

# SOLDIER

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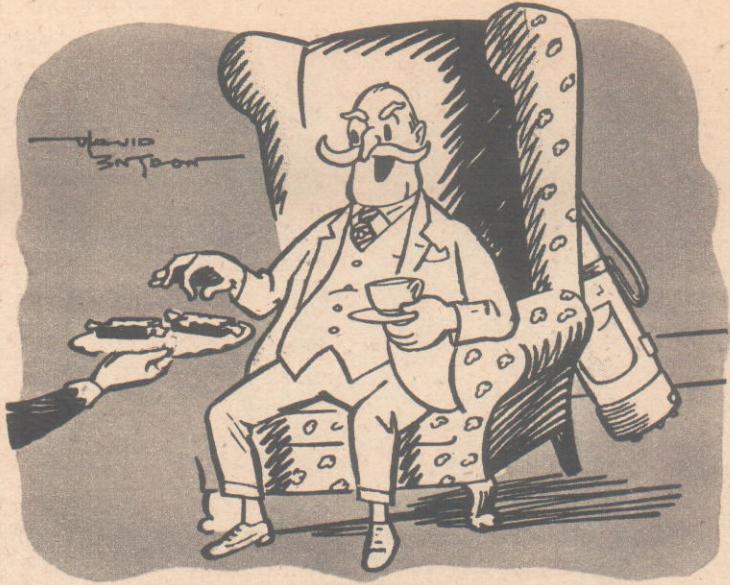


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AUGUST

## SOLDIER

1950

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



## THAT OTHER BANDIT WAR

"... Before dawn yesterday an explosion occurred in the main building of the Unionist Party headquarters damaging doors and windows. It is believed that a home-made time bomb was the cause of the incident..."

"... The body of a farmer was yesterday found at 3 p.m. near the village of Ducambia. There is no evidence as to how he was killed. He had been dead 36 hours..."

MESSAGES like these could come from any one of a score of trouble-spots in an erupting world. In fact, they come from Eritrea, that mountainous Red Sea land where Britain is a caretaker.

In this former Italian colony (almost the size of England and Wales), with its 8500-feet-high capital of Asmara, are stationed the 1st Battalions of the South Wales Borderers and the Royal Berkshire Regiment, with supporting troops.

These men do not often hit the headlines like their comrades in Malaya.

Once in February this year radio and newspapers briefly told the world that British troops were standing by for any emergency in Asmara owing to friction between the Copts and Muslims.

The situation was described locally as "tense." One band of Copts possessed rifles and hand grenades, the Muslims carried

Two British Infantry battalions comb the peaks and valleys of Eritrea for *shifta*—bandits who practise many of the tricks familiar to troops in Malaya

Report and pictures by Sergeant EDWARD LUDLOW, Military Observer

swords. Before the fracas subsided one hundred natives were badly wounded and five shops gutted and looted. No British or Italians — were injured.

But rarely does the outside world hear of the almost daily hunt carried out by men from the South Wales Borderers and Royal Berkshire Regiment for *shifta*, the armed bandit bands which terrorise Eritrean villagers and Italian colonists.

These bandits are not new to Eritrea. For several hundreds of

years *shifta* bands have filled the role of Eritrean "Dick Turpins," but in post-war years murder and persecution have been added to armed robbery.

Leaders of today's *shifta* bands are the Mosasghi Brothers and on each of them is a reward of £500. Notices published by the British Administration in Eritrea list at least 54 men as *shifta* leaders. Many are wanted for murder.

*Shifta* leaders say they want to clear the country of all Italians,

and link Eritrea's future with the neighbouring country of Ethiopia. Other native elements — largely Muslims — are opposed to the idea and favour unity with the Sudan, if unity with anyone is necessary.

The bandits do not often molest the British soldier, although some months ago the Mosasghi Brothers issued a proclamation saying... "We are tired of interference from British soldiers and we shall hit back blow for blow..." For some reason the threat of reprisals faded into the thin air of the Eritrean valleys.

Bandit-hunting troops — many of them National Servicemen from South Wales, Berkshire, Devon-

OVER



Through this valley of cactus marches a patrol of the Berkshires, scanning the slopes for Eritrea's special brand of bandit.

## THAT OTHER BANDIT WAR (Continued)

shire, Hampshire, Wiltshire and Dorsetshire — rarely see a known *shifta* at close quarters. Cunning in fieldcraft, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the countryside, the *shifta* are flannel-footed as well as winged-footed. In tight corners they sometimes take up the role of peaceful shepherds — just as Malayan bandits pretend to be peasants.

Today big-scale swoops are being carried out. Overnight, before a dawn operation, Eritrean police impose a rigid curfew on all villages within the area to be combed. At first light troops link up with Eritrean "ferret" forces under British police inspectors and give hunt to *shifta* with tooth-comb thoroughness. All wayward natives are roped in and whisked back to a central screening headquarters manned by British and Eritrean police officials.

At sunset many of the "suspects" have proved their innocence and gone back to their mud-huts. Others have been identified as active *shifta* workers or sympathisers and sent elsewhere for further attention.

Sometimes bandits carry the war to the "gates" of the capital. They join the wild bands of baboons which visit the city's big central rubbish dump four miles away, but unlike the animals hunting for food, they rob and threaten native workers.

As well as conducting these swoops, men from the South Wales Borderers and Royal Berkshire Regiment maintain front-line companies on detachment. At Keren, scene of one of the first big Allied victories over an Axis power in 1941, and at another hill station, Agi Urgi, men of the Royal Berkshire Regiment keep a 24-hours vigil.

Almost daily Royal Berkshire

men sweep down the neighbouring valleys and villages, partly by road, partly by mule, but mostly on foot. Sometimes a section stays out for ten days at a time.

An extract from the Intelligence Officer's log of the South Wales Borderers shows what happens, sometimes, somewhere...

"...Number 10 platoon under 2/Lieut. D. H. Phillips fought a successful action against Ulde-gabriel Mosasghi, the notorious *shifta* leader, and in this action one *shifta* was killed outright, and despite medical attention, two other *shifta* died from their wounds. Items captured include one rifle, one .45 revolver, one rug, one embroidered saddle, and one ebony walking cane..."

Men from both battalions are called on to provide armed guards for road convoys and for the Diesel train service between Asmara and Massawa.

Senior NCO's from both regiments train parties of villagers in the use of the rifle, in elementary fieldcraft and drill. After a two-weeks' course the Eritreans return home and become members of a "Home Guard" — their official name is *Banda*.

From time to time the Royal Air Force co-operates with the ground forces. On reconnaissance sweeps low over the valleys useful information has been obtained and passed on to patrols.

In command of Britain's troops in Eritrea is a Burma veteran, Brigadier A. C. Mackenzie-Kennedy, DSO. His headquarters — officially described as 'Headquarters, Eridist' — are affectionately dubbed by officers and men "The War Office."

In spite of, or because of, the *shifta* war Asmara is considered a good station by the average British soldier.

The climate for most of the year is like an English spring, and there is an abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Every mess table bears Eritrean steaks; fresh meat is always plentiful and frozen imported meat is almost unheard-of.

In his unit or central NAAFI the British soldier can buy for just over a shilling a more-than-a-pint bottle of locally brewed beer named Melotti. The brewery started just after Allied troops took over the country in 1941-42.

The altitude tends to limit the playing of games (newcomers to Asmara sometimes find themselves short of breath after even climbing a stairway). There are several fairly modern cinemas in the town, for those who do not mind English-speaking films spattered with sub-titles in French, Italian and Arabic.

There is one score on which everyone is happy... the airmail from home is first-class. Letters from Britain are usually read three or four days later by men even in the "front line." British Sunday newspapers are usually to hand on Tuesdays, and every day a small news bulletin is published giving home and Eritrean news.



The jungle hat is worn in Eritrea too. Mountain patrols are a welcome break from barrack life. Below: British soldiers do guard duty on the Diesel trains which run to Asmara.



Below: Here is a bag of suspects for screening, trying to look as innocent and philosophical as possible. Most of them probably are innocent; others may have guilty knowledge.





British NCO's teach arms drill to Eritreans from outlying villages, so that the natives may form their own "Home Guard." Below: Front-line conference. On right is Brigadier A. G. W. Heber-Percy, DSO, Grenadier Guards, from GHQ, Middle East; in centre Brigadier A. C. Mackenzie-Kennedy, DSO, commanding in Eritrea; and a member of the Civil administration.



Below: There are no tiled bathrooms for men returning from patrol — but what's wrong with the Company Commander's trailer?



# "Making History — Who? Me?"

HISTORY happens quietly as often as it happens noisily.

The last month saw a great and fundamental change in the structure of the British Army: for the first time men left the Colours and immediately went on the strength again — of the Territorial Army. They are now being transferred at the rate of 4500 a fortnight — giving the Territorial Army an annual boost of 108,000 men.

You would have thought that the subject might have inspired, at least, a cartoon here and there: a picture, perhaps, of a gaunt soldier labelled "Territorial Army" receiving a blood transfusion from a syringe marked "New National Service Blood," with John Bull looking on benevolently. But no.

The only sign at the Territorial centres that history was being made was the presence of reporters curious to see whether the Army would bring a human touch to the ceremony of welcome. They duly noted that there were cups of tea for the new arrivals, that there were (in some instances) dart boards and snooker tables to beguile the time of waiting; and that the men expressed neither joy nor sorrow at their lot. "Making history — who? me?" seemed to be the attitude.

The other great question was, and is: How many men would volunteer? At one North of England unit, on 22 June, five men out of six volunteered, but that was exceptional. At the Duke of York's Headquarters, in Chelsea, two out of 24 were volunteers, both being attested on the spot by Major-General H. E. Pyman, commanding 56th (London) Armoured Division. Others will no doubt volunteer when they have got the feel of their units.

One of the places where SOLDIER watched the new era being ushered in was Bristol, where 12 Anti-Aircraft Group Mixed Signals Regiment, Territorial Army welcomed men from stations in Europe and the Middle East.

When they arrived, some of the men had the haziest ideas about their future, though they admitted they had been given a pamphlet, just before they left their units. In an informal chat RSM K. B. Ulrich cleared up one or two misapprehensions.

"Drill night," he explained, "does not mean that you spend the whole evening doing foot and arms drill. It is an old-fashioned term; a drill night is a training night, when you learn to apply the skill and knowledge you have acquired in the Regular Army to your Territorial Army

job. It can also be used, sometimes, to carry on with unfinished trade courses."

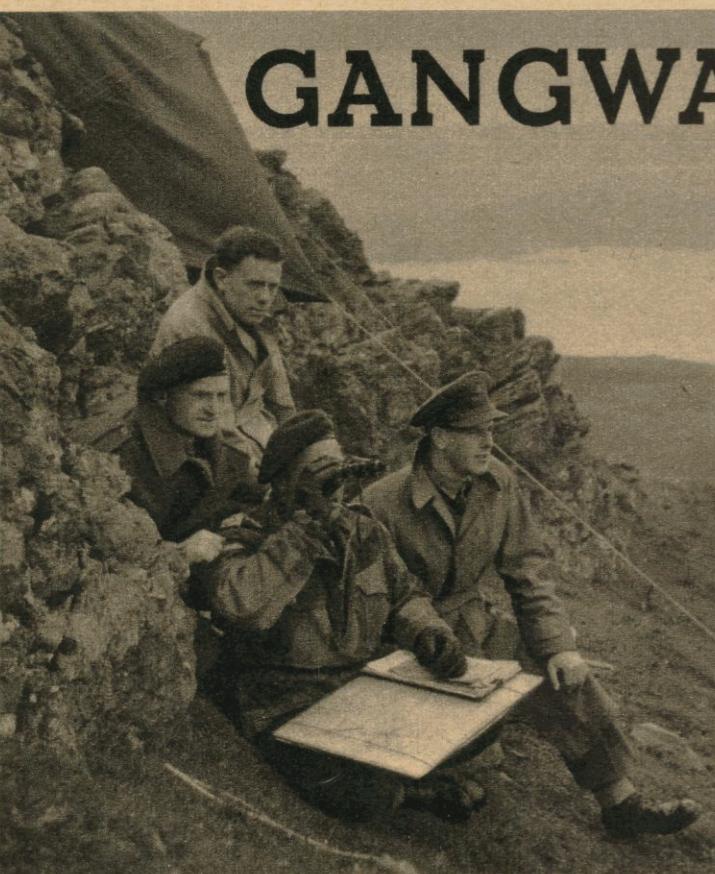
In another room the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. R. B. Ridley Martin, was having a more formal talk with each man. He was interested not only in what the men had done in the Army, but in their civilian background. What sort of work were they looking for? What were the prospects? What did they do in their spare time? From the interview the men went on leave with the knowledge that even in civilian life there would be someone taking an interest in their welfare.

This intake had arrived just as the unit was preparing to go to camp. The newcomers were not required to attend it, but an exception was made for Lance-Corporal A. G. C. Smith — his home was closed down. Both his parents are Territorial lance-corporals too, and they were bound for camp. But at least he had the comfort of home cooking: his mother was the camp cook.

Meanwhile, the last of the all-volunteer camps were in full swing: they provided a useful opportunity for picking out the best instructors. From all over the country anti-aircraft batteries were travelling to and from practice camp — at Bude, Tonfanau, Weymouth and Stiffkey. One battery — 856 Movement Light Battery, Territorial Army — had an exciting role to play when it put down artificial moonlight on Salisbury Plain for a big exercise of 16th Independent Parachute Brigade. And as usual Territorial Sappers were being given novel jobs to test their skill. Among these was the felling of a factory chimney at Johnshaven, near Melrose, along a lane 20 feet wide — which they did. The two youngest cadets and the oldest inhabitant touched off the explosion, making the event quite a community affair. But the Territorial Army always was a community affair.

Lance-Corporal A. G. C. Smith joined a unit in which his father and mother are already lance-corporals.





The Forward Observer, Bombardment, Captain Peter Stoop (with binoculars), spots shell bursts across the Kyle. With him are Lieut. John Hurrell, Gunner John Lombard (ex-Infantry sergeant) and Telegraphist D. Stainthorpe, Royal Navy. Below: Sergeant Rodney Slater, who was a Naval telegraphist on the Normandy beaches, looks on as the Naval photographer records bursts.



**Cape Wrath, on the north-west extremity of Scotland, echoes to a cruiser's guns... guns which are directed on to land targets by men of a Territorial Army bombardment battery**

**S**TEAMING in line ahead, the six-inch cruiser *Swiftsure* and the destroyers *St. James* and *Jutland* left the shelter of Loch Erriboll and set course towards Cape Wrath, most north-westerly point of the Scottish mainland, 20 miles away.

Half an hour later four Land Rovers left the Nissen-hutted cliff-top camp overlooking Sango Bay, which lies west of Erriboll, and shot along the sandy Balnakill beach at the entrance to the Kyle of Durness, whence they climbed the steep, uneven cliff tracks on to the headland known as Faraid.

Out climbed officers and men of the Royal Artillery, and Royal Navy telegraphists with their radio sets. On board the warships, now seven miles off shore, were more Royal Artillery officers. The Territorial Army's Combined Operations Bombardment Battery, aided by its opposite number in the Regular Army, was about to start the most exacting — and exciting — part of its annual camp.

At their direction, the air would soon be shaking with the crack of naval gunfire, and the little, rocky island across the Kyle would be erupting under its annual broadside.

For 881 Combined Operations Bombardment Battery, Territorial Army the week at Durness represented the second part of the annual camp. The first week had

been spent at Evanston in the Firth of Cromarty, where they practised communication between ship and shore and air.

A bombardment battery differs from any other in that it has no guns or gun crews; the Navy supplies the fire power. Its purpose is to spot and direct ships' fire on to shore targets during an assault landing until the Army's guns can go into action. The idea was conceived and the technique worked out soon after Dunkirk.

Early in 1941 Gunner officers found themselves on courses at the Naval School of Gunnery at Portsmouth. Those who made best progress were sent to form the first bombardment school at Duncraig, near Troon. In April 1942 the first Forward Observation and Bombardment Liaison Unit was



The badge of Combined Operations is worn by the men of the bombardment batteries: it incorporates the Navy's anchor, the Army's tommy-gun and the Air Force's eagle.

## OFFICER!

formed (there were five by 1944). In those days the Army officer who operated on shore was called the Forward Observation Officer; today he is the Forward Observer.

Bombardment units took part in the Dieppe raid (where they first saw action and where RAF ground crews were used in the observer parties because of a shortage of Naval telegraphists); in the Madagascar campaign; in the North African landings (where beach parties wore American uniforms); in the Normandy landings (where there were 50 shore parties and 50 liaison officers afloat); and in Sicily, Italy and the Far East.

Some of the officers who helped to direct Naval gunfire during the war were aboard the three ships off Cape Wrath. One was Major Gordon Sinclair, commanding officer of the Territorial battery. He was one of the first Royal Artillery officers to be trained in these tactics and eventually commanded a bombardment regiment. He served at Dieppe and in the Normandy landings.

In Durness, the villagers knew what to expect. They opened their windows — just to make sure. Durness has one plumber-cum-carpenter whose stock of glass is limited. Ordinarily, very little happens to disturb the calm of the village, which is just as well. The nearest policeman lives 14 miles away and offenders against the Law have to be taken 85 miles to court. The railway comes no nearer than 56 miles and the only resident doctor has to send to the nearest hospital at Golspie, 80 miles away, if he wants an ambulance.

Above the village, the first observation party climbed into shelter on Faraid headland. In theory they had just landed with an Infantry battalion which was now fighting its way towards Durness. In charge was Captain Peter Stoop, Berkshire farmer and second-in-command of the Territorial battery. He was an airborne Gunner during the war and took part in the Rhine landing. On Faraid he had his normal staff of



Army and Navy — and both in berets: Telegraphist A. Baker and Gunner Dennis Knowles, a former Navy man, keep radio contact with the range party.

four — one artillery technical assistant, two driver-operators and a Naval telegraphist. His technical assistant, Sergeant Rodney Slater, local government official from Hayes, was in the Royal Navy during the war and as a telegraphist went ashore with the Essex Yeomanry on D-Day. Today his job was to watch for shell bursts.

Over the radio contact was made with *Swiftsure* — "Hello Volcano. This is Spyglass." On board the message was received in the staff office, a long narrow room under the captain's bridge. It contained the Naval gunnery officer; Captain J. A. Newberry, second-in-command of 267 Combined Operations Bombardment Battery — the Regular Army battery — who was acting as *Swiftsure*'s bombardment liaison officer, and Major Sinclair, who today was senior bombardment liaison officer for the three ships. The remaining space was taken up by Naval telegraphists and Territorial officers under instruction.

On the flag deck a sailor was running up the ship's blue flag which flies during firing. And over the loudspeakers a voice warned visitors where cotton wool for the ears could be collected.

From the shore came the Army's request that "enemy guns" at a certain map-reference should be given a "pasting." There were quick range calculations in the



staff office; orders were flashed to the transmitting station, in the ship's bowels. More quick calculations; more orders. Then, as the dial indicating the roll of the ship showed the moment to fire, an officer pressed a button and three shells screamed 4000 feet into the sky to land in the target area six to seven miles away.

Ashore, the observing party received the warning "Shot," which meant that the shells were on the way. Five seconds before they were due to strike came the message "Stand By." From the ship 35 seconds were counted between the firing and the burst and a minute passed before the sound came rumbling back from the shore. In the staff office the cor-

OVER

## GANGWAY for an ARMY OFFICER! (Continued)



Puzzle picture: the curious object in the sky is in fact a steeply banking Sea Hornet which has been spotting for the Navy. Below: soldiers who serve afloat: Major David Lloyd Thomas, Welch Regiment, Captain Charles Murray, Queen's Bays and Royal Marine Serjeant W. G. Nicholson, of the Carrier-Borne Air Liaison Team.



detachment of ships when a shoot is over and transmission of the orders of the naval bombarding squadron commander.

"Naval bombardment is used in three stages: direct fire during the run-in of troops to the beach; indirect fire using shore observers or aircraft once the troops are ashore, and finally thickening fire in support of the land artillery when it has opened up."

Periodically Fleet Air Arm Sea Hornets took over observation from the shore parties. They came from Lossiemouth and were called up as they were wanted by two officers of 63 Carrier-Borne Air Liaison Section, who had a control post on the headland. These officers, Major D. Lloyd Thomas, Welch Regiment, and Captain Charles Murray, Queen's Bays, live with the Royal Navy and have quarters on an aircraft carrier.

As each shell burst, a bearing was recorded by flash spotters of 22 Survey Battery, Royal Artillery, from Larkhill. Said the Battery commander, Captain Harry Stroud: "This information is needed at the inquest on the day's shoot. From it we can tell how accurate were the corrections sent from shore."

Also keeping a watch on the shooting was Captain John Cairns, training officer of the Regular battery, whose headquarters tent on the headland was linked by radio with all three ships, and with the range safety party on the other side of the Kyle.

When the three ships had fired 110 rounds between them, the *Swiftsure*, under Captain W. P. McCarthy, Royal Navy, led the way back to Loch Eriboll for the night. Eriboll is well known to sailors: there many U-boats surrendered after World War Two. On Eriboll's island fell practice bombs from the planes which went to bomb the *Tirpitz* in Norway.

At the loch's little landing stage, the sailors went ashore to have a drink with their Army

colleagues. Durness's sole inn did a booming trade. The Army-Navy visit is a big event for the village; into the window of the general store goes a notice which says "Welcome to Combined Operations!" and extends an invitation to a dance in aid of the badminton club. At this, local lasses are outnumbered by those who come from villages as far as 60 miles away.

The men of 881 Battery were glad to have a drink together, too. They do not often have the chance, for their unit is probably the most scattered in the Territorial Army. The reason is that it attracts men who were in bombardment units in wartime and whose homes are widely separated. Some do their normal training with local field regiments, and visit the battery only at camp. One of them is Captain Hugh Collinson, of Liverpool, who was an observer with the South Lancashire Regiment on D-Day; another is Captain Basil Nanson, of Bournemouth, who was doing similar work in the Far East.

Others have come from other arms and other tasks. Captain Peter Robertson was on Provost duty in Madras; Captain Peter Brocklehurst served with the King's Own Scottish Borderers and Lieutenant John Hurrell with the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Three of the Gunners were in the Royal Navy, three more in the RAF and one — Gunner John Lombard — was a Royal Fusilier sergeant instructor.

The Royal Navy has now got used to having "brown jobs" living on board to help with gunnery control in amphibious operations. But the Navy likes to recall the occasion when some Army officers were asked aboard a ship to watch a demonstration of gunnery. The invitation ended with the words: "You are asked to bring your own glasses." Because so many tumblers and beer mugs were brought along, the Royal Navy now uses the word "binoculars."

PETER LAWRENCE

## THE LAST PARADE?

**A**n ex-trooper of the 165 Lancers sends **SOLDIER** the photograph reproduced at right with the claim that it shows the last ceremonial regimental parade, on horseback, of a British regular cavalry regiment: (excluding the Household Cavalry): the Proclamation Parade of 165 Lancers on 1 January 1939, at Risalpur, India.

