends.

The Germans were working on the television reconnaissance idea. According to Mr. Swift, they were experimenting with a miniature television camera and radio link fitted in the nose of a radio-controlled pilotless aircraft, which could report back to a parent screen. A sudden cessation of images would presumably mean that the plane had been shot down.

An extension of this idea was to fit a miniature television transmitter into an explosive-loaded aircraft or missile which could then be steered to its target by remote control. On the parent screen the target would be seen clearer and clearer, bigger and bigger, as the missile neared it; then a blackout on the screen would indicate that a direct hit had been scored. Thus an observer in the safety of a shelter would receive almost as intimate a picture of a target being hit as the pilot of a "suicide" aircraft.

Another television idea which the enemy were investigating was for automatically steering explosive boats into ships.

According to Mr. Swift, the Germans had not had time to make much real progress with these ideas; but they had begun to use semi-skilled female labour to manufacture miniature television tubes; out of 300 made, 200 were considered satisfactory.

Mr. Swift recalls that when the war began Britain's television headquarters at Alexandra Palace became a radar nerve spot, and all our television brains were diverted to radar and kindred problems. The Germans kept a television service going, exclusively for the benefit of wounded Servicemen, until 1943, when the transmitter at Witzleben was destroyed in bombing. In Paris the Germans operated a television service until a week before the city was liberated. They smashed the Eiffel Tower transmitter before they left.

For two years the German television broadcasts in Paris were monitored by British Intelligence from a specially built station on Beachy Head. News reels of bomb damage caused by Allied airmen, with suitable propaganda comment, seem to have been the staple entertainment of those Parisians wealthy enough to possess television sets. The Germans may not have known that the enemy was "looking in," otherwise they would hardly have paraded their wounds so freely.

Whether, in a third world war, the nations could afford the luxury of maintaining television services is highly doubtful. It looks as though television experts would be diverted to working out warlike applications of their science. And REME would have one more job to learn.



## SOLDIER to Soldier

**K**OREA will shorten by one the already short list of countries in which the British Army has not hitherto campaigned.

The Army's motto might well be:

*Always a little further; it may be  
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,  
Across that angry or that glimmering sea...*

As this issue of *SOLDIER* goes to press, all that the world knows about the British land force for Korea is what is no military secret: that it will have guts.

By an unfortunate irony, the first British victims of the Korean affair were soldiers, who were aboard Naval vessels called upon to bombard the invading forces. It is in every way right that soldiers should now join the British sailors and airmen who have already performed some valiant feats in support of the embattled Americans.

In the strict sense, this is not the British Army's first commitment under the United Nations, though it may turn out to be the sharpest. The troops who are taking care of the former Italian colonies are there under the authority of the United Nations; a fact which the rest of the world tends to overlook. The British soldier has long been an international soldier.

By the time these lines appear there may be news of other forces for Korea, besides those of the Australians and New Zealanders (Turkey has made a notable offer). The answer to any sceptic who says that an effective international army cannot be welded out of a variety of national forces, however small, is to be found in the Italian campaign of Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, who had men of 26 nations under him, ranging from Basutos to Brazilians, Ceylonese to Cypriots. This army had its difficulties, but they were overcome, because the skill and the spirit were there.

Good luck to the Korea force! May it inspire the rest of the Army with envy!

a stop watch. This does not mean that all peace-time endurance tests are futile and that men ought not to try their best in them. It is in the soldier's interest that the scientists should find out as much as possible about his physical reactions, even if they cannot measure his moral courage.

\* \* \*

**T**HE industrious Mr. A. S. E. Ackermann, who enjoys fame as the compiler of a standard work entitled "Popular Fallacies" (newly revised and re-issued) really ought to include a section next time on military fallacies. He could lead off with "That there is such a rank as a King's Corporal."

Mr. Ackermann includes one or two military fallacies in his section on general misinformation, but these do not show him at his best. One of them is "That our soldiers, when charging, usually run forward." Mr. Ackermann's point is not that our soldiers run backward, but that they do not run at all: they walk. A soldier, he says, is too encumbered with kit to run, and would soon be exhausted if he did; if anybody runs, it is the enemy. There may be something in this, but not much; there have been "walking attacks," but they were not real charges. Meanwhile the Army obstinately continues to train its soldiers to run with the bayonet.

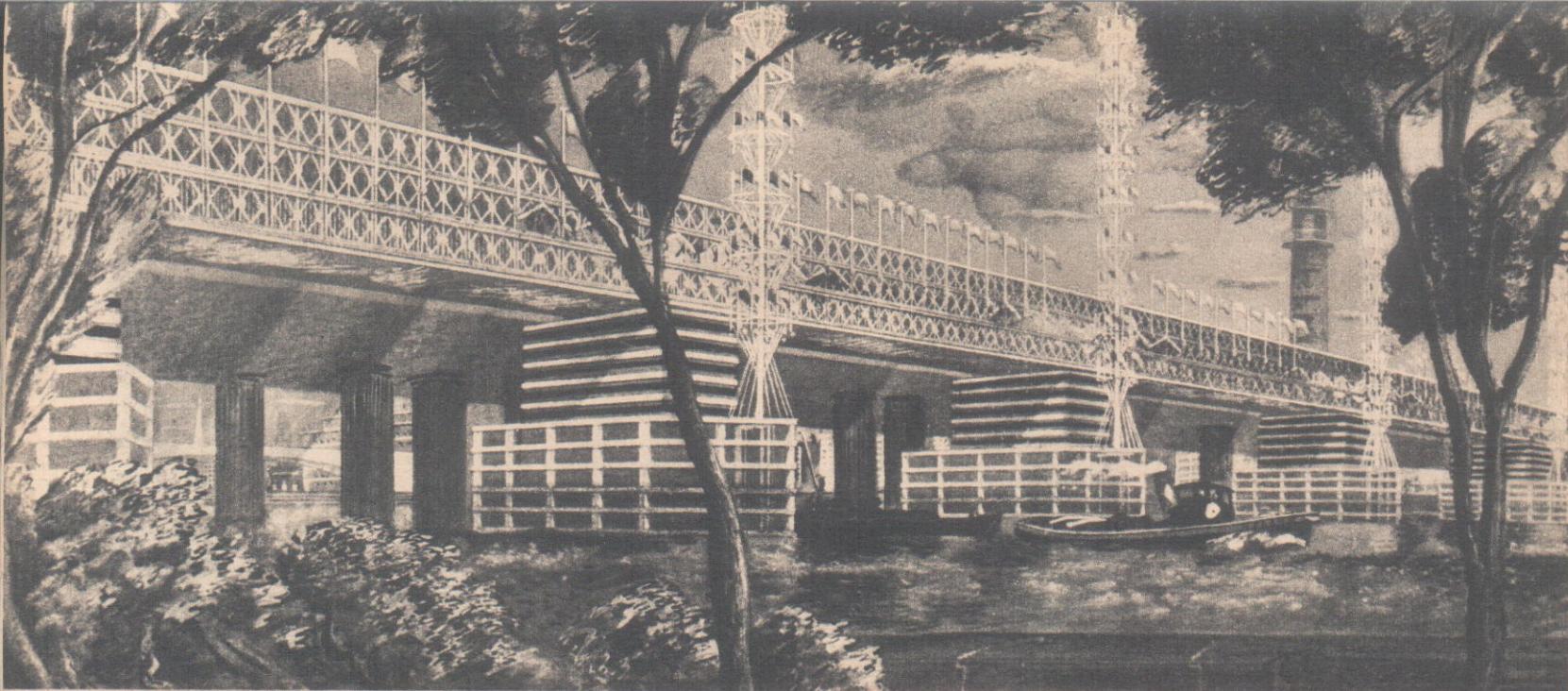
Rather sillier is Mr. Ackermann's argument that the Battle of Waterloo was not fought at Waterloo. He says it was fought half a league away — which is like saying that the Battle of Trafalgar is misnamed because it was fought some distance from Cape Trafalgar.

Mr. Ackermann goes on to quote the story of the person who, hearing that somebody's grandfather had fallen at Waterloo, asked, "Really? Which platform?" Another person to whom this story was told exclaimed, "Fancy asking which platform — as if that mattered!"

*SOLDIER*'s message to Mr. Ackermann is: Fancy bringing up that point about the battlefield of Waterloo — as if that mattered!

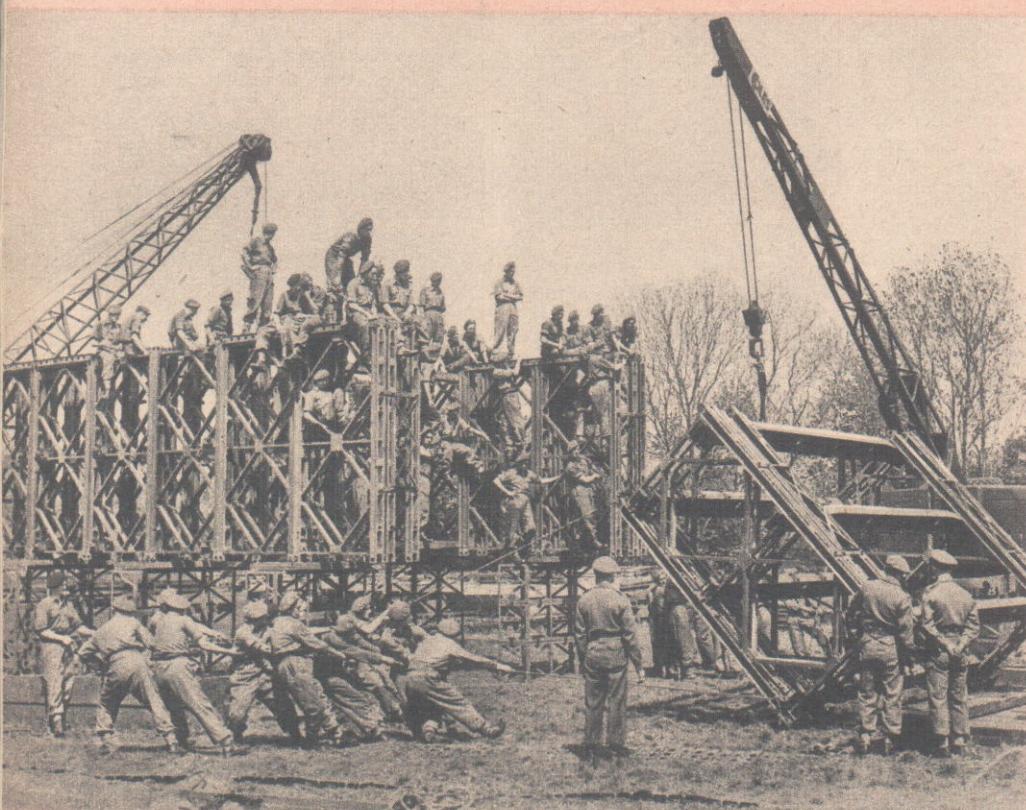
## 300 YEARS:

This year the Coldstream Guards have held a number of ceremonies to celebrate their tercentenary. Next month's *SOLDIER* will contain a special feature on the regiment.



# Festival Bridge

**The Army built it — and the Army filmed it. Royal Engineers of tomorrow will be able to see for themselves how the many obstacles were overcome**



Before the men of 36th Army Engineer Regiment moved to the banks of the Thames they had a thorough work-out in their camp at Maidstone.

How it will look on the day, painted and be-flagged: an artist's picture of the Festival Bridge. Compare with the picture on page 16.

**W**HEN Sappers sweated in the dust of battle to rush Bailey bridges across captured rivers, they did not foresee the time when one of these structures would span the Thames. Certainly not one decorated with flags and with a paybox and turnstile at one end.

For its contribution to the 1951 Festival of Britain, the Army had to overcome problems not encountered on active service. For one thing there was no Underground running under the Rhine, Maas or Po, to complicate the driving of piles.

Another difficulty was that one support of Hungerford railway bridge, parallel to which the Festival bridge runs, was damaged by a bomb, and this also had to be given a clear berth when piles were dropped into the river. The result is that between two spans of the Bailey bridge there is a gap of 85 feet, and between the next two a gap of 185 feet.

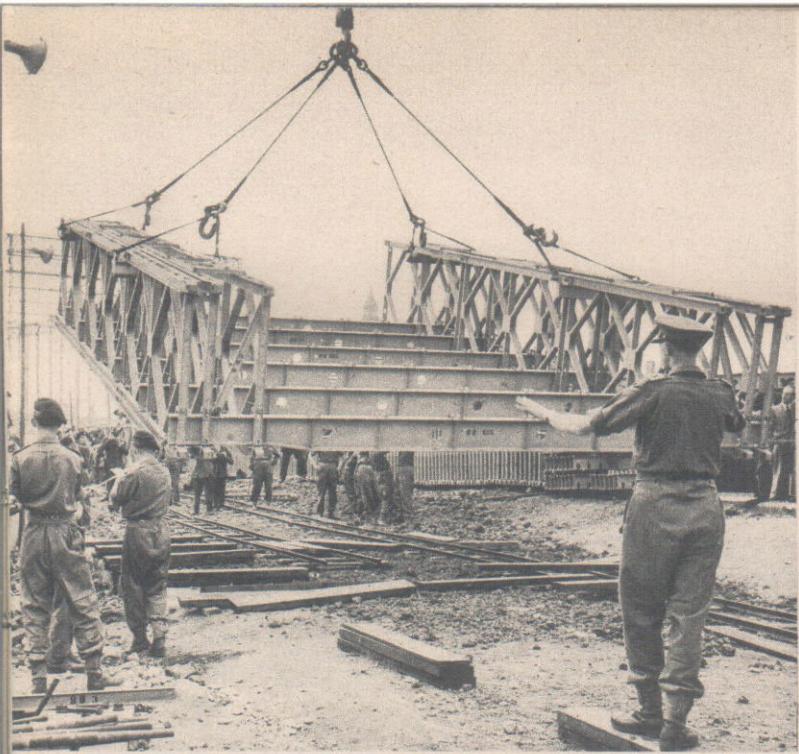
Those piles were not an Army responsibility. They were sunk by the London County Council. But the Royal Engineers had to bridge them, and to do so they were denied one of the aids used in war: the Port of London Authority would not allow any cables to span the river, as these would have endangered shipping. In war shipping can wait. In peacetime on the Thames it takes priority.

The result was that instead of the bridge being pulled across the Thames it had to be pushed. This was done by building a launching ramp 25 feet high on top of which was placed a "ram" capable of giving a 50-ton push. The ram was drawn by cables which ran over wheels at the end of the platform and down to a high-powered winch on the ground below. As each span of bridging was built on the launching platform, so it was pushed out section by section — like sausages out of a machine — from the "home" side of the river.

This work would have been difficult enough for war-experienced Sappers. For the young soldiers of 36th Army Engineer Regiment, 60 per cent of whom were National Servicemen, it was quite a feat. The War Office only agreed to the Army undertaking the work on condition that it counted as training, and it was expected that the young officers and men doing the day-to-day construction would make mistakes. They did, and one which received wide publicity was the crash of the first span into the water. But mistakes in training do not matter so long as the lesson is learned.

The idea of a Bailey bridge started with the Festival authorities. Major A.R.

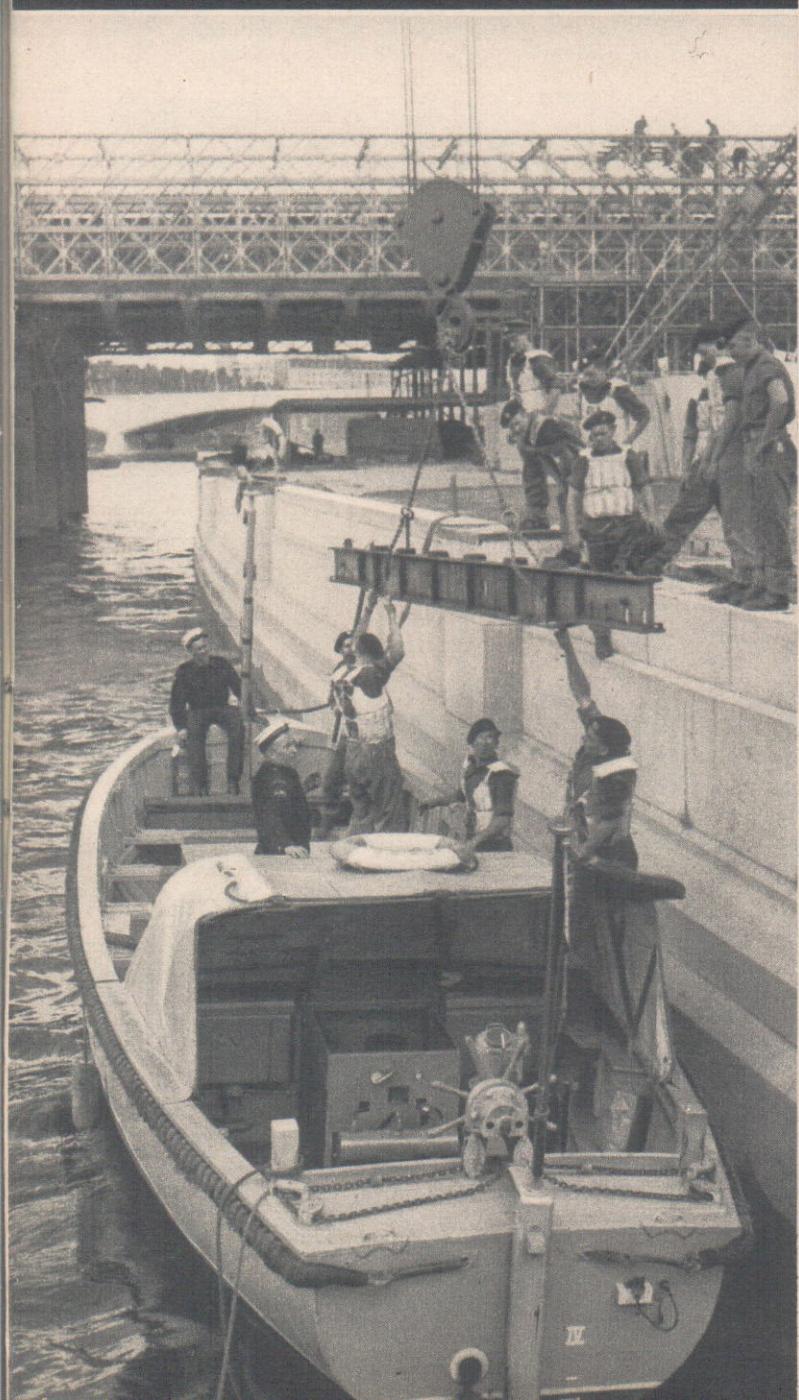
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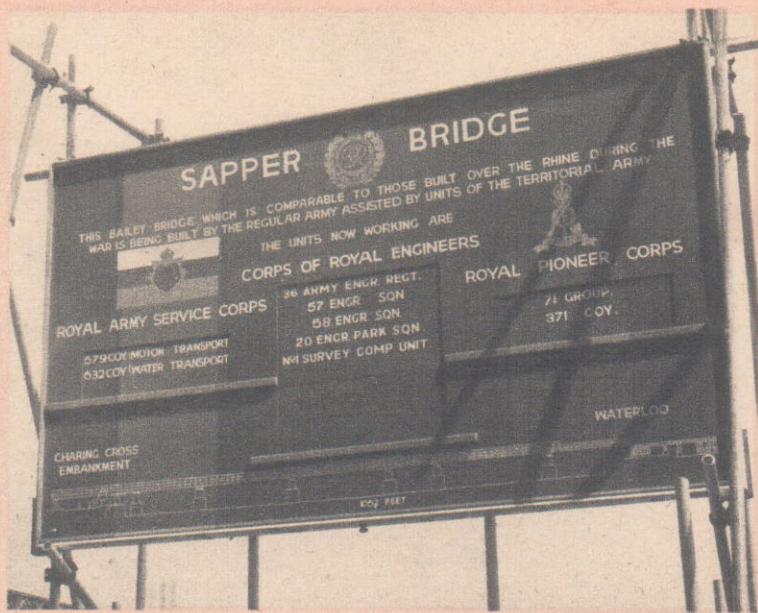


Lifting the first section ready for launching the first span of the bridge. Below: a girder goes by RASC launch to the men working on the north end of the bridge.



