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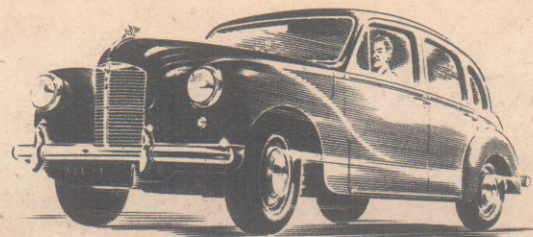
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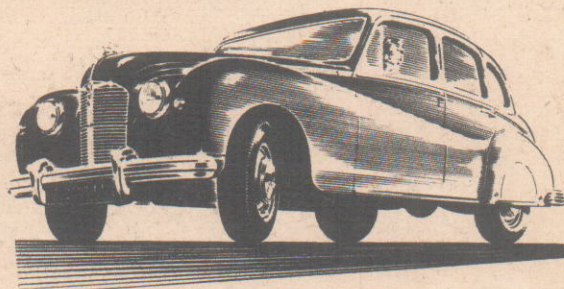
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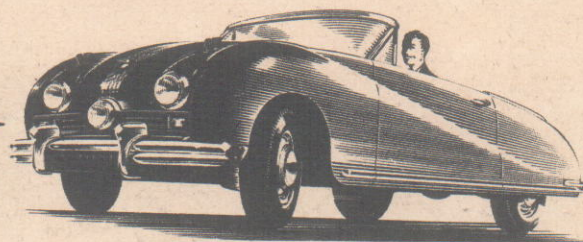
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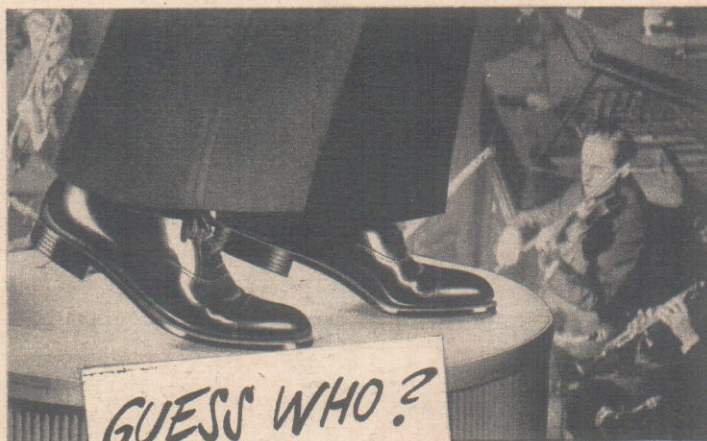
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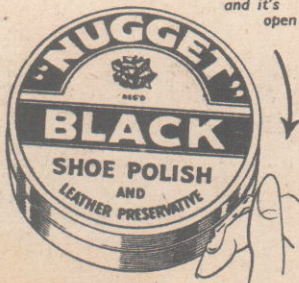
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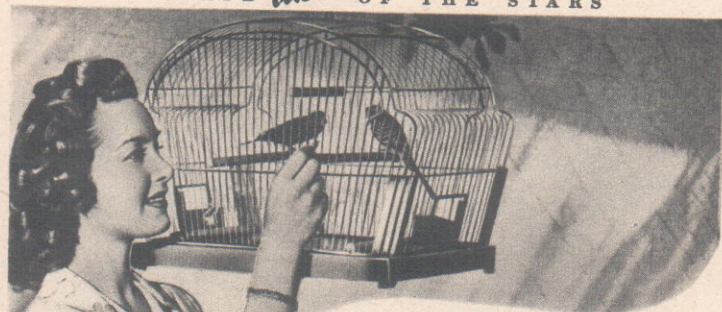
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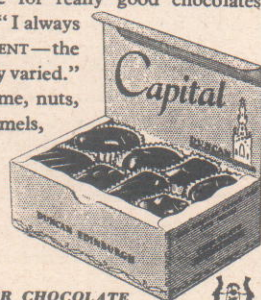
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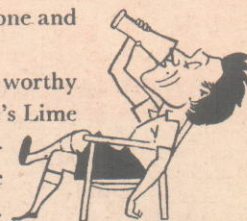


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Juice, and watch how civilisation descends on him as the level of his glass grows lower.



