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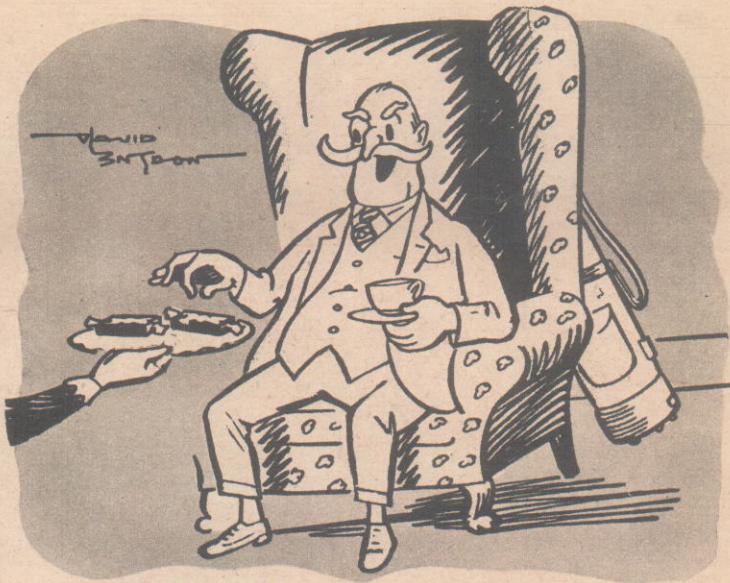
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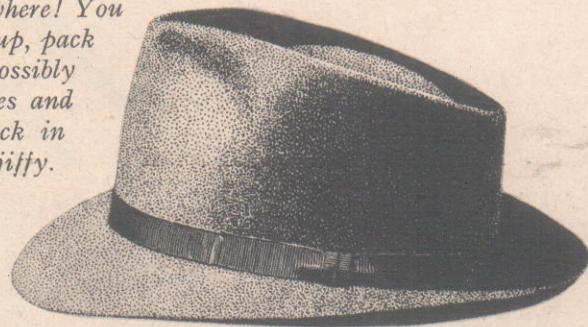
Hats are just as important with week-end clothes as with a city suit. Casual, devil-may-care denting goes well with the free-and-easy fit of your sports jacket.



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KOREA: Chase, Check



Above: With rifles at the ready, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders ride on an American tank through the smouldering remains of Sariwon. Below: Distinguished visitors: General Sir John Harding (left), British Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, and Air Marshal C. A. Bouchier (right), British Liaison officer to General MacArthur, call on Brigadier B. A. Coad (in beret), commander of 27th Brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Man, who commands the 1st Middlesex Regiment.

Move up, square up, carve up, mop up, move up... that was the story of the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade's progress up the broken land of Korea. Then came a hold-up



NOW there are two British Commonwealth Brigades in Korea. The newly-landed one — the 29th — is, in fact, a Brigade Group; it is better equipped than the 27th, which slogged up the west coast with borrowed guns and armour.

The men of the 27th found themselves promoted from a mopping-up role in South Korea to a thrusting role in North Korea. Then, with the incursion of Chinese troops from Manchuria, they were thrown on the defensive again.

For the push north from the 38th Parallel, the Brigade was attached to the American First Cavalry Division ("I'm certainly glad to have the British boys with me," said Major-General Hobart Gay. "They're fine troops.") Now the British Brigade shared American medium artillery and armour, though war-weary Bren carriers still kept their end up among the Pattons and Pershings. The Commonwealth soldiers also shared the American rations: chicken, hamburger, beef stew — and cigarettes.

The drive north to the Manchurian border began with the Middlesex Regiment in the lead, then the Royal Australian Regiment, with the Argylls in rear. But the positions were to be frequently changed; the First Cavalry Division passed one unit through another at frequent intervals.

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Above: Breakfast time at 27th Brigade Headquarters. Menu is cereal, scrambled egg, viennese sausage, bacon and tomatoes. Below: Spoiling for a fight (and they got it): men of the 3rd Royal Australian Regiment.



Made in Russia, captured in Korea, driven by Americans: a BA 64 light armoured car. It may not be luxurious, but it's better than walking.



KOREA (Continued)

No opposition came from the old defences bordering the Parallel. Hereabouts the American "red ball" system, used so effectively in the Normandy break-out, was in full swing. Fast roads were reserved for fast vehicles, in order to keep the advance units well supplied, and dust-caked negro drivers urged their transport at break-neck speeds.

The British drive was to the north-west, to that end of the frontier where the signposts point "To Mukden" (at the other extreme they point "To Vladivostock"). When the mines began to thicken — many of them were wood-cased, and difficult to locate — the troops dismounted and footslogged over the hills. Their first objective, Kumchon, a town 16 miles north of the Parallel, fell by allied encirclement. Then came the familiar mopping up; between 10,000 and 20,000 Communist troops had been trapped in the pockets of the hills.

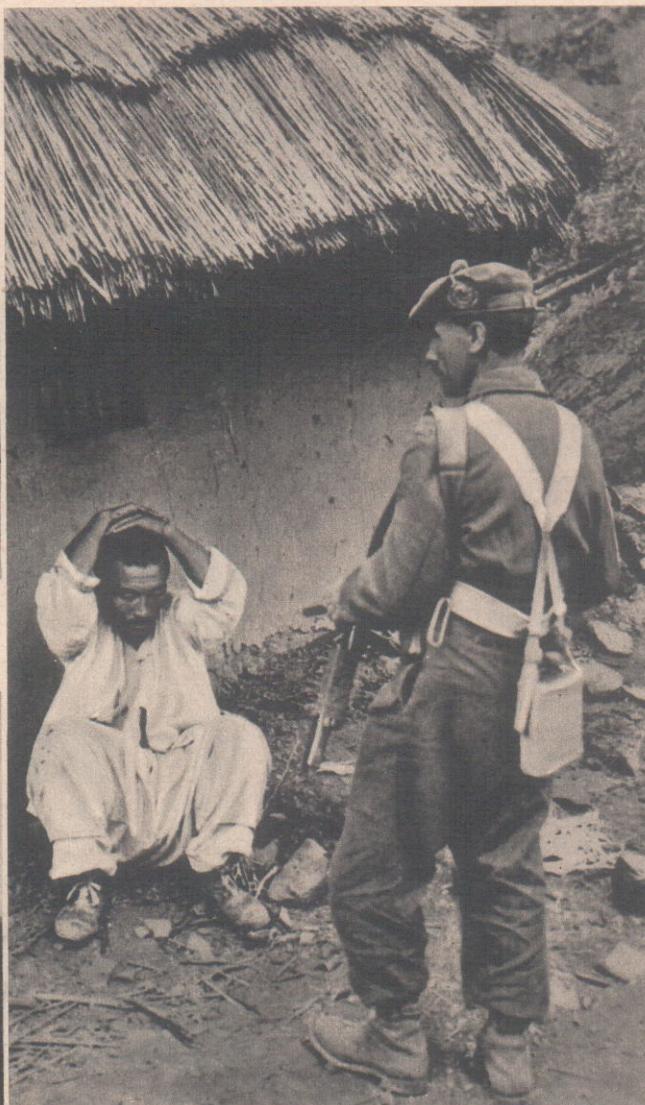
Next the Commonwealth Brigade seized the town of Sariwon, by-passed by the First Cavalry Division in their thrust to the enemy capital, Pyongyang. The Brigade advanced some 50 miles in. **OVER** →



The picture which will be reproduced for many a day to come: Private John Hudson writes home from a bivouac somewhere in Asia.



A jeep load of prisoners: these must be important ones. The driver finds visibility poor. Below: a prisoner is photographed and indexed — just as the G-Men do it.



Guarded by a soldier of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a Communist captive gazes as philosophically as he can at his toes.



The red arrow shows the path taken by the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade.



24 hours and took some of the enemy by surprise in the streets and houses. On the outskirts there had been a brisk skirmish in an orchard when the Argylls, who had been riding on American tanks, leaped out and engaged their ambushers with machine-guns and mortar, then charged with the bayonet, causing the defenders to flee to the hills.

Pyongyang, the enemy capital, dropped like a rotten pear into the hands of the First American Division and a Korean division. An American air drop to the north sought to cut off fugitives, and the Commonwealth Brigade once again began mopping up. By now they had had some curious experiences — notably when the Argylls, with captured vehicles, were mistaken by the enemy for liberating Russians. North-west of Pyongyang the allied forces ran into a region which ought to be known as "map-makers' folly" — roads sometimes turned out to be paddy fields. Ambushes became more frequent. There were fusillades from trenches, and occasional suicide charges, but allied casualties were light. Rivers had to be crossed the hard way. At night the temperature fell to freezing point — a mild foretaste of the Korean winter — and fires were not allowed, because of night attacks. At one crossing Australian forward patrols ran into strong opposition; the Diggers were attacked by armour-piercing and tracer shells, and then by a strong force of Infantry, who were repulsed at almost point-blank range. Sherman tanks were temporarily unable to cross the river to the Australians' help, so the Diggers dug in and fought it out, though heavily outnumbered. It was a different story in the morning. Air strikes drove the Communists into the hills, and the British crossed the river unopposed in an effort to outflank them. That engagement had been the third night action in a week.

On its drive from the Parallel the British Brigade several times had to call up American air support, which was promptly and energetically applied. At one stage the Brigade's progress was opposed by dug-in tanks and self-propelled guns, on dominating ground. Napalm bombs, flung down by Mustangs and Shooting Stars, burned away the opposition.

As the Manchurian border neared, the Commonwealth Brigade was "leapfrogged" by the American 24th Division, which then ran into heavy opposition from new Chinese divisions. The Commonwealth Brigade fought stiff rearguard actions — again the Argylls fixed bayonets — as the allied forces re-grouped.

While British soldiers were taking part in the north-west thrust, American and South Korean forces were sweeping up the centre of North Korea and along the east coast. From the sea Royal Marine Commandos, carried on American destroyers, made dashing raids behind the enemy lines, severing communications.

SOLDIER to Soldier

TWO years ago, the autumn manoeuvres in Rhine Army were interrupted for a big march-past, to let the National Serviceman "see what a division looks like."

It is a pity, perhaps, that the taxpayer cannot see what a division looks like. He has seen the sky black with bombers; he has seen the Fleet steaming out of harbour. But he has not seen a division, or even a photograph of one — it is most difficult to photograph a division, even if it were permissible.

Recently the Prime Minister announced that three new divisions — a strategic reserve — were to be created, in addition to the equivalent of six-and-a-half divisions already overseas: these were to be the 3rd Infantry, the 6th Armoured and the 11th Armoured (the last-named to be stationed in Germany). It has since been announced that the 3rd Division has been on manoeuvres in East Anglia; but that is about the sum of the publicity.

As a military commentator pointed out recently, a battleship is launched full in the world's eye, with a bottle of champagne. But a division, which is a bigger responsibility in both men and material, is born in secrecy, and in instalments.

In theory, a division can be created by shuffling pins on a map. A regiment of hussars here, a regiment of gunners there — soon you have a division. All that remains is to think up a whimsical flash!

When, in Service phraseology, a man is "given a division," he is given the job of his life. He has to breathe life and fire into it; he has to hold it together, not with paper, but with personality. He cannot know every soldier, but every soldier must know him. And he cannot achieve this by being a copyist — "If you carry about an onion and an alarm clock it doesn't make you a Wingate," warns Field-Marshal Sir William Slim. Some components of the division may be untrained, others partly trained, others fully-trained; perhaps not all are fully equipped. They must be levelled up, not down. They must be made rivals of each other. They must be exercised hard and regularly, or they will go stale. The commander is responsible for the men's souls and their spare boot laces. And he must know, not only his men, but his machines; no mean feat these days.

It is no good having a division which is a sweetly functioning machine in barracks. The Staff must be able to move it, to embark and embus and emplane it, to make its parts leapfrog each other — all to the strictest schedule.

All this is only a fraction of the story. As savages cut steaks from a living beast, so, from time to time, the living flesh is cut away from the division, to be grafted on to some other division. These wounds must be healed. And having trained his division to a fighting role, the commander must be able to infect it with enthusiasm for a policing or garrison role. And smile bravely when he gives away the prizes at the swimming gala.

All in all, quite a job. But this country is rich in the kind of men who make generals.

THE late George Bernard Shaw said some of the hardest things ever said about soldiers. But it was a long time ago, and the Army has forgiven him to the extent that today it stages his plays.

Military service, Shaw once said, "produces moral imbecility, ferocity and cowardice." He described a soldier thus:

"He has the easiest of lives; he has no freedom and no responsibility. He is politically and socially a child, with rations instead of rights, treated like a child, punished like a child, dressed prettily and washed and combed like a child, excused for outbreaks of naughtiness like a child, forbidden to marry like a child, and called Tommy like a child. He has no real work to keep him from going mad except housemaid's work: all the rest is forced exercise, in the form of endless rehearsals for a destructive and terrifying performance which may never come off, and which, when it does come off, is not like the rehearsals."

The defence of nations, said Shaw, "must be undertaken by the civil enterprise of men enjoying all the rights and liberties of citizenship."

After those words were written came two world wars which were certainly unlike rehearsals. It is hard to see how those nations which suffered aggression could have defended themselves by "civil enterprise"; though it is true that British troops came to enjoy increased civil liberties and rights. For a pack of children they did pretty well.

Shaw was a great man but he never held great office. He was a stimulus but not a statesman. Mr. Churchill, who was both stimulus and statesman, understandably took a poor view of Shaw's jests in wartime.

Perhaps the happiest thing Shaw said about the military was: "The British soldier can stand up to anything, except the War Office."



Commanding 6th Armoured Division and Salisbury Plain District: Maj-Gen. G. E. Prior-Palmer, DSO.



Commanding 3rd Infantry Division and East Anglian District: Maj-Gen. Sir Hugh Stockwell, DSO.



Commanding 11th Armoured Division: Maj-General H. R. B. Foote, VC, DSO.



SIX-MONTHS STATION

Remember how British troops were rushed to Akaba, in Jordan, early in 1949? The Army still has a garrison there

Report and pictures by Sergeant EDWARD LUDLOW, Military Observer.

IT is not only in the big seaports like Plymouth and Hong-Kong that the Army rubs shoulders with the Royal Navy. Soldiers and sailors can be found cheering, chaffing and challenging each other in one of the unlikeliest (and, according to some, the unloveliest) spots on the globe: Akaba, at the southern tip of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

This "lost" garrison, occupying the spot where reputedly the Queen of Sheba rested on her way to call on King Solomon, is about an hour's flight from the Suez Canal Zone of Egypt, but is otherwise hard of access. Luckily, the little

ships of the Mediterranean Fleet, based on Malta, make a point of seeking out Akaba. Offshore there is usually a small destroyer or frigate.

Although Akaba is a well-equipped, self-contained town of tents (there are few permanent brick buildings) conditions there

The Watch on the Wire. British and Israeli troops keep vigil from similar crows' nests on opposite sides. An "incident" was caused by camels wandering over the frontier; it was soon cleared up.



Akaba's bleak hills make the backdrop for this rifle range. And the Royal Navy joins the garrison in firing there.



are such that battalions and their supporting troops are relieved every six months.

Troops are confined to a few square miles of desert waste. Their only change of locality is a 70-miles week-end trip over rough roads in a three-ton lorry to the ancient "rose-red" city of Petra. Here they sleep in the open under their own blankets, and cook their own food.

The Army went to Akaba in January 1949 under the terms of an Anglo-Jordan treaty as a precaution when the army of the then new State of Israel moved towards the Jordan frontier.

Lacking the usual laid-on, full-scale amenities of garrison life, troops in Akaba are largely thrown on their own ingenuity to provide their entertainment.

Heard in the garrison today are voices from Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Bolton and Warrington, for the residents are the 1st Battalion The Loyal Regiment, which with its large National Service element, is made up mainly of men from Lancashire.

They are not to be found moping on their beds with frustrated looks on their tanned faces. Far from it. For, as in the war-time beleaguered garrison of Tobruk, where conditions threw everyone together, officers and men serving in Akaba take pride in beating boredom. They vie, platoon with platoon, company with company, and battalion with supporting troops on the shooting range, on the sports field and in other channels.

And this is where men from the Royal Navy step into the picture.

Directly a vessel arrives signals are flashed from shore to ship. "The Loyal (or the Gunners as the case may be) challenge you to football this evening ..." Reply the Royal Navy — "That's OK by us."

Each ship has a short stay in "port," and the soldiers make trips on board. Sometimes a Navy cinema show is thrown in. In turn, the Navy step ashore to sample the British beer on ice, sold at about 1s 10d in the messes and

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SIX-MONTHS STATION (Continued)



British soldiers and Jordan policemen share guards on roadblocks at the approaches to Akaba. The policemen deal with all civilians.



Akaba's garrison churches are marquees. The Church of England padre, the Rev. D. P. Lang, comes from Eire. Below: An occasional treat is a lunch-time concert by the Loyals' band outside the NAAFI.



The battle course is in one of the more lush areas of Akaba. Palms are scarce — though sand is plentiful.

canteens; the price is high because of transport costs.

Sometimes the Navy arrive in the role of enemy. Soldiers and sailors come to close grips on combined Services night training, when seashore rocks are scaled in near-commando fashion; one night the Navy attack the Army, and the next the roles are reversed.

Officers and ratings compete with the Army's best shots on the range with light machine-guns and rifles; they see demonstrations in the desert by the Infantry's own anti-tank artillery, and by the three-inch mortar teams. The men from the Navy's little ships get a real kick sightseeing inside the Army's own land ships. — the heavy tanks.

Once an officer from a destroyer (HMS *Saintes*) was heard to say that he had never had a ride on a camel. The Loyals' Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. R. V. Boyle, decided to remedy that omission. Liaison with King Abdullah's police force in Akaba village produced several camels from which the Naval officer chose one for a 15-minute ride.

Dead and alive hole, Akaba? Maybe — but while the Loyals are around, the accent is on the word "alive."

There is one soldier in Akaba who has seen more ships come and go than anyone else, except the natives. He is Lance-Corporal James Porter, of the Royal Engineers, whose home is at Barrow-in-Furness. He likes Akaba so much that he has volunteered to stay there until his Python tour is finished.

Other men in the present garrison are making a second tour. For instance, there is the man in charge of the Royal Army Service Corps bakery, Serjeant Wilfred Sutton, whose home is near Northampton. He first went to Akaba in July 1949, returned to Egypt six months later, and then came back with the Loyals in July this year.

Once, when a new draft arrived in Akaba from Lancashire, the Commanding Officer asked a National Serviceman his civilian occupation. "A spiv, sir" was the answer. "A spiv?" "Yes, sir, I sold Blackpool rock at cut price on Blackpool front."

Akaba can boast a mysterious nocturnal visitor. Nobody quite knows what it is, and some are not wholly convinced that it exists. Among the believers is





Twin Corporals: Dennis and James Donovan, from Isleworth, are both in the Loyals. Below: When the mail arrives the Royal Navy is there to collect it too.