The bridge is almost across, and transoms are being fixed into place. Below: Sapper Kenneth Excell wore a life jacket when he assembled roller bearings on top of a pier for support of the bridge.





For benefit of spectators, the Army erected a "credits" board.

## FESTIVAL BRIDGE (Continued)

Neale, staff officer to the Chief Engineer of London District, produced rough designs for a 1060-foot Bailey and the idea was agreed by the Army Council. Major Neale then went to see Mr. A. E. Long, a former Sapper who helped to design the Rhine bridges and who is now a bridging expert with the Ministry of Supply, Military Engineering Experimental Establishment at Christchurch. Together they drew up full details.

Orders went out for 2200 panels, 4500 bracing bolts, 6000 panel pins and a mass of other stores which totalled 2000 tons. A crane with a 120-foot derrick — almost the height of Nelson's Column — with a lifting power of seven tons was assembled on the South Bank to lift the panels on to the launching ramp.

At Maidstone the Sappers practised on a £3000 model of the bridge and then rehearsed assembling the panels and moving them into position on rollers. They then moved to a camp at Wormwood Scrubs and at the end of May started the bridge, working in two daily shifts.

The bridge weighs 750 tons, and can carry a load equal to one medium tank at every 80 feet. The sides are of three-panel thickness and three-panel depth — technically known as a triple-triple span. One week-end the 400 men — the number includes Sapper survey experts, men of the RASC and Royal Pioneer Corps — worked continuously for 60 hours to build the end of the bridge on to the Embankment.

Recording it all for posterity



The camp on the South Bank. In background is the framework of the Dome of Discovery.

was Lance-Corporal Arthur Emerson, Royal Engineers, who because of his handle-bar moustache was known to everyone as Sam Costa. A former warrant officer in the RAF, he is an expert with the camera. Using both ciné and plate cameras he shot 600 feet of film and exposed hundreds of plates which will be used for instruction.

Some of the National Servicemen found themselves working very near home. Sapper Colin Kidd lives at Willesden, five miles from the bridge, Sapper Charles Peak at Custom House, just down river. Only a few of

the Regulars on the job had built Bailey bridges on active service. On three week-ends Sappers of 25 and 27 Engineer Groups of the Territorial Army assisted.

Said Major A. G. Peart, second-in-command of 36th Army Engineer Regiment: "They had to post us National Servicemen who were not due for release until after the bridge was complete. We could not afford to train men for this particular post only to find that some of them were due out before the bridge was ready."

What happens to the bridge after the Exhibition? No one has yet decided.



It's across. Note (left) the old Shot Tower, the concert hall under construction, and (right) part of the Dome of Discovery.



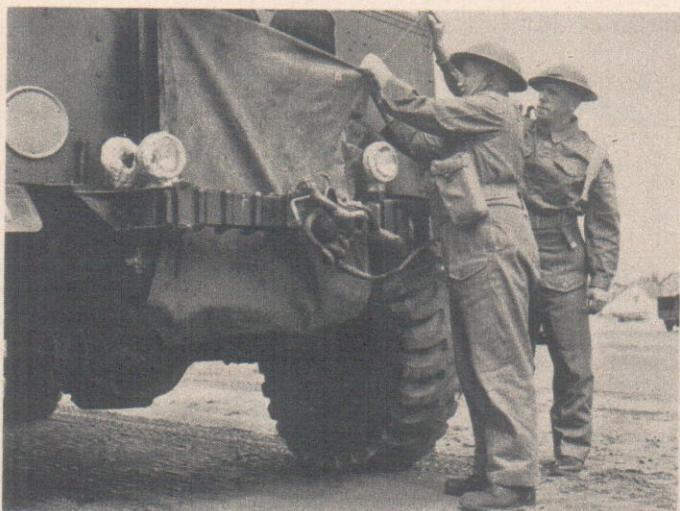
In modern war even guns and radar must be able to wade ashore. These pictures show how the job is done

# SPLASH went the Guns - BUT THEY FIRED



Vital parts of the 3.7 inch gun are encased in a giant waterproof bag, carefully sealed. Hardest problem is to keep moisture from the roller race on which the gun traverses.

(Pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman Leslie A. Lee)



Under the eye of Sergeant H. Morgan, Driver J. Hayward fixes a groundsheet over the Matador's radiator, to prevent rush of water forcing back and damaging fan blades. Right: heading for shore — with the water almost up to the gun barrel.

THE shipbuilders of Tudor times, hewers of oak and pickers of oakum, who flourished along the tidal estuaries of North Devon, would be shocked at the things that go on there today.

Holiday-makers of 1950 are shocked as it is. The monstrosities which churn and swirl in the shallows of the Torridge estuary at Instow seem to have more in common with the giant reptiles of pre-history.

It is here that the Army carries out its water-proofing trials. Almost every piece of equipment used in warfare has passed through the hands of the Wading Trials Branch of the Maintenance Technique Development Establishment.

The latest trial, and one of the most successful, was the bringing ashore of a troop of heavy anti-aircraft guns complete with radar equipment, allowing for a six-minute wade through more than four feet of water.

There are so many problems attached to a feat of this sort that it is difficult to know which to tackle first, but the main thing that must always be borne in mind is that the guns would

be going ashore to fight. Therefore, whatever steps are taken to water-proof them, they must be capable of firing almost as soon as they arrive on the beach. A water-proofing technique must be devised that can be completed by the gun crews themselves and ripped off by them in a matter of minutes.

The main parts of the guns to be protected are the electrical fittings and the roller race which allows the gun to traverse. Sea water getting into the roller race is bound to bring with it sand which has been churned up by the wheels. This mixes with the grease in the race and before long the traversing apparatus

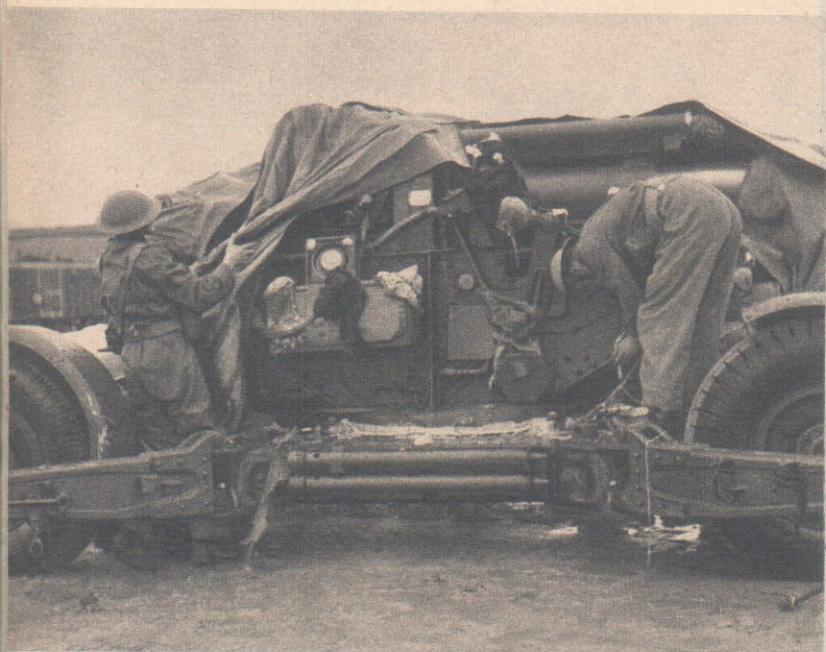
OVER



## SPLASH went the Guns (Continued)



Into the shallows — then the gun detachments bring the gun into action, whipping off the water-proofing which has served its purpose.



sounds like the gear-box of a learner lady driver. The water-proofing of the roller race alone includes the sealing up of 2000 separate nuts and bolts on the underside of the gun carriage. As for the electrical gear, one drop of water may be enough to make nonsense of the information transmitted from the predictor.

It is not too difficult to water-proof the radar equipment because the whole van in which it is housed can be sealed, but this raises other snags. In over four feet of water the van will float clear of the sea-bed, and as most of the apparatus is on one side of the van it takes on an alarming list. A little wave is enough to capsize it completely. The floating van also has a tendency to lift the rear wheels of the towing vehicle, leaving them to thresh helplessly in the sea. Radar equipment must therefore be balanced and weighted down with bars of pig-iron, but the ballast must not be so heavy that the towing vehicle cannot pull it on shore.

Then comes the problem of the towing vehicles themselves. The exhaust pipe can operate under water, providing the engine is not allowed to stall, but the induction pipe must be above the surface. There must also be breather pipes fitted to any part where pressure is created under running conditions — the fuel tank for instance. Condensation is another thing to beware of, particularly in the distributor. The shock of cold water on the warm distributor will cause moisture to

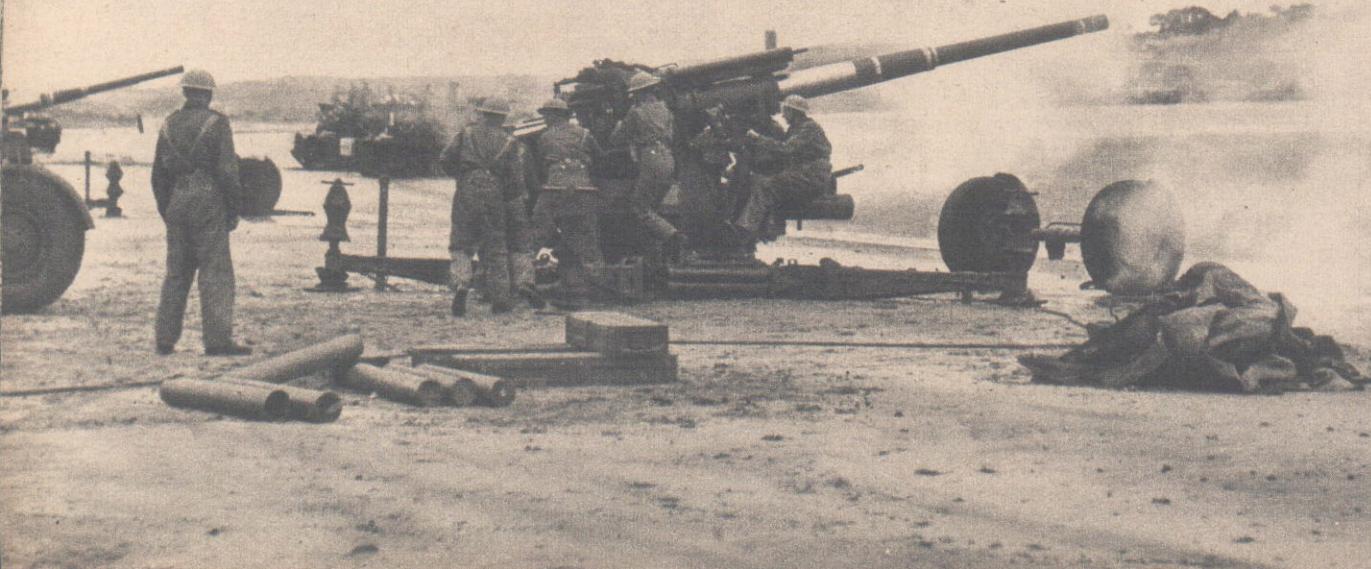
form inside it and collect on the points to prevent the current from going through to the sparking plugs.

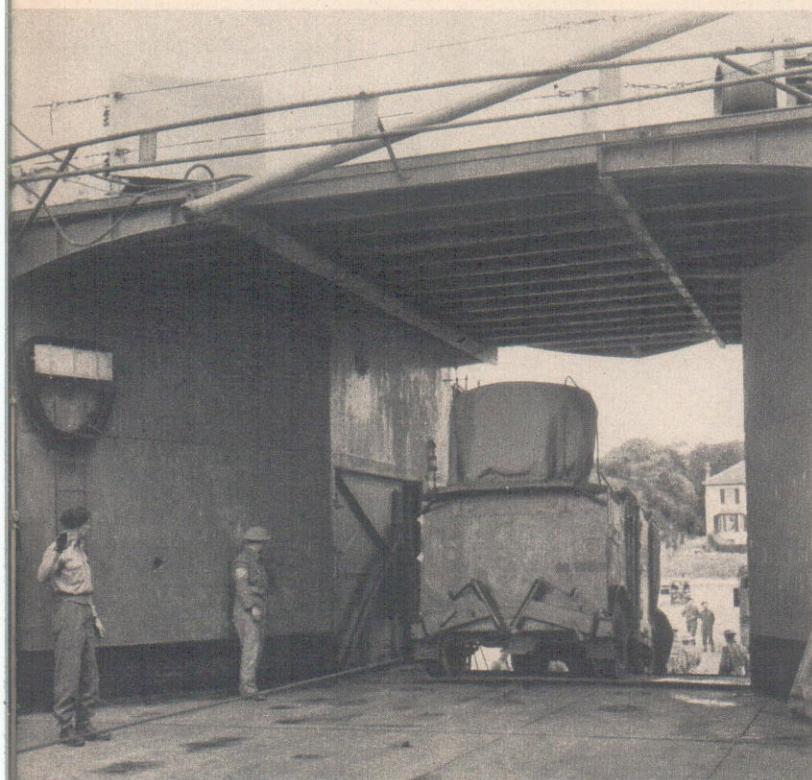
The only thing that is not sealed or given breathing tubes is the unfortunate driver. When he first drives down the ramp of the landing craft his vehicle usually buries its nose in the sea right up to the windscreen. This means that the driver is waist-deep in water and that his controls and levers are submerged. One of the most difficult tasks of the experts is to teach the average truck driver to keep his foot hard down on the accelerator in such conditions. If he fails to do so the engine stalls, water rushes up the exhaust pipe and by its pressure on the exhaust valves prevents the pistons from working when the starter is pressed again. The truck clatters the end of the ramp and has to be towed ashore by a beach armoured recovery vehicle — a Sherman tank specially adapted to function in up to nine feet of water.

It was this giant which threw the Germans into alarm on D-Day. In one sector the landing craft carrying REME vehicles inadvertently ran ashore first. The recovery vehicle swirled towards the beach and the local opposition, before taking to its heels, flashed back to headquarters the news that the Allied invasion was led by a "new British monster aquatic tank."

The incredible wading feats which our assault equipment performed on D-Day were the re-

Salvo — just to show that the guns are none the worse for their ducking. In background are two beach armoured recovery vehicles — but their services were not needed.





The guns are of little use without radar to put them on target. Above: water-proofed radar vehicle is loaded on the vessel. Below: the same vehicle stripped of its covering, and in action.



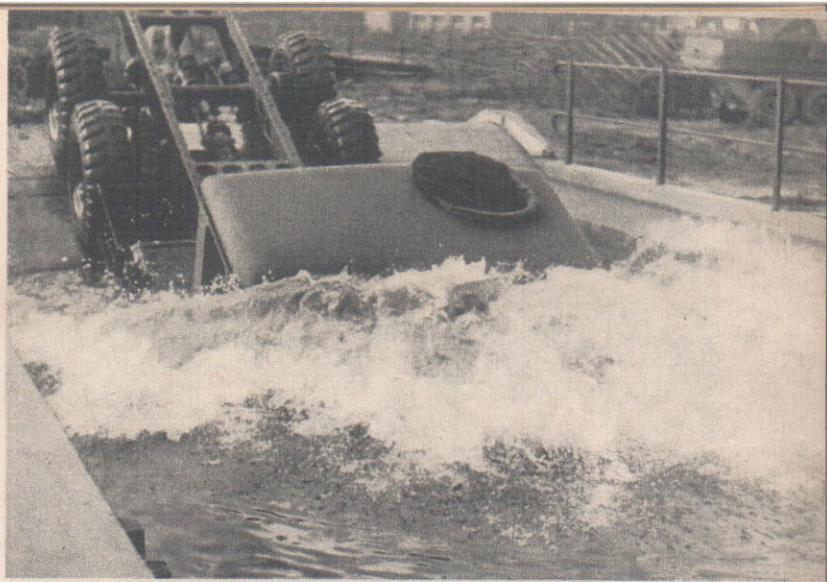
sult of trials and experiments that had been going on ever since Dunkirk, but even when the war ended there was still much to learn about water-proofing techniques and possibilities. Since the war the Wading Trials Branch has steadily increased the wading abilities of British equipment. Holiday-makers on the beach at Instow were recently intrigued by what looked like a periscope approaching the shore in about six feet of water. Their bewilderment turned to amazement when out of the sea appeared an old Bedford three-tonner chassis, driven by two men in diving suits. It was an example of the ultimate in water-proofing.

It would be easy, of course, to box everything up so completely that it would stay water-proof indefinitely, but the equipment would also take days to unseal.

Every technique must be such that it can be carried out almost entirely by the users of the equipment and stripped entirely by them, under REME supervision.

The anti-aircraft troop which went ashore had been water-proofed by its own crews and the same men took it ashore and got it into action. They were nearly all National Servicemen from 65 Heavy AA Regiment, Royal Artillery, and they did the job after only ten days of special training.