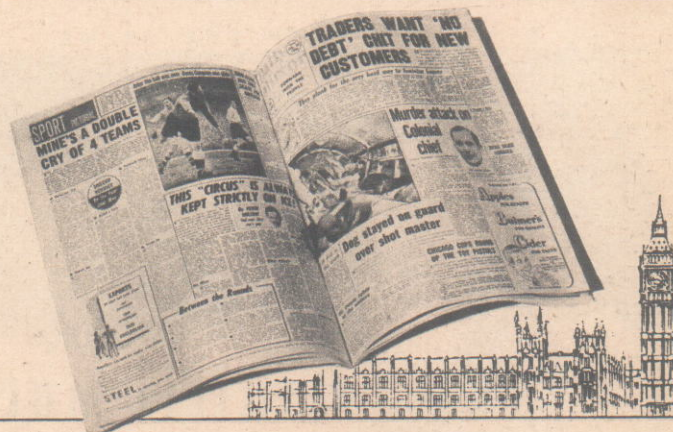
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FAR EAST SPECIAL!

A fierce light will beat on Asia for many months, probably many years, to come. The war in Korea is only part of the picture. Britain's soldiers have been fighting their own anti-Communist campaign in Malaya for more than two years, and their task loses none of its importance with the events below the 38th Parallel.

SOLDIER sent its Staff Writer RICHARD ELLEY by air to Malaya and Hong-Kong to talk with the men on the job, and their commanders. Here is the first of his reports, with his own photographs

1 The Plain-Clothes General Talks to SOLDIER

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL Sir Harold Rawdon Briggs, Director of Operations in Malaya, has a status different from that of any war-time commander.

For one thing, he is a civilian, though he puts on uniform when he goes to visit troops fighting the bandits.

For another, he has no fewer than 12 governments to please — the Federal Government of Malaya and the Governments of the nine States and two Settlements which make up the Federation. Since there is no martial law in

Malaya, only a State of Emergency, those of his measures which affect the life of the community have to pass through the full machinery of democracy before they can take effect.

But Malaya is whole-heartedly

behind the tall, dark, soft-spoken general who came out of retirement in Cyprus to fight Communist bandits. And what he asks for in his easy, smiling, almost casual manner is done. They say in Kuala Lumpur, where he has his headquarters, that Sir Harold Briggs has smiled his way through red tape.

He controls a police force which, with specials and auxiliaries, totals more than 100,000 and includes jungle squads trained on battle courses; he controls the activities of British, Gurkha and Malay soldiers, of the Royal Air Force and its locally-recruited RAF Regiment of Malaya, of Royal Marine Commandos and the Royal Navy; he controls thousands of *Kampong* guards (Malay villagers, often armed with shot-guns), Dyak trackers from Borneo and trackers from Malaya's aboriginal Sakai.

General Briggs's plans are put into operation through a series of war councils. The first one, of which he is chairman, includes the Chief Secretary and Defence Secretary of the Federal Government, the Chief of Police, the General Commanding Malaya District, the Air Officer Commanding and when necessary, a Royal Navy officer.

Similarly, each State has a lower war council on which, generally, a brigadier represents the Army and the Mentri Besar (Prime Minister) the civil authority. The chain goes down to police districts, where the civil District Officer, the police officer in command and the local Army commander (probably a company commander) form the council.

In each case there is a combined operations room where orders and information go and action is decided. The headquarters are always in police buildings, since the work of the Services is all officially "aid to the civil power" and the civil power is the controlling authority.

The police, too, is the permanent authority which will go on when Army units have left the area.

"They are one team," General Briggs told SOLDIER. "The police give most of their time to the populated areas and the Army strikes at the bandit who is living on the fringes of the populated areas and beyond them."

"About two-thirds of the soldiers are more or less living in the jungle and sharing the jungle with the bandits. Their main task is to harry the bandits in such a way that they cannot get food and that in trying to get food they will come where we can fight them."