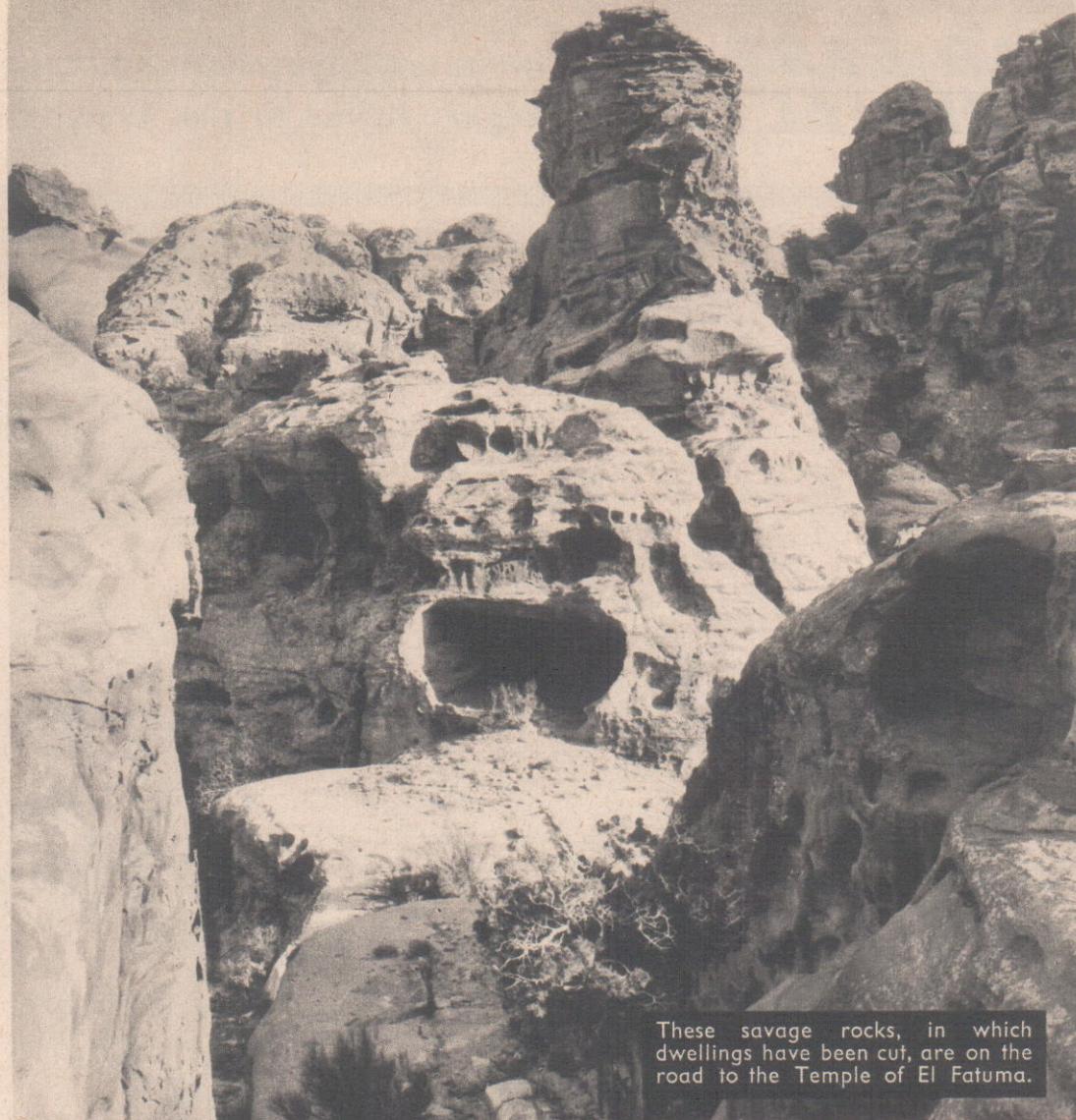
30-years-old Royal Pioneer Corps Serjeant C. Thomson, from Limerick. He says: 'I certainly saw the animal once. It was like a hyena or a mountain dog, with a very large head and glaring eyes. A few weeks ago it came into my tent while I was asleep, and took away my pup between its jaws. The pup's squealing roused me but before I could give chase the animal disappeared. Sentries have seen it too.'

Once the hind legs of a puppy were reported near the garrison enclosure with the rest eaten away. The visitor does not (at least so far) attack human beings or big dogs.

SOLDIER's report from Akaba in June 1949 said: — "The Army does not propose to wilt any more than it can help. It is bringing up refrigerators . . ."

Today those refrigerators are working overtime; food is always fresh and the drinks are cool. Tents have electricity generated from the garrison's own power station. There is a large central NAAFI canteen for the men, with an open-air courtyard complete with coloured sunshades. The Loyals' Band gives frequent concerts.

The fine two-miles stretch of beach at Akaba is as popular as ever. At night bathing is inadvisable because octopus (and other weird specimens) take it into their heads to come nearer the shore than they dare in daytime. A little while ago a combined Navy-Army operation brought in a large shark. When it was cut open, seven live-and-kicking baby sharks were found; they were put into shallow water but insisted on swimming to dry land and quickly died.



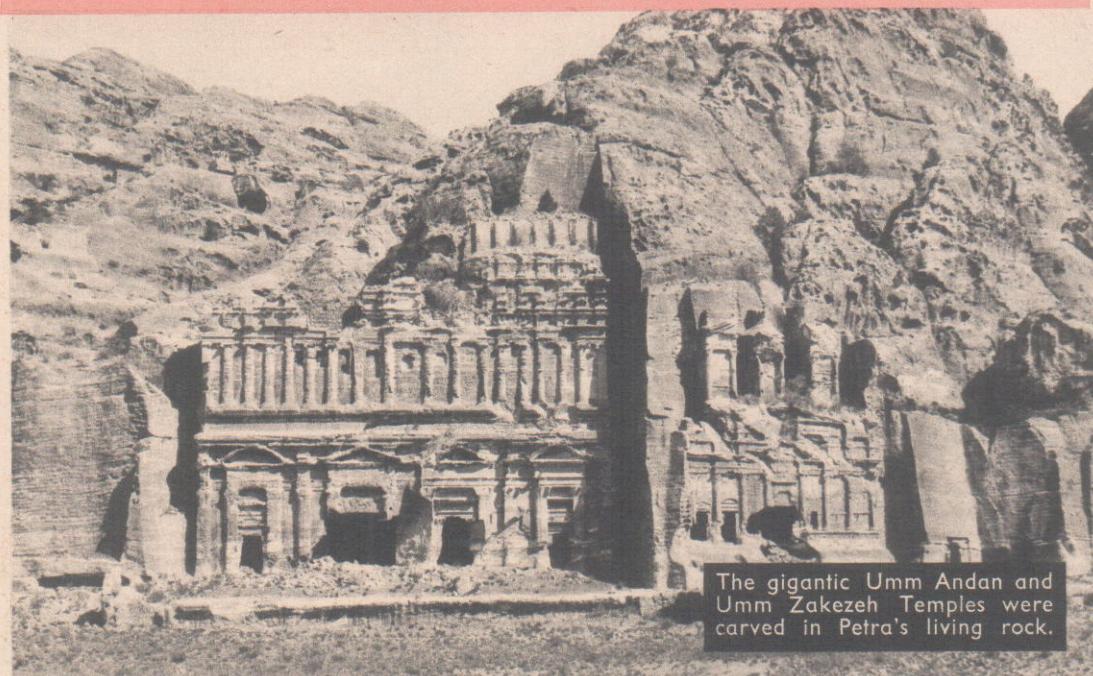
These savage rocks, in which dwellings have been cut, are on the road to the Temple of El Fatuma.

THEY CAMP BY THE ROSE-RED CITY

nearly 4000 years ago. It reached a peak of glory as capital of the Nabatean Arabs and a caravan centre about 2400 years ago. It was the Nabateans who cut chambers into the red rock to make houses, shrines and tombs, and who gave them grandiose façades. This rock city was one of the earliest centres of Christianity and for long a centre of Christian pilgrimage. From the time of the Crusaders until an explorer found it, in 1812, Petra was more or less "lost."

SOLDIERS from the Akaba garrison can pay a week-end camping visit to Petra, one of the wonders of the Middle East (it inspired the famous line "a rose-red city, half as old as time.")

For a much earlier generation of soldiers from Europe, the Crusaders, Petra was a station fortified against the Mohammedans. A natural amphitheatre into which converge several defiles, and well adapted for defence, Petra was settled



The gigantic Umm Andan and Umm Zakezeh Temples were carved in Petra's living rock.



Who said the day of the mule was over? A convoy like this can plod through streams and over mountains, far beyond the jeep-heads.

① THERE'S STILL A JOB FOR A MULE

The Chinese had never seen a mule;
the mules had hardly seen a man.
But they soon trained each other

JEEPS can climb as far up the hills of Hong-Kong's New Territories as the Sappers have built jeep-tracks — and if need be a bit farther.

But not even the nimble jeep can reach to all the most isolated defence posts in the area. Until recently it was the soldier who had to carry his rations, water and ammunition the rest of the way.

Now, if he is lucky, the soldier can expect that load to be taken off his shoulders. There are mules to do a "front-line lift" for the Infantry, and carry ammunition, supplies and weapons.

The mules belong to 81 Pack Troop, Royal Army Service Corps, and they live in the height of

mule luxury in what may be the world's first Nissen hut stables, complete with electric lighting. These stables have open sides and roofed verandahs, so that the rain will not beat in on the mules and, like all Nissen huts in Hong-Kong, are anchored to the ground with cables to keep them from



The Little Killer they called him, because of his bad temper. They started his training by tying him up with a saddle on his back.



Then they loosened the ropes and he tried to roll the pack-saddle off. When he refused to get up, his trainer gently squeezed his nostrils...



...so that he could not breathe. And not even a mule can be stubborn without breath. So he got to his feet.



Then he tried to buck the saddle off. But it was no use. Reluctantly he gave up.
(Training pictures by Capt. A. R. Macdonald)



The Little Killer is tamed. Not, perhaps, enough to give children's rides at a church fête. But enough to carry ammunition over hills and ditches.

whirling away in a typhoon. So far their typhoon-resisting qualities have not been tested.

The Troop began as a small cadre from Colchester in June last year. The mules started out as remounts — which is the Army way of saying they were completely untrained — from Australia a little later.

When the cadre and the unit met last January, the cadre had acquired 80 Hong-Kong Chinese who were to be trained as mule drivers.

"The soldiers had never seen a mule," says Captain A. R. Macdonald, who now commands the unit, "and the mules had seen few human beings. So they all started from scratch."

It was not easy for the Chinese. Being chambermaid to an animal is distasteful to them. They fear they may lose face in cleaning out a stable. But tactful handling by their officers and NCO's overcame their qualms and they buckled to with a will. In four months, the unit was

able to take 40 trained mules, each carrying normal 200-pound loads, with their drivers, on an exercise, and nine more of its mules had gone to Malaya to carry wireless sets for troops fighting in the jungle. Plans were soon being made for a new intake of mules to bring the unit up to its establishment of 80.

"The mules readily acclimatised themselves," says Captain Macdonald. "They keep in first-class condition here. There is plenty of grazing for them and we let them out every available moment. When we want them, we just drive them in like lively cows. There is no difficulty about that — though when we first let them out it was a different story: it took four days to get the last one home."

There are men with plenty of experience of animals in the British cadre. Captain Macdonald has been working with horses and mules for 35 years. In World War Two he served at an Army remount depot in India and took mules to Burma. **OVER**



The mules enjoy as much free time on the grass as possible. When they are trained, they can be rounded up with no trouble.

2 THEY SAIL THE CHINA SEA

FROM Jardine Steps, near the southernmost tip of Singapore Island, a grey-painted harbour-launch sets off every half-hour of the day, except between one o'clock and six o'clock in the morning.

Its first stop is at Pulau Blakang Mati, the Island of After Death. Its second is at Pulau Brani, the Island of the Brave.

Among the passengers for Brani are soldiers wearing the badge of the Royal Army Service Corps, and on their arms the blue ensign with crossed swords of the RASC Fleet.

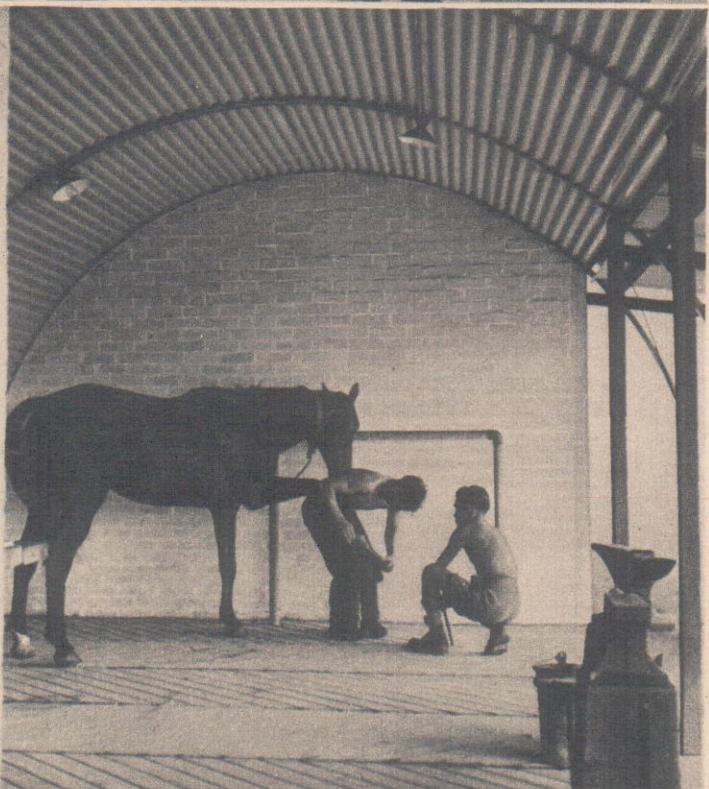
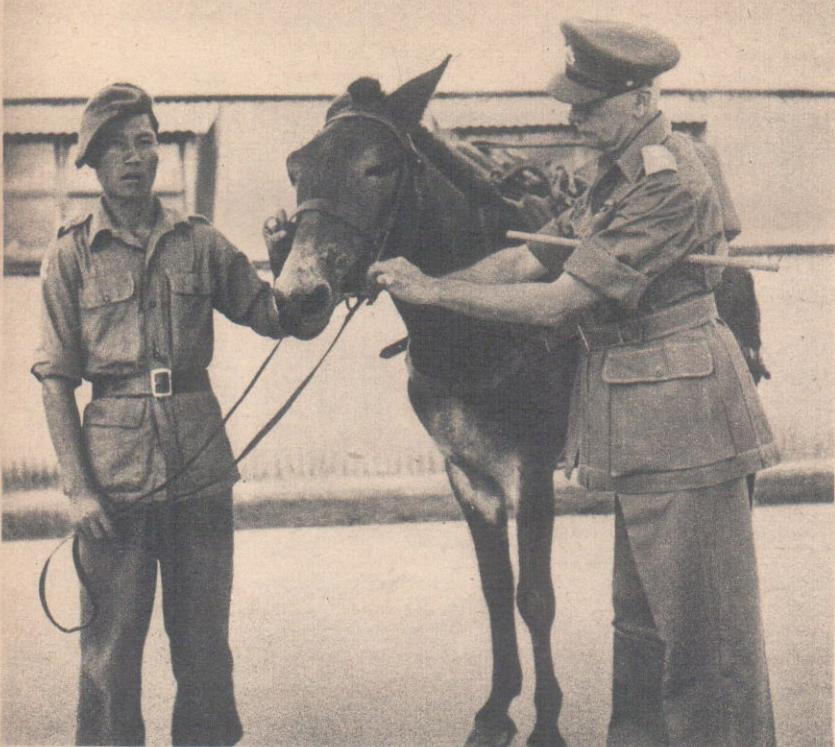
The Brani passengers take a critical interest in the way the ferry launch is handled. For they and the RASC Fleet passengers belong to the same unit: 986 Company (Water Transport).

Brani, 1000 yards long and 300 yards wide, is their headquarters. Their Commanding Officer, Major R. Cleasby, they will tell you, is the "government" on Brani and he has two Malay villages, with about 3000 civilian Malays in his command. Part of his island is occupied by the world's biggest tin-smelting works.

They will also tell you that they are the busiest and the biggest unit in the RASC Fleet. They do nearly everything that "soft-skinned" shipping can do for the Army.

The unit's biggest vessels are 5000-ton LST's (landing ships, tank), which carry supplies from the Far East base at Singapore to the garrison of Hong-Kong.

At Kowloon, in Hong-Kong Colony, the 5000-ton *Charles MacLeod* (a craft with a history) opens her jaws to load and unload after a trip across the China Sea from Singapore.



Above: Old Mac is inspected. Captain Macdonald picked Old Mac as the best figure of a mule in his first batch. Below: The Nissen hut smithy. One of the unit's racing ponies receives a pedicure.

THERE'S STILL A JOB FOR A MULE (Continued)

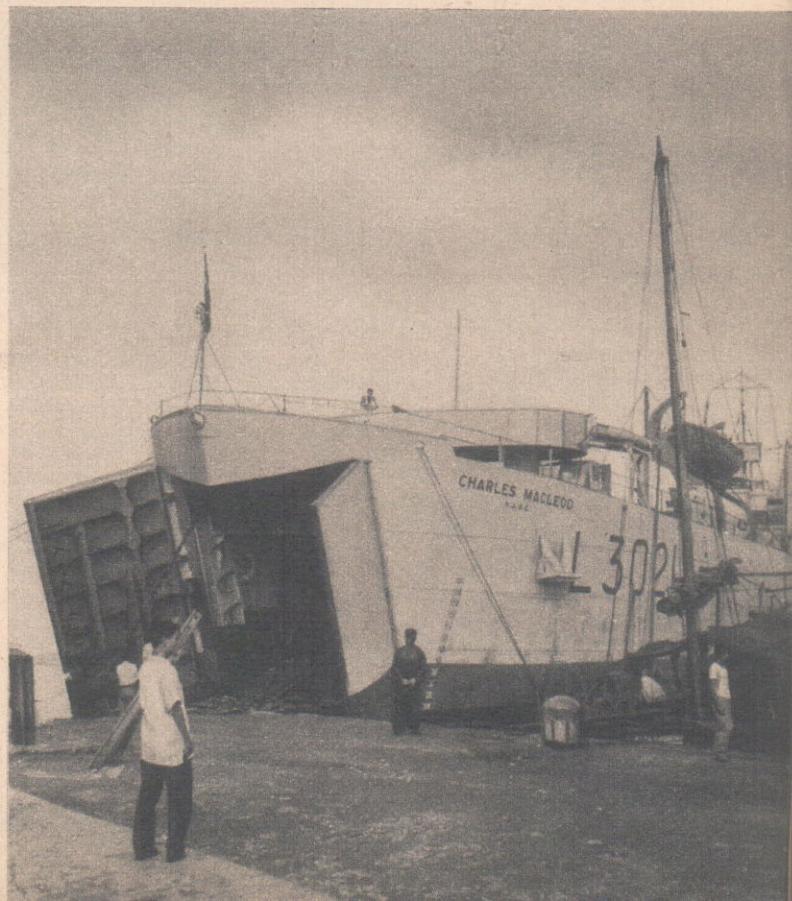
Lieutenant P. L. Scott, who raised the original cadre of the unit and took it to Hong-Kong, was on the staff of the Animal Training Centre at Aldershot from 1945 until the Troop was raised. CSM R. A. Hill, another of the "originals," was a Cavalryman before he went to the RASC. Also attached to the Troop is a small unit of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, under an officer, to look after the health of the mules.

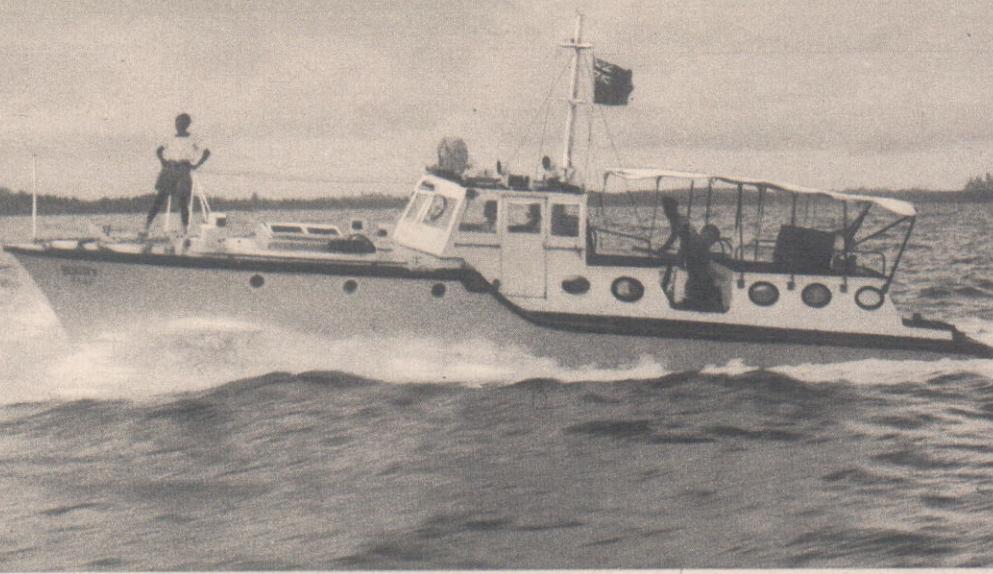
The Troop also has eight Australian-bred racing ponies which were bought from the

Hong-Kong Jockey Club. On these ride officers and NCO's who perform the same services for slow mule convoys as do motor-cyclists for lorry convoys.

