

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

Vol. 6 — No 4

June 1950

ARMY MAGAZINE

Price 6d



Canal Zone and Cyrenaica 2½ piastres; Tripolitania 12 MAL; Cyprus 4½ piastres; Malaya 20 cents; Hong-Kong 40 cents; East Africa and Eritrea 50 cents; West Africa 6d.



Serjeant Pikeman A. J. G. Hands is a veteran member of the Honourable Artillery Company, the 400-year-old Territorial regiment which next month will be welcoming National Servicemen. (See pages 5—9). Pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company are performing at this month's Royal Tournament.



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DUNCAN — THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE

PAGE 2



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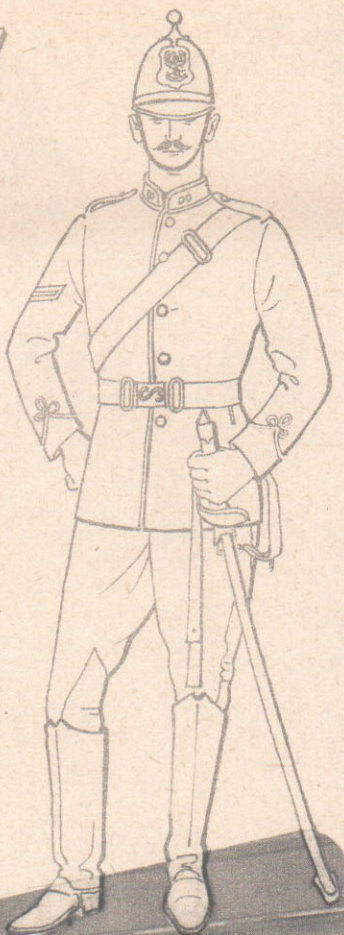


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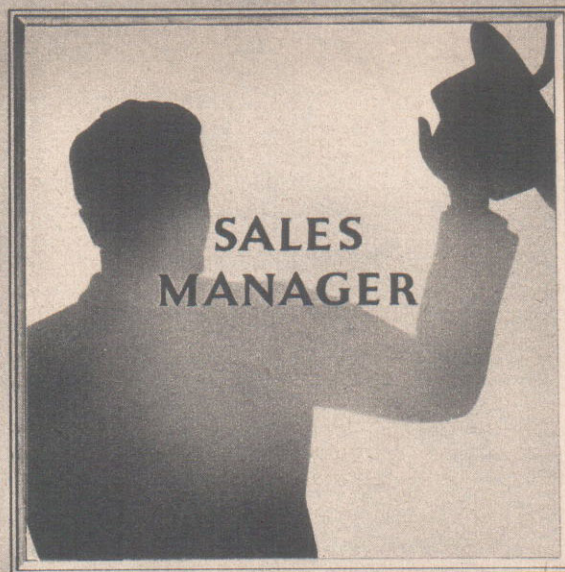


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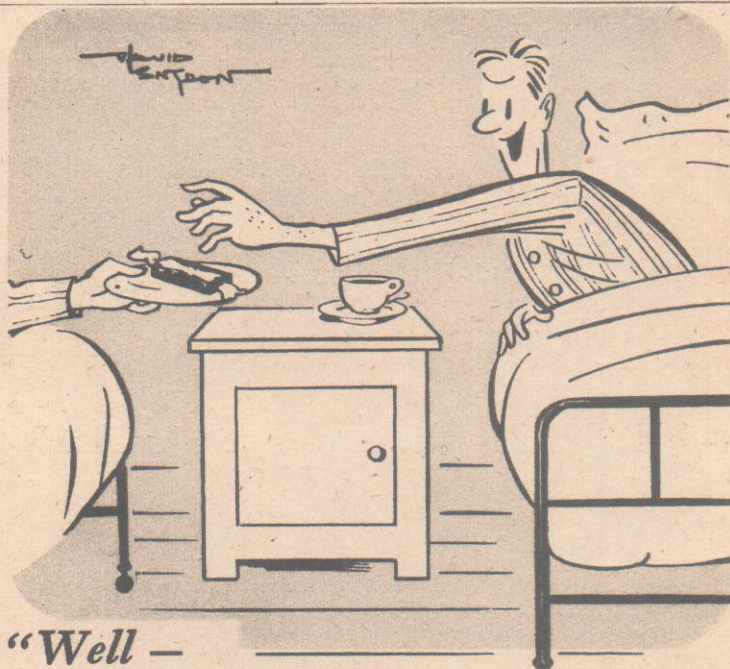
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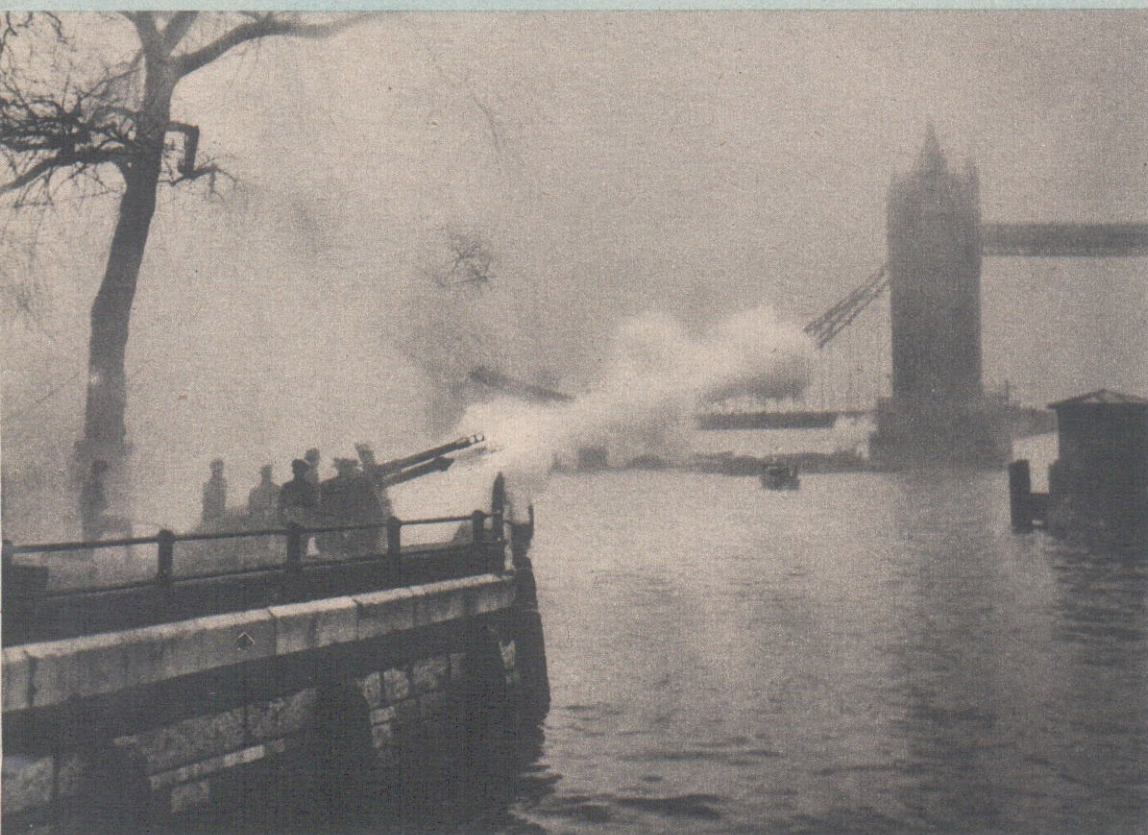
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NEW JOB for the Oldest Regiment

Britain's part-time Army contains units born in the atomic age and units formed in the days of body armour. The oldest and one of the proudest is the Honourable Artillery Company. With its weight of tradition it cannot be called a "typical" Territorial Regiment; but its illustrious background will inspire National Servicemen who join it next month



How they looked at the time of the Crimea: A captain in the HAC in the mid-nineteenth century.

The HAC's 25-pounders fire Royal salutes from the Tower of London. The base of the inkstand (below) was made from the shell of the first round fired to salute the birth of Prince Charles; the inkwells from the first rounds fired by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in Hyde Park on the same occasion. The stand was presented to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.



NEXT to Finsbury Barracks, London, a glistening brass plate on a gateway has been so vigorously polished over the years that one can only just make out the name: Honourable Artillery Company.

Beyond, standing in six acres of its own ground, is Armoury House — 200 years old and the third built by the Company on the same site.

On the parade-ground are drawn up modern self-propelled guns. Inside stand polished brass guns of 1803 and 1780. Above the stairs are displayed musketeers' and pikemen's uniforms of 1588.

This was the regiment which trained the poet Milton to trail a pike, which taught Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, some of the rudiments of calculation.

The Honourable Artillery Company is not only the oldest regiment in the Territorial Army. It is the oldest in the British Army and forms the only remaining link with the civilian levies of medieval England.

Next month a fresh page will be turned in its long and picturesque history, when National Servicemen will enter the doors which in times of peace have opened only to volunteers.

These young soldiers will find themselves in a regiment whose constitution may at first appear perplexing. For example, the Company will receive its quota of Infantry. The reason is that when it was given its Royal Charter in 1537 as "The Fraternitie or Guyilde of St. George" the word "artillery" had no connection with guns. It was used in its original sense of archery (remember the Book of Samuel: "And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city"). Had the word Infantry entered our language sooner, the Company might have been differently named.

The Artillery division was born just after the Gordon Riots (1780) which the Company helped to quash. Today it is larger than the Infantry division and is split into a regiment of Royal Horse Artillery equipped with self-propelled guns (from which it provides the men and 25-pounders for firing Royal Salutes from the Tower of London), a heavy anti-aircraft regiment and a radar locating battery. The Infantry is confined to one battalion. **OVER**

THE MAN WHO IS TWICE A CITIZEN

NEXT month brings an innovation which may prove a momentous one in the annals of the British Army.

From 1 July the first National Servicemen called up under the Acts of 1948 will be posted to the Territorial Army or to the Supplementary Reserve for four years part-time service.

This plan has been produced without benefit of precedent, for never before has Britain sought to fill the Territorial Army with men who have been trained in peace with the Regular Army.

Only recently has the Supplementary Reserve, which will absorb about one in four National Servicemen, come back into the limelight. In the past it consisted largely of specialist units, like railway operating companies, members of which daily performed in civil life the kind of task they would be called upon to perform in war. The Reserve will now be expanded to include a number of non-divisional and lines of communication units which hitherto have been raised in the Territorial Army. It will be able to draw on its men from anywhere in the country, and in many instances will be a means of absorbing men who live too far away from a Territorial Centre ever to enter into the normal life of the unit.

Broadly speaking, the Territorial Army will include field force units and Anti-Aircraft Command. The Supplementary Reserve will contain most of those units which are outside the normal formations.

Mr. John Strachey, the War Minister, has given a simplified example of the problem as it presents itself to every Territorial unit. Suppose, he said, a given Infantry unit needs 500 men in order to make an efficient unit of the Reserve Army. Assume that 100 men have volunteered, and that there are 400 National Servicemen whose homes are in the area of the unit. At first sight the problem appears to be solved; in fact, it is not. For the unit in question is an Infantry unit, and of the 400 National Servicemen returning to live in its vicinity 150 may be from the Royal Artillery and 100 from the Royal Army Service Corps. Inevitably there will be some "rebadging," but the aim is to keep this to the minimum. A new scheme has been invented which will greatly improve the National Service call-up, so that most men who are destined to go to the Territorial Army will serve in the same arm of the service in the Regular Army.

National Servicemen will be told details of their Territorial postings before they leave the Colours. As they go out they will receive a leaflet (inscribed "Keep it in your paybook")

which tells them the broad facts of service in the part-time army. It informs them that their training in the Territorial Army will probably be (1) a 15-day camp (of which they will receive at the very least 30 days notice) in each of the first three years; (2) 15 days out-of-camp training spread over the first three years. (The fourth year is largely for "mopping up" any outstanding days). Out-of-camp training may consist of evening training at the Territorial Centre or training at week-ends depending on the special problems of the place or unit as decided by the Commanding Officer. In the Supplementary Reserve training consists of a 15-day camp in each of the four years. A Supplementary Reserve unit has no "drill-hall" and only comes together at annual camp.

Another important point the leaflet makes clear is that a National Serviceman can apply to be accepted as a volunteer in the Territorial Army. If he does, he stands a very good chance of retaining whatever substantive rank he has attained, and of being posted to the unit of his choice. Also, he qualifies for a bounty.

A volunteer in the Territorial Army, besides attending a 15-day annual camp, has to do a minimum of 30 evening training periods in each year. His liabilities in an emergency are the same as those for a National Serviceman in the Territorial Army.

For all training lasting more than eight hours a National Serviceman-Territorial will receive pay at Regular Army rates for his rank, with marriage allowance (where applicable) for training in excess of 48 hours. There is a scale of payments for incidental expenses incurred during out-of-camp training.

The Territorial volunteer has proved his worth in the country in two world wars and now becomes more important than ever.

In the words of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, himself once a Territorial:

"The big problem before us as a nation is to hold the balance between economic recovery and defence. The Regular soldier contributes his share of defence; and the civilian, his to recovery. But the Territorial does both. Compared with the rest of us, he or she, is twice a citizen."



The Company's World War One Memorial is a stained-glass window on the main staircase at Armoury House.

New Job for Oldest Regiment (Continued)

The Honourable Artillery Company has its civilian side. This originates from the sixteenth century when the Guild fulfilled a role similar to that of City Livery Companies. The gradual transfer of armed force from private armies to a national one has meant that the civilian company no longer administers the military side of the Honourable Artillery Company, but it still looks after the buildings and grounds and the extensive social life.

There is a club of some 2500 members, most of whom belong to the Veteran Company, a form of unofficial reserve; the members of this have been on the Company's active list for not less than five years, and enjoy full membership without military responsibility. The Veteran Company includes members of the Company of Pikemen and Musketiers who in their seventeenth century dress escort the Lord Mayor of London in his Show and at other functions.

Before the war, when recruits had to be civilian members before being eligible for military membership — today it is the other way round — the Company was regarded as a school for potential officers. This is no longer the case, and the Infantry battalion is well pleased. While the Artillery division went off to fight in World War Two as complete units, the Infantry battalion became an officer cadet training unit at Bulford and most of the members were commissioned to other regiments. In any future conflict they want to see active service as a body.

The Company as a whole has a number of men in its ranks who have held commissions. There are serjeant-majors who were lieutenant-colonels and at camp last year a visitor was surprised to see a mess waiter wearing the Military Cross ribbon.

The traditional recruiting ground of City banks, insurance offices and the Stock Exchange produces a "mixed bag" ranging from top executives to very junior clerks. Their ranks in the Company are not necessarily a measure of their civil status. A serjeant may be a bank messenger and his platoon may contain departmental chiefs. Last year a visiting general who flew from London to inspect the camp in Cornwall was asked if he could take back in his plane a lance-bombardier who was urgently needed at a directors' board meeting.

The Company has more than one cap badge for its various arms. The Infantry wear a slightly larger edition of the Grenadier Guards badge with the initials HAC on the grenade. The two Gunner regiments have the words Honourable Artillery Company on their otherwise normal Royal Artillery badge, but the officers of the First Regiment (closely associated with the Royal Horse Artillery) have their own embroidered badge incorporating part of the Coat-of-Arms (the Honourable Artillery Company is the only regiment in the Army with its own arms) for use on berets only.

Another distinction is that the men who have earned the Territorial Decoration and the Terri-



torial Efficiency Medal wear a special ribbon. It is the red, blue and gold of the racing colours of King Edward VII, who gave the Company special permission to wear it.

On parade nights the men arrive at the old guard-room, which is now the cloak-room. Ready to welcome them is 72-year-old Mr. Sydney Richards, the night watchman, who performs a little ceremony of his own at nine o'clock. He takes down a century-old breech loader from the wall, loads a blank cartridge and goes outside and fires it in the air. This custom dates from the days when it was unsafe for anyone to be in the streets late at night, and was intended to warn members that it was time to go home. Nobody heeds the warning today but the ceremony is never missed.

The First Regiment meets on Wednesday evenings. The permanent staff come from the Royal

Outside is a 3.7 anti-aircraft gun with all the latest modifications. Inside the third Armoury House to stand on this site are treasures accumulated by the regiment over 400 years.

Horse Artillery and some of them, like the Adjutant, Captain S. P. H. Simonds, MC, were once with the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, at St. John's Wood Barracks, the unit which fires the Royal Salutes in Hyde Park (SOLDIER, July 1947). On similar occasions the First Regiment fire the Tower guns, adding to the usual 41 rounds 21 extra ones for the Tower.

The Company supplies the Master Gunner Within the Tower, an appointment at present held by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. T. Barstow, DSO, TD, who commanded the First Regiment before the present commander, Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. Armstrong, DSO, MC, TD. When a salute is due, the Master Gunner receives instructions from Lord Wavell, the present Constable of

the Tower, and arranges for the 25-pounders to be taken from Armoury House to Tower Hill.

This ceremonial association between the Regular Army at St. John's Wood and the Territorials of Armoury House was reflected in the joint present of a brass inkstand to Princess Elizabeth. This was made from the first cartridge cases fired by both regiments in the Royal salute to commemorate the birth of Prince Charles.

Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong was second-in-command of the 11th RHA Regiment (HAC) which served in the Knightsbridge battle in the Western Desert. It was the first regiment to have Priest self-propelled guns (see pages 28—31) which were brought into action at Alamein. The first guns ashore in Sicily belonged to the 11th, which ended the war on the River Po. The 11th, together with the 12th RHA which served in North Africa and Italy, and the 13th RHA which was in Normandy, now form the First Regiment.

On Tuesdays the men of the Second Regiment carry out gun drill on their 3.7 heavy anti-aircraft guns. Their Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. G. Heath, one of the two officers of the Honourable Artillery Company recently elected to Parliament, was second-in-command of the regiment when it landed in Normandy on D-Day.

On Thursdays the Infantry Battalion occupies the headquarters. Its members are the only ones to wear the full name of the Company on their white and red shoulder titles; the others use brass initials. Said the Adjutant,



The racing colours of Edward VII make a special ribbon for the regiment to wear with the Territorial Decoration or Territorial Efficiency Medal.

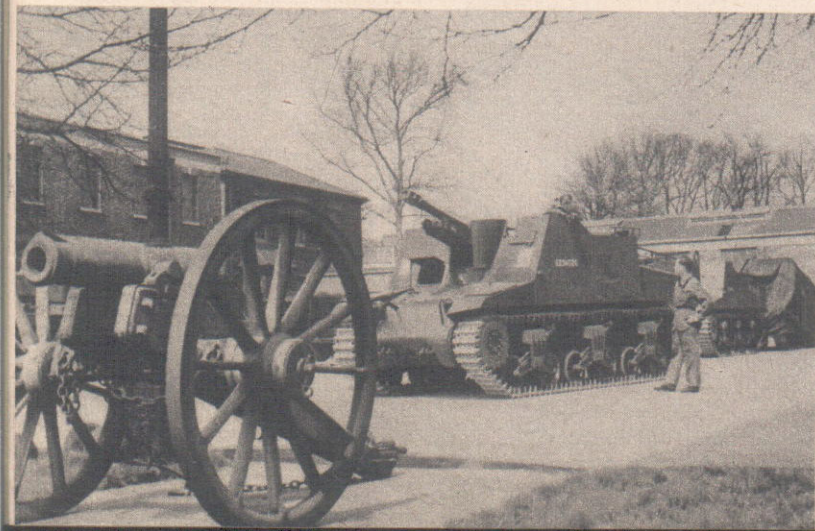
Captain A. R. Taylor, Grenadier Guards (the Brigade of Guards supply the permanent staff): "We have the traditional right to provide guards of honour to Royalty and the heads of foreign states within the city boundaries."

After drills at Armoury House are over the men go upstairs to the Sutling Room which is the old-time name for the bar. Beer is always served in pewter tankards and before the war every member gave one bearing his name.

Over the piano hangs a painting of the first muster of the Honourable and Ancient Artillery Company of Boston, which was formed in 1637 by Robert Keane, a member of the Company who emigrated to America. The oldest military body in the New World, the Boston company still functions as a civilian social club; it retains its uniform and the officers carry pikes and halberds. Periodically there are exchanges of visits between the two Companies, and Armoury House has an American flag which the Boston company gave to the Honourable Artillery Company and which has been taken back and forth across the Atlantic three times.

Next to the Sutling Room are the restaurant and the Long Room, the latter an oak-panelled ante-room hung with chandeliers, paintings and old Colours. All members of the regiment have

Old and new: Behind an old cannon in the grounds of Armoury House is a Sexton self-propelled gun. For week-end camps, the regiment has its own pavilion at Bisley, with sleeping accommodation for 70.





FIRST PICTURE: SOLDIER was given special permission to take this photograph of the Court of Assistants in session. The first time the swearing-in ceremony has been photographed. A Gunner of the anti-aircraft regiment is taking the oath as a member of the regiment's club.

Oldest Regiment (Continued)

the use of the whole building, including the restaurant, on drill nights. But anyone can use it during the week by joining the Company as a full member, provided he is elected by the Court of Assistants, by paying an entrance fee of one guinea and an annual subscription of two guineas. Non-members in the regiments, by paying a small fee, may play cricket, rugby, squash and hockey, and may learn fencing and boxing.

The Court of Assistants, before whom full members are sworn in,

meets monthly in the Court Room where the 20 members sit at mahogany tables set out with silver inkstands and quill pens. The president's seat is in front of the Company Arms and below the Colours presented by Princess Alexandra of Wales in 1894. In front of the president lies the sword of Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, one-time colonel.

Accepted candidates, whose applications are discussed in secret session, swear allegiance to the King and sign the following

declaration: "We, the undersigned, being well affected to the King and Constitution, do hereby engage upon our honour so long as we shall continue members of the Honourable Artillery Company, to accept the terms of the Royal Warrant dated 12 March 1889 and to conform to all regulations made by the Secretary of State for War in pursuance thereof and to all rules and orders made by this Government, to be obedient to our officers, to be constant in attending to all our military duties and especially

to appear under arms upon all occasions when the company may be mustered for the purpose of assisting the Civil Power in maintaining tranquillity or suppressing riot."

The minute books of the Company go back to 1656. On view is a copy of the original charter granted in 1537 by "Henry th' Eight by the grace of God Kyng of England and Fraunce, defendour of the fayth, Lord of Ireland and in Erthe supreme hede of the churche of England..." (the original is kept by the Master of the Rolls). Displayed, too, is the lease of the old Artillery Garden, an area near Liverpool Street once used by the Guild, as granted by the Prior and Convent of St Mary-Without-Bishopsgate on 3 January 1538. This document was found a few years ago after being missing for four centuries. The rent of the six acres was twenty shillings a year.

Pictures round the walls reveal many events in the Company's history. An ancient vellum book contains the names of members from 1611 to 1682, and the signatures of distinguished men. Among them are Charles II, Prince Rupert, John Churchill (first Duke of Marlborough), Samuel Pepys, Sir Christopher Wren and George Monck (later Duke of Albemarle), who formed the Coldstream Guards.

The silver includes a collection of *Daily Telegraph* cups won by the Company for shooting and a dinner gong presented by Cunard White Star to commemorate the voyage in *HMT Samaria* of the 11th HAC Regiment RHA to the Middle East in 1941 — surely the only gift from the owners of a



In 1870 the Company helped to put down the Gordon Riots in London and was rewarded with two brass cannon. On these were based the original Artillery Division of the regiment.

troopship to a regiment in World War Two.

The Company shares with the Royal Marines, the Royal Armoured Corps and the Combined Cadet Forces the honour of having the King as Captain General. It is also one of the few units of the Territorial Army to have a full band.

Recently more than 100 men of the Company, clad in silver and scarlet, could be seen drilling with pikes on the parade-ground, rehearsing for the Royal Tournament. Normally only 40 strong, the Pikemen's Company recruits extra men for such occasions. Although the armour and weapons are provided the regular members have to buy their shoes, hose, breeches and coat, which before the war cost about £12.

The Pikemen have their own officers and NCO's, and retain the rank of ensign.

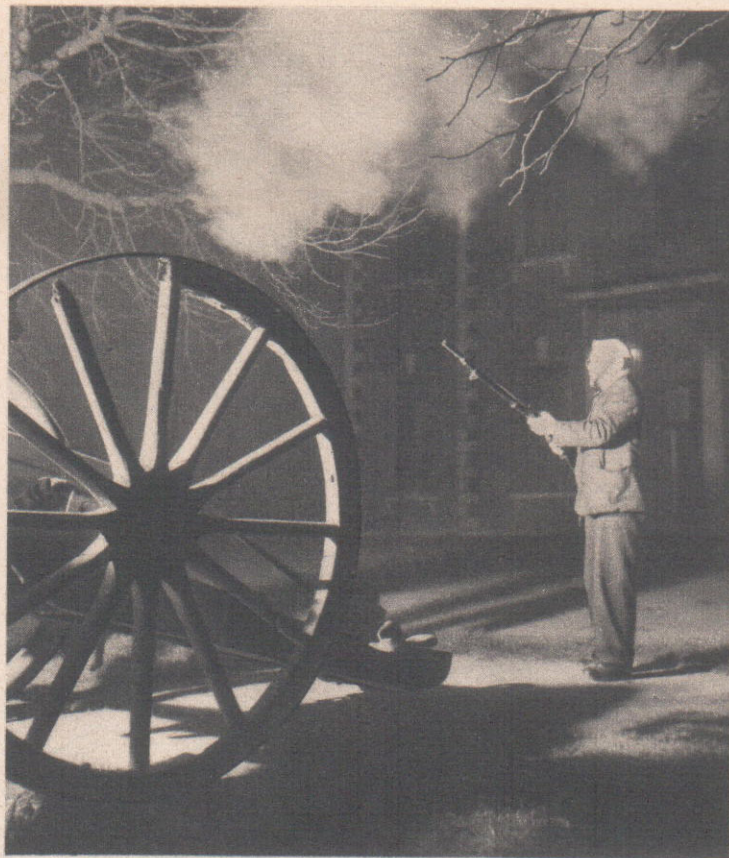
National Servicemen will find themselves serving among men with a rich variety of Army experience. CQMS Thomas Smith, ex-Grenadier sergeant, said: "I joined because we look upon the Company as an unofficial Territorial unit of the Guards." CSM Peter Crane, MC, was a lieutenant-colonel commanding a light anti-aircraft regiment, and is a practising London solicitor as well as an attorney in New York. CQMS Ian Maybury, who wears the officers' Territorial Decorat-

ion and is now qualifying for the Territorial Efficiency Medal, was at school with the present Infantry commander, Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. McKechnie, DSO, TD, who was a brigadier in Italy. Private Cyril Carle was a captain in the East Yorks and Serjeant M. F. Clarke, MC, and Serjeant-Major T. C. L. Nicole, were lieutenant-colonels. Serjeant Walter Townend, who works on the radar equipment with the locating battery, was a fighter pilot. There are two New Zealanders, one of whom, Captain Harry Oram, is the son of the Speaker of the New Zealand Parliament.