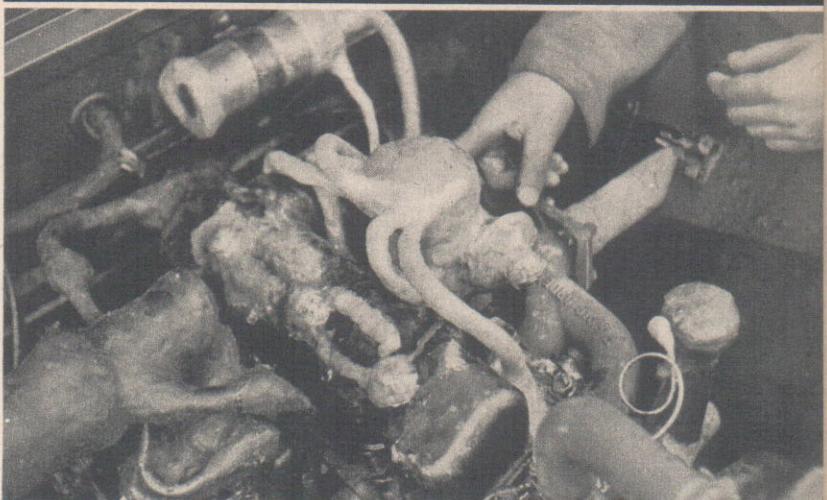
The Army keeps producing bigger and better vehicles and the General Staff keeps increasing the depth at which they must wade and the time they must be able to spend in the water. But the Wading Trials Branch accepts each new demand with the confidence of past successes. "The bigger they are, the deeper they go," is their motto. **TED JONES**



These pictures (by courtesy Wading Trials Branch) show some of the tricks they get up to at Instow. Above: a six-wheeler enters the fresh water tank. Though thoroughly soaked, the driver must keep his foot on the accelerator.

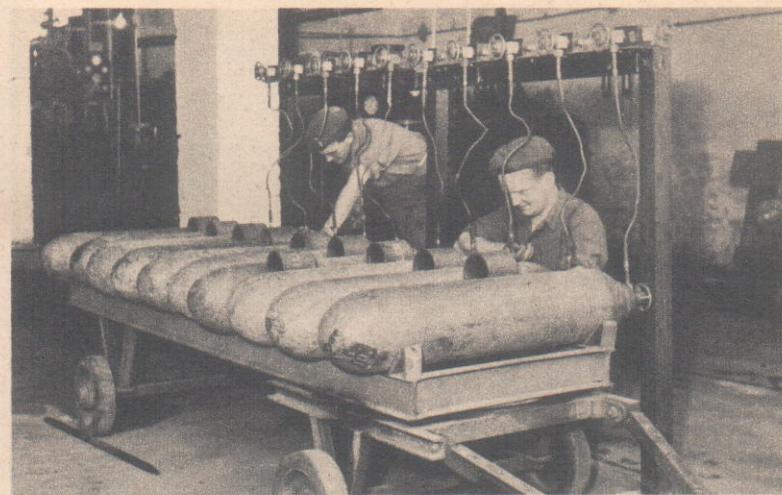


A tank undergoes trials in a choppy sea. The driver has a glimpse of what life is like in a submarine.



Above: The engine of a Land Rover suitably prepared for wading trials. Below: Yes, it's a Land Rover, and still going strong.





Left: Sergeant T. Glen, REME, shows a class of National Servicemen packing from an acetylene gas cylinder. Above: L/Cpl. A. Egerton and Private G. Davies tighten inlet valves of cylinders filled with flame-thrower gas.

### Infantry and Gunners, workshops and hospitals depend on the men of this Industrial Gas Platoon in Rhine Army

**W**HEN a conjuror produces a rabbit out of thin air there is a catch in it somewhere. But there is no catch about the way soldiers of No. 358 Industrial Gas Platoon in Rhine Army produce, literally out of thin air, vast quantities of gases used by many units in the British Zone of Germany and in Austria.

This unit is only 20-strong but on it depends the production of special "inert" gas which operates flame-throwers, acetylene gas and oxygen for welding and cutting in workshops, nitrogen for artillery recuperators and oxygen cylinders for military hospitals in Germany and Austria. Every week some 1000 or more cylinders filled

with these gases leave the Gas Platoon's stock-pile to be replaced with empty cylinders for refilling.

Most of the Gas Platoon's work is producing the "inert" gas (it is composed of 85 per cent nitrogen and 15 per cent carbon dioxide and will not ignite) which operates the Wasp and Crocodile flame-throwers and the Infantry Ack-Pack.

The machine which produces this gas is a Heath-Robinson looking affair housed in a former

These are a few of the inert gas cylinders which provide the power behind flame-throwers.

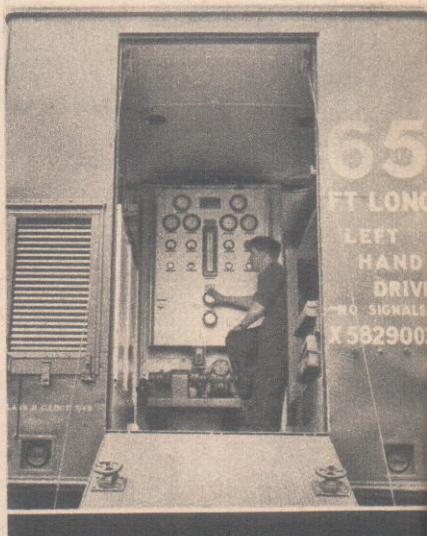


## Their Raw Material is - AIR

German panzergarage. A generator driven pump sucks air into a brick-lined combustion chamber where it meets burning diesel oil. In this way the air is split into its main components: nitrogen and oxygen. At the same time the oxygen mixes with the carbon from the diesel to form carbon dioxide and with the sulphur from the diesel to become sulphur dioxide.

After leaving the combustion chamber the mixture passes through a solution of soda ash to remove the sulphur dioxide and a water trap and dryer which absorb all the moisture. When the gas, now pure nitrogen and carbon dioxide, enters a compressor it is built up in three stages to a pressure of 3000 lbs a square inch and is then led through high-pressure copper filling lines into the cylinders. Fifteen of these can be filled in one hour.

Oxygen and nitrogen are produced on a special mobile plant mounted on one of the Army's largest vehicles — a 65-ft long trailer pulled by a 100 horsepower motor. The unit's name for



The "Fried Fish Shop" is the unit's nickname for the mobile oxygen and nitrogen plant — one of the Army's longest vehicles. Above: keeping a watchful eye on pressures.

it is the "Fried Fish Shop" because of the resemblance when the side shutters are let down.

On this machine, which requires seven men to operate, air is drawn into a compressor and boosted up to a very high pressure — about 3000 lbs a square inch — in three stages. It then passes through a series of purifying and drying chambers to remove water and carbon dioxide before being rapidly cooled to a sub-zero temperature. This mixture of oxygen and nitrogen is then liquified and separated, the liquid oxygen passing into a pump where it is compressed once more before entering the cylinders as a pure gas. The nitrogen flows into a second compressor and is either led into other cylinders or dispersed into the air.

Making acetylene gas calls for strict precautions. Men have to wear special rubber-soled boots and work with white metal or brass tools to minimise the risk of causing sparks. The diesel engine which drives the generator and compressors must be well out of the way and the rate of gas compression must be very slow to avoid over-heating the cylinders.

Sergeant Thomas Glen, REME, told *SOLDIER*: "Great care must be taken in handling the cylinders, which can explode if roughly treated or if exposed to undue heat. A full cylinder left out in the sun is highly combustible and if knocked over could easily explode with disastrous results."

In the production of acetylene gas the cylinders are filled with finely-ground charcoal or kapok-wool treated with a special acid called acetone. When the gas, which is made by pouring water on to calcium carbide and then purifying and drying it, is fed into the cylinders it is dissolved completely by the acetone and then absorbed by the charcoal or kapok-wool. Any "loose" pockets of gas are dangerous. The quantity of acetone in each cylinder must be carefully weighed before the gas is allowed to flow into it. Too little would mean that all the gas would not be dissolved.

Another important part of the Gas Platoon's work is testing the cylinders which come in for refill. All cylinders, except acetylene, are inspected for rust, oil and other defects and then connected to a high-pressure jet which forces water into them at one and a half times the normal working pressure. The slightest crack or fault is easily detected.

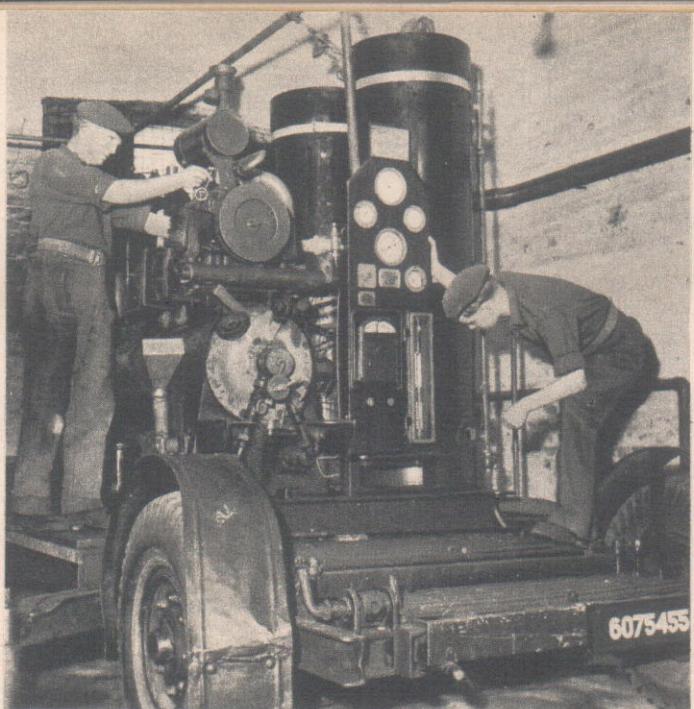
Half the men of the Gas Platoon belong to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the other half to the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Every man is able to do his opposite number's job.

Most of the men are National Servicemen chosen for their knowledge of chemistry and engines. Lance-Corporal Alan Elder, REME, a student at Glasgow Agricultural College before he entered the Army, told *SOLDIER*: "I never thought making industrial gases would help me when I leave the Army to complete my studies in agricultural engineering. But I have learned so much about so many different types of engines that I feel I could operate almost any machine."

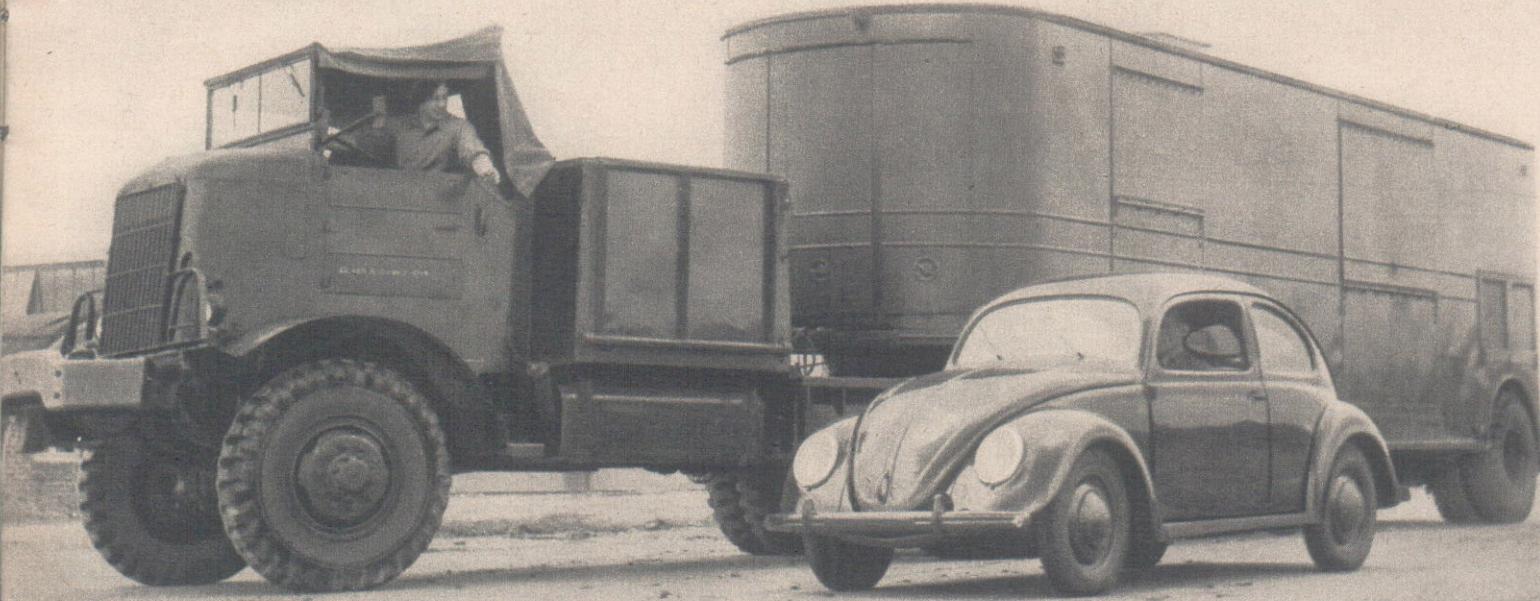
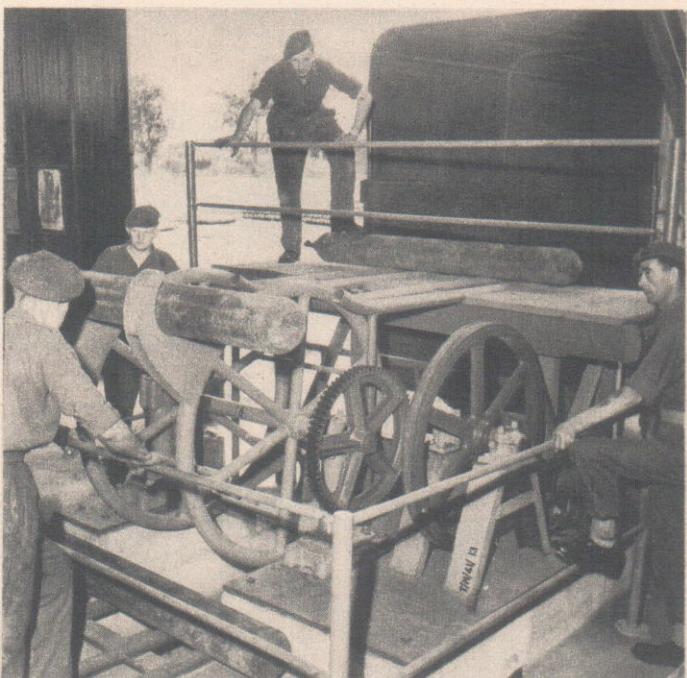
Two Regular soldiers with the unit are the Commanding Officer, Captain W. I. Magill, RAOC and Sergeant T. Glen, REME who served in industrial gas platoons when they were first formed in North Africa in 1943. Before then most of the gas cylinders required by the British Army were shipped from home. Someone decided it was too expensive to waste valuable shipping space when the gases could be produced on the spot.

Sergeant Glen served with 50 Army Industrial Gas Platoon in Italy and came to Rhine Army all the way by road from Naples via Leghorn, Marseilles, and Brussels. Captain Magill (incidentally one of the tallest officers in Rhine Army — he stands 6 ft 6 ins in his socks) commanded No. 3 Base Industrial Gas Platoon in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Nine of his platoon were killed and 30 wounded when a V2 dropped on a gas plant and cylinders at Antwerp.

ERIC JAMES



Checking the gauges and levels of the combustion chamber in the early stages of manufacturing an inert gas. Below: The Platoon built this special loader to lift cylinders on to trucks (a cylinder weighs one hundredweight).