On left is the band; then come A, B and C Squadrons; then the machine-gun troop with signals in the rear.

It made a stirring sight — the old-time cavalry regiment. To the historian the surprising thing will be that the horsed regiments still rode proudly into the year which saw the start of Hitler's war.



The 7th Armoured jerboa: an early version.



The jerboa of 31st Independent Infantry Brigade —



— and of 4th Armoured Brigade.



The 7th Armoured jerboa: final version.

**T**HE British soldier is often accused of a woe-ful and, indeed, barbarian lack of interest in the places he visits overseas ("What's this dump, Charlie?" — "It's called Leptis Magna, chum. Roman city or something." — "Cripes! Give me the Old Kent Road.")

Not all recruits show the same degree of wild-eyed wonder at their first sight of Port Said as the soldier in the recruiting poster.

Which raises the question of Corporal Spicer and Private Newman. You haven't heard about them? Nor had **SOLDIER**, until a member of the staff, browsing through the *RAOC Journal*, found this sentence under the heading "Bermuda Notes":

"On the 17th March, Corporal Spicer and Private Newman travelled by air to New York and took passage in the *Queen Mary* on the 23rd."

There it was — a prosaic item of trooping news which arouses no particular comment, apparently, in Bermuda. To be whisked by air from the honeymoon isles to the fabulous spires of New York, and then shipped home on a Queen liner is taken quite as a matter of course by that blasé garrison — or is it? **SOLDIER** would prefer to think that Corporal Spicer and Private Newman are men in whom the spark of wonder was not extinguished in their early teens, that they got a big kick out of their homecoming. **SOLDIER** trusts also that they spared a thought for their fellow

soldiers sweltering on troop-decks in the Red Sea, homeward bound from Malaya.

Corporal Spicer and Private Newman must not spoil the whole thing by writing in to say that they had only two dollars to spend in New York and were seasick from the Nantucket Light to Bishop's Rock.

\* \* \*

**A** National Serviceman called **Up** only yesterday may find himself privileged to wear the flash of the jerboa, or desert rat.

Everybody knows that he never served in the Western Desert, but nobody grudges him the honour. He has something to live up to.

On the other hand, a man who wore the rat in Africa may have to take it down if he, or his unit, leaves 7th Armoured Division. For a man cannot belong to two divisions at once.

Recently the system under which honours are handed on by those who earned them to those who follow on was debated by leading generals in *The Times*. Major-General Sir Edward Spears said he had heard that his old regiment, the 11th Hussars, was about to leave 7th Armoured Division and would lose its right to the desert rat flash, while another regiment which possibly did not serve in the Division would be

able to wear it. He thought the flash should belong for ever to the regiments which formed 7th Armoured.

The opposite view was put by Major-General L. O. Lyne, a former commander of the Division, who said: "Surely the great traditions of the British Army, which count for so much both in peace and in war in maintaining morale, have been very largely built up by handing on from one generation to another the memory of such exploits as those which made the name of the original 7th Armoured Division almost legendary." When he commanded the Division at the end of the war, General Lyne said, the greatest single factor in the life of the Division was probably its pride in the desert rat, even though by this time the men and the units of the Division had very largely changed. He thought the same was true today.

*The Times* leader writer, supporting General Lyne, recalled how the Division had often taken under its wing all manner of units left "homeless" after a brush with Rommel, how whole brigades had joined and left again. He told how the rat sent its young across the globe; for instance, 7th Armoured Brigade took a modified rat sign to Burma; and the self-propelled guns of a unit of Horse Gunners carried "a charming little blue

jerboa." He also recalled that Hamburg had been captured by two distinct brands of rat. "The sign of the desert rat," he concluded, "will be for ever an inspiration to British soldiers; it cannot belong only to the original rats."

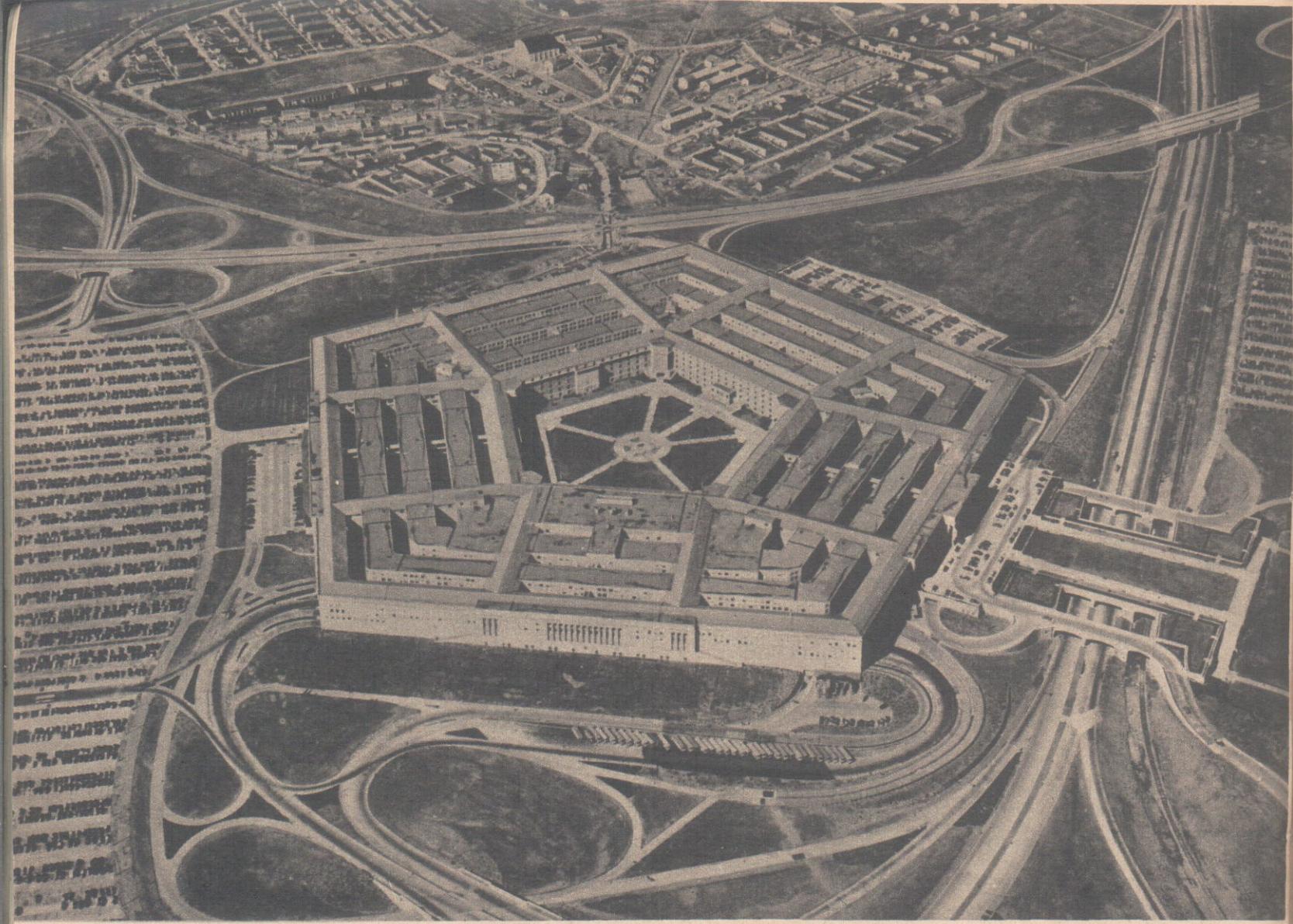
**SOLDIER** agrees with that verdict, while sympathising most heartily with those original "desert rats" who, in periodical re-shuffles, lose their flash. But if they were allowed to take the rat away with them, the Division would sooner or later become ratless. The rat, after all, was a divisional honour, not a regimental honour.

The man who chose the jerboa as the flash of 7th Armoured, Major-General Sir Michael O'Moore Creagh, wrote a postscript to the controversy. He said that the term "desert rat" was not originally one of abuse, as *The Times* had stated; before the war it had come to typify those who interested themselves in the desert and its ways. It was the obvious symbol for a desert-wise division.

\* \* \*

**WE** have changed a little since then...

Early last century commissions in the Army were sometimes awarded to boys who were struggling with Latin grammar at school. One day Dr. Goodall, of Eton, wrote: "I had the honour this morning of flogging a major in His Majesty's Service."



## The Pentagon

A pentagon, says the dictionary, is a five-sided object, and that was the obvious name to give the fabulous 34-acre building in Washington, DC which houses America's "top brass."

Many of Britain's high-ranking soldiers have been led, dazedly, through the Pentagon's corridors (of which there are 17 miles). Yet it is more compact than their own War Office, which is spread be-

tween the old-fashioned main building in Whitehall, various blocks of city offices, and sundry encampments in the outer suburbs of London.

The Pentagon took two years to build, and was finished in 1943. It employs an administrative staff of 35,000, with another 1000 to look after the building.

Officially, the Pentagon is the Headquarters of the United States Department of Defence, which is now working out how best to spend fourteen billion dollars. Head man there is Mr. Louis

Johnson, Defence Secretary, who (like Mr. Emanuel Shinwell) has to hold the balance between Army, Navy and Air Force. The programme of military aid which is now being sent by America to the Atlantic Pact countries is worked out in the Pentagon.

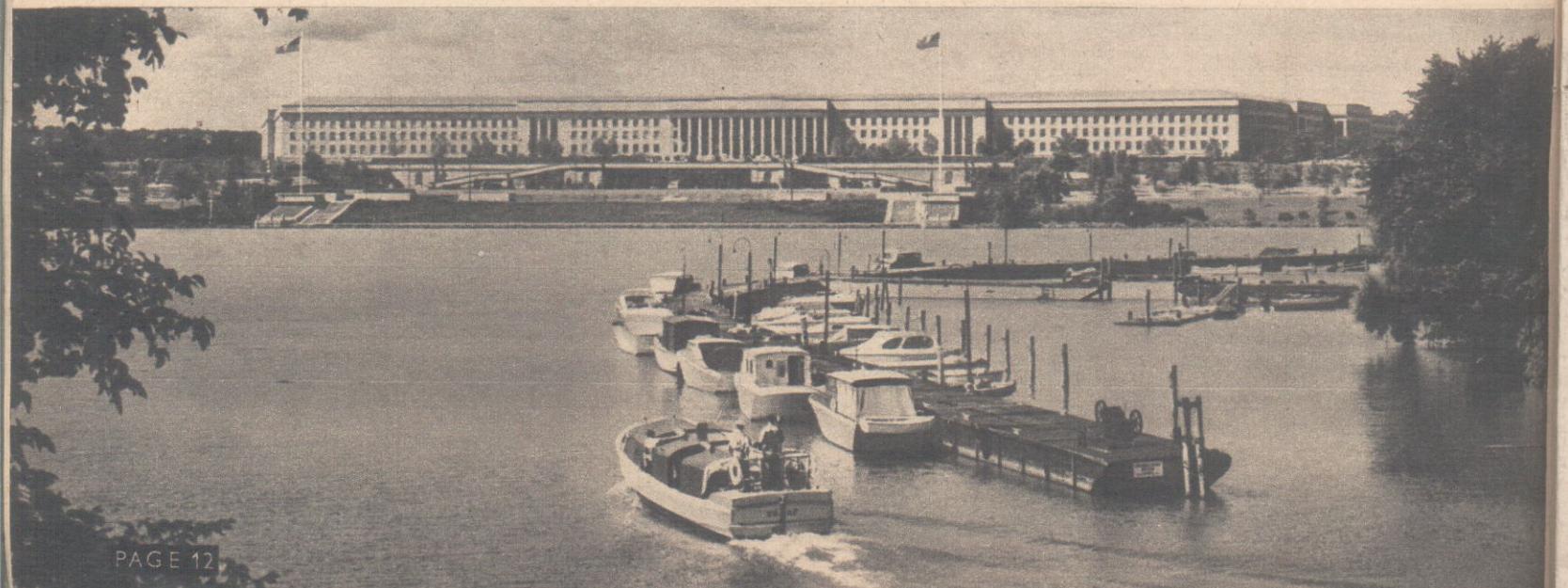
Besides the Defence Secretary's staff, the Pentagon houses the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the entire records of all those serving in the armed forces of the United States.

Inevitably, like any fortress of officialdom, the Pentagon has inspired a crop of irreverent stories. It was almost certainly the scene of the wartime tale about

Ringed with fast highways and "fly-over" bridges, and car parks to hold 7000 cars: Washington's Pentagon.

the staff officer in Washington who suddenly transferred his desk and filing cabinets to a small, but busy, space behind a door marked "Men." When asked why, he said, "Well, it's the only place in Washington where people know what they want."

Ground view across the man-made lagoon, on which US Air Force power boats ply.



# There'll always be a JEEP

— even if it is called by some other name

THE jeep set a new fashion in military motoring. A modern army is incomplete without a midget car tough enough to tackle tank country and powerful enough to do the work of a small lorry.

For Britain, the supply of jeeps dried up with the end of Lease-Lend. But Britain had already started building jeep-type cars of her own.

One, which stood up to its trials, was the jungle jeep, built by the Standard Motor Company of Coventry, for jungle warfare. Its front seats were like motor-cycle saddles and its rear seats like motor-cycle pillion seats; its bonnet was of canvas, to save weight. It could be lifted into its own trailer, which acted as a boat when it had to be taken across a river. But the end of the Japanese war removed the need for it.

The first product of peace-time reflection on the subject was the Land Rover, a squat-looking but more comfortable car than the original jeep. The Army welcomed it: the King rode in it to inspect parades. Farmers enthused over it too; it carried them effortlessly over the roughest fields and towed the cattle-trailers to market as well.

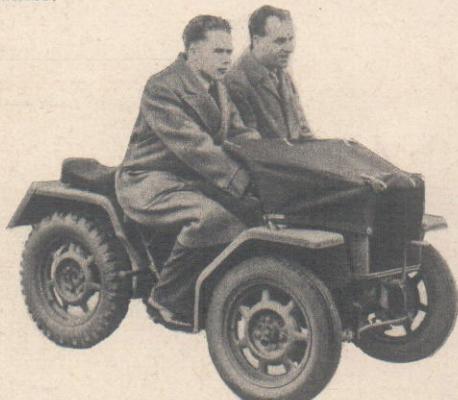
Now comes the latest "light car, 5cwt 4x4" which has been developed by the Ministry of Supply and the Nuffield Organisation. It has a powerful four-cylinder engine which gives it 60 miles-an-hour on the road, and independent springing for all wheels, to take it over rough ground at speed.

The new engine, the B 40, is one of a standardised range of engines and many of its components are interchangeable with those of six and eight-cylinder engines. Many other parts can be exchanged with those on other vehicles in the post-war range; many of the components can also be used in more than one part of the vehicle. All this makes for easier and cheaper manufacture, less complicated store-keeping, and easier "cannibalisation."

The new car is claimed to be easier to drive than the old jeep. It has a five-speed gear-box which, with its 80 brake-horse-power engine, makes a "booster" gear-box unnecessary. All the gears are synchromesh, to give easier changing. There is a secondary gear-box, incorporated in the rear-axle assembly which has two levers: one offers forward, reverse or winch; the other two or four-wheel drive.

The car's electrical system is water-proofed, and for wading all that is necessary is to attach a breather pipe to the air cleaner and to close a ventilating plug to the batteries. The car can be loaded into a Horsa II glider when the windscreen and easily-removable steering-wheel have been taken off.

The electrical system is completely screened, so as not to interfere with wireless, and the two 12-volt batteries give a good supply for wireless work. The vehicle is intended for use in extremes of heat and cold and there is a place for heating apparatus to keep the batteries warm in Arctic weather.



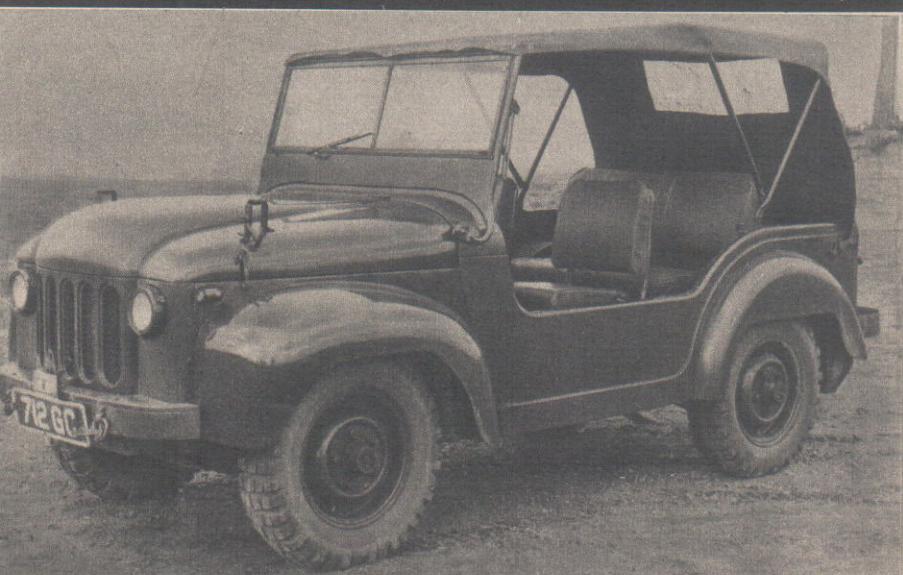
And this is the jungle jeep you never saw. Two men could carry it—but it could carry four men. The front seats were like saddles, the rear seats like pillion seats.

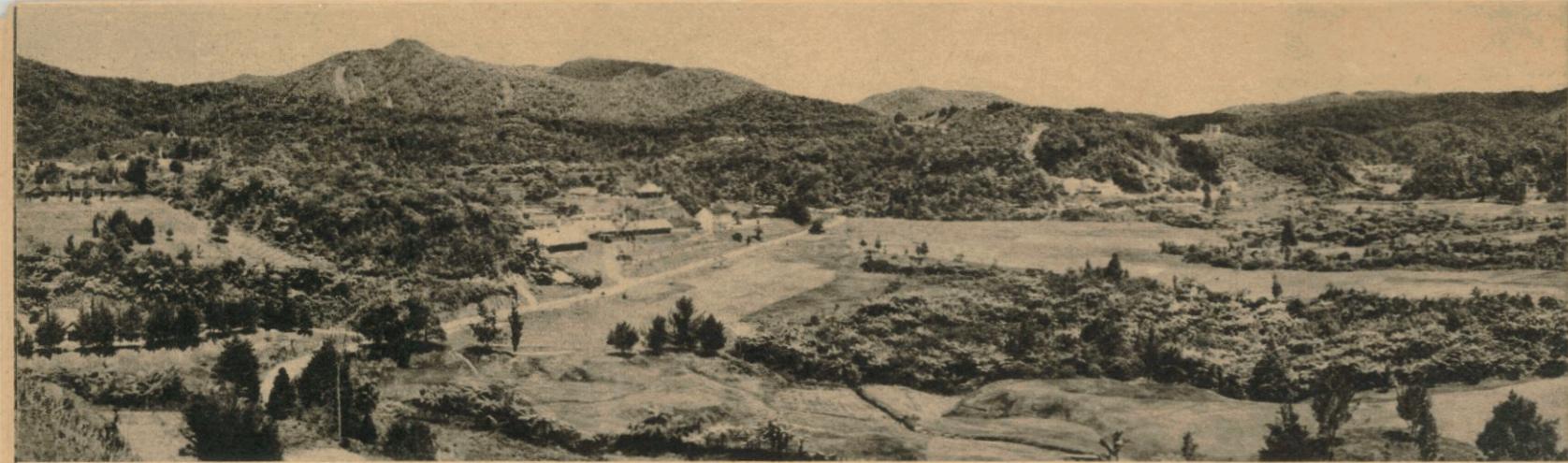


The vehicle which gave the world a new word to put in its dictionaries: the Willys jeep. (This one patrolled the Helmstedt-Berlin autobahn, through the Russian Zone).



The Land Rover was the first variation on the jeep by a British firm. It came into the limelight when the King rode in one to review troops in London's Hyde Park. Below: Now comes the Nuffield version: it has a five-speed gear box, and a secondary gear box in the rear axle assembly.





NOT all Malaya is sweltering jungle. Five thousand feet up, at the end of a narrow, corkscrewing road, is the hill station known as the Cameron Highlands.

At Tapah, where the daily armoured convoy sets off for the cool uplands, you perspire in the thinnest of clothes. After climbing more than 4000 feet in 37 miles, you are glad to wrap a blanket round your shoulders. That night, before an open hearth where big logs blaze, you find it hard to realise that you are still in Malaya.

It is too much to expect to find the Cameron Highlands garrisoned by the Cameron Highlanders; in fact, a strong detachment of the 2nd Coldstream Guards is there, along with a troop of the 4th Hussars, an RASC butchery, an issue section, a bakery and transport section and a military hospital.

The Cameron Highlands were developed in the early 1930's. The nine-hole golf course is considered by many to be the most attractive in the Far East and is

## MALAYA'S COOL SPOT

**But even this cool spot would be a hot spot if the Army did not ceaselessly patrol the outskirts**

very popular with the Services. Tea is being cultivated in the vicinity and the area is an increasingly important source of vegetables.

A narrow lane has been hewn out of the jungle-clad mountains for some eight miles into the Blue Valley, where Chinese settlers, by the sweat of their brows, have made some fantastic gardens up the steep inclines; in these they grow vegetables, mostly cabbages. The logs and undergrowth of the jungle have been burned to make compost for the ground, and to this settlers have added — illegally, but beneficially — prawn dust manure.

The Cameron Highlands are

peaceful, but outside the residential area there have been incidents. Not long ago an Indian in the neighbourhood was kidnapped, and later found bound with his throat cut. In March, an Army recovery convoy was going to the rescue of a vehicle, when automatics and rifles from a carefully prepared position spat at the troops. One subaltern and four British soldiers were killed or died from wounds, and a civilian was also killed. This ambush took place on the Cameron Highlands Road, between the resort and the Blue Valley country. The Coldstream Guards have patrolled hundreds of square miles around the Highlands, and have accounted for quite a few terrorists.

The troopers of the 4th Hussars are pleased with the new Daimler armoured cars which are arriving in increasing numbers. "They're just the thing, — they take the hairpin bends as easily as a jeep," one man said. One of the Hussars' jobs was to bring back the European school children from their holidays, in troop carriers escorted by armoured cars. In every vehicle the driver's mate was nursing the youngest child. Though drenched with rain, the children obviously enjoyed riding with the soldiers.

Otherwise life in the Camerons is quiet. The departure and arrival of the convoy to and from Tapah is the main event of the day.

The Smoke House Inn, built in the Tudor style, is the showplace.

Above: panorama of the Cameron Highlands — a popular Army leave centre. (Highlands Photo Service). Right: Service wives can pluck English roses in this hill resort.



## SPOT

During the occupation it was the residence of a Japanese doctor, who liked to imagine that he was an English gentleman of leisure.