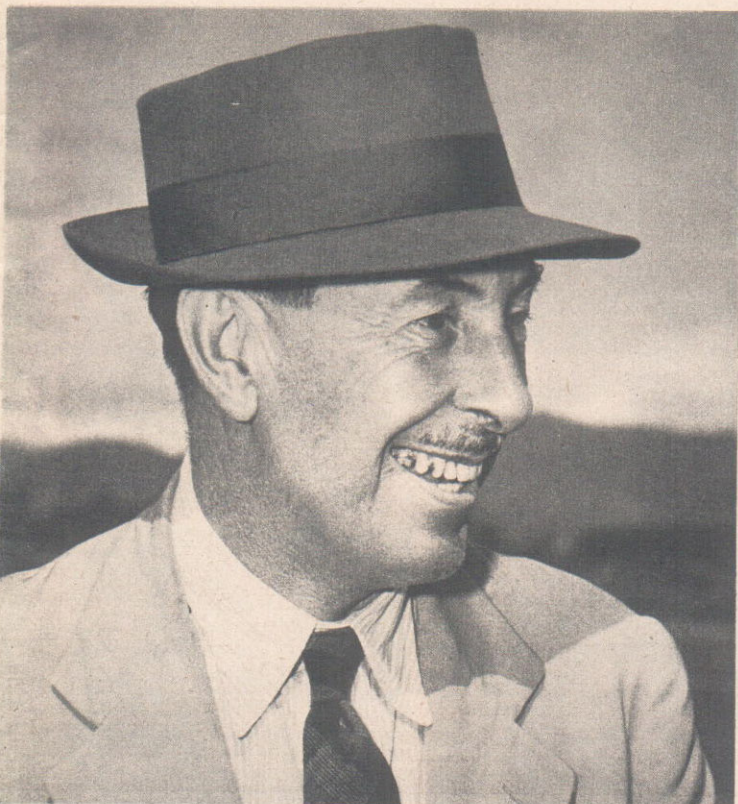
"The soldiers are having a pretty hectic time. They have learned to go out in small parties and they are now bandit-minded. They are as active as the bandits themselves."

Troops are also helping to carry out General Briggs's plans by bringing security to the peoples of Malaya and resettling some of them (see feature on Coldstream village, pages 22-23).

"It is by giving the people security that we deny the bandits the food they need," said General Briggs. "And when people feel secure, they will give us information about the bandits' movements which they would not give when there was a risk of being murdered in retaliation."

The technicalities of the operations, as well as the broad plans, take up General Briggs's attention. For instance, one of the problems the bandit-fighters face is getting an aircraft to its target. When ground troops ask for an air strike on a target, aircraft soon turn up, but when they arrive they still have to search for their targets, and the sight and sound of them warn the bandits, who scatter into the jungle. The ideal is to have some means of getting low-flying aircraft straight on to their targets,

OVER



A veteran of desert and jungle warfare: Lieut-General Sir Harold Briggs. He commanded the Fifth Indian — "Ball of Fire" — Division in North Africa and Burma. Now he is Malaya's civilian Director of Operations.

to take the bandits by surprise. "We are working on this one all the time," said General Briggs. "We are testing out plans for using balloons, parasols — anything which might guide the aircraft straight to the target."

To help him in Kuala Lumpur, General Briggs, who has no concern with administrative or quartermaster problems, has one of the smallest staffs ever to head a major campaign. It consists of one Army staff officer, one police staff officer, one intelligence officer (who, says General Briggs, "just happens to be an Army officer"), one public relations officer and a secretary.

And when the emergency is over?

"Then," said General Briggs, "I shall go back to Cyprus and get on with my gardening — I am making a garden out of a bit of ploughed field — and do a lot of shooting."

From Brigadier L. H. O. Pugh, who has a triple DSO and commands 26 Gurkha Infantry Brigade, SOLDIER heard about the progress of the Briggs Plan in the Yong Peng area of Johore.

This Brigade, including the 2nd Battalion 6th Gurkha Rifles, the 1st Battalion The Suffolk Regiment, 1st Battalion The Cameronians, 13th/18th Royal Hussars and troops from the Gurkha Engineering Training Centre, was engaged in Operation Asbab (Gurkhal for furniture), directed against bandits who have formed themselves into a unit of the Malayan Races Liberation Army.

It was a typical Briggs Plan operation with three phases: first to deprive the bandits of the help of secret members of the Communist party in the area; secondly, either to destroy the bandits in battle or to drive them out of the area; thirdly to make it impossible for the bandits to re-establish themselves in the area, by weeding out the Communists and giving security to innocent inhabitants.

Operation Asbab had been in progress a fortnight, during which hundreds of people had been "screened" by the police, helped by soldiers; scattered squatters were being brought into areas where they would be out of the bandits' reach or, if moving the squatters was likely to disrupt the economy of the area too much, protection was being taken to them.