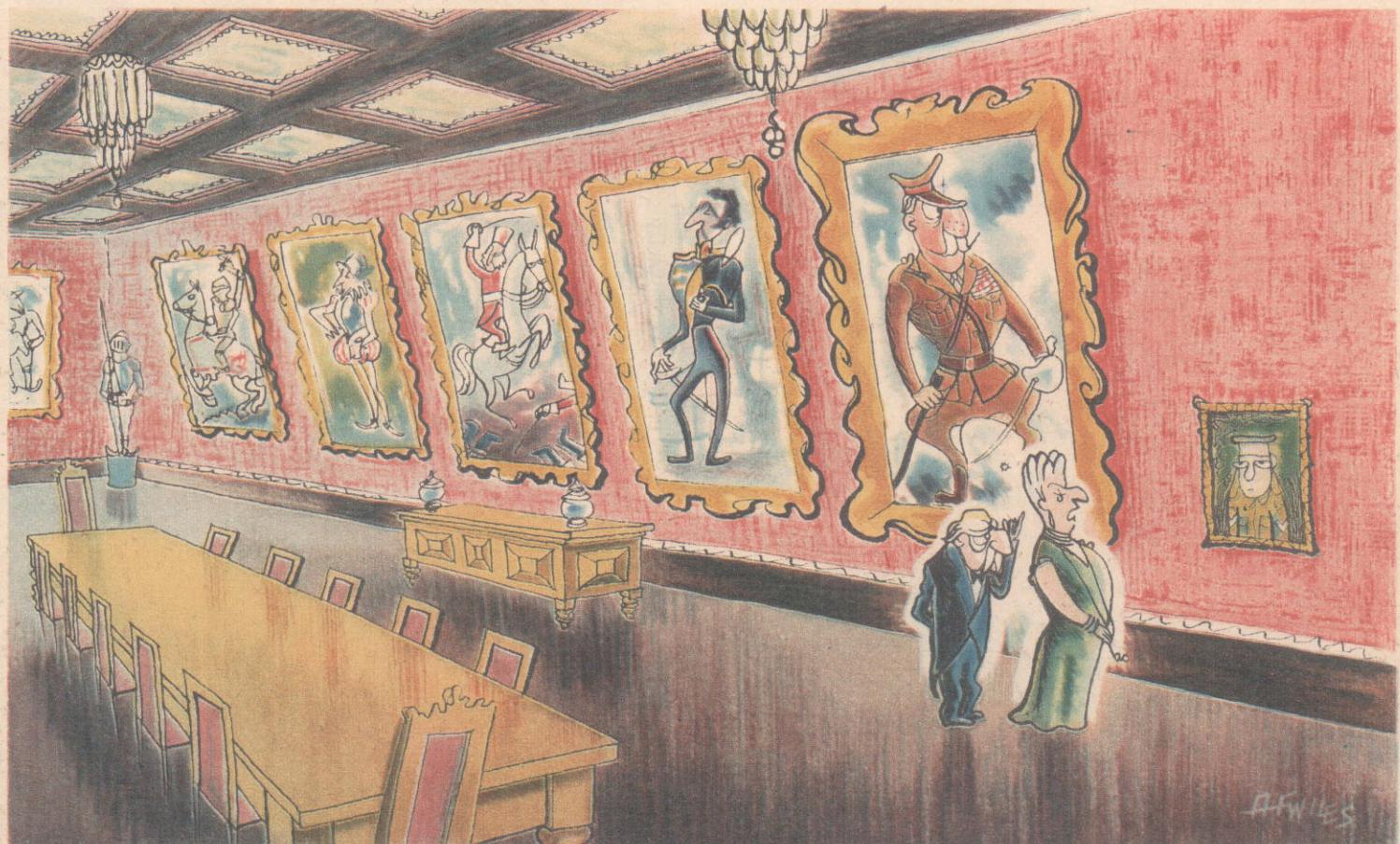
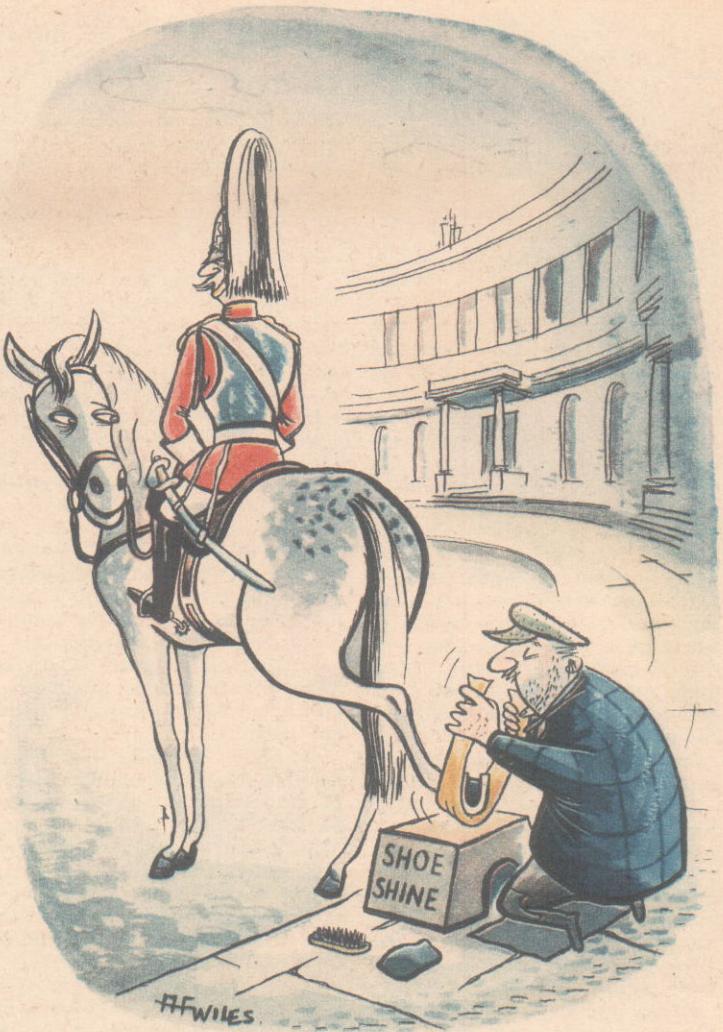




"Not now, fathead!"

## SMILES by Wiles

Since he left the Royal Signals in Rhine Army in Age Group 65, 24-year-old A. F. WILES has advanced into the front rank of humorous artists



"I must confess we were a little disappointed with Arbuthnot."

FOR more than a year troops stationed in Malaya and Hong-Kong who had the urge, the time and the cash, were given an opportunity of spending a leave in Australia.

Those lucky enough to get on the passenger lists of the Dakotas which flew down at the rate of about one a fortnight to Parafield, Adelaide, for refit, had an almost expense-free trip covering nearly 8000 miles.

While the scheme lasted 32 officers and 33 men and WRAC girls took advantage of it. The idea started when Subaltern D. L. Kinsella, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, inquired whether she could hitch a ride on a Dakota to see her mother at Cora Lynn, Victoria. The Army consulted Far East Air Force Headquarters and in no time Subaltern Kinsella was flying south.

Not surprisingly, when word got round, more applications for jaunts to the Antipodes came in. The Royal Air Force most obligingly sanctioned an official scheme for giving free air passages to members of all three Services who had at least 30 days leave due and wanted to spend it in Australia. Applicants had to be ready to take off at short notice; this depended on the weather, the serviceability of aircraft and operational requirements. The Dakotas are used not only for courier duties to Hong-Kong, Saigon and Rangoon, but also for troop-ferrying and supply-dropping. If anything arose to delay the return of the aircraft from Australia, the troops on leave had to be prepared to pay their own return fare by civil ship or aircraft in order to be back before their leave expired. This no doubt accounted for the high proportion of officers to men taking advantage of the scheme.

First stop on the flight was at Soerabaja, in Java, where the British Servicemen were hospitably put up in messes of the Dutch Navy Air Arm, and had time to see the town; then came a pause in Dutch Timor. Darwin



Dakotas were flying down to Adelaide for refit — and there was room on board for a sprinkling of Servicemen anxious for a jaunt "Down Under."

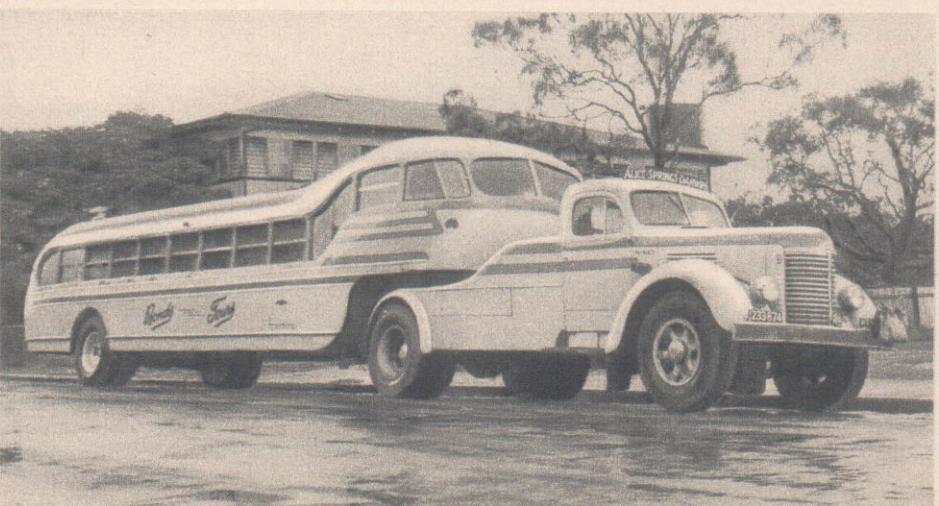
## The Lucky Few had a Chance to Take LEAVE IN AUSTRALIA

was the first halt in Australia — a Darwin still bearing scars left by Japanese air raids: timely reminder that the Pacific is a pond nowadays. Then a midnight hop to Alice Springs, in mid-continent, with blankets and hot water in much demand on board the aircraft, which flew for a spell at 10,000 feet. After a dawn touch-down for refuelling came a flight over the weird, many-coloured salt oceans, with occasional patches of gum trees; then Adelaide's airport, as crisp and clean as a new bank note.

From Adelaide some of the Servicemen went to Melbourne or Sydney; others even travelled as far west as Perth. Everywhere the Royal Australian Air Force gave tremendous hospitality. The visitors stayed in the messes of their opposite air force numbers, or at clubs of the Returned Ex-Servicemen's League. Australian Servicemen seem to hold their "Pommy" comrades in very high regard. Many of them were anxious to return some of the hospitality they enjoyed in Britain in World War Two — to say nothing of World War One. — From a report by Captain Colin D. Edwards, Military Observer.

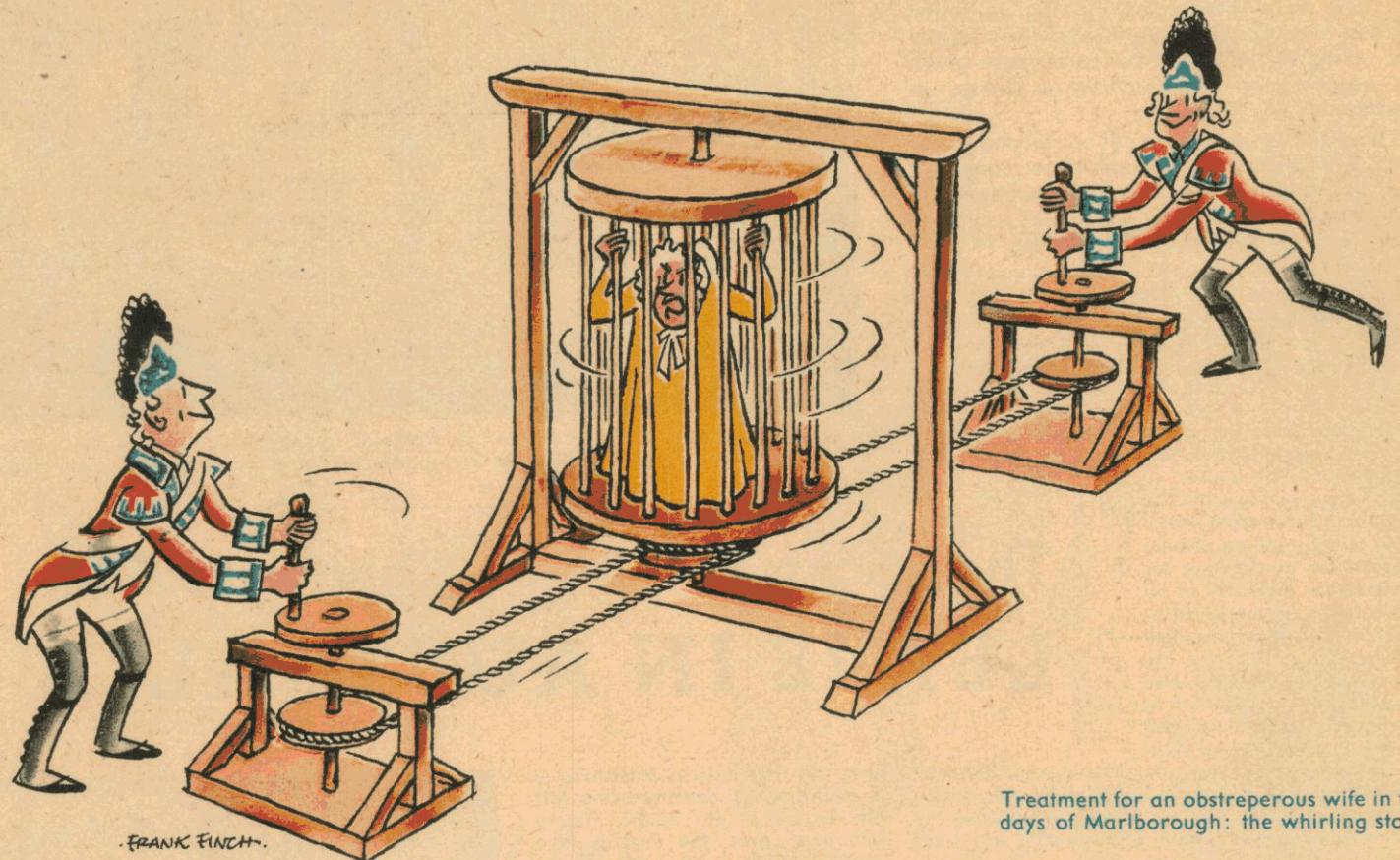


Ivy-clad Victoria Barracks, Melbourne was where Servicemen on leave kept in touch with the Royal Air Force. Below: British soldiers were intrigued by the type of trans-continental coach which plies through Australia's northern deserts.



Business under the sun-umbrella: British Servicemen saw for themselves that Australians really were keen racing men.





FRANK FINCH.

Treatment for an obstreperous wife in the days of Marlborough: the whirling stool.

# Wives Were Always a Worry

The soldier's is the trade:  
In any wind or weather  
He steals the heart of maid  
And man together.

THAT was how A. E. Housman summed it up. And because both men and maids are susceptible to the sound of the bugles, the Army has always suffered from woman trouble. "Married Families," as the Army rather scrupulously calls them, have usually been a quartermaster's — if not a tactician's — headache.

Today, in certain garrisons, soldiers' wives are invited to sit on committees and make suggestions for improving community life: a state of affairs which would have scandalised Marlborough and Wellington.

In the old days wives were camp followers (a phrase which covered pedlars, prostitutes and parasites of all kinds): a tolerated nuisance in peace and sometimes an intolerable nuisance on operations. The wise wife stayed at home; yet sometimes the adventurous wife who trailed faithfully after her husband through a harrowing campaign had her reward on the battlefield, where she was able to prevent her man from bleeding to death.

There have been camp followers ever since there have been armies. When the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon made their famous 2000-mile march through Babylonia to the Black Sea, harried by the Persians, many of the soldiers kept their wives and mistresses with them throughout.

In England's feudal days, wives joined their husbands on the ramparts of castles, handing up jars

Today the Army looks on wives with an indulgent eye. But in the old days the girl who fell for a soldier lived a spartan life crowded with indignities — though with luck she could nurse him on the battlefield

trade. Thus they were inclined to overcharge, which often led to trouble. The most famous suttler was Mother Ross, who — until she took on that job — served for many years in the ranks disguised as a man, and fought at Blenheim and Ramillies.

In the chronicles of Mother Ross is an example of the stern line the Army sometimes adopted towards women "camp followers" who were guilty of misdemeanours. The offender would be placed on a whirling stool, a cage-like contraption which was revolved by two soldiers until the occupant was dizzy. This crude punishment — a variation on the ducking stool and the scold's bridle — usually drew appreciative crowds. Sometimes a wayward wife was pilloried, with a card pinned on her describing her offence:

"If any of the soldiers' wives or children happen to be taken ill, never give them any assistance. You receive no pence from them, and you know *ex nihilo nihil sit* (out of nothing, nothing comes). Excuse yourself by saying, which you probably may with much truth, that you have not medicines enough for the soldiers."

In the British Military Journal of 1799 is this table entitled "Expence for a Married Soldier, a Wife and Three Children":

Breakfast	Milk.....	£0-0-1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
	Bread.....	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Dinner	1 lb of meat.....	4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
	Vegetables and salt.....	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
	Bread.....	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Supper	Milk & potatoes or broth ..	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
	Bread.....	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
	Bread per day to the husband ..	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
		£0-1-4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>

The rate for the day for an unmarried soldier was 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>.

From the point of view of military efficiency in the field, camp followers could be a burden. The sutleresses were not always content to be followers; they wanted to be leaders. In the Peninsular Wars it is recorded that after a night's halt they were often first away on their mules, thus blocking the passes and checking the advance. To angry officers trying to drive their men on, the women would yell back insults. Sometimes the provost-marshall would ride ahead, and when the women came into view would shoot the two leading mules. This would bring forth such curses as "May you never see home until the vultures have plucked out your eyes!" but it cleared the roads.

Historians say that a soldier's widow would receive dozens of proposals before her husband's body was cold. What happened to all the children born during campaigns is not clear, though an officer would often be seen riding ahead of his wife, who in turn

would be followed by a nurse on horseback carrying a baby.

On the field of Waterloo many wives nursed their men, and officers still dressed in the uniforms which they had put on for the Duchess of Richmond's ball died in their wives' arms. A famous officer's wife of this period was Juana, a Spanish lady, whom Sir Harry Smith, then a subaltern of the 95th Rifles, rescued from the ruins of Badajoz. She accompanied him from battle to battle and was to give her name to Ladysmith, the town of siegue fame.

Until mid-nineteenth century married quarters were primitive in the extreme. Barracks were not begun until 1793, and then only on a small scale. For benefit of married soldiers, one end of the barrack-room was crudely curtained off, and single soldiers could overhear all the strife and intimacies of domestic life "beyond the veil." At this period troops — and their wives — were given less living space than convicts. As late as 1858 tuberculosis killed five times as many soldiers as civilians.

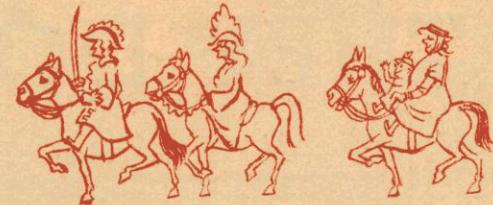
The dubious regard in which soldiers' wives were held, by some persons, in mid-Victorian times was shown by the proposal of a parliamentary candidate that they should be medically inspected, as was then the custom with prostitutes in garrison towns. But this proposal caused an

outcry, and the candidate withdrew from the contest.

In 1855 a War Office committee asked officers from different units how they catered for families (Queen's Regulations at this time permitted six men in every hundred to be married). Most regiments still allowed families in the same barrack-room as single men — a practice ruled as "objectionable" by the committee. Other units prepared a separate barrack-room to take half a dozen families. The outcome was new barracks, some with married quarters.

In 1863 a second committee which investigated sanitary conditions of barracks reported that the married soldier's plight was often a sad one. His pay did not allow him to rent a room outside barracks and even if he was able to afford one through his wife's earnings, it would probably be a miserable and unhealthy place. It was found that many commanding officers paid the rents of private accommodation for their men — not the first or the last time that commanding officers have made their own pockets the Treasury.

The Committee heard that in Island Bridge Barracks, Dublin, soldiers' families were in a long, dark, unhealthy ground-floor room once part of the adjacent stable. At Edinburgh Castle families were housed in the basement of one of the worst-constructed barracks in Britain. Wives were separated by curtains and they suffered from epidemic diseases. Conditions were similar at Knights-



Martial cavalcade, in the days when wives followed the Colours: the officer, his wife in rear, then nurse and child.

bridge Barracks. At Chatham married NCO's lived in barrack-rooms with the men. Sometimes daughters of 14 to 16 years were accommodated in this way.

The best quarters in 1863 were at Preston, where 80 families lived. They had a row of two-storey houses of stone, each house being divided by a central stone staircase and passage. Each half contained two rooms up and two down, and in each room was a family.