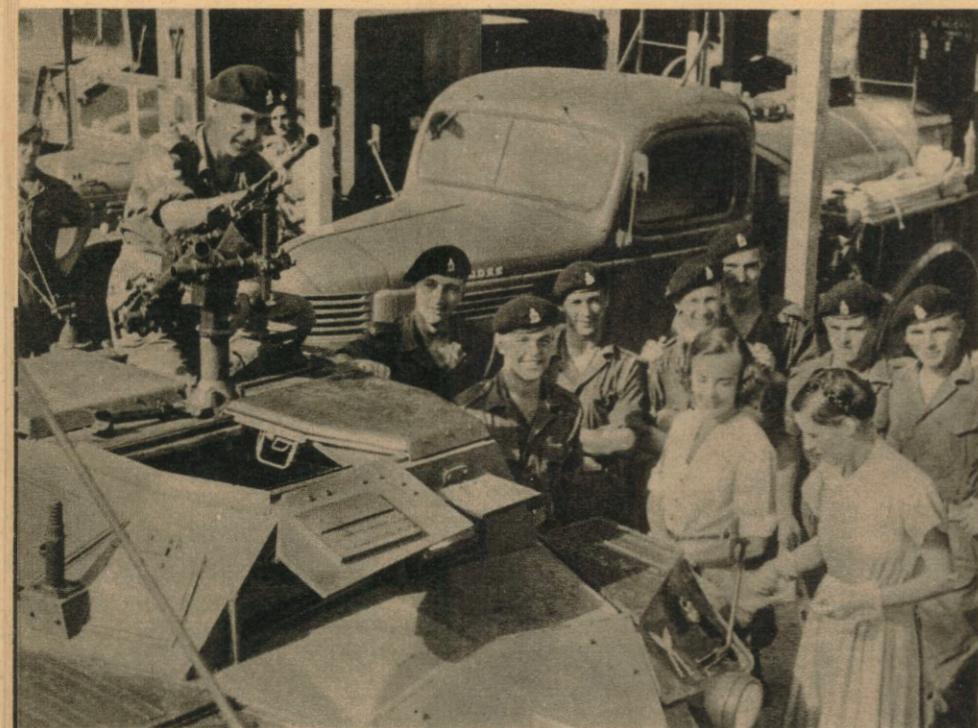
The hospital, temporarily housed in a convent, looks after an average of 150 convalescent patients from the three Services. In emergency, operations can be carried out there.

As the hill station is situated in two "bowls" between the mountains, the construction of an air-strip is out of the question; there is insufficient distance for safe landing. Once an Auster did alight on the golf course with engine trouble. It was dismantled and trucked to Ipoh to resume its flight. The RAF once parachuted to the hospital the personal kit of a pilot patient; it landed on the hospital steps!

With a round-the-year temperature in the low 70's in daytime and just over 50 at night, the Highlands are an attractive leave centre. The RASC run a morning and afternoon bus service from the various NAAFI centres and bungalows to the village of Tanah Rata, the shopping centre. In quaint old Chinese shops (somehow, Chinese shops always appear old) there is an amazing assortment of goods. Modern American and British fountain pens, Swiss watches, perfumes, Scotch whiskies, slabs of chocolate and jars of sweets are displayed alongside bootmaker's repair outfit, evil-smelling heaps of chillies and onions, air-mail writing paper and fancy rolls of silks and tweeds.

British soldiers are fond of the Cameron Highlands. As one RASC driver put it: "I feel as though I am going into the hot-house when I drive towards Tapah, but as I climb the mountains on the return journey I sing and whistle with relief."

D. H. de T. READE



Visitors to the Cameron Highlands go by armoured convoy, under the care of the 4th Hussars. Right: just over two miles from this sign an Army recovery convoy lost five dead in an ambush. Driver Dennis Corrin sits in the jeep in which he had a lucky escape; five bullets hit it.



Left: School children returning from holidays travelled in armed convoys too. Above: "Rum up" for the Coldstream Guards — and no teetotallers.



They die (and live) with their boots clean: a scene at cleaning parade at the Guards Depot, Caterham.

# SPIT AND POLISH

THE civilian who wrote recently to *SOLDIER* asking for the Army's secret of polishing boots was not asking for much — only the accumulated wisdom of about a thousand years of soldiering.

Not that there is one single, jealously guarded secret. Six men will put a gloss on their toe-caps in six different ways. And there are at least six ways of polishing a button.

Whether the ancients raised such a gloss on leather and metal as the Guardsman raises today is one of those questions which cannot be answered. Probably they did; but very likely it took them longer.



In World War One some soldiers preferred to dubbin their feet rather than their boots.

It was when warriors began to demand shining armour that the age of spit and polish came in; and when armour went out, spit and polish stayed. It is still here, and will remain as long as soldiers take a pride in their appearance.

Some of the old recipes for raising a shine are known to us. In the early 15th century the knight's followers cleaned his armour with pumice powder, usually mixed with olive oil. Today pumice is still used on old armour in museums, but mineral oil has replaced the olive oil.

Chain mail was cleaned in a special barrel mounted on an axle and revolved by a handle. Into this was placed

Once there was a recruit who tried to buy a tin of spit and polish, or failing that, a jar of elbow grease. But there is really no short cut to a shine

sand and vinegar, which was well shaken up along with the armour, as the handle was turned.

Later, sections of something very like chain mail, stitched to leather squares, came to be used for burnishing the metal pieces of harness, and are still occasionally used today. A good finish could be obtained by shaking up the whole lot, burnishers included, in a blanket or a sack for about twenty minutes. Gunners competing in "best gun" contests during the late war found that such items as chains could be given a brilliant finish by prolonged shaking in a sack which contained torn-up scraps of newspaper.

A curious practice still survives among men in certain horsed units. They first dip the harness metal in horses' urine, in the stable channel, then wash it in water, put it in a dry sack and swing it across the body and over the head in a "figure of eight" motion for a few minutes.

Another aid to cleaning metal

— mostly used for swords and bayonets — was brickdust. This, incidentally, was also used instead of soap for scrubbing table tops and barrack floors. Men who used it claim that they got woodwork far whiter than the soap-users of today.

Buttons, which have been made of all kinds of metals, including pewter, have not always had to be polished. One of the first mixtures for cleaning them was pumice powder and whitening. Later came a variety of proprietary pastes and chemical cleaners.

Very old soldiers say that buttons are not what they were. At one time they had a lead lining which stood up long after the design had been rubbed off. But in those days buttons needed more polishing to make them shine.

Manufacturers of present day buttons for officers' uniforms say they should only be rubbed over with a soft duster to make them shine and that metal polish should not be used. They say that eager batmen remove the thin gilt

coating by using a commercial polish and once that is done the buttons have to be cleaned daily with metal polish. What will the batmen do when the permanently polished button, announced two years ago, comes into use?

The soldiers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had to tar their leather equipment, sword and bayonet scabbards and ammunition boxes. This helped to make the articles waterproof, but in a hot climate keeping the tar from running was a tricky problem.

Later buff leather was used. It was softer and the best way to clean it was to wash it in soapy water. The soap had to be left in it, otherwise the leather went hard. As the soldier of those days did not have much soap, he usually only brushed his equipment.

After the Peninsular War came the age of pipe-clay, which was in fact the stuff used for making clay pipes. It was used to whiten equipment and breeches and caused a good deal of heartache. For one thing it did not stick very well and three or four coats were needed to do the job that one coat of blanco will do.

A medical officer, letting off steam about barrack accommodation in the *Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps* in 1904 thought pipe-clay was not very healthy: "Pipe-clay, which is to a considerable extent responsible for the dusty atmosphere of the barrack-room, will doubtless some day become extinct with other ancient military customs."

Soon afterwards someone invented a mixture called sap which had better staying power, but it was not a great success because it had a tendency to discolour.

Then in 1875 a young Volunteer (a Territorial of that day) named Pickering suggested to his family firm of polish manufacturers a new mixture for whitening the Army's buckskin equipment. That was blanco. Exactly what blanco consisted of was, and still is, a trade secret.

The Army was traditionally slow to take up the new substance, but by the 1900's when blanco got a new boost from the growing popularity of white boots and shoes it was well established in the Army. Since then, civilian demands have been greater than the Army's except during the two world wars.

When the Army went into khaki, blanco came forth in new shades which today have varying vogues. But one use of blanco has now passed out of fashion: in the cavalry at one time it was considered a preventive and cure for saddle-sores.

Like blanco, boot-polish had its predecessors. Foot-wear and harness were polished with blacking, which might be one of several greasy and mysterious mixtures. Private Thomas Faughan, an Irishman who went to Canterbury for his training in 1847 and afterwards wrote a book about it, said that he bought an old soldier a lot of beer before the veteran showed him how to shine his pouch with a composition which none but the old soldiers knew how to prepare. Probably it was just grease and lamp black. Anyway it was messy and took a lot of spit and polish to get results. Rifle regiments which had black leather equipment used methylated spirits to remove grease and then treated the leather with diluted oxalic acid and black heelball.

Later blacking was made of oil of vitriol and molasses (concentrated sulphuric acid and treacle) with carbon black. Troops were using this mixture at Woolwich 60 years ago when they were visited by a Mr. Wren who was trying to drum up business for a new wax polish for leather he had invented.

Mr. Wren went up to one trooper and produced a tin of his wax. Within a few minutes that soldier's saddle had a better shine than all the others which had undergone hours of spit and polish.

Just then the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, rode up, admired the saddle and was shown the wax by Mr. Wren. An order was given

for the Army to use it and within a year "blacking" was a thing of the past.

Up to World War One boots were made of rough and very greasy leather. To get the grease out troops would rub in half a potato, the juice of which did the trick. Then followed the job of boning the boots — rubbing the wrinkles out of the leather with a hard, and sometimes hot, object. (Recently a mother wrote to the Press complaining that her soldier son had been heating her spoons to give his boots a gloss, to the detriment of boots and spoons alike).

During World War One dubbin was much used in the tren-



A way they have in the Household Cavalry. Inside the sack, which is being swung in a figure-of-eight motion, are bits of harness metal which will emerge glittering.

ches to keep boots waterproof. Many troops rubbed it straight on to their feet under their socks to prevent frostbite.

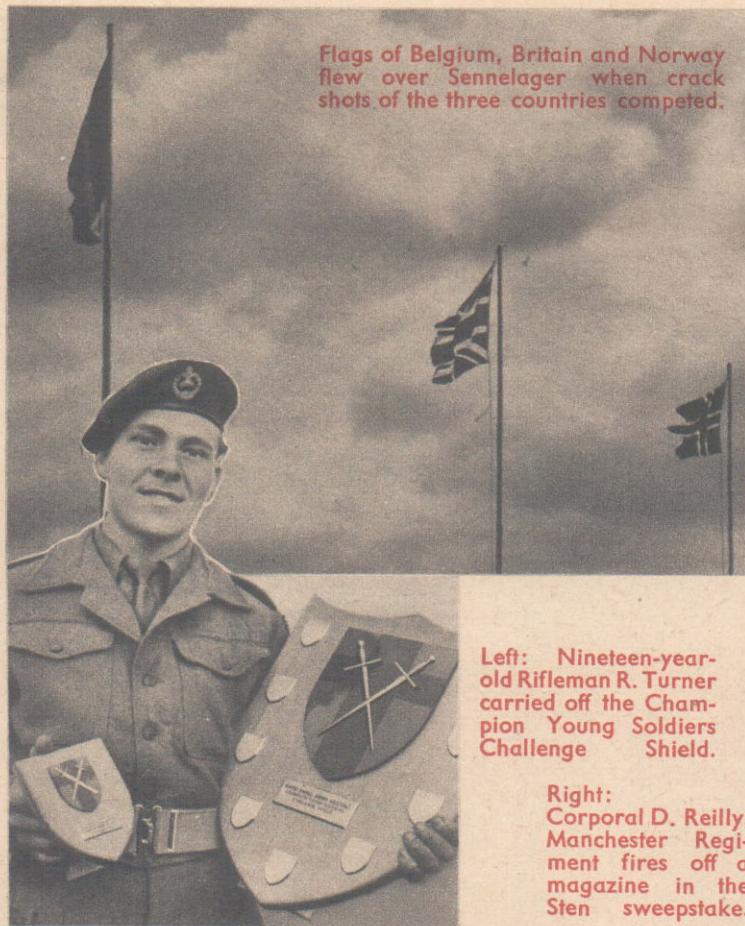
In the recent war an order to use dubbin on boots raised groans from those who were justly proud of their highly polished boots.

There has always been a purpose behind spit and polish — to preserve equipment, to make a man feel smart as well as look smart, besides the desire to put on a good show.

Sometimes it has been overdone, as in instances when men have been carried on parade by their comrades to avoid creasing their trousers or spoiling the polish on the studs of their boots. There have been guards so spick and span on the outside that they have had to be ordered to undress, so that the commanding officer's stick orderly could be chosen on the condition of his underwear and the darns in his socks.

It was the knights' passion for shining armour which really inaugurated the era of spit and polish. They were lifted, glittering, on their horses — even as some latter-day soldiers have been carried on parade.





Flags of Belgium, Britain and Norway flew over Sennelager when crack shots of the three countries competed.

Left: Nineteen-year-old Rifleman R. Turner carried off the Champion Young Soldiers Challenge Shield.

Right: Corporal D. Reilly, Manchester Regiment fires off a magazine in the Sten sweepstakes.



H 3 MATCH			YOUNG SOLDIERS			SCORING		
COPES	2	3	TOTAL	PLACE	UNIT	1	2	
23	14	3/4	24	HQ BAOR		131	96	
3	143	3/7	15	BON CHASS ARDS		194	96	
3	143	3/7	26	BON LIBERATION		162	54	
17	110	3/7	16	5 BON DE LIGNE		177	93	
4	12	2/7	12	12 BON DE LIGNE		112	111	
4	12	2/7	17	ROYAL HORSE GUARDS		103	49	
9	11	2/7	27	QUE		100	29	
5	11	2/7	10	BONNS		175	82	
				HANNOVER		98	30	
				1 FORESTERS		155	67	

Note the names of Allied regiments on the score-board. Below: Lieut-General Sir Charles F. Keightley presents the cup to Rhine Army's champion rifle shot, CSM D. Phillips, MBE.



## BISLEY IN GERMANY

EVER since powder and shot were invented the British soldier has had the well-won reputation of being the best shot in the world.

If further proof were needed that he still is the best shot the remarkably high scores at Rhine Army's Small Arms Meeting at Sennelager Ranges in Westphalia (where Rundstedt trained his troops for the desperate Battle of the Bulge) provided the complete answer. Many of the contestants were young National Servicemen whose performances with the rifle, Bren, Sten and pistol must have satisfied even those who were not quite convinced that the young soldier of today is as accurate and proficient as his older brother and his father before him.

Competing against teams from all over Rhine Army and from the Norwegian Brigade and the Belgian Forces of Occupation in Germany the 1st Battalion, The Rifle Brigade swept the board and won the Rhine Army Shield for the champion team with 3593 points. Second were the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers team from 2 Infantry Division with 3346 points and third the 1st Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers with 3207 points.

"It was not surprising that the Rifle Brigade won — that is as it should be," said a high-ranking officer. "But REME put up a tremendous fight and might even have won the championship had they done a little better with the Bren. REME deserve great credit, especially as their team was made up of technicians like vehicle mechanics, fitters and turners."

This year's champion rifle shot in Rhine Army is Company Serjeant-Major Douglas Phillips, MBE of the Rifle Brigade who in the closest fought match of the meeting beat Serjeant P. Young, also of the Rifle Brigade and Lieutenant S. Troughton, 11th Hussars by one point after a re-shoot.

CSM Phillips who joined the Rifle Brigade in 1933 and has competed at Bisley on ten occasions, has this advice to give aspiring champions: "Concentration and a firm grip on the rifle is everything. You must concentrate until it hurts."

Rifleman R. Turner, a National Serviceman also of the 1st Battalion, Rifle Brigade won the Young Soldiers Championship shield (and a miniature replica to take home with him when he leaves the Army towards the end of the year). Rifleman Turner, a Londoner, learned all he knows about shooting in the Army. "I never even fired a water pistol before," he said.

Champion pistol shot was Captain J. Butler, of the 12th Royal Lancers attached to 7th Armoured Brigade headquarters, with a three-points lead over AQMS S. Mitchell, of REME, 2 Infantry Division. Captain Butler has 24 years service in the Army and won his first pistol championship in Egypt in 1932.

Other results were: —

Officers rifle team match: Headquarters, BAOR. Warrant Officers and serjeants rifle team match: REME, 2 Infantry Division. Unit team (corporals and privates) rifle match: Rifle Brigade. Young Soldiers rifle team match: Rifle Brigade. LMG pairs: Rifle Brigade. Sten gun team match: REME, 2 Infantry Division. Falling Plates: REME, 2 Infantry Division.

The meeting lasted for four days and bad weather conditions were a severe test of good shooting.

Verdict of Rhine Army headquarters training staff: Highly satisfactory from every point of view. With more training many young soldiers would be brilliant shots.



Once upon a time soldiers formed "cycle battalions." Today in Rhine Army they form cycle clubs instead — for amusement and recreation. The cycles are free

## CLUB RUN

HERE are many easier ways of travelling 100 miles in a day than on a bicycle. But for the physically fit there is no more enjoyable way than astride a well-kept, smooth-running machine, reeling off the miles at an average of 15 to the hour.

That at any rate, is the view of some hundreds of Rhine Army soldiers and WRAC girls who have formed cycling clubs all over the British Zone of Germany.

One of the more flourishing clubs in the zone is the Rhine Army Headquarters Cycling Club at Bad Oeynhausen, which has a membership of over 50, including a dozen WRAC girls. Most of them are young National Servicemen who were club cyclists in England and who want to keep in training for road and track racing as well as touring when they return home. Others are less interested in speed and distance than in seeing the sights. Almost all of them work every day at an office desk; cycling gets them out into the fresh air and gives physical as well as mental exercise. As Sergeant Harold Kirkwood, of the Royal Army Pay Corps, a Regular with 15 years service, told *SOLDIER*: "We in the airborne brigade need some relaxation which only cycling can give. Since I joined the club three months ago I have felt twice the man I was before."

Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon members meet outside their headquarters in the Kurpark and set off on a trip to Minden, Herford, Bunde, Buckeburg or one of the spa towns some 30 miles away. The longer journeys to places like Hamelin (the Pied Piper town), Hanover, Bielefeld, Osnabrück and Gütersloh — towns rich in history — are made on Sundays when the club leaves Bad Oeynhausen immediately after, and sometimes before, breakfast. Over Bank Holidays a party will set off for two or three days at a time to one of the Army leave centres like Möhne See or Bad Harzburg or to the famous Steinhuder Meer in Lower Saxony. Some even spend their short leave touring well into the American Zone of Germany. Last year a party travelled to Italy by way of Bavaria and Austria, covering almost 1000 miles in ten days.

Captain of the Rhine Army Headquarters Cycling Club is Lance-Corporal J. Kenney of the Royal Engineers, who works as a clerk at Q (Movements). His vice-captain is another lance-corporal,

Twelve men and a girl set off for a 50-mile spin on their half day.

OVER



A windmill is always a good excuse for a halt — and a picture. Below: the signpost says "Lubbecke 24 km."

## CLUB RUN

(Cont'd)

T. Butler of the RASC, Gunner J. Allen is the secretary, and the rest of the committee, apart from Major R. A. C. Wellesley, the treasurer, is made up of non-commissioned officers and private soldiers. They meet once a week in their clubroom to discuss arrangements for future tours and suggestions for improving the club facilities. At the back of the clubroom is a repair shop where members mend, adjust and clean their machines. Cyclists are rarely satisfied for long with their positions on a bicycle and a good deal of tinkering goes on.

The machines, all of which are of the fast touring or racing type, are issued free to the club through Army Welfare channels. In England they would cost between £18 and £20 apiece. Spare parts are also provided free but each member is expected to keep his machine in perfect running order. Until recently tyres were a problem because of the many bad German roads, which caused a heavy crop of punctures; but new supplies of harder tyres have eased the situation.

The club is now considering setting up two classes — the fast and the slow. "Speed merchants" like Sapper J. Myers and Signaller David Wright, who think nothing of pedalling 100 miles a day, find it a little irksome to have to wait for the "plodders" and it is no less tiresome for the slower riders to keep chasing elusive rear wheels.

The club's activities do not yet include road racing, partly because their machines are not equipped with lightweight sprint wheel rims and tubular racing tyres and partly because many of the German roads are unsuitable for racing. And, in any case, all the members prefer to ride as a club.

The man who is not a cyclist will find it hard to understand how anyone can enjoy cycling just for fun. That, say the Rhine Army cyclists, is his misfortune, for he can never have known the comradeship and excitement of a club run.

E. J. GROVE



## ARMY CYCLISTS

THERE is now an Army Cycling Union. It is the newest of the Army's sporting organisations, and was founded in March this year.

The Union's first big date is at Herne Hill on 5 August when Army riders will compete against the Navy and the RAF. The occasion is an open meeting of the National Cyclists Union.

The Army Cycling Union was started to encourage cycling as a pastime and to promote all branches of the sport—road and track racing and hill climbs. Membership fee is 2s 6d.

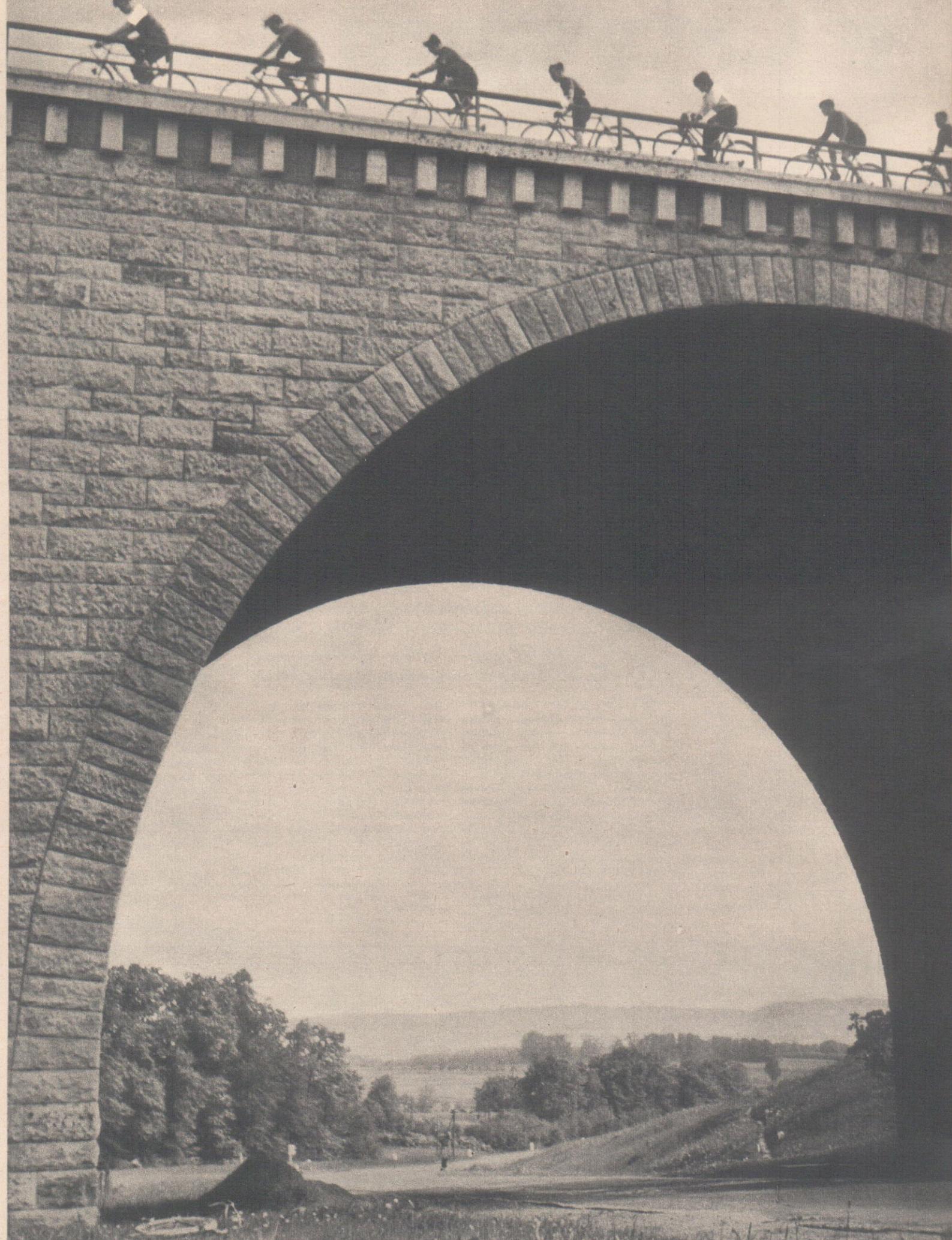
The Army is two years behind the RAF in forming its cycling union. The airmen have one advantage: airfield runways offer ready-made tracks. The Navy has no official cycling union.