On four out of five sides of the plain in which the mule company is stationed, mountains rise as high as 3000 feet. When Captain Macdonald has visitors, he points round the hills with his walking stick.

"There is no hill you can see that those mules haven't been over," he says. "And nothing has beaten them."





of Johore. Sometimes they land troops on the beaches for combined operations against bandits.

When a tin-mine in Trengganu, on the east coast of Malaya, deep in bandit country, was threatened with closing down through lack of plant, one ammunition craft loaded the machinery at Singapore and sailed it round into the China Sea and up the Trengganu river to land it at the mine.

The ammunition craft took a fresh meat ration, on the hoof, to troops fighting the bandits in Northern Malaya, when there was foot-and-mouth disease in Singapore. They loaded live sheep straight from the ships which had brought them to Singapore and carried them up to Port Swettenham, on the west coast.

The fast River-class launches of 986 Company, the "staff-cars" of the RASC Fleet, carry policemen and police wireless sets on patrols at the approaches to Singapore and part of the Malayan coast. From time to time, too, they take officers to reconnoitre beaches for combined operation landings against the bandits.

In Johore, some units fighting the bandits are completely dependent on the Company's 50-foot general service launches. Bumping crocodiles aside, they carry food and ammunition to units in places to which no roads lead, and bring back casualties.

Ramped cargo lighters, which draw only 21 inches of water, are useful for similar jobs. They were originally built as vehicle ferries and they can carry two three-tonners and one 15-hundredweight. Among their jobs has been taking jeeps to places where they can be useful on tracks but which they cannot reach by road. The lighters have been as far as 80 miles up jungle creeks and rivers, sometimes on waterways which have never been explored.

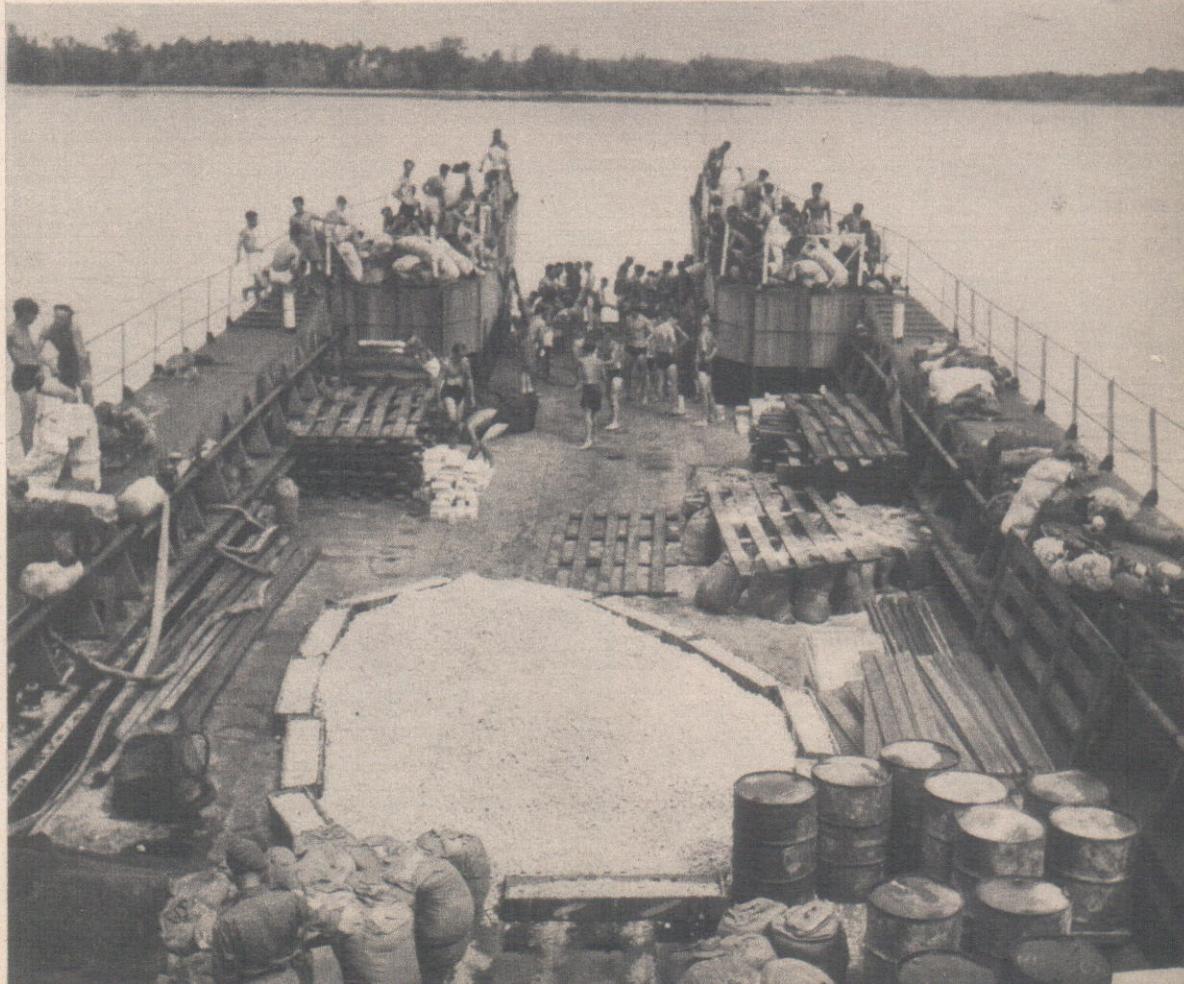
Like some gliders, the lighters were built to be expendable. They would make, it was planned, one operation only, and they were built lightly of plywood. But 986 Company has been using them for two years. "And," says Major Cleasby, "we hope to use them for at least another two years yet."

The Company has one motor fishing vessel which is being converted into the Army's only cable

Above: One of the "staff-cars" of the RASC Fleet: the fast motor-launch *Burly*. (Picture: Major R. Cleasby.)

Right: One of the Dickens class. Her crew are proud of her, even with such an unlovely name. (Picture: Capt. P. J. Green.)

Below: Operational task: Troops fighting bandits far from railways and ports depend on these craft for supplies. (Picture: Major R. Cleasby.)





THEY SAIL THE CHINA SEA (Continued)

ship. It will take over the work of laying the Army's submarine cables and maintaining and recovering them in the waters around Singapore. Another notable vessel at Singapore is the *Armentières*, a Battle-class 30-knot target tower, which was originally sent out to Singapore in 1945 to be Earl Mountbatten's barge after the Japanese surrender. It does duty as the Commander-in-Chief's barge on special occasions, when it replaces one of the fast motor-launches.

Backbone of 986 Company are the harbour-launches. Besides running the ferry-services to Brani and Blakang Mati for both Servicemen and civilians ("and it is more punctual than most bus services," claims Major Cleasby), the launches have tasks in less civilised waters. Some of them are on permanent detachment, to help with operations against the bandits. They give service to isolated detachments, some of which they serve full-time, and carry out patrols on the jungle rivers.

To man its craft, the Company has a mixed bag of crews. There are British and Malayan soldiers and civilians as skippers, cox-

swains, marine engineers and deckhands. Among the soldiers are old sea-dogs like WO 1 (Navigator) G. Wilkinson, who commands ADC 1111 and is reputed to delight troops he carries on combined operations with a bass fiddle.

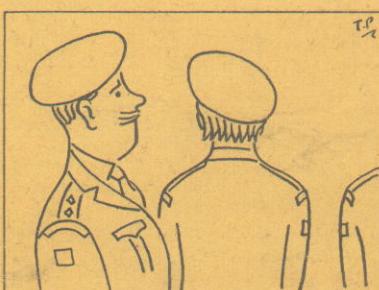
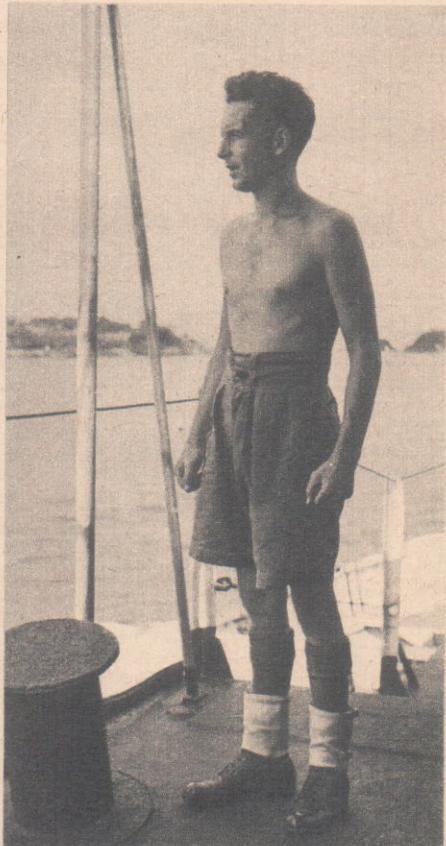
The skipper of ADC 742 is Serjeant W. Dawber, who holds the Singapore amateur light-heavy-weight boxing championship and several Service titles. Commander of one of the three flotillas into which the Company is divided is 2/Lieutenant D.J.C. Wickes, who recently sailed a ramped cargo lighter on a 400-mile sea journey with a dangerous cargo urgently needed in Northern Malaya. Veteran of the Company is a Malay, Foreman-Waterman Mansoor Bin Haji Noor, who has had more than 20 years with the RASC Fleet in Singapore.

The most surprised man in the Company a few months ago was Corporal S. F. Scorgie. In 1945 he was serving in the Royal Navy, as a member of the crew of LCT 742, when he went home for release. In 1947 he joined the Army. And last spring he was posted as coxswain to a ship: LCT (now ADC) 742.

Above: Ammunition Dumping Craft 742 was a Royal Navy ship operating from Singapore before the Army took her over.

Right: Corporal S.F. Scorgie, coxswain of ADC 742, has been in the Royal Navy and served on the same ship when she was LCT 742.

Below: From Hong-Kong, the Charles MacLeod heads through the Lei Mun gap for the open sea, on her way home to Singapore.



"Haircut."





The *Axe* at speed. Note the three stars, to denote a Lieutenant-General's craft.



Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Mansergh (right), on board the *Axe* with Major-General G. C. Evans, GOC Land Forces, Hong-Kong.

3 THE BUSIEST BARGE IN THE ARMY

LIKE admirals, generals whose commands include a good deal of water have barges — smart little craft of the RASC Fleet which carry them to the units they command.

The busiest barge in the Army is probably the *Axe*, the green-and-white River-class launch which carries Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Mansergh, Commander-in-Chief, Hong-Kong. General Mansergh's headquarters are on Hong-Kong Island; most of his units are in the New Territories on the mainland. So nearly every day General Mansergh crosses the stretch of water between Victoria and Kowloon. Sometimes he goes to visit one of the little islands in the area or some distant point on the coast.

The *Axe* carries three stars on each bow, near the name, to denote the rank of her "owner," and on top of the wheel-house

is a glass-sided box which can be lit from inside at night and on which anyone can read the letters GOC-in-C.

She is not particularly luxurious, but she has a cabin in which passengers can shelter from Hong-Kong's frequent rain. And she can do 18 knots — 21 at a pinch. She carries important visitors to the Commander-in-Chief; Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Mr. John Strachey, Secretary for War, were recent passengers.

Her coxswain is Private K. Alsop who was a merchant seaman before he joined the RASC Fleet, two and a half years ago. He has a crew of four Chinese, all enlisted into the corps. They belong to Hong-Kong's Water Transport Company RASC, and wear blue berets with the RASC badge, white shirts and shorts and the RASC Fleet flash.

Left: The glass name-plate on top of the wheel-house lights up at night. Below: Private K. Alsop, coxswain of the *Axe*. His crew are Chinese.



THIS story by a British soldier (still serving) who joined the guerillas in Malaya after the fall of Singapore has been read by Lieut-Colonel F. Spencer Chapman DSO, who underwent a similar experience (described in his book "The Jungle Is Neutral"). Lieut-Colonel Spencer Chapman, now headmaster of the King Alfred School at Plön, in the British Zone of Germany, writes:

"I have read Corporal Smith's story with enormous interest. I agree very much with him when he says that the rank and file were certainly not Communists. They went into the jungle as the

only way they could have a crack at the Japanese. Communist leaders got to work on them and gave them "education," and the Chinese set great store by education. They were far more interested in the fact that I was an MA than that I was a major, although we were at war with the Japanese. Those Communist leaders are responsible for the trouble there now. I agree very much with Corporal Smith's description of the food and general conditions. Life in the camps down south must have been very similar to what it was in the north. I would very much like to meet Corporal Smith and talk over old times."

HE LIVED THE BANDIT LIFE

TO Corporal Brian O. Smith of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment, in Germany, the news from Malaya has an unusually intimate interest: he knows what it is to be on the run in the jungle.

For Corporal Smith — then Private Smith of the 2nd Battalion, The Loyal Regiment — spent three years with a unit of the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army, the organisation which set the pattern for the present terrorist bands.

Private Smith was no tenderfoot in the Far East when he served against the Japanese in Malaya. He had been brought up in China and Japan (gaining an elementary knowledge of Japanese sword fighting and Judo) and it was in Shanghai that he enlisted in the British Army.

In February 1942, he was one of a party cut off 60 miles from Singapore by the advancing Japanese. Running the risk of treachery and ambush, they tried to get back to Singapore and were nearly there when they heard that the island had surrendered.

Some of the party made off to Sumatra; others surrendered to the Japanese. Smith and his companions laid low by day and begged or helped themselves to food from Chinese and Malay villages at night.

Corporal Smith writes:

ABOUT April, 1942, while wandering through a secondary jungle, we came across a camp of Chinese, one or two of whom were armed. They fed us and then took us to their leader. He explained in fair English that we had run into part of the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army: would we join? Having nothing to lose, we agreed.

Only the key men of this body were Communists. The rank and file were just Chinese working men who had united against the invader. That was the position in 1942. In the three years I was with them, daily doses of propaganda put over by experienced rabble-rousers had changed the picture. By 1945 the younger ones especially were completely Communist in all but party membership, a privilege reserved for the exclusive few.

The 4th troop of the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army, with whom I served, was scattered about South Johore. Why "troop?" I never did find out. In any other army it would have been called a regiment. The "sharp-end" boys lived on the edges of the jungle or on overgrown rubber plantations, in camps 30 to 40 men strong; from these, they sallied out to beat up police posts, shoot traitors and generally annoy the Japanese. The fighting men were the best types as they were men of action

and not politically minded. Deeper in the jungle were the echelons and headquarters. Here, camps of as many as 100 men, with a sprinkling of women, looked to the political well-being, the organising and supplying of the army.

All camps were similar in construction. They consisted of *atap* (leaf) huts built in a man-made or natural clearing near a stream or river. I often wonder what effect burning an empty Communist camp, or for that matter bombing it from the air, can have on the present war. The easiest part of establishing a camp is putting up huts with the ample material on hand — leaves and cane.

Supplying a camp is another matter. All our food had to be man-packed in, thus our camps were never far from cultivation. The amount of rice in Malaya during the Japanese occupation was limited. Consequently we lived on a staple diet of sweet potatoes or tapioca roots cooked with rice when we had any. Sometimes we pirated Chinese junks carrying Japanese cargoes

of rice to Singapore. These vessels, sailing close inshore, were used to keep down the heavy losses of larger craft due to Allied bombing.

Today the Communists should be better off for rice. This is a food which will store easily and one man can carry enough uncooked rice to supply the needs of many. The same cannot be said for sweet potatoes or tapioca roots.

We used to eat twice daily at about ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. In groups of five, we would sit around one communal small tasty dish of maggoty fish cooked with pine-apple, dog-meat, monkey entrails, or just plain beef depending on the occasion, and shovel down bowlfuls of rice and sweet potato. At first we used chop-sticks, but, finding the average Chinese too deaf and quick, we resorted to spoons. It was policy to pick small eaters for companions.

Our daily round consisted of potato hauling, potato peeling, potato growing, potato cooking and potato eating. In fact our whole lives centred on the sweet

potato. The loss of prestige suffered by British arms made the Communists reluctant at first to give us a fighting role. Fever, desertion, suicide and capture reduced to two our original total of 27 British and Australian Infantrymen. These included men of the 2nd Loyals, 6th Norfolks, 2nd Cambridgeshires, 2nd/19th (Queensland), 2nd/29th (Victorians) and 2nd/30th (New South Wales). We were all Infantry — no Gunners, Sappers or other arms.

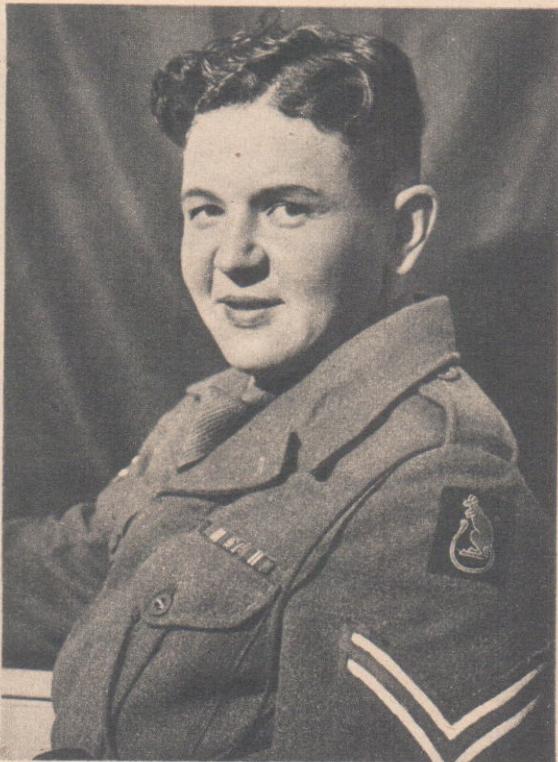
That first year saw us in very bad condition because of our despondency, the humiliation of the British defeat, and our "greenness" in the jungle. We were not yet adapted to the diet, which improved as the years went by and we became more resourceful. At one time I looked like a living skeleton, all but my waistline which was blown out to 40 inches through malnutrition. At the turn of 1942 we buried 11 men in a fortnight.

If we fell ill, there was nothing for it but to let the illness take its course. The only medicine we had was quinine. I had malaria, beri-beri and what the Americans call athlete's foot; and at one stage I went blind for some days. Deep in the jungle, we found, there were fewer diseases to be caught than near habitation. We went barefoot and wore native dress when our uniforms gave out.

Fairly regularly, we received a verbose news sheet, in English. It was full of the doings of "our glorious Soviet brethren." Occasionally the news was of Burma and our opinion of the seemingly sun-like progress there just did not bear repetition.

We had other things to read, too — books left behind by planters. These included John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*, some novels of John Buchan, poems by Robert W. Service, Dennis Wheatley's *The Red Eagle* (an account of the rise of Marshal Voroshilov, which I read no fewer than 20 times), and a number of pre-war newspapers.

I learned to speak a little Mandarin Chinese, but only as a sop to a Communist intellectual, who was a friend of ours, and whom we called "schoolie." I never became an enthusiast, because despite "schoolie's" dream of a Red China and all the little Chinas beyond the seas speaking



The soldier who lived in the jungle now wears the flash of the desert: Corporal Brian O. Smith.