The Company has decided that in future it will not grant commissions to those who held them during the war. Its policy of promoting from the younger generation will mean that National Servicemen may find themselves in charge of sub-units whose ranks contain ex-colonels, majors and captains with decorations for gallantry.

POSTSCRIPT: Captain H. F. S. Pryke, for 36 years a member of the Honourable Artillery Company, who died last January, left £1000 to a fellow member to "throw a party worthy of the Honourable Artillery Company near the anniversary of my death to such friends as he thinks fit as often as he thinks fit, and let it be a gay party."

PETER LAWRENCE



The nine o'clock gun at Armoury House. Once it warned members it was time to go home—otherwise they were liable to be attacked and robbed.

"DO Soldiers Want To Be Private?" asked a headline in last month's SOLDIER.

The article on which it was based quoted a brigadier-Member of Parliament who had said that soldiers did not want to be separated from each other in their barracks, but preferred to be all in a row together.

As that issue was in the press, the War Minister, Mr. John Strachey, visited an Army camp at Lichfield. There he said that it seemed to him more important to provide plenty of space, a bright finish, good sanitation and bathing facilities than to worry about the number of men in a room.

And the Acting-GOC of Western Command, Major-General G. M. Elliot, was reported as saying: "We have found that young soldiers prefer to share a room and 'muck in' with their fellows."

When the problem of "How many to a barrack-room?" was being widely — and often facetiously — discussed in the summer of 1946, Major-General Sir Frederick Robb wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* recalling that 35 years ago plans for a new type of barrack block reached the Chief Engineer at Aldershot. The windows were so spaced that the blocks could easily be adapted to cubicles. Rumours spread rapidly that soldiers were to be allotted one man to a

SOLDIER to Soldier

room, and the rank and file soon made it known, through the appropriate channels, that they deplored any such plan, as "it would destroy the camaraderie of the barrack-room."

"Lack of privacy" was a complaint that many soldiers made during the war. It came chiefly, one suspects, from those who were older (and more articulate) than the average National Serviceman, and who had become more wedded to the refinements of civilisation. But far worse than lack of privacy can be real privacy — the privacy of the jail.

This is a subject on which readers of *SOLDIER* ought to express their views. How many men should there be in a barrack-room?

* * *

ANYONE relying for a picture of the British Army on the annual report by Sir Frank Tribe, the Comptroller and Auditor-General, would conclude that among the principal recreations of the Army were embezzlement, pilfering, wrecking, arson and bigamy.

It is Sir Frank's unenviable task, to find out what the Army does with the taxpayer's money.

He lists a variety of losses which could and should have been prevented, and some which could not have been prevented. Bigamy, by the way, cost the Army only £3795 in 1948-49, the latest year under review. That was the sum paid out in over-issues of family allowances to those unduly addicted to wedlock; if it is any consolation to anybody, "in eight cases (out of ten) the responsibility rested with the woman." Over-issues of pay to soldiers are still of impressive dimensions; in the year under review demobilised soldiers got away with £628,000 in over-payments, now irrecoverable.

Sir Frank is disappointed with the standard of stores accounting in the Army — "still far inferior to the standard prevailing before the last war." But he realises, no doubt, that in an Army of short-service soldiers it is difficult to get, or to train, a large number of officers and men who understand financial paper work. He notes, too, that in the year under review vast stores dumps had to be moved in a hurry — from Palestine, Burma, India and Pakistan. Perhaps the Comptroller's report for 1949-50 will make more cheerful reading.

"WHY does not the Army 'springclean' its traditions?" asked a reader in last month's *SOLDIER*. He argued that names like "Dettingen Lines" and "Goojerat Barracks" meant little to modern soldiers, and that it was time to change to "Dunkirk Lines" and "Salerno Barracks."

Now at Colchester (as this issue of *SOLDIER* shows) they are using names like Salerno and Anzio to christen new projects, which seems the better plan. Pity the recruit who arrived at "Arnhem Camp" to find a sombre red-brick settlement built to house recruits for the Boer War!

If Dettingen, say, had been a hole-and-corner scuffle, there might be a case for dropping the name into limbo. It was, in fact, the last battle in which a British King took part. Old battles deserve to be remembered; they are all part of the Army's story and the Army's strength.

To put it another way; traditions are not posters to be stripped down when the event with which they are immediately concerned is over. Often their sheer antiquity is their greatest recommendation. The Ceremony of the Keys at the Tower of London stirs the imagination because it has been carried out nightly for over 700 years. If it were a ceremony begun in 1945 no one would give it a second thought.



AIRMEN do an "Army" Job

TODAY the fortress of Aden, perched on a bleak volcanic rock in South-West Arabia, is primarily a Royal Air Force garrison, though the Army still has a few troops there. It is a coaling and oiling station, a cable junction and an aerial staging post.

On the Royal Air Force now falls the task of operating the type of ground patrol, in the adjoining Protectorate, which in other times would have been the responsibility of the Army. Beyond the town are 112,000 square miles of savage hinterland where lawless tribes roam, raid and pillage. In the desert these tribes live in mud-baked huts; farther north they inhabit straw

hovels and nearer the mountains they live in grim stone huts, which resemble barnacles on the hillside. Wherever they are, the only law they respect is the law of the rifle. The result is that no one may cross the Aden Protectorate without the permission of the British Resident; such permission is not lightly granted, and only when a suitable escort is available.

A squadron of Aden levies under the command of officers of the RAF Regiment — the RAF's ground troops — keep an uneasy peace over that section of the wilderness where the British writ runs. And when armoured cars are not fleet enough to meet an emergency, aircraft can be swiftly on the spot.

A dead camel is a milestone on the road from Aden to Dhala. Below: In the Wadi Malak the commander of a RAF Regiment armoured convoy greets camel drivers bringing charcoal to Aden.



Arab levies (nearly all excellent rifle shots) training in the wild country near Dhala.



Colchester, celebrating its 1900th anniversary this year, has known soldiers through all its history. Today the town boasts of its good relations with the garrison

(Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL)



Officers and members of the town council walking side by side to church on St. George's Day symbolise the harmony between the Army and the civic authorities.

THE TOWN WHICH LIKES SOLDIERS

IT was Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. M. Alport, Member of Parliament for Colchester, who started it.

He told the House of Commons with civic pride that Colchester was celebrating its 1900th birthday this year, and that it had quartered Roman Legionaries, the Danish Grand Army, the Conqueror's Normans, Cromwell's New Model Army and soldiers who fought at Blenheim, Waterloo, Mons and Alamein.

And he added: "We in Colchester like soldiers, and we think we understand them. As a senior officer told me not long ago, in his experience there is no town where the atmosphere of friendliness and understanding between civilians and military is greater than in Colchester."

In an interview with SOLDIER, Colonel Alport, who joined the Artists Rifles as an undergraduate in 1934 and served in East Africa in World War Two, added to what he had told the House.

"Colchester is a self-contained town with a strong local life, and the Army, through the centuries, has been woven into the pattern of local life. The town has always been accustomed to having soldiers, and so there is no fear or suspicion of the soldiery. Besides that there are many retired soldiers among the residents, men who remember Colchester as an inexpensive and friendly station. The 'retired soldier' atmosphere is literally 1900 years old, because the Romans founded Colchester

as a colony for ex-soldiers."

There are, of course, other towns which like soldiers. But they are generally shy of saying so, except when it comes to honouring their own county regiments. So SOLDIER went to Colchester, the town which wears its heart on its sleeve.

Support for Colonel Alport's views was immediately forthcoming from the then Mayor, the Reverend Warwick Bailey. "Of course we like soldiers," he said. "When visitors comment on the good feeling between the town and the garrison, I tell them that Colchester has always given a good welcome to soldiers—except once. That was when Boadicea gave the Roman soldiers a too-warm welcome."

The Mayor might have added one other exception. In the Civil War, Colchester, which was Parliamentary in sympathy, opposed the entry of a Royalist force into the town in 1648. But the Royalists got in and were besieged there for 76 days by Parliamentary forces under Fairfax. When the Royalists finally surrendered, Colchester had had 200 houses ruined besides a good deal of other damage, and to add insult to injury Fairfax fined the town £14,000, of which £2000 was emitted.

But those two incidents apart, the history of the town is one

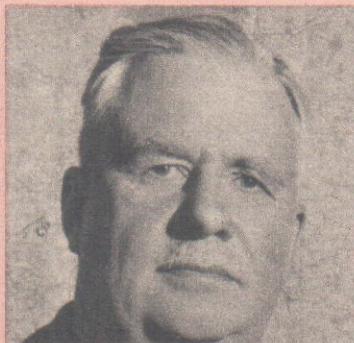
of good relations with soldiers. And, says the Mayor, "You can see it in the church registers. When there have been Irish, Scottish or Welsh regiments here, you see Irish, Scottish or Welsh names among the bridegrooms. There are even German names, from the days when Hanoverian troops were quartered here."

"The people of Colchester never miss an opportunity of opening their homes to soldiers. Nearly always the garrison is represented at our civic events. The Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, The Essex Regiment, is on our Festival of Britain committee. We find the military will always help in such ways as lending a band for Savings Week. The Army's wives help with our flag days. And Army families enter into the life of the town generally."

In the Mayor's Parlour there are several reminders of the town's association with soldiers. On his desk are a silver salver, presented to the town by the Essex Regiment when it received



Lieut.-Col. C. J. M. Alport, Conservative Member of Parliament for Colchester, told SOLDIER: "We like soldiers."



Brigadier H. D. W. Sitwell, Colchester Garrison commander, told SOLDIER: "We like Colchester."

TOWN WHICH LIKES SOLDIERS (Continued)



Planning future co-operation: Major-General C. E. A. Firth, East Anglian District commander, and Sir John Hodsoll, Home Office Director of Civil Defence Training, at a civil defence exercise in Colchester.

the freedom of the town, and a silver rose-bowl which was a gift from the American Army Air Force.

Mr. Bailey, who is a Baptist Minister and an Honorary Chaplain to the Forces, knows the Army from inside. He joined up as a chaplain in 1939, was in France with the British Expeditionary Force and served until 1944. He likes to tell of a formal tour of the garrison he made, in his capacity as Mayor, with a high-ranking general. The general began the day by addressing him punctiliously as "Mr. Mayor" and ended it knowing him better and calling him "Padre." In his civic duties, Mr. Bailey comes into contact with Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, whom Colchester has honoured by making him High Steward of the town. Lord Wavell was born in Colchester when his father was stationed there.

For the garrison, the garrison commander, Brigadier H. D. W. Sitwell, confirmed the civilian view of the relations between the Army and the town.

"I have 35 years' experience in the Army," he said, "and I don't think I can remember any place where relations with the civilian population were better. The townspeople are always most helpful. The behaviour of the troops here is particularly good, and I think that is because they appreciate the reception the townspeople give them."

One of the practical ways in which Colchester has shown its liking for fighting men is to award points for war service to men on the waiting-list for houses. And one of the practical ways in which the Army has shown its liking for Colchester is to present

three shields, made by REME, for a road safety competition between the town schools.

For the soldier visiting the town from the compact garrison or one of the outlying camps, Colchester offers, besides private social events, five cinemas, a repertory theatre, a dance-hall, a YMCA club, some mellow public-houses and innumerable restaurants and snack-bars. There is also Colchester United, the Southern League football club which leapt to fame as a "giant-killer" in the FA Cup competition two years ago.

In return, the garrison also has its social and sporting functions to which civilians are invited. The officers' club has ex-officers from the area among its members and makes the Mayor an honorary member during his term of office. Ex-warrant officers and ex-serjeants join the warrant officers' and serjeants' Nuffield Club where they meet their serving opposite numbers, led by Garrison Serjeant-Major L. Harper, 12th Royal Lancers, who has 27 years' service and is one of the leading spirits of the club. At the same time the members' wives build up their darts-team which has added to the Army's prestige by winning a ladies' county championship.

Across the way is the chromium-plated NAAFI Club. It was the first permanent NAAFI Club in Britain and is now three years old and proudly demonstrating to the sceptics that soldiers can take care of high



Colchester's Mayor, the Rev. Warwick Bailey, looks down on the ancient High Street. The Mayor was a wartime Army chaplain.



Recruits from East Anglia get their first training at Colchester, where 1st Battalion The Essex Regiment is a basic training unit.

quality furnishings. Here the junior ranks entertain the Colchester girls at dances where the handful of Service girls in the garrison would be hopelessly outnumbered as partners. Incidentally, there is no need for the male dancers to end the evening looking tousled; an enterprising firm has installed a penny-in-the-slot machine which squirts a blob of haircream into the customer's hand.

In the NAAFI Club is another sign of Colchester's helpfulness. Behind a counter, women in green uniforms or overalls are ready to give the soldiers information and advice on almost anything from a domestic problem to the time of a train home. They are members of the Women's Voluntary Services: one, Miss Joan Urwin, is a full-time WVS liaison officer; the others are 30 Colchester ladies who voluntarily give up several hours a week to being helpful. They arrange the entertainments at the Club — dancing, jazz record club, classical music recitals, table tennis or darts tournaments. They also keep needles and thread under the counter, to meet any military emergency.

The NAAFI Club does not serve the oysters for which Colchester is famous. They are too expensive. "Anyway," says Miss Elizabeth Gracie, the manager, "whatever we put on, plaice, sole, ham or chicken salad, we still know which will be the favourite dish: eggs and chips, when we can get the eggs."

Another of Colchester's claims to fame, rose-growing, rouses more popular interest in the Garrison. Roses take their rightful place in the flower show which forms part of the annual East Ang-

OVER



Souvenirs of soldiers. Bullet-marks in the old Siege House were made during the siege of Colchester in 1648. Now they are ringed in red, so that visitors shall see them easily.



Brigadier T. Brodie and Serjeant-Major C. O'Malley were in the original 29th Independent Infantry Brigade Group. The old flag was re-adopted when the Group was re-formed.



Colchester's married quarters keep up the tradition of Army names. Near by are Alamein and Mareth roads and Anzio Crescent.

Concluding TOWN WHICH LIKES SOLDIERS

lian District summer show (an elaborate "at home" complete with Infantry and Corps demonstrations and unit-run sideshows).

Numbers of possible entries for the flower-show are steadily increasing as Colchester's colonies of new married quarters go up and married soldiers begin turning virgin soil into gardens. The quarters carry on the Army tradition of naming streets and areas after generals and battles: Sample: Montgomery Estate, including Salerno Crescent, Anzio Crescent, Alamein Road and Mareth Road. The Estate includes a crèche where soldiers' wives will be able to leave their children if they like, to take part-time jobs in light industries which are proposed for Colchester.

Colchester Garrison is proud of the services it offers the families in the quarters. For wives, for instance, there is the Lomax Centre which offers a baby-minding service at a nominal cost, with a professional matron and voluntary helpers in attendance. There is also a wives' club, a social organisation which, in addition, provides attractions like dress-making and soft-toy-making classes. The centre also includes a youth club, with a Sunday school, handicraft classes, a dramatic society and indoor and outdoor games. Among the families who benefit are those of soldiers who have been posted overseas from Colchester; for "grass-widows" the Garrison arranges special entertainments, too.

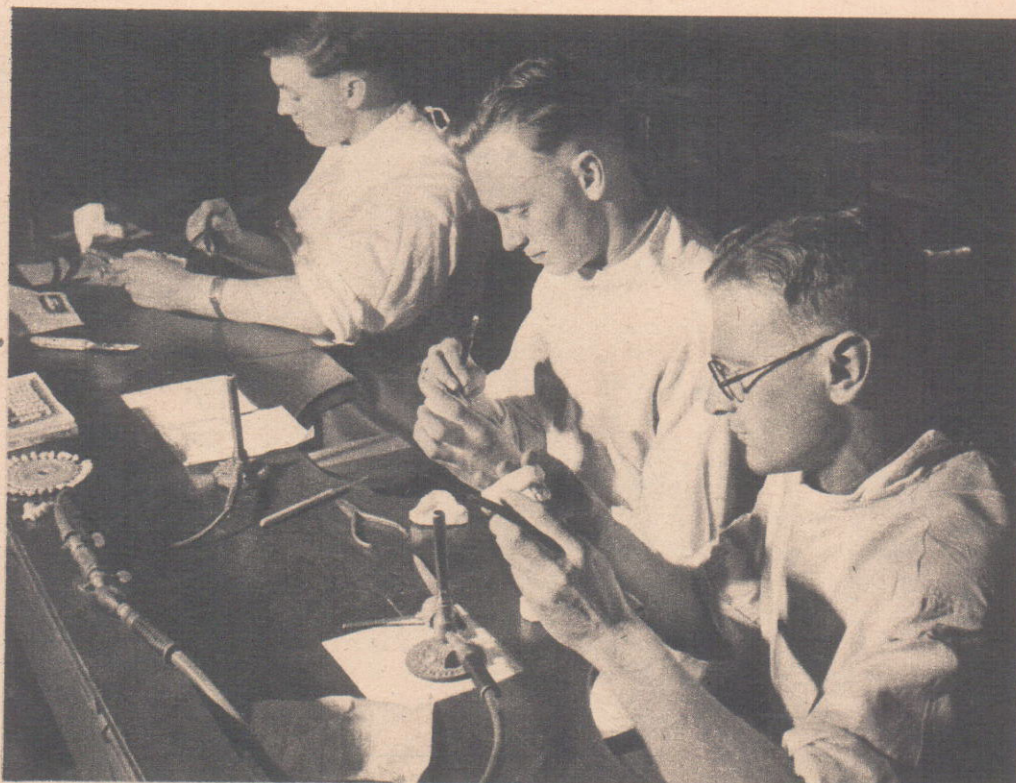
Many of the troops Colchester welcomes belong to 29 Independent Infantry Brigade Group, which includes the first battalions of the Royal Ulster Rifles, the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, and 45 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. The regimental bands are popular with Colchester, especially the pipes of the Royal Ulster Rifles who added to the *entente cordiale* last Christmas by lending a kilt for the Colchester Police Force's pantomime.

The Brigade Group was originally formed in 1940 and wore as its flash a white ring on a black background. It fought in Madagascar and Burma, where its white ring was incorporated in the two-ring flash of 36 Division, which it joined. After the war it was disbanded. Last year, Brigadier T. Brodie, who had been second-in-command of the original Brigade Group before he joined the Chindits, was ordered to reform it. He had three NCO's of the original brigade to help him and one of them, Serjeant-Major C. O'Malley of the East Lancashire Regiment, is still with him.

Brigadier Brodie temporarily adopted the original flash and got into touch with some of the commanders of the original Group, with the result that the new formation has adopted the history and tradition of its predecessor as well as one or two sporting challenge cups produced by original member-units.



Two of the contrasted jobs the Army does in Colchester. Above: The Army Fire Fighting School sets fire to an old aeroplane just to put it out again. Below: No. 2 Army Dental Laboratory makes all the dentures needed in Eastern Command.





Mr. A. F. Sheldrake was a serjeant in the Royal Norfolk Regiment until 1926. In the Nuffield Club he hears about the Army of today from Serjeant T. Walker, Royal Ulster Rifles.



Colchester is particularly glad to have the 1st Battalion of the Essex Regiment, its county regiment, in the garrison. As a basic training unit, it receives recruits for the East Anglian Group — the Royal Norfolk, Suffolk, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, Essex and Northamptonshire Regiments — so that National Servicemen from East Anglia have their introduction to the Army on their home ground.

Another unit of which Colchester is proud is the Army Fire Fighting School, which trains fire-fighters for the whole of the Army and officers from the Dominions as well. The school can provide almost any sort of fire, as well as the means to put it out. Its up-to-date methods and equipment attract visitors from the civilian fire-services. It also has an ancient steam fire engine which was presented to the school in appreciation of its good work during the great Fen floods of 1947.

For the visitor to Colchester who thinks he has seen all the outward evidence of the *entente* between town and garrison, there is one more surprise. As he waits for his train home at Colchester (North) station, a blackened but workmanlike locomotive is probably hissing contentedly at another platform, waiting to take out a local train. Its name-plate reads, "The Essex Regiment." British Railways have had the happy thought of stationing it at Colchester.

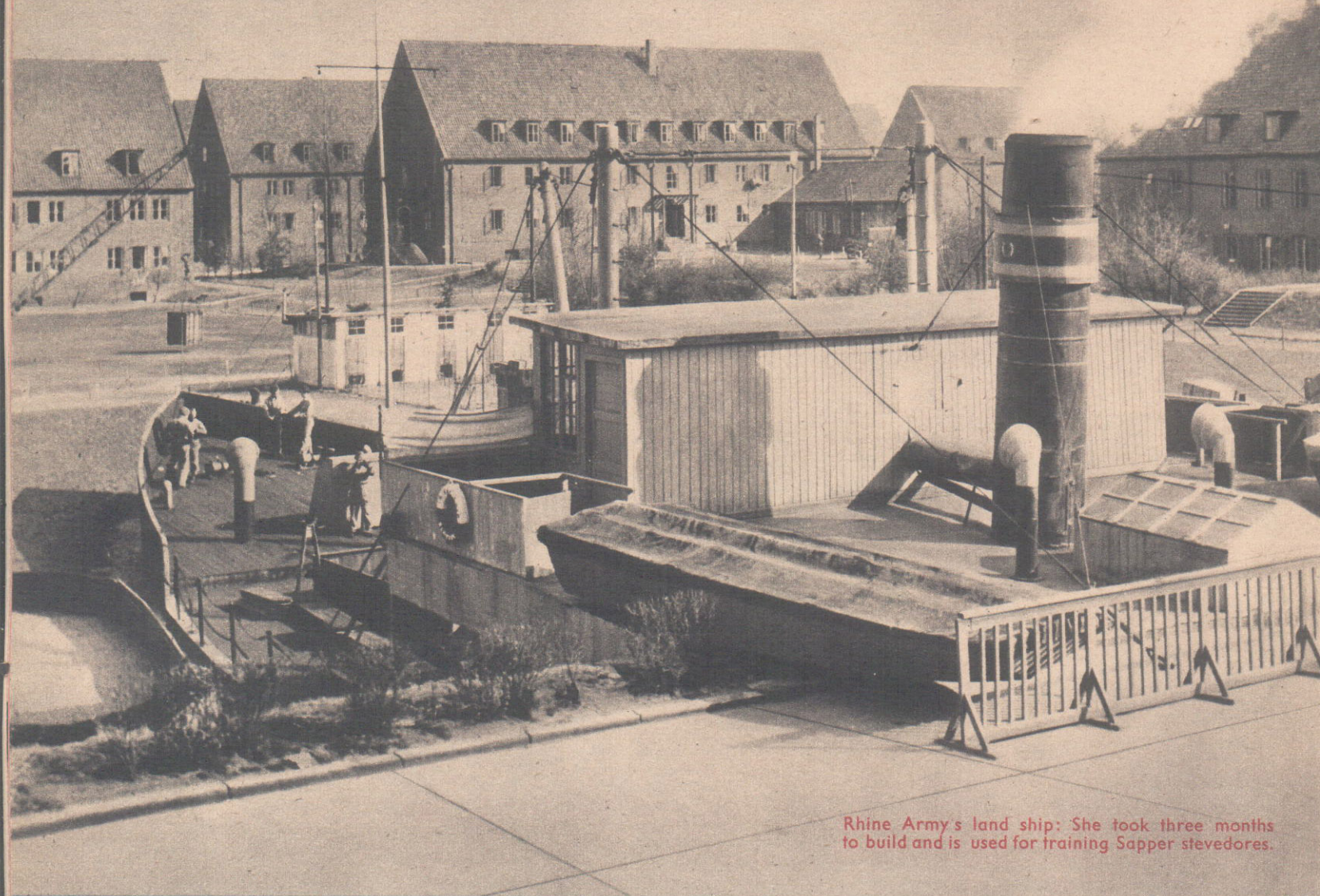
RICHARD LASCELLES

Girls from the town join in the dances which are held in the NAAFI Club several times a week. Sometimes local bands play; sometimes regimental dance bands.

When a samba is a little too much for the hair-do, soldiers at the Colchester NAAFI Club can get a pennyworth of haircream from a slot-machine.



Garrison Serjeant-Major L. Harper served with the 12th Royal Lancers when they had horses. And at the Garrison Saddle Club he gives a few hints to a young rider.



Rhine Army's land ship: She took three months to build and is used for training Sapper stevedores.

They Built a Ship in the Barracks

The SS Hamburg rides serenely at anchor in a German barracks. This is one vessel which grows no barnacles

(Photographs: Sjt. F. GOVEY)



Three of the men who helped to build her: RSM R. Noble (left), CSM John Patterson and CSM G. Swain.

REGULAR readers of SOLDIER may remember the story in February 1948 of the SS *Flaminian* (or "Flaming Onion") — the "Ship Which Never Sails." She is an old merchantman kept permanently moored at Marchwood, on Southampton Water, to give Sappers of port-operating companies practice in loading and unloading. If she ever cast off from the quay, she would probably sink.

In Rhine Army they also have their Ship Which Never Sails; in fact, the SS *Hamburg* is a Ship Which Never Did Sail, though some of the individual components have undoubtedly been to sea.

There she lies, in the middle of Reading Barracks, Hamburg with the Yellow Jack run up to the masthead, a signal lamp on the bridge flashing a message to the quaymaster and her siren sounding, and gangs of stevedores waiting for the word to leap aboard and unload her.