Home Command representatives are now forming unit clubs. The first four are at Newbury, Arborfield, Catterick and Saigton, near Chester.

The Secretary of the Army Cycling Union is Captain A. W. L. Fraser, who is with No. 1 Anti-Aircraft Group at 15 Rutland Gate, Kensington, London; he races for the Crest Cycling Club. The track mass-start secretary, Captain H. C. Baughan, Army Catering Corps, belongs to the Comet Cycling Club.



Private June Lewis has tyre trouble — but there are plenty of men to lend a hand.



In Indian file on the *autobahn*: riders of Rhine Army Cycling Club.  
(Photographs by H. V. Pawlikowski)



A health to His Excellency: Left to right — the Vice-Admiral (Ian Fleming), GOC Troops, Salva (Arnold Bell), the Lieutenant-Governor (Sebastian Shaw), the new Governor (Eric Portman), Salvanese interpreter (Derek Sydney) and the Military Secretary to the Governor (John Wood).

always a little frightened of a sergeant-major," admits the GOC Troops, Salva, who is as wise, witty and tolerant a stage general as has been seen for some time. (One of his best lines is uttered in a brush with the bemedalled Salvan chief of police — "I don't claim to have earned my medals, but at least I didn't invent them.")

The governor resolves to improve the lot of the dockyard workers at the expense of the local rich; but corrupt forces are against him. The dockyard workers, out on strike, begin to riot, and the Service heads and the lieutenant-governor press him to give the order to call out the troops. The governor, as a corporal in India, once had to fire on an angry mob, and he swears he will give no such order. They tell him he is no longer a corporal, but a governor. In the end he gives in — and the situation is saved. But the governor does not suffer a total personal defeat; by his pluck and eloquence he sends the strikers back to work; and he takes the opportunity, which comes to few men, of putting an admiral under arrest for insubordination (a scene which startled the first-night audience).

This is the sort of play which could easily bring partisan boos from the stalls, or vice versa. But the authors hold the balance excellently. "An unusually good political drama," said *The Times*. "A good play, with a satisfying denouement," said the *Daily Telegraph*. And the *Daily Mirror* said: "At last, a really worthwhile political drama, which treats politics — Left and Right — seriously, without the cheap gibes we have become so used to in the theatre."

# The General is a Playwright

HERE is a play now running in London which shows, in case anyone doubted it, that a general can become a successful playwright; it also shows that a successful playwright can become a general.

According to the posters at the Princes Theatre, the play "His Excellency" is "by Dorothy and Campbell Christie." During the latter part of the war the male half of this partnership (a very tall half) was better-known as Major-General C. M. Christie MC, commanding the gun defences of Malta.

This is not the first time the general's name has been seen on the playbills. He and his talented wife wrote the comedy-thriller "Someone At The Door," which ran for nine months and has twice been filmed; and "Grand National Night," a thriller which ran for eight months.

Not long before the war General Christie, then holding the rank of major, was offered a film writer's job, but it seemed hardly the time to leave the profession of arms. Now he has had the benefit of a general's eye-view of life — and a good writer, they say, should know life at all levels.

General Christie, who comes from Ireland, has 30 years regular service. He was at one time an instructor at Woolwich, and later Chief Instructor of Gunnery at the School of Artillery at Lark-

hill. His overseas service includes spells in India and Gibraltar. Before leaving for Malta at the end of 1942 he was Commander, Royal Artillery of 8th Corps.

General Christie says that the idea of "His Excellency" is a first-class one. He can afford to say that because it was his wife's idea; indeed, he declares he would not be able to write a play without her aid.

The theme is that of an ex-docker (and incidentally, an ex-sergeant-major) appointed to the colonial governorship of Salva, which some critics inevitably "recognise" as Malta (nobody will ever believe that fiction is meant to be fiction). The newcomer has an uncompromising Yorkshire accent, a hard-headedness verging on pig-headedness (acquired in years of union strife), and a determination to help the underdog.

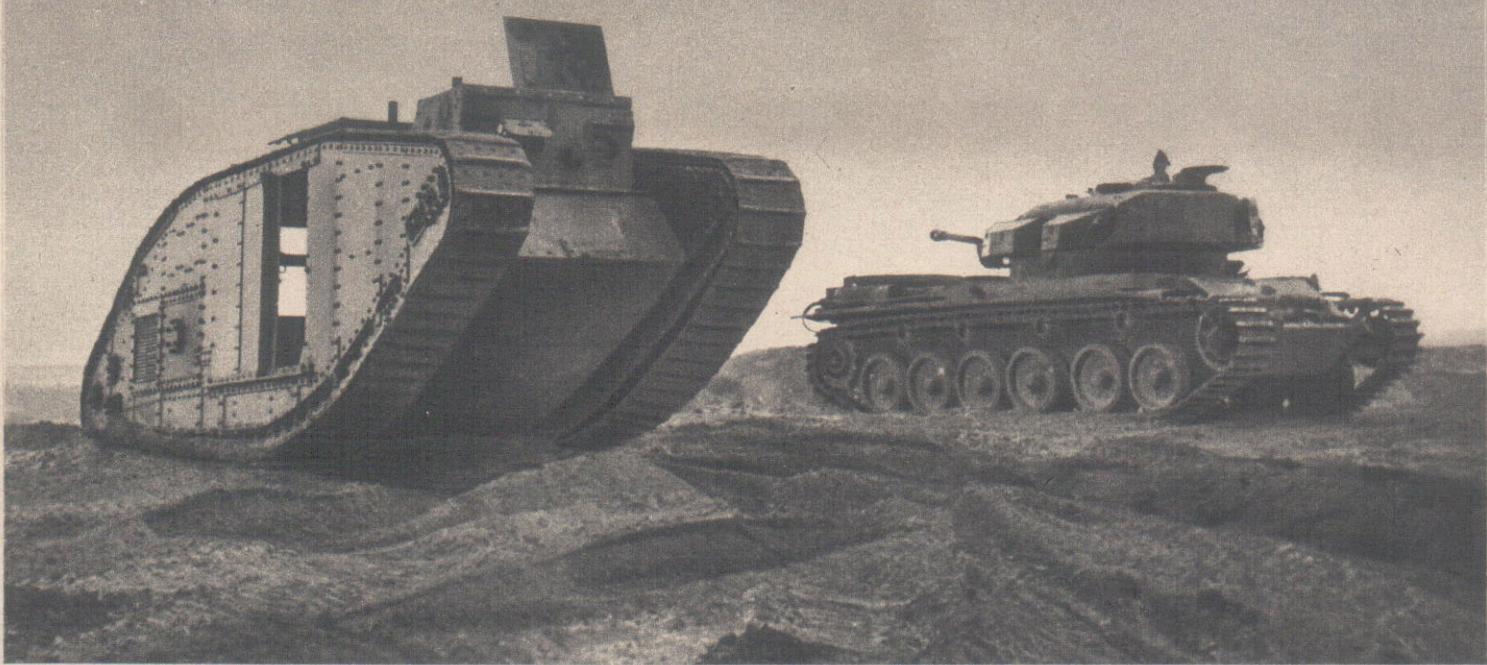
He also has a marked reluctance to take professional advice. In a lesser way, his pretty daughter, a former sergeant in the WAAF, has a similar battle to fight against the established order, notably against her father's de-

bonair military secretary, who rejects on her behalf the social invitations of tradesmen, and whose comment on her crimson slacks is: "Wearing the Red Flag round our what-not, I see."

The new governor, excellently interpreted by Eric Portman, gets off to a good start by spotting a bungled blank file in the guard of honour which greets him — how could an ex-warrant-officer miss a fault like that? "I was

The Gunner-general who is co-author of "His Excellency": Major-General C. M. Christie.





There's only one place in the world where you can see a landship of World War One breathing the billows of earth alongside a Centurion: that is at Bovington, Dorset.

# THE ACADEMY OF ARMOUR

LONG the packed sea-fronts at Bournemouth and Weymouth, holiday-makers pay their fares and climb into coaches bound on a "Mystery Trip."

Some of them, men who wore battledress and black berets in war-time, find they have been to the "Secret Destination" before — and probably rather more secretly. For quite often the "Secret Destination" turns out to be Bovington Camp, where there is a celebrated tank museum.

To the serving soldier, Bovington means a good deal more. It represents one half of the Royal Armoured Corps Centre, the other half being three or four miles away at Lulworth. Between them these camps comprise the home and university of the Royal Armoured Corps.

To the Centre come officers and NCO's from units of the Corps all over the world and also officers from Western Union and other countries, to study tanks and armoured cars. *SOLDIER* was shown round the Gunnery School at Lulworth by Major M. H. Bate-man of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who is spending a tour as a gunnery instructor there, and introduced to instructors from Australia and New Zealand. Among the students was Lieutenant R. T. Barnewall of the 8/13th Victorian Mounted Rifles, an armoured unit of the Australian equivalent of the Territorial Army. Mr. Barnewall, who raises cattle, was in Britain on a business trip and took a couple of weeks off to take a course on the latest tank guns.

Many of the students leave the Centre to become instructors in

From Little Willie to the Centurion, all the land leviathans are to be found at Bovington, home of tank lore. Here, and at near-by Lulworth, good tankmen train so that they may turn others into good tankmen

*Pictures by SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE*

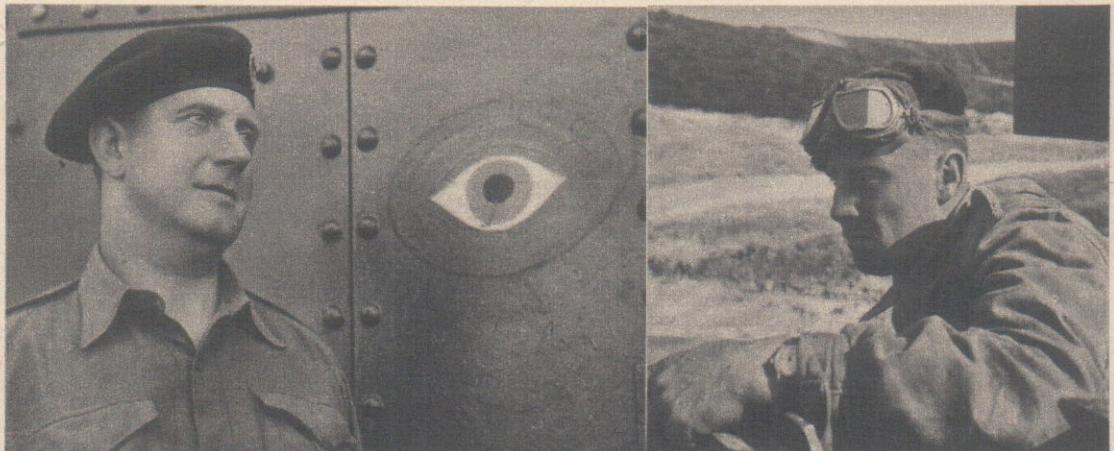
their regiments. At the Driving and Maintenance School there are ten-week courses for instructors — officers and NCO's — in tanks and eight-week courses for armoured car instructors. The first week or so is a refresher course; then the students get down to teaching each other, using the school's collection of models, and cut-away vehicles. The instructors listen to the lessons and criticise the methods of instruction afterwards. The same system is used for training instructors in the Gunnery School at Lulworth and in the Wireless Wing at Bovington.

The Gunnery School can offer its students the whole range of tank and armoured car guns on instructional mountings, on pellet ranges and on other miniature ranges where a puff of dust appears where the shell would have landed. But much of the gunnery instructors' course is out on the open ranges, which are also used for firing practice by Regular and Territorial units. The ranges occupy 10,000 acres along the Dorset coast, just east of Lulworth Cove. A radar station on the cliff-top watches for ships coming inside the danger area. Although

the locality is prohibited to shipping, in summer amateur yachtsmen, and sometimes the skippers of pleasure boats from Bournemouth and Weymouth, hold up shooting quite often.

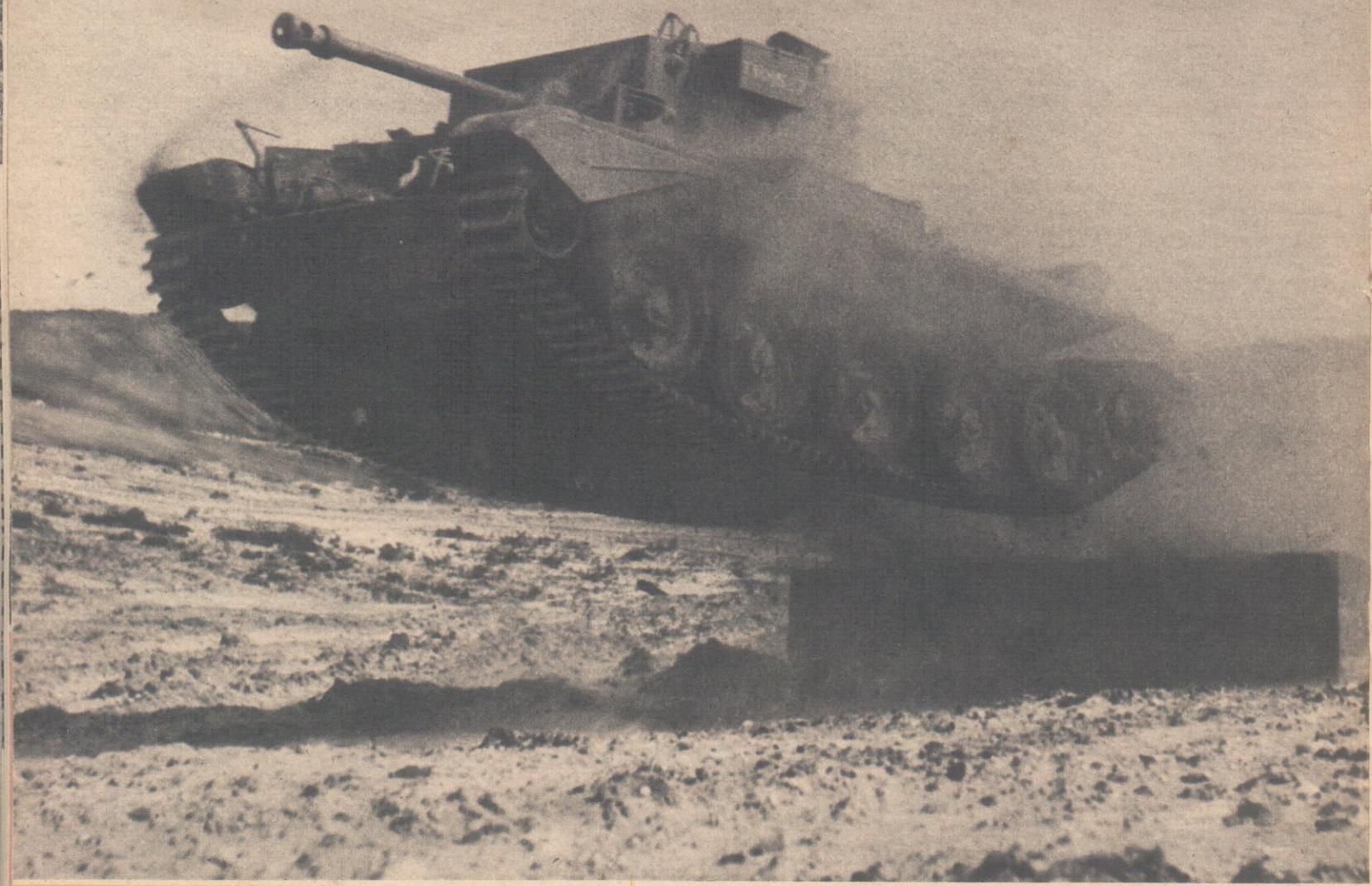
The Wireless Wing of the Driving and Maintenance School, thanks to its normal equipment, has a trick or two of its own when it comes to training instructors. In the classrooms are microphones, and an unsuspecting student-instructor, giving a lecture to his class-mates, is likely to have it recorded, either on a wire-

OVER



Driver of the old tank in the picture above is Major R. H. A. Beales, who was a lance-corporal instructor at Bovington in 1917. Note World War One divisional sign.

Sergeant J. Shaw, 8th Hussars is the man who performs acrobatics in a Cromwell — see next page.



## ACADEMY OF ARMOUR *(Continued)*

recorder or a disc, to be played back and publicly dissected afterwards. Similarly, when the students go out on exercises with wireless vehicles, they may find on their return that their conversations have been recorded, ready for an instructor's criticism.

The Wireless Wing, which proclaims with a large poster that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," has a Royal Signals officer as senior instructor, so that the Centre is always up-to-date with modern Signals practice. Other instructors are Royal Armoured Corps officers and NCO's.

The Driving and Maintenance School and the Gunnery School both run courses for technicians, Regular and National Service, who look after the armoured vehicles in the regiments, and for technical officers who have to supervise repairs. These courses are largely practical, and the vehicle and electrical mechanics spend most of their time taking down and reassembling, with their instructors, such tanks or

armoured cars as are ready for overhaul. The plan for the gun-fitters' course is similar; the men have to learn the electrical side of gunnery as well as the mechanical side. As a grim example of what can happen if a gun-fitter does not do his job, they are invited to inspect the shattered remains of a gun-barrel which blew up.

All the schools are prepared to arrange courses to meet the needs of the moment — for Territorials who can spare only a few days, or for men who want to "convert" from, say, Comet to Centurion tanks. The Driving and Maintenance School has also a Royal Artillery section, with Royal Artillery instructors, whose job is to produce regimental instructors on self-propelled guns.

For all the students, as well as for the Mystery Trippers from the seaside, the tank museum is one of the big attractions of the RAC Centre. It has a representative collection not only of tanks which have joined the British Army but

of tanks which did not make the grade.

Among the exhibits are Little Willie, the first experimental tank (built in 1915), and Big Willie — the Mark I tank. Big Willie was also known as His Majesty's Land Ship Centipede (the Admiralty had been concerned in its production) and as Wilson, but it was later to change its sex and be called Mother. It was the first tank to go into action.

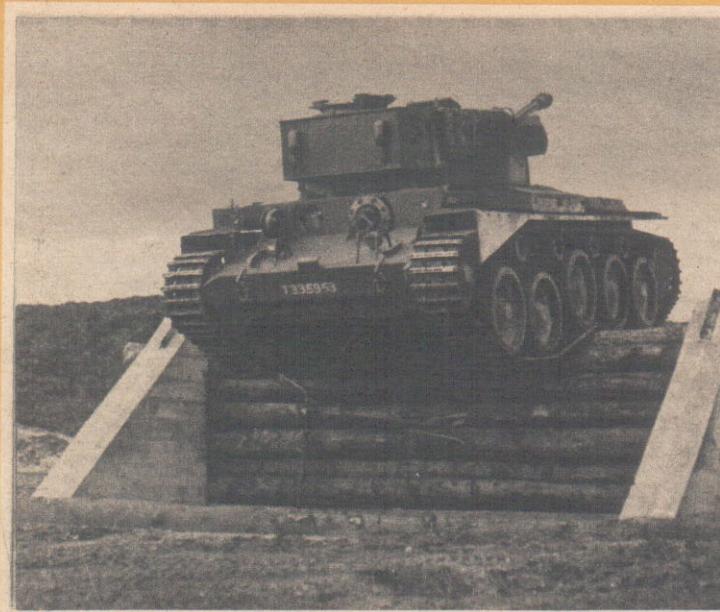
Altogether 2300 Big Willies were produced in nine "marks." The museum includes the last running Mark V, which makes a careful sortie under its own power on special occasions and is nursed gently back to its hangar; spares are now un procurable. Tanks of this kind carried no wireless, but some had a shuttered opening for releasing carrier-pigeons.

For World War One veterans, the museum contains a bitter glimpse of what might have been. It is a drawing of an endless-track vehicle, which was submitted to the War Office in 1912 and again

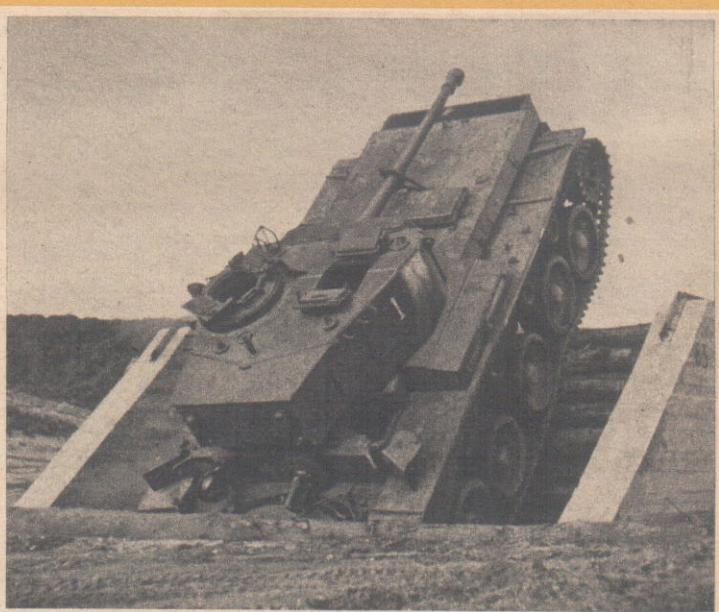
GOING UP ... This leaping Cromwell, 28 tons of it, soars five feet high and travels 30 feet before landing in a cloud of dust: a convincing test of suspension.

in 1915 by Mr. E. L. de Mole, of North Adelaide, Australia. Says the tank museum's official guide-book: "Unfortunately the plan, although it was officially admitted that it would have made a better machine than that which went into action at the Battle of the Somme, was pigeon-holed and therefore not used at all in the evolution of tanks." And Mr. de Mole spent his war as a private in the Australian Army.