The report said that these rooms, measuring 14 feet by 12 feet, were superior to the homes occupied by the same class of people in civilian life. In contrast was Devonport, where 100 families lived in a long building down which ran passages with rooms leading off.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries the lot of the soldier's wife was steadily improved, though the Treasury saw to it that there was no risk of her being debauched by luxury. The announcement of a minimum age below which a soldier would not qualify for married quarters was one way of

ensuring that there would not be too many wives to maintain. Before the late war, for instance, men did not qualify for quarters under the age of 26, and as the Army consisted mainly of young men the Married Quarters Roll covered all the married soldiers in Britain.

The wars of the twentieth century were to be fought on such a scale that there was no question of allowing wives to trail round the world behind their husbands. It was in World War Two that, for the first time, wives were liable to be called up for service with the Army — if they had no children. They could not serve beside their husbands, however. On mixed anti-aircraft gunsites a husband and wife were not allowed to live in the same camp. The days of domesticity on active service were gone.

When World War Two was over the Army, to its credit, lost no time in shipping wives overseas to join their husbands. Wives, it is now agreed, are no longer a nuisance; indeed, the official view is that there is a lot to be said for them.



"Yes, old man, these transit hotels have certainly changed."

When World War Two ended, the Army began to ship "Married Families" abroad to join their menfolk. This cartoon shows the reaction of Jon's Two Types to the female invasion.

# THEY DON'T SOIL THEIR



In the well-tended General Headquarters nursery a soldier who wants to brighten his garden can say, "I'll have one of that... and that..." But he must not handle the plants himself. Below: Leisure hour at the Women's Services Club, Fayid (Pictures by Sjt. J. R. Gilman).



**A**S a rule, Britain's army in Egypt makes news only when Egyptian politicians protest that the British soldier is trespassing over-long on that country's hospitality, and that the Egyptian Army can guard the Suez Canal quite well, thank you; or when the War Minister finds himself questioned — as he so often does — about housing progress in the Canal Zone.

When General Headquarters, Middle East first moved from the urban comforts of Cairo to the blue waters of the Great Bitter Lake, a township had to be built from scratch in the desert.

Nothing of any historical consequence had happened on the spot which they selected since Moses reputedly halted there before crossing the Red Sea; through it, however, ran the excellent Anglo-Egyptian Treaty Road which was a main artery in World War Two. The new iron-and-canvas township in the desert was to extend military tentacles over some 30 countries.

Today General Sir Brian Robertson, the new Commander-in-Chief Middle East, inherits from General Sir John Crocker a military empire which has only slightly shrunken: notably, it has lost Palestine, Greece and Italian Somaliland. But there are still enough garrisons and military missions, from the Seychelles to Malta, from Cyprus to Rhodesia, from Tripoli to Ethiopia, to present staff and administration problems of the first magnitude.

Today a soldier who knew Fayid in those pioneer days would notice a number of differences, not least of them the absence of the industrious, homesick, peak-capped Afrika Korps. Already the fast-growing eucalyptus trees on the main avenues are providing a certain amount of shade. Many of the Nissen offices are draped with creepers and surrounded with flower beds. Gardening has its handicaps, however; all work must be done by native labourers. The reason is that the natives are already infected with a bodily parasite carried in the fertile mud and water of the Sweet Water Canal with which the gardens are irrigated. This is one part of the world where you earn only praise by declining to soil your hands.

Fayid is still a tented town, but the tents now have an air of permanence — not suggested solely by the pin-ups pasted on the inside of the canvas. In the "family villages" for married soldiers there is a notable change; one of the five villages no longer has community feeding for those who dwell in it. Each home has had its own kitchen built. The others still have their community dining halls, but the aim is to have self-contained quarters for everyone as soon as possible.

In addition, 50 new "Canal cottages" have been built. These, like the converted quarters, will be fitted with electric refrigerators and overhead fans. There are still many families living out, in locally constructed houses, or in Ismailia over 30 miles away, but the housing problem is steadily growing less acute.

# HANDS HERE

(there's a rule against it)

At Fayid the desert does not yet blossom as a rose — but there is more shade than there was four years ago



From these huts in the desert stretch military tentacles over many restless countries: General Headquarters, Middle East. Below: "Canal cottages" are now going up. SQMS and Mrs. J. Tratt look over a new housing estate, hoping to qualify for one of the homes.



OVER



The Canal Zone, like most parts of the world, has been "Coca-colonised."



Moascar ("established a quarter of a century") has more permanent-looking quarters for married soldiers. Here is a corporal at home.

## THEY DON'T SOIL THEIR HANDS (Cont'd)

Mills Shop" and "London Tailors." There are bargains to be got here; but it is the gaudy Oriental trinkets and handkerchiefs which claim the British soldier's hard-earned pay. Out here the battle against "Coca-colonisation" — which France has recently been waging — was lost long ago; the "coke" signs are common throughout the Canal Zone. This, by the way, is the Zone which once claimed to have drunk the contents of five million bottles of mineral waters in four months.

What does Fayid's morale most good, however, is the presence of salt water. Without it, life would be barely tolerable. If a man cannot swim by the time he leaves Fayid, he never will. The national sport of "messing about in boats" may be indulged to the full — and there are yacht races four times a week. When Moascar garrison, 30 miles to the north, holds invitation races, the canal company will issue free tickets for craft to be towed up the Canal. Those who have not lost their youthful enthusiasm can slip along to Deversoir, 10 miles up the Canal road, and there sit on the sand banks watching the ships of many nations gliding by so close that it is almost possible to shake hands with the crews. Occasionally, too, a Royal Navy vessel anchors off Fayid and invites the Army aboard.

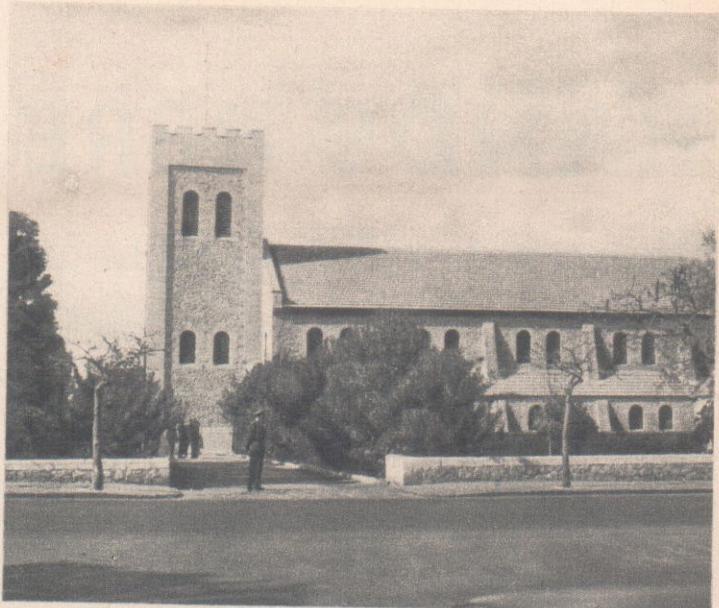
Moascar, which is the headquarters of British Troops in Egypt, enjoys what satisfaction it may from the thought that it has been "established a quarter of a century." With its green-lined avenues and seasoned buildings, it is about as reminiscent of an English garden suburb as anywhere in Egypt. There are sweet peas, geraniums, roses and chrysanthemums, with the exotic addition of purple jacarandas, flame-coloured flamboyants, poinsettias and bougainvilleas.

Moascar has all the amenities of Fayid, the clubs and shops and cinemas, but with some of the

newness worn off. It has Lake Timseh, to provide the bathing and boating which Fayid boasts. And it has as its next-door neighbour Ismailia, where the garrison can get away from the military atmosphere for a few hours and walk in the narrow, noisy shopping streets or the cool green gardens laid out by the Suez Canal company.

If Moascar wants to have a quiet boast about something, it can always mention its telephone exchange, claimed to be the Army's biggest. Its switchboards are worked by girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps who think nothing of handling 7500 calls in 24 hours — a big proportion of them long-distance calls.

— From reports by Captain Rex Carey, Captain D. H. Clifford and other sources.



It looks like an English church (except for something about the windows); it is probably the most-English-looking place of worship in the Middle East — the Garrison Church of St. George, Moascar.



More modern architecture in Moascar. Above: the new Education Centre. Below: barracks for British soldiers serving with the Headquarters of British Troops, Egypt. (Pictures: Sjt. West).





The coffin-shaped pannier attached to the helicopter will accommodate one wounded soldier. Perhaps it is as well he cannot see the countryside.



Above: Loading a "patient" in a jungle clearing. Below: The helicopter whirs above primitive huts as it takes off for civilisation again.



FLASHBACK: In the Pacific, during World War Two, the Americans experimented with a belly-tank ambulance slung below a P-38 fighter. The patient, if not too seriously wounded, could wear earphones and peer through the plastic nose. It made a thrilling ride ...



Insect-like, the helicopter skims over the jungle looking for the strips which mark the emergency landing ground.

## THE PATIENT'S IN THE BOX

WHEN a soldier is wounded in the Malaya jungle he must be whisked to hospital with the minimum delay — and the minimum jolting.

Recently Major-General R. E. Urquhart, commanding Malaya District, took part in a demonstration of "body-snatching" by air.

From his headquarters at Kuala Lumpur, he flew in a Westland (Sikorski) "Dragonfly" to a jungle clearing, and then took off again to land in what seemed a startlingly dangerous spot in the hills. The aircraft floated down between the slopes, to land in a 40-yards-square hollow below the road level.

Here a stretcher case (a volunteer from the Suffolk Regiment) was placed in the big pannier attached to the side of the aircraft. The plane then took off again and came down on a main road, where the "patient" was transferred to a more orthodox ambulance.

After the demonstration, a Royal Air Force spokesman said: "The range is limited and the machine is fragile and requires great attention. But within its capabilities it will be extremely useful."

The first rescue of an injured man was made in Johore by the machine used in this demonstration, when it flew an injured policeman to Johore Bahru Hospital. D. H. de T. READE



# WITH THE TERRITORIALS



Anvil in the field: the smith is Staff-Sergeant Bertie Batt, 18 years service, in charge of tinsmiths, welders, blacksmiths. Below: guarding camouflaged vehicles and trailers.



## Workshops in the Wilds

A tank is ditched — for the fun of de-ditching it. Here Sjt. E. Matthews attaches a "snatch block" to the towing cable.

TO be an efficient craftsman in REME it is not enough to be able to repair a radio set with one hand and solder a WRAC suspender with the other. A craftsman must be war-wise and mobile-minded too.

When 12 REME Territorial units from Western Command met in camp at Castle Martin, near Pembroke, this summer, the emphasis was on such things as camouflage, rather than camshafts. Many of the men do the same sort of job in civilian life as they do in the service: the prime need was to practise concealment and movement, and to pick up a few wrinkles on the open-air and semi-nomadic life.

To this end, the 12 units were combined to form four workshops, representing the REME element of a complete corps, and a three-day exercise was held on corps level, with Lieut-Col. G. A. Norris OBE as CREME (pronounced "Creamy").

Veterans in camp included 50-year-old Staff-Sergeant B. Batt MBE, who already had 18 years of regular soldiering behind him when he joined 88 AGRA REME (TA). He fought in both world wars, going to France as an Infantryman in the Middlesex Regiment when he was 16. Now his ambition is to stay in the Territorials as long as they will have him.

Then there were the brothers Shemilt. One is a captain, another a sergeant and the third a lance-corporal, and between them they form

the organising staff of the RAOC Stores Section (TA), attached to 53 Medium Workshops REME. Lance-Corporal Harold Shemilt was the first to join the Territorials, in 1937, but his elder brother, Captain E. D. Shemilt, who held a wartime commission, was the first to join the reconstituted Territorial Army after the war. He persuaded both the others to follow him.

Another old soldier and holder of the MBE is SQMS A. Peaple, with over 27 years service. During the war he was captain quartermaster with the Cameronians, but was content to take non-commissioned rank in the Territorial Army.

Both 87 and 88 AGRA Field Workshops REME (TA) could boast a father and son. In the first unit the father, Craftsman James Halsall, worked in the cookhouse, ladling out tea and stew to his son Robert, who was a driver. In the second unit Craftsman Anthony O'Neill, aged 18, had just joined his father, Craftsman Thomas O'Neill, on his first Territorial camp.

While wind and rain lashed the desolate coast of west Wales, the veterans moved among the less experienced men to keep up the camp's spirits.

The heath and scrubland over which the scheme moved was fairly hopping with rabbits. Two men from the Engineer Equipment Workshops sauntered away carrying machetes and an hour or two later a dozen rabbits were lying in state before the quartermaster-serjeant's bivouac.

"By the way, 'Q', what was the ration issue?" asked one of the men.

"Tinned rabbit," replied the quartermaster-serjeant.



Guarding the "heavies": Craftsman G.F. Sherratt. "Fifth columnists" were about...





Above: Drill time for 313 Battalion WRAC (TA) in a lane near camp. Left: A change of pastry-board for Private B. Milton, from Exeter. QMSI M. Sutherland, a regular instructor from Didcot, looks on.

## Girls' Camp

UP and down Britain this summer were held camps run by women for women — with a little male help in the person of driving instructors and ordnance experts.

One camp which went — literally — with a bang was that at Trawsfynydd, in the Merioneth hills, where 60 WRAC took part in the blowing up of ammunition (a day-long activity in those parts). There were notably big WRAC camps at Farnley Park, near Otley, Yorkshire where the Princess Royal made a tour of inspection. The pictures on this page were taken at Braunton, North Devon, which was well sited for sea bathing. Here 350 girls received technical training in the jobs they would do in the event of mobilisation — and were reminded that they were not just scattered units, but a corps.



Preparing for her driving lesson: Corporal Irene Foster, from Aldershot.



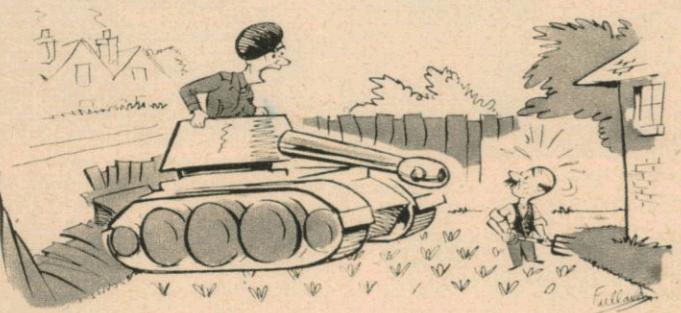
18-years-old twins, Barbara and Mary Hutchings, from Exeter. They are clerks and have newly joined the Territorial Army.



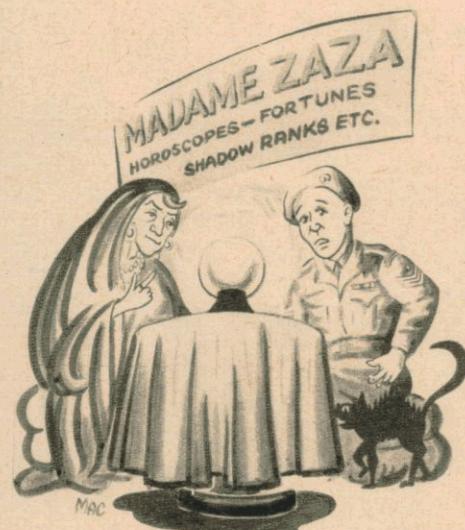
Off duty: (left) Dorothy Robson, from Swindon, and Audrey Hutchinson, from Exeter.



"Between you and me, old man, this one was run over by a Salvation Army canteen."



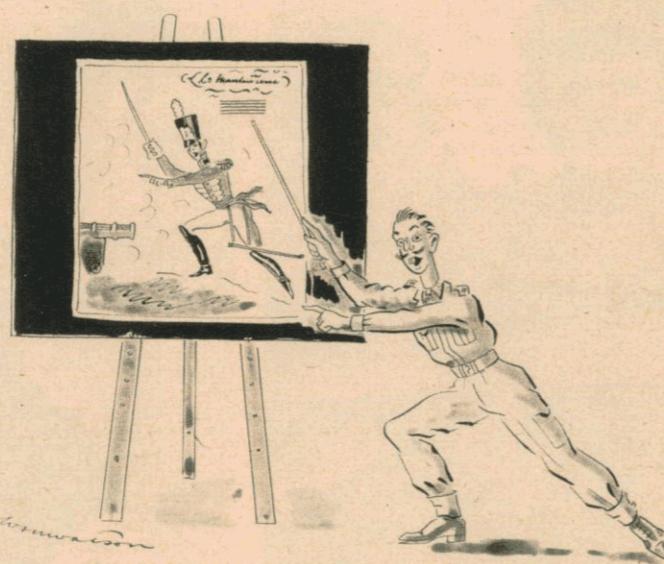
"I've called to ask if I can marry your daughter."



## SOLDIER Humour



"You told us it was to be two on and four off!"



"... and captured the guns single-handed."



"Bear in mind the primary objectives — the prevention of Army health and the maintenance of disease."



"Look at you — Unpaid, unpopular, unhealthy, unclean, unholy, and you're making me unhappy!"



## — and talking of Humour

If the sergeant tells you to wipe off your face, tell him you've just been reading "Laughter In The Ranks."

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# Have You Got Your Copy Yet ?



## THE HAPPY WARRIORS

VEN though 1941 was Mr. Winston Churchill's year of greatest strain, he never lost his gusto or his optimism. This is very obvious from his third volume on the Second World War.

Like the two earlier volumes, "The Grand Alliance" (Cassell and Co. 25s) contains rich treasures in its appendices. The minutes and "prayers" ("Pray tell me...") which he sent to his Ministers and Service chiefs are of exceptional Army interest. They reveal a great mind on top of its form; a fighting spirit linked to an often puckish sense of humour.

The period covered by this book is the year 1941 — a year which saw the emergence of Rommel in North Africa, the attacks on Greece and Crete, Hitler's invasion of Russia and the Japanese assault at Pearl Harbour. The difficulties which Mr. Churchill met in his negotiations with the Kremlin have already been widely noted by reviewers.

It was a year when Britain was building up her armour. Mr. Churchill constantly needled his Chiefs of Staff and the Minister for War to report

mechanisation, "8500 officers and men, including some of our finest Regular and Yeomanry regiments will, except for security work, have been kept out of action at immense expense for two years and five months of war."

Mr. Churchill also found time to speculate about the enemy's armour. He asked the Commander-in-Chief Home Forces:

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1 Mr. Winston Churchill, in the year 1941, sent out vigorous messages on tanks, pikes, the insulting of serjeants, too-tight censorship, exercise and ATS girls



Mr. Winston Churchill: "I found him the ideal master to serve," says General Carton de Wiart, "for in a crisis I knew that he would back me in the face of the entire world, even if I were wrong. — I knew that in private he would tell me exactly what he thought of me."