Sapper A. Joss learned that a ship's fender isn't something you put round the fireplace. He also learned how to make one.

This ship which never sprouts barnacles is the pride and joy of the British Supervisory Element of the Port Operating Group (German Civil Labour Organisation) who built her. She has an important job of work to do — training Rhine Army Sappers to become stevedores. It is a job she does as well as any real ship and better than most because she can be used in all weathers and she costs nothing to run.

Most ships end sooner or later on the scrapheap; but the *SS Hamburg* was made from bits of scrap from German salvage dumps and surplus stores. She is home-made except for her two Samson posts, winches and derricks and even these were modified and refitted in the unit's workshops.

She began to take shape six months ago when Major H. A. J. Lewis, commanding the unit, finally obtained permission to

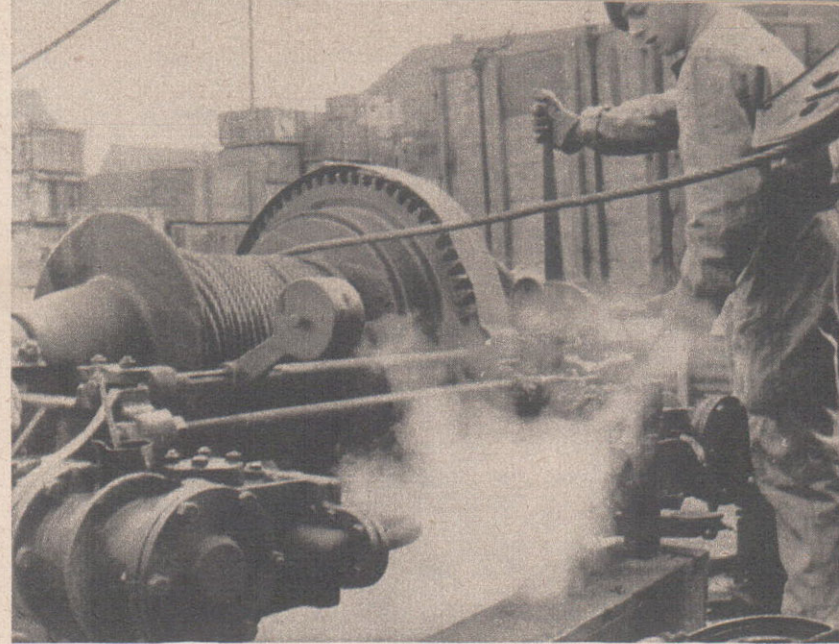
buy the derricks and winches and put down her likeness on the drawing board. For more than a year, since German civilians took over the loading and unloading of ships in Hamburg's docks, British Sappers in his unit had had little or no practice in stevedoring.

With his second-in-command, Captain R. J. Allan, MBE and Lieutenant J. M. Mallows, Major Lewis organised a search of all the salvage dumps and scrapheaps in the Hamburg area. This brought in sheets of rusty corrugated iron, odd planks, bits of steel plating and wire and pieces of old, broken-up Bailey Bridges which had last seen service in the final advance on Hamburg at the end of the war. From some old tugs the searchers procured decking and steel plates, and the main mast was made from a fir tree growing in the barracks.

Back in the unit workshops the corrugated iron was rolled flat and cut to size to make the ship's hull; wooden planks were planed and joined together for the decking; rusty wire was cleaned and made into rigging; steel plates were drilled and fastened together for the revetting of the hold; two lifeboats were built from spare wood; and two old lorry tyres were turned into lifebelts.

Then came the biggest find of all: an old 10-ton boiler was discovered in a crane which had been badly damaged in an accident. The boiler was taken out, repaired and fitted into the ship where it now drives the two winches.

While all this was going on other Sappers organised parties to dig out the ship's foundations,



And here's Sapper Joss again, operating the winch.

to set the Samson posts into concrete and use the excavated soil for building up the quayside. Some 60 tons of soil and 40 tons of stones were shifted — every shovelful by hand — and at the end of three months the *SS Hamburg*, 179 feet long with a beam of 43 feet and a hold capacity of 200 shipping tons, was complete.

The officers who directed the building of the *SS Hamburg* are no strangers to salt water. Major Lewis, for instance, went to sea at 15 and in World War One was in the landings at the Dardanelles and Suvla Bay as an apprentice deck-officer. Later he joined the Royal Engineers and sailed from the Clyde in one of the first of the tiny 250-ton paddle-boats which eventually reached Mesopotamia to ply up and down the River Tigris. In World War Two he returned to Persia and Iraq on similar duties. He commanded the Royal Engineers Transportation Training Centre at Marchwood in England before being posted to Germany.

Lieutenant Mallows worked before the war on cargo ships between London and the Continent. In the Army he helped to build the *SS Applepie*, another training ship at Longmoor. He helped to unload the first British supply ships in Calais in 1939 and later went to Sierra Leone to teach West Africans how to discharge ships bringing American supplies for North Africa. D-Day in North-West Europe found him unloading stores ships at Arromanches; later he went to Antwerp to unload the first ship after the port had been cleared.

RSM Robert Noble spent 15 years in the Sunderland docks as a stevedore before he joined the Royal Engineers, and CSM George Swain, who joined the Sappers in 1933, helped repair rail tracks and bridges in France, Belgium and Germany. CSM John Patterson had three months training as a stevedore in London docks when he joined up in 1943 and spent the rest of the war with a dredging company which went to France and cleaned out Caen Canal.

From these experts the young Sappers who are sent to the *SS Hamburg* receive a seven-weeks intensive course in stevedoring and kindred dockside work. They learn how to splice wire and cordage, to rig and stow the ship's derricks and to tie the knots and lashings required to secure the different types of cargo.

"This is one of the most valuable types of training in the Army today," a high-ranking Sapper officer told *SOLDIER*. "In war one of our earliest needs is port-operating troops to discharge stores shipped overseas. Many dock workers in Britain are too old to join the Supplementary Reserve and Army stevedores must therefore be trained by the Army."

E. J. GROVE



One of the crates which is always being loaded but never goes to sea.



Sapper R. Robinson shins up the Samson post to clear a fouled block.



Corporal Leslie Dunkley with one of his Arab assistants. The mobile laundry is in the background.

The Laundry on the Banks of Lethe



Private Frank Rowley of Lambeth has started the pump at the oasis. With him is the *khaffir* who guards the spot night and day. Left: Examining the pipe line which brings the water from the oasis to the laundry: Corporal George Naisby.

Maybe it's the water of Greek mythology, maybe it isn't. The Army uses it for a strictly utilitarian purpose



THE waters of Lethe, according to Greek mythology, washed away memories of the past from the dead who crossed the river on their way to the Elysian Fields.

In these disenchanted days, the waters of Lethe are pumped through an iron pipe to wash the shirts and sheets of British soldiers.

This Lethe, five miles from Benghazi, is locally believed to be the Lethe of the Greeks, who founded colonies in North Africa. Scholars put the original somewhere in Greece. The Cyrenaican Lethe has three grottos well filled with water. They are supplied, it is said, from an underground river which might bring fertility back to the Cyrenaican desert if only it could be pumped up. Tradition

adds that the water flows on from Lethe to the Blue Lagoon, nine miles north of Benghazi.

The Blue Lagoon is a beauty spot which, in a more populous country, would be a tourist centre. Here the nearest buildings are half a mile away: an ordinary Arab village, El Coefia, and a deserted Italian penal settlement. Next to the settlement are the tents of the laundry unit.



What is a French poodle doing in the Cyrenaican desert? It happens to be a young donkey.



Above: On the Blue Lagoon (also supposedly fed by Lethe) Private W. Featherstone and Private Harold Leach watch Craftsman Bernard Green on the diving board. Left: "Together now, heave!" — a frequent exercise in these parts. Right: Pay parade, by a private soldier. Arab workers get their wages from Pte. Featherstone.



When SOLDIER visited the lagoon, the unit was 22 Mobile Laundry, veteran of the World War Two Italian campaign, and of the post-war troubles in Palestine. It was due to be changed into a static laundry.

From a spring which runs into the lagoon and is believed to be an outlet of the Lethe water, a pipe runs to a brick-built pumping station which passes 36,000 gallons of water to the laundry in a 16-hour working day.

It is hard water, about 25 degrees of hardness in launderers' language; normally laundries use water of six or seven degrees. Most of the laundering for which it is used is done on behalf of

hospitals. The unit can turn out 150 clean sheets an hour. The job keeps the unit's one officer and 14 men busy, and employs more than 50 Arabs from El Coefia. For many of the Arabs it is their first real work for years.

Soldiers out here have to provide their own amusements, and one result is that Arabs have taken to football which they play barefooted against booted soldiers.

One tent is used as a canteen and has tables and chairs arrayed round the bodywork of an old ambulance, which has been turned into the bar. In charge is Lance-Corporal David Drew, a National Serviceman, of Sidcup, the unit's chief (and only) clerk.

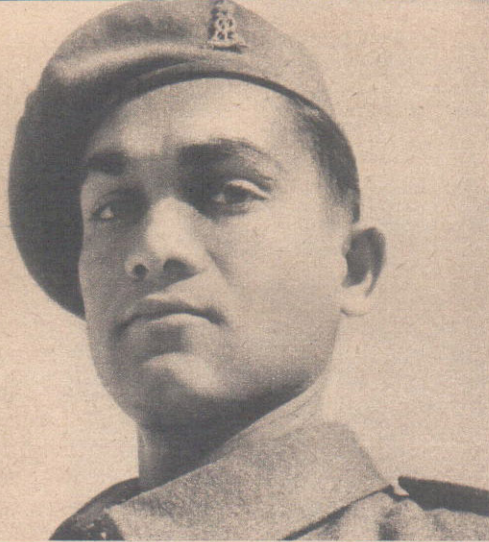
He sells everything likely to be needed, for there are no shops at El Coefia.

Every morning a Salvation Army truck brings tea and cakes. Three evenings a week a recreation truck goes to Benghazi. But in summer the Blue Lagoon is the biggest attraction. Its clear waters give good swimming and the men have their own diving-board on the edge of the "little pool" — a small lagoon on the edge of the large one. In winter one way of passing the time is to walk to El Coefia to talk to the inhabitants.

The "ghost" penal settlement is worth exploring at least once. The prisoners, it seems, spent much of their lives modelling

tables, chairs and garden seats in concrete; they made bird-baths, goldfish pools, monkey houses and aviaries. They even built a concrete dance floor.

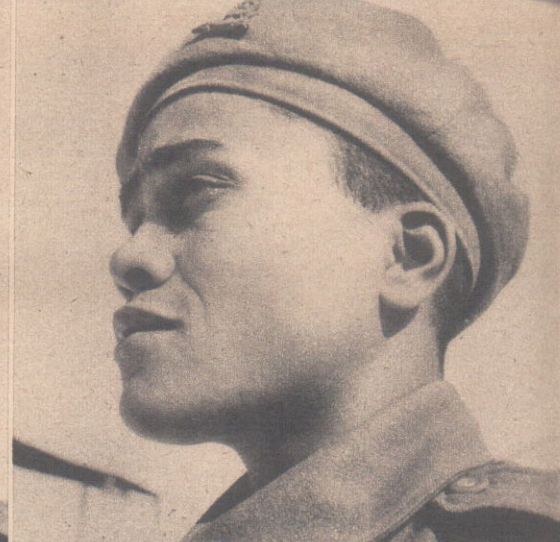
Today the concrete still stands, though the iron gates are creaking and rusting and the gardens are overgrown. The last inhabitants were men of a wartime RAF unit who turned one room in the staff quarters into a canteen and christened it Busty's Bar. The canteen advertisement is still there, as a reminder of those hectic days. Its legend, a wistful parody of the wartime advertisements outside the bars of Cairo and Alexandria, reads: "Milk, Men and Music."



HINDU: Serjeant C. Mowly Ramyeed.



MOSLEM: Lance-Corporal Cossam Peerbux.



ROMAN CATHOLIC: L Cpl. J. Serieuse.

MEN of MAURITIUS

From a lonely island in the Indian Ocean come the soldiers who guard British Headquarters in Cyrenaica

THE armed sentries outside the Army Headquarters in Benghazi wear the badge of the Royal Pioneer Corps. But the colour of their skins may vary from mere swarthiness to indisputable black.

They get their orders in English. But they talk to each other in French, Creole or even one of the Indian languages.

The sentries are Mauritians, members of 211 Group of the Royal Pioneer Corps, enlisted to do some of the less glamorous but important jobs for the British Army. And they are members of the British Army — not Colonials — and proud of it, even though their "locally-enlisted" rates of pay are lower than those of their British comrades.

There are more than 2000 Mauritians in the Group (which does not include the drivers and mechanics who serve with the RASC) and they are scattered over Cyrenaica. Many of them are veterans of World War Two and saw service in Madagascar, East Africa, Italy and Palestine as well as in the Western Desert. Most of their officers and a few of their NCO's are British.

The Mauritians' centre in Cyrenaica is at Burka, a suburb of Benghazi. There the Group has its headquarters and four companies. Two companies provide guards and general duty men. The other two are works companies and contain tradesmen.

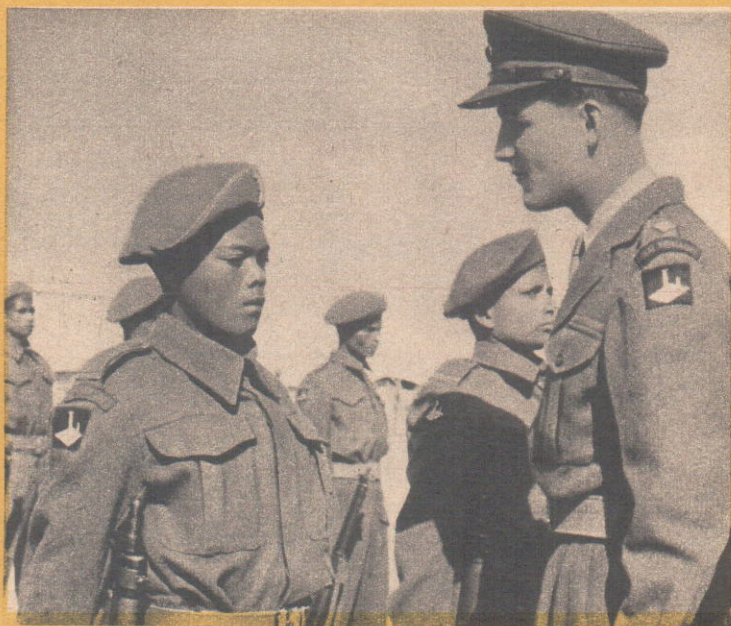
Besides a variety of languages and shades of colour, the complicated racial and political history of their Indian Ocean island has left the Mauritians with a variety of religions. The biggest group in Cyrenaica is that of the Roman Catholics, who have their own chapel. Others are Moslems and attend the local mosques. The remainder are Hindus who have their own temple in a large tent at Burka.

The priest of the tent-temple is 23-year-old Private Sohan Seebarruth who worked on a sugar plantation before he joined the Army. He sleeps in one end of his canvas temple and substitutes white robes for his uniform when he conducts services. His congregation numbers about 250.

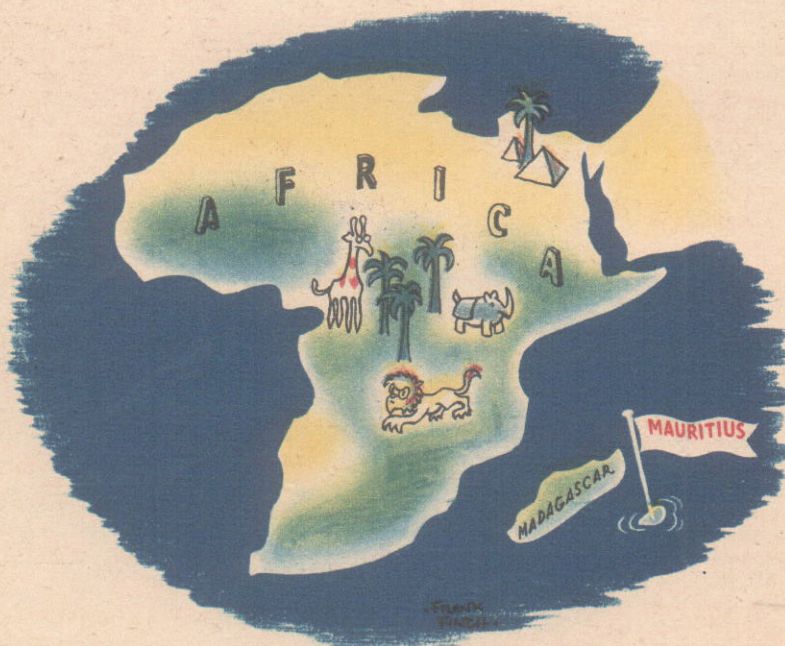
The Mauritians prefer the British ration scale to the Indian or African scales, but the Hindus do not eat beef. Instead, they get a mutton issue.

Recruits train in Egypt and then go on to Burka. They serve for three years, during which they are not allowed to have their families with them. Nor do they get home leave. Even if they decide to rejoin when their three years are up, they are awarded home leave only if there happens to be a return passage available on a ship.

To compensate for this, they have their own leave centre at Burka. It still means living in tents, but there are amusements. They draw ration allowance, which they hand over to NAAFI in return for a book of meal tickets which they use in the camp canteen, so that they get a change of cooking. They have opportunities for sport, too, which is a big attraction. The Mauritians in Cyrenaica have held their own at both football and cross-country running. **PETER LAWRENCE**

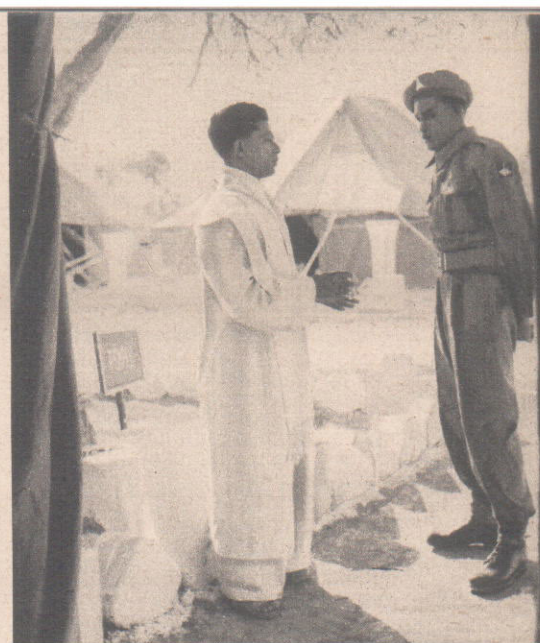


One of the National Service officers posted to the unit is 2nd Lieut. Michael Meggeson, Royal Artillery, of Southampton.





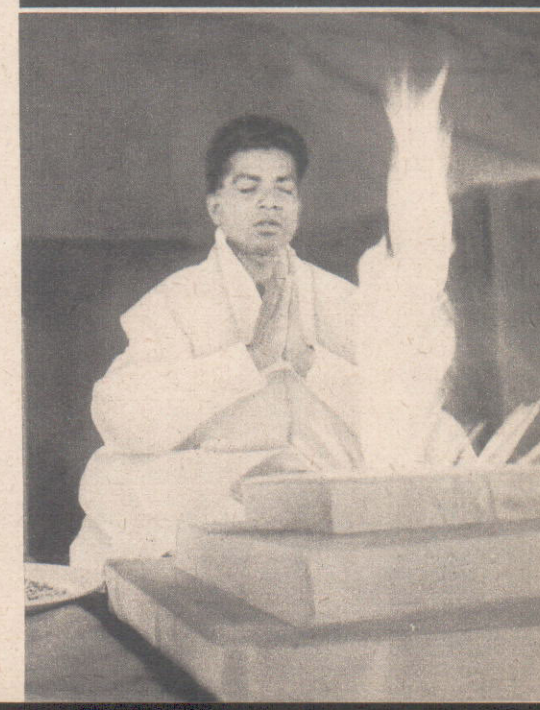
Mounting guard outside the headquarters of Cyrenaica District in Benghazi. The building was once an Italian hotel. Below: Mauritian tradesmen build a cook-house under the supervision of Serjeant Noel Dann, Royal Engineers, military foreman.



Outside his canvas temple is Private Sohan Seebbaruth, who is authorised to hold services for Hindus. Below: He sprinkles rice as an offering on the sandalwood fire.



Private Seebbaruth prays in front of the fire. About 250 Hindus among the Mauritians attend the temple.



GOLDEN GLORY-

The Royal Tournament, which is being staged in London this month, is a brilliant money-spinner. Last year it made £30,000 for Service charities

A group of Volunteer officers who organised a display of military exercises to amuse the competitors in the 1878 National Rifle Association Meeting were bitterly disappointed.

The rifle meeting took place on Wimbledon Common and the display was held there too, but the competitors had no time for military exercises. They were too eager to get away to the delights of Victorian London — to the pleasure gardens and the music-halls.

The military display was a failure, but one man at least had seen its possibilities. That man was the Duke of Cambridge, who decided to give it official Army support. Queen Victoria became a patron and, on the principle of Mahomet going to the mountain, the show was moved to London. By 1880 the idea had been further developed. Regular troops took part and the display was staged at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, under the title of the "Royal Military Tournament." That year it made £500 for Service charities.

Ever since then, with time out

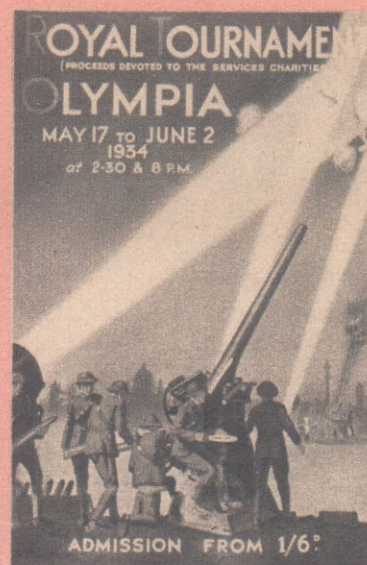
for wars, the tournament has been an annual feature of London's entertainment. Its aims are still those of 1880 and its programme is strongly traditional, but its profits have risen from the original £500 to £30,000 in 1949. Musical rides, dismantling and reassembling of guns, gymnastic displays and skill at-arms competitions have all figured in the programme from its earliest days.

In 1904 *Punch* reported that men of the Royal Marine Artillery unlimbered a gun in less than no time "and fired it point-blank at a line of little girls of the Duke of York's School." It

later reassured the reader that there were no casualties amongst the girls. *Punch's* praise was a trifle ambiguous — "Every display was brought off with miraculous punctuality — within twenty minutes after the time announced in the programme." The tournament was also criticised for its "circus-masquerading" atmosphere.

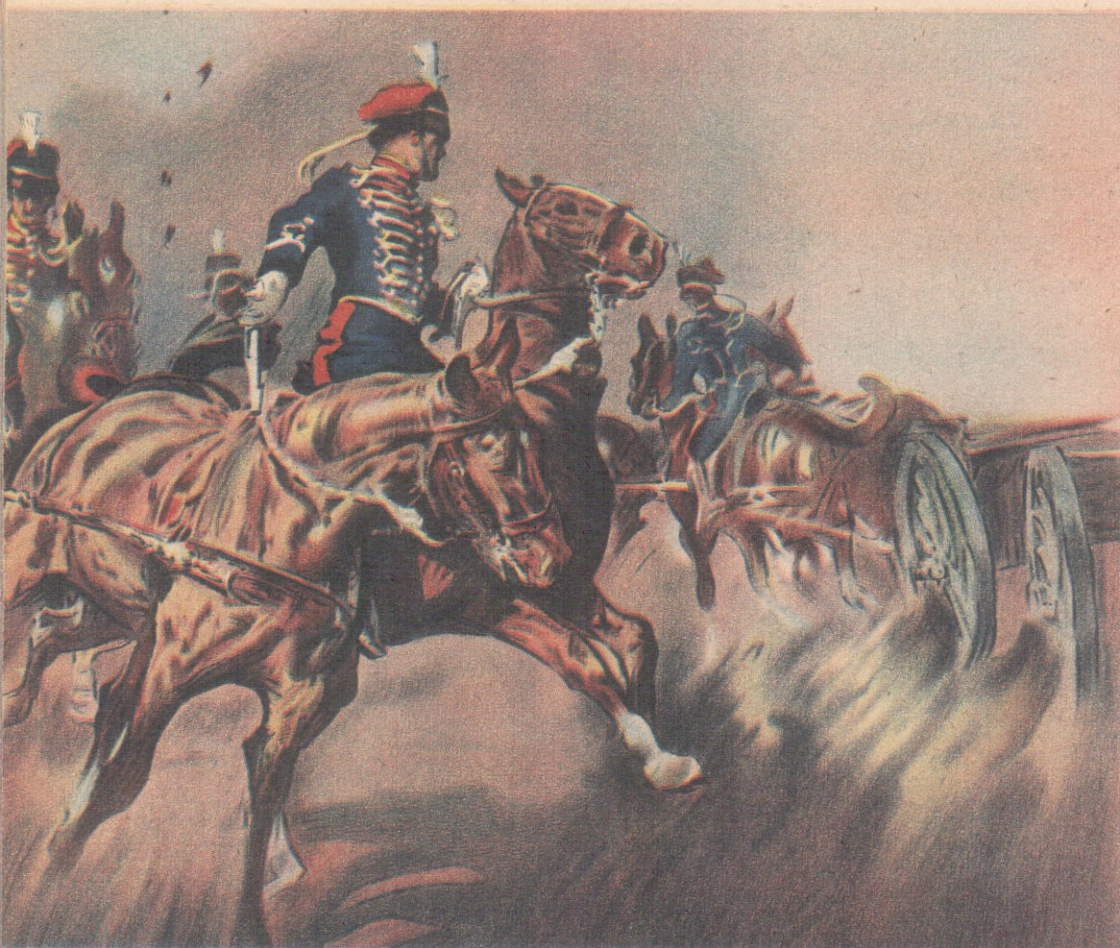
King Edward VII opened the tournament that year. Eight years later, as a guest in the Royal box, another Royal figure made his last public appearance in Britain — Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. Did he think that the traditional "olde worlde" atmosphere of the tournament was a real representation of the British Army? And was he encouraged thereby in his dreams of conquest?