Mean, moody and magnificent: Prince, the School's pedigree boar, is one of the biggest in Germany. CSM Ernest Dale and Sergeant A. Hemsley teach him not to be camera-shy. Below: Two-day piglets are worth good money. Sergeant C. Robson soothes the sow by stroking her stomach during a spirited flank attack.



THE OLD FIRM ON A NEW FARM

Rhine Army has given up its herds. Instead of the School of Agriculture there is now a School of Horticulture — but there are still livestock on strength.

Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski.

A few months ago, Rhine Army's 250-acre farm at Ostinghausen, near Mohne See in Westphalia, was handed back to the Germans. The Rhine Army School of Agriculture, which since 1946 had trained hundreds of soldiers and many Service girls in dairy, arable, pig and poultry farming and horticulture, was faced with disbandment.

But there was still a great demand for the training to continue, especially for the benefit of the Regular soldier in need of a re-settlement course.

The problem was to set up the school elsewhere in Germany — and there was no other farm available. So a plan was worked out for the school to save what they could. It was impossible to find sufficient acreage for the dairy and arable sections to be continued and these had to be given up. But in Bad Oeynhausen, Rhine Army's Headquarters town, there were several large plots of land, some already cultivated, and two small nurseries. Here the school set up its horticultural section.

Several miles away at Minden was a dis-used stable in a barracks and a small piece of waste land. On the ground floor of the building modern pigsties were built and the top floor was converted into pens for the poultry used for indoor breeding. A completely

furnished incubator room was also constructed. The ducks, geese and chickens used in outdoor breeding are kept on the spare ground.

Today this school, now renamed the Rhine Army School of Horticulture, is gradually being built up with a new bias towards horticulture and because it is in a large garrison town it provides not only instruction to students but a plentiful supply of cheap fruit, vegetables and flowers for British families living there.

In Bad Oeynhausen the gardens and nurseries comprise ten acres of land. Here the school grows many kinds of fruit, flowers and vegetables and sells them from the Welfare shop to British families and messes at prices far below local charges. In August and September the horticultural section grew

OVER



Many men think they know how to use a spade—till Serjeant Ernest Miller tells them. Right: The school tractor is used for many jobs—even for delivering produce to the Welfare shop.



With a dinner tucked under each arm: Serjeant C. Robson.

THE OLD FIRM ON A NEW FARM (Cont'd)

13,310 lbs of potatoes, which sold at 7 lbs for 6d, 650 cabbages and 823 savoys at 2d-3d each, 1020 heads of lettuces at 1d each, 2573 lbs of tomatoes for 3d a lb and 1380 lbs of carrots at 2d a lb. In the summer British families were kept well supplied with strawberries and every day scores of bunches of cut flowers were sold.

But the real aim of the school is to teach its students the basic principles of horticulture. Many of them have had some experience before they arrive, so they get off to a good start. At the end of the month's course they will have learned by lectures, films and demonstrations a great deal about soil-types, manures and tools; how to store fruit and vegetables; rotation of crops; spraying and pruning; glasshouse management; hedging and fencing; how to take cuttings, graft a tree, cultivate mushrooms.

Says the Commandant, Captain W. A. W. Adderson DSO, of the Royal Norfolk Regiment: "We do not pretend to teach all there is to know about horticulture; that is the job of a life-time. But we do give the men a sound basic knowledge which they can carry with them if they take the Ministry of Agriculture's 12-months course when they leave the Army. Many of our students have gone on that course and have done well."

The horticulture section also has a tractor which can be used for a multiplicity of jobs, including ploughing and harrowing. It also has its own circular saw for cutting up trees into



Soldier in the glasshouse: every few days the earth round these young plants must be loosened with a sliver of wood.

logs to heat the nursery glass-houses.

At the Pig and Poultry section in Minden is one of the largest boars in Germany, if not the largest—Prince, a huge pedigree English White weighing just over eight hundredweights, and well over eight feet from snout to tail. His wives and progeny are housed in neat, white-washed sties. The pig population for instructional purposes totals 25, and this provides the students with a thorough knowledge of most aspects of pig keeping. CSM Ernest Dale, of the Seaforths, who was pigkeeping and arable farming instructor at the old School of Agriculture, takes them through the whole process from the day piglets are born to the time fully-grown pigs are ready for the slaughter-house. His students are sometimes roused from bed at two in the morning to see a sow give birth to a litter. They clean out the sties and prepare the swill in huge urns, learn how to select a piglet which will turn into a good sow and decide which piglets should become hogs and gilts. They are told everything about a pig's anatomy, how to treat illnesses and diseases, how to tattoo the ears with a pedigree mark and how to cut a young piglet's milk teeth so that it will not be able to harm its mother when feeding.

"Pig-keeping can be profitable if you go the right way about it," says CSM Dale. "It is no job for a dabbling amateur."

The poultry expert at the school is Serjeant Albert Hemsley, of the Royal Engineers who

gives instruction in indoor and outdoor methods of breeding. To combat the lack of sun and the danger of over-fouling the runs he gives his indoor poultry half-an-hour's ultra-violet ray treatment every day and covers the run floors with a special easy-to-clean composition. Serjeant Hemsley begins his instruction with a batch of eggs in the incubators. Students see the chick gradually taking shape in the fertilised egg. Every seven days until the chicks hatch out they test the eggs under an incubator light. Those eggs which are not fertilised are removed and given to the pigs for breakfast next morning.

The students familiarise themselves with the life of a chicken from the time the chick breaks the shell until it becomes a first-class layer or is killed off as a table bird. They learn how to erect their own hen-houses, how to tell a cockerel from a pullet in the early stages (a pullet has a more delicately formed head, for instance). They are told the tricks of cross-breeding and in-breeding to produce prolific layers. Serjeant Hemsley himself has brought up eight White Leghorn hens which in 17 days laid 92 eggs. He is also rearing and fattening 14 turkeys for Christmas.

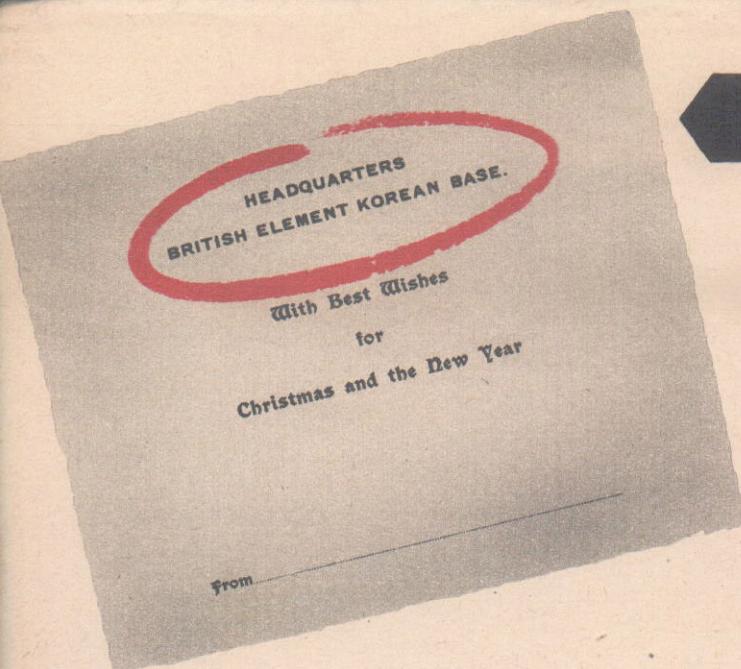
One fact that Serjeant Hemsley impresses on his students is that no animals suffer so badly from indigestion as chickens. The only course is to feed them regularly to the hour every day and mash their food as finely as possible.

E. J. GROVE



Mrs. Wilkins, wife of CSM T. Wilkins, pauses at the well-stocked window of the Welfare Shop in Bad Oeynhausen. Below: That's the kind of cabbage she buys for threepence.





An order from a new land far away:
it was treated as a rush job.

Crowns, swords, lions and cockerels—
NAAFI can find the dies to stamp them all.

Stamping crests and tying ribbons—
it's just one of NAAFI's back-room
industries. And a flourishing one, too

They Print Your Christmas Cards

NOW take the regimental Christmas card (says the unit wiseacre). Simple little thing, isn't it? Just a folded slip of cardboard stamped with the regimental crest and tied with a coloured ribbon. Yet look what they charge for it! It's a racket, you know. Battening on sentiment, that's what it is. These people make enough money in a couple of months to keep them for the rest of the year.

With the approach of Christmas there is sure to be somebody in the unit holding forth along these lines.

No good pointing out to him that the unit was canvassed for orders back in May or June, or that units in distant lands must have their cards by the end of October in order to send them back to Britain in time (many Christmas cards cross the world twice). He knows all about it.

But does he know that even while he is talking plans are already being made and materials collected for Christmas 1951? Does he know how much skilled labour goes into printing a coloured crest less than half an inch square?

The production of a good quality Christmas card requires the co-operation of such highly-skilled craftsmen as die-makers, die stampers and retouchers—not forgetting the girls who tie the knots in the ribbons, a job which few girls can learn successfully after they are 20 years old.

By the end of summer each year, the printing branch of NAAFI has stockpiled a supply of its normal printed forms and is stripped to deal with a rising tide of orders for Christmas cards. By this time most units

have selected their design. They have chosen, perhaps, a picture which they want reproduced inside the card and have sent it to NAAFI's printing branch in south-east London. It may be a valuable oil painting from the mess, or it may be a photograph of some recent regimental function.

Sometimes these photographs need tactful retouching. Recently a photograph was received of a military parade in the grounds of an historic ruined castle. It seemed a most suitable scene until a close scrutiny revealed, in an embrasure of the castle wall, a Guardsman enthusiastically embracing a young lady. Both were oblivious of the parade and even more so of the fact that their brief encounter was to be immortalised in the regimental Christmas card.

When all details of design have been settled, production can

begin. The biggest job is stamping the crest. If it contains yellow, black and blue, for instance, one metal block, or die, has to be engraved with the yellow parts, another with the black parts and a third with the blue. The card is printed with each colour in turn, and both the engraving and the printing must be scrupulously accurate if a creditable crest is to be achieved. A fourth die, engraved with the whole crest, is then used to "burnish" the colours, to make them stand out and glow.

The making of the dies is done without charge to the unit, although for one card 15 dies had to be cut. These can be kept for use another year. Since they began printing Christmas cards in 1923 NAAFI have accumulated the dies for some 3000 crests. One of the latest additions to their library is the crest of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

"MINDEN GAP" IS RHINE ARMY CHOICE



EVERY soldier in Rhine Army knows the Minden Gap, with its mighty monument to Kaiser Wilhelm I. Two hundred years ago some thousands of British soldiers had good reason to know the Gap, too—for that was where the British defeated the French at a battle which is remembered on Minden Day.

But there were battles in the Gap long before then. It was near here, in the year 9 AD, that the Roman legions led by Varus were defeated by Arminius, Prince of the Cherusci, who inhabited the plains.

This year Rhine Army soldier-artists were invited to submit paintings of the Minden Gap, and the best was selected for Rhine Army's Christmas card. The successful artist was Warrant Officer Desmond Lewis, Royal Army Educational Corps, an instructor at the education centre in Bad Oeynhausen. He spent many hours with easel and paints beside the autobahn, painting the historic scene.

Warrant Officer Lewis, who formerly worked in a publicity studio producing textile designs, posters and book covers, has won prizes at Rhine Army's painting exhibitions. He spends much of his spare time painting textile designs in preparation for the day when he hopes to set up his own textile designing business and find time for serious painting.



Next comes the ribbon. Hundreds of different regimental patterns are stored in tiers of drawers and the printing branch manager, Mr. W. Smith, knows most of them on sight. There is a special knack in tying the ribbon. The knot must be just so and in a striped ribbon the lightest colour must always be nearest the crest. Fortune awaits the man who invents a ribbon-tying machine. A search for one has been going on for years, but all Christmas card firms still have to tie by hand. NAAFI employ both permanent and temporary staff for this operation.

On the permanent staff is Miss Violet Hooper of Walworth, who joined NAAFI on her release from the ATS in 1946.

"When you have tied ribbons for eight hours a day, three months in the year, for a couple of years," she says, "you can

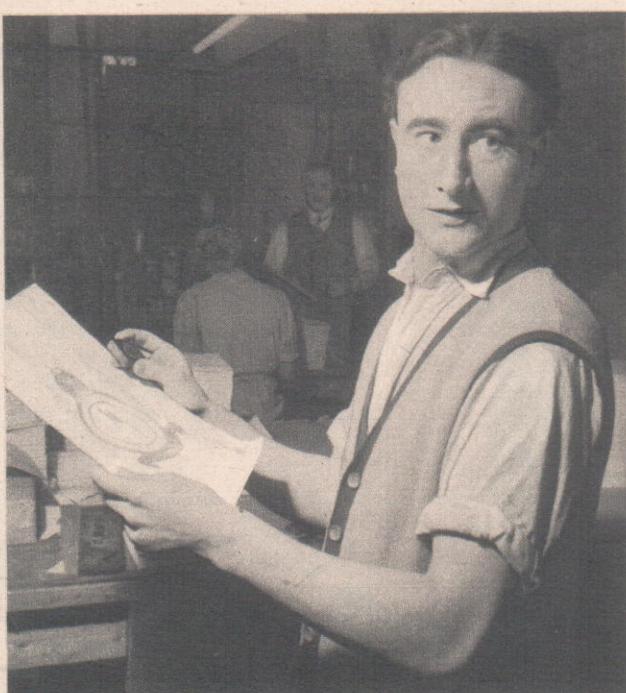
do it without looking." Her ambition this year is to tie the card that her young brother, who is doing his National Service with the Royal Horse Artillery in Middle East, will eventually send back to her. A similar ambition was fulfilled last year for Mrs. Joyce Keane, who tied the cards for her husband's unit when he was serving with REME.

Since its outset, the NAAFI printing branch has been fulfilling more and bigger orders for Christmas cards each year. This year has seen all records broken; in fact the order book was already full by mid-October. Even so, at least one special rush order was fitted in. On 20 September 2500 cards were ordered by the British Element in Korea. By 26 September the cards were printed and on their way.

TED JONES

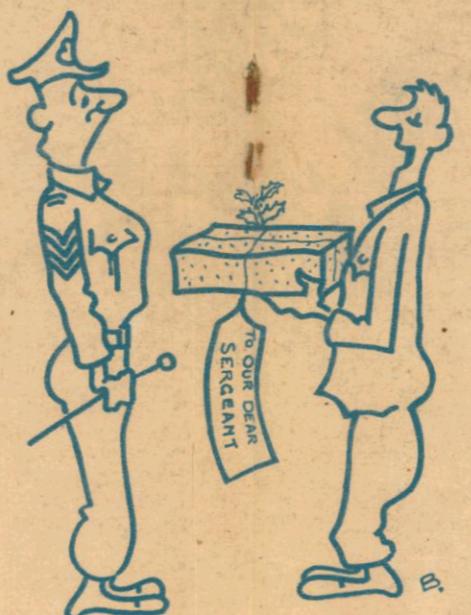


Here Mr. W. Smith, manager of the printing branch, discusses with his assistant a picture which a unit wishes reproduced in its Christmas card. Below, left: In the department of nimble fingers, Mrs. Joyce Keane examines a new ribbon. Last year she tied the ribbon on a card which her husband later posted to her.



Mr. A. Carter, ex-Maritime Regiment, ex-paratrooper, ex-RAOC, is now a die stamp minder. He checks the dies against the drawings.

CHRISTMAS JESTS - and a Jingle



"So we all got together and decided to send you crackers."



"And now, my dear, we shall see if the officers of this regiment live up to their motto of 'Gallantry above all things'."



Hither, Muse, like a bat from Hell!
What you heard was the Christmas bell.
Say some words to the Personnel!

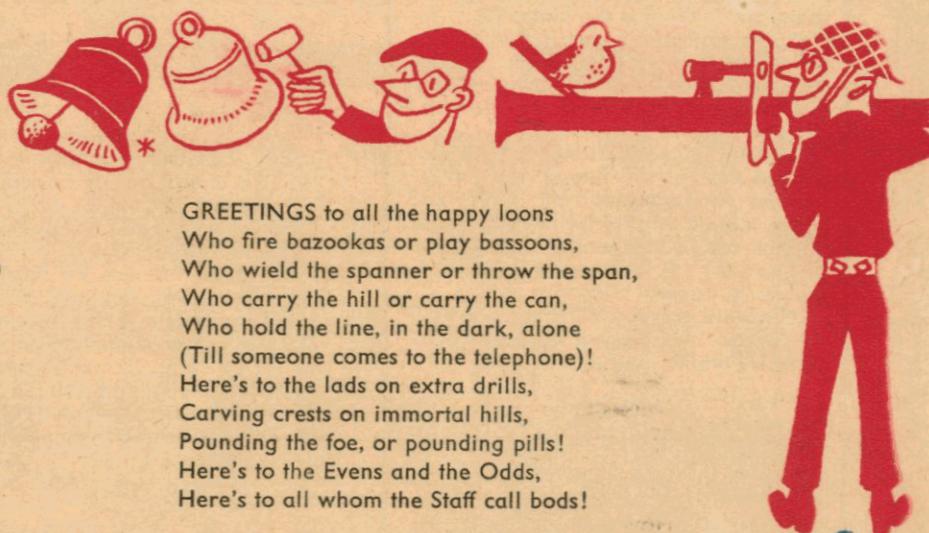
GREETINGS to all, at home, afar,
At Arborfield and at Alor Star!
Here's to your right rude health, Korea!
Top of the morning, Eritrea!
Girls, have you got your mistletoe
In Klagenfurt? And in Fontainebleau?
How is the turkey in Hamelin?
What do you quaff in Qassassin?
Hail to the ghostly hosts of Quetta!
Ho, Jamaica! And hi, Valetta!
All the best for a good old beano
In Gib., and Mackinnon Road, and Duino!



GREETINGS, BODIES!

HAIL to the Teeth and hail to the Tail!
Hail to the Foot! To the footsore, hail!
Greetings to Second Echelon,
Greetings, too, to the Pentagon!
Greetings to rookies shifting coals,
Greetings to purity patrols,
Greetings to all who Knock and Wait,
Who slave in the butts, who stack the freight,
Who stand in the class-room naming parts,
Or sit in the office cooking charts!
Greetings to soldiers in sarongs,
Greetings to sentries guarding gongs,
Greetings to colonels (masc. and fem.),
Greetings to sahibs (plain or mem.)!
Greetings to grannies in the ranks,
Hail to the Treasury—and thanks!
Hail to the Redcaps (dear old pals),
Hail to the Ter-ri-for-i-als!

HERE'S to the Army's fleet (heave ho!),
To Kneller Hall (vo-do-deo-do),
To war dogs (ouch!) and to frogmen (squelch!)
To the wary Welsh and the wiry Welch,
To Loyals and Royals, Grenadiers,
To Carabiniers and Fusiliers,
To the Micks and Jocks, and all who wear
The Rat, the Dragon, the Bull, the Bear!
Greetings to housey-housey schools,
Greetings to psycho-warfare pools,
Greetings to battle demonstrators,
Greetings to Forces commentators
(Like Mr. Blank of the *Daily Song*,
Who gets it late and who gets it wrong,
Who mocks at polish and sneers at paint,
And weeps false tears when the Guardsmen faint!)
Here's to the British Legion! Here's
To the "Z" Reserve (and a truce to fears!)
To the MFO and the SIB,
And Greetings (Sssh!) to Security!



GREETINGS to all the happy loons
Who fire bazookas or play bassoons,
Who wield the spanner or throw the span,
Who carry the hill or carry the can,
Who hold the line, in the dark, alone
(Till someone comes to the telephone!)
Here's to the lads on extra drills,
Carving crests on immortal hills,
Pounding the foe, or pounding pills!
Here's to the Evens and the Odds,
Here's to all whom the Staff call bods!