"How would you propose to deal with a limited number of large amphibious tanks which got ashore and roamed about? Am I right in supposing that your light forces would surround them and follow them about at the closest quarters, preventing the crews from refuelling or getting food and sleep, or from ever leaving the armour of their vehicles? If, say, not more than 40 of these tanks came ashore, would they be followed and hunted to death in this manner, apart from anything that artillery, mines and tank traps could do?"

"Anyhow, please let me know what would be your plan."

Mr. Churchill also asked the Commander-in-Chief Home Forces to think very hard about a statement that a certain division could not be moved from Britain to Ireland in less than eleven days. Whenever he saw anything which looked like lazy staff work, Mr. Churchill pounced. He told his Chiefs of Staff:

"I was much surprised to learn that only about 3500 men were taken in the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary each. This is hardly more than the numbers they carry when engaged in luxury passenger service. If I remember rightly, over 8000 men were sent in the Aquitania or Mauretania to the Dardanelles in May 1915."

Often Mr. Churchill's comments on what seemed to him a waste of manpower turned out to have been justified by events. He looked on the Air Defence of Great Britain as a field for manpower economies — "It is astonishing how great are the numbers of men required per gun." The size of the detachments on 3.7 guns was notably reduced towards the end of the war.

In the anti-aircraft field, Mr. Churchill had to subdue a private war which was threatening the morale of gunners. He was shocked to find that ATS policy was to discourage girls on gunsites from regarding themselves as part of the battery. "Considering that they share the risks and the work of the battery in fact, there can be no justification for denying them incorporation in form." On another occasion he noted: "I fear there is a complex against women being connected with

lethal work. We must get rid of this."

Nowadays it is fashionable to make fun of the agitation for issuing pikes as weapons, immediately after Dunkirk. But one of Mr. Churchill's "prayers" shows that he himself was pike-minded even a year after Dunkirk:

"Every man must have a weapon of some sort, be it only a mace or a pike. The spirit of intense individual resistance to this new form of sporadic invasion is a fundamental necessity... I should like Sir Alan Brooke to see this minute and enclosure and to give me his views about it. Let me also see some patterns of maces and pikes..."

This message was addressed to the Secretary of State for Air and the Chief of Air Staff.

There seems to have been no point at which Mr. Churchill was not intimately interested in the Army. He commented on some "odd court-martial cases": in one of these a Home Guard lieutenant who had said: "So what?" and "Put a sock in it" in the presence of troops was "merely reprimanded; in another, soldiers who had called serjeants "bastards with three stripes" were, apparently, "honourably acquitted" on the grounds that this was a word of common use in the Army. The major giving evidence said he had often turned a deaf ear to it when used about himself." Said Mr. Churchill to his War Minister: "All this seems to require very clear guidance from you."

So it went on. "Is it true that the widow of a Serviceman killed by enemy action on leave gets only half the pension she would if her husband were killed on duty?" "Will not these ABCA discussions only provide opportunities for the professional grouser and agitator with a glib tongue?"

Ceaselessly, Mr. Churchill called for more brevity in cabled reports. "The labour and cost of this profuse telegraphing and the choking effect of such lengthy messages from the higher administration ought never to be forgotten."

And he kept a watchful eye on the censorship authorities:

"Why have we not yet been told that the Blues, Life Guards and Essex Yeomanry took part in the capture of Palmyra? These units have long ago been identified by contact, and there cannot be any military reasons for not disclosing this interesting piece of information to the British public. It is the kind of abuse of censorship, in the name of operational secrecy, that rightly irritates the House as well as the Press, and makes the more important positions more difficult to hold."

Finally, Mr. Churchill on exercise:

"Is it really true that a seven-mile cross-country run is enforced on all this division from generals to privates? ... Who is the general of this division, and does he run the seven miles himself? If so, he may be more useful for football than war. Could Napoleon have run seven miles across country at Austerlitz? Perhaps it was the other fellow he made run."

## THE HAPPY WARRIORS

2 General Carton de Wiart VC (six times wounded on a Sunday) tells the story of a life packed hard with adventure

"WE are told that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I know which of these two weapons I would choose," says Lieutenant-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, VC in his book "Happy Odyssey" (Jonathan Cape 12s 6d).

But this autobiography shows that he can wield the pen with highly satisfactory results. The fact that he has omitted to say anything about his Victoria Cross is no reflection on his literary skill. (The publishers fill in the gap by printing the citation on the back of the wrapper).

General Carton de Wiart,

the British soldier who rose to greatness even after the loss of an eye and a hand, is a legend in many lands. "Although repeatedly wounded and suffering from grievous injuries, his whole life has been vigorous, varied and useful," writes Mr. Winston Churchill in a foreword. "He is a model of chivalry and honour and I am sure his story will command the



General Carton de Wiart: "You will provide General Carton de Wiart with a plane and report to me weekly until he gets it," Mr. Churchill instructed the RAF. He got it.

interest of all men and women whose hearts are uplifted by the deeds and thoughts of a high-minded and patriotic British officer."

It is hard to think of a higher testimonial.

General Carton de Wiart was born in Brussels, a Belgian, but he had "an Irish grandmother to

was, of course, impossible to spend money in Somaliland, whither he sailed in July 1914. The vessel was only half-way there when news came that war had broken out in Europe. He had caught the boat — and missed it!

It was in Somaliland, in an attack on one of the Mad Mullah's blockhouses, that he lost an eye, and was shipped home. After the necessary treatment, a medical board told him that he could go to France only if he wore a glass eye. He turned up at the next board with "a startling, excessively uncomfortable, glass eye" and was passed fit. Leaving in jubilation, he threw the eye out of the taxi window and put up his famous black patch, which he has worn ever since.

Just before the war started he had failed his examination for promotion to major, obtaining a record low of eight marks out of 200 for military law. But soon, on

the Western Front, he was commanding Infantry battalions with conspicuous success — among them the 8th Gloucestershires and the 8th North Staffordshires. His Victoria Cross was awarded him in 1918 for rallying three other battalions when the commanders had been killed. His wounds were many (six times he was wounded on a Sunday). When the field surgeon declined to cut away the shattered fingers of his hand, he pulled them off himself. A bullet passed through the back of his head, but left him unharmed.

After the war General Carton de Wiart commanded the Military Mission to Poland, and assisted at the stormy re-birth of that nation. Then he retired, and for 20 years made his home on an island in a Polish marsh, living a sportsman's life. (The Russians thought he was a spy). In 1939 he again became head of the British Military Mission to Poland, and was present at the stormy death of Poland. He escaped through the Balkans. The rest of his adventures are fairly well-known: he commanded the ill-fated Norwegian force; he was given 61st Division for a brief spell but was considered "too old"; he was sent on a mission to Jugoslavia but had the misfortune to be captured after his aircraft crashed; he escaped from the British generals' prison camp at Vincigliati and was recaptured; he was flown home to Britain just before Italy's collapse; and finally he was sent out to Chungking as Mr. Churchill's personal representative with General Chiang Kai-Shek.

It is a clear, forthright story which reflects a powerful personality; the style has all the strength of simplicity. His views will startle some people: "I think duelling a most excellent solution in matters of the heart"; "I have a creed — borne out by war, which is — never to give a man a second chance. It may sound hard, but I have found that the man who lets you down once, will, infallibly, do so again."

His version of the ideal soldier? "The man who fights for his country because it is fighting, and for no other reason."

## Half an Hour is Enough

### HOW hard can you concentrate?

It is a question which matters a great deal in modern war, when the lives of thousands depend on the alertness of a man watching for the trace of an aircraft on a radar tube, or listening for the faint signal which denotes the presence of a submarine.

Under the utilitarian title of "Researches on the Measurement of Human Performance" (His Majesty's Stationery Office 4s), the Medical Research Council have published the results of experiments carried out with, and on, Servicemen to find out how long they retain their alertness when watching for "visual or auditory signals indicating the presence of the enemy."

One test involved putting a man in a cabin for two hours to watch a black pointer which crept, in tiny jerks, round a white, ungraduated dial.

The watcher's job was to signify every time the dial hand jumped twice its normal distance. Another test involved watching a "mock-up" of a cathode-ray tube in which pin-points of light had to be swiftly detected. Some of these tests were carried out when the men were under the influence of benzedrine — the keep-awake drug which was sometimes issued during the war to Commandos. The men did not know when they had taken the real drugs and when they had taken "dummy" ones.

Alertness fell off when the watcher sat in a hot temperature. There is a critical region, says Dr. Mackworth, in which acclimatised men, wearing shorts, begin to lose their efficiency; between 83 and 87.5 degrees Fahrenheit.

The results of the drugless tests showed, clearly and convincingly, that after half an hour alertness

produce a small quantity of British blood in my veins." His early years were spent in Egypt, and before he went to school in England he could speak English, French and Arabic. Riding and shooting were his passions. "In a moment of optimism" he was put down for Balliol College, Oxford, but by that time the South African War had begun. Under a false name he ran away to enlist in "Paget's Horse," but the adventure was a disillusion; the fire-eating young undergraduate was wounded, his identity discovered, and he was shipped home.

Before the war was over he was out there again — in the Imperial Light Horse. Afterwards he soldiered in South Africa and India, latterly in the 4th Dragoon Guards. It was a robust, vigorous life. "Life played into our hands for those few short years. We had everything, we accepted it and at any rate we enjoyed it... When I think of the youth of today with its ceaseless and ageing struggle for existence I realise how lucky I was to have been born so soon."

Then his father's finances crashed. The only solution was to go and fight the Mad Mullah — "a godsend to officers with an urge to fight and a shaky or non-existent bank balance." It

the so-called Happy Valley, an assault course at the Ministry of Supply's Experimental Station at Porton. The main idea was to find out whether harassing gases really harassed, and if so, how much.

"Active warfare," writes Dr. Mackworth, "demands the utmost physical and mental energy from those engaged in it, and to secure this men must be driven by some of the strongest forces that arouse and regulate human behaviour." Many of these motives could not, of course be employed (see SOLDIER to Soldier, Page 13), but the experimenters sought to give a certain extra stimulus by awarding modest money prizes to the men first over the course; also the company commander added his "loud and authoritative comments" on the men's performance in the last stages.

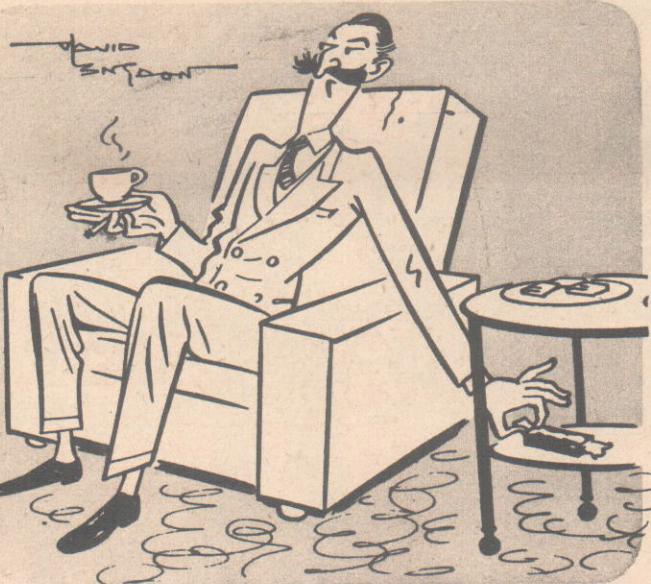
In the big test 52 men of the Royal Fusiliers, who had had only broken sleep for several days, set off on a non-stop exercise at eight in the evening. They began a 15-mile march at four the next morning, ending with a run over the assault course at nine in the morning — the men having had no food for 14 hours.

The performance of two-thirds of the men was hardly affected by arsenical smoke, though the other third were definitely slower. Arsenical smoke acted not so much by attacking any particular function of the body as by creating a general depression.



## SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

War on the grand scale: landing-craft of the United States Marines streak the Pacific as they assault the beaches of Iwo Jima, smoking after a heavy bombardment. The mountain is Suribachi, a Japanese strong-point which fell at great cost in lives four days after the initial landings.



## "Is anyone looking...?"

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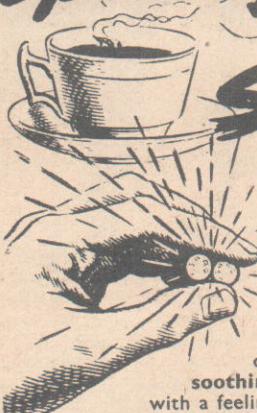
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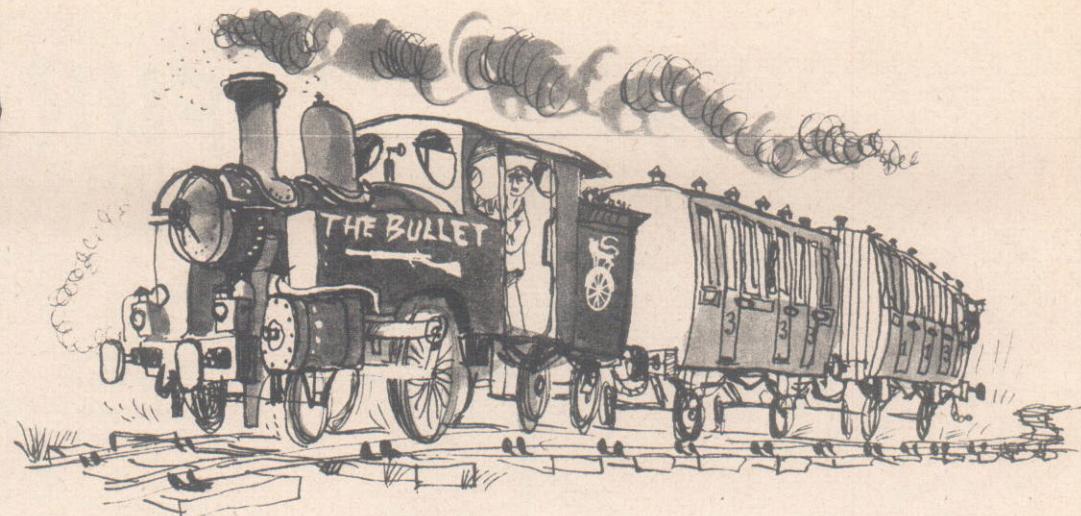
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PAGE 37



## 60 Years of BISLEY

On the famous ranges of Bisley you can shoot for sport, for honour, for a cheque or for a primus stove. The meeting attracts rugged-looking types from all over the Commonwealth

— Illustrations by DAVID KNIGHT

**A** London newspaper recently published a cartoon of a badge-encrusted veteran, half-soldier, half-Boy Scout, laden with rifle and telescope and shooting-stick and much else, standing on a railway platform beneath a departure board which read "Bisley." A porter was saying to his mate something like, "Lumme! Errol Flynn himself, orf to re-capture Korea!"

The faithful who turn up every year for the National Rifle Association's meeting at Bisley can stand a joke against themselves. They are confident, even in these days when a shot is less popular than a squirt, and a target is beginning to mean a city ten miles across, that there is virtue still to be found in propelling a bullet from a rifled tube at a target which needs a telescope to study it properly.

This year the veterans could be heard debating the much-publicised opinion of a British general — "The British Army cannot shoot." Those who agreed were in no mood to feel self-satisfaction. To the veterans shooting is a sport, but they know only too well that to the Infantry soldier — as in Malaya and Korea — it is still a matter of life or death.

Bisley owes its origin to the "war with France" scare of 1859, when a Volunteer Force was formed. Next year, to encourage marksmanship, Queen Victoria was persuaded to inaugurate an annual shooting match. On Wim-

bledon Common she pulled a cord tied to the trigger of a carefully laid rifle and scored a royal bull, thus initiating a sporting event which was to become a classic, and which was to play no small part in linking her Commonwealth. Even in those days competitors took sartorial liberties. Volunteers "had a tendency to wear skirts to the tunic, nearly as long as those of a French vivandière. By 1890 the range of the rifle had grown too long for Wimbledon's comfort, and the whole festival was transplanted to Bisley, in the military country near Aldershot.

Not only does Bisley lure old

men in short trousers and young men in long trousers from all over Britain; it can stimulate teams to travel by whaler from the Falkland Isles, and by rather less arduous means, from British Guiana, Malaya, Rhodesia, New Zealand, the Gold Coast, the Soudan and those lesser parts of the Commonwealth in which, regrettably, only stamp collectors seem to take an interest. This year there was a strong Empire entry. Bisley keeps open camp for its pilgrims, and at nights much yarning goes on in the tents and huts. It is not money which lures the majority of the competitors, or the limited natural beauties of Bisley (though to the enthusiast there is nothing like the tang of powder billowing over the scrub-covered moor). It is the chance of meeting men with like enthusiasms, to talk with those who speak the same language — the language of small arms.

The Bisley ranges belong to the Army, but the National Rifle Association (to which are affiliated nearly 800 rifle clubs) has shooting rights over them. It is the Army which provides the ammunition and supplies drafts of soldiers to operate the targets, staff the ranges and keep records.

Along Bisley's artificial horizon the numbers of the targets run like an endless line of placards — more than 200 of them. Below the numerals the targets bob up and down like marionettes, operated and repaired by soldiers in trenches and underground bays. (It costs half a crown, by the way, to fire at the wrong target.) All day long the air crackles, sometimes with stimulating bursts of rapid concentrated fire, as when crouching soldiers in a long line open fire simultaneously. Sometimes, in a quiet spell, there is a whirr of

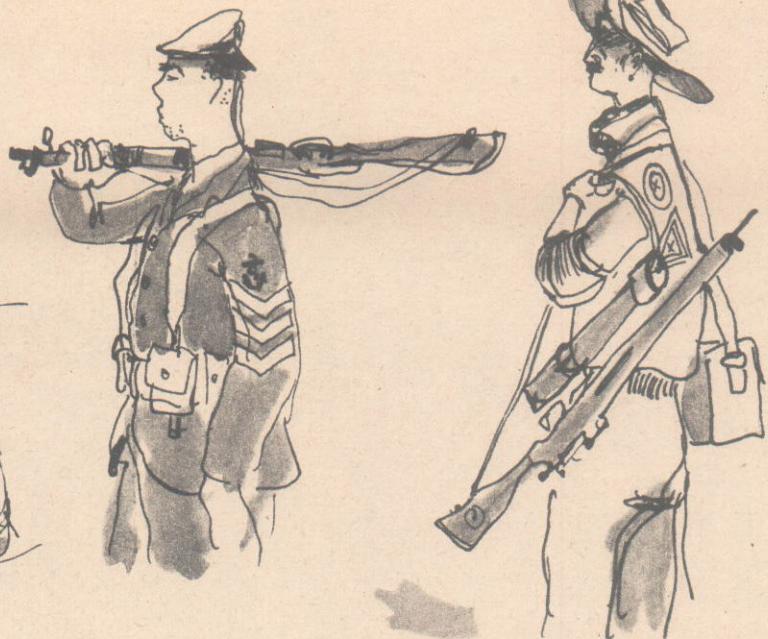


grasshoppers in the heather; sometimes, disconcertingly, the whirr of a telephone.