In 1920 the tournament's only concession made to the passage of the greatest war in history was a whimsical conversation with "Old Bill" and a display by machine-gunners.



The 1934 poster was one of the few which broke away from horses.

Artists are not slow to find inspiration in the Musical Drive of the Royal Artillery. This picture is from the 1935 poster.



Not a single petrol-propelled vehicle had yet invaded the arena. The first was in 1927, when horses jumped over a stationary motor-car. Even in 1933, when the Signallers gave a purely mechanical display, the programme announced that "All motor-cycles used in this display are kindly lent by the Triumph Motor-Cycle Co. Ltd." That was the year Hitler came to power. Did he think that the British Army was not equipped even with motor-cycles?

In 1939, with war looming inescapably ahead, the new British Army first made its appearance in the arena. The three-inch mortar, the Bren carrier and the barrage balloon shattered the 50-year-old tradition of historical pageantry.

Since then, every effort has been made to include in the programme incidents in the training and action of modern units. Commandos make cliff-face assaults, parachutists drop from the roof and engineers throw Bailey bridges over "rivers." But a modern battle is fought on so vast a scale that to try to compress it into the space of an indoor arena would put an impossible strain on the imagination of the audience.

This year the Royal Tournament is held at Earl's Court — the largest indoor place that can be found. The move, which was contemplated between the two wars, has been made necessary by the large numbers of would-be spectators who have been unable to get tickets in past years. In 1947, 1948 and 1949 an estimated total of 100,000 people were unable to see the Royal Tournament. At Earl's Court arrangements have been made to accommodate between 350,000 and 400,000 spectators.

POSTSCRIPT: Once again SOLDIER suggests to the Tournament authorities — Why not stage the assembly of a jeep in three minutes? Plenty of teams have done it and there are plenty more who can.



Rehearsal in Regent's Park, 1950: On the day itself the riders will wear full-dress uniform, as on opposite page.

- And here it is in Rehearsal

RHEARSALS for the Royal Tournament start well beforehand. One reason for this is that in the Army of today, with its continuous stream of National Servicemen passing through, units cannot hold the same team together for two years in succession.

Even traditional items like the musical drive of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, have to be learned all over again.

Passing Londoners have recently been hypnotised by the sight of troops of magnificent horses, towing old-fashioned, iron-tyred guns and limbers, churning the dust on a cinder-strewn patch of waste ground in Regent's Park. Each of the six guns is drawn by six horses and the whole of the non-stop series of intricate drills is done at the canter. The guns and limbers are quite springless, and have to be skidded and bounced round corners.

For rehearsals, men acting as markers stand on the boundaries

of the area that represents Earl's Court arena. It is not so easy on the nerves to stand stock still pretending to be a wall while 24 hooves and a ton-and-a-half of swaying, skidding gun-carriage go thundering past a foot away from your pet bunion.

The crowd outside the railings and the dust cloud inside them get thicker as the battery changes from grid inclines, through the double circle (a new item in this year's drive) to the "scissors." Swarms of children skirmish round the edges of the

arena. Major F. W. C. Weldon, MC, who is in charge of the drive, watches the teams intently. Suddenly he feels a tweak at his sleeve and a shrill voice pipes, "Hey mister, is there goin' ter be anuvver war?"

"Not today, sonny," he answers absently.

"Then wotcher doin' orl this for?" demands the urchin.

Another crowd of children hovers round Gunner T. Smith, who is holding his horse in readiness to join in the next rehearsal.

"Will 'e bite mister?" they ask anxiously, and scatter in all directions when the horse nods his head.

Three times the battery goes through its tournament drill, with intervals for a few short

words from Major Weldon. There is always room for improvement. By the time they call it a day horses are in a muck sweat and the Gunners dizzy with going round in circles. As they return through the streets to their barracks at St. John's Wood, the crowd slowly disperses, happily conscious of having seen something for nothing. Only one small girl is dissatisfied; her imagination has conjured up an even better spectacle.

"Lookit them guns," she says, nudging her companion, and her voice takes on a kind of hopeful gloating as she adds, "Cor! S'pose they went orf. They'd kill all them 'orses."

Some people are never satisfied.

The tournament riders of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery change from year to year. That is why plenty of practice is needed.





Feature by TED JONES; photographs by DESMOND O'NEILL

THE LAST 'PRIVATE' SOLDIER

A faint whiff of feudalism still hangs in the Irish air. Tenaciously, on the great crumbling estates the past lives on; nowhere are memories so slow to die.

At Hillsborough, in County Down, the past is still very much alive in the person of 84-year-old John Green, the last of the original Hillsborough Castle Guard.

The Castle was once a rock of English power in a sea of turbulence. To strengthen his hand, the Marquis of Downshire, who owned the castle, obtained permission early in the eighteenth century to keep his own company of armed retainers. Fifty men drilled regularly in the castle courtyard. In normal times they acted as a police squad for the surrounding districts and in times of trouble they defended the castle.

By 1885 the company had been reduced to 21. Their functions, too, had dwindled, the main one being to parade for divine service every Sunday morning and to march to the old parish church adjoining the castle, where they occupied special pews. It was in this year that John Green joined the Guard after two years regular service with the Royal Ulster Rifles.

Four years later, in 1890, an Act of Parliament finally banned the keeping of private armed retainers and the Castle Wardens, as they were now called, held their last parade. But as a special concession the Marquis of Downshire, though not allowed to recruit any new men, was permitted to keep in service all those of the old guard who wished to remain, the Government paying him a small retaining fee for their upkeep.

One by one, as the twentieth century advanced, the old guard died off until, in 1932, John Green was the sole surviving member. For 18 years he has kept up the tradition of the Castle Wardens, helped by Bugler Gerald Atkinson, the son of the original bugler. His uniform is normally tucked away in mothballs, but when there is racing at the nearby Maze race-course, or when a member of the Royal Family visits Northern Ireland, out it comes and John Green goes on parade again.



On fête days 84-year-old John Green puts on the uniform of the Hillsborough Castle Guard, a private army once retained by the Marquises of Downshire. Below: The castle where the private army trained.

Apart from a caretaker, the castle is deserted. Ivy shrouds the crumbling walls and watchtowers, an ancient beech tree thrusts crooked arms towards the battlements and the grass grows green over the parade-ground. Old John sits in his rocking chair beside his cottage hearth, nodding and dreaming of the days that are gone. He remembers the last time he went on duty at the castle just before World War One, when the men of Ulster were preparing to resist by force any move to incorporate them with Southern Ireland.

"What do you think you're doing, Jack, in that silly old rig-out?" the people asked him. Only a few of them knew he was guarding two crates of rifles hidden beneath the floor of the church.

Then came the Great War, when John Green managed to enter the Pioneer Corps by lopping four years from his age.

"As things were then, it was either that or starve," says John.

Four years in the Ulster Special Constabulary followed his war service. Then John Green retired at last to his cottage, doing a bit of gardening and listening through his earphones to the crystal set from which he still refuses to be parted.

The marble bust of the first Marquis of Downshire stares blankly from the porch of the church, watching perhaps for the ghosts of his company marching in to service. His castle, like the way of life it represented, is crumbling away. But once a year the last of the Old Guard still flaunts his plume in the sun. The grass may have grown beneath John Green's feet, but his head is held high in the air.



The Seventeenth Century plods on through the Twentieth. For John Green it is not yet the end of the road...

THE LAST OF THE LEINSTERS

"HOW is the Leinster Regiment getting on these days?"
"I'm very well, thank you."

It sounded a silly sort of conversation to be going on between a major and a lieutenant-colonel, but in fact the answer was a perfectly reasonable one.

Lieut-Colonel Victor Haddick, MBE, who retired in April, was the only man serving in the British Army who wore the badge and regimental title of the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), disbanded in 1922. How he came by that distinction is only one unusual story in a life that Colonel Haddick describes as "one mass of unusualities."

He joined the Leinsters in 1908. After being a lance-corporal for three years he was commissioned in the same regiment in 1914. He was wounded in France and the authorities decided that he was due for a spell of light duty — so they sent him to land with the Australians at Gallipoli. Here he was wounded again and a really "cushy" station was found for him — the North-West Frontier of India! While here he turned his energies to invention. In those days, troop trains had to halt at meal-times and the meal was cooked at the side of the track. This had caused a disaster during a heat-wave in the Sinai Peninsula when a number of freshly arrived troops died of heat stroke. Colonel Haddick invented a cooker which could turn out hot meals while the train was in motion. The Haddick cooker is still in use in the East.

In 1922 when the Colonel took up a staff appointment in Ireland his regiment was disbanded. The officers and men were transferred to other regiments, but not Colonel Haddick. It was not until 1923 that the War Office caught up with him. Then, instead of being transferred, he went into retirement, still in the Leinster Regiment.

In 1924 he was a member of the expedition which made an ill-fated attempt to climb Mount Everest. In a final attack on the summit, two of its members vanished upwards into the clouds which obscured the last thousand feet and were never seen again. On his way back to Britain Colonel Haddick toured the Indian States lecturing at the courts of the princes.

By the time World War Two broke out, the Colonel's reputation as an explorer, lecturer and author was well established and he was asked to return to the Army as a speaker. Then the problem of his regiment arose again. Efforts were made to fit him into various regiments, but the Leinster Regiment was the only one he had ever been in and the War Office finally agreed that the Leinster Regiment it had to be. His regimental flashes were specially woven and his cap badge was treasured as though it were made of gold.

So, for the last ten years, Colonel Haddick has helped to keep alive the memory of a regiment which ceased to exist 28 years ago. But the regiment does not die until the last man dies.



At a window in Belfast: Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Haddick, explorer and lecturer, last of the Leinsters.

Right: The letters RC after the word Leinster stand for "Royal Canadians."

Below: The Leinster cap badge embodies the Prince of Wales's feathers and motto: *Ich dien*.



"... 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with
strife" — Othello.

THE Case of the Soldier Who Would Not Get Up At Reveille was discussed recently in the pages of that austere and disillusioned organ, the *British Medical Journal* (whence it was gratefully lifted by the popular newspapers).

It seems that this young recruit proved well-nigh unwakeable when the bugle blew. "His officers tried all the known methods of waking him," said one report, "cold water on his face, opening his eyelids, shining a torch on the pupils, pulling, slapping, pinching and shaking. Nothing seemed to disturb him."

Then it was discovered that he was not really asleep. He was in a hypnotic trance. Psychiatrists were set to work on him and found "psychological factors"; then they devised a course of treatment and cured him. He is now content with eight hours sleep instead of 18.

This is not the first sluggish soldier to reach the headlines. Some while ago a soldier was court-martialled for striking an NCO. His defence was that he was roused from sleep harshly and thought he was being attacked. He lashed out blindly with his fist and the NCO received a black eye. The plea did not succeed.

How to wake a sleeping soldier is one of those problems on which the Army, wisely, has refused to commit itself in print. But there is general agreement that it does not do a soldier any good to wake him up by putting a thunderflash under his bed.

Reveille has been blown on bugles, shrilled on trumpets, beaten on drums, screamed on

"RISE AND SHINE!"

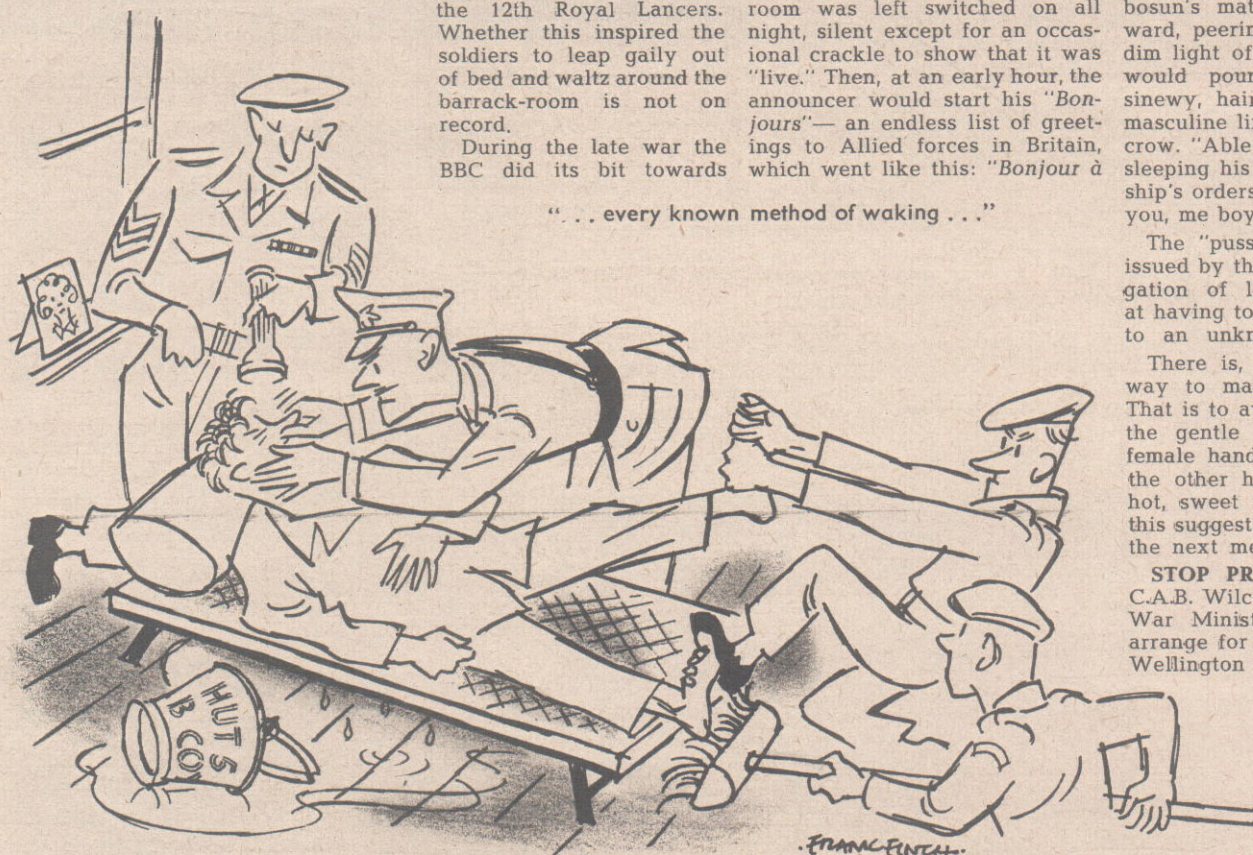
How do you like to be roused from sleep? By the bray of bugles, the crash of cannon, or by a soft female hand on the brow?

sirens, bleated on bagpipes, fired on guns; it has also been hammered on walls, kicked on doors, rattled on railings and bellowed in ears. But whatever the device used, reveille remains about the most unpopular call in the Army. Attempts to jolly it up merely sound like cheerful laughter at the bedside of a dying man. A Brigadier-General T. Porter, who took command of The Carabiniers in 1895, did his best to brighten the men's awakening by having the Viennese folk-song "*Ach du lieber Augustin*" played on six cornets in three part harmony, two cornets to each part. His example was followed by the Earl of Airlie, who commanded the 12th Royal Lancers. Whether this inspired the soldiers to leap gaily out of bed and waltz around the barrack-room is not on record.

During the late war the BBC did its bit towards

wakening Home-stationed troops. Often the radio in the barrack-room was left switched on all night, silent except for an occasional crackle to show that it was "live." Then, at an early hour, the announcer would start his "*Bon-jours*"—an endless list of greetings to Allied forces in Britain, which went like this: "*Bonjour à*

"... every known method of waking ..."



tous nos amis des forces françaises libres; bonjour aux soldats de la libre Belgique; bonjour aux amis de la Pologne..." If this well-meant but maddening recital did not rouse the slumberer, there was always the "Up in the Morning Early" programme:

"With a one, two and three," merrily chirped the announcer, "and up and b.e.n.d., up and b.e.n.d....." But as this programme came on the air when most soldiers were beginning to dash for first parade, it was not really very helpful.

Bugles and radio can only begin the process of rousing the sleeping soldier. It takes the orderly NCO to finish the job. At one stage during the North African campaign an order came out stating: "When rousing men at reveille orderly NCO's will use soldierly calls such as 'Show a Leg' or 'Rise and Shine.' The practice of calling 'Wakey-Wakey' will cease."

The cry of "Show a Leg" has given rise to misconceptions in the past. It does not mean that a man cannot be charged with being in bed after reveille providing he has one leg out of bed with his foot on the floor.

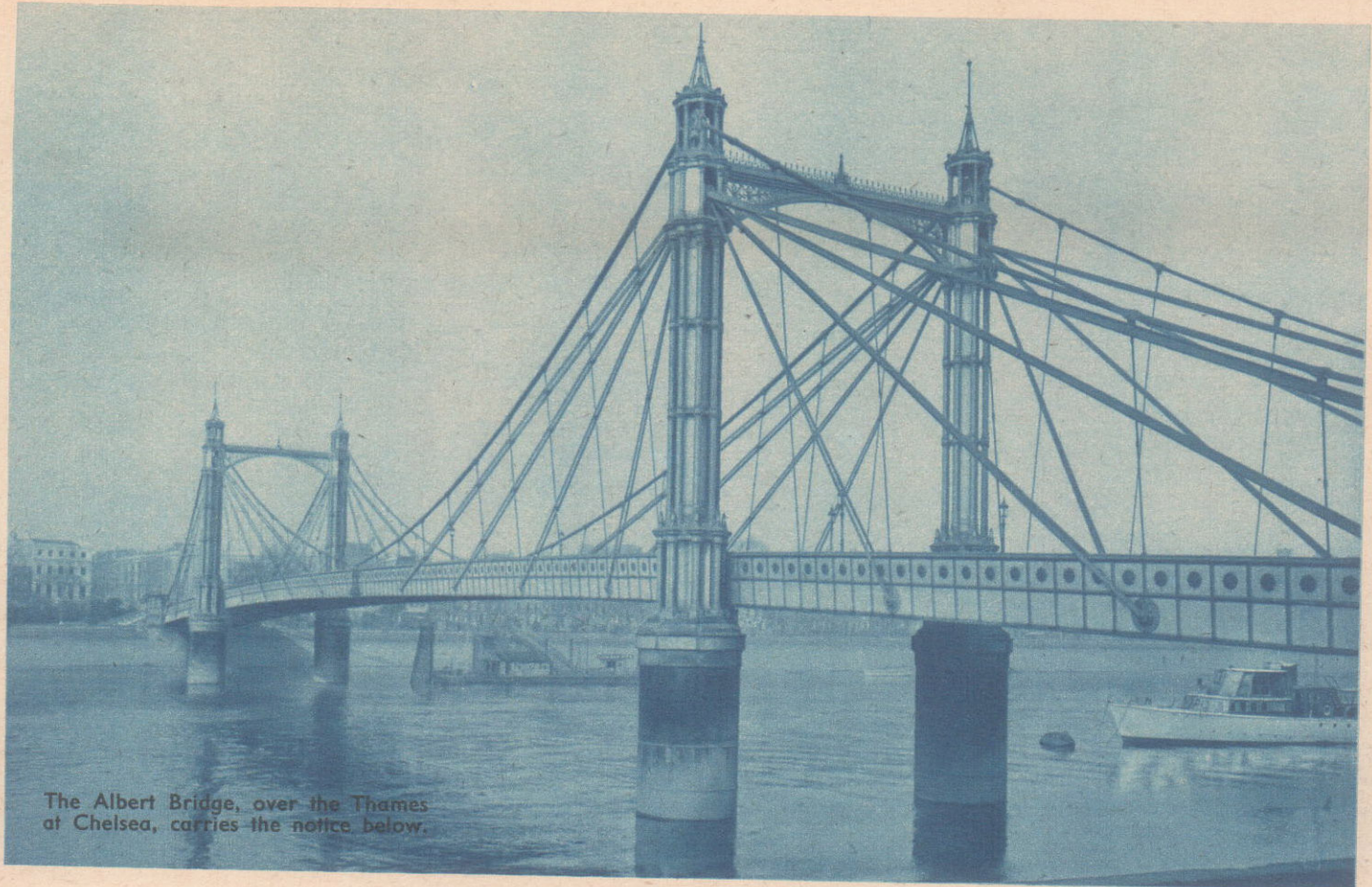
The call was borrowed from the Navy. In the good old days when sailors were allowed to sleep with their wives, or "wives," while in port, the well-hated bosun's mate went round shouting, "Show a leg or a pusser's stocking!" From the hammocks lazily emerged perhaps a dozen stocking-clad female legs, and drooped over the sides. The bosun's mate would grope forward, peering at the legs in the dim light of the fo'c'sle. Then he would pounce, grabbing at a sinewy, hairy and unmistakably masculine limb. "Aha!" he would crow. "Able Seaman Evans oversleeping his watch again! It'll be ship's orders and a rope's end for you, me boy!"

The "pusser's stockings" were issued by the purser after a delegation of ladies had protested at having to show their bare legs to an unknown bo'sun's mate.

There is, of course, only one way to make reveille painless. That is to awaken the sleeper by the gentle pressure of a cool, female hand on the brow, while the other hand offers a cup of hot, sweet tea. Make a note of this suggestion and bring it up at the next messing meeting.

STOP PRESS: Group-Captain C.A.B. Wilcock, MP is to ask the War Minister whether he will arrange for the barrack-rooms at Wellington Barracks to be fitted with a system of bells, as the continual blowing of bugles is "a source of annoyance to residents in the district."

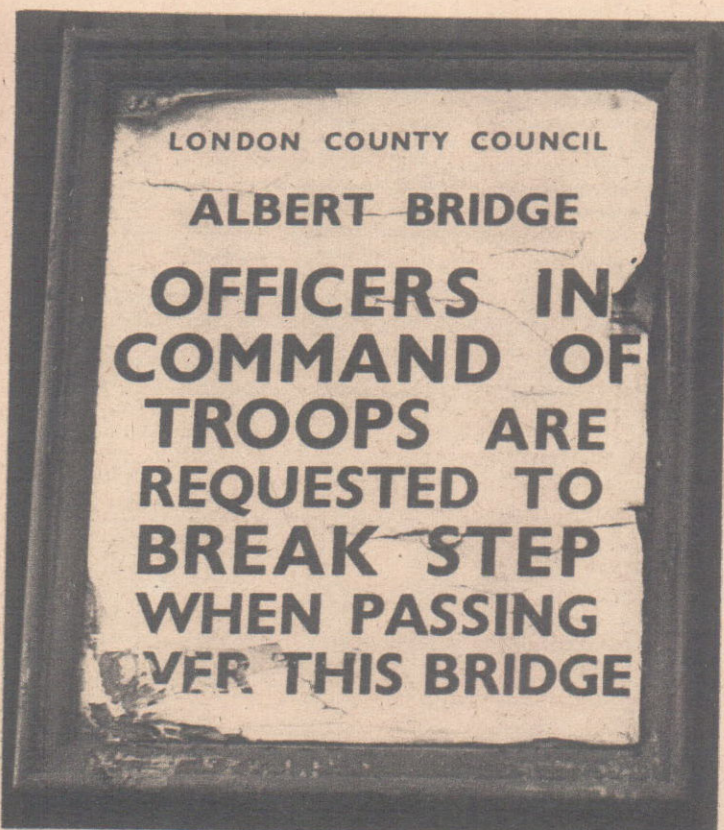
FRANK PINCH



The Albert Bridge, over the Thames at Chelsea, carries the notice below.

DON'T ROCK THE BRIDGE —

or it may rock itself to pieces. Infantry put more strain on a suspension bridge than tanks. And once there was a Shocking Accident . . .



In London, any bridge is likely to have to carry a column of Guardsmen. And you can't be too careful.

THE notice comes as a bit of a surprise. Posted on the end of a massive-looking suspension bridge, it tells officers commanding marching troops to order their men to break step while crossing the bridge.

Why? A bridge which can take double-decker buses without restriction should surely be able to survive an orderly column of marching men.

But the curious thing about suspension bridges is that they may not be able to take it. And a column which does not break step may break the bridge instead.

There is a sad story about a column of French troops crossing a suspension bridge near Angers — one of the first big suspension bridges built — about a century ago. It was a stormy night.

Officers ordered "Break step" as the column began to cross and the first sections obeyed. But, probably because of the wind, later sections did not hear the order and kept marching in step.

The strong wind made it hard for the men to keep their balance. Someone thought a marching song might help. It did, and the marching feet fell into the rhythm of the song.

Then the bridge began to sway in time to the marching feet. The cumulative effect was like that of a series of pushes on a child's swing. Before the soldiers realised that they were the cause of it, the violent movement snapped one of the end cables at its weakest point — where it was partly rusted. The bridge fell, with about 500 men on it, and half of them were drowned.