Thank you, Muse. That was silly done.
Now you may rest till 'Fifty-One.

Verses by ERNEST TURNER
Decorations by FRANK FINCH



TRY THESE AFTER YOUR

How Much Do You Know?

1. The latest craze among American youths is for "souped-up hot rods"—meaning what?

2. Can you pair off these publishers with the correct partners: Hodder, Secker, Chatto, Warburg, Windus, Stoughton, Hall, Spottiswoode, Eyre and Chapman?

3. Mr. Ernest Hemingway recently wrote a much criticised novel called "Across The Water And Into The Trees," "Across The River And Into The Woods," "Across The River And Into The Trees," "Across The Forest And Over The Stream," "Across The Stream And Into The Forest"—which?

4. Which of these is out of place: tango, fandango, confango, minuet, rumba, samba, waltz?

5. Moll Flander's was: (a) the wayward heroine of a book by Daniel Defoe; (b) Dick Turpin's first horse; (c) a woman who fought for Marlborough, in men's attire; (d) a famous cannon. Which?

6. Can you name the island on which bitches are not allowed?

7. Seamen talk of "abait the binnacle." What is the binnacle?

8. If a woman appears in bikinis, she is wearing: (a) calf-length shorts; (b) suede sandals; (c) ultra-brief bathing costume; (d) garlands of flowers. Which?

9. The United Nations recently discussed the Fon of Bikom. This was: (a) an African chief with 100 wives; (b) a violent wind which ravages the Sudan; (c) an independent tribal area in Jordan; (d) a Burmese idol with rubies in its eyes. Which?

10. Here is a lively French girl who appeared in a recent film about a soldier. Name, please.

(Answers on Page 46)



THREE-HOUR CROSSWORD

ACROSS:

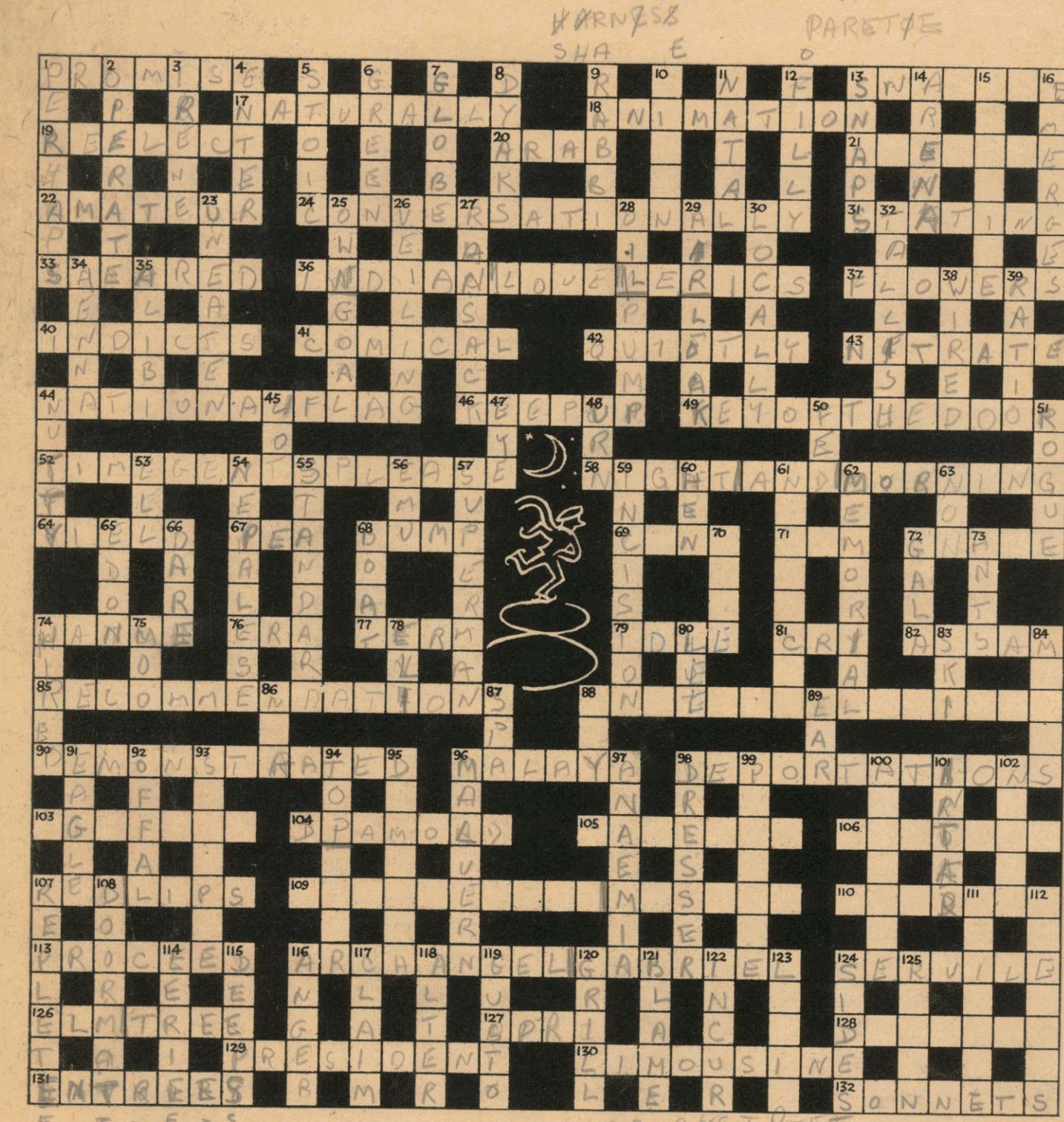
- A word found on a pound note. (7)
- A piece of harness to filch. (7)
- Without artifice. (9)
- "I am not Ina." (anag.) (9)
- Return to office democratically. (7)
- Gunners in a sailor. (4)
- Mean but not miserly. (7)
- Unpaid exponent. (7)
- Lastly, carve onion—in a chatty way. (16)
- Declaring. (7)
- Her a Communist? (7)
- Amorous songs of a sub-continent. (6, 4, 6)
- "Slow ref!" (anag.) (7)
- Accuses. (7)
- Funny-ha-ha! (7)
- Sh! (7)
- This chemical sounds like the speed of darkness. (7)
- No patriot would strike it. (8, 4)
- Maintain. (4, 2)
- According to the song, a 21st birthday acquisition. (3, 2, 3, 4)
- When the barmaid says this, she does not want to know what the clock says. (4, 5, 6)
- The ends of the day. (5, 3, 7)
- Surrender crop. (5)
- It improves a whistle. (3)
- Reading matter for a phrenologist. (4)
- Impossible tilt? (4)
- Does this load-carrier lead the way? (3)
- Fix glass . . . (5)
- . . . in this, perhaps. (5)
- Period from vituperation. (3)
- For a schoolboy, holidays put a this to a this. (4)
- RSM's adjective for slack Guardsman. (4)
- A good this can be fearful. (3)
- A tea-producing land. (5)
- "Menaced in motors" (anag.) (15)
- Musical performances, perhaps. (15)
- "Odd Man Street" (anag.) (12)
- Land of tin and rubber. (6)
- Removals of unwanted persons. (12)
- Party trick for a juggling chicken? (7)
- Sparkler. (7)
- This sailor is a partner and a sale-room item. (7)
- Pounds, but not money. (7)
- Signs of health—or cosmetics. (3, 4)
- Diet, mixed malt and race-meeting. (10, 6)
- The least well off. (7)
- Go!—Official. (7)
- The last trumpeter. (9, 7)
- Slavish. (7)
- Mere let is shady. (3, 4)
- Half a prefix. (4)
- Thrash out, and end with a naughty word. (7)
- This head man seems mostly to be living in. (9)
- A thousand and mixed IOU's in line. (9)
- These come after fish. (7)
- Verbs of 14 lines. (7)

DOWN:

- Maybe. (7)
- Pare toe? Then you do this on it. (7)
- Fair enemy yields this girl. (5)
- Put oneself down as a competitor. (5)
- Man of fortitude. (5)
- Spring colour. (5)
- A musical string and a piece of ear. (5)
- Wild men from Borneo. (5)
- Bunny loses his tail. (5)
- Split. (5)
- Birthplace in South Africa. (5)
- Little Miss Horse. (5)
- Photographs irritably? (5)
- Better place for lions than Christians in ancient Rome. (5)
- Horse-play in a line of soldiers. (7)
- Comes out. (7)
- Like the "overs" in the picnic basket. (7)
- Words no footballer likes to see after his score. (3, 4)
- Evil gin might cover a face. (7)
- Hashtened to the bag—to fill it with loot? (7)
- This keeps the motor running smoothly . . . (3, 4)
- . . . But this lets the motorist down. (3, 4)
- Not far away. (7)
- Describes a man about 5ft 11 ins. (7)
- The making of some ginger ladies. (5)
- Showing one was elsewhere at the time. (5)
- Soon cinemas may be this for vision as well as sound. (5)
- 94 down has a high one. (5)
- Likely to be to a squirrel's taste. (5)
- A chance to draw. (3)
- A glad one is saucy. (3)
- Vessel. (3)
- Full of edibles. (3)
- Twist a cosmetic for him. (5)
- "Give him an inch and he'll take an—" (3)
- This Asiatic has a friend inside. (8)
- Model flag. (8)
- Australian bird. (3)
- "Rum Panes" (anag.) (8)
- A cut. (8)
- Lady bird. (3)
- Ult. (8)
- Lasting commemoration. (8)
- No score. (3)
- The graduate in Spain? (4)
- Childish challenge. (4)
- To be in the same this with someone is to share his troubles. (4)
- A sort. (4)
- To be found in drinking a large whisky. (4)
- Soldierly insects. (4)
- Description of an occupied taxi? (5)
- Bovine conversation. (3)
- Prophet. (3)
- Shelter. (3)
- A wooden runner. (3)
- Goddesses of a thousand employments. (5)
- This way sent us Vikings. (3)
- Health resort. (3)

CHRISTMAS DINNER

RAMADHANA
ANIMATION



88. This climber is ever 6 down. (3)

89. Spike of corn. (3)

90. Bird noted for its sharp 47 down. (5)

91. Odd bits from the butcher's. (5)

92. Dotty art. (7)

93. Uppermost contents of a sailor's kit-bag? (3, 4)

94. Essential with Satan at the wheel. (5)

95. Well 50 down. (7)

96. Worcestershire town. (7)

97. Illness caused by leeches? (7)

98. May hold crockery or prepare a crab for the table or an actress for the stage. (7)

99. In favour of a piece of dust in the eye. (7)

100. Wind flower. (7)

101. This view may lead to an exchange of views. (5)

102. Where a welcome may be scuffed underfoot without offence. (7)

103. He would certainly want pure ice for his frappe. (7)

104. Locks without keys. (7)

105. Home of 91 down. (5)

106. Rate of knots in reverse. (5)

107. 500 will turn this to peril. (5)

108. Demand a piece of land for mining. (5)

109. Later for a change. (5)

110. Hidden in telling us to enjoy life. (5)

111. Cooking appliance known to exponents of third degree. (5)

112. Guilty responsibility. (5)

113. Order to a dog to enter? (5)

114. Bound. (5)

115. Sports teams or pieces of bacon. (5)

116. Mixed tempress is sticky stuff. (5)

(Solution on Page 46)



Sapper Oswald Turner, from Sheffield, wins prizes regularly at Bisley. But in the Army, as in civilian life, he is a locomotive fitter.



As a civilian, he is District Motive Power Superintendent at Manchester and Gorton. As a soldier he is Lieut-Col. K.R.M. Cameron, commanding 80 Workshop Regiment, Royal Engineers. In both jobs he works with locomotives.



Sapper Edward Eaton is on railways, too. He is a ganger at London Bridge. He went to France as a Supplementary Reservist in 1940, was on the *Lancastria* when she went down and swam for four hours before being rescued.



Carpenter in civilian life (on the railways in the Portsmouth area) and carpenter on the Supplementary Reserve: Sergeant Charles Cockcroft, aged 52, of 156 Engineer Stores Squadron.



If you travel on London Transport's Central Line, you may buy a ticket from Sapper George Smith, at East Acton station. And as a clerk in 153 Railway Traffic Squadron, he may one day book you a passage on a military line.



On a range course, RSM Arthur Butler, an ex-Infantryman, now a miller in Derby locomotive sheds, coaches Sapper Raymond Selwood, a locomotive fitter from Staffordshire.

Engine-drivers, opticians, schoolmasters and Guardsmen are among the men who do not fit into the Territorial Army but are still ready for a quick recall to the Colours

SUPPLEMENTARY

ALFRED Castle, a cheery north Londoner, is an engine driver employed by the Midland Region of British Railways. He is also an engine driver in the Army, and once a year — as a corporal — he goes to camp to drive military trains.

He is not a Regular, nor is he a Territorial. He belongs to a transportation unit in the Supplementary Reserve.

The Reserve, one of the least-known components of the Army, has two distinct functions. It provides Britain's Reserve Army with those units which for geographical reasons cannot be produced by the Territorial Army; and it provides pools of individual specialists.

Into the pools, and to some extent the units, are recruited men with specialist knowledge for whom there is little demand in the peace-time Army, but who are urgently needed in war.

There are more than 130 trades in the Supplementary Reserve list. They include not only the obvious trades but also such unexpected but useful people as clerks with traffic control experience, club and restaurant managers, coach painters and trimmers, confectioners, crawler

tractor operators, dog trainers, engine fitters for cold storage depots, lithographic printers, local produce buyers, moulder's pattern-makers and television mechanics, and such wide categories as labourers, drivers (all types) and "men with a mathematical bent."

The complete units make up four-fifths of the Supplementary Reserve. Once the Regular and Territorial Armies are mobilised they take their place as part of Corps and Army troops. Among them are Royal Engineer constructional regiments, lines of communication signal regiments and corps troop columns of the RASC.

The remaining fifth comprises the individual specialists: those technical and professional experts who in wartime are needed in any arm, from interpreters to solicitors.

In contrast to the Territorial Army, which is recruited on a local basis, the Supplementary Reserve is organised nationally. In no ways do the two overlap; they fit side by side into Britain's

RESERVE

mobilisation plan. For example, many units of this Reserve will be filled by National Servicemen who live outside Territorial unit areas or too far from drill halls of their particular arm. Because of its nation-wide distribution the Supplementary Reserve does no out-of-camp training.

The Supplementary Reserve is divided into four categories: 1a, 1b, 2a, 2b. In the "a" categories the men do 15 days annual camp if they belong to units, or training with Regular units if they are individual specialists; the "b" categories do no training, which bars them to National Servicemen who have obligations to do part-time training.

Categories 1a and 1b consist of volunteers who are individual specialists and can be called up for full-time service, at home or overseas, in peace or war. The last time Supplementary Reservists were sent abroad in peace-time was during the 1938 "trouble" in Palestine.

Men in categories 2a and 2b have similar liabilities to those

But there are some jobs in which the Army demands more than the normal civilian skill. Like Corporal Castle's, for instance. Driving locomotives on British railways is not at all the same as driving them in other countries where the Army might want to operate military trains in time of war.

The corporal will tell you, for example, that British Railways

use vacuum brakes while Continental engines use Westinghouse brakes. So at the Royal Engineers Transportation Centre at Longmoor, where he attends annual camp, he drives engines equipped with either kind. Overseas signalling systems are different, and drivers must be prepared to work on tracks without signals. Again, the rails themselves are laid by a different method, which means the Army's ploughmen must go to camp to learn the Continental system.

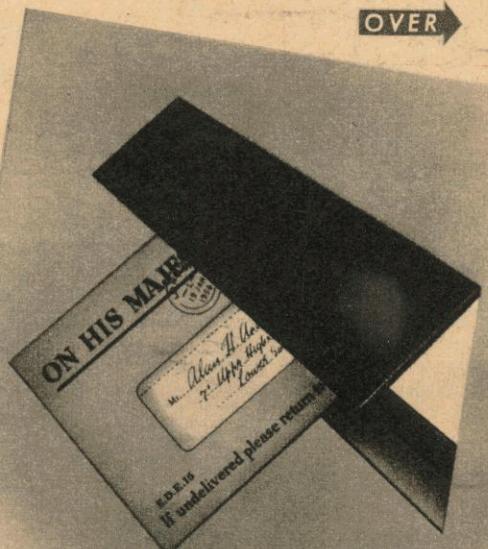
Infantry of the Line have only small pools of individual specialists in the Supplementary Reserve and there is a pool for

National Servicemen from the Brigade of Guards, which has no Territorial units. The Royal Armoured Corps has a small pool and a number of specialist units; the Royal Artillery some small pools. There are units and pools of the Royal Engineers, Royal Signals, RASC, RAMC, RAOC, REME and Royal Military Police. Most National Servicemen from corps not represented in the Territorial Army, like the Royal Army Pay Corps, Royal Army Educational Corps and Royal Pioneer Corps, will do their part-time training with the Supplementary Reserve.

The Supplementary Reserve was

OVER

A "mail order" campaign is now on to encourage reservists to volunteer for the Supplementary Reserve.



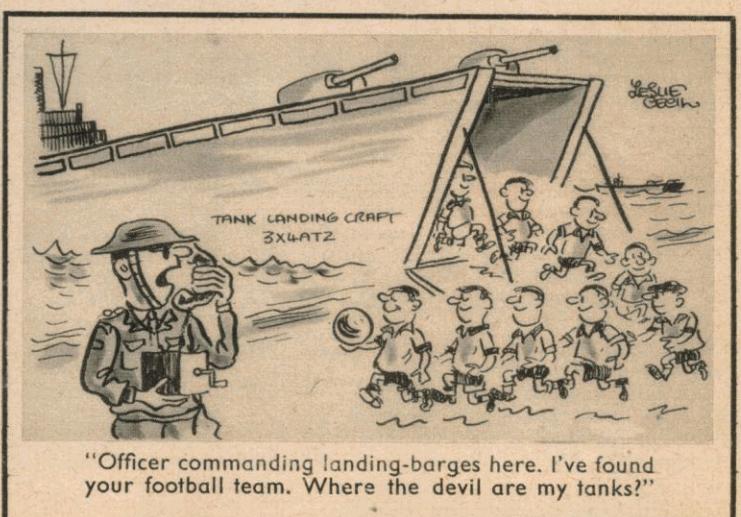
THE MONEY SIDE

Regular Army pay and allowances are paid to Supplementary Reservists on annual training, and the following bounties are payable:

Category	Bounty	Peace-time liability
1a	Officers: £15 tax-free Men: £17 10s plus £1 10s if certified efficient; tax-free.	Call-out without proclamation for service anywhere; 15 days training annually.
1b	Officers: £15 taxed Men: £10 taxed.	As 1a, but no training.
2a	Officers: None Men: £7 10s plus £1 10s if certified efficient; tax-free.	Call-out without proclamation for service in Britain only; 15 days training annually.
2b	Officers: None. Men: None.	As 2a, but no training.

National Servicemen carrying out their part-time training in the Supplementary Reserve receive no bounty unless they volunteer and are accepted for Category 1a. In 1a their bounties are: Officers, £15 taxed; men, £10 taxed.

suppose you
were called up
again



"Officer commanding landing-barges here. I've found your football team. Where the devil are my tanks?"

Engine-driver's version of a busman's holiday. Corporal Alfred Castle, who drives a locomotive from the Midland Region's Willesden sheds, takes over an engine at the Royal Engineers' Transportation Centre, Longmoor.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE (Continued)

formed in 1924 but since 1939 its shape has changed. The only parts comparable with the pre-war Reserve are the pools of specialists. Organisation of units as part of the Reserve Army is a new development. World War Two, with its great technical development, widened the field for specialists.

The post-war Supplementary Reserve is still in its infancy. In time, 85 per cent of the men in category 2a units will be National Servicemen. The rest will be volunteers, employed as leaders, instructors and key administrative workers. And now a drive is being made to enrol men with war-time experience to fill these posts, as well as the specialist positions in the individual pools.