Other exhibits include the Whippet tank in which Lieutenant C. H. Sewell won a posthumous VC in 1918; the Independent, which was the tank round which the notorious Baillie-Stewart case revolved; a World War One Rolls-Royce armoured car and a 1910, solid-tyred Peerless, both of which still run under their own power; and the last Churchill tank to leave the production line in 1945. Less conspicuous exhibits are samples of the pikes and coshes specially made to supplement the personal weapons available in 1940 for the defence of



**GOING OVER ...** This tank is approaching, balancing itself ready for a smart plunge forward. If the driver does not "leap" with sufficient velocity —



— he will nose-dive into the ditch like this (deliberately staged to show the wrong method). The only way out of this is by a tow rope.

the Lulworth beaches. In the Royal Tank Regiment Museum, which shares the hangar, is the original tank beret given to Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery by a sergeant of the Royal Tank Regiment, and which the Field-Marshal wore from Alamein to Tunis. A certificate of its authenticity, with the familiar signature, stands beside the beret, which is insured for £500 and does not leave its home without an officer-escort.

But if the Centre collects museum-pieces, it also contributes to the flow of new material for tank warfare. And one of its outlets is the Training Equipment Section. This section devises gadgets for training with new equipment — "ghost" tanks, engines with transparent plates, guns in skeleton turrets, electrical layouts. It produces the prototypes, usually from scrap; manufacture is done by contractors.

Other new ideas come from the Investigations Section, which tries out new tanks, armoured cars, guns and equipment, decides on the best ways to use them and to train other people to use them and recommends alterations. Its ideas are published in handbooks and manuals by the Publications Section. An investigations section all by himself is Captain H. A. G. Brooke, whose job is to find the answer to any question on fighting vehicle gunnery for armoured units anywhere.

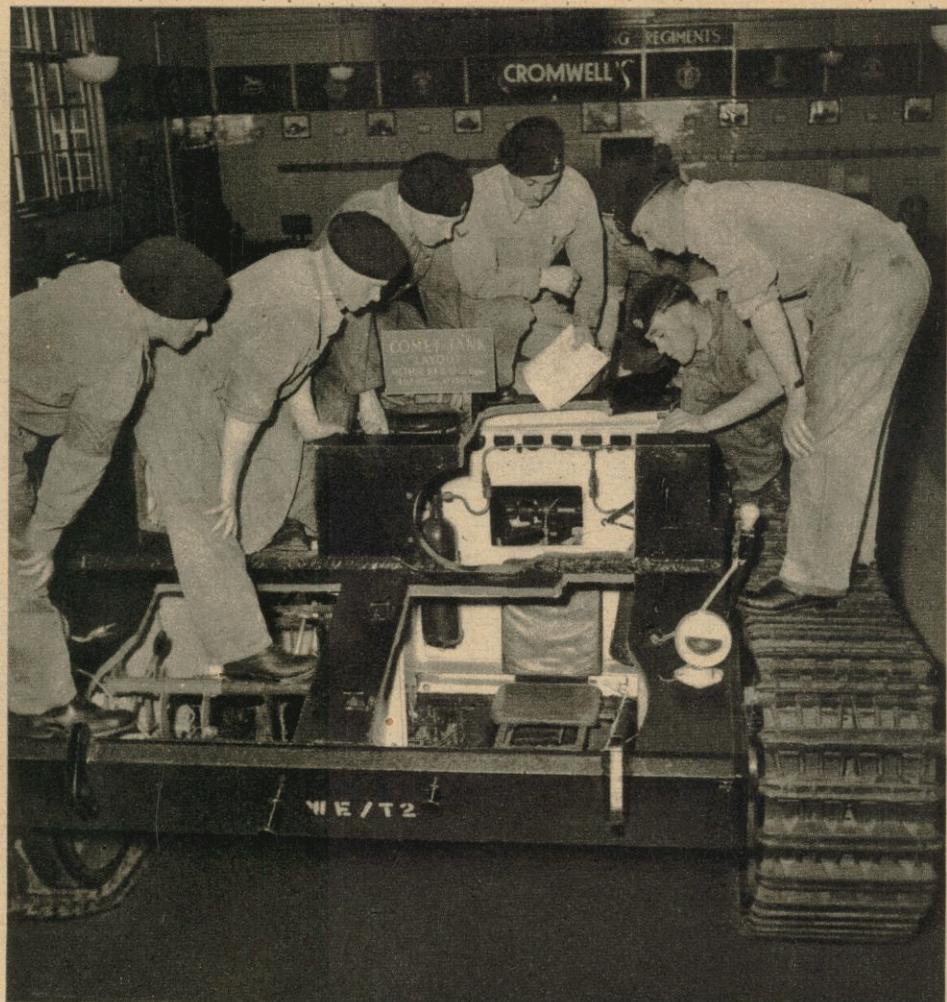
There is also a method of instruction team, consisting of one officer and two NCOs, which tours armoured units all over the world, teaching instructors the latest ways of doing their job — and probably picking up some ideas from the instructors, too.

Keeping up with the constant innovations at the Centre are some of the men who have known tanks almost since tanks were invented. Mr. F. B. Hillyard, who helps to look after the "ghost" Centurions, Cromwells and Comets, saw the first tank arrive at Bovington,

**GOING DOWN ...** The drop is almost vertical. A careless driver attempting this feat could somersault his tank. Note ambulance in attendance. Fire parties are also present.

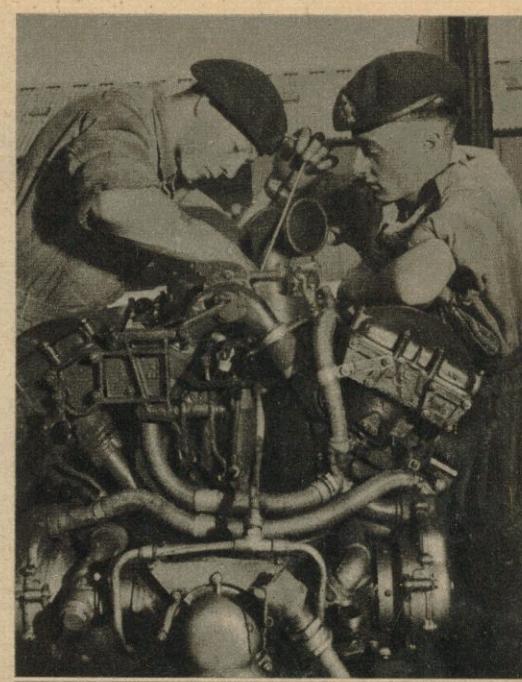


OVER →



The Comet lies naked before prying eyes: a cut-away tank in the Driving and Maintenance School.

The tank they take to pieces with their bare hands: trainee fitters in the specialist training squadron.



Two men and 600 horses: fitting plugs in this Rolls-Royce Meteor are Trooper N. Kay and Trooper A. O'Shea.



With the aid of a chain, lever and ratchet the gun barrel is pulled back, then a quick-release device lets it run out: Troopers R. Abberley and J. Neave on the job.

## ACADEMY OF

in 1916. At that time he was a corporal in the RASC and an instructor in the use of field ovens.

Another veteran is Mr. H. Hayes, who volunteered for the lorried Motor Machine-Gun Service in 1914 and won a Military Medal on the Somme in 1918. He served in the Royal Tank Corps for 30 years and for some of them was a warrant officer instructor in the Driving and Maintenance School where he is now a civilian clerk. Mr. S. Bradford, who looks after the School's documentation, was also a warrant officer instructor — in the Wireless Wing — before retiring last year. He likes to recall that he played the part of a colonel in instructional playlets and collected salutes from waiting subalterns on his way to and from the classroom.

About twice a year the Centre holds a demonstration of what the Royal Armoured Corps can do. Along come representatives of other branches of the Army, military attachés, staff officers and students of the Military College of Science. The most spectacular item this year was the Cromwell tank which breasted a 45-degree ramp, two-feet-six high, at nearly 30 miles an



One of those mock-ups: a tank "turret" built on a truck serves to train students in the niceties of radio operation.



Sergeant C. G. Matthews, Royal Signals, listens in to students' lectures, records them — and plays them back for "post-mortems." Walls have ears . . .

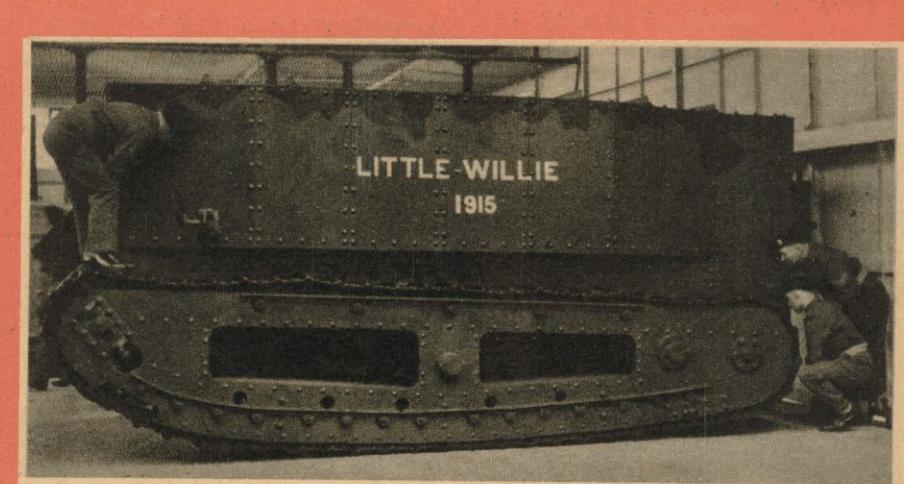
## ARMOUR (Continued)

hour and hurled its 28 tons five feet in the air for a distance of more than 30 feet before hitting the ground again. The tank landed with a crack and pulled up short in a flurry of dust. Purpose: to demonstrate the strength of the Cromwell's suspension and its braking power.

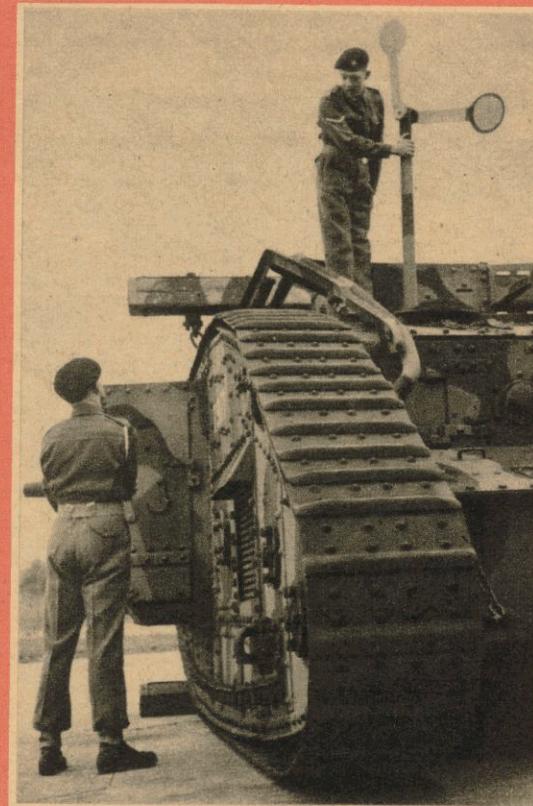
The driver was Sergeant J. Shaw, 8th Hussars who was captured three times in World War Two. His is a real he-man act.

The museum's Mark V had one of its days out and lumbered across country at nearly four miles an hour, eating up four gallons of petrol to the mile. Its driver was the most experienced the Army could produce, Major R. H. A. Beales. He first went to Bovington in 1917 and as a lance-corporal instructed drivers on the Mark I — and later the Mark V — tank. Now he is a quartermaster at the Driving and Maintenance School.

When the demonstration was over, the old tank chuffed off homeward at full speed and two of her crew demonstrated one advantage she had over the modern tank: they were able to hop out for a smoke, walking alongside as they did so.



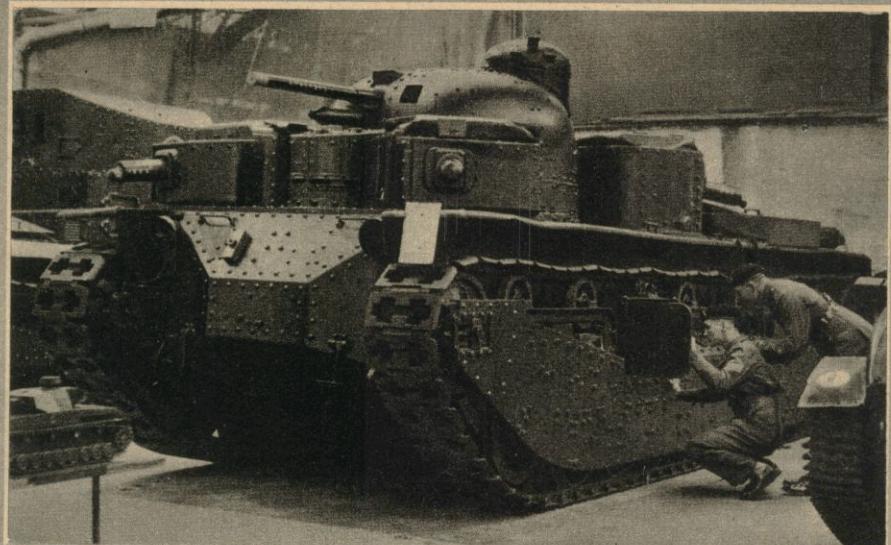
In Bovington's famous tank museum is the earliest tank, Little Willie. King George V saw it tested in Norfolk in 1915. Its balance proved defective, but it made a useful trainer. Little Willie had a steering trail of two big wheels, which now cannot be found.



There was no radio in those days, so tanks talked to each other by semaphore. For long-distance messages pigeons were pushed out, via special pigeon-holes.



The Peerless armoured car, with the curious canister effect at the rear, was built in 1910. This one still takes an occasional rumble round the camp.



According to documents captured since VE-Day, the Germans were very interested in the Independent, delivered at Farnborough in 1926. This was the tank involved in the "Officer in the Tower" case. It marked a big step forward in tank design, but was over-expensive.

Tankman's helmet, mask and visor in the "good old days." Somehow or other, the modern tankman gets by with a beret.



A relic of World War Two: trailers like this went in behind the D-Day tanks. The wheels were containers.

The tank with which Britain began World War Two—the Matilda. It went to France in 1939, to Africa in 1940. A precision job, it could not readily be mass-produced.



Concluding ACADEMY OF

## Driving on

A driver should know how to change gear before he goes on the road, according to this new theory of instruction being tried out at Bovington

THE Army has been working out a new way of teaching soldiers to drive motor vehicles.

Economies in men, vehicles and fuel have made instruction more difficult recently. And the experts decided that there must be some method which was better both for the pupil and for the tempers of other road users than that which sent five-tonners with "L" plates rumbling unsteadily along busy roads.

So the Driving and Maintenance School of the Royal Armoured Corps Centre pondered the problem, in co-operation with the Army Motor Transport School at Bordon, and evolved a new training plan.

Just as a Royal Air Force pilot learns cockpit drill before he leaves the ground, so an Army driver will learn "cab-drill" before he is allowed to make a vehicle move. His gear-changing, braking and engine-control will be instinctive before he turns his attention to the problems of steering.

Says Major G. P. Barnett, senior instructor at the Driving and Maintenance School: "We think that the driver's first lessons in a moving vehicle should be on an enclosed circuit — perhaps a disused aerodrome — so that he does not have to worry about traffic.

"We propose that the driver should be taught the Highway Code in easily-digested doses, so that he will really remember it. He will be taught to look upon the road in much the same way



Traffic problems are set and solved in a model village, with toy cars.

ARMOUR

## the Spot — Begin!

as a golfer looks on the golf-course, as a place with a series of hazards, and he will learn a special drill for passing each one. Each kind of hazard would get its special place in the course: for example, we would take a party of learners out to a traffic roundabout and make them sit there for an hour or so while the instructor pointed out good and bad driving.

A contribution to this new theory of driving instruction, evolved by the Royal Armoured Corps Centre's Training Equipment Section, is a stationary trainer. The basis is a roller in the ground, with a flywheel at each end and a brake at one end, controlled by a squeeze-grip. An ordinary Bedford 15-hundred-weight truck is driven over the roller until its front wheels rest snugly in a prepared hollow and its rear wheels are on the roller. The rear of the truck is chained to hooks behind the roller and then the apparatus is ready.

The student can drive the truck in the normal way, changing gear and braking, without having to worry about steering. The fly-wheels on the roller resist acceleration and, when the driver decelerates, they give momentum to the driving wheels. When the instructor puts on the roller-brake the effect is much the same as climbing a hill and the driver has to change down.

SOLDIER tried out the trainer. It was a novel feeling to be able to motor along at 40 miles an hour without bothering to look where one was going. On the road, however, a driver can see when he is coming to a hill; in this instance, the hills came rather disconcertingly at the whim of the instructor.

The Section has now carried the idea further. A condemned 15-hundredweight has been furbished up and on the rear of the chassis has been mounted a reproduction of a tank driver's cockpit, with one side missing. The tank controls work the truck controls, except that the steering levers merely apply the brakes (so far as the engine is concerned, the effect is similar to that of applying the steering lever in a tank). When the device is on the roller, the instructor can stand beside the pupil and supervise his actions, which the cramped quarters of a tank do not allow.

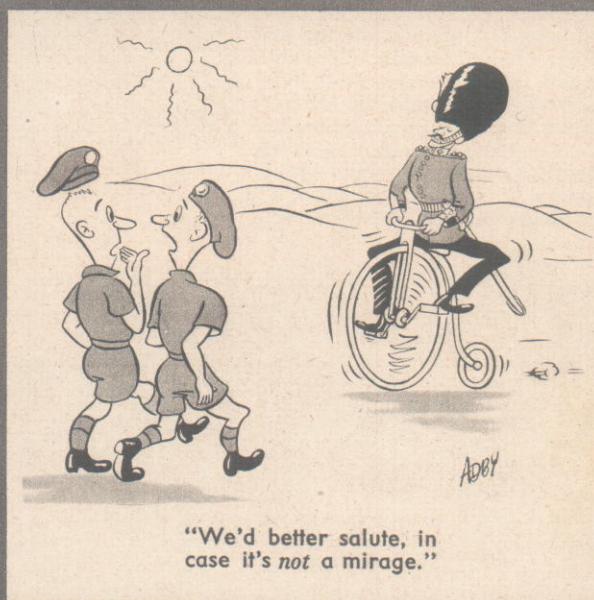
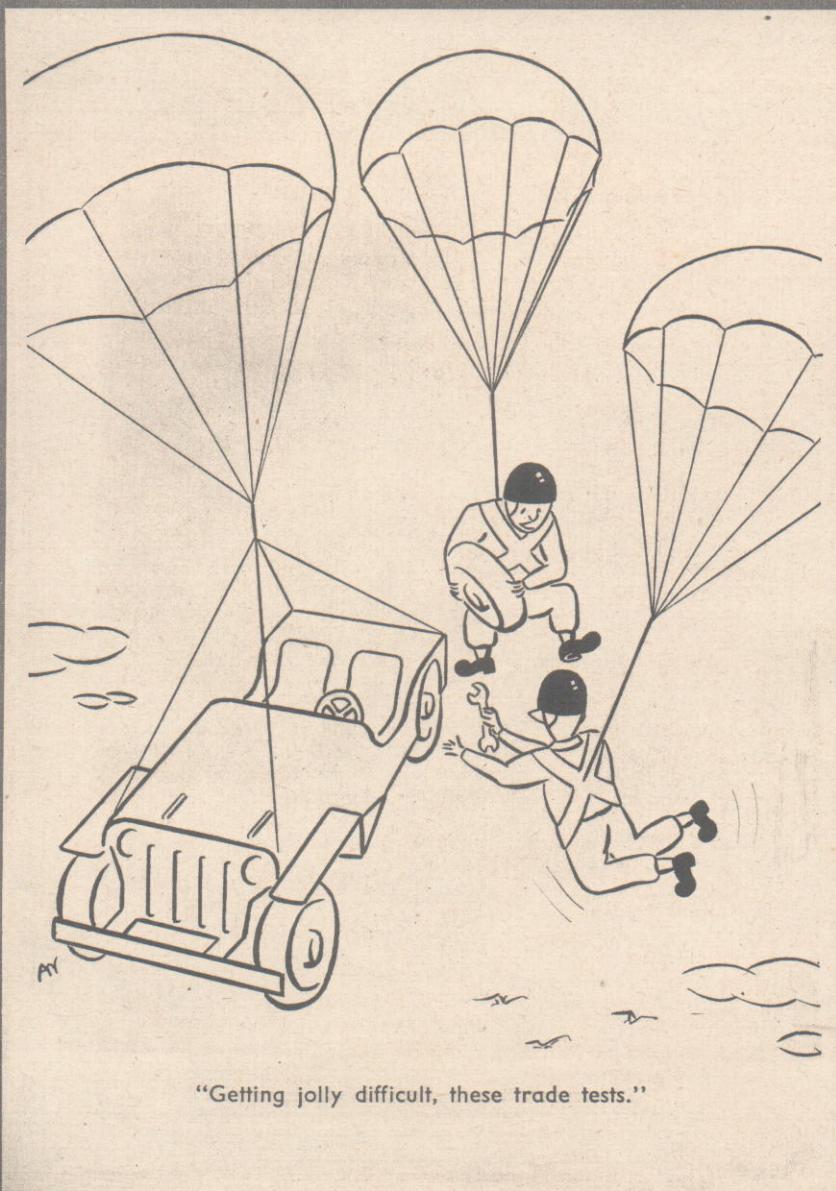
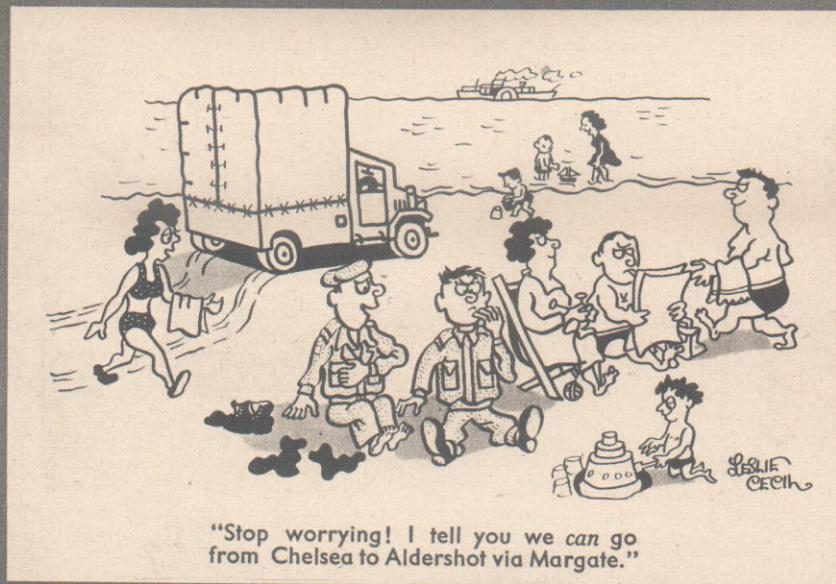
Now the device is being carried one stage further still. A tank cockpit has been built on to a specially-made, wheelless chassis on which has been mounted a scrap motor-cycle engine and a gear-box, a flywheel and a brake. It is much the same to "drive" as the cockpit on the wheeled truck, but more economical: it does not need a roller and it does not use so much petrol. RICHARD ELLEY



The wheels go round, but the vehicle stays still. This curious hybrid is a Bedford chassis with tank controls fitted to it.