"Break step" warnings are not peculiar to suspension bridges. The official War Office "Military

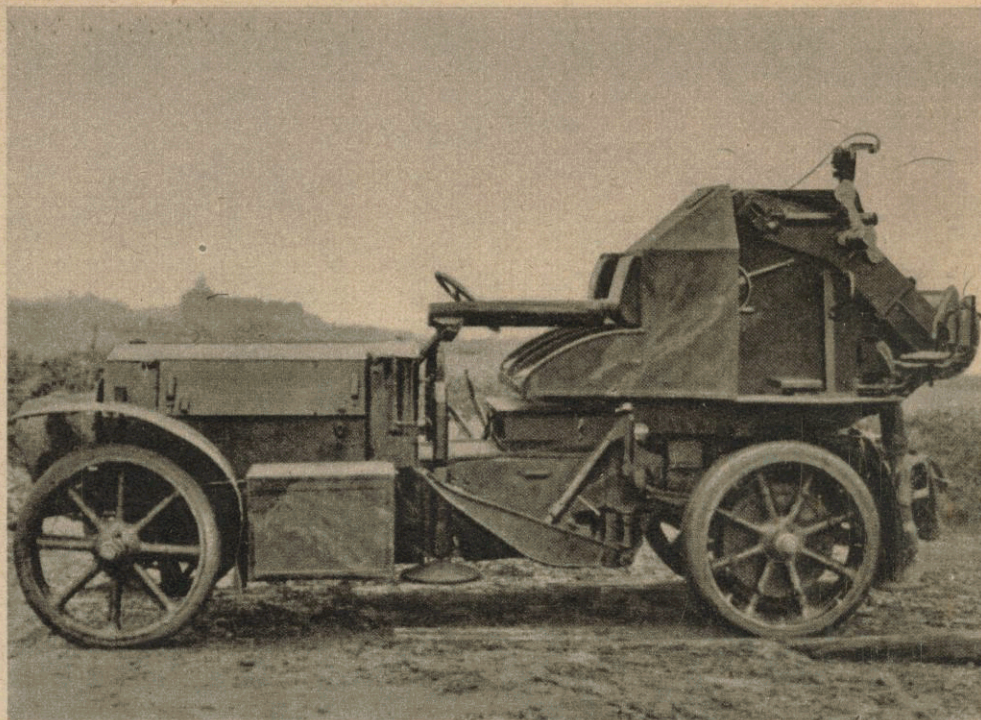
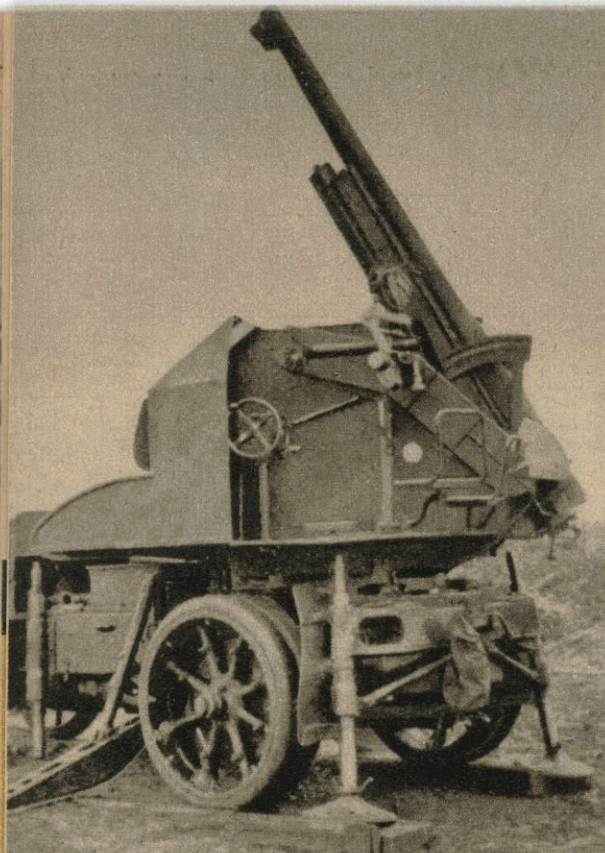
Engineering" says, tersely and firmly, that "Infantry must be made to break step," in the general rules for traffic control on military bridges.

Infantry are about as trying a military load as a bridge can expect. "As a rule," says "Military Engineering," "maximum stresses in the cables of suspension bridges are produced by Infantry crowded at a check, and not by the concentrated loads of vehicles."

Most British bridges now are built so that they can take the full strain the Army can put on them. But in countries where rivers are wider, bridges have to be made long and narrow, and it is this kind of bridge which may lose its shape or begin to sway.

Even on the smallest scale, marching in step can cause a bridge to turn over. A veteran of the World War One East African campaign told SOLDIER that he saw two African *askari* crossing a single-file rope bridge with an ox-carcase slung on a pole between them.

Cheerfully they marched in step. First the carcase on their shoulders began to sway. Then the bridge took up the rhythm, and when they were in the middle, it turned completely over, dropping the *askari* and the carcase into the torrent below.



This was the French "Auto-Canon" which engaged Zeppelins in 1915. Left: Ready for action. Above: Ready for the road.

THE SELF-PROPELLED GUN

ON an October evening in 1915, just after nine o'clock, three vehicles raced through the London streets at more than 50 miles an hour. Their sirens screamed and their headlights blazed.

In Holborn the road was up. On the nearside, a pole blocked the road; the offside, wide enough for one line of traffic only, was jammed with omnibuses and other vehicles.

The little convoy was going too fast to pull up. Its first vehicle, a light car, crashed through the pole, pieces of which flew into the air, and bumped over the prohibited area; the others followed without slackening speed. A quick-witted policeman pushed a

It looks like a tank, but it does the job of artillery. The first one took part in an exciting race across London

Photographs: Imperial War Museum

pole at the other end of the road—works off its trestles and the cars bounced into the air as they passed over it.

The three vehicles disappeared into the night. Passers-by who had watched the incident gaped after them: on the second of the three vehicles they had seen, in the lamplight, a gun.

A few minutes later they heard it. Britain's first self-propelled gun was in action from the Artillery field in Moorgate, aiming at a Zeppelin. It fired only two rounds, but they were of a new

high-explosive pattern. The Zeppelin obviously did not like them; it dropped its "eggs" immediately and fled.

The gun had arrived from France, and there was an element of comedy in the story of how it had first come into action. London's defences had been hopelessly inadequate when the first Zeppelins paid their visits.

Major A. Rawlinson of the Royal Garrison Artillery, temporarily a Lieutenant-Commander, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (since the Royal Navy was responsible

for London's defences), was rushed over to Paris to get a sample of the French "Auto-Canon" — a 75 mm anti-aircraft gun on a solid-tyred de Dion chassis — and brought it back triumphantly, with its caisson, a special motor-vehicle, in 72 hours.

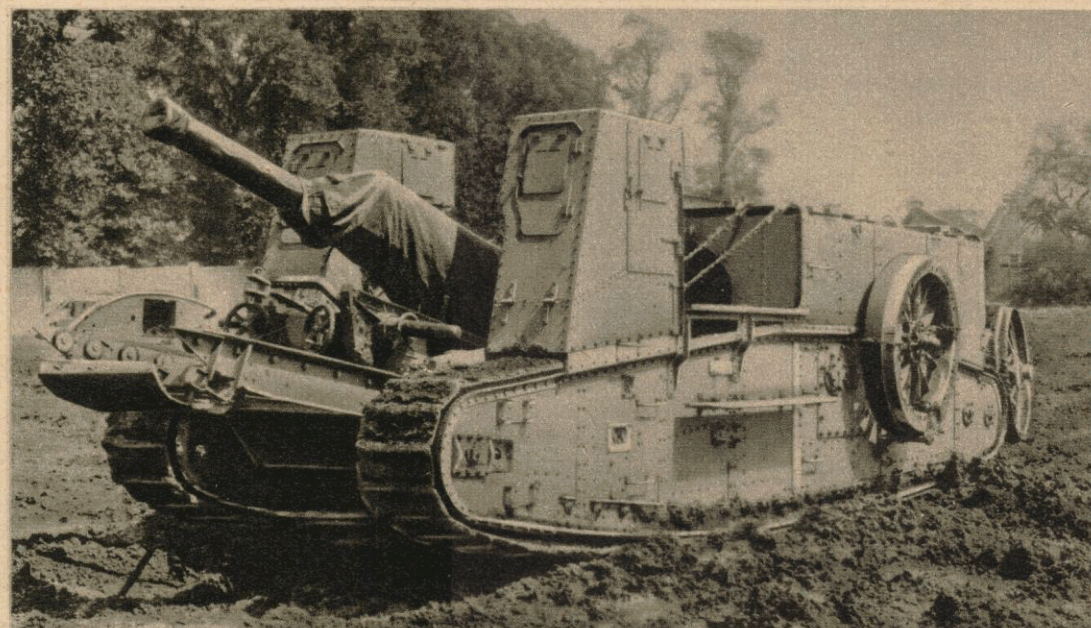
On the evening of 13 October, the gun's crew were dismissed until nine o'clock. Soon afterwards, the Admiralty telephoned Lieut-Commander Rawlinson that Zeppelins had crossed the coast and seemed to be making for London. They would probably reach London soon after nine.

Desperately the gun-commander sent off to collect any men who might be in their billets and, all alone, began taking the equipment out of the cases in which it had been packed, and loading the caisson with ammunition. A few men began to trickle in, and they got the motors started to warm them up. By nine o'clock everyone was there, except the Chief Petty Officer whose experience was essential because most of the crew were raw. He was four minutes late.

At five minutes past nine began the mad race through the streets of London. The gun beat the Zeppelins by a very short head; twenty minutes after leaving its headquarters, it fired. Luckily, Zeppelins were more leisurely than Heinkels and Focke-Wulfs.

That "Auto-Canon" was the first of a series to be used by the Royal Naval Mobile Anti-aircraft Brigade. To them were added British three-pounders on Italian Lancia chassis and a

The weapon which missed the battle. This "gun-carrying tank" was too late for World War One.



three-inch gun on Daimler chassis, as well as trailer guns.

In 1916 a hard-tyred Peerless lorry, mounting a three-inch anti-aircraft gun, had joined the Army. The combination of lorry and gun in one piece was a new weapon that could go into action against Richthofen's Circus, or any free-lance Taubes or Fokkers it might meet in its travels, at very short notice. So far, it has been the longest-lived self-propelled gun. It was not declared obsolete until 1942, by which time a whole family of self-propelled guns were growing up.

One of the first was a "gun-carrying tank" which mounted either a 60-pounder gun or a six-inch howitzer. It came too late to be used in the battles of World War One, and only 48 were produced. In the 1920's came the Birch gun, an 18-pounder on a special tracked chassis, in both field and anti-aircraft versions. It never became standard equipment.

In World War Two, there were to be three distinct kinds of self-propelled gun: anti-aircraft, anti-tank and field. They shared the

is part of the equipment of divisional anti-aircraft regiments.

The Bofors can fire at aircraft even while it is moving along; it can also turn a useful muzzle against soft-skinned or lightly-armoured vehicles. Some of these guns were mounted on the chassis of the Crusader tank, to operate with armoured units. For a while, the Bofors had a rival, a triple-barrelled 20mm Oerlikon or Polsten gun mounted on the Morris chassis, but that has now gone out of use.

When World War Two started, the British Army had neither self-propelled field guns nor self-propelled anti-tank guns. In the early days it used the American Priest — a 105mm howitzer mounted on Grant or, later, Sherman chassis. Priests fought at Alamein and destroyed German tanks at very long ranges. They had a crew of seven and a speed of 25 miles an hour.

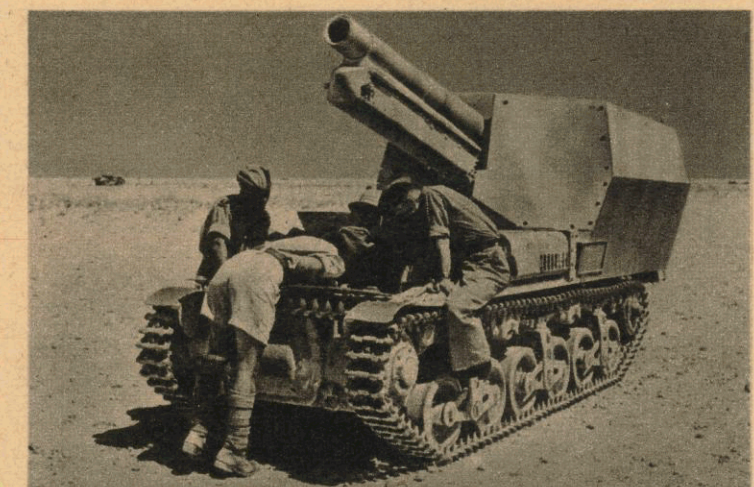
Then the 25-pounder gun was mounted on the Valentine tank chassis, sheltered in a sort of penthouse, with overhead cover. The result was called the Bishop. It was issued to units but replaced by the Priest. Next the 25-pounder was put on the chassis of the Canadian Ram tank, to make a successful weapon known as the Sexton, which is still the British Army's standard self-propelled field gun.

The development of self-propelled anti-tank guns started with the portee — a lorry chassis which could either tow or carry the gun. It was possible to fire the gun from its own wheels on the vehicle. The first portee gun, used in the Western Desert, was the two-pounder. It faced the back of the portee. The two-pounder was replaced by the six-pounder, which could face either backward or forward when it was carried on the portee. When it faced forward, the driver, whose head was not far from the muzzle, had to endure wisecracks from his neighbours in traffic jams.

This portee was followed by a six-pounder on a pedestal mounting on the chassis of a heavy lorry. The gun was pro-



Anti-tank guns on portees had much work to do in the early Western Desert campaigns of World War Two. Below: Self-propelled guns were among the booty captured by Eighth Army as Rommel retreated.



ected by an armoured shield about an inch thick and the lorry carried armour too. The self-propelled anti-tank gun was growing up.

About that time, the tracked self-propelled anti-tank gun was being developed — a 17-pounder on a Valentine chassis, which did not go into action until the Normandy landing. Anti-tank regiments were also equipped with an American Sherman tank chassis with a three-inch gun which had an all-round traverse, a luxury the Valentine 17-pounder lacked.

Before the Normandy landing came an interesting and useful hybrid — the Sherman chassis with a British 17-pounder. That and the Valentine 17-pounder were the British Army's standard self-propelled anti-tank guns for the whole of the North-West Europe campaign.

The fighting in Germany was over when the Army's present self-propelled anti-tank gun came into use — the Avenger, still a 17-pounder, but mounted on

a Challenger chassis. The Avenger has overhead cover for the gun and crew, separated from the side armour by a gap which gives the crew a complete field of vision.

There have been some interesting ideas for other self-propelled guns. A three-inch gun, for instance, was experimentally installed on a Churchill chassis, but it was low and fired between the tracks, which made the weapon cumbersome in action. That model demonstrated one notable defect: after firing trials the crew collapsed from carbon monoxide poisoning. The fans were faulty and did not carry away the fumes from the breech of the gun.

Another idea, conceived by the inventor of "skirts" for amphibious tanks, was a 17-pounder gun on a powered wheeled mounting all of which could swivel itself through 360 degrees. But the crew and the gun were very exposed and the idea was dropped.

For the Reconnaissance Regiment, the 95mm Infantry howitzer was mounted on a carrier-type chassis and the result was used in action. The 95mm howitzer was also mounted in the Centaur tank and fitted with dial sights, to act as field artillery. A hundred of these guns were made for the Royal Marines to use in close support of the Normandy D-Day landing. They fired from the landing craft during the run-in to the

A British-manned, American-built, Priest on an Italian invasion beach.

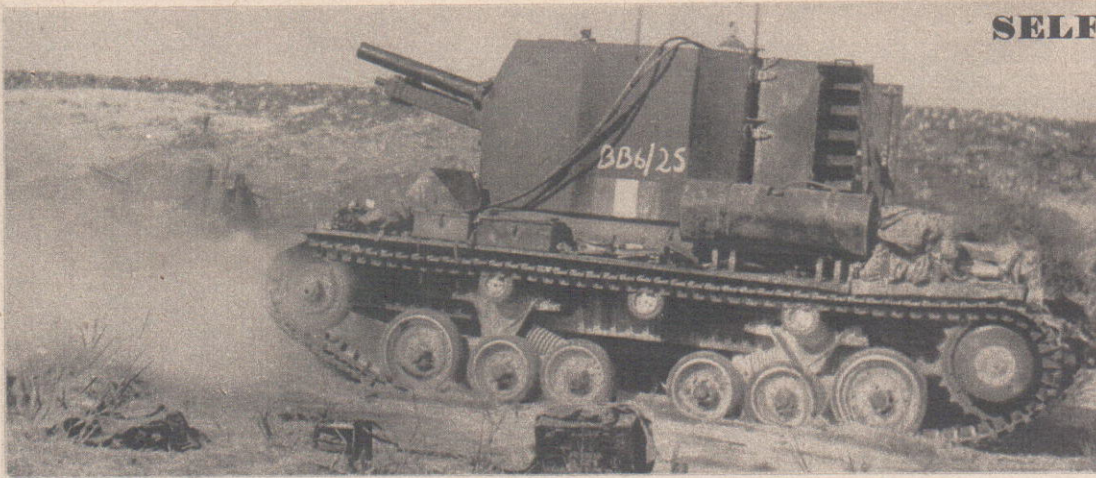
SELF-PROPELLED GUN

(Continued)

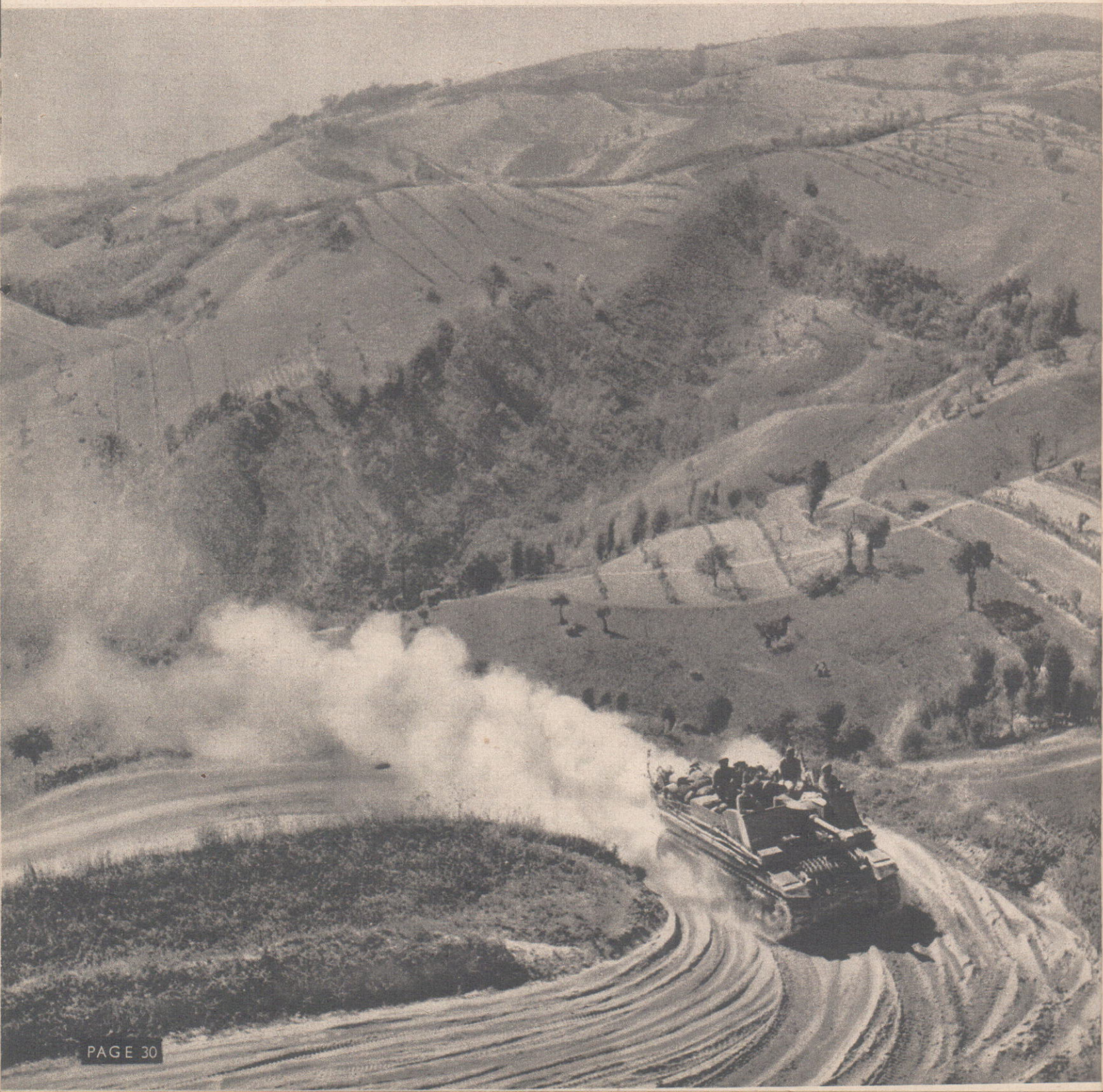
beaches and from the water's edge. They were especially successful with a bouncing high-explosive shell, designed to explode on ricochet and good for getting Germans out of comfortable slit-trenches.

The Americans produced a 90mm gun mounted on a Sherman which could penetrate ten inches of best armour at 1000 yards and was known to destroy a Tiger tank with one round at 900 yards.

But the 30 miles an hour of the Sherman chassis was not enough for the Americans, and in April 1944 they produced what was claimed to be the fastest thing on tracks ever built: its speed



Nobody seems to know why the British Army gave self-propelled guns ecclesiastical names — unless it was a pun on "canon." Above: a Bishop in Sicily. Below: a fine picture of a Sexton in the Gothic Line.



was 55 miles an hour and its 75mm gun could penetrate 7.3 ins. of best armour at 1000 yards. It was built for hit-and-run missions and in the excitement of hit-and-run one crew loaded a concrete-piercing shell instead of armour-piercing and with that destroyed a Tiger tank at 150 yards.

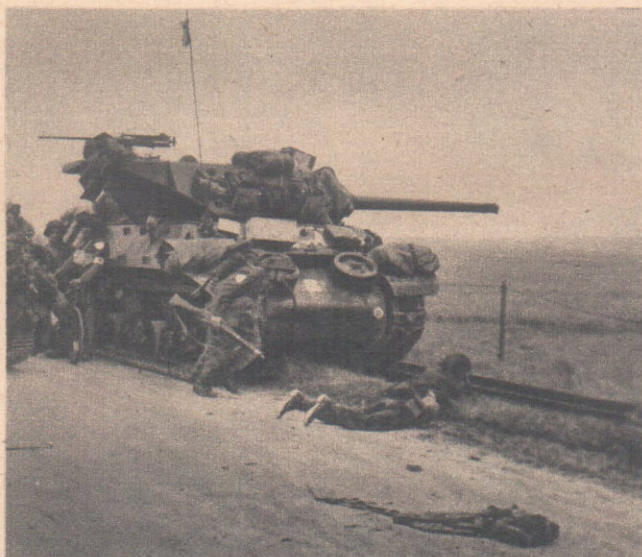
The British Army did not put medium or heavy guns on to self-propelled mountings, but the Americans, with a thought for possible developments of the Japanese war, built much more weightily. The heaviest self-propelled guns to go into action were of 155mm calibre, mounted on Sherman chassis. The earlier one had a range of 18,000 yards and its concrete-piercing shells dealt decisively with German pill-boxes, to the surprise of the Germans who had thought the concrete impregnable. A later model mounted a "Long Tom" which fired a 100lbs shell 25,715 yards. It had a speed of 24 miles an hour.

This was still not heavy enough for the Americans. For the kind of cave warfare they had had on Okinawa and for the kind of warfare they expected if they had to invade Japan, they mounted eight-inch howitzers, eight-inch guns and 240mm howitzers on the chassis of the General Pershing heavy tank. But the Japanese war was over before these guns could go into action.

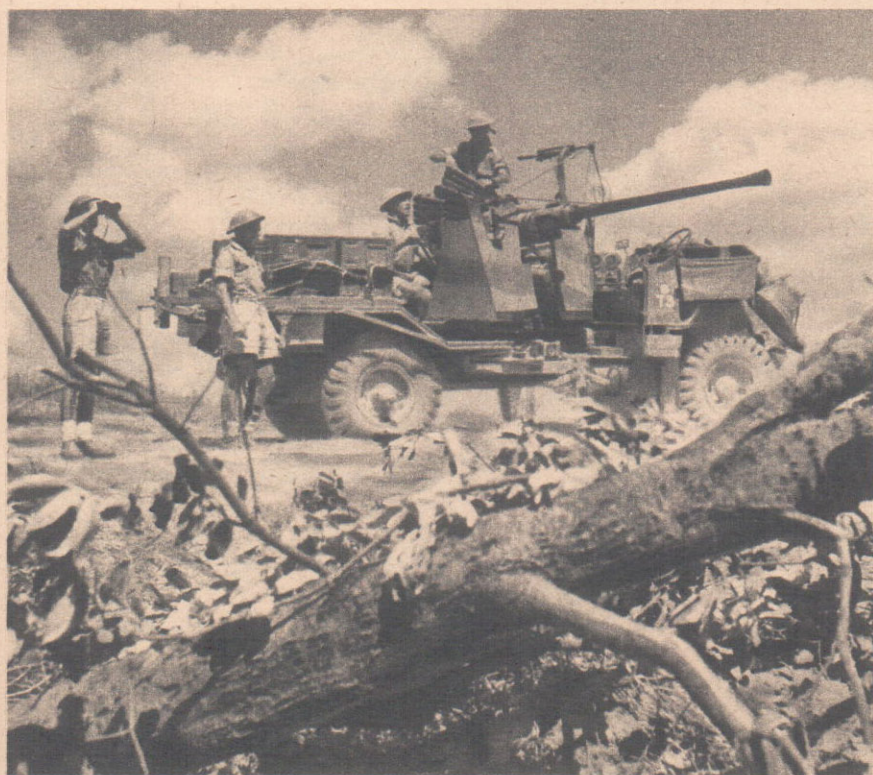
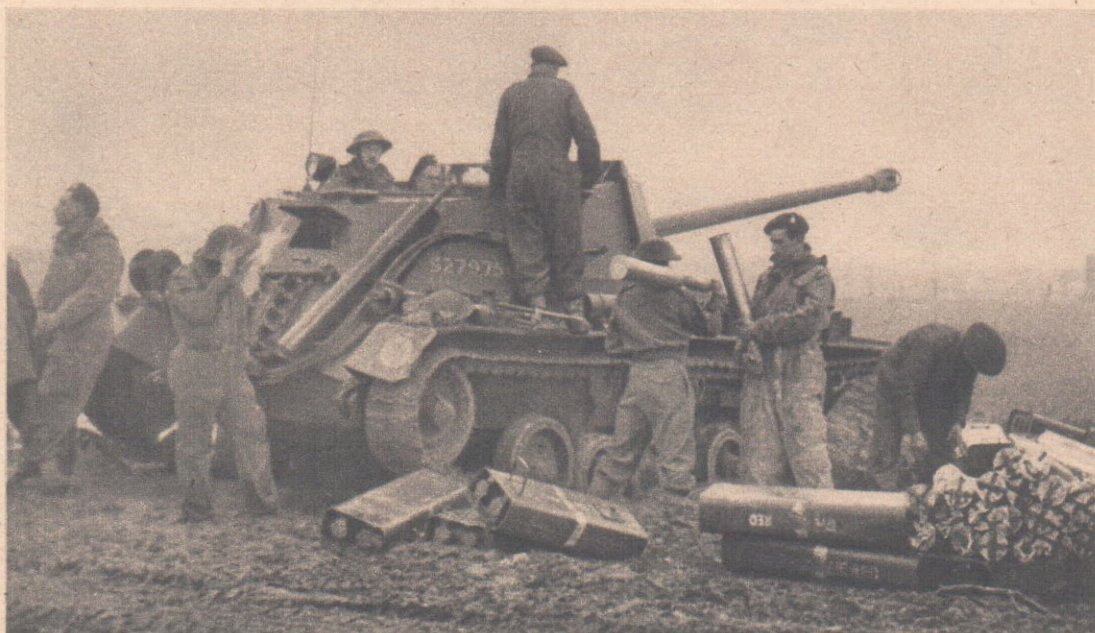
Although the self-propelled gun looks rather like a tank, its job is quite different. Nor can it take the place of a tank; its armour is too light for it to "mix it" in a tank battle.