To help recruiting, the War Office has started a "mail order" campaign. The names of several hundred thousand selected Reservists have been sent to the Central Office of Information. That number does not include men who were Gunners or Infantrymen — nor does the scheme cover women who were in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

To each man the Central Office of Information sends a letter from the director of his war-time arm inviting him to join the Supplementary Reserve. It is accompanied by a leaflet giving the objects and outlining the organisation of the Reserve. Ten thousand letters were sent out in September, and from then on the number was considerably increased. The last letter will have been sent by the end of March.

If the ex-Serviceman posts the reply-paid postcard he will receive another booklet giving further details of the Supplementary Reserve. Meanwhile a post-card bearing the man's name and address is sent to the nearest recruiting officer who forwards it to the ex-soldier. It asks him to call at the recruiting office to discuss the matter more fully. Each man is screened by the Ministry of Labour to ensure that he is not needed in essential civilian work. It is expected that in this way many thousands of men will be encouraged to join the Supplementary Reserve.

A few World War Two veterans may find that the specialist work they were doing has undergone a change of arm since they left the Army. REME has now extended its "empire" and taken over much of the specialist maintenance previously carried out by other arms. But one outcome of joining the Supplementary Reserve is that a man can be guaranteed the job he will hold in the Army if he is called up.

Terms of service for volunteers other than National Servicemen are: initial engagement of four years with option of re-engaging, for one, two, three or four years. Officers must be more than 18 years six months and have completed their National Service liability. They must have served as officers or, in special cases, they may go to an officer cadet school for 15 days.



A scene from the play every soldier should see: "Journey's End."

All members of the Westminster Theatre cast served in the Forces. Here are 2/Lieut. Raleigh (David Oake, who was a second lieutenant at 18); Captain Stanhope, the company commander (Peter Rendall); and Lieutenant Osborne (Kevin Stoney). They are discussing the projected raid across no-man's land.

THIS WAR WAS "WORSE"

IN 1929 a play by a former captain in the East Surrey Regiment began to earn both fame and fortune for its author. It made the reputation of several since-famous actors (one man who, as general understudy, played all the parts, was the comedian, Jack Train).

The play was "Journey's End"; the author, Mr. R. C. Sherriff.

Twenty-one years ago, when this play was first staged, Britain was in a disillusioned, pacifist mood. Now "Journey's End" is revived, at London's Westminster Theatre, and the country, while

still disillusioned, is far from pacifist.

"Journey's End" offers many morals. To the pacifist, no doubt, its lesson is that war is futile. To the soldier, its lesson is that man can drive himself, and others, far beyond the "breaking-point" or "the limit of human endurance."

Two field-marshals, both of whom saw service on the Western Front in World War One, went to the Westminster Theatre to see this revival: Viscount Montgomery and Sir William Slim. Field-Marshal Montgomery was so impressed that he wrote to *The Times* from his Chateau de Courance, at Milly, in praise of the play and its cast of young actors (all of whom served in the Forces). It is very likely that Field-Marshal Sir William Slim shares the view of his distinguished colleague that those who fought in that first war had more to support in the way of peril and suspense, filth and tedium than those who fought in the second war. Between 1914 and 1918 the average expectation of life for a subaltern posted to the front line was less than a month. This was the war that R. C. Sherriff decided to put on the stage. He did so with a warm understanding, a great deal of understatement and a sense of humour.

"Journey's End" is staged in an officers' dug-out in the line at St. Quentin, in 1918; the big push by the Germans is imminent. The company commander is a young officer who has been out at the front for three years. He has won the MC, his colonel regards him as indispensable; but his nerves are shredding, and he is drinking, not merely heavily, but homericly. His second-in-command is a grey-

haired schoolmaster, cool, infinitely dependable. Of the other officers, one is a second lieutenant newly commissioned from school, eager, romantic; another is a ranker, rough-mannered, hearty and solid; and a third is a weakling, trying to escape down the line.

They are waging a war in which both sides are capable of quixotic gallantries and the grimmest jests. A German officer calls off the fire when three British soldiers crawl out at night to rescue a comrade; soon afterwards each side is trying to blow the other to glory. Now and again Brigade calls for a "suicide" raid in which it is the duty of a small party to dash across no-man's-land, through a mortared breach in the barbed wire, and bring back a German prisoner, for identification and interrogation. The British know the drill; so do the Germans. When the wire is breached, it is the Germans' happy practice to fasten red rags on the opening, in order to "guide" the raiders.

Nominated for one of these raids are the schoolmaster and the schoolboy. "I will recommend you both for the MC," promises the colonel, who likes the assignment no more than does the company commander. Both are killed, but a prisoner is man-handled back across no-man's-land. Then the "hate" starts up, and the company commander makes his last dispositions. As the curtain falls, the dug-out begins to crumble under the enemy bombardment: it is journey's end. Many companies of Infantry met their journey's end in just this way in France and Flanders, and just as gallantly.

That third act of "Journey's End" is grimly impressive. The play is dated only in so far as the slang, the uniforms and the style of warfare are dated; the passions and sentiments it portrays change little from war to war.

ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT

FIELD-MARSHAL Viscount Montgomery, in his letter to *The Times*, said that "Journey's End" was a play which "took one right back to the Western Front, with all that that implies... Every character that one knew in the trenches in those days was present on the stage; the only unusual thing was to find them all in one company officers' mess."

"I always feel that the regimental officers and men had a very bad time in the first war, far worse than in the second. On the other hand, those serving on the Western Front, where conditions were worst, got regular leave home—so long as they remained alive. And having got back to England there was plenty of fun and enjoyment, and no blackout."

* Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery won his DSO serving with The Royal Warwickshire Regiment on the Western Front in 1914. Once he was rescued after he had lain wounded and semi-conscious in a shell-hole for three hours.



A charming child study was the work of Miss Joyce Thompson, former VAD attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps. Right: "An East African Askari," by Lieut-Colonel J. E. B. Whitehead.

It was landscapes nearly all the way at the Army Art Society's latest show. No nudes



WHY SO MANY SAPPERS?



"Mount Pleasant, Stockport" is the title of this whimsical composition by a former Sapper, Stan Fryer.

If a lance-corporal were to paint a nude, that would be news. Why? Because at this year's show of the Army Art Society, in the Imperial Institute, London, there were no nudes among the 300 pictures and no pictures by lance-corporals.

There may be a good reason for the lack of nudes (after all, you can't carry a model round the world in a kit-bag) but there can be no good reason for the absence of paintings by lance-corporals.

Otherwise, all ranks of the Army were represented, from private to field-marshall. Hardly anyone chose a martial subject; most exhibitors painted landscapes — with notable exceptions like BSM F. M. Millman, and Brigadier J. D'A. Anderson, who found their inspiration in the mirror. The general level of the entries was gratifyingly high.

The field-marshall who exhibited was Sir Claude Auchinleck. His landscapes were described by the *Daily Telegraph* as "delicately impressionistic." One lieutenant-general and five major-generals were "hung"; there was also a nap hand of brigadiers, and a particularly strong showing of colonels. There were works by two chaplains and a number by Servicewomen, past and present. Private Sylvia Halliday, formerly of the Women's Auxiliary Service (Burma), had four pictures on display.

As was to be expected, the landscapes were global in their range: the Tiergarten, Berlin; the Sea of Galilee; the river at Srinagar; a sawmill at

OVER



One of the few entries by private soldiers: Trooper John Billingham's "West Gate, Lulworth Castle." It has a stark, spectral air about it.

Right: This was one of the contributions from the Royal Navy: "Ibex Head," carved in wood by Lieutenant W. G. H. Pepper, Royal Navy.

An ex-WAAF, Miss D. Henty-Creer, painted this study of soldiers resting at the roadside. This was one of the few military subjects in the exhibition.



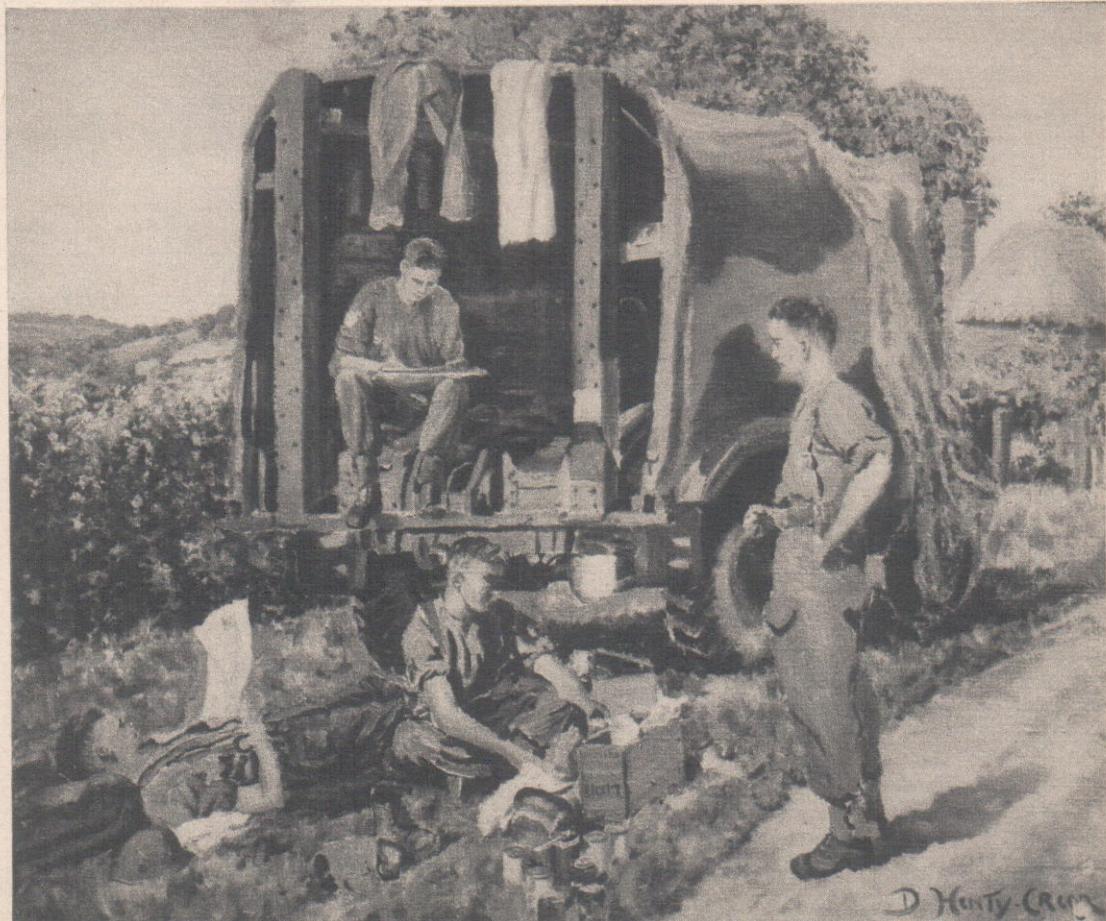
Klobenstein; a street in Zanzibar; the 13th tee at Constant Spring, Jamaica; early days at Kongwa; Port Said Harbour; the Gebel Geneifa; Fort Jesus, Mombasa; Old Building, Sandhurst; Gibraltar Rock; Forest Reserve, Singapore; Golden Temple, Amritsar.

Prices? The highest asked was by an ex-WAAF, Miss D. Henty-Creer; her picture "Gibraltar from the Spanish Corkwoods" was priced at £70. Next came Major John Crealock's "Interior" at £65. These were almost the only works priced at more than 30 guineas. But you could buy a print of the Taj Mahal by moonlight by Major-General C. W. Toovey, for £1 5s; or a picture of sunset over New Delhi, by Major-General C. de L. Gaußen, for £1 10s. Not all generals were going cheap, however; "Farm House, Bodmin Moor," an excellent study by Major-General E. G. W. W. Harrison was marked £45.

A notable feature of the exhibition was the large number of works submitted by past and present members of the Royal Engineers. Could that be because Sappers are taught the fundamentals of drawing?

On the hanging committee was Corporal W. A. Arnold, Royal Signals, himself an exhibitor of note, and now a professional artist, specialising in posters. Another corporal who attracted the critics' attention was Corporal P. J. Golding, Royal Army Ordnance Corps. He had a striking composition entitled "Looking From Farnham Castle," and other landscapes of distinction.

Some day the Army Art Society hopes to expand its scope under some such title as the United Services Art Society. As it is, pictures are accepted from the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, one notable contributor being Lieut-Commander G. A. G. Brooke, of Pentathlon fame.



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Chisellers of Chelsea

FOR two hundred years legend has had it that Charles II founded the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, because his mistress, Nell Gwynn, took pity on needy old soldiers and pleaded with him.

Now Captain C. G. T. Dean, who has been Adjutant of the Royal Hospital since 1939 and before that was Captain of Invalids from 1929, explodes the myth.

In "The Royal Hospital, Chelsea" (Hutchinson 21s.), he finds that the legend originated in a catchpenny pamphlet. Nell Gwynn, though notably generous, ignored appeals for subscriptions to build the hospital, and one of her few links with Chelsea was that her mother was drowned by falling into a ditch in nearby Pimlico while drunk (a fate that was to overtake some of the earlier Chelsea Pensioners).

Instead, most of the credit for the foundation of the Royal Hospital should go to Sir Stephen Fox, who was the Army's Paymaster. Both Fox's labour and his private money went into the venture (much of his very large fortune came from a deduction of a shilling in the pound he was allowed to make from every soldier's pay).

Deductions were to contribute a lot more to the build-up of the Hospital, but at least there was something to show for the money. A little earlier, a shilling in the pound had been stopped for 18 months, to repay financiers money they had advanced to make good arrears due to the troops. Thus the troops paid the money due to themselves, with interest. Among the Paymasters who followed Fox and among the officers and officials of the Royal Hospital were plenty of unscrupulous men who feathered their own nests from money supplied for the benefit of old soldiers. Probably the most notorious among them was Lord Ranelagh, who built, as well as feathered, his nest while he was Paymaster-General. He filched land from the Hospital grounds on which he built himself a luxurious mansion and laid out magnificent gardens, all at the Hospital's expense.

From time to time economies were made, and it was always the pensioners who had to suffer.

One way of economising was to form pensioners into companies of invalids for garrison duty. Some of these companies did good service in emergencies; the last time pensioners were actively employed was in the Chartist riots in 1848. Another way to economise was to cut the out-pensioners' lists ruthlessly and to reduce pensions, many of which were never paid, anyway. Delays in payment led to some nice little rackets in the 18th century. Hard-up pensioners, entitled to fivepence a day, which totals £7 12s. 1d. a year, would be forced to "sell" their pensions to money-lenders for between £5 and £6 6s. Hospital officials responsible for the hold-ups drew commissions from the money-lenders.

Among the "characters" who have made life at Chelsea more entertaining since the Hospital's opening in 1692 was a Dr. Messenger Monsey, physician to the Hospital from 1742 to 1788. When he had toothache, he would tie one end of a piece of catgut round the tooth and the other end to a perforated bullet which he fired from a pistol. He lived to 94 years of age.

He was one of the more conscientious officials. There was an organist who drew £52 a year salary and paid a deputy £12 a year to do his job. There were women appointed to such jobs as lamp-lighter, cellarman, scullery-man, chimney sweep and sexton, with the result that the actual work was done by some irresponsible and low-paid assistant. And there was a captain appointed Comptroller who served on with his regiment, rising to colonel, for 20 years while his work at Chelsea was done by underlings.

Today, the average age of pensioners entering the Royal Hospital is 71 and that of their death is 78. The Hospital has provided material for two medical books on old age, by its medical officers. Among the hearty old men who have lived there was William Hiseland who married when he was more than a hundred years old and died in 1732 at the age of 112 when, according to his epitaph: "His Complexion was fresh and florid, His Health hale and hearty, His Memory exact and ready. In Stature he exceeded the Military size. In Strength he surpassed the Prime of Youth."

Another centenarian was killed by a land-mine in Hitler's war, during which the Royal Hospital's residents suffered more than ten per cent casualties, which is comparable with the proportion of casualties in active service units.



Tanks of the Staffordshire Yeomanry move up for the attack east of Caen: 18 July, 1944.

Shedding Their Spurs

WHILE the British Expeditionary Force shivered in the snows of Northern France, in December 1939, a regiment of Cavalry — old-fashioned cavalry, with horses — was landing at Cherbourg and entraining for Marseilles.

The regiment was the Staffordshire Yeomanry. History seemed to be repeating itself, for the Yeomanry were bound once again for Palestine, a land in which they had fought with conspicuous success under Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in World War One.

When the regiment was mobilised with its horses, it was obvious (said the knowing ones) that it was to serve in the Middle East, for that was one of the few parts of the world where there seemed scope for cavalry. The operations in the Judaean hills in 1917 had shown that the horse could still penetrate where armour could not.

But mechanisation overtook the Staffordshire Yeomanry just the same, and in Crusaders, Shermans and Grants they took part in some of the most memorable battles and advances of the Middle East campaigns, including the Battle of Alamein.

Then, having learned the science of desert warfare, the Yeomanry had to study the tactics of advancing in close support of Infantry, before joining in the assault on the Normandy beaches. After a brief spell ashore in Normandy, they were recalled to learn still another technique — amphibious assault, for the Rhine crossing. They even practised extracting themselves from a submerged tank by means of a "submarine" escape apparatus. The Yeomanry had come a long way from the hills of Judaea...

The end of the war found the Staffordshire Yeomanry on occupation duties in the British Zone of Germany. On disbandment, they were distributed between the Royal Scots Greys and the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment. Now the regiment is re-born, as a Territorial armoured regiment, based on Burton-on-Trent and Stoke-on-Trent.

The story of the Staffordshire Yeomanry in both World Wars is told — oddly enough, by a Royal Navy officer, Lieut-Commander P. K. Kemp — in "The Staffordshire Yeomanry" (Gale and Polden £1 1s; obtainable from Regimental Headquarters, The Staffordshire Yeomanry (TA), Burton-on-Trent). In a foreword Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks says: "I very much doubt whether any other regiment in the British Army has taken part in so many historic battles."

* * *

Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks also writes a foreword to the history of another Territorial unit he commanded: the 8th Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry. The history of this battalion, running to twice the length of an ordinary novel, is on sale to men of the battalion and their relatives at the heavily subsidised price of five shillings (to the general public, at 7s 6d or 12s 6d (cloth) from the Territorial Army Centre, 8th Durham Light Infantry, Durham). The authors are Major P. J. Lewis MC and Major I. R. English MC.

Of the 8th Durhams' many battles, Lieut-General Horrocks says that three stand out in his mind: Operation Supercharge, when 151 Brigade — "our last Infantry reserve" — carried out the final attack which broke the Germans at Alamein; the Mareth struggle; and a battle about which little has been heard — "the bitter fighting in which the Durhams took part at Gheel (Belgium)... a battle which had a decisive effect on the future course of the war."

Very few Territorial battalions can point to such an inspiring, detailed and conscientious history of their service in World War Two as the 8th Durham Light Infantry. It has clearly been a labour of pride.



"Urchin cut, please, mate."

The War In Perspective

MANY of those who fought in World War Two will be dead long before the official history of it is completed (the historians of World War One are still at their gargantuan labours).

Those who are still alive will probably find the successive volumes on the second war are above their heads and beyond their purses.

For more immediate reading, the Government has commissioned well-known authors to write a series of popular histories of World War Two, giving a broad picture of those tremendous events. One of these books is "Arms And The Men" (*His Majesty's Stationery Office 10s 6d*), by Ian Hay, who during the early part of the war was Major-General John Hay Beith, Director of Public Relations. He was the author of memorable books on World War One, notably "The First Hundred Thousand," of whom he was one.

In those earlier books Ian Hay used many vivid and telling phrases. For instance, of the first hundred thousand, arrayed in civilian greatcoats, he said: "... In our tarnished finery... we looked like nothing so much on earth as a gang of welshers returning from an unsuccessful day at a suburban race meeting." In his latest book he is the Official Historian, though happily he does not fall into the colourless, turgid prose favoured by some historians. But on the whole the

telling phrases in his book are those of men like Churchill, Wavell, Montgomery and Slim.