More stationary driving — on a truck with normal controls: the instructor, by operating the hand-grip, can retard the back wheels, to simulate an uphill gradient.





## A FORGOTTEN ART OF WAR -

**N**OW that land-mines are mostly just handy boxes to be stuck under the surface of the ground or in pot-holes in the road, the old style mining, which often produced spectacular explosions and sometimes violent underground battles, is becoming a memory.

As recently as World War One, Sappers were digging tunnels under enemy trenches and firing charges under enemy dug-outs. The end of close static warfare saw the end of a weapon which, in its day, was as potent as many of the devices thought up by modern scientists for the front-line soldier.

Most of the story of mining warfare is connected with sieges, when there was plenty of time for digging tunnels. According to a writer in the middle of last century: "In the opinion of military engineers, a proper management of the chicaneries of a subterranean defence may be made to prolong the duration of the siege of a weak place to two months."

For defenders, carefully-laid mines were useful for blowing up attackers who advanced over them; for attackers, mines offered an opportunity to do damage within the walls of a besieged place and also to get men inside.

One of the greatest mining battles was the siege of Candia by the Turks, from 1667 to 1669. The Venetian defenders had a wide ditch and every outwork of their fortress was carefully undermined with a total of 1173 mines of various sizes, one of which took 18,000 lbs of powder and blew up 1000 men when it was set off.

The attacking Turks mined on the same scale and the whole area was honeycombed with tunnels. Fifty times the Turks attacked and the garrison blew up 500 Turkish mines in counter-mining operations before they finally capitulated on honourable terms.

As each side tried to burrow below the other's tunnels, they

— in which tunnellers blew unsuspecting enemies sky-high, or met other tunnellers and fought bloody battles underground

often met and there were 40 underground battles, mostly with grenades but sometimes with bare hands when there was not room enough to use weapons. "In one common sepulchre," wrote a historian, "the torn limbs of friend and foe were mixed in hopeless confusion and rivers of blood and sweat ran indiscriminately down the cavernous passages."

A good description of another underground battle comes from a journal of the siege of Turin in 1706:

"There happened a very brisk Fight this Night (14th August) under Ground. The enemy were near a Gallery which was on a level with the Ditch towards the Sortant Angle of the Half Moon of Succours: They were about to break into it, when our Miner applied a Petard (explosive charge) in the Place where they were at work, and by its operation their Miner was crushed to pieces. This Petard opened a large Hole, by which the Enemy let down one of their Granadiers with a cord, who we immediately pistol'd as soon as he appeared.

"The Enemy, enraged at this, gave us Abundance of ill Language and Threatnings, bring hither, cry'd they, Combs and Carcasses (incendiary bombs or shells) that we may either stifle or burn these Wretches; we did not however lose Time in bringing Sacks of Wool to defend our selves. By this time some of their Granadiers were come to sustain the Retrenchment, four of them were commanded to attack us: They obey'd, though with Reluctance, and were all killed in the Attempt.

"At last they let down a Man arm'd from Head to Foot; he open'd the way to a great many Soldiers, who immediately threw down after him on Sacks of Earth: Being enter'd both Sides began to fire and the Discharges of Pistols, Fusils and Grenades rend'red this Pit the most dreadful Place in the World. The Fight had lasted much longer if the Smoke, the Stink and the Darkness had not allay'd its Fury. But to compleat the Enemy's Misfortunes, our Miners set fire to a Saucisse (canvas tube containing a powder train) whereby two Mines were sprung, which overturned their Battery so effectually that their Tools and Miners Canon and Canoniers sunk all together, and were entirely cover'd with Earth."

Russians and Japanese fought each other underground for a grisly month in the siege of Port Arthur, in 1904. Each side took a field gun down into the shambles and they fired point-blank at each other. It was probably the last big-scale underground battle. The most mortifying mining

effort recorded (but not very well documented) is the blowing up of the wall of Bologna by the besieging forces of the Viceroy of Naples in 1512. When the mine was fired, one historian says, the part of the wall affected was lifted up, so that the besiegers and defenders could look at each other underneath it, and then fell back into its place, as solid as before.

Mining was the secret of one of the stoutest defences on record — that of the castle of Monzon, in Aragon, in 1814. The garrison comprised about 90 French troops, commanded by a captain, who were cut off when the rest of the French armies retreated from Spain. A serjeant with five volunteers intercepted every Spanish gallery driven towards the fort and equipped his little party with tools from captured Spanish tunnels. They charged their mines with powder from cartridges broken up by women of the garrison, and when the fort capitulated after four and a half months, the Spaniards had lost 460 killed, mostly owing to the mines, while the French had only ten casualties.

Some very gallant men gave their lives that mines should go up according to schedule. In the siege of Turin a Piedmontese corporal, hearing French troops in a gallery over his head and knowing they would soon make his mine useless, ordered his men out and then set fire to his mine, blowing himself and 200 Frenchmen to death.

This kind of mining reached its climax and perhaps its end as a major weapon in the 1914-18 war. There was mining and counter-mining the length of the Western Front; and subterranean tactics

had their biggest success in the capture of Messines ridge in 1917.

Many mines were blown in the months before the Messines assault, but for the attack of June 1917, 19 huge mines, some of which had been ready a year and which contained 23 charges totalling nearly 500 tons of high explosives, were blown up simultaneously along a ten-mile front. They killed hundreds of Germans and so shattered the morale of the survivors that the garrison of the ridge offered hardly any resistance. Some of the Messines galleries were over 2000 feet long and the charges were as deep as 125 feet below ground level. The Sappers sometimes met German workings. Once a German charge was exploded and as a result a nearby British working had to be abandoned; it was allowed to flood and the water penetrated through the loose ground into the German workings where the Germans carefully pumped it away. So the British tunnellers diverted any spare drainage water they had — and there was plenty — into the tunnel to keep the Germans happy and busy.

Canaries and mice were used by the tunnellers of World War One to warn them of poisonous gases in their workings and a memorial to "The Tunnellers' Friends," showing two canaries in a cage and three mice, is incorporated in the Scottish War Memorial at Edinburgh.

The School of Military Engineering at Chatham has its own memories of the enthusiastic tunnellers of the past. These honeycombed the ground beneath the school grounds with practice tunnels and today's Royal Engineers periodically have to cope with the resulting soil subsidence.



WHEN the new uniforms for the women's corps of the Army were first shown to the public a few months ago, the man who took the credit was, rightly, the Queen's dressmaker, Mr. Norman Hartnell, who had designed them.

But when the male side of the Army gets a new uniform — for instance, the new Number One Dress — nobody bothers to ask who designed it. For some reason, while the men who set women's fashions bathe in publicity, those who set the style for men are content to remain in the background.

One of these men-behind-the-scenes is Mr. J. W. Thomas of Woolwich. He has been concerned with soldiers' uniforms for 50 years, ever since he joined the Royal Army Clothing Factory in 1900. Now he is head of the Ministry of Supply's Garment Development Section at Woolwich, where almost every item of Service clothing first sees the light of day.

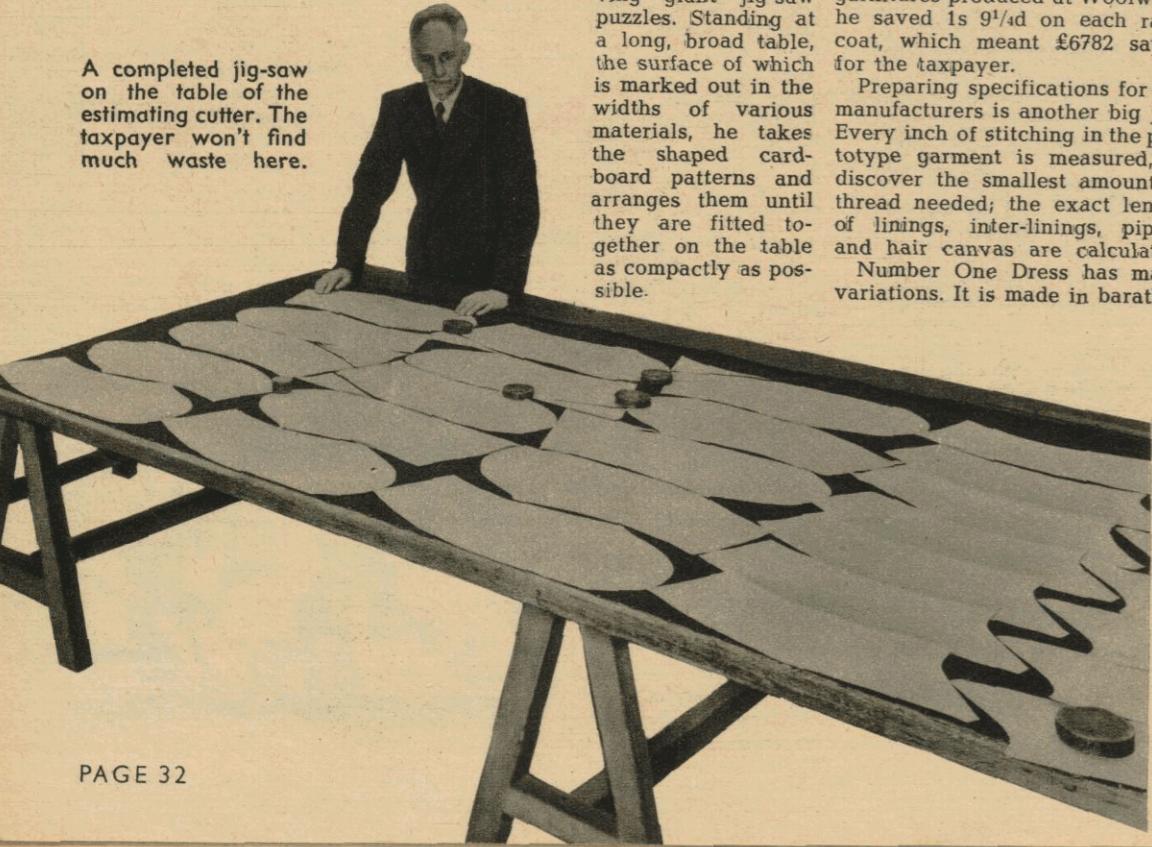
It was here that the new Number One Dress (wait for it!) was born, back in 1946.

In answer to a War Office request for a new ceremonial and walking-out uniform, Mr. Thomas and his staff produced 20 different designs. These were shown to officers and men from regiments throughout the Army, and the choice of the present design was based to a great extent on their opinions. The Garment Development Section produced 100 prototypes of the new uniform which were approved by the King.

Soon afterwards, the public were given a sneak preview of the Number One Dress, when about 700 uniforms in the new design were worn by men of a mechanised column which toured Britain on a recruiting drive. Shortages of materials and money held up production after that; now approval has been given for the issue of Number One Dress to bands and Regular officer cadets.

With the prototypes approved and paraded for the King's approval, the Garment Development Section still faced the major part of its task.

A completed jig-saw on the table of the estimating cutter. The taxpayer won't find much waste here.



# JIG-SAWS ARE THEIR JOB

The men who cut out soldiers' uniforms may save thousands of pounds by saving an inch. They do a little-publicised job behind the sooty walls of Woolwich Arsenal



Mr. G. Gazzard is master pattern cutter to the Ministry of Supply. The Army's Number One Dress gave him quite a few problems.

Before contractors could be asked to tender, the master-patterns of the new uniform had to be cut. This important stage in the operation was handled at Woolwich by Mr. G. Gazzard, who was formerly with a world-famous firm of West-end tailors.

Cutting his patterns from thin card, Mr. Gazzard had to produce different sets for every size of soldier. The tunic of the Number One Dress will have to be made in 36 variations of height, chest and waist measurements. This means 36 separate patterns.

Sharing Mr. Gazzard's room at Woolwich is the estimating cutter, who spends his life solving giant jig-saw puzzles. Standing at a long, broad table, the surface of which is marked out in the widths of various materials, he takes the shaped cardboard patterns and arranges them until they are fitted together on the table as compactly as possible.

Number One Dress has many variations. It is made in barathea

for warrant officers and in serge for NCO's and men; in blue for most of the Army, but in green for rifle regiments; and the tunics are decorated with piping in regimental colours. Altogether there are 57 varieties of tunics.

Trousers are in three colours, blue, green and, for the 11th Hussars, crimson. Some have double and some single stripes; the stripes are in scarlet for Infantry and in various other colours for other regiments. There are 53 varieties of trousers.

There are 58 variations in the design of the peaked forage cap, to be worn with the Number One Dress on ceremonial occasions. Blue, dark green, scarlet, red, crimson or white, they will have bands and welts in two shades of yellow, two shades of blue, three shades of red, and in grey, black, cherry, maroon or white. There are five varieties of beret for walking out.

In all, the specifications for the new uniform take up 150 pages of closely-typed foolscap paper. This does not include the variations for the Scottish regiments, final details for which are now being completed. Highland regiments will wear the kilt and a jacket of pipe green; Lowland regiments will be dressed in trews and in blue, short-skirted doublet, on traditional lines. Apart from the kilts and trews, which are already in existence, there are 11 variations of the Number One Dress for Scottish regiments.

The Number One Dress is only one job among many for Mr. Thomas and his staff. They are preparing the Hartnell-designed women's uniform for production (it follows a new uniform which the department produced for London's policewomen). In the past few months they have turned out inner and outer "parkas" for cold-weather wear; a white drill uniform for tropical service; bush jackets; a dress in white silk for the Women's Royal Air Force; and a battledress for the Royal Air Force. The new combat suit for the Army was also produced at Woolwich.

The Garment Development Section designs an astonishing total of garments a year. In two months this year it produced more than 200 garnitures and 600 patterns; in six months its workshops at Woolwich produced 815 prototype and Service-trial garments.

Soon the "sealed pattern" prototype of the Number One Dress (the approved version, which is the standard model for every Number One Dress to be made in future) will be stored with a complete range of pre-war full-dress uniforms. Hidden in a drab wooden crate, it will come to light whenever somebody wants it "for reference."

# JOB



There's only one thing wrong with this picture of a very smart soldier in Number One Dress. Look at your hands, man, look at your hands! But what can you expect of a tailor's dummy?

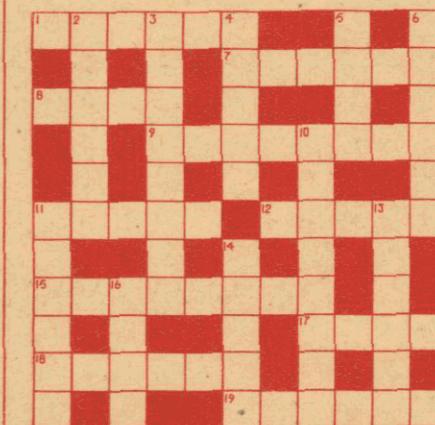
## How Much Do You Know?

- What grows on a rabbit's back, on a sick man's tongue and inside a kettle?
- What is the Sixth Commandment?
- A ham is a hunk of meat, a bad actor—and what else?
- If Satan is the Devil, who is Beelzebub?
- Here is a list of names and descriptions. Can you pair them off correctly? Mrs. Grundy; Caliban; Fagin; Sir Galahad; Horatio Hornblower. A brute-like savage; a dashing sailor; the purest of Arthur's knights; a trainer of child thieves; an upholder of false modesty.
- Any grammatical mistakes here?
  - The mistake sprung from ignorance;
  - I would go if I were she;
  - Either of the three books would do;
  - These kind of excuses are useless.
- Are these substances derived from animals, vegetables or minerals?
  - camphor;
  - ambergris;
  - asbes-



(Answers on Page 45)

## CROSSWORD



**ACROSS:** 1. Smile affectedly. 7. Here plants are up to some shady business. 8. Twirled measure. 9. This metal is of pale tint. 11. Chunks of glacier in the sea and mountains in South Africa. 12. Has the backward National Serviceman been released? 15. A level sea at

twilight? 17. To get away from this a sailor may let one out. 18. A Fuhrer in Germany. 19. A hot clue, this.

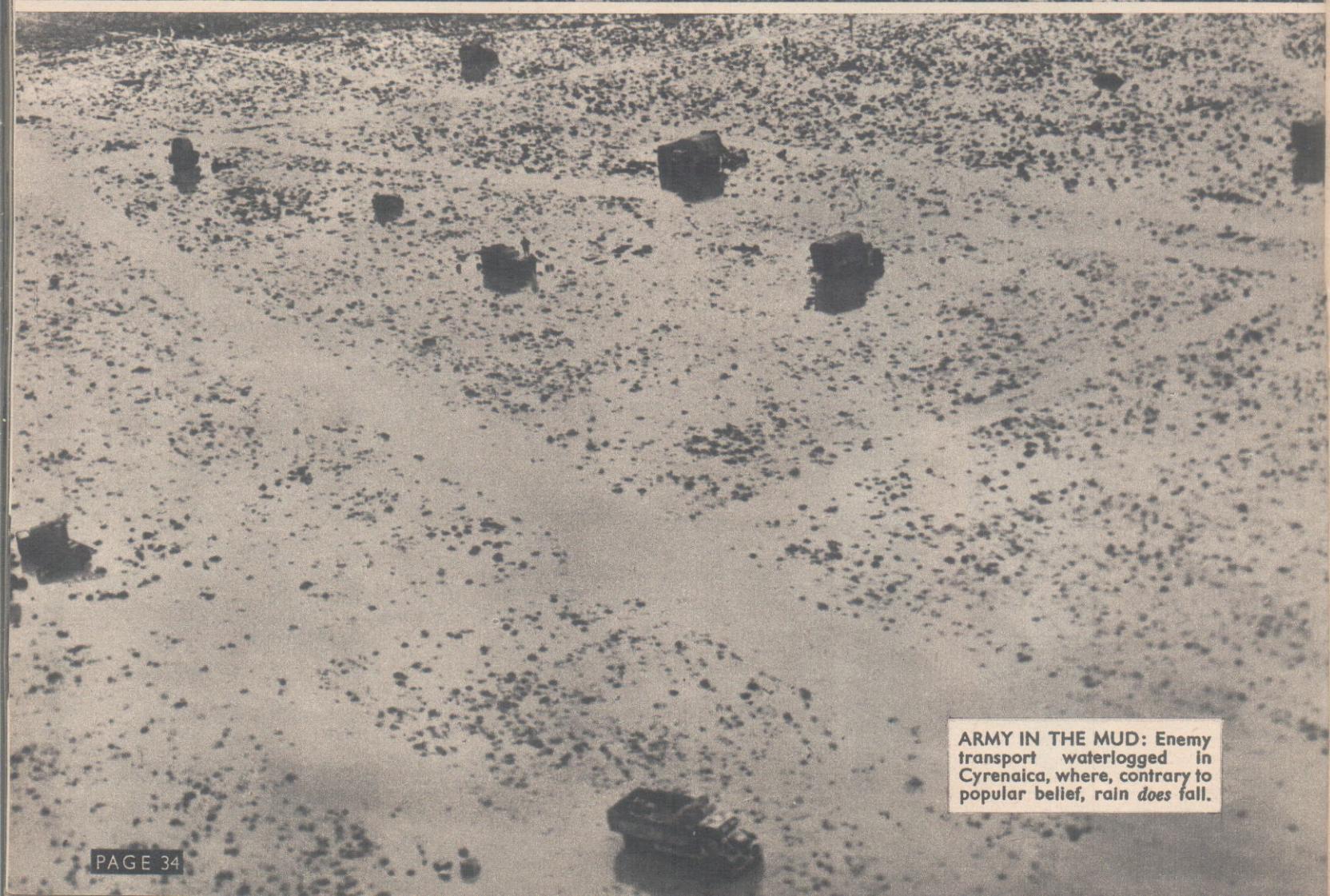
**DOWN:** 2. It looks as if I'm clean, but is the opposite. 3. A label on a sty makes it five-sided. 4. They came in book and film. 5. Mother follows short company. 6. He would make a pet, sir. 10. Dallied with a green lid. 11. To overhang an insect starting with another. 13. Not in view, but not necessarily invisible. 14. It was originally a Persian turban. 16. The Welshman stands on his head in church.

(Answers on Page 45)

SOLDIER  
SCRAPBOOK  
OF WORLD  
WAR TWO



ARMY ON THE MOVE: One of the British divisions switched across the Apennines to strike an unexpected blow against the Gothic Line.



ARMY IN THE MUD: Enemy transport waterlogged in Cyrenaica, where, contrary to popular belief, rain does fall.

Escape Story No 1: A Sapper officer and a Gunner NCO, fleeing the Japanese, spent —

## 127 DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT

**W**E say that the voyage of the *Gilca* is the most incredible open-boat journey which has been told in book form since the voyage of Captain Bligh."

Is that publishers' claim an extravagant one? Consider the bare facts:

Captain Bligh and 18 men of the *Bounty* spent 48 days in a provisioned, but chartless, 23-foot boat, in the South Seas. They covered 3618 miles, with brief calls at one or two islands, and eventually reached Timor, off Java.

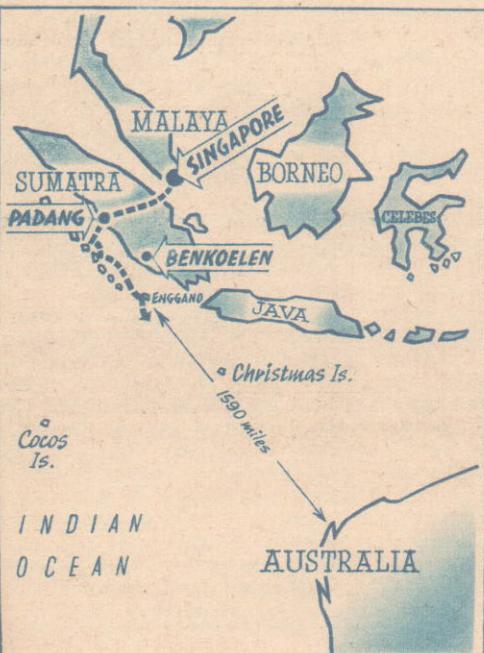
Captain C. O. Jennings and Bombardier Jackson Hall spent 127 days in a 17-foot dinghy, the *Gilca*, in the Indian Ocean. No one knows how many miles they covered; they touched at no islands; eventually, by a hideous irony, they reached land only 120 miles from the point where they started — and fell into the hands of the Japanese from whom they were fleeing.