Within the area, the police had been able to carry on their normal work, while the Army operated on the outskirts. Troops had put a cordon round the area and sent out patrols. Some parts of the area, in which bandits were suspected, had been heavily attacked from the air; the air assault had included delayed-action bombs. Other areas where bandits were thought to be, or through which it was suspected they might travel, had been mortared at odd times. Ambushes were now being laid for bandits reported on the move.

In all this, the welfare of the innocent people in the area had to take a high priority. They had had to suffer some hardship; screening

had probably cost them some hours; there was a complete curfew between seven at night and six in the morning; and shops were closed except during certain hours of the day.

But no bombing or mortaring had been done anywhere near inhabited areas; and the villagers had been warned about the delayed-action bombs.

This first fortnight had been a period of preparation, but already there were results to show. The authorities were getting co-operation from the people; squatters were moving voluntarily into protected areas; people were volunteering information. There had been no armed bandit activities in the area since the operation had started. About 100 known and identified members of the Communist party had been arrested. A small number of people had decided Communism was not so good for the community and had changed sides and co-operated. People with guilty consciences had disappeared to avoid the screening and patrols; their disappearances had been noted and in time they would be found and arrested.

So far, no bandits had been killed, though bandit camps, and in them documents, had been found. But the negative result was still satisfactory. There was evidence that the bandits could not operate in the area. They would be forced to move out. That was in accordance with the Briggs Plan: as more and more areas became impossible for the bandits, they would be forced to concentrate, and it was far easier to find and wipe out a force of 500 in a limited area than of five bandits in a wide one. It was a slow, long-term plan, begun on 1 June 1950. Sir Harold Briggs had been the first to warn that there would be no spectacular results.

On a rubber estate, in the heart of the Yong Peng area and 60 miles from the Brigadier's headquarters, Major D. L. Powell-Jones of the 2/6th Gurkha Rifles described the slow snowball of results which might be expected from an operation like Asbab. In a jungle camp some documents had been found, giving names. Since a good many Chinese shared the same name, it might take weeks to identify all the men mentioned. But they would be identified, found and arrested. From them would come information leading to more arrests.

The previous day, the 2/6th Gurkhas had found a bandit camp which illustrated the straits to which the bandits were reduced. "It was a well-organised camp," said Major Powell-Jones, "but it was built on stilts, in a stinking swamp. Those living in it could not see the sky. If they wanted to stand up, they had to go on to dry land and they could not get to and fro without wading waist-deep in water. They were living in sheer misery."

"There were pigs and chickens in the camp and we left them there as bait. If the bandits grow desperate for food and come back for the livestock, we shall ambush them."

② "Home" from the



The cookhouse in the clearing: men of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry prepare one of their last meals at Lenggong, before the trek to Penang.



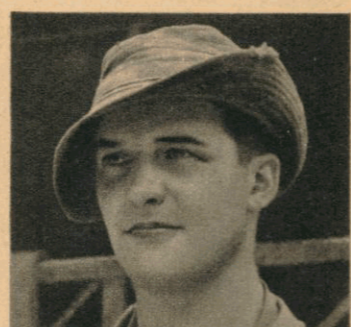
Jungle hats: Captain D. S. Sutcliffe describes his as the "out of the bag" style.



Fetching chapeau created by L/Cpl. S. Oakes, with a length of parachute cord.



No, this is not a Guardsman. It is L/Cpl. G. R. Bragg. He can wear headphones easier this way.



One side up and one side down: a becoming variation by Private J. Reynolds.

Jungle



Another ferryload of Yorkshiremen crosses the Perak river. One man has been unlucky with his hat brim.

It was the day before moving day for the 1st Battalion The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Along one side of the village *padang* (playing-field) of Lenggong, where the goal-posts still helped to support a wire-less mast, Malay drivers of the RASC had parked their lorries in a neat line, ready to move the Yorkshiremen in the morning.

Across the top of the field, the misty hills towering over the village. They were marching towards the river or the road.

By tomorrow morning they would all be on the road or on tracks leading to the road, ready to be picked up by the lorries. Before lunch, they would be on the road to Penang.

It was not, perhaps, a great moment in the history of the battalion, which has been abroad since 1922. But it was a moment to which the battalion had long been looking forward.



A lace converts L/Cpl. J. Clarke's hat to something like a WRNS officer's tricorne.



Farmer's boy style, modelled by Private C. Hughes. He needs a straw to chew.



Fashion writers would probably call this a halo style: Private G. D. Kell.