In the rear of the firing positions, set amid trees, are the pavilions of the rifle associations: some of them are the kind of pepper-pot buildings found on seaside piers, others resemble Swiss chalets, fairground buildings and even suburban houses. Ranged beyond these again are the neat tents of the Services.

Into this moorland metropolis puffs "The Bullet," the old-fashioned locomotive which plies between Brookwood and Bisley, hauling the day's increment of competitors. The travellers on "The Bullet" are as variegated a trainload as can be found anywhere; the Scots would call them "kenspeckle." Not that the competitors themselves will admit to being conspicuous — it is the man in the pin-striped suit who is out of place. You will not be





stared at (except by men in pinstripe suits) - if you wear a floppy-brimmed slouch hat with a coloured ribbon, covered with badges and crossed rifles, or a jockey cap with "sunblind" to protect the back of the neck; a green eye-shade of the type which newspapermen wear in films; a sweat rag made up of "four by two"; a brace of sponge-leather elbow pads, shaped like the cups of a brassiere; more sponge leather on the right shoulder, or anywhere else according to taste; a zippered golf jacket with badges on the back (so that they are visible when you are lying down to fire); corduroy trousers, or khaki shorts; and a pair of sandals. Bisley has its sartorial taboos, however; one of these is a mixture of Service uniform and civilian garb; and another is bathing costumes.

In contrast to Bisley's more rugged-looking visitors are the young lads in khaki wearing the flashes of Eton, Harrow and Rugby, young women in battle-dress bearing such labels as "Nottingham University," sailors and marines, and of course soldiers, looking a little shocked at the way some of the competitors carry, and flourish, their rifles. Here, too, are NCO's bearing the SASC shoulder title, which few soldiers can translate correctly into Small Arms School Corps (the Army's smallest corps).

Here you may see men firing in a score of positions the Army never taught — lying on their backs or sides, with their heads propped on slings, eyes shaded in all sorts of ingenious ways. (The authorities have sought to impose limits on the width and thickness of padding permissible). While SOLDIER was watching, a uniformed postman cycled up, jumped off his bicycle and fired a few rounds at a target, then pedalled off again. Bisley is like that. A man may have his wife or daughter spotting for him. One competitor had a leg in plaster.

Bisley's main shoot is for the King's Prize (worth £250) in which this year there were more than 1200 competitors, each of whom paid a guinea entrance fee. The Prize is shot for over a variety of distances from 200 yards to 1000, and the winner can reasonably claim to be the world's best shot. (One fateful year the Prize went to a woman: Miss Marjorie Foster). There is a profusion of lesser contests, for individuals and teams. On one range you can see colony competing against colony, on another county against county, or school against school, or police force against police force, or women against women.

You can watch firing by Service rifle, long-range match rifle, sporting rifle, light machine-gun, pistol or revolver; you can watch sniping at distant bulls-



Small-bore badges are worn on the back — otherwise who could see them when a competitor is lying down?

eyes, falling plates, clay pigeons, "running deer" or "running men." You can watch Servicemen (unpadded) throwing themselves over obstacles and running through mazes before dropping to the firing position. For although the Army Rifle Association meeting is separate from the Bisley Fortnight proper, there are still many Service contests held under the flag of the National Rifle Association and many Army crack shots compete in the National events.

Not all the prizes at Bisley are cups and shields. In the camp is a branch of a well-known bank which is busy all day handing out cheques to successful competitors (as much as £7500 may be paid out in the fortnight, mostly in modest sums). There

are prizes in kind, too. This year a poster entitled "Extra Prizes!" offered such curious bonuses as three dozen bottles of tonic water, a primus stove, four 14lb tins of distemper, a case containing six eight-ounce bottles each of Rangoon Oil and Antifoul and — as a gesture to the ladies — a curler kit.

When Bisley is over, Bisley begins again. The meeting lasts only a fortnight, but the preparations go on all the year round. Apart from the paper work, there are targets to be repaired, hundreds of rifles to be maintained — and thousands upon thousands of spent bullets to be recovered and sold for scrap. After all, why waste 15 tons of metal?

ARMY CRACK SHOTS: See next page.





Northern Ireland does it again: Major R. M. Parsons, Royal Ulster Rifles, won the King's Medal for the second year running at the Army Rifle Association's Bisley meeting. A brigadier leads the chairing party of Royal Ulster Riflemen.



And here's the King's Prize winner: Captain R. D. Greig, formerly of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. He won the famous award with his last shot.

## BISLEY (Continued)

# "Cracks" in the Chair



Crack shot of the Territorial Army: Lieut-Col. B. D. Shaw, of Nottingham University Training Corps.

THIS summer's contest for the King's Prize at Bisley saw an exceptionally close finish.

Not until he had fired his last shot on the 1000 yards range did Captain R. D. Greig, formerly of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, gain the vital point which put him into first place. Two other competitors had scored 276 and Captain Greig required a bull to win. That shot needed a good deal of care — but Captain Greig had been a King's Prize finalist half a dozen times before and his nerves were hardened.

At the 1000 yards range he dropped only three points, scoring 72 out of a possible 75.

Second place went to Corporal J. G. Proudfoot, late of the Royal Scots, who scored more bulls in the final shoot than the competitor with whom he shared a score of 276: Major W. H. Magnay.

In the Army championships, Major R. M. Parsons, Royal Ulster Rifles, won the King's Medal for the second year in succession, with a score of 481. He also gained the Watkin Cup and the Army Rifle Association gold jewel. Second was Serjeant P. Young, Rifle Brigade, who won the Silver Jewel with 472, and third EQMS Malpas, Experimental Establishment, Pendine, with 465.

The contest for the King's Royal Rifle Corps Cup — equivalent to the unit championship of the British Army — was won by the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade with 117½ points. Only one point behind came the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, then the Cheshire Regiment with 97½. The Small Arms Cup resulted: 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade (498); 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps (455); 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards (451).

Another officer of the Royal Ulster Rifles won the Regular and Territorial Army Cup: Captain W. H. Baudains. The contest for Queen Mary's Prize was won by Major J. F. Traylen, Royal Marines. Second and third were Serjeant-Instructors H. J. Lawrence and T. Seaman, Small Arms School Corps.

The King's Medal for the best shot in the Territorial Army went to Lieut-Col. B. D. Shaw, Nottingham University Training Corps. Corporal A. Pinnock, of the same university, was second.



In the Hamilton-Leigh obstacle contest, Service teams had to vault, squeeze under poles and thread a maze before firing. The School of Infantry Small Arms School beat HMS Drake and the Royal Marines, Portsmouth.





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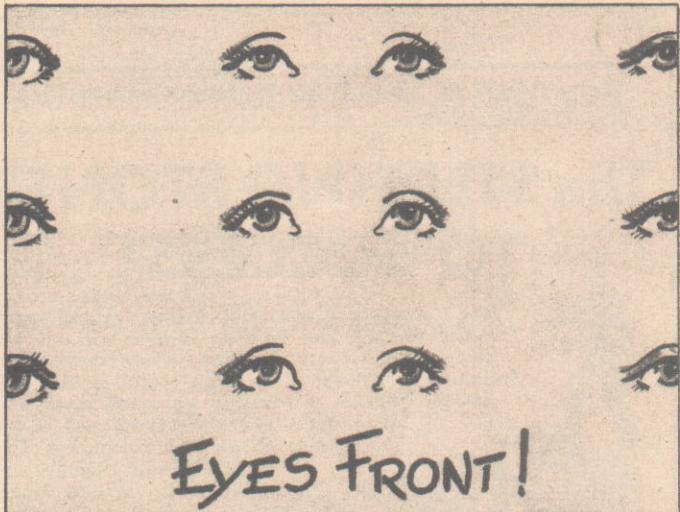
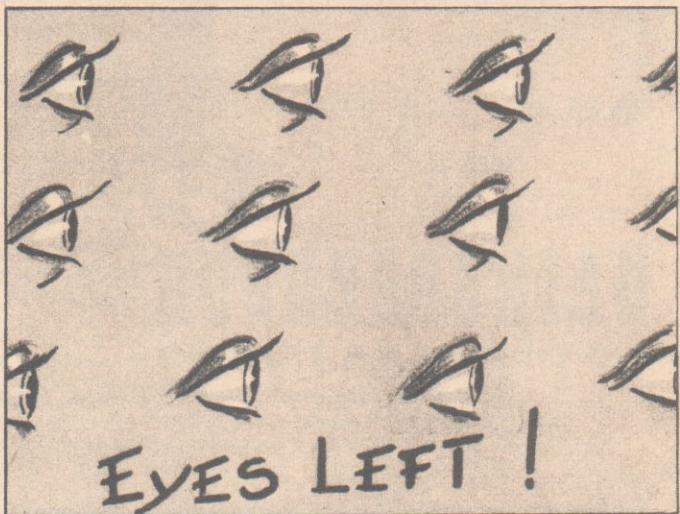
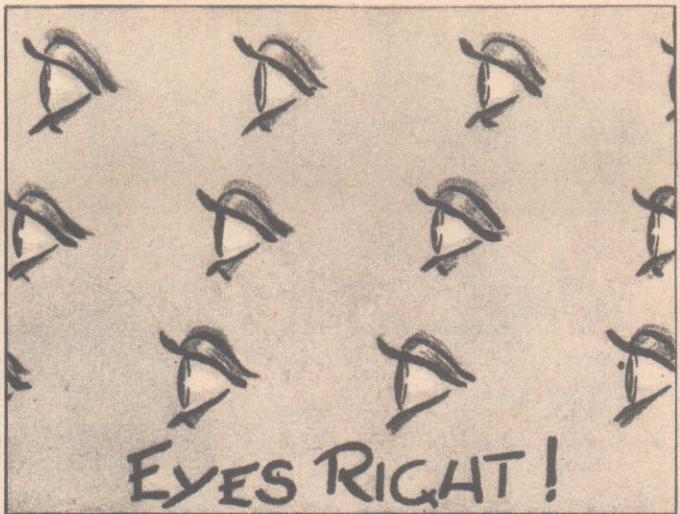
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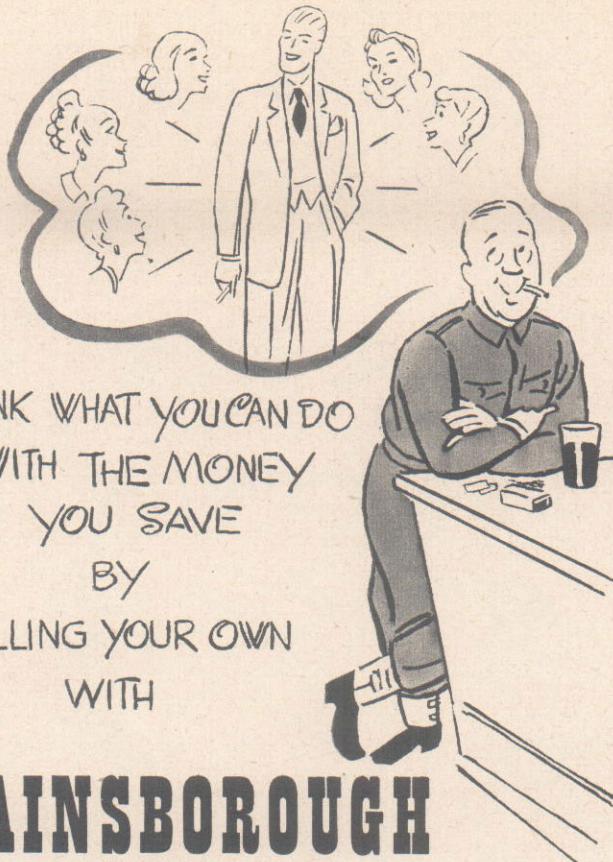
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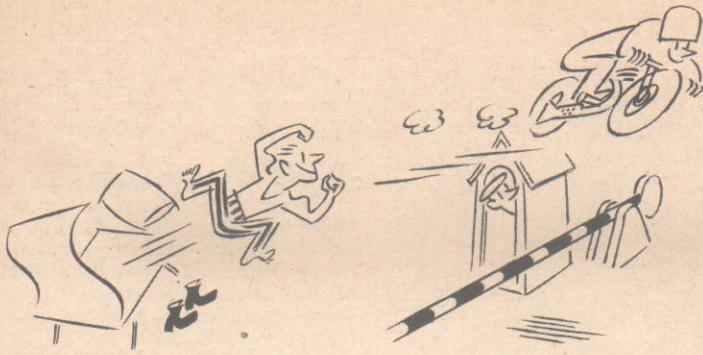


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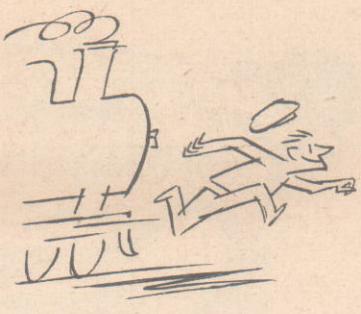
HE —



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COULDN'T —



WAIT —

## How Much Do You Know?

1. Joseph Smith finds a niche in the history books because he  
 (a) invented the bicycle free-wheel;  
 (b) founded the Mormon sect;  
 (c) was the first man to cross the Atlantic in a canoe;  
 (d) designed Westminster Cathedral. Which?

2. Name one word which describes all of these:  
 (a) a game of cards;  
 (b) a tipster's choice;  
 (c) a snatched sleep;  
 (d) downy surface of a cloth.

3. What do you call a native of the Orkneys?

4. There has been a good deal of talk about the 38th Parallel recently. Does it run through the British Isles?

5. What would you expect to find Scotsmen doing at a bonspiel?

6. If you were casting a film, and you wanted someone to play a brutal, bullet-headed Prussian officer of the old school, you would automatically think of whom?

7. By what rank was a WRAC major designated a year ago?

8. What does "Singh" mean after the name of a Sikh?

9. Correct the spelling, if necessary: Galilee; Galipoli.

10. If anyone presented you with a glockenspiel, you could:  
 (a) store eggs in it;  
 (b) play a tune on it;

(c) let your girl friend make a dress of it;  
 (d) fry it with onions. Which?

11. Which of these is an "intruder": Rhode Island Red, White Wyandotte, Golden Wonder, Black Leghorn, Buff Orpington?

12. Who said "Put not your trust in princes" just before they cut his head off?

13. Who is the humorous artist who specialises in drawing wicked schoolgirls?

14. What have these magazines in common: *The Strand*, *The Leader*, *News-Review*?

15. Heliography means:  
 (a) curing by bone manipulation;  
 (b) a form of printing;  
 (c) signalling with mirrors reflecting the sun;  
 (d) rain worship. Which?

(Answers on Page 46)

## Films Coming Your Way

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

### ODETTE

This is the picture in which Anna Neagle breaks away from her frivolous Park Lane-Piccadilly-Curzon Street sequence to play the part of Odette Sansom, GC, that very gallant young woman who joined the British secret service during the late war, resisted torture and was sent to Ravensbruck to await execution. Miss Neagle shows that she can rise to the occasion; the film is, on the whole, a worthy tribute. The film-makers received War Office help, and Colonel Maurice Buckmaster (whom the Nazis swore to kill) plays his wartime role — or a discreet part of it. Trevor Howard plays Captain Peter Churchill, the agent whom Odette Sansom married. With Marius Goring and Peter Ustinov.

### WAKE OF THE RED WITCH

He-men and she-women in a melodrama of the South Seas in the days of sail, featuring a fight between a hell-raising skipper (played by John Wayne) and an octopus (played by an octopus). Gail Russell is there to inspire love, jealousy, revenge as required.

### DANCE HALL

This must be one of the few films in which a violent quarrel is inspired by a gift of kippers... It's mostly about four young people who work in the same factory and dance in the same palais. Donald Houston, Bonar Colleano, Petula Clark and Diana Dors.

### THE GALLANT LEGION

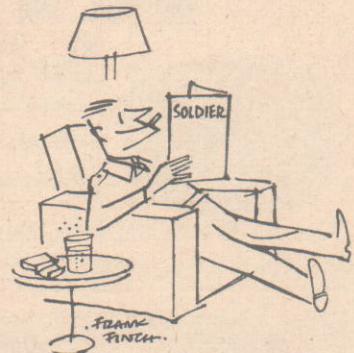
The story of Texas after the Civil War, when brute force ruled. Comanche Indians, Texas Rangers, plenty of plotting and gunplay — and in the end Texas joins the Union. Several old-time Western faces turn up here, along with some newer ones.

### THE PLUNDERERS

More hotbed-up American history — this time it is South Dakota in the troubled days of the Sioux risings. A United States cavalry major, played by Rod Cameron, is the hero; he is sent to bring in an outlaw who is his friend. With Ilona Massey.



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SOLDIER, SEPTEMBER, 1950.



# LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

#### MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

I was very interested in the "SOLDIER to Soldier" article in your July issue, particularly the part that dealt with bugling. In my opinion the bugle, trumpet and pipes provide a little of the traditional cement that has given the Army its firm foundation. Too often these days the excuse is "I didn't hear the whistle, Sergeant."

Singing the words to the bugle calls used to be part of the soldier's barrack life — "Letters from Lousy Lizzie; letters from Lousy Lou," "Come and do a piquet boys, come and do a guard," "You can be a defaulter as long as you like as long as you answer your name" and so on. These calls are an essential part of the Army spirit. Let's have them back. — "Jamrud" (name and address supplied).

#### "PRIVATE" SOLDIERS

Whether soldiers want to be private or not, they would do well to remember that there is no better place than the barrack-room to acquire the vital sense of comradeship. This is an essential factor in the well-being of the Army — discipline alone is not sufficient. The need is not so much for smaller numbers of men in barrack-rooms as for some place within the barracks where a man can be quite alone for an odd hour or so when he feels like it. — National Serviceman (name and address supplied).

#### ASSASSINATION

In the May SOLDIER you have a photograph of the assassination of King Alexander II, of Jugoslavia, in 1934. Part of the caption says: "A mounted officer tries to cut down the murderer with his sword," and you draw the moral that police with revolvers, good shots and quick on the draw, could have saved the King.