The story of the *Gilca* is told by Captain Jennings in "An Ocean Without Shores" (Hodder and Stoughton 12s 6d). It is a story without literary art or artifice which nevertheless carries the reader irresistibly along.

The book opens with a crash — the crash of 30,000 bottles of whisky. In the last days of Singapore Captain Jennings was ordered to destroy the contents of the Borneo Company's liquor warehouse for fear of what the Japanese soldier might do if drunk. It was a feat which almost deserves to be discussed in Sappers' handbooks. Smashing crate after crate of whisky loads the air with fumes, unsteadies the soldiers on the job, gives the spectators hysterics — and there is always the risk that the whisky going down the drains may cause widespread fires if ignited.

Captain Jennings finished the task just before the city capitulated. His commanding officer then

The *Gilca* attempted the 1590-mile hop from Enggano to Australia. Her course is impossible to reconstruct. After 127 days in the Indian Ocean she beached near Benkoelen, 120 miles from her starting-point.



waiting escapers endured taunts from pro-Japanese Malays and much unpleasantness from some of the colonial Dutch. Finally Captain Jennings and his party, with a number of others, set off for the islands. The atmosphere aboard was strained, and was hardly improved by the discovery that some of the passengers had not even bothered to bring drinking water for a 100-mile trip.

Captain Jennings' party dwindled to three, his companions being Bombardier Jackson Hall, in civilian life a lorry driver, and a Private Green of the Sherwood Foresters, a crooner. On one of the islands they acquired the *Gilca*, strengthened her, painted her and fitted her out with what seemed adequate food for a possible two months at sea.

On the island of Enggano, last stop before Australia, Green dropped out (anyone disposed to criticise him must ask himself whether he, in similar circumstances, would have risked the crossing of the shark-ridden Indian Ocean in a cockleshell handled by men with almost no knowledge of sailing). Futile attempts were made to dissuade the other two from setting out.

Everything a pessimist could think of happened to the *Gilca*. A shark broke the steering gear. Salt water found its way into the food tins, rendering the contents uneatable. The outriggers were smashed. Both men lost their clothes overboard, and spent most of the trip naked. And they lost their way, irrevocably.

At one stage the two men went for 20 days without food (Bombardier Hall recalled that a professional fastener had once visited his home town and fasted for 24 days in a glass cage — "If he could do it I reckon I can starve for 20".) Eventually they were able to catch gulls — and the story of the way in which two exhausted men seized these birds, drank their blood and ate everything but the feathers is a grim but gripping one. They tried to kill a shark by striking at it with an axe — and lost the axe. Once they were able to pull in a turtle. Later they ate the barnacles from the boat's side.

The two men helped to while away the hot, interminable days by Bible readings — "We read the Bible because there was nothing else to be read. Had it been eatable we should have eaten it." Only once they quarrelled; it was an ugly moment, but a cold wave drenched them and brought them back to their senses. "I could not have had a better companion," says Captain Jennings.

When, finally, they reached land they were almost unable to



Both Captain C. O. Jennings and Bombardier Jackson Hall are Yorkshiresmen. Captain Jennings, a one-time municipal architect at Kuala Lumpur, was 42 in the year of the voyage. Bombardier Hall, a long-distance lorry driver, non-smoker and non-swimmer, was 28.



walk, and had foot-long beards. They had known they were nowhere near Australia; latterly they had been trying to reach Java, but in fact they beached on Sumatra, now held by the Japanese, at a point only 120 miles from Enggano. Calendars showed that they had been afloat for 127 days, not 125 as they had thought. Somewhere they lost two days. Captain Jennings presumably kept some sort of diary, though this is not clear from the book.

It is a tremendous story of what the human constitution, and the human spirit, can endure. The ending was tragic enough; but comparable tales of the seas have often ended with madness, murder, suicide and cannibalism. Ugly things happened on board other craft which fled from Malaya.

If Captain Bligh had been aboard the *Gilca* his superior knowledge of navigation might have carried the craft to Australia (or even Africa, which might have been quicker in the long run). But Captain Bligh could hardly have set a stronger example of resolution.

Bookshelf Continued Overleaf

## "Don't Walk Like an Englishman"

**I**T was the early summer of 1940. The driver of a German lorry trundling towards Tournai stopped to ask the way to a prison camp. Unseen, from the back of the lorry, jumped a single prisoner, and dived into a bed of nettles.

The man who leapt to freedom was the Earl of Cardigan, who, as a captain in the RASC, had been captured before Dunkirk. The story of his escape, on foot, through occupied territory could not be published during the war; it now appears as "I Walked Alone" (Routledge and Kegan Paul 12s 6d).

It is an exciting story, told in the original diary form, and has many a good tip for the escaper.

The Earl decided that his best chance was to head, not for the Channel ports, but for the unoccupied zone of France—if any. Right from the start he received generous, often voluntary, assistance from Belgian and French civilians, at great risk to themselves. Though disguised in civilian clothes, he frequently made no attempt to conceal that he was an escaped British officer.

Dodging all large towns, and keeping off main roads, the Earl made remarkably good progress, sustained almost entirely by hard-



The Earl of Cardigan: he jumped from a lorry...

boiled eggs (which he has since discovered are almost wholly deficient in vitamins). His first clash with a German sentry taught him to have a good story ready. He therefore became M. Henri Luquet, a Belgian with a weak heart, trying to rejoin his family evacuated to the south of France. The average German was, of course, unable to detect anything "foreign" in an Englishman's French accent.

Once a Frenchman accosted him in a village street and criticised his disguise. "To make it worse, you walk like an Englishman... When an Englishman walks up the street, he walks this way—a long stride, his head up in the air. He looks from side to side as much as to say, 'What sort of

a place is this?' A Frenchman knows where he is going and he is interested only in getting there. He plods along, looking straight in front of him."

Many minor adventures befall the Earl. He passed through a region where the only thing left to consume was champagne. He was given a lift by a German officer, which he dared not refuse. He was invited by a Polish farmer to work on the land till the war was over. He shook off a petty mayor who sought to arrest him as a tramp. He witnessed a mishap to a German truck and was lucky not to be called as a witness.

When he reached unoccupied France, merely walking across a lightly guarded road which was the boundary, he found the inhabitants in no mood to fête a British officer. They were sore about the destruction of the French Fleet.

At Marseilles the Earl met several British officers who were

held under arrest by the French, but were allowed in the town on parole. The Earl decided not to risk being added to their company. He bought a bicycle and pedalled off to the Pyrenees. Near the frontier, he scrambled up the mountain side with his bicycle, and as dawn came scrambled down the opposite side into Spain. There on his first day, he was arrested by a Spanish policeman, and entered the first of a succession of flea-ridden and brutally-run Spanish jails. This part of the story is not a pretty one. But the British Embassy extracted him and other British soldiers; "I will never again ask querulously, 'What do we pay taxes for?'" says the Earl.

The Earl came home via Gibraltar. In 1944 as a Military Government officer, he was able to help in repatriating French and Belgian prisoners—a task which in the circumstances was a congenial one.

The morals of the story are many. One is that you can fool some of the sentries all of the time, and all of the sentries some of the time; a cool hand can even fool all of the sentries all of the time. Escapers—and sentries—would do well to remember this.

## Supposing We Had Had Their Tanks...

**I**F, during World War Two, the British Army had had German tanks and the German Army had had British tanks, who would have won?

Lieut-General Sir Ronald Weeks, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff during the last three years of war, does not attempt to answer this highly speculative question. But he does say that:

1. We should never have achieved the rapid advances which we accomplished if we had been armed with heavy German tanks;

2. Rundstedt in the Battle of the Bulge might have broken through to Antwerp if he had been armed with British and American types of tanks.

General Weeks was one of the war's top planners. His book "Organisation and Equipment for War" (Cambridge University Press 7s 6d) is a clear, straightforward exposition of the problems of higher control, of research and production in total war. It is not a book of anecdote and personalities, though General Weeks tells one story against himself. In June 1943 the subject under discussion by the defence chiefs was tanks. Mr. Churchill had told everybody what he thought about them and about the Crusader tank, which the War Office no longer required but which the Ministry of Supply was producing in large quantities. General Weeks suggested that the surplus tanks might be used to tow 17-pounder anti-tank guns on D-Day, which inspired Mr. Churchill to say: "General, you remind me of



Lieut-General Sir Ronald Weeks: Surpluses could be a headache.

a man who gets out of bed in the morning, goes to the cupboard, removes a box of biscuits and wanders round the streets of London trying to find a dog or dogs to give them to."

Surpluses of equipment could be nearly as embarrassing as shortages. At one time the quantity of 25-pounder ammunition accumulated in various countries ran into somewhere near 30 million rounds; but Field-Marshal Montgomery fired off a million rounds at Alamein, and by mid-1944, when both Field-Marshal Montgomery and Alexander began to fire enormous quantities, the stocks looked none too big.

General Weeks' chapter on the waterproofing of vehicles gives a glimpse into one of the biggest problems of the war.

More than 66,000 kits of waterproofing equipment, involving over half a million components, had to be produced and fitted before D-Day. Since the life of the crews might depend on the efficiency with which their vehicles were proofed, the responsibility of fitting was placed on the crews.

For D-Day the General Staff had accepted a risk of ten per cent failures; in the event 99 per cent of the waterproofed vehicles made shore successfully.

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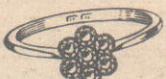
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Corporal P. Goldsmith, Royal Horse Guards, cleared six feet to win the high jump—and a special cup.



Lieut. A. D. Coote, 1 Parachute Regiment, won the 100 and 220 yards.

**SOLDIER** Cameraman **LESLIE A. LEE** took these pictures at the Army Individual Championships at Aldershot

## ARMY CHAMPIONS

**N**INE holders of titles held on to them successfully when the Army staged its individual athletic championships (for Home Commands and Rhine Army) at Aldershot.

No serious challenge was put up to Lieutenant A. D. Coote, 1 Parachute Battalion, who won the 100 yards (with the wind behind him) in 9.9 seconds and the 220 yards (with the wind against him) in 23 seconds. He was awarded the Cotterell Cup for the best track performance.

Lieutenant H. M. Dove, 2 Parachute Battalion and Captain R. A. Morris, Royal Engineers, holders of the half-mile and mile titles

respectively, were successful again with times of 1 min 57.9 secs and 4 mins 19.5 secs respectively (2/Lieut. C. Chatterway, Royal Artillery, ran well in the mile). The two-miles steeplechase title was retained by 2/Lieut. A. K. Maughan, Royal Artillery (11 mins 14.1 secs) and the 440 yards hurdles by Captain D. C. Brierley, Royal Horse Artillery (57.5 secs).

In the three-miles Private W. ("Olympic hope") Hesketh, last year's winner, had to beat off stiff opposition by Cadet D. C. Birch, Royal Signals. Hesketh's time was 14 mins 41.8 seconds.

The Territorial Army had a mile race to itself: the winner was Major R. Macpherson, Artists Rifles, in 4 mins 40.1 secs.

One record was broken in the men's events. Major C. J. Reidy, RAEC, improved on his last year's hammer record: the distance now stands at 153 ft 10 ins.

The cup for the best performance in field events went to Corporal P. Goldsmith, Royal Horse Guards, who won the high jump (6 ft) and the hop, skip and jump. WO II A. G. Roche, RAEC won the long jump (22 ft 5 ins). A higher standard than usual was set in the field events: in the pole vault eight competitors jumped 10 ft 6 ins; in throwing the hammer six competitors logged over 130 feet; and in throwing the discus seven competitors exceeded 110 feet.

In the women's events, one record also was broken. Corporal R. Slade, 14 Battalion WRAC, threw the javelin 88 ft 9½ ins. Lieutenant A. D. S. Williamson won back both sprint titles which had been carried off the previous year by Captain J. Pridmore; records for these events were set up by Lieutenant Williamson in 1948—and still stand.



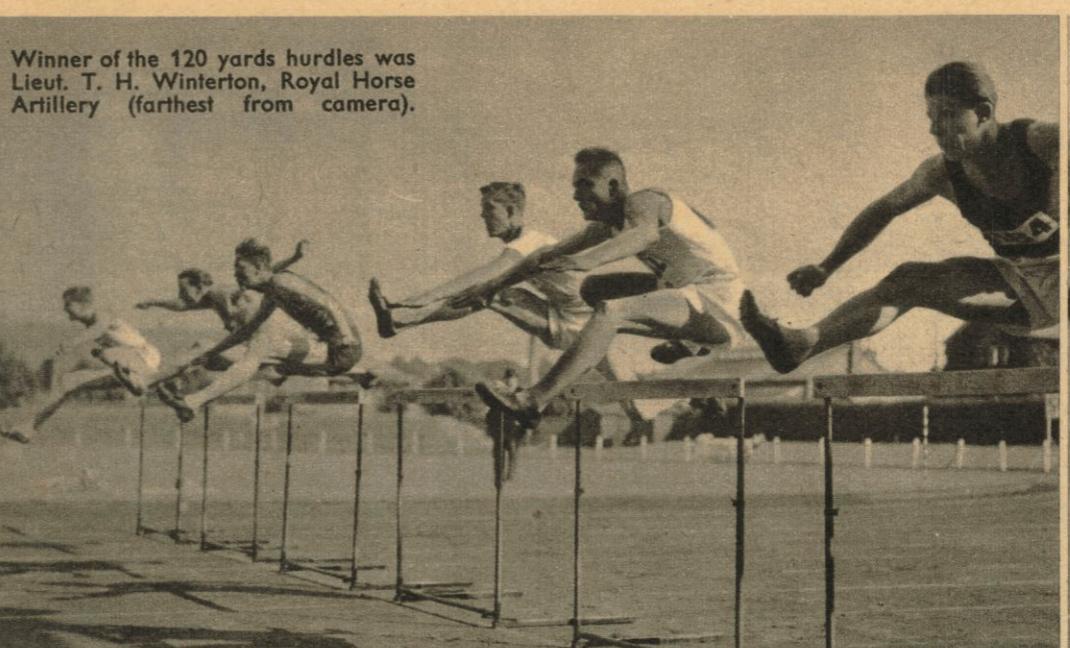
**P**AT ROC, who went to a finishing school in Paris, likes nothing better than to go back to the boulevards, to sit drinking coffee and enjoying the passing show of Paris in spring. In more strenuous moments, Pat is just as gaily in her element astride 'Wallaby,' her own horse, who appeared with her in *The Wicked Lady*.

Pat confesses to another 'like'—shared by thousands of her fans—she loves good chocolates. "Nowadays," she says, "I always ask for 'Capital' Assortment—the centres are so deliciously varied." Just to read about them makes your mouth water—pineapple, raspberry, lime, nuts, marzipan... You must try 'Capital'! In 1-lb. cartons, 1/- (also in ½-lb. packs).

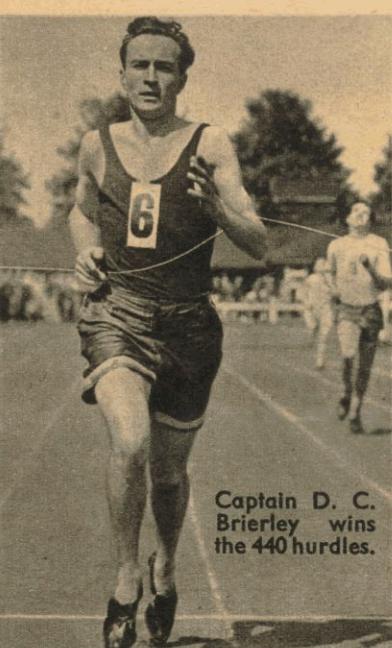
**DUNCAN**—THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE



Over (and into) the water jump in the two-miles steeplechase: the man in the air, 2/Lieut. A. K. Maughan, 37 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, was the winner.



Winner of the 120 yards hurdles was Lieut. T. H. Winterton, Royal Horse Artillery (farthest from camera).



Captain D. C. Brierley wins the 440 hurdles.

## OF 1950



Start of the women's 100 yards final. The winner is fourth from right: Lieut. A. D. S. Williamson, 12 WRAC.



Two-gun starter: Captain P. F. C. Reed, who has been starting races since 1927. Second gun is to signal false starts. Below: Private Gleed, 29 Independent Company WRAC receives the cup for the high jump from General Sir James Steele.



Winner of the women's 80 metres hurdles was Staff-Sergeant H. H. O. Holcombe, Headquarters Aldershot District (fourth from left). Below: Aptly named Sergeant R. F. Speed, RAOC, Headquarters Rhine Army, wins the 440 yards from Captain D. C. Brierley.





Against a background of Hamburg spires, Rhine Army's crew for Henley practised on the Alster.

## Eight from the Alster

FOR the third year running the British Army of the Rhine this summer sent a crew to Henley Regatta.

Coxed by a private soldier, the Rhine Army eight entered for the Thames Cup in which crews from famous universities in Britain and America annually compete. They were drawn against Imperial College who defeated them by one and three-quarter lengths. The Cup eventually went to Kent School (USA).

Rowing is not a sport in which the Army has great experience. Apart from crews from Sandhurst it is believed that no other Army eight has competed at Henley; though Army four's are by no means unknown (an excellent Royal Engineers' Four won the Wyfold Cup this year). The men from Rhine Army therefore deserve congratulation for giving a welcome lead to the Army; for

water, followed at a respectful distance by a motor launch with a figure standing in the bow, megaphone to mouth.

The crew, selected after trials, gave up their summer leave to compete at Henley and paid their own expenses. While training on the Alster, they used the shell and oars of the Allied Services Sailing and Rowing Club, which draws its members from all ranks. The problem of a shell for the regatta was solved by a generous loan from Eton College, whose 1948 Captain of Boats, 2/Lieut. Dair Pritchard Barrett, was at Number Five.

While in England, the crew lived at the Territorial Drill Hall in Henley, with the members of Queen's College, Cambridge, who were competing against them.

Rhine Army's challenge owed much to the keenness and organising drive of Captain K. E. Collins, Royal Army Educational Corps. He hopes that next year the Army Sports Control Board will sponsor a British Army eight. (There was, by the way, a

Royal Air Force eight at Henley last month).

Rhine Army's cox was Private D. Beeley, a medical orderly in a military hospital. The crew had no fears that he would run the craft into the Henley boom.

The crew were: Number One, 2/Lieut. J. B. Stafford, Durham Light Infantry; Number Two, 2/Lieut. G. L. Dennis, RASC (whose style is described as "unorthodox but effective"); Number Three, 2/Lieut. I. R. A. Pearson, Royal Signals; Number Four, 2/Lieut. G. C. Refoy, RASC (who learned his rowing with the Eton Excelsior Club); Number Five, 2/Lieut. D. Pritchard Barrett, Welsh Guards; Number Six, 2/Lieut. David Scott, Royal Scots Greys (his fourth Henley. He was twice stroke of the Bryanston School eight); Number Seven, Corporal H. J. Allen, Royal Fusiliers; Number Eight, 2/Lieut. R. D. Waterkeyn, Royal Fusiliers (another Henley veteran and member of last year's crew); reserve was Lance-corporal G. Patt.

From a report by Captain G. H. UNDERWOOD, Military Observer and other sources; photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman, Sergeant F. COVEY.

Left: "Germania" was the name of the practice craft; for Henley, the Eight were lent a shell by Eton College. Below (left): Private D. Beeley, RAMC, cox; and 2/Lieut. D. Scott, Royal Scots Greys.



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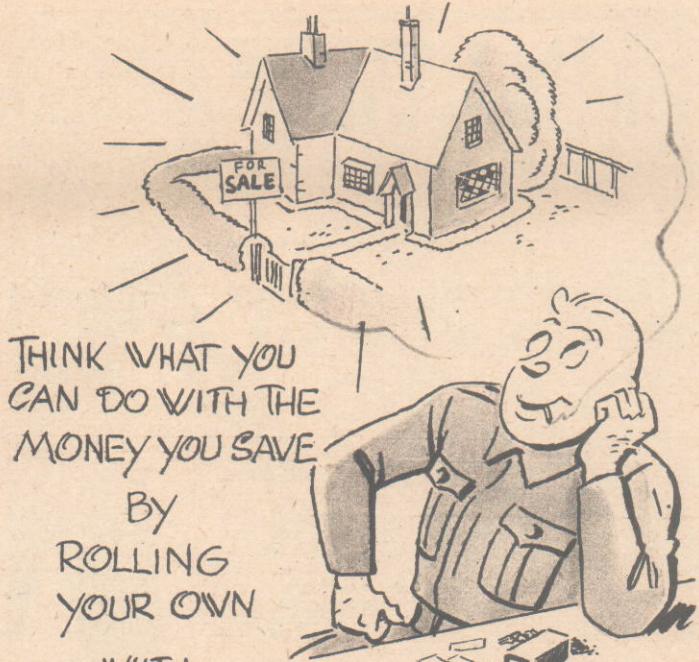
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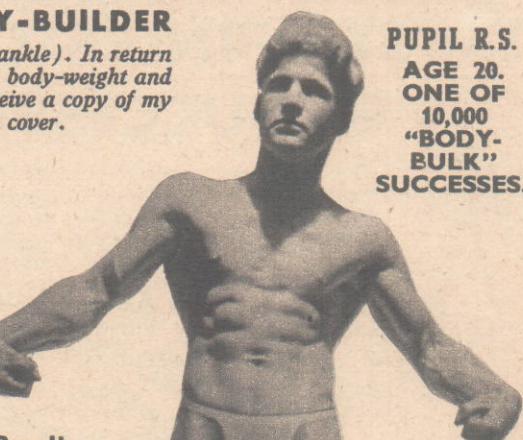
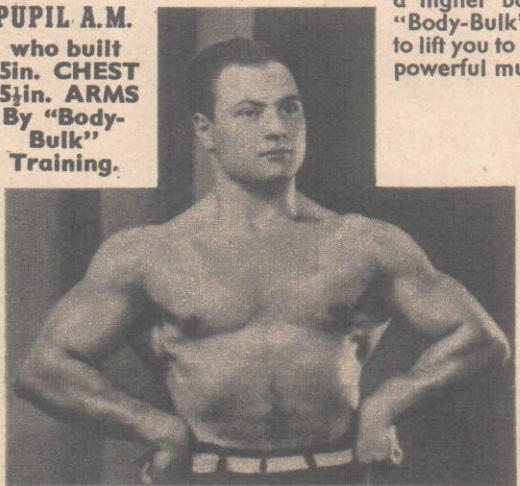
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Biceps...	12½ in.	13½ in.	14 in.	14½ in.
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Thighs...	20½ in.	21½ in.	22½ in.	23 in.