As an anti-tank weapon, it can be dug in and can relieve tanks of a defensive role. As a field gun, it is a supporting weapon for the tanks and it plays the role of modern horse artillery — which is, why Royal Horse Artillery units are equipped with self-propelled guns.

RICHARD ELLY

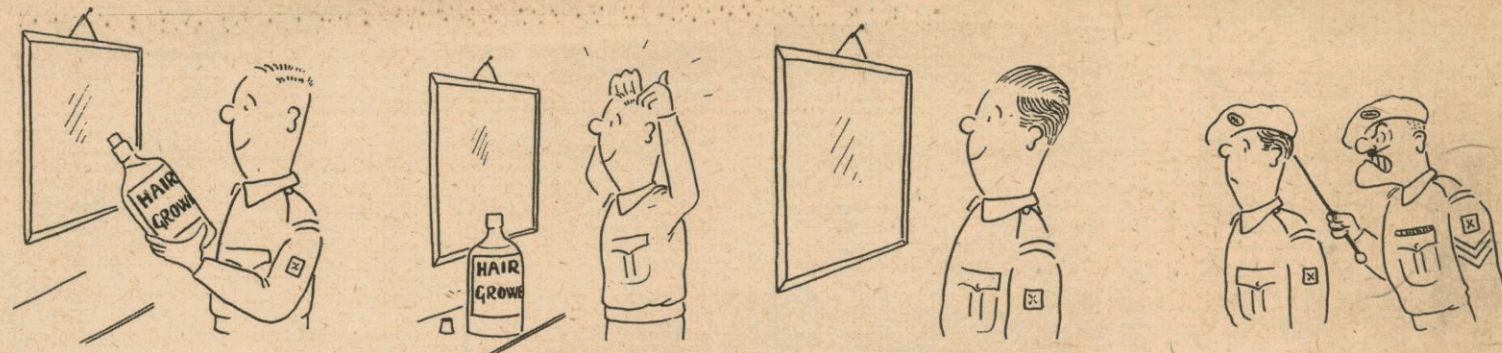


Left: This American tank destroyer, mounted on a Sherman chassis, proved its worth in Normandy. Right: "King Kong," the American Army's 155 mm gun on a Sherman chassis, which was the heaviest self-propelled gun to go into action.



Above: The Valentine 17-pounder, sometimes called the Archer, fought in North-West Europe. Below, left: The Bofors on a Morris chassis is still a standard anti-aircraft weapon. Below, right: At Tobruk, these Australians mounted a captured Italian Breda gun to make their own self-propelled anti-aircraft gun.





MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

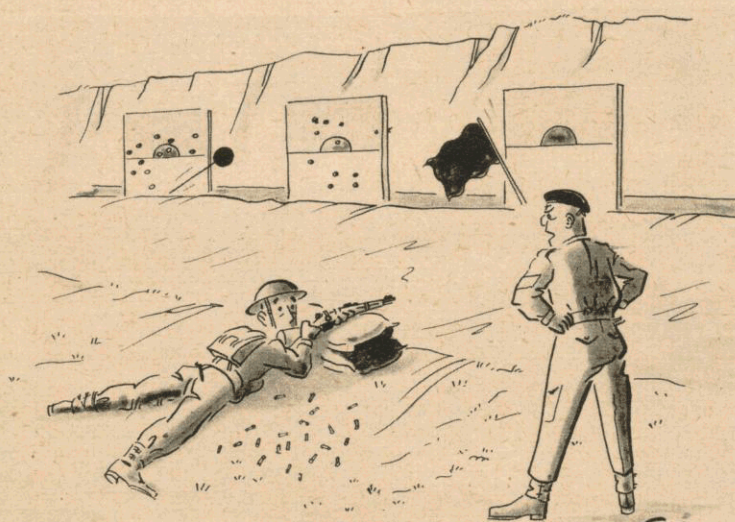
THURSDAY



"Put it on straight, you're not in the Army now."

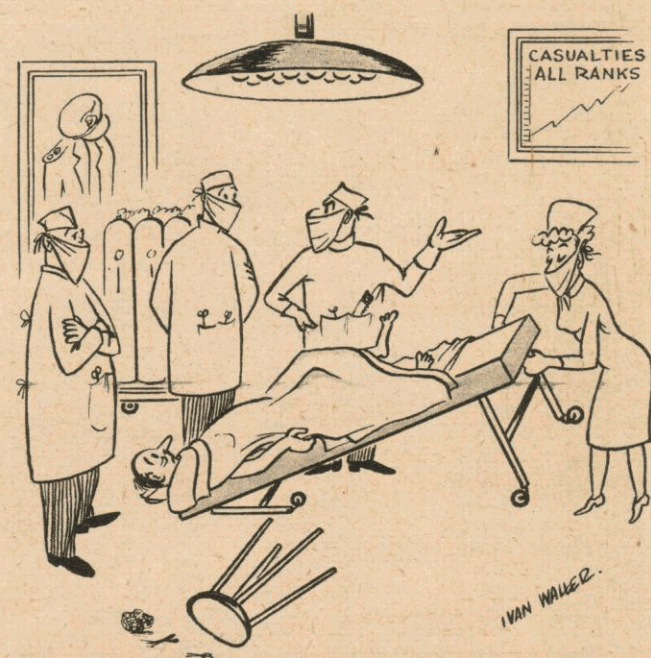
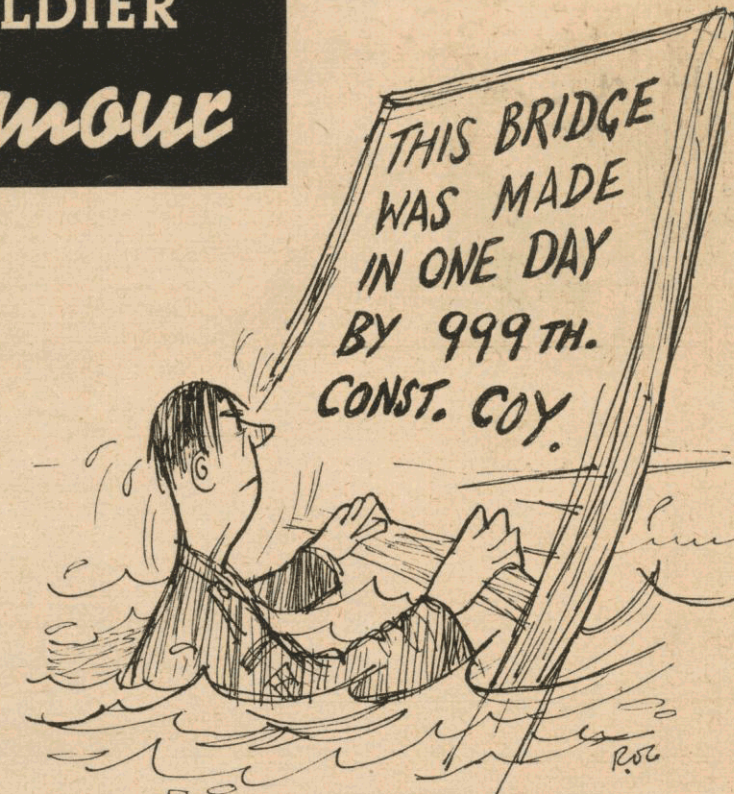


"He said, 'I can't help it if there's no bristles in the brooms—just go through the motions.'"

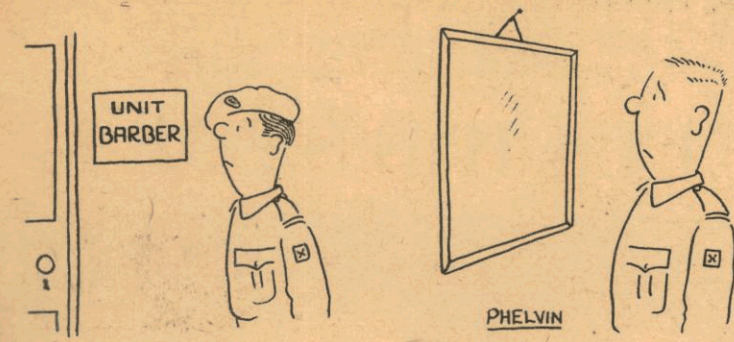


"You'd better fix your bayonet and charge—it's your only hope."

SOLDIER Humour

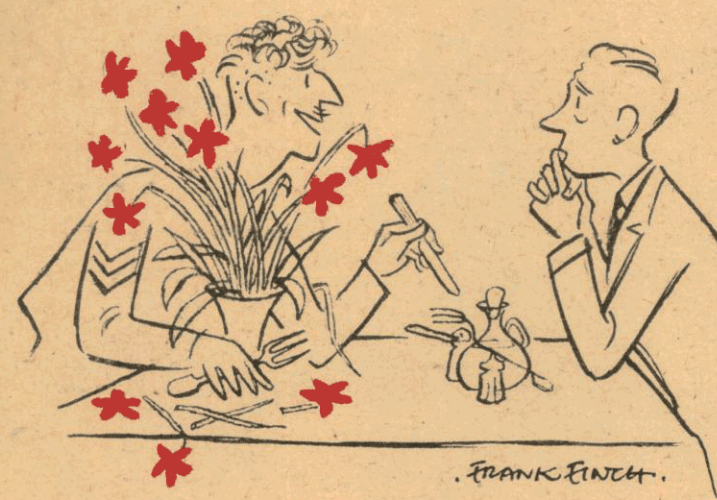


"I don't know, serjeant—nothing seems to go right today, nothing, nothing!"

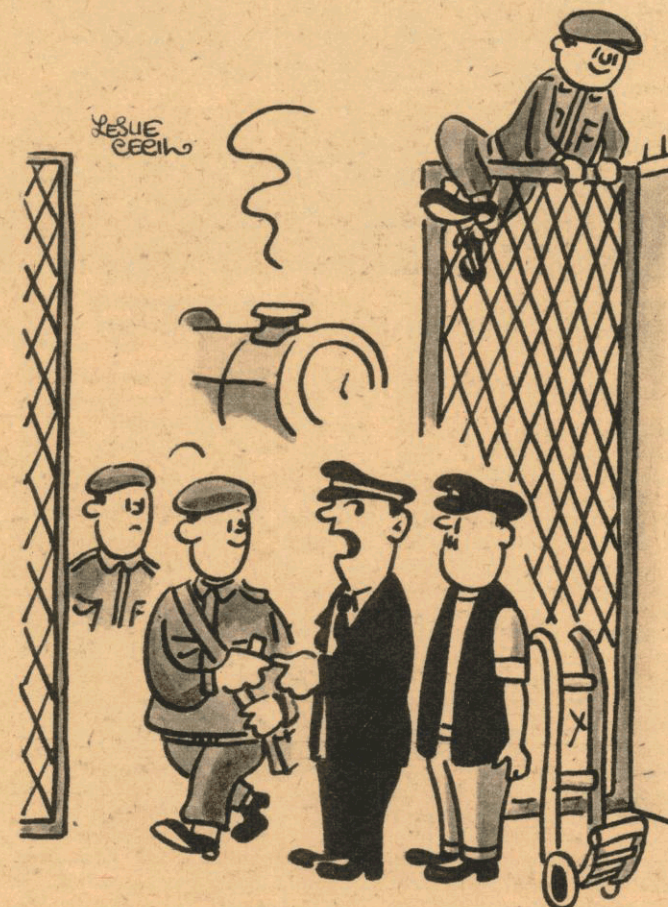


FRIDAY

SATURDAY



"Six hours hacking through the jungle—and there was the bandits' hideout."



"Aldershot train, Fred—keep your eyes peeled."

SOLDIERS TAKE THEIR QUERIES TO THE OWL

A London store once set up — as a publicity stunt — an answer-your-questions bureau. In walked a soldier due to sit for an Army examination and asked what the set examination questions were likely to be.

As the store had promised that it could and would answer any query, and the soldier was insistent, the management reluctantly telephoned the War Office. What reply they received was never revealed, but from the soldier's point of view it was unsatisfactory.

The need for an authority to answer questions — sensible ones, of course — has always existed, and a national crisis gave Britain the opportunity. At the time of Munich there began to spring up in most towns Citizens Advice Bureaux (with an owl as the "unit sign") to give advice on form filling, tracing missing relatives, evacuation, war damage claims and rehousing. Life had grown too complex for many people.

When peace came the bureaux proved too useful to close down. Not only civilians but ex-Servicemen, who in the war had relied on Service welfare to help with their problems, now turned to the sign of the owl.

Still today 1,500,000 questions a year pour into 540 bureaux in Britain, to be dealt with by the 5000 workers, four-fifths of whom are volunteers. Most questions are about housing, rent restriction and tenant-and-landlord troubles. Among the "clients" are ex-Regulars who after many years overseas, find the sign of the owl a good friend in a rather strange Civvy Street.

Serving soldiers do not make much use of the bureaux (maybe they are put off by the sign "Citizens") but the men and women who answer questions sometimes get the one so often sent to SOLDIER: "How do I get my German fiancée over here?"

Said Miss Kathleen Oswald, national secretary: "Our aim is to give the individual accurate information and skilled advice on many of the personal problems that arise in daily life. We try to interpret legislation and help the citizen to use wisely the services provided for him by the State. Naturally, ex-Servicemen who are out of touch with civilian affairs and problems come to us to learn the 'drill', as they call it."

Some ex-Regulars want to know how to get on the local housing list; others how the National Insurance scheme works. A few are under the impression that traders exploit their ignorance of commercial life. Thus one query on the records is from a man asking for a definition of the term "16-inch garden roller." Did it mean the diameter or the measurement across the face? ("I think I have just been 'done' by a retailer.")

Men due for National Service ask about re-instatement rights, and after their service perhaps come for advice on getting a trader's licence. Others want to know whether clothing sent in parcels to Germany is dutiable and what articles can be posted abroad. Example: "Can I send Paludrine anti-malarial tablets to a friend in France, where their manufacture is forbidden?"

Service questions are often asked by wives or mothers who feel it rather an ordeal entering the "Enquiries" gate in the forbidding War Office building. Questions on pay and pensions are put through to Army Welfare or the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Liaison is also maintained with the British Legion and other ex-Service organisations.

Among general questions which have been asked are: Is there a holiday camp that takes children only? How do I vote? What does "holding a bishop's licence" mean? How do I get training in forestry? What is the nationality of an Irishman who spent five years in the Essex Regiment and since his discharge has lived in England? Can I demand a written reference from my last employer? Do I need a licence to import tomatoes? What was the price paid for first preferential shares in South American Railways sold in 1948? How do I claim family allowance in respect of an illegitimate child of a US soldier? How do I apply for Maundy Money?

The files in most bureaux contain human stories of worries dissolved and difficulties smoothed out. Take, for example, the story of the Cypriot wartime soldier who was invalided out after being kicked by a mule. He was unable to read, write or speak much English but he made his case clear to a bureau who took it up with the Royal Hospital. He was granted a pension and told that the after-effects of his injury would be treated in hospital. Recently he called in at the bureau to say how pleased he was with life and that he had started a chestnut pitch.

"JUMBO" (alias Mr. Watt) TELLS HIS STORY

FOR Field-Marshal Lord Wilson it was a busy war. He held eight high-ranking appointments, each more responsible than the last. He had defeats and victories.

But he was not a headline general, though he was one of the few generals whose nicknames were used almost universally among their troops. Even when the names of his subordinates were household words, "Jumbo" Wilson was the man who worked quietly in the background.

The book in which he tells of his war experiences, "Eight Years Overseas: 1939—47" (Hutchinson, 25s) is as modest as the man himself (though he does allow himself to figure largely, in both senses, in the illustrations).

It is a straightforward narrative of the operations in which the author was concerned, and the motives behind his moves. Rarely does he enter into controversy, though he permits himself to say that he was "astounded and horrified"—at the episode in February 1942, when the British Ambassador forced King Farouk to change his government "under threat of removal from the throne, with his palace surrounded by British troops and tanks in the courtyard."

The war taxed Field-Marshal Wilson's diplomacy:

I found myself, in addition to commanding the forces of many countries that went to make up the Allied Nations, faced with countless problems arising from allies who were non-belligerent, allies who would not let you enter their zone, allies whose country had been occupied by the enemy, allies who had been defeated and were collaborating with the enemy, neutral states within the theatre of operations which remained neutral and finally co-belligerent ex-enemy states.

As commander of the British troops in Egypt at the outbreak of war, Field-Marshal Wilson was one of the "big three" in the Wavell push. He also had to deal with prominent Egyptians and among those he selects for a mention is one whose name was familiar to many British soldiers who passed through Cairo:

Assistance to our propaganda was given by an Egyptian, Madame Bardia, who ran a cabaret show near the Pont des Anglais in the summer and in the Esbekieh Square in the winter, and who was a great favourite with the Pashas; possibly she may be remembered by many who served in the Middle East in World War One. Zeidi Pasha (sub-chief of the Egyptian staff) took me to see her performances which, besides the ordinary cabaret, consisted of little plays which brought intense ridicule on Nazi methods. Despite many letters threatening her with murder, she continued her programme.

Secrecy shrouded the beginning of General Wilson's next job, as British commander in Greece. Because the Greeks did not want to provoke the Germans, with whom they were not yet at war, General Wilson went to Athens posing as a civilian. His name for the occasion was Mr. Watt. His son, who was his security officer, also went in civilian clothes, as Mr. Watson and a Jugo-Slav staff-officer, making a very secret visit from Belgrade, was given the name of Mr. L. R. (for Last Ray) Hope.

As Field-Marshal Wilson says, a commander bringing help to a city is usually greeted with acclaim; if misfortunes of war compel him to quit, he does so usually as quietly as possible. In his case the procedure was reversed: he drove out of Athens through cheering crowds and cries of "Come back again" and "Thanks for your help."

His next campaign ended in anti-climax. Drafts of an armistice treaty with the Vichy French in Syria had been agreed and the press were let in for the initialing. An Australian photographer became tangled in an electric flex and fused the lights for three miles around. So the treaty was initialled by the light of hurricane lamps and of a motor-cycle wheeled into the room. To cap it all, it was found that a souvenir-hunter had stolen the gold-leaved *kepi* belonging to General Catroux, the Free French leader.

As commander of Ninth Army, building up the defence of Syria and the Lebanon, Field-Marshal Wilson had a tricky job trying to keep the peace. *Incidents*, either *graves* or *très graves*, were routine. One *incident grave* illustrated why Field-Marshal Wilson's request for Glubb Pasha, of the Arab Legion, to become a political officer in Syria, could not be carried out. It started with a quarrel between some Australians and some Free French paratroops at closing time in a Beirut cafe. The quarrel turned to fighting in the street and a French paratroop dashed off for help. He passed two senior French colonels and called out, "The Canadians are killing Frenchmen up there." The colonels rushed to the rescue, one of them hitting with his cane at a military policeman who was trying to stop the fight. In the free-for-all, both colonels became hospital cases and as they were being helped away they met some more French officers, one of whom shouted, "In this we see the hand of Major Glubb."

From Syria, Field-Marshal Wilson went off to form PAIForce, to look after supplies to the Russians from the Persian Gulf and prepare defences for the Middle East against a possible German attack from the Caucasus. Then promotion again, to Commander-in-Chief, Middle East.

In Cairo now he found security was rather lax. At Shephard's Hotel a senior staff officer, on a visit from Tunisia, dropped a piece of paper on the verandah.



Field-Marshal Lord Wilson: he trounced belligerents, placated non-belligerents, encouraged co-belligerents.

It contained enough to give away the date and zero-hour of the Sicily landing. The paper was picked up by a Swiss waiter, who handed it to the manager, a German with a Uruguayan passport. The manager handed it to a Czech officer who in turn handed it to British intelligence. Luckily its contents did not get to the enemy.

Ever-changing resources made planning difficult in those days. No fewer than seven plans for an attack on Rhodes were made in five months and not one of them was used. Dwindling transport resources made it a strain to maintain the fighting French division in Tunisia and it was ordered back to Tripolitania to be nearer the principal supply base. "This order was followed by many protests as the division was loath to leave French territory and it was only by dumping rations a day's

march nearer the border each day that it was enticed into the location where it was wanted."

Field-Marshal Wilson's next promotion was to be Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, which added the Italian campaign, and later the invasion of Southern France, to his responsibilities. In Italy he received a visit from Marshal Tito.

Finally, at the end of 1944, Field-Marshal Wilson became head of the British Joint Staff Mission in Washington, where he was to stay until 1947. From Washington, in 1945, he attended the Potsdam conference and there saw an armoured division on parade. He compared its bigger guns and thicker armour with the equipment of the 7th Armoured Division five years earlier. It "fairly brought home to one the necessity to think big when considering future developments."

After 25 Years They Met at Monte Cassino

THE two regular battalions of the Royal Fusiliers had not seen each other since 1919.

A quarter of a century later — in 1944 — they met in a curiously dramatic manner. The 1st Battalion had journeyed from India, campaigned in the Middle East and begun the long advance up Italy. The 2nd Battalion had sailed from England to North Africa, had slogged through Tunisia and was also advancing through Italy. They met in the shadow of Monte Cassino, on the eve of the great offensive which finally carried the monastery hill.

The Higher Command allowed the battalions one day in which to celebrate and the Fusiliers made the most of it, with a football match, a concert, supper, beer, vino and cinema.

The story of this encounter is told in "Always a Fusilier" (Sampson Low, 12s 6d), the history of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) in World War Two, by Major C. Northcote Parkinson. This is the regiment — Seventh of the Line — which was formed at the Tower of London, where the Depot is once again established.

In World War One the Royal Fusiliers could boast that by 1918 59 of their battalions were or had been in existence, of which more than half were or had been overseas. In World War Two only four battalions saw much

active service and only 17 appeared in the Regimental List — an interesting illustration of the different nature of the two wars. It was because of the need for a higher degree of specialisation, says the author, that battalions were fewer. Many battalions were converted into anti-aircraft units; perhaps too many, for before the war ended, some were converted back to Infantry. Other battalions remained in Britain as training and draft-finding units; the men they trained served with the overseas battalions.

The story of the Londoners' campaigns is told clearly and straightforwardly, with occasional touches of humour. On 17 June 1944 the 9th Battalion's orders contained the following:

"Leave — No 1 Fusilier Duck, D. (QM's Stores) is granted

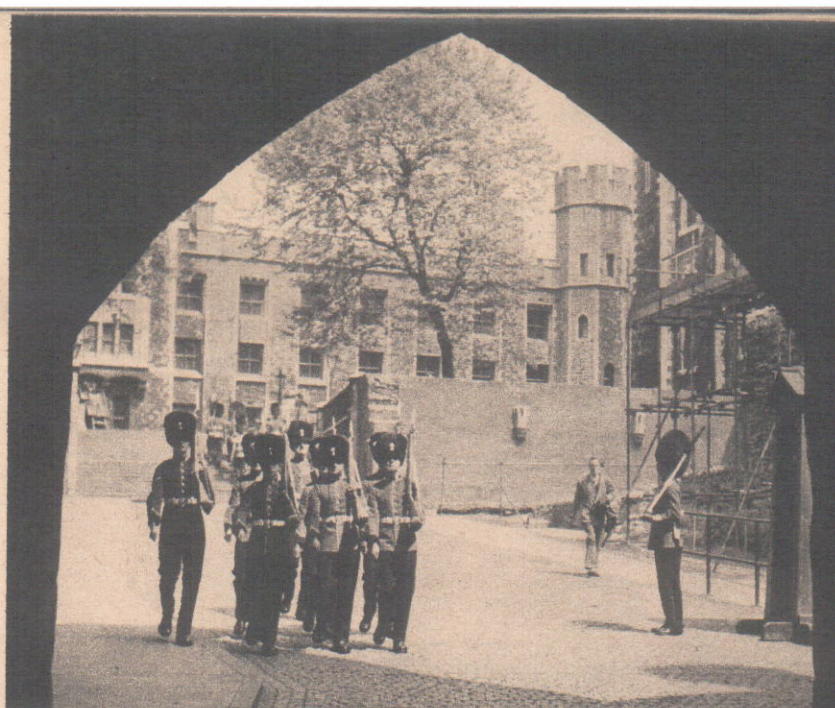
fourteen days leave with higher rate of ration allowance whilst attached to Garrison Adjutant's duckpond as from 2 June 1944 for the purposes of recreational training."

Donald Duck, the Battalion's Middle East mascot, had by this time travelled 7806 miles, "being well to the fore at the crossing of the Volturno, at Monte Camino and the Garigliano." He, or rather she, died in 1945, after logging 9306 miles and living down a sentence of "seven days

confined to hutch." The body was brought back to Britain, "rather inadequately stuffed."

At one late stage in the Italian campaign men of one company found themselves literally wallowing in treacle, as if in a Keystone comedy. A bombed sugar factory had exuded large quantities of molasses, and the Fusiliers had to extricate themselves like flies trying to pull themselves off wallpaper.

Bookshelf Continued Overleaf



Royal Fusiliers at the Tower of London, where the Regiment was first formed.

Padre Talks about Padres

WAS it, or was it not, a good thing to end compulsory church parades?