Of the book's 327 pages, the first 56 are used to put the British Army into its historical perspective. Undoubtedly the campaigns of World War Two gain by being linked with, and contrasted with, the great campaigns of the past. Wellington, the author reminds us, said that victory went to the general who could guess what was happening on the other side of the hill. How would Wellington have fared with all the resources of modern intelligence? Better, perhaps, than Rundstedt, who was assured (according to this book) that Britain had 39 divisions ready to defend her shores at the time of Dunkirk!

"Arms And The Men" covers not only the war but the "war effort." It follows that there is no room to tell how the many VC's were won, and indeed such battles as Alamein and Arnhem take only a page or two to tell; and all Field-Marshal Wavell's campaigns are over in 14 pages.

However, the book makes a good refresher course.

Writing on the Army of today, with its disappointing standard of education, Ian Hay is forced to the conclusion that "the rising generation is both less literate and more intelligent than it used to be."

The book deserves a better index. The one provided is conspicuously bad. "Arnhem" does not appear in it, though "Loos, Battle of" does. Commandos are mentioned, apparently, only on one page; Rommel is not listed.

Later books in the series will cover the war in more detail.



IAN HAY (Maj-Gen. John Hay Beith) writes the story of World War Two. In World War One he served with "the first hundred thousand" in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Save Your Scorn For The Country's Enemies

CAN a unit have too much *esprit de corps*?

Yes, says Major-General A. C. Duff, author of a book of controversial essays called "Sword and Pen" (*Gale and Polden 7s 6d*).

The unit or formation with high *esprit de corps*, "although a lion in battle, may be an uncomfortable neighbour," says Major-General Duff. "The lion tends to expect the lion's share of anything there is to be had, and the lion also tends to look down on those whose prowess has not been so convincingly demonstrated as has its own. The process of fostering *esprit de corps* should be conducted without bringing in comparisons, necessarily odious, with others who are outside the charmed circle. The Loamshires should pride themselves on their superiority over their country's enemies, not on their superiority over the Blankshires next door..."

Major-General Duff, a Sapper who served in both World Wars (he was Chief Administrative Officer to Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander), is an advocate of another kind of *esprit de corps* — he wants to see a Corps of Infantry. This is a proposal which, in days gone by, could always be relied on to raise the blood pressure of the regiments of the Line; in recent times the grouping of Infantry has tended to widen some narrower loyalties.

"Opponents of the idea (of a Corps of Infantry) claim that it would weaken the territorial connection and consequently be harmful to *esprit de corps*. I doubt it; the territorial connection is already weak, and it is surely surprising that the Infantry should be the only corps in the Army which is organised on a Territorial basis — and the whole of the Infantry at that. Other Corps seem to manage very well without it: the Royal Armoured Corps, the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, not to mention the two

senior battalions of Foot Guards, and all the Greenjackets..."

During World War Two, the author recalls, the colonel of a distinguished Highland regiment remarked that the regiment might suitably be renamed "The London, Midland and Scottish."

Still on the subject of *esprit de corps*, Major-General Duff discusses the tendency of soldiers to spend their leisure outside camp, especially at weekends. "This is dangerous. The corporate life of a unit is not nourished only during the hours spent on parade; it derives much of its sustenance from off parade activities — games, amusement, recreation of every sort. It is during those hours that men get to know each other and that officers get to know their men."

In the profession of arms, dealing as it does in life and death, says the author, "there must be an element of altruism, a touch of idealism, a sense of dedication, a strain of chivalry, as part of the cement which binds the whole together."

There can be no controversy about that.

Among other things, Major-General Duff would like to see the Territorial Army run by the Regular Army, not by the county associations; and he thinks that commanding officers of regiments should be empowered "to write off lost stores up to, say, £10." In this way, he argues, it would be unnecessary to hold courts of inquiry into trivial losses.

This book is written in clear, soldierly language; it will make readers begin to challenge many beliefs and assumptions they have always held.



Major-General A. C. Duff.

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Lady With a Lamp

MANY a soldier today is sadly unaware of the debt he owes to Florence Nightingale — the illustrious "Lady With a Lamp." He probably thinks of her vaguely as a much-sentimentalised woman who did a good job in the Crimea a hundred years ago.

Florence Nightingale was herself no sentimentalist. She rattled the War Office of her day to its foundations, she touched off a land mine under the Army medical services. And if she allowed herself to describe the soldiers of the day as "my children," she had no illusions about their habits when her back was turned.

This year, by a publishing coincidence, two new biographies of Florence Nightingale have appeared. One, chosen by the Book Society, is "Florence Nightingale," by C. Woodham Smith (*Constable, 15s*); and the other is "Florence Nightingale," by Lucy Seymer, (*Faber 8s 6d*), a shorter work on a less ambitious level.

Florence Nightingale was born five years after the Battle of Waterloo and died after Bleriot had flown the Channel. She lived through an age of great reforms, and was in the first rank of reformers herself. Like many reformers of that day, she poured her private fortune into the cause.

It was a greatly-daring Secretary

at War, Sidney Herbert, who sponsored the Florence Nightingale expedition to Scutari (Turkey) and the Crimea. A correspondent of *The Times* had revealed the scandalous conditions in the British military hospital in Scutari. In those days there were no military nurses (it was with much interest that the British public read about Sisters of Charity tending the wounded, in French hospitals). Nurses, in fact, enjoyed a thoroughly bad reputation for idleness, dirtiness, drunkenness and immorality.

Florence Nightingale's first onslaught was on the Barracks Hospital at Scutari, which was built over an open sewer. The filthy wounded were tended, after

a fashion, by lumpish soldiers who were a liability in the line, and doddering pensioners. Everywhere were corruption and apathy. Elementary stores were lacking and the overcrowding was scarcely credible.

Florence Nightingale brought order into this revolting muddle. Soon she had four miles of beds, eighteen inches apart, to inspect. One who rallied to her was the Frenchman, Alexis Soyer (designer of the famous Soyer stove), who reorganised the cooking arrangements. She persuaded the Royal Engineers to build a boiler, in a house rented at her own expense, to clean clothes. No wonder the soldiers kissed her shadow as she passed down the wards.

Having established the decencies in Scutari, Florence Nightingale sought to tackle the hospitals in the Crimea. She encountered disgraceful obstruction; at one stage her party were even refused rations. "There is not an official who would not burn me like Joan of Arc if he could, but they know that the War Office cannot turn me out because the country is with me," she reported to Sidney Herbert. But she triumphed. She even persuaded the authorities to provide reading rooms for the soldiers, in an at-



Florence Nightingale: from the book published by Messrs Faber.

tempt to keep them from drink; this was called "spoiling the brutes." She devised, and forced the authorities to sanction a system whereby soldiers could send part of their money home; soon the men were sending back £1000 a month. This was the beginning of soldiers' allotments as they are known today.

In time the opposition dwindled; when her work was done Florence Nightingale was offered a man-o'-war in which to return home, but she journeyed back her own way. For many years afterwards she was consulted by commissions investigating Army conditions. She had a great deal to do with the building of better barracks, the training of Army doctors, and improved methods of cooking. And then she turned her attention to India... Of conditions there, she wrote: "If the facilities for washing were as great as those for drink, our Indian army would be the cleanest body of men in the world."

A curious tribute to Florence Nightingale's eminence as an Army reformer came with the Franco-Prussian war, when both sides asked for her help and advice in the treatment of wounded.

When she died, the Army did not forget her. Six Guardsmen carried her coffin to the grave.

Lady With a Tommy-Gun

GENERAL Sir William Slim — though he probably did not know it at the time — had an Englishwoman on combatant service under him in Fourteenth Army: a good-looking girl with a tommy gun.

Her name was Ursula Graham Bower, known to newspaper readers under the slightly embarrassing title of the "White Queen of the Nagas."

Now Miss Bower has written a book "Naga Path" (*John Murray 16s*) which sheds much interesting light on the activities of "V" Force and its offshoots in the days before the Japanese tide was halted at Kohima.

Miss Bower, at the age of 23, forsook the conventional social life of Englishwomen in the east and decided to live among the Nagas, the unspoiled hillmen who inhabit the wild hills dividing Assam and Burma. In the

farthest reaches head-hunting still flourishes — "aggravated, indeed, by the modern weapons the war left behind," says Miss Bower.

Miss Bower carried medical aid to the Nagas and studied their habits and customs. She became an institution and a legend; and she had to discourage a tendency among the tribes to worship her.

Then came the war. Into Miss Bower's mountain fastness began to penetrate the officers of Burma's "V" Force — lean, alert, shrewd men wise in the ways of tribesmen. They enlisted her help in establishing a Watch and Ward in the hills — a watch for spies, refugees, deserters, lost airmen and, finally, Japanese patrols. Some of the tribesmen needed a certain amount of convincing that it was their war, but loyalty to their "white queen" tipped the balance.

One tribe promised co-operation if they could be provided with red cloth to give an outward sign of official status. "V" Force Headquarters ordered a consignment of red blankets from the other side of India; unfortunately they went astray. Some time later, visiting "V" Force Headquarters at Kohima, Miss Bower found the walls draped in crimson arras — "it looked like a setting for the Black Mass, or worse."

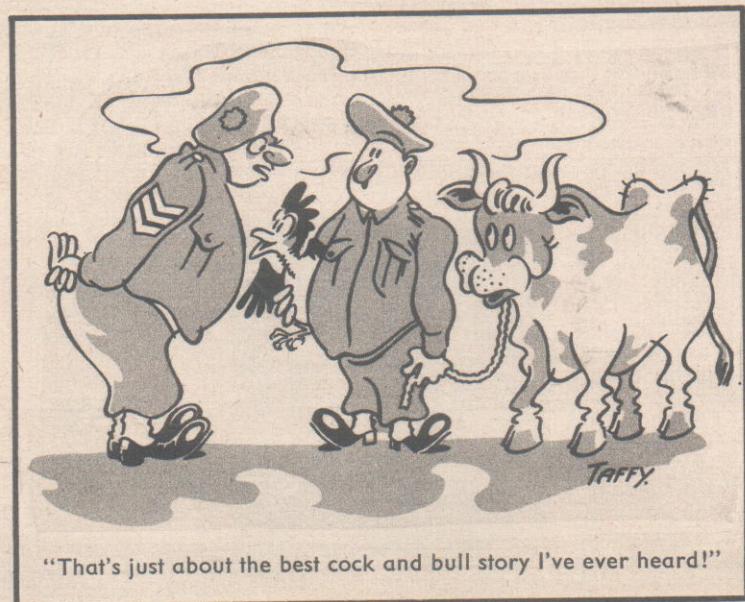


Ursula Graham Bower: a "V" Force lieutenant-colonel carried her off.

When the Japanese were infiltrating into Naga country Miss Bower and her tribesmen had a string of warning beacons erected (they had some very bad moments with spring grass fires). "We lived like gazelle with lions about," she writes. The familiar scrub was honeycombed with secret tunnels and bolt holes, and food caches were distributed at suitable points. At this stage Miss Bower decided it was time to wear insignia of rank; she borrowed three pips from a captain's left shoulder. And she was given a platoon of Nepalese State Troops as an escort.

These were days of tingling excitement, but no show-down came. The invaders were thrown back. Towards the war's end Miss Bower and some of her guerillas became instructors at a 14th Army jungle training school. She went back to the hills, but "V" Force would not leave her alone. One of its colonels came up and laid determined suit to her; she became his bride. The colonel had confirmed what he had long suspected — that the white queen had charm as well as courage.

Miss Bower's book is engagingly written. Only the latter chapters are about the war; the earlier ones should appeal to anyone with a hankering to visit the unexplored places of the world.



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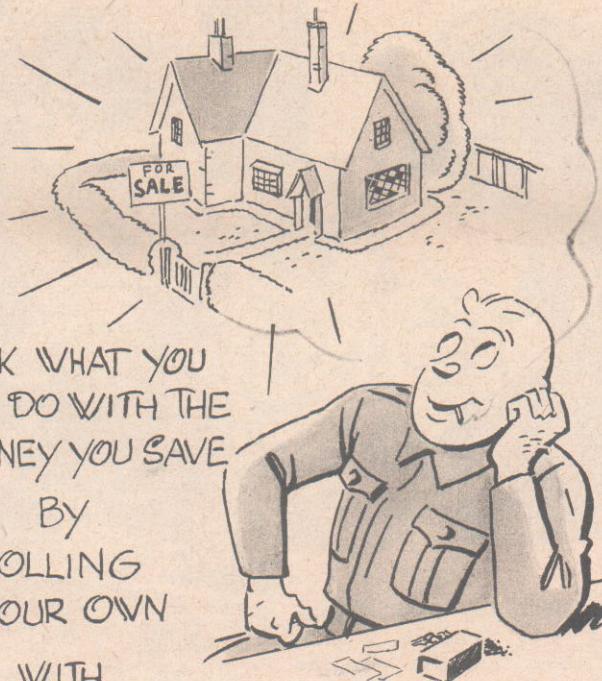
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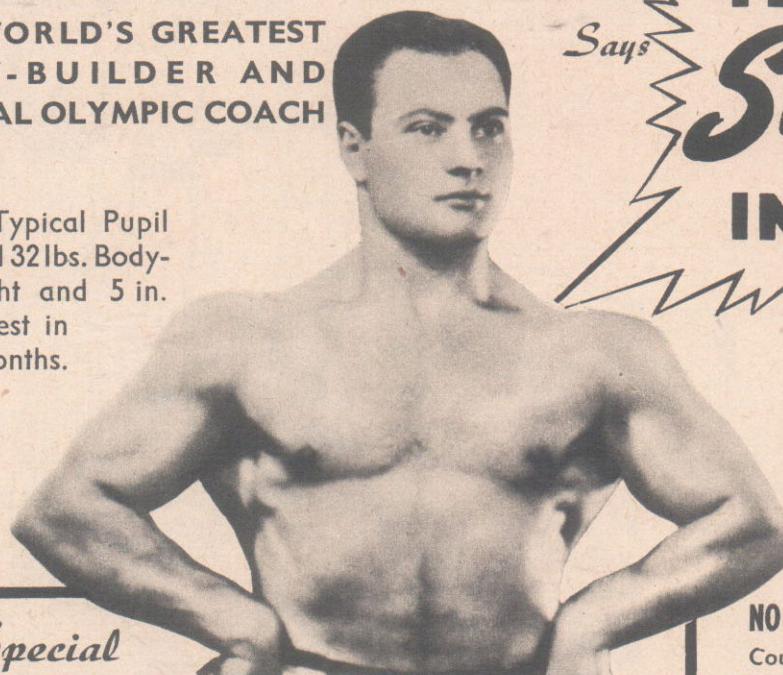
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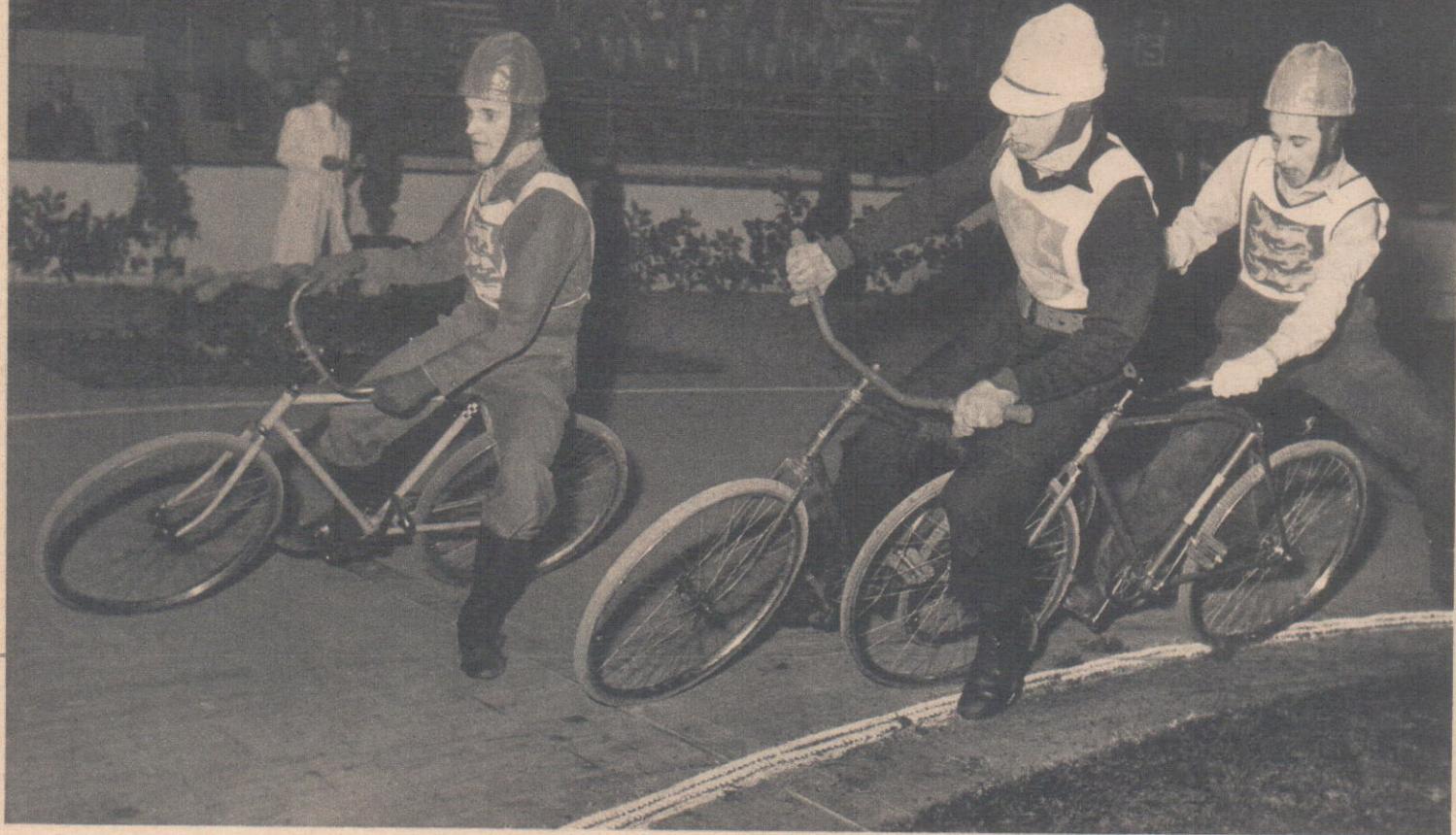
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Lions of England versus the lion of Holland: the rider lying third was spread-eagled on the ground just after this picture was taken. (SOLDIER Cameraman Desmond O'Neill).

A BIG DAY FOR THE "SKID KIDS"

The sport born on the bomb sites reaches the West-end — and 5000 turn up to cheer

ONE might think that all possible sports had been invented years and years ago. But it seems there is always room for one more.

Cycle speedway owes its origin to the German Air Force, which left a profusion of vacant plots in the towns of Britain. On these the new sport was born.

Cycle speedway came in just as suddenly as did motor-cycle speedway racing 20 years ago. It is now beginning to make its way into the Army.

No one knows who first started it. It just sprang up somehow among lads of London's East-end. They wheeled their push bikes on to the flat areas where buildings had once stood and started to race each other round and round.