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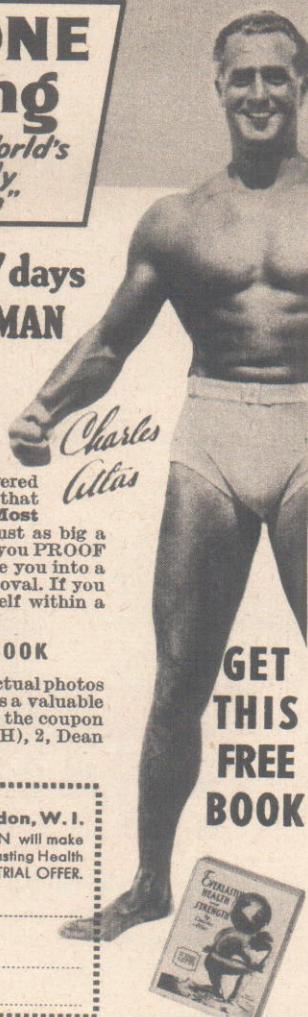
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## 70 - AND GOING STRONG

THEY say in the Irish Guards that almost every man who has served in the regiment in the last 30 years has had a Hamilton haircut.

Sergeant George Hamilton has been regimental barber since the early 1920's. He joined the Irish Guards in 1901 when the regiment was only nine months old. Although he went out on reserve in 1904 for ten years, he has more service than any other Irish Guardsman and he is probably the oldest serving soldier. He is over 70.

Sergeant Hamilton says that when a lad he left Ireland for a holiday in Glasgow and there saw some Scots Guardsmen. Their bearing and turnout inspired him to join the Brigade. He remembers clearly his 16 weeks at the Caterham Depot and he recalls watching two companies of mounted infantry leaving Chelsea Barracks, where he now lives, for the South African War.

He himself fought in France and Belgium in World War One. In 1939 he described his experiences to radio listeners in "In Town Tonight." During

World War Two thousands of young Guardsmen visited his shop at Lingfield, home of the Guards' Training Battalion.

"Twice I have been home to Ireland with the regiment," he says. "In 1920 I was a member of the guard of honour which accompanied King George V to open the Northern Ireland Parliament. Our Commanding Officer was Major the Hon. H. Alexander, brother of the Field-Marshal who is our Colonel."

The Sergeant is one of the few men who have received two Long Service and Good Conduct Medals — both the old and the new.

An old friend who often visits him from the Royal Hospital is Pensioner George Murphy, at 83 the oldest living ex-Irish Guardsman. Sergeant Hamilton remembers Mr. Murphy's three sons in the regiment (one of them won the DCM in the same trench as his father — the only



father and son to have won the medal in the same spot) and he has met the grandson who is a corporal instructor at Caterham today.

Sergeant Hamilton has never married. Asked what he would do if he had his time over again, his reply is: "Join the Irish Guards." He never tires of life at Chelsea Barracks. The last time he went on leave was 18 years ago.

## He just couldn't wait to see SOLDIER

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## FILMS

### COMING YOUR WAY

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

#### STATE SECRET

This is the thriller film for which they created not only a new country, Vosnia, but a new language — 1000 words of convincing gibberish. It's all about an American surgeon (Douglas Fairbanks Jr.) who visits Vosnia to receive a medical award, but stumbles across a state secret — which means he must be liquidated. A music hall artist (Glynis Johns) joins him on the run. There's plenty of action and suspense — and fine shots taken in the Italian Alps.

#### SO LONG AT THE FAIR

Jean Simmons goes to the 1889 Exhibition in Paris with her brother. On the first morning her brother vanishes — and so does the hotel room in which he was staying. The management say she never had a brother with her. Jean is in a fair tizzy until Dirk Bogarde comes along to unravel the strands.

#### LAST HOLIDAY

What makes a very ordinary man suddenly draw his life's savings and go off on a spree? You've guessed it: the knowledge that he has an incurable disease. In this J. B. Priestley screenplay Alec Guinness, the dying man, has some good clean fun, does a lot of good on the quiet, and then finds that, after all — yes, you've guessed it again. With Beatrice Campbell and Kay Walsh.

#### OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL!

This is an airy-fairy story about song-writers and song-pluggers in the brave days before World War One. June Haver is in it, so you don't really need to worry about the plot. It is in colour.



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**MACONOCHIES**  
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COULD YOU address a public meeting to-night without notes? Have you personal courage? Can you "create" will-power? Are you a good mixer? Can you think and talk "on your feet"?

### 2 IS YOUR MENTAL ORGANISATION FIRST-CLASS?

DO YOU HAVE a 100% perfect memory? Are you always "mentally alert"? Can you plan and organise? Can you write and talk convincingly? Can you conduct interviews?

### DO YOU HAVE PERSONAL DEFECTS?

ARE YOU a "shut-in" personality? Are you handicapped by marked shyness, inability to "mix"? Are you a prey to fears, worry, weariness or depressions? Do you suffer from inferiority complex?

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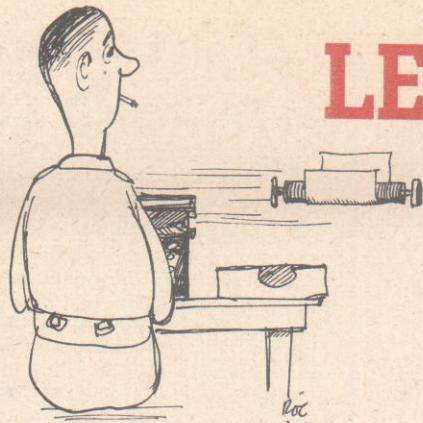
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NOW



# 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.

Force. The unit I propose would be just as efficient and far more economical than that suggested by the Brigadier. — J. T. Ellicot JP, 1 Town Range, Gibraltar.

### PRIVACY

On the subject of barrack rooms and privacy ("SOLDIER to Soldier," June): surely, as the Army contains both introverts and extroverts, there should be a choice of public or private accommodation. From the psychological point of view this would be not only welcome, but beneficial. — Wo II L. W. Graham RASC, Goo-  
jerat Bks., Colchester, Essex.

### NO JOBS

Where did your correspondent, who wrote the letter entitled "Jobs for Regulars" in SOLDIER for June, get the idea that an ex-Regular soldier has no great difficulty in finding work? I left the Army last November and except for three weeks I have been unemployed ever since.

The Government's plan to reserve more vacancies in industry for ex-Regulars cannot begin too soon. If Regulars could be practically guaranteed employment when they left the Army it would relieve one of their worst headaches. — Ex-Soldier (name and address supplied).

### EARNING A PENSION

In the May SOLDIER a correspondent pointed out that the basic Army pension was far below that of any clerk who had worked in the Civil Service for an equal number of years. In your reply you remarked that Civil Servants do not retire at 45 and therefore do not draw their pensions for so many years.

So much the better for them! They can stay on full pay until they are 55 or 65 and then retire on a decent pension whereas the Regular serving in the ranks must give up his chosen career at 45 and start life all over again. Believe me, if Regulars could serve on until they were 55 and then retire with the accumulated pension there would be no complaints. — Armr. QMS. S. Stone, HQ 7 Armd. Bde., BAOR.

### THE OLD GUARD

You stated in a recent issue that the four oldest regiments now existing in the Regular Army were The Royal Scots (1633), Coldstream Guards (1650), Grenadier Guards (1660) and the Royal Horse Guards (1661). May I point out that the Scots Guards were raised in 1642 by Charles II? They were broken up at the battle of Worcester and were sent into exile with the King, but imme-

# MORE LETTERS

## MEDAL WEARING

When the conversation turns to medals and decorations, people often say: "What use are they anyway? There is never a chance to wear them. They are usually just put away in a box and forgotten."

May I suggest that all ex-Servicemen be allowed to wear their medals on the birthday of His Majesty The King, as was the rule before 1914. This would greatly increase their value in the eyes of their possessors.

— W. Williamson, Midland Bank House, 26 Cross St., Manchester 2.

## MALAYA MEDAL

I believe the newspapers recently announced that a medal was to be issued for service in Malaya and Singapore. If this is so, how do I set about claiming the medal? — Armourer S/Sjt. L. A. Carter, Drill Hall, Uxbridge Rd., Slough.

★ The award of the General Service Medal and clasp for service in the Federation of Malaya and the Colony of Singapore is announced in Army Order 58 of 1950. Soldiers must have served one day or more on the posted strength of a unit or formation in that area since 16 June 1948 (inclusive) in order to qualify. Men who already have the General Service Medal will receive only the clasp. The inscription on the clasp will be decided later but the clasp will not be denoted by the wearing of an emblem of any kind on the medal ribbon. Officers commanding units are preparing lists of men entitled to the medal and/or clasp for submission through the normal channels.

## BUTTONHOLE BADGE

Now that a large number of ex-Servicemen have joined various voluntary forces in which uniform, and therefore medal ribbons, are worn, I feel that some provision might be made for holders of the King's Badge 1939—45 to display it.

As it is designed now the badge can be worn only in the buttonhole. May I suggest that a silver star might be worn on the ribbon of the General Service Medal to denote that the wearer had also been awarded the King's Badge, which many men consider to be equal to a campaign star? — Maj. R. F. Daniell, Public Schools Club, 100 Piccadilly, London W1.

★ Note: The King's Badge is awarded to members of the armed forces, the Merchant Navy, Home Guard and civil defence organisations who are disabled as a result of war service.

## TWO GONGS

I have two medals, the Defence Medal and the 1939—45 Star, to show for six years of war service, which includes service in France, evacuation from Dunkirk, being torpedoed at sea and three years at Gibraltar.

Service at Cairo and on Malta qualified for the Africa Star. I think that service in Gibraltar should have done so too. I also think that some emblem like the wound stripe might have been issued to men who were shipwrecked owing to enemy action. Their sufferings were considerably greater than those of many men who were wounded.

When sizing up his older men a commanding officer naturally looks at their medal ribbons. My whole future in the Army may well be prejudiced because I happened to be ordered to Gibraltar. — Rhoti Gong (name and address supplied).

## SHORT SERVICE

I recently tried to sign on for a three years short-service engagement, but was told that I could not do so because I had not previously completed two years service in the Army. Is this correct? If so, am I eligible for an engagement of three years with the Colours and nine years on the Reserve? I completed my National Service in November 1949. — M. T. MacMahon, 2 Hamlin Lane, Exeter, Devon.

★ It is correct that a man must have served at least two years with the Colours since September 1939 in order to be eligible to undertake a three or four-year short-service engagement. The engagement of three years with the Colours and nine on the Reserve is for National Servicemen. They can undertake it at any time after they have done six months National Service, but before six months have elapsed since they completed their full-time period of service.

## AD ASTRA

I and several comrades are all second-class wireless operators. We are National Servicemen, we have completed seven months service and we are still on one-star pay. When is our star grading likely to be raised? — Tpr. B. Wood (address supplied).

★ National Servicemen remain on one-star pay until they have completed 12 months service. Afterwards, their star grading depends on their military efficiency, which is assessed by the same standards as those applied to Regulars. A National Service tradesman cannot rate more than one star for the first twelve months although his trade normally carries a higher rating, but a regimental signaller is not a tradesman.

## LOST TIME

In June 1949 I reverted from acting-serjeant to corporal after disciplinary action had been taken against me for absence without leave. I then had six months more to do in my rank before becoming a war-substantive serjeant. I regained my rank two months later. Does my previous service as acting-serjeant count towards promotion to war-substantive serjeant? — AWOL (name and address supplied).

★ Paragraph 25 of the Promotion Pamphlet (WO Code 337) says that periods of acting rank will not count as qualifying service towards war-substantive rank if the acting rank is relinquished for misconduct. "AWOL" will have to serve the full 18 months as acting-serjeant over again.

## WE PIPE DOWN

In the June SOLDIER I am reported as saying that I found the bagpipes quite easy to learn. I would be grateful if you would publish my re-pudiation of this statement.

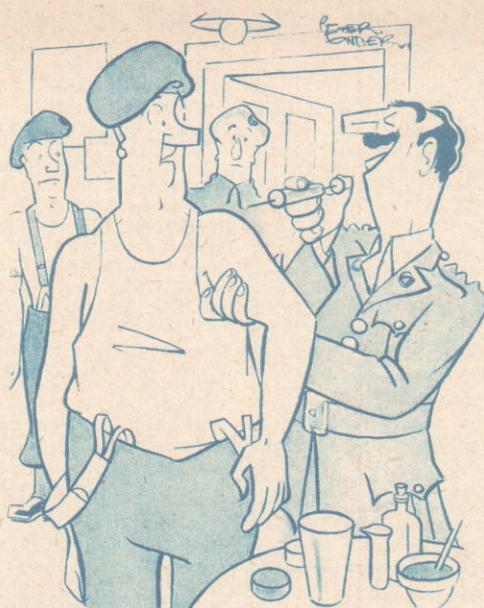
On the contrary, sir, I found the pipes very difficult to learn and I may add that no piper will ever admit to a complete knowledge of bagpipe music. I would not like to create any false impression.

As one eminent authority has said — "Into the making of a piper must go the knowledge of seven generations and 14 years." — Cpl. Eric Bradford, 1 Bn. KOSB, Hong-Kong.

## GALLING

In the article "Bagpipes Round the World" (SOLDIER, May) you mention the tune "Bonnie Galway." I do not doubt that Galway is bonnie, but I think you will find that the tune is really "Bonnie Galloway." Best wishes. — C. A. Tauson, 33, Mossley Rd., nr. Tranmere, Birkenhead.

# ONE OUT OF 120



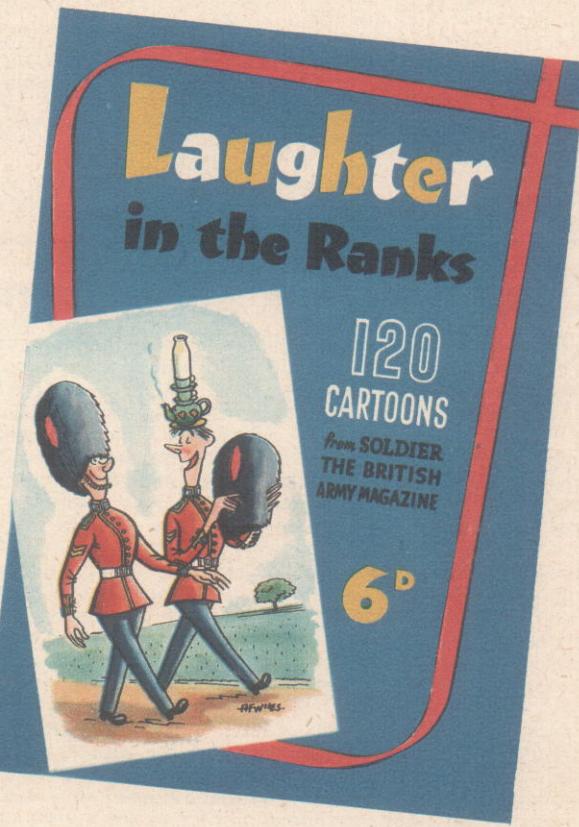
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COS 158-96

'Are you a  
Country-lover?'  
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 birds is the largest—rook, jackdaw, raven, crow?	4. What is the leaf of sugar beet most like—turnip, mangold, carrot, parsnip?
2. What lays the eggs which hatch to form caterpillars on cabbages?	5. Of which plant do we eat the bud?
3. In pruning blackcurrants and redcurrants, which would you cut out—old wood or new wood?	6. How many incisor teeth has a cow on its top jaw?

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. Raven. 2. Cabbages. 3. Blackcurrants. 4. Turnip. 5. Mangold. 6. Carrot.

**Life is BETTER on the land**  
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# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



**ELIZABETH TAYLOR**

— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A lovelorn sailor  
Sighting Miss Taylor  
Would be almost bound  
To run aground.

## Answers

(from Page 33)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. Fur. 2. Thou shalt not kill (or Thou shalt do no murder). 3. An amateur who sends and receives radio messages. 4. The Devil also. 5. Mrs. Grundy — false modesty; Caliban — a brute; Fagin — a trainer of thieves; Sir Galahad — purest knight; Hornblower — a dashing sailor. 6. (a) sprung should be sprang; (b) correct; (c) Either cannot be used with three objects; (d) Correct rendering: This kind of excuse is useless. 7. (a) vegetable; (b) animal; (c) mineral; (d) vegetable; (e) vegetable; (f) animal. 8. America, Belgium, Britain, Canada, Denmark, France, Holland, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal. 9. A system of paying workers with goods, instead of money. 10. Building Suez Canal. 11. No. Pepsi is contained in your stomach juices and helps to digest meat. 12. (b). 13. Thomas Paine. 14. Diaphragm.

### Crossword

**ACROSS:** 1. Simper. 7. Arbour. 8. Span. 9. Tinsmith. 11. Bergs. 12. Snout. 15. Eventide. 17. Reef. 18. Leader. 19. Ardent.   
**DOWN:** 2. Impure. 3. Pentagon. 4. Rains. 5. Coma. 6. Priest. 10. Lingered. 1. Beetle. 13. Unseen. 14. Tiara. 16. Evan.

diately after his restoration the regiment was reformed. — **Drum-Major D. Taylor, 2nd Bn, Scots Guards, c/o GPO Kuala Kubu Bharu, Selangor, Malaya.**

★ During the nine years they were in exile, the Scots Guards were no part of the British Army; therefore their unbroken history as a regiment cannot be held to begin from 1642. Although the decision to re-constitute the regiment was made in 1660, only two companies of independent troops were formed then. It was not until 1666 that the Scots Guards, with 13 companies, could be called a regiment.

Another correspondent claims that the Buffs were in the first four. They are Third of Foot, but the regiment was not formed (as the Holland Regiment) until 1665.

### ACCUMULATOR

I am due for repatriation to Britain this year on completion of my overseas tour. Many men of my unit are thoroughly convinced that they are being robbed of some of the privilege leave they have accumulated to take with their disembarkation leave under ACI 1123 of 1948. Can you tell me what my position is, please? — **Certo Cito** (name and address supplied).

★ Up to 25 per cent of annual privilege leave may be accumulated for addition to disembarkation leave,

but no leave may be accumulated for service overseas before 1 April 1948. Nor can any portion of the leave for the current year be added to disembarkation leave. "Certo Cito," who is a sergeant, would therefore be eligible to accumulate ten days leave for the year 1948-49 and eleven days leave for the year 1949-50, but nothing for the year 1950-51 — a total of 21 days to be added to his 44 days disembarkation leave.

### NO HARVEST HOME

Is it possible to get leave for agricultural purposes? I have a smallholding and as my father has been taken ill and is not allowed to work he badly needs me for the harvest. I am due for home leave in July. Can this be extended? — **Fus. Coles, Signal Pl., HQ Coy., 1 Bn. Royal Welch Fusiliers, BAOR 3.**

★ The agricultural leave scheme ended on 31 December 1948. No extensions of annual leave for agricultural purposes are allowed. If a soldier wishes to help with the harvest in Britain he should apply to take all his annual leave in one block. If there is a compassionate aspect to his case his unit will probably also allow him to take this leave during the period that his presence on the farm is most needed.

### NO COMPASSION

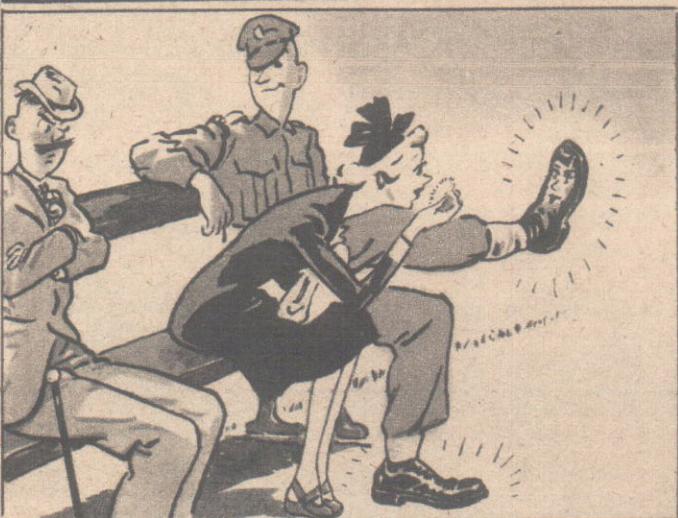
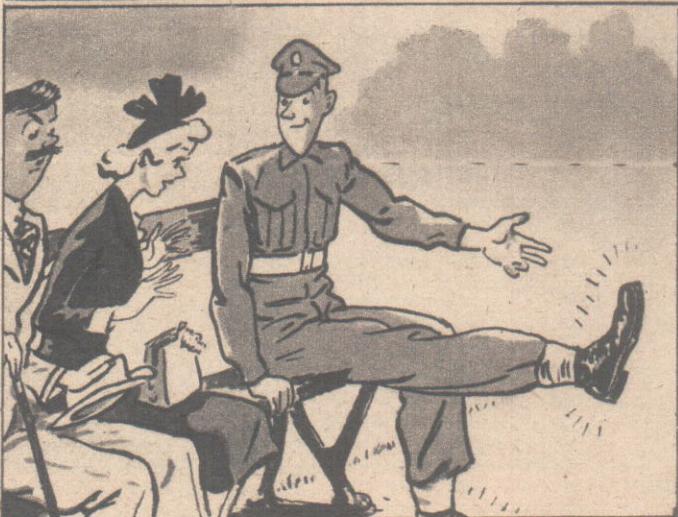
I rejoined the ATS on a short-term engagement in July 1948, but was discharged in March 1950 in order to get married. Am I entitled to proportionate gratuity for the period I have served? — **Mrs. G. L. Helliwell, 44 Byrne Rd., Sydenham, London SE 26.**

★ Each case of premature release is considered separately, but in cases of discharge at a Servicewoman's own request no gratuity is admissible unless at least two years of the engagement have been completed. The only exceptions are when the discharge is owing to disability, extreme compassionate grounds or family reasons. The War Office does not recognise getting married as grounds for extreme compassion, or even as a "family reason."

### BLOOD AND SAND

I read with interest the letter "Blood or Sand" (SOLDIER, May). I served with the Cheshire Regiment for 14 years and can state with, I think, good authority that the 1st Battalion wore the regimental flash with cerise to the front and the 2nd Battalion with buff to the front. — **H. W. Ellis, 95 Bty., 48 Fd. Regt., RA, MELF 8.**

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## 2 minute sermon

PETER and Paul were as different as chalk from cheese. Peter was a very human fellow — impetuous, generous and warm-hearted. He was a natural leader and he loved popularity. Paul was a man of ideas, a fanatic, hard and uncompromising. His own life was one of discipline — but he was frustrated and bitter.

Both became followers of Jesus — and found themselves leaders in the little family of Christians. As time went on they experienced a new power at work within them. Slowly their characters were re-made. The boastful, but very weak Peter became a humble man — but a man of inner courage and determination. All the bitterness and hardness in Paul's character disappeared and he became a lovable human being — warm-hearted and generous.

The first Christian family was made up of some very queer characters. Critics said that very few of them were even respectable. They knew it themselves, but they knew too that out of this very imperfect human material God was making a new kind of people.

It was this odd assortment of men and women who, in spite of ridicule and persecution, at last won the admiration of the world. They are permanent witnesses to the power of God in the lives of men. Peter and Paul are common names; they represent ordinary people. And the power of God is still available.