The question has been debated, off and on, for nearly five years. A former Chaplain to the Forces in World War Two, Canon Lewis Lloyd, now goes on record as saying that "the voluntary system is infinitely preferable." Conceivably not all padres will agree with him.

This is what Canon Lloyd says in his newly published booklet "The Padre is Your Friend": "Dozens of men... have told me of their resentment at being ordered to worship, and this resentment was made much more intense by the custom of some units of linking the Church parade with the Commanding Officer's weekly inspection, so that the Sunday church service became the longest and most exacting parade of the week. As a result of this many men, especially the older men whom one found in the Forces during the war, developed quite an antagonism to religion in general and the Church in particular. "Today... the Church parade has gone and with it has gone the resentment."

Canon Lloyd's book is intended to help young men joining the Forces, primarily those who are members of the Church of England. In common-sense terms, it urges them not to let their standards slip in the wordlier atmosphere of the Army, which often represents their first break from the steady life of the family. There is a hoary superstition that only a soldier of iron nerve will dare to kneel down in a barrack-room to say his

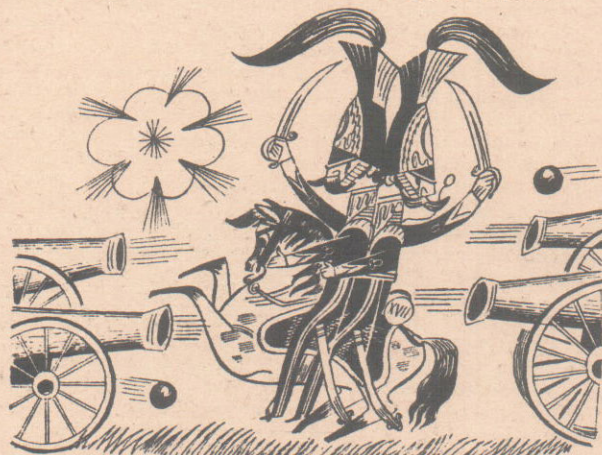
prayers; in practice (as most soldiers will admit) this is not such an ordeal.

On the status of a padre, Canon Lloyd says:

"He is not one of the officers charged with the duty of taking services. He is there to minister to you, to help you to do everything possible for your spiritual life, just as your own vicar would at home. The chaplain is not an officer. In the Army and Air Force he certainly wears officers' badges but it is quite wrong to describe him as Captain or Major or Colonel Blank; he is still the Rev. J. Blank, and King's Regulations describe him, not as, say, Captain, but as 'ranking as captain.' That is a distinction with a very big difference. It means that in approaching your Chaplain and talking to him you are not approaching an officer, but a priest of God... There is no question of approaching him through the 'proper channels'; you don't have to go through the orderly corporal or via the orderly room."

"The Padre is Your Friend" is published by A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, London, W. 1. at 2s. 6d.

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Immortal Serjeant

THOSE who have not yet read that classic of the British Army in the American War of Independence, "Serjeant Lamb of the Ninth," by Robert Graves, now have a chance to remedy the omission: it has been issued as a "Penguin," at one-and-sixpence.

"Serjeant Lamb of the Ninth" first came out in 1940; but the original work on which it is based was published in 1809, the author being Serjeant Lamb himself.

Lamb has left a moving account of how the original publisher botched his manuscript for him — "It was excessively painful for me to sit and watch him run his lead pencil through its choicest passages with a reiterated groan of 'No, no Mr. Lamb, this will never do.' This was trifling, that was vulgar, the other would not only cause pain and offence but dry up subscriptions like a styptic."

Robert Graves "novelised" the original manuscript, but he gives an assurance that nowhere has he wilfully falsified geography, chronology, or character, that he has invented no main characters and intruded no opinions.

Serjeant Lamb joined what is now the Royal Norfolk Regiment in Ireland, where his tormentors included Mortal Harry, a hard-swearing serjeant ("O you truant offspring of a Drogheda pig and a Belfast chambermaid!") and Serjeant Fitzpatrick, a devout Wesleyan who, when confronted with crass stupidity, would order his squad "On your knees, down. Now you shall in unison humbly pray God to give you both the will and strength to become good soldiers of Christ and King George." Serjeant Lamb saw his comrades lashed by the regiment's drummers and only by good fortune avoided a similar punishment himself; he tried to desert, but the ship in which he hoped to stow away departed unexpectedly and he crept back into camp unobserved.

There is a grim description of the vessel which transported Serjeant Lamb and his comrades to America. The stench of the bilges fomented fatal fevers; and as a cure for dysentery, the men swallowed rust in brandy. Serjeant Lamb's vessel was luckier than some, which were captured by American privateers. Why were unarmed transports sent over without escort? Serjeant Lamb says: "I fear that the reason preponderating was that certain influential men in the Government drew a commission of three per centum on the hire of these ships, and loved their wives and families too well to relinquish the perquisite."

The Government was rapidly losing all control over the restive North American colonies, and the Secretary for War was far from being a success at his job. The results of his neglect were visited on the red-coated soldiers campaigning in the North American forests.

It was often a macabre campaign. In Canada Serjeant Lamb and his men pursued an enemy

suffering from smallpox (the Americans' method of inoculation was to take fetid matter from a sufferer and push it under the finger nails of a healthy man). "I am sure," says Serjeant Lamb, "we could have overtaken the Americans had instinct not kept our men from increased exertions: we slackened our pace sufficiently to avoid infection from our sick adversaries."

Now and again the British soldiers encountered regiments of German mercenaries, poor allies because they were "ridden with terror of death." The exiled Germans literally worried themselves to death. At one place Serjeant Lamb visited a mortuary in which the corpses of Brunswick Grenadiers were awaiting burial. The superintendent of the mortuary had arrayed them in natural postures, some kneeling with hymn books, others with pipes in their mouth; one man was standing balanced on his head and hands.

The campaigns involved great physical labours; ships, for example, had to be manhandled overland. Serjeant Lamb was frequently chosen for special missions. Once he "went native," and accompanied the Indians on a recruiting tour, going so far as to allow the Redskins to tweak out the hairs of his beard one by one. It was "exquisitely painful," but, says Serjeant Lamb, "I wonder that more people, soldiers especially, do not summon up resolution and submit patiently to depilation in this manner."

The lack of discipline of the Americans is a topic on which Serjeant Lamb makes much surprised comment.

The book ends with the honourable surrender of General Burgoyne's men at Saratoga Heights and the march to captivity at Boston. Serjeant Lamb in due course escaped and transferred from the Ninth to the Twenty-Third (now the Royal Welch Fusiliers). His later adventures were chronicled in another book by Mr. Graves, "Proceed, Serjeant Lamb."

The reader's impression of Serjeant Lamb is that of a solid, loyal (despite his early escapade), shrewd and earnest man; a man who would be respected in any serjeants' mess today; the immortal NCO of the British Army.

NOTE: Another record of life in the ranks of the Army some 150 years ago is due to be published in a few months time: "The letters of Private Wheeler," edited by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart.

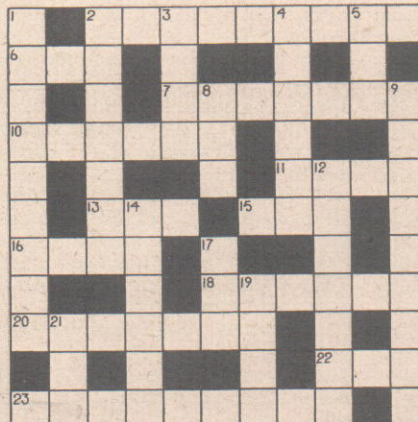
How Much Do You Know?

1. A "CD" plate on a car means (a) Civil Defence; (b) Corps Diplomatique; (c) Careful Driver. Which?
2. The name of Christian Dior is often in the news. This gentleman is: (a) a producer of musical comedies; (b) a leading fashion designer; (c) a West Indian agitator; (d) the president of UNO. Which?
3. What surnames are shared by these well-known film stars? (a) Joan and Anne; (b) Loretta and Robert; (c) Zena and Herbert; (d) Richard and Ann; (e) Robert and Elizabeth.
4. You are in London. You hail a passing taxi-driver who has his flag up. Is he bound to stop for you?
5. Can you name the author of these lines addressed to another author: They praise the great restraint with which you write. I'm with them there, of course. You use the snaffle and the curb all right, But where's the bloody horse?
6. What is a gnomon?
7. Edgar Rice Burroughs, who died recently, was famous as—what?
8. Name one word which describes a taste, a blow with the hand and a boat.
9. You know what a hassock and a cassoock are—what is a tussock?
10. A singer who makes frequent changes from his ordinary voice to falsetto is said to—what?
11. What is a Jim Crow Car?
12. The Americans often call it a carousel—what do we call it?
13. A spot of mucilage would be handy to—: (a) prevent catarrh; (b) stick photographs in an album; (c) bring out the taste of a stew; (d) ease a sprained leg. Which?
14. If your furniture is Jacobean, from which reign does it date?
15. Officer in the picture wears khaki uniform, a white-topped cap, Sam Browne and Naval insignia of rank. What was his unit or formation?



(Answers on Page 45)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 2. Phoney headdress? 6. Cloth length. 7. The sparkle in champagne. 10. Awakes. 11. No it gets mixed up.

13. Time in better ages. 15. She gave the first man a start. 16. Help a musical work. 18. Assimilates knowledge. 20. Woo him for a seat in Westminster. 22. The cup could be ate. 23. Sway.

DOWN: 1. Set apart. 2. Foul mixture and little Edward were defiant. 3. Honour to 50. 4. Mongrel. 5. Metal-producing mineral. 8. There are 48 of them. 9. "Tramp sons" (anag). 12. Tell. 14. Bad lad. 17. Little Florence. 19. Otherwise, the Green Isle. 21. West Country river.

(Answers on Page 45)



SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

The Roll of Honour of the Reconnaissance Corps was recently dedicated at St. Martin-in-the-Field in London, in memory of a Corps which had

a short but brilliant career. In 1941 it was formed and its fast-moving units trained in Northern Ireland (where these pictures were taken).



THREE TITLES

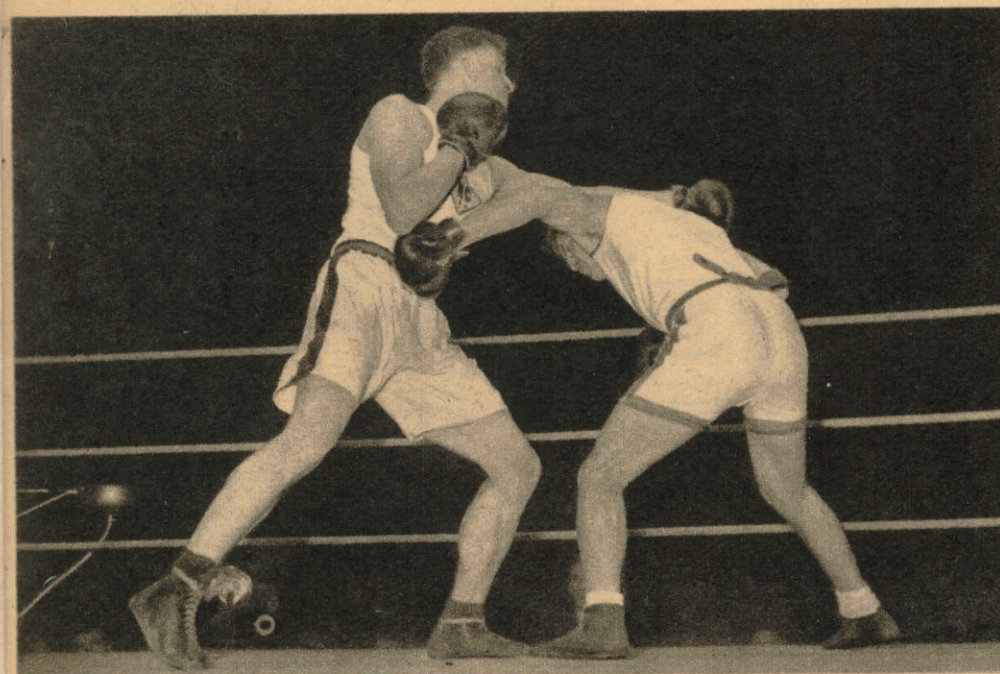
Private Peter Toch, aged 18, holds the Army, Imperial Services and Amateur heavyweight titles. He has not been knocked out — yet

Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE

IN THREE WEEKS



Peter Toch: the "c" is pronounced as an "s."



Toch versus Carver again—Carver at the receiving end.

versary in no uncertain manner, enabling the Army to draw with the Senior Service for first place.

An onlooker later remarked of Private Toch: "He goes into a fight with the pace of a man heading for the NAAFI." He is a fraction under six feet, and weighs 13 stone. A non-drinker and non-smoker, he believes in sticking firmly to his self-imposed rules. His family cannot even persuade him to take the traditional glass of sherry at Christmas.

In April Private Toch entered a much tougher contest — the Amateur Boxing Association competition at Wembley. With four tremendous punches in the first round of the final he beat C. Carver of Sheffield, who never got over those paralyzing blows. Earlier in the evening he had beaten Ray Miles (Stowe Boys Club) in the semi-finals. Since then he has represented Imperial Services in an international contest at Brussels. He narrowly lost on points to Abad, the French heavyweight who had been in training for this fight since last year.

Boxing is not Private Toch's only interest. He is fond of cycling, and won medals from the Gainsford Club for covering 25 miles in an hour and six minutes. On holidays he will pack food into a rucksack and set off on his machine "into the blue." His last long trip was to Devon and Cornwall, and he pedalled back to London from Exeter (175 miles) in one day.

At home they have bought a sideboard to take some of his

A training sprint in London: Sapper A'Court, Corporal Longo, CSM Verlander, Private Toch, Corporal McLaughlin.



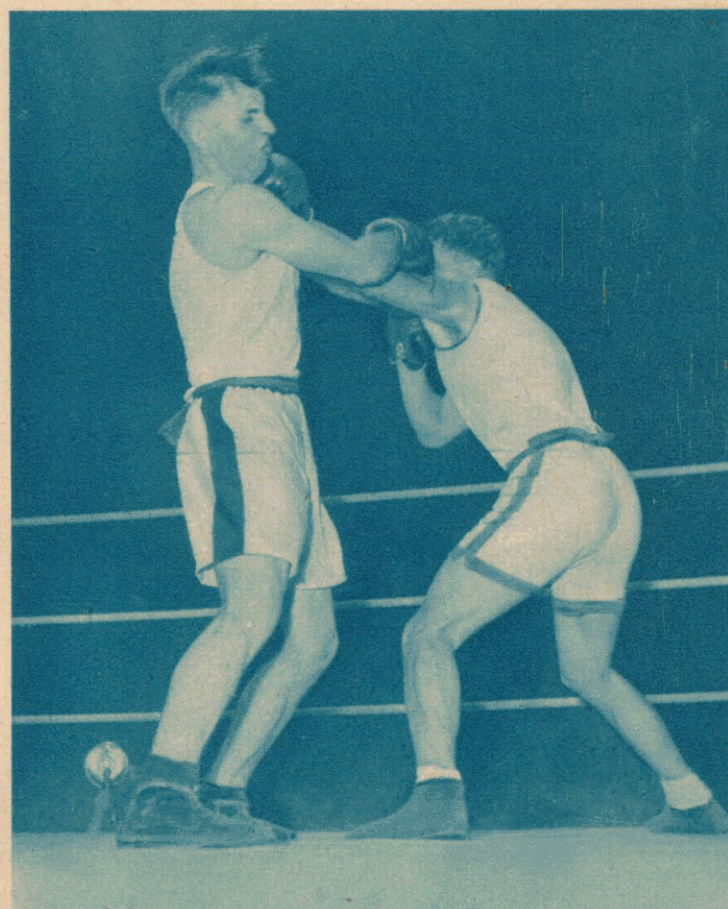
THEY call him Tosh of Tooting. His real name is Peter Toch, but the "c" is pronounced as an "s." By trade he is a linoleum salesman at his father's stall in Tooting Market. By inclination he is a boxer.

Called into the Royal Army Pay Corps as a National Serviceman in March (he is now at Devizes), he became Army heavyweight champion within three weeks, Imperial Services champion within a month, and Amateur Boxing Association champion within six weeks — titles at the rate of one a week! Not unnaturally, his name was soon in the headlines.

Eighteen-year-old Private Toch fought his bouts in the Imperial Services contest at an RAF station at the Wiltshire village of Hullavington. It was in the same county that he first became efficient with his fists.

With his brother and sisters he was evacuated to Fonthill Bishop, near Salisbury, at the start of the war. The village children declared hostilities on the "Toshes from Tooting," as country children often do when they find town children in their midst. "But," says Greta, his 19-year-old

Carver, of Sheffield, stops a straight left to the jaw from Toch, in the fight for the Amateur heavyweight title.



TOCH & BRANDER
GAIN TITLES

WEMBLEY AMATEUR
BOXING FINALS

From LAINSON WOOD
WEMBLEY, Friday.
Let us divide the Amateur Box-
ing Championships at the Empire
Pool here to-night into three
chapters and call them person-
ality, punch and
used to know it.

In order, not ne-
we have Private
incredible 18-year-
six weeks in the
reigning A.B.A.
Army champion
ago. He was
Imperial Ser-
amateur cham-
The know-
that R. M.
would put
success.
quite man-
Frankly
accepted
right of
on pol-

ARMY UNKNOWN
WINS AGAIN

TOSH OUTPOINTS
NAVY CHAMPION

From LAINSON WOOD
HULLAVINGTON, Wilts.
Wednesday.

A remarkable
Peter Tosh
except for
walk-

FOUR HITS
WON TITLE
FOR PETER

FOUR power-packed punches
in the first round won
Peter Tosh, 18-year-
Imperial Services cham-
Amateur Boxing A-
heavy-weight title
last night, for C-
opponent, never
effect of those p-

Toch shocks
champion

PRIVATE PETER TOCH tore
into his light at the Albert
Hall last night with the pace of
a soldier heading for the pace of
and he kept on tearing in until
he became Army heavyweight
champion. Writes Desmond

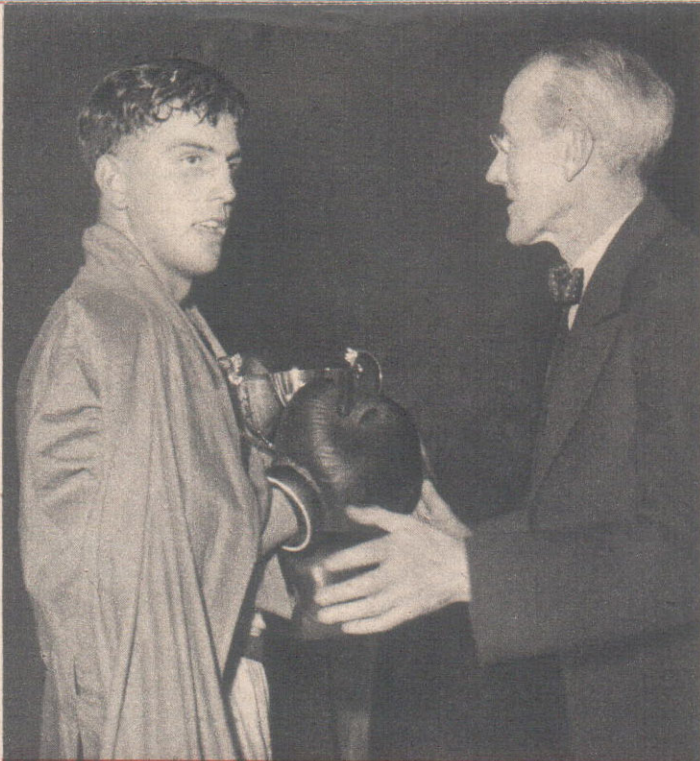
CHAMPION RANK
IN 3 WEEKS

Pte. Peter Toch (R.A.P.C.) won
an Army boxing title within three
weeks of joining up, and ended
the championship hopes of Cpl.
Arthur Worrall (Royal Horse
Guards) A.B.A., I.S.B.A. and Army
champion, by beating him on
points in the championships at
the Albert Hall, London, last
night.

New boy—and new 'champ'

PRIVATE P. TOCH, a
recruit of three weeks,
won the Army heavy-
weight title at the Albert
Hall last night. He beat
Corporal A. Worrall, the
holder, on points.

Private Toch, according to one reporter, fought
"with the pace of a soldier heading for the NAAFI."



Private Toch receives the Amateur heavyweight cup from the president of the Amateur Boxing Association.

SPORT (Continued)

45 trophies. These include six clocks and four canteens of cutlery. His brother, 17-year-old Paul, has won six cups for local bouts. It takes three sisters all morning to polish up their brothers' winnings.

In the Amateur Boxing championships, Private Toch was accompanied by three other Army entrants: Southern Command's Corporal Peter Longo, RAOC (middleweight); Corporal Albert McLaughlin, Royal Tank Regiment

from Germany (lightweight); and Sapper Clem A'Court (bantam).

Sapper A'Court was beaten in the Army Championships at the Royal Albert Hall, but his opponent, Gunner D. Bell, felt the strain and withdrew before the Imperial Services fight at Hullavington. Here Sapper A'Court, replacing him, beat Stoker Ryan of the Navy. In the Amateur Boxing championships at Wembley, however, the Sapper lost to W. Taylor (LMS Rovers, Glasgow) in the

semi-final. Taylor was beaten in the final.

Corporal Longo was outpointed by Lance-Corporal A. Clark of the Manchester Regiment in the Army finals, but had the pleasant surprise of finding himself in the Imperial Services fight, the Lance-Corporal having been released from the Army in the meantime. At Hullavington Corporal Longo defeated his RAF opponent, and was equally successful at Wembley.

Corporal McLaughlin beat Private E. Fossey, Royal West Kents, at the Albert Hall, defeated the Navy's lightweight at Hullavington but lost in the Amateur Boxing Association semi-final at Wembley.

Nineteen-year-old Corporal Longo, a Londoner stationed at Deepcut, trained at Holborn Youth Centre before undergoing his National Service. Sapper A'Court started boxing with a boys' club at 14 when he was evacuated to Yorkshire. Later he joined the Epsom Club, was successful in the London Youth Championships in 1947, and was runner-up in the Youth Championships of Great Britain the next year. Corporal McLaughlin did well in Army Cadet boxing before joining the Army as a Regular. He became BAOR champion lightweight last year and has boxed for the Army in Denmark and Sweden.

While training under CSM F. Verlander, these boxers were able to speed up their punches on a new type of boxing pad which the Army coach was testing out. Made of leather, it allows greater resistance to the punch than does the old type of pad and its rubber interior protects the instructor from any "punishment" from a hard hitting pupil.

BOB O'BRIEN

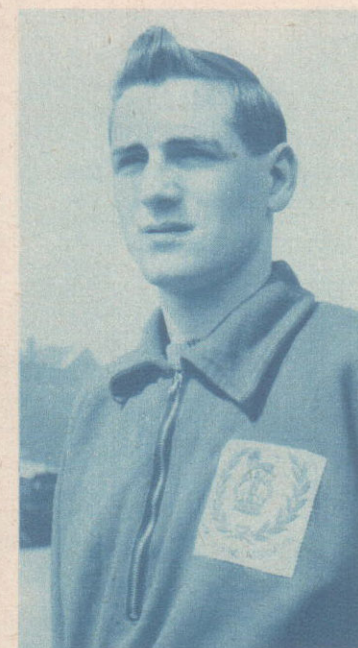
Champion among the Cups—not to mention the canteens, clocks, biscuit barrels and statuettes.



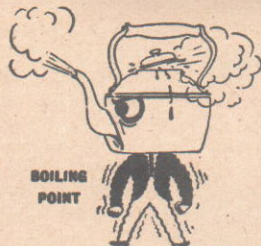
Corporal Albert McLaughlin, lightweight: he has boxed for the Army in Denmark and Sweden. Below: Corporal Peter Longo, Amateur middleweight champion.



Sapper Clem A'Court, bantam-weight, one of the Imperial Services team who went to Brussels.



Thirst for Knowledge



SOMEWHERE between boiling-point and freezing-point lies cooling-point. A Mr. Fahrenheit has charted the first two, but the last as far as we know, has never been defined. The only effective test is to take a long cold glass of Rose's

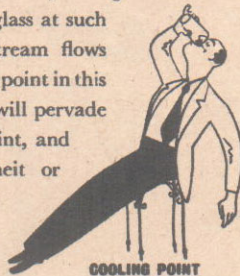
Lime Juice in the hot, clammy hand; then, tilting the head backwards and closing the eyes, tip the glass at such an angle that the thirst-annihilating stream flows steadily down the parched throat. At some point in this operation a delicious sense of well-being will pervade the body. This, gentlemen, is cooling-point, and cannot be measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade — only in Rose's.



ROSE'S

Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE



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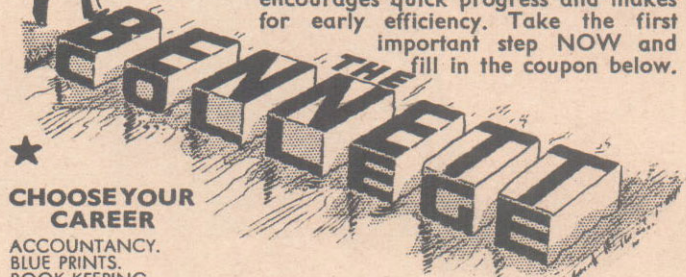
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CB/JQ.

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best sauce
I've ever
tasted"*



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Can you think and talk "on your feet"?

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ARE YOU a "shut-in" personality?
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FILMS: Middle East Calling

The Editor of **SOLDIER** has received two letters from readers in the Middle East criticising Army Kinema Corporation programmes. Here are the letters with the Corporation's comments:

I recently visited our AKC cinema in Tobruk to see "The Third Man." Having eagerly anticipated seeing this film I found it slightly irritating, to put it mildly, to see the film cut by what I am informed amounted to two reels, or about half an hour's showing.

Except for two canteens, this cinema is the sole official amenity during the evenings in Tobruk. There has not been a CSE show in Tobruk since 1947. We pay eleven piastres (2s 3½d) for a seat in the balcony; surely for this price we should see the complete film?