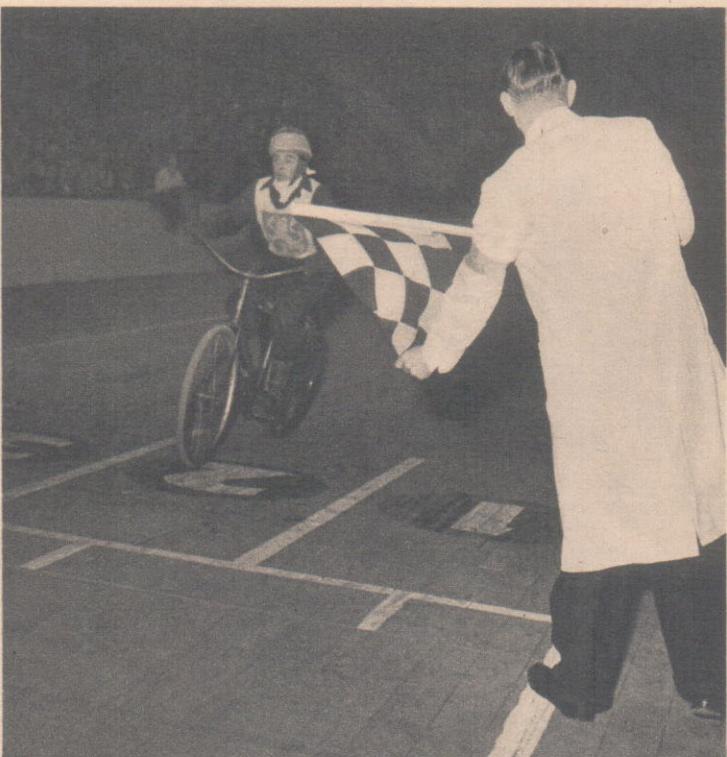
Those lads could not have guessed that in the space of a few years — four at the outside — their new craze would be ripe for West-end presentation; that it would be organised by a national association; and that it would have a journal of its own.

It is estimated that there are now 7000 riders in the country who attract some 50,000 supporters. The sport has spread to Liverpool, Plymouth, Bristol,

Cardiff and Glasgow, to name only the larger centres. Many lads have built their own tracks of dirt or cinders from money raised by collections. Last year a group of boys at St. Mary Cray, Kent, held weekly dances until they had enough cash to pay for a track which they called upon their local Member of Parliament to open.

Then the Army Cadet Force in London decided it might be a good idea to form unit racing clubs and even to build tracks. A trial meeting was held, but the idea was reluctantly dropped. A cadet officer explained: "We found lads coming from all over London on bicycles without brakes and we felt we might be held responsible for some nasty accidents. The sport is not dangerous in itself, but getting to

OVER



The chequered flag means end of the race. This was the first time cycle speedway had been staged indoors.

A BIG DAY FOR THE "SKID KIDS" (Continued)



Yes, spills do happen. To minimise injuries, cycles are stripped of all protruding parts — and that includes brake levers.



A new type of cycle seems to be evolving: note the rakish lines on this one.

Peggy Evans, the actress, congratulates a prize winner. Look what happens when a sport moves up West!

This ceremony is symbolic of something or other. The boys with the death's heads are the Gem Pirates, from Poole—national winners.



Since then, at Catterick Camp in Yorkshire, the 1st Training Regiment of the Royal Signals have built their own track (cinders from the boilerhouse) and have taken on teams from northern towns.

The machines are pruned, not only of brakes, but of anything that might stick out and harm a fellow rider. The National Amateur Cycle Speedway Association, which was formed last January, has laid down that the inside of a track must be not less than 75 yards long and not more than 125 yards. On the straight the track is at least 12 feet wide and 18 feet at bends.

The lads themselves wear crash helmets and heavy boots and buttress themselves with pads. Injuries have proved surprisingly light considering that speeds up to 18 mph are reached. Insurance companies quote a premium of 50s. per team per year.

There are eight men to a team, two of whom compete against two from the opposition team in each race. If they ride into first and second place the team scores four points. Altogether 16 heats of four laps each are run.

Many borough councils have authorised the building of tracks, and the National Playing Fields Association have plans for standardising them throughout the country. So far 27 counties have become affiliated to the Speedway Association.

Even the playing fields of Eton have seen the "skid kids" at play; at the last local carnival the Slough Fliers gave a spectacular display.

When last January it was decided that a national championship should be held, the first obstacle was lack of funds. The *News Chronicle* offered to organise the event and presented a challenge cup. Then some 277 clubs entered. For the first time the sport was staged indoors — in the Empress Hall. There, before 5000 spectators, the Gem Pirates from Poole, Dorset beat the Chorlton Aces from Lancashire by six points. At the same meeting the British team narrowly lost to Holland, where lads copied the sport from us about three years ago. (Cycle speedway has also been taken up in South Africa, Australia and Sweden).

In cycle speedway there are no big names, no professionals, no paid officials within the association and no vested interests.

Although their sport is a new one, the "skid kids" feel it is one that will take its place with other international sports throughout the world. They are sensitive to unjust criticism. When, a few months ago, a panel of justices at Birmingham suggested that speedway cyclists were responsible for stealing cycles, the "skid kids" protested. A fortnight later the justices apologised for their remarks.

BOB O'BRIEN



CHRISTMAS DRAW

"Take a card, Hawkins, and tell me what it is."

"A robin, sir, perched on a sprig of holly."

"How very original—Aunt Bessie will love it. Next please . . ."

"I fancy it's an olive branch entwined in a lucky horseshoe. Should we reserve it for your tailor, sir?"

"Hawkins, your sense of humour borders on the

macabre. Now choose one for the wealthy magnate who sends us gin to dilute our Rose's Lime Juice with . . ."

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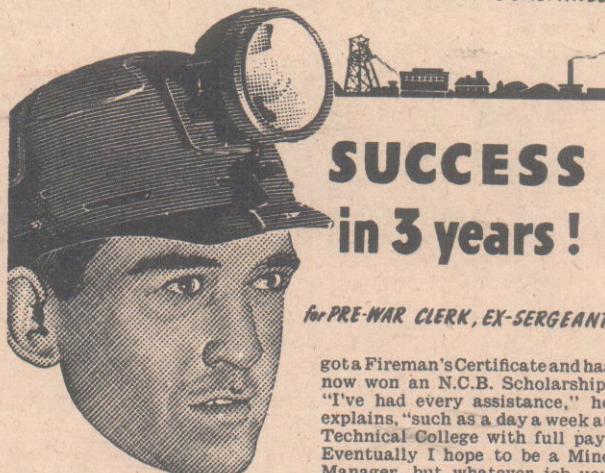
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WINCHESTER '73

The story of a famous weapon and how it changed hands in the wild, wild days of the West. With James Stewart as the man who wins it by fair means, loses it by foul, and gets it back after a lot of tough men and Indians have bitten the dust. (For more information about this weapon, see Page 44).

BROKEN ARROW

Here's James Stewart again and still out West, but this time in colour. Now he's a captain and a scout in the United States Army, coping with those troublesome Apache (pronounced Ap-patchy) Indians. He marries an Apache chief's daughter and everything seems fine — until the shooting breaks out. Too bad, captain, you haven't still got that Winchester.

FOREIGN LEGION

When Bud Abbott and Lou Costello join up, North Africa becomes more glamorous than any British soldier ever found it. There are beautiful spies singing in cabarets, and beautiful girls in desert strongholds, waiting to rescue and marry captured Legionaries. There are even beautiful slaves for sale. Most important, there is plenty to laugh at.

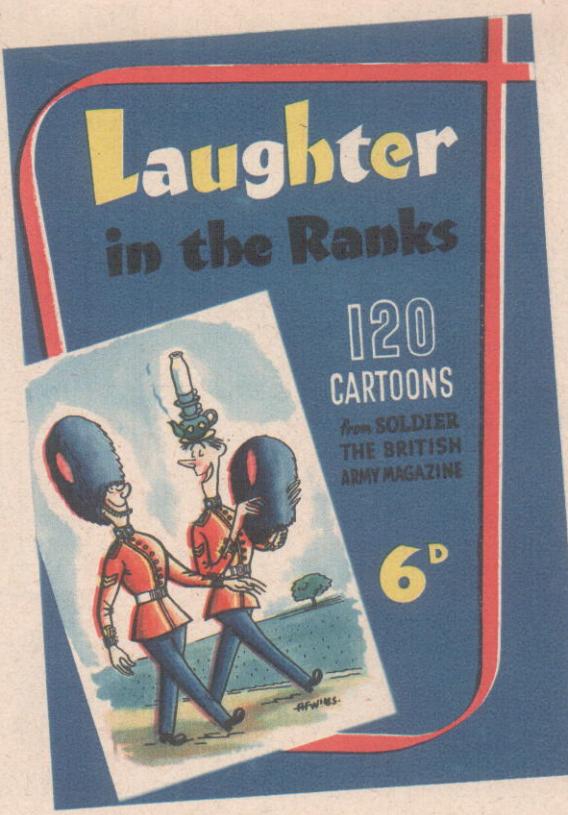
FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Spencer Tracy gives one of his polished character-studies in a cheerful little comedy of the hell a father goes through when his family organise a wedding. With Elizabeth Taylor as the bride and Joan Bennett as the bride's mother.

PANIC IN THE STREETS

Police, led by Richard Widmark and Paul Douglas, hunting a murder gang, members of which are infected with bubonic plague. "This could happen in your city!" says the film's publicity. As if flying saucers weren't enough!

* An Idea for Christmas



WHY not send a copy of "Laughter in the Ranks" to him/her/them for Christmas?

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W. H. writes from Heston, Middlesex: — "I am one of those people who is frequently catching cold, and sometimes being laid up for several days at a time, but now as soon as I feel one of these attacks coming on I take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a glass of hot milk. This breaks up the cold almost immediately, and within a few minutes I am as right as rain again. I shall never be without 'ASPRO'."

A Nurse's Tribute

Dear Sirs. — We are 8 in family. What ever is the matter, colds, headaches, any other ache, we take 2 'ASPRO' tablets. We find they really are good for all aches and pains and sleeplessness or over-tiredness.

Yours faithfully, NURSE B.

(Name and address withheld for professional reasons.)

one language, most of our comrades were southern Celestials who had to speak to each other, let alone to us, in Malay. Also as a military language it is almost useless.

We rarely stayed in one place longer than three months. Sometimes we were able to lodge in rubber tappers' houses in the back areas. At one stage we even had electric lighting. We took over a generator from a tin mine, and one of our number, who was an electrician, adapted it for our purpose. Towns near which we hid included Koti Tinggi, Sina and Kulia.

Our relations with the Chinese, on the whole, were good. About once a week meetings were held, songs were sung and speeches made. Best of all, sweet coffee and tapioca flour cakes were served. Our party piece was always "Bless 'Em All" with a popular Anglo-Saxon word standing in for "Bless." These were quite enjoyable occasions. True, propaganda plays and speeches did begin to get tedious, as they seldom varied. A typical play would show the Japanese descending on a home-stead, maltreating the owners and raping the women; the survivors would then join the anti-Japanese forces.

Discipline at all times was strict. Those who raped or robbed were shot; traitors were decapitated, often brutally. But the trials themselves were well conducted. Robbery was an

offence only when the victims were friendly squatters, not when they were Japanese or Japanese puppets.

Despite Japanese pressure, the Communists went from strength to strength. With outside help in the form of arms drops and submarine landings, they finished the war better led, organised and equipped than ever. Yet a single Japanese battalion would have had no difficulty in eliminating the entire Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army in open fighting. The Chinese have no stomach for close-quarter fighting. Against their lack of "intestinal stamina" can be weighed their cunning, which gives them an unrivalled intelligence system.

The South Chinese, who provide so many of the terrorists of today, are fine-bodied, lithe, short and of puny physique. Although effeminate or boyish-looking, they are hardier than appearances would suggest. Their ability to march with loads over rugged terrain far exceeds anything I have seen elsewhere.

One essential step, in my opinion, if the terrorists are to be defeated in Malaya is to build up an intelligence system comparable to their own.

NOTE: Private Smith was eventually rescued in April 1945. "No moment of my life, before or since," he writes, "has reached that tremendous climax of seeing Malaya fade away astern of the rubber dinghy bearing us towards the waiting submarine."

LETTERS



LET'S 'AVE YER!

After reading an article in SOLDIER on bugling at Wellington Barracks I would like to add my plea for the return of bugle calls.

The sound of reveille blown on bugles, however unmelodious, would be infinitely preferable to hearing a raucous voice shouting, "Come on, let's 'ave yer! Come on art of it, or I'll be in there an get yer," at 6.30 on a bright morning. — "Suffering Officer's Wife," Gibraltar (name supplied).

★ Vocal stimulation is sometimes necessary even in camps where bugles are blown.

● 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.



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USE COLONIALS?

I read that in Britain there is a serious shortage of labour, while here in Malta the problem is just the reverse. If the pay of Maltese and Colonial troops was increased, hundreds of recruits would be forthcoming to make the Navy, Army or Air Force their career. This would save the Mother Country sending British troops to the colonies because these could be garrisoned by local men. Man-power could thus be released from the British Army to carry on Britain's civilian work.

During the war, in Malta alone, there were five Artillery and three Infantry regiments, besides small units, raised locally. — BSM J. Bonello, 7 HAA Bty., Royal Malta Artillery.

WHY NOT REPEATERS?

It has always been a source of wonder to me why the British Army should still be equipped with clumsy, bolt action rifles. It seems to me that the Winchester repeater, although invented 77 years ago, has many advantages over the modern bolt action rifle. It has a greater magazine capacity, a larger calibre, giving greater effect and penetration, it can be fired very rapidly and can be used equally well by either right or left-handed people. Why has not the British Army seen the advantages of this wonderful weapon? — Mr. S. V. Tucker, "Beaulieu", 50 West Hill Avenue, Epsom, Surrey.

★ There is something to be said against repeating rifles, too. One disadvantage shared by all automatic and repeater weapons is that under adverse conditions the mechanism is inclined to jam. The amount of lead that an Infantry section can pump out is limited by the amount of ammunition it can carry into action. A large calibre quick-firing rifle means that the soldier's personal ammunition will soon be used up. A small bullet will stop an enemy Infantryman just as effectively as a large one.

ARMY HOUSING FUND?

In the October SOLDIER a correspondent suggests a housing fund to allow Servicemen to buy their own houses instead of having to rely on married quarters. While a soldier might not be prepared to pay for a house which he might have to vacate at a moment's notice, he might well be prepared to pay for one which he could occupy with his family after he had retired.

I have worked out a scheme whereby a man who has completed 12 years Colour service and has re-engaged to complete 22 years will pay £1 a week, while a man who is at the beginning of his service, but intends to make the Army his career, will pay ten shillings a week. I have also made allowances for death or premature discharge.

The house would be the property of the soldier and his family when he retired with the stipulation that it could only be re-sold to the Army. The whole project would be Army-controlled, the land owned by the War Department and the houses built by Army trainee tradesmen under

The Winchester '73 (featured in a current film as "the rifle that won the West") was introduced in 1873 and used by almost every self-respecting scout, hunter and plainsman in North America, including "Buffalo Bill." It was a lever-action, 15-shot repeater. Out of each batch produced, the most accurate single weapon was specially engraved "One of One Thousand." Of 720,000 produced between 1873 and 1924, however, only 124 rifles were thus engraved on the barrel. These are now treasured by collectors.

In the film "Winchester '73" James Stewart used the actual rifle offered as first prize in a contest in Dodge City, Kansas on 4 July, 1876.



expert guidance. Each house would cost about £650.

Has such a scheme ever been considered? What do your readers think of it? I suggest that it would be a great incentive to recruiting and an even greater one to re-engagement. — Sjt. A. E. Bell, Block Training Centre, RAOC, BAOR 32.

SOLDIERS FIRST

I agree with the views expressed in "SOLDIER to Soldier" (October). Tradesmen and specialists **must** be soldiers first, but they should not be trained in weapons, fieldcraft and so on by one of their own kind who has suddenly been detailed for the job and is relying on a pamphlet to get him through. There should be a full-time weapon training instructor on the strength of units composed entirely of tradesmen.

Weapon training instructors should be recruited from the best material. Every man entering the Army with a School Certificate or higher qualification should automatically be given a weapon training instructor's course at an Army school. Tradesmen's units should liaise with local Infantry units for weapon training. If this were done tradesmen would be interested in their basic training and the efficiency of every Corps would be increased. — SSM A. E. Lee, 11 AF Sgs. Regt., BAOR 1.

A MIRAGE?

The authors of the article on Fayid (SOLDIER, September) really deserve "Oscars" for the way they managed to glamorise it. Half the chaps in this company did not recognise the old place. Perhaps we are living in the wrong quarter, but if so we are eager to discover the better half of this



beautiful oriental holiday resort.

The folks back home will think we are living in a soldier's paradise, so we feel that the other side of the picture should be shown to them as well. We live in tents, which blow down in the "khamseen." Most of the cinemas cost much more than threepence and the age of the films is questionable. We need gas masks when we go shopping and have to pass the "Sweet" Water Canal.

Undoubtedly, Fayid is just the place for married men, but we are not married and for us the Fayid of the article is just a wonderful mirage — caused by too much sun? — Fourteen at Fayid (name and addresses supplied).

The questions which occur to us when we read that men in Fayid can see a film from an easy chair and with a glass of Stella beer — all for threepence, are "Where?" "When?" and "How?" The cheapest AKC show for families is five piastres or ls. 1d. and a bottle of Stella beer costs about ls. 3d. People at home reading SOLDIER will get the idea that we live like lords for very little money. In fact this must be one of the dearest stations in the world. It costs my family and myself £11 10s. a week to live in No. 3 Village and feed at the social centre. A bottle of good English beer costs about ls. 1d., so work it out for yourself. — CSM J. Kenyon, The North Staffordshire Regt., GHQ. Group, GHQ, MELF 17.

DIEHARD PIPERS

Can you confirm that the 2nd Battalion, Middlesex Regiment had a pipe band during the 1914-18 war and can you enlarge on the reason? Being an old "Diehard" myself I would like to be able to substantiate this in arguments with my ex-Service colleagues. — L. Findlay, Scales Branch, REME, Woolwich.

★ A pipe band was transferred from the 16th Battalion to the 2nd Battalion Middlesex Regiment when the 16th was disbanded during the 1914-18 war. The fact that a purely English regiment should have a pipe band at all was commented on by King George V and The Prince of Wales. It was explained to them that before the raising of the 77th Foot, which combined with the 57th Foot to form the Middlesex Regiment, there had been two other units with this number. Both of them had been composed of Highlanders and the pipe band was retained to carry on the Highland tradition. The pipers headed the 2nd Battalion on the official entry into Mons in November 1918.

LEOPARD SKINS

In your September issue you suggest that the wearing of leopard skins by drummers in military bands dates from when these instruments were played by negroes. I have many pictures of negro drummers, but none of them is wearing a leopard or tiger skin. The Royal Leicestershire Regiment has a claim going back to about 1823 for wearing tiger skin aprons, which they brought from India, but the earliest picture of a drummer wearing a tiger skin that I know of is dated 1848. — Mr. W. Y. Carman, 121, By-Pass, Ewell, Surrey.

DETAILS WANTED

A very interesting and old-established practice was dropped from the "Army List" during World War II. This was the practice of publishing beneath the territorial title of each regiment of Infantry of the Line details of their uniform and of the old Regiments of Foot from which the regular battalions emerged. This omission may have been for brevity or for security reasons, yet these details continue to be shown with respect to regiments of Cavalry and various Corps. Surely it is time this information was restored in full? The Infantry generally would welcome the re-appearance of these items of traditional interest. — Lieut-Col. (retd) F. L. P. Jones, MBE, 21 Mulberry Av., Cosham, Portsmouth, Hants.

SHORT-SIGHTED?

I think that the present policy of paying a senior NCO who holds a Class I qualification in a Group "A" trade more than his equivalents in Classes "B" and "C" trades is a short-sighted one.

In the Royal Engineers, at any rate, most senior WO's and NCO's are found from those who have been "boys" in the corps. In time to come there will be very few tradesmen in Groups "B" and "C" trades, as fathers will ensure that their boys are put in for the Group "A" trades before sending them to the Army School. — QMS T. Bickerstaff, 24 Fd. Engr. Regt., c/o BAPO 1.

★ A possible remedy would be to close the training for the "A" trades when sufficient candidates had been obtained, or to set an entrance examination with the brightest entrants being accepted for "A" trade training.

Why are we waiting?



Jean sighed — "Men are funny — soldiers most of all!"

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