This may be true enough, but in fact the mounted officer in this instance was inexperienced in escorting car loads of royalty. An officer of our own Household Cavalry would never have allowed this particular situation to arise. According to the news-reel shown at the time, the mounted officer was riding level with the car in which the King was sitting. Consequently the murderer had no difficulty in slipping behind him, and getting a clear shot at the King. The mounted officer tried to rein his horse back, and then somehow managed to force his horse "right about" to deal with the murderer, a very difficult feat of horsemanship, because he has his sword in his right hand and his reins in his left. Why the horse did not crash on the pavé road and the tram lines I do not know.

An officer of the Household Cavalry commanding an escort to an import-

ant person rides a length or two behind the vehicle. When he sees a man breaking out of the crowd, all he has to do is to force his horse forward between the man and the vehicle and whack him with his sword. — Major A. C. C. Brodie, DSO, MC, The Black Watch, 1st Bn The Seaforth Highlanders, c/o GPO Kuantan, Malaya.

#### GOERING'S CAR

I was interested in your item "Goering's Car" in the July issue.

While stationed at Bad Oeynhausen, Germany, I found a Mercedes limousine in a car-breaker's yard, outside the perimeter of the garrison in the same street as the Printing and Stationery Services printing press, but just beyond it on the left hand side of the road.

The car was most unusual. It had two straight-eight engines, all the windows and windscreen were of  $\frac{1}{4}$  plate glass, there were no running-boards and the rear seat could tip up so that the occupants were below the level of the windows. It also was steel-lined.

I was informed by the owner of the yard that it did belong to Goering at one time. It may be the sixth one, thought to be in Russian hands. — Major F. E. Woolnough, 170 HQ Provost Company, Glencorse Barracks, Midlothian.

#### HOW MANY BRIGADES?

We have a bet in the mess on the number of Field Brigades RA there were in the British Army in 1938. I say there were 30 or 32, my opponents say there were only 28. Who is right? — BSM D. Dewar, Stiffkey, Wells, Norfolk.

★ The correct answer is 32. Two years previously the opposition would have been right, for then there were only 28 Field Brigades, but in 1936 four Light Brigades RA were converted into Field Brigades. Thus in 1938 the Field Brigades were numbered from 1 to 33, omitting No. 29 which had not been formed, although provision had been made for its formation.

#### FIRST AT THE FRONT

I can confirm that the 3rd Infantry Brigade was the first to move up to the Maginot Line during the phoney war of 1939-40 (SOLDIER, July, page 36). I was in the 1st Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment and we relieved some French troops in a forward area. I was also in the first patrol that went out. Men did fight and die during the phoney war, for the patrol that went out after ours suffered casualties.

Those early days were very wet and cold. We were in some woods near Waldwiese wiring our positions by night and keeping out of sight by

day. Later we were withdrawn and billeted in some wooden huts, where we were inspected by His Majesty The King, together with some French Government officials. Our Divisional Commander was the present Governor-General of Canada, Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander, whom all ranks greatly respected. — "Duke" (name and address supplied).

### SMART ENOUGH NOW

After reading the letter "Smartening Up" in your July issue I wondered whether the writer was in the pre-war Army when it took hours of cleaning up to get out of barracks. The dress today is just the job. All that is required is a little more personal pride. It is not the dress that makes the soldier. — "Battle Blouse" (name and address supplied).

### BRACE UP

I am a National Serviceman (1949). The kit I do not take with me to the Territorial Army has now been withdrawn from me and I find that this includes my braces. I can find no movement in the drill book instructing me how to hold my kit in one hand and salute with the other while



holding my trousers up. Can you give any advice? — Spr. P. H. Diss, 57 Engr. Sqn. RE, Invicta Lines, Maidstone, Kent.

★ ACI 451 of 1950 lists the articles which the outgoing National Serviceman may retain for his personal use and those with which he is issued for his Territorial service. No mention is made of braces, trousers for the holding up of.

SOLDIER is confident that resourceful Territorials will be able to overcome even this obstacle, however.

### WHY A MACE?

Why does the drum-major carry the mace? Why are the Colours and mace kept in the officers' mess? Why do the bass and tenor drums wear a leopard skin? — RSM G. Collins, The REME School, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

★ The exact origin of the mace seems to be unknown, but as the drum-major has to control the drums when they are playing and a vocal order would be useless the mace is used to show them what he wants done. There are illustrations dating from the Peninsular War period (1808-1814) showing the drum-major carrying something like a pace stick. As the drum-major is something of a figurehead everything has been done to increase the effectiveness of his appearance and the mace has become more and more elaborate.

The Colours were originally lodged in the ensign's quarters for safe keeping — at least, this practice can be traced back as far as the 16th century. When officers' messes were established the ensign became a member of

the mess and the Colours went with him.

The wearing of leopard and other animal skins by bass and tenor drummers originated about the end of the 17th century. Bands, as we know them today, did not come in until about the middle of the 18th century. Before that they were composed of drums and trumpets in the Cavalry, and drums and fifes, or pipes, in the Infantry. In nearly all Army bands these instruments were played by negroes wearing animal skins.

### REGIMENTAL BANK

In your July number a correspondent asks if there is not a quicker way of paying out in the Army than the weekly pay parade. Yes, there is and it is the regimental bank system.

Instead of having pay clerks distributed to each company or squadron within the regiment or battalion, they are all brought together in one regimental office where they deal with all matters concerning pay, allowances, allotments and so on. The office is open for pay drawing at certain times each day and every man is allowed to make one withdrawal a week. He hands his AB 64 Part II to the first clerk, who enters up the details. The senior clerk then writes the amount on an acquaintance roll, the paying officer signs the book and payment is made. Queries on pay and allowances are dealt with by the office at any time except during paying hours.

This system used to be in operation in my own unit and it greatly interested Field-Marshal Montgomery when he visited us. I think the system should be introduced throughout the Army. — "Trooper" (name and address supplied).

### DEBTOR BALANCES

I cannot agree with the correspondent in your July issue who states that debtor balances are usually caused by mistakes in the Pay Office. This is so in some cases, but I maintain that ninety per cent of debts that result in restrictions of pay are the fault of the soldier concerned. Every soldier knows, or can find out, his correct rate of pay. If he is stupid enough to draw more than his entitlement he should be made to repay it. The taxpayer should not be further burdened by a write-off. Nor should the paying officer be allowed to decide the amount to which pay is restricted. It would merely be an embarrassment for the commanding officer, who is eventually called upon to explain why there has been an over-payment. — CQMS L. C. Johnston, 519 BSE (Tpt), GCLO, BAOR 3.

### COMPENSATION

We read in the national press recently reports of a statement in the House of Commons that men who lost personal effects in the Far East as a result of enemy action are to be given compensation. Can you please tell us who are covered by this scheme, and how to apply? — WO II J. Gardner, "R" Bty., 387 Fd. Regt., RA (TA), Banbury, Oxon.

★ There already existed a scheme which covered all members of the British Army who went to Burma before the outbreak of the European War. This has now been extended to those who went there after 3 September 1939 but before the outbreak of war in the Far East on 7 December 1941. Claimants should write to "The Under-Secretary of State, The War Office (F3A), Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W. 1." giving their Army number, unit and date of embarkation from Britain, and asking for Army Form O. 1784 on which to submit their claim.

### CERTIFICATES

I left the Army in February 1949 with the rank of warrant-officer class one, and all I have to show for my service is my release book. This seems rather poor compensation. Should I not now be in possession of a "Regular Army Certificate of Service," or will it be sent to me at the end of the present emergency? — J. R. Gulliver, 39, Clockhouse Way, Braintree, Essex.

★ Under the latest regulations the Certificate of Service (AF B108) will be issued to all Regular soldiers when they are discharged or transferred to the Reserve, but this rule is not retrospective. Regular soldiers discharged or transferred to the Reserve before 2 June 1950 will receive their certificates after the end of the present emergency.

### 1914-18 BOUNTY

Could you please state what bounties were offered at the end of World War One to soldiers who re-engaged on short-service engagements of two, three and four years? — SSM W. H. Nicholson, No. 3 Supply Reserve Depot, Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton, Somerset.

★ £20 for two years, £40 for three years and £50 for four years. Soldiers serving on short-service engagements today get more than twice these amounts.

### SPECIAL BOUNTY

In 1948 I undertook a two-years Type "B" short-service engagement, which I converted into a normal regular engagement in 1950. I have read an ACI which states that men who convert a short-service engagement into a regular engagement receive a special bounty of £25 on the date that their short-service engagement would have ended. I have not

yet received this bounty. Can you tell me why? — Tpr. G. M. Frizzell, Medical Ward, Mil. Hosp., Netley, Southampton.

★ This special bounty is given only to soldiers who re-enlist on a normal regular engagement from a Type "A," three or four years, short-service engagement. Type "B" does not qualify.

### CIVILIAN SUIT

I was a National Serviceman, enlisted 20 March 1947, and while still serving I undertook a short-service engagement Type "A." I did not receive a civilian suit or £8 in lieu when I undertook the engagement. Should I have done so? — Cpl. C. Fortt, No. 2 Base Laundry, RAOC, Quassassin, Egypt, MELF 11.

★ National Servicemen of Corporal Fortt's class do not receive a civilian outfit of clothes or the money instead when they enlist on a short-service engagement Type "A." They do, however, receive a civilian outfit on completion of the engagement.

### TAKE IT NOW

On undertaking a new engagement in 1948 I became eligible for 28 days re-engagement leave. I did not bother about it at the time but would like to take it now. May I still do so? — Hopeful (name and address supplied).

★ RENLEAVE was meant to be taken at the time of re-engagement or as soon as possible afterwards. A man who was eligible for it as far back as 1948 would have to put up a strong case to be allowed to take it now. Men who are eligible for RENLEAVE are advised to make every effort to take it as soon as possible.

Letters Continued Overleaf

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# MORE LETTERS

## IT ALL COUNTS

According to ACI 863 of 1947 a soldier's conduct cannot be rated as exemplary unless he completes five years on his current engagement. Does this mean that I who, while still serving, re-enlisted on a four years short-service engagement, lose the "exemplary conduct" which I had already earned for my previous service? — Sjt. R. Glen, RAPC, HQ Singapore Base District.

★ If it is continuous with his present engagement, a man's previous service is taken into account when his conduct is assessed (Proviso 3 of Amendment No. 67 to para 426 of King's Regulations 1940). So Sjt. Glen will not lose his exemplary conduct by re-enlisting while still serving.

## TUG-OF-WAR

I read the article on Tug-of-War in your July issue with some interest but I feel that if your excellent paper is going to publish such an article it should be written by a real expert, namely Mr. W. McCabe (ex-Sjt. RASC) of Feltham, who is recognised by all three Services and leading civilian teams, such as Wimpeys, London Airport, Ford Sports and Dagenham, as being one of the leading trainers, if not the leading trainer, of tug-of-war teams in the country.

For the last two years the RAOC teams from Feltham, trained by Mr. McCabe, have won both weights in the Inter-Services Competition at the Royal Tournament, a feat only equalled once (by a RASC Feltham team trained by himself).

Before the War RASC teams from Feltham, also trained by Mr. McCabe, won the Inter-Services Heavy-Weight three times out of five, the Light-Weight three years running, and were successful five years running at the AAA Championships at the White City. No other trainer or coach has a record anywhere approaching this, which supports the contention of all at Feltham that Mr. McCabe is the outstanding trainer of tug-of-war teams in the country. — Lieut-Col. A. T. Hingston, 109 Vehicle Coy, RAOC, Feltham.

★ Since this letter was written, RAOC Feltham completed a highly successful season by winning the AAA 100-stone championship at the White City.

## TOO MANY CAKES?

There seems to be a feeling of antagonism towards ACC cooks in most units of BAOR and I feel it is high time that the cooks' point of view was expressed.

I know some cooks are only 18 years old and some of them are not interested in cooking, but the fact remains that no man can expect to enjoy his mid-day meal when only two hours before he has been allowed to buy as many cakes and pastries as he likes in the canteen. I have known men who habitually bought a dozen cakes (creamy ones at that) at



eleven o'clock. The stomach which can hold twelve cakes and a mid-day meal within two hours has not yet been created. With all due respects to NAAFI, I cannot see the sense of units earning large rebates by the sale of mid-morning cakes in the canteen when the tax-payer's hard-earned money is going down the drain or into the unit swill bins at dinner time. — Cpl. C. Bell, ACC, att. 7 Armd. Div. Pro. Coy, RMP, BAOR 23.

## JOURNEY'S END

I am contemplating visiting friends in Trieste. Can I travel at Forces' rates over the Medloc route and how should I set about making arrangements for the journey? — Spr. W. Hill, 40 Squadron, 37 AER, Crickhowell, South Wales.

★ Servicemen are forbidden to travel to Trieste under ACI 703 of 1947 and ACI 270 of 1949. There are no travel concessions on the Continent for Servicemen stationed in Britain, nor is individual travel on repayment allowed over the Medloc route.

## CONTACT LENSES

Is it possible to get contact lenses through the Army? I find that ordinary glasses are a hindrance when playing football or basket-ball. If I take them off it impairs my efficiency. I am also very keen on swimming and diving, but here again I lose efficiency because I have to take my glasses off. — Cpl. R. Welsh RE, Army Welfare Central Depot.

★ Contact lenses are supplied only when there is clear clinical evidence that they are needed. They are not supplied for taking part in sports.

## NO WINGS ON CHEST

During the war certain members of special service units were given permission to wear parachutist wings on their chests. Can you tell me whether this privilege has since been cancelled?

— Sjt. J. Buckingham, HQ BAOR Signal Regt., BAOR 15.

★ This concession was occasionally made during the war, but it was always unofficial. When a similar claim was made for men of the 1st and 6th Airborne Divisions the matter was referred to The King, who decided that as the RAF had a prior claim to wear wings on the chest it would lessen the distinction if parachutists were allowed to wear a similar badge.

When the question was raised later His Majesty was still of the same mind.

## BADGE CARVER

Can a SOLDIER reader help me to obtain a photograph of the RASC badge which I carved on a retaining wall at Newcastle, Jamaica, in 1938? The carving is about three feet square and is below badges of other regiments stationed there, including the Sherwood Foresters and the King's Royal Rifles. — C. F. Ryles, Lulworth Camp, Wareham, Dorset.

## ALBERT HALL

You say (SOLDIER, July) that one of the co-designers of the Albert Hall was "a Captain Fowke whose initials do not seem to have been preserved." He was, in fact, Francis Fowke, a well-known architect in his day.

He was born in 1823, and in 1842 was commissioned in the Royal Engineers. In 1854 he was appointed secretary to the British Commission at the Paris Exhibition. He designed the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, the Dublin National Gallery, the buildings for the 1862 Exhibition, and began the South Kensington Museum Buildings. He died in South Kensington in 1865. — E. J. Martin, Hon. Sec., Military Historical Society.

## FAMILY QUARTERS

I am being posted to Britain for an 18 months course at Chatham. As there is no families' hostel in the district can you tell me if there are any other arrangements for families? Can I apply for married quarters before posting? — Cpl. A. E. Allcock, 382 DCRE, BAOR.

★ Families arriving in Britain with no home of their own to go to are normally quartered in a families camp. Although efforts are made to send the family to a camp near the soldier's duty station, it is not possible to allow a definite choice of camp. The nearest camp to Chatham is at Folkestone. Other camps in the south of England are at Southampton, Dorchester and Reading. Application for accommodation should be made by the soldier through his unit before he leaves his overseas station.

Most married quarters in Britain are full. A soldier normally applies

## RELEASE DELAY FOR REGULARS

As the result of the decision to send troops to Korea, the release of all Regular soldiers has been suspended temporarily. In addition a limited selective call-up of the Regular Army Reserve and the Regular Army Reserve of Officers is to be undertaken.

These instructions do not apply to National Servicemen. Nor do they affect the Women's Services for whom instructions will be issued separately. They do apply to:

Regular officers for whom all voluntary retirement is suspended, unless already approved by the War Office; Short-service officers with a reserve liability; Regular soldiers below commissioned rank, except those due to be released on pension; and short-service engagements.

Buying-out is suspended, except on compassionate grounds.

Appeals against these instructions on grounds of exceptional hardship will be considered on their merits.

for quarters on his arrival in Britain and is put on the waiting list. His position does not depend on the date of application but on the number of points he is awarded for length of service, time married, number of children, periods of separation and so on.

Are there family hostels for officers? If so where are they and what are the charges? — Maj. W. R. Pope, c/o CRE (Works), St. George's Barracks, Malta.

★ Accommodation for officers' families is arranged at the following Military Families Camps — No. 4, Peover Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire; No. 5, Hoole Hall, Chester; No. 12, Tranby Croft, Anlaby, nr. Hull; and No. 20, Grand Shaft Barracks, Dover.

The charge for a wife is 52s 6d a week; a wife with one child 70s., with two children 82s 6d., three children 95s., four children 108s., additional children 12s 8d. per child.

## NEW NOTES FOR OLD

Can damaged BAFSV's (British Armed Forces Special Vouchers) be exchanged anywhere? I have two or three that the local canteen has refused to accept. — Mrs. D. Thompson, c/o Sjt. Thompson, Royal Norfolk Regt., BAOR.

★ Damaged BAFSV's held by Service-men other than officers should be taken for exchange to the unit imprest holder. Officers should take them to the nearest Area Cash Office.

## Answers

(from Page 43)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. (b). 2. Nap. 3. Orcadian. 4. No; Britain is north of the 50th Parallel.
5. Playing the sport of curling. 6. Eric von Stroheim. 7. Senior Commander.
8. Great warrior; lion. 9. Galilee; Gallipoli. 10. (b). 11. Golden Wonder is a potato, others are hens. 12. The Earl of Strafford. 13. Ronald Searle.
14. They all ceased publication this year. 15. (c).



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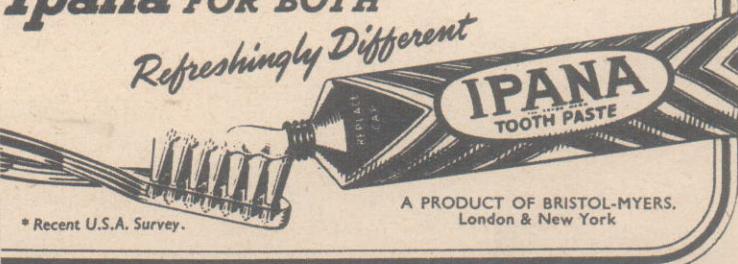
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THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



ANNE GUNNING

— J. Arthur Rank

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One hunts for a rhyme  
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