Explanation, AKC, please! — **Capt. A. Briddon RASC, 193 Coy GT RASC (Maur) MELF 7.**

*The Army Kinema Corporation state: "We immediately checked on this complaint; your correspondent is quite right; the film was cut. The second operator, a locally employed man, spoiled the programme by leaving out two reels, in circumstances which made it necessary to dismiss him. It was unfortunately not possible in the time remaining to screen the film again. The reason for the cut was publicised locally. We apologise to all who were victims of this isolated happening. We never allow cuts to be made."

I write in support of "Picturegoer" (**SOLDIER**, March) who complained of the high prices, poor seating and very poor supporting programmes in the AKC cinemas in Egypt.

While agreeing with the AKC comments on the matter of first-rate features, I consider their others laughable. Take the statement about upholstered seats becoming bug-ridden. In the European-type cinemas of Cairo where the climate is no different they are upholstered and bug-free, and almost every mess and canteen in the Canal Zone has upholstered seating, so I trust they will drop that argument.

I think every Serviceman considers cinema prices far too high, but the AKC has an almost 100

per cent monopoly of cinemas from Said to Suez. The fact that the AKC spent £14,000 on seats alone in the Middle East since 1946 gives some idea of the vast profit made (don't tell me they run at a loss). Surely, instead of spending yet another £2000 on seats it would be better to leave the seats as they are and bring prices down.

The dollar question is blamed for the poor supporting programmes, yet Egyptian film distributors who also have a dollar problem are able to secure numerous American shorts and cartoons. Surely, as these shorts are already in Egypt the AKC could negotiate to show them instead of third-rate stuff which they presumably pay to be transported to the United Kingdom. — **Sgt. F. Card, 39 Coy RASC, GT, MELF 15.**

*The AKC reply: "Upholstered seats do unfortunately tend to get bug-ridden in parts of the Middle East, especially in cinemas not air-conditioned; moreover, AKC seating must be easily movable so that we can keep up with troop movements. We install cane chairs because they are clean, comfortable and light to handle.

"Prices in AKC's Middle East static cinemas are 2s 3d, 1s 6d and 1s, fixed in agreement with War Office. These prices are as low as costs allow and much lower than in comparable civilian cinemas. Don't forget, too, that AKC's mobile units lose about £80,000 a year; this loss is accepted so that small, isolated detachments can be served at a charge of only 10d; it must be made good out of receipts from static cinemas. Under its Charter, AKC cannot make a profit. The 1947/8 balance sheet just published shows a loss of £15,000.

"The Treasury allows AKC a special dollar allocation for overseas bookings of American films; this is fully used up for features. It is therefore not possible for us to book more American films from Egyptian renters."

COMING YOUR WAY

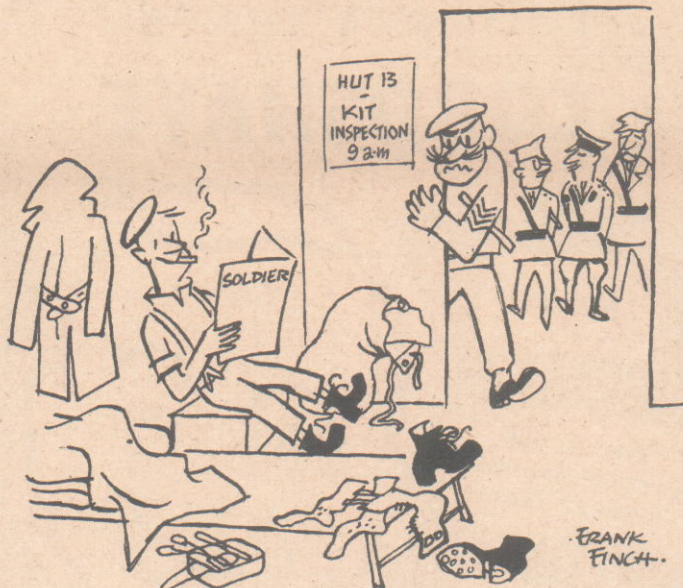
The following films will shortly be shown at Army Kinema Corporation cinemas:

MORNING DEPARTURE: This film of a peacetime submarine disaster was made before the loss of HMS Truculent and the producers were in two minds whether to release it after the disaster. But they did so feeling, they said, "that the film will be accepted in the spirit in which it is intended, as a sincere tribute to brave men and as an expression of pride in the Royal Navy." It has been well received and the acting of the two stars, John Mills and Richard Attenborough, has come in for much praise.

GOLDEN SALAMANDER: Reading by chance an ancient inscription: "Not by ignoring evil does one overcome it, but by going to meet it," a British archaeologist in North Africa (Trevor Howard) decides to do something about a spot of gun-running he has noticed. At the same time he does something about Anouk, the 17-year-old "wonder-girl from France." Plenty of action and excitement.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE: Nutbourne College for boys is invaded by a girls' school. Headmaster Alistair Sim and headmistress Margaret Rutherford have to clear up the resulting trouble, and there is plenty of it. As a play, this farce was a great success in London. The film is a worthy successor.

MADELEINE: In the middle of last century, the daughter of a prosperous and stuffily respectable Glasgow family was charged with the murder of a young Frenchman. The sensational trial revealed a sordid and passionate love-affair; the jury's verdict was "Not proven." Madeleine Smith was free, but her name was not cleared. She went to America, married twice and died at 93. Now Ann Todd plays Madeleine.



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LETTERS

"MIXED" BATTERIES

In the mess the other day we were talking about the various kinds of animals that are, or have been, on the active list of the British Army. My friend says that these are confined to horses, mules, dogs and camels. I maintain that we have used elephants in India. Can you confirm, please? — "Vet" (name and address supplied).

★ Not only elephants, but bullocks too. In the April number of *The Gunner* appears an account of the Elephant and Bullock (or Byle) Batteries in India.

"Up to 1900 or 1901 these two heavy batteries had an establishment of eight elephants and numerous bullocks, or byles, to haul the four guns and their complement of wagons. The elephants were replaced by bullock teams (six yokes to a gun) before going into action, because elephants could not be relied on to face the firing line." As an experiment, horses were provided for one team in 1902 and it was not long before they had completely replaced the elephants and bullocks.

Perhaps readers know of other animals (apart from mascots) which have been held on the strength of the British Army.

LEADERSHIP FILM

I was very interested in the reference made to the film "Twelve O'Clock High," in "SOLDIER to Soldier" for April. I think this film should be taken over as an Army training film and issued to every OCTU and establishment which runs courses for NCO's. A piece could be added to the film wherein the Chief of the Imperial General Staff outlines the Army Council's policy on the subject of man-management. The new commanding officer in the film, who hands out "shock treatment," might also be given an angle which officers of his calibre usually display — a personal interest in the men's welfare. — "Impressed" (name and address supplied).

MALAYA

I was interested to read in the May *SOLDIER* that Members of Parliament were urging the use of African troops in the Malaya campaign.

Since the over-running of Malaya would be a disaster to those nations of the British Commonwealth in the Pacific hemisphere, I am mildly surprised that Australian troops are not engaged in Malaya. We receive prompt and tremendous help from "Down Under" in times of war. Surely this is Australia's battle as much as (or even more than) ours? Have any Members of Parliament dropped a hint on these lines? — E. J. (name and address supplied).

★ In the Commons Defence debate Brigadier J. G. Smyth VC said he would like "to see our great Dominions bearing a much greater share of the manpower and expense of our Empire Defence Force than they are doing at the present time... If a little rumus starts in Malaya I should like to see an Airborne Division from New Zealand and Australia on the scene within a week."

In the Lords Defence debate Lord Mancroft asked: "Why should not the Australians be asked to lend us a battalion or two for Malaya?"

On 20 April the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations was asked by one MP what requests for



● **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.

JOBS FOR REGULARS

Admittedly, at this moment, a Regular soldier leaving the Army has no great difficulty in getting a job. But can *SOLDIER* tell us what is being done on a long-term basis to protect the Regular, supposing that full employment cannot be maintained? — "Seven and Five," MELF.

★ In the House of Lords on 19 April the Earl of Lucan, on behalf of the Government, said that the Ministry of Labour were asking industry to reserve more vacancies for ex-Regulars, the ultimate aim being that there should be the choice of two and a half vacancies for every Regular leaving the Service. This, he said, "would allow a considerable choice of occupation." Concessions were being sought from these industries: gas, railways, London Transport Executive, chemical, electrical and cable, inland waterways and docks, iron and steel, civil engineering, cotton spinning, stone masonry, boot and shoe, and paint and paper trades.

The Earl of Lucan also said that the Ministry of Education were considering recognition of the qualifications of men in the Royal Army Educational Corps, and it was hoped that the fire services would accept a number of Regulars trained in the Army Fire Service. Negotiations were also going on with the Ministry of Health to obtain recognition of skilled categories of the Royal Army Medical Corps under the National Health Service Act.

Certain local authorities, said Lord Lucan, had made concessions to allow

Answers

(from Page 36)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Corps Diplomatique. 2. Leading fashion designer. 3. (a) Crawford; (b) Young; (c) Marshall; (d) Todd; (e) Taylor. 4. No. But he is bound to accept you as a fare if he is standing on an authorised cab rank. 5. Roy Campbell. 6. The marker on a sundial. 7. Creator of Tarzan. 8. Smack. 9. A clump, as of grass, fern or hair. 10. To yodel. 11. A public service vehicle reserved for coloured persons only (as in Southern states of USA). 12. A merry-go-round. 13. Stick photographs in an album. 14. James I. 15. Royal Naval Division of World War One.

Crossword

* ACROSS. 2. Falsehood. 6. Ell. 7. Bubbles. 10. Rouses. 11. Into. 13. Era. 15. Ada. 16. Aida. 18. Learns. 20. Elector. 22. Tea. 23. Influence. DOWN. 1. Segregate. 2. Flouted. 3. Lobe. 4. Hybrid. 5. Ore. 8. U. S. A. 9. Sportsman. 12. Narrate. 14. Rascal. 17. Flo. 19. Erin. 21. Lyn.

ex-Regulars to deduct their period of service from their age to make them eligible to sit for examinations.

"The Government's aim," he said, "is to secure a relationship between Service and civilian life which will provide the opportunity of a continuous career through the Services and industry."

THE SASH

I have a feeling that the Infantry sergeant's and warrant officer's red sash is a relic of the old red coat. If this is so, may it be worn in the Mess and at Mess functions such as dances? Can you put me right on the origin of the sash? Also, why do the Somersetshire Light Infantry wear it over the left shoulder? — CSM (name and address supplied).

* Sashes are not a relic of the soldier's red coat. They were first introduced as insignia of rank. Officers wore them from 1661. Sergeants were wearing them in 1718 and possibly even before this.

An officer writing home in 1803 said he had heard that sashes were intended to bear wounded officers off the field of battle. They were made long enough to go three times round the waist and wide enough to open out into a sort of hammock.

Thomas Carter, writing in 1867, said that the Somersetshire Light Infantry were given the distinction of tying their sashes on the right side by the Duke of Cumberland after their good performance at the battle of Culloden. At this time the sash

was worn round the waist, but in 1857 when it was first worn over the shoulder, to tie the knot on the right the sash had to be worn over the left shoulder. This practice is still kept. Other historical records, however, do not mention any particular regiment as having been singled out for distinction at Culloden.

Sashes are now worn only on ceremonial parades, barrack duties and while walking out. It is a general practice for them to be removed, like belts, in the Mess. They have never been worn at dances.

WRIT SARCASTIC?

I know for a fact that an inspecting officer in a Scottish regiment is issued with a stick and on the bottom of this stick is a mirror. Any soldier found NOT wearing an appropriate garment under his kilt is given Field Punishment. — L/C K. J. Seeley, HQ Pl., 65 Coy RASC, BETFOR.

NO. 1 DRESS

Is it true that the No. 1 Dress for Other Ranks has been approved but is not yet in production because of the cost entailed? If so, may I have a No. 1 Dress made for me by a military tailor and wear it at functions and when walking out? — WO II R. L. Hurley RAEC, att. RA Station Sergeants' Mess, Gibraltar.

* It is true that most No. 1 Dress items have now been approved but that authority for issue has not yet been given. Regimental bandmen and Regular officer cadets are at present the only Other Ranks being clothed in it. The hold-up is caused not only by the expense involved, but by shortage of material and manufacturing difficulties. For this reason, and because it is War Office policy to provide authorised uniform from public funds or not at all, soldiers are not permitted to buy their own No. 1 Dress from a military tailor.

KIT ALLOWANCE

I understand that officers commissioned before a certain date are soon to receive the difference in clothing allowance to bring them in line with newly commissioned officers. Can you give me details of the scheme? — Maj. A. C. R. Higgins, RE, Officers Married Quarters, Invicta Lines, Maidstone, Kent.

* Present rates of initial outfit allowance for newly commissioned officers are: — Dismounted officers — £90; Kilted Officers — £112; Mount-

ed Officers £147; Officers of Household Troops — £108 (with an additional £61 for those on mounted duty); WRAC Officers — £76. These rates apply only to Army Officers newly commissioned after 1 July 1948 for a period of two years or more. There is no provision whereby officers commissioned before that date can draw the difference between the old and new rates. The new rates for officers who rejoin the active list after previous commissioned service are awaiting final approval. It is hoped that they will be published soon.

DUTY-FREE SPIRITS

May I make use of your excellent information service to ask if it is true that members of the Services in Rhine Army are entitled to take one half pint of spirits into the United Kingdom when they go on leave? Are there any regulations about this? — Corporal (name supplied), 23 Field Eng. Regt., BAOR.

* Yes, it is true. Paragraph 39 of GRO 4170/48 (amended by GRO 4587/48) states: "As a concession, troops will be permitted to carry into UK, for their personal use only, without payment of duty, the undermentioned quantities of dutiable goods: — 1. Tobacco (including cigarettes), ½ lb (or 200 cigarettes). 2. Spirits (including cordials and liqueurs), ½ pint.

HOMEWARD BOUND

I am thinking of buying my discharge under ACI 768/48. This means I would have to pay my own fare home. Can you give me some idea of how much it would cost please? — Cpl. D. Desmond, Essex Regt., 27 MCU, Buller Camp, MELF 10.

* A troop deck passage from North Africa to Britain costs £23.

PIN-UP BOYS?

Must the film stars on the back cover of SOLDIER always be females? I would like to see pictures of some of our male stars, preferably the lesser-known ones, who always seem to be more interesting, perhaps because we don't see too much of them. — Forty-four (name and address supplied).

EMPIRE PREFERENCE

As local agent for SOLDIER may I, both personally and on behalf of many of my customers, support the plea of Sgt. Booth which appeared in your April number? Please treat us to articles and photographs of our gallant Dominion and Colonial soldiers. — R. Osmond (late RAOC), Central Ordnance Depot, Chilwell, Beeston, Notts.

May I say that Sgt. Booth's first suggestion is not so good. There are plenty of periodicals which publish articles illustrating the standard of living in foreign lands. If SOLDIER also printed such articles it would fall into line with ordinary magazines and fail in its duty to show one soldier what another soldier is doing elsewhere.

Articles about Dominion troops would, however, be in keeping with SOLDIER's present policy and would be most interesting, as would articles on foreign armies. As an ex-Grenadier, for instance, I would be interested in an article on the Canadian Grenadier Guards. May I say, however, that I already find SOLDIER a most interesting and enlightening magazine. — H. Harding, Leuvense Straat, 31, Aarschat, Belgium.

More Letters on Page 46

2 minute sermon

A small group of men were once given an impossible task. They were told to proclaim to all nations that God had sent His Son into the world; that men had put the Son to death; and that God had raised Him from the dead. Could any intelligent person really be expected to believe this story? Moreover, they were men without influence, without money, and with very little education. All they had was the promise of Jesus that His Spirit would be with them.

They set out to tackle the job. Right at the start they ran into opposition. The organised religion of the Jews was turned against them. The Greeks laughed. The Romans shrugged their shoulders—until they realised these men meant business. Then they started persecution. The screw tightened. The machine of Roman organisation was let loose to stamp out the Christian Movement. The Romans discovered the truth which a Communist writer has expressed:—"Christianity is like a nail; the harder you hit it the more firmly does it become embedded." After 300 years the Romans gave up. And so Christianity became the official religion of the Empire. Later, when the Empire fell the religion of the Cross towered above the ruins. It has towered above the ruins of many human schemes. Today the gospel has been preached to all nations.

There is no human explanation of how this happened. Those who have been engaged in doing the job say it is because Jesus has kept His promise. They ought to know.

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MORE LETTERS

TO TERRITORIALS

In your March issue you give the conditions under which a man serving on the Army Reserve, Class B, can join the Territorial Army. I would like to point out that men in sections B and D of the Regular Army Reserve may also volunteer for attachment to Territorial units. ACI 584 of 1949 lays down the conditions under which they can be attached for a minimum period of one year. — **Lieut-Col. G. L. Ryan RA, 529 LAA/SL Regt. RA (TA), TA Centre, Westward Ho, Grimsby.**

KING'S COMMISSION

Can SOLDIER inform two aspiring officers of the actual wording of the King's Commission? — **"White Hopes," MELF.**

★ The wording runs:

GEORGE THE SIXTH, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith etc.

To Our Trusty and well-beloved ... Greetings.

We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, do by these Presents Constitute and Appoint you to be an Officer in Our Land Forces, from the ... day of ... You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge your Duty as such in the Rank of ... or in such other Rank as We may from time to time hereafter be pleased to promote or appoint you to, of which a notification will be made in the London Gazette or in such other manner as may for the time being be prescribed by Us in Council and you are in such manner and on such occasions as may be prescribed by Us to exercise and well discipline in Arms both the inferior Officers and Men serving under you and use your best endeavours to keep them in good Order and Discipline. And We do hereby Command them to Obey you as their superior Officer, and you to observe and follow such Orders and Directions as from time to time you shall receive from Us, or any your superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in pursuance of the Trust hereby reposed in you.

Given at Our Court, at Saint James's, the day of in the Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command

GOING FOR PENSION

In 1938 I signed on for eight years with the Colours and later extended this to 12 years. Before completing the 12 years I undertook three years supplemental service. This meant that I was discharged and re-enlisted the same day, to complete the unexpired portion of my 12 years with the Colours, plus three years. Now I want to sign on to complete 22 years for pension, but I am told I cannot do this. Can you tell me why? — **Sjt. A. G. Prime, Southern Command (M) Signals Regt., Salisbury, Wilts.**

★ Extension of service, re-engagement and continuance in the service can only be undertaken on a current engagement. Sjt. Prime's current engagement began when he was discharged and re-enlisted on the same day. What he must do, therefore, is to apply to complete 12 years with the Colours on his current engagement and subsequently re-engage to complete 22 years.

As all his Colour service counts towards pension, this would mean that by the time he was discharged he would have completed over 30

years pensionable service. Arrangements have recently been made, however, for men serving on modified engagements to complete the exact period they need to qualify for pension. Sjt. Prime, for instance, can apply for discharge under King's Regulations 1940, para 390 (XXII) as soon as he has completed 22 years pensionable service. This is a concession which has recently been re-introduced.

DISABILITY PENSION

When I am discharged I shall receive a 100 per cent disability pension. Can you tell me how much this amounts to and whether rank makes any difference? — **Sjt. F. Cookson, Belvedere Hotel, Leysin, Switzerland.**

★ The amount of an award for disablement due to service after 2 September 1939 depends on the degree of disablement and on the rank held. The maximum disability pension is £2 5s a week for a private, rising to £3 1s 8d for a warrant officer class one. There are additional allowances for wife and children, for unemployment, lowered standard of occupation and so on. Full details can be found in two Royal Warrants, that of 24 May 1949 (Command 7699), and that of 28 October 1949 (Command 7826). These are obtainable through any book agent.

FROM THE SHOULDER

I am a good soldier and I think the British Army is the finest institution in the world, but I have one grievance. This is the Army attitude towards professional boxers. After winning honours as an amateur I was tempted, being in debt at the time, to turn professional. Now, after three years as a professional, during which time I have fought some of the principal boxers of my weight, I am not allowed to talk to, mingle with or train with any lad who is an amateur in the Army. In fact, training facilities are not made available to the professional; he is an outcast.

If professionals of nearly every other sport can mix with amateurs, why are boxers ignored? During the war, professional boxing championships were run in the Army. Cannot they be started again? Why cannot a Serviceman be a "service amateur" when he is abroad? I love the Army life, but if I am to be treated like a criminal because I am a professional boxer, then roll on demob! — **Cpl. Harry Warren, Queen's Royal Regt., No. 2 (Drafting) Coy. HCTB, Shornecliffe, Kent.**

★ The Army Boxing Association say there is nothing in the rules to prevent professionals training in the same gymnasium as amateurs and that, in fact, every gymnasium is available to them. They stress that there is no intention of treating professionals as outcasts. If they were convinced that professional bouts or championships would be good for Army boxing in general, these would be held. Professional championships were held during the war because there were then many professional boxers in the Army. Now, however, they are very much in the minority and the Army Boxing Association caters mainly for amateurs. If sufficient professionals of a high enough standard could be found in the Army, the Association would be glad to consider ways of helping them. The last professional championships were held in 1947 when, in view of the small entry and poor standard of

POSTER SOLDIER

CORPORAL Eric Bradford of the 1st Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers, has recently been seeing photographs of himself looking down at him from post offices, cinemas, police stations, and shops all over the colony of Hong-Kong.

A piper in the regimental band, he was selected to pose for a photograph appearing on the poster advertising a massed bands display recently given by the garrison of Hong-Kong. The poster shows Corporal Bradford in full regimental dress with his pipes, together with a trombonist from the South Staffordshire Regiment and a drummer from the Gurkha Rifles.

The display, which was given on three occasions, was a great success, and was seen by more than 10,000 people, European and Chinese.

Corporal Bradford served with the King's Own Scottish Borderers in North-West Europe. Soon after the end of the war in Europe he applied to join the pipe band. "I had never played the pipes before, or any other instrument for that matter," he said, "but I found it quite easy to learn."



Corporal Eric Bradford.
The pipes? Easy to learn.

boxing, it was decided to discontinue these bouts.

The amateur governing body have very strict rules on the definition of an amateur and as the Army is affiliated to this body the same rules apply to all soldiers.

The reinstatement as "service amateurs" of soldiers who were professionals before they joined up was discontinued on 5 May 1948. The question is due for review this year, but it is doubtful whether the practice will be re-introduced.

BADGERED

The issue of the new badge for ammunition examiners of the RAOC has caused a great deal of controversy. Which ranks are entitled to wear it? — **Sjt. E. Hector, RAOC, Loton Park Sub Depot, Shrewsbury.**

★ There is no reason why the issue of the new badge should have caused confusion. The rules are in Clothing Regulations 1943, as altered by Amendment No. 5. Wearing of tradesman's badges is confined to men below the rank of serjeant.

PASSED OVER

After 11 years service in a military band I was next in line for promotion to corporal, but I have been told that my promotion has been turned down because I have only five more months to serve. Is there any Army Order which justifies my being passed over like this? — **"Lance-Corporal," Bulford Camp, Wilts. (name supplied).**

★ The relevant War Office letter on filling NCO's vacancies says: "A suitable soldier with at least six months service to run will be selected..." It is therefore in order (harsh though it may sometimes seem) for a man with less than six months

Colour service left to serve to be passed over. The idea is to ensure a certain amount of continuity in NCO appointments. This is particularly important in the case of bandsmen.

TEST BY-PASS

When released I was in possession of a War Department Driving Permit (A. F. A2038) but I neglected to get a form authorising me to obtain a civilian driving licence without having to pass a test. Is there any way I can get that form now? — **C. V. Bragg, 5 Sand St., Aspley, Huddersfield.**

★ In these circumstances, a man may apply to the officer-in-charge of his Records Office, enclosing his War Department permit to drive. The certificate exempting him from taking a civilian driving test will then be sent to him.

DURING THE ANTHEM

I have been told that the 7th. Queen's Own Hussars do not stand up when the National Anthem is played. Is this true? — **R. S. D. (name and address supplied).**

★ On all normal occasions the 7th. Hussars stand to attention when "God Save the King" is played. The only exception is when it is played at the end of dinner on a regimental guest night in the officers' mess. This custom is observed by several regiments of the Army and throughout the Royal Navy. In the case of the 7th. Hussars the custom is said to have originated on a certain evening in the early 19th. century when the Prince Regent dined with the Regiment. When the National Anthem was played after dinner he was incapable of standing up, so he asked everyone to remain seated.



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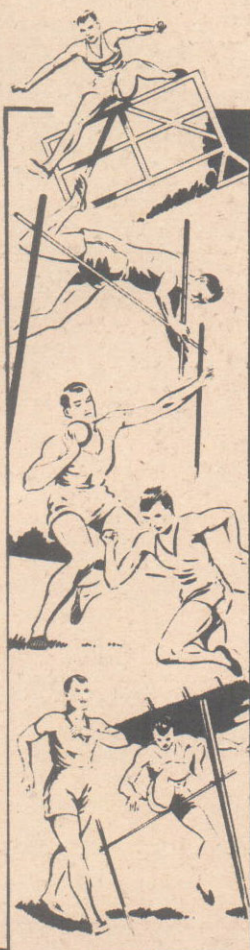
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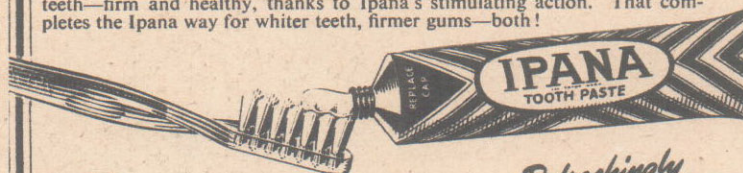


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Veto on Colds

Chigwell, Essex.
Dear Sirs,
As a fairly frequent sufferer from colds and toothache, I feel that the time has come to express my extreme gratitude to you for your wonderful product. I am, like many others, never without a box of 'ASPRO'. What amazes me is the trouble and expense that some people go to to get rid of the common cold when 'ASPRO' is certainly one of the best remedies and at the same time it is very cheap.
May I, as a final mark of appreciation, suggest the following slogan:—
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Yours faithfully,
P. D. (Mr.).

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