A suggestion of the Stetson: Company-Sergeant-Major N. A. Lawrence.

After two-and-a-half years in the jungle, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry pulled out for a spell of regimental soldiering at Minden Barracks, Penang



That was quite a luxurious crossing, as river crossings go in these parts. But sentries were on guard.

After two and a half years of operations, the men of the battalion were going to be together again for the first time. They were going back to their home, in Minden Barracks, Penang, exchanging jungle bivouacs for brick walls. They were to stay there for two months — not a holiday, because there was some serious training to be done, and some regimental soldiering. The Yorkshiremen would be there for the opening of the rugby season. They would also be there for Minden Day and would be able to celebrate it as a regimental day should be celebrated. Married men with families waiting in Penang would be rejoining them for the first time in several months.

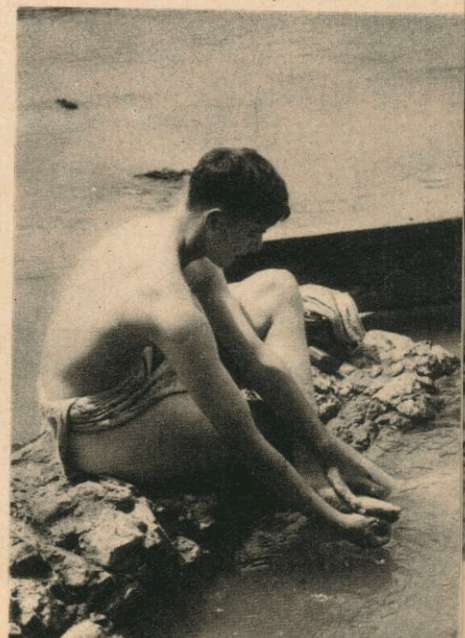
It was not the first time the battalion had moved out of Lenggong. Two-and-a-half years ago they had operated in the same area against bandits of another political colour who described themselves as the Malayan Overseas Chinese Self-Defence Association. And at that time the battalion headquarters had been on the same village *padang*. Now, only a handful of the battalion were men who remembered the last time at Lenggong. One of them was the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Brown.

The Yorkshiremen have operated in Kedah, Perak and Perlis, in the North-West of Malaya. Their official score is 38 bandits killed; probably they have killed more, for the bandits whisk away their dead and wounded whenever they can, but probables do not count. The battalion have also taken 135 prisoners, of whom about 20 were bandits and the rest bandits' agents and supporters.

They have discovered innumerable bandit camps, abandoned perhaps minutes, perhaps years before. They put an end to a bandit newspaper by capturing the camp in which it was produced and the press on which it was



Private A. Lowden was one of many who found time to fish — with home-made tackle. And 2/Lieut. R. N. H. Sacker (below) was as happy as any urchin beside the Serpentine.





Armoured trucks used by the KOYLI: (above) a 15-cwt converted by REME, and (right) a three-tonner. Note rifles protruding from apertures, side and front.



"Home" from the Jungle (Continued)

printed and killing or capturing the staff, including a couple of girl bandits. They ambushed a gang of smugglers and captured the biggest haul of opium ever found in Malaya.

They have earned one Military Cross, one Distinguished Conduct Medal, two Military Medals and many Mentions in Despatches. They have lost two officers and 15 men killed and had 11 men wounded.

Before they went to Penang, they were given one last task: Operation Acorn, a fortnight's

search of an area on both sides of the Perak river. Operation Acorn killed no bandits, but it was not unsuccessful. The Yorkshiresmen found several camps; in one of them a meal was still cooking and one of the leading men was able to help himself to a cup of hot, bandit-made coffee. And bandits believed to have been set on the run by the Yorkshiresmen were brought to battle by a near-by battalion of the Malay Regiment.

Operation Acorn was typical of the hard, dogged work the cam-

paign involves: the watchful, tiring, unrewarding patrols, with a battalion's companies scattered through the jungle or the vast rubber plantations.

"It is quite common to have the companies three or four days' march from battalion headquarters," said Lieutenant-Colonel Brown. "A battalion commander just cannot get around to see his companies because, if he visited one, he would lose touch with the rest. So he must put his headquarters where wireless communications are best and stay there."

Now Operation Acorn was nearly over. Already "B" Company was out of the jungle, resting on the banks of the Perak river. It was not completely relaxed; sentries had to be posted. The road near the camp was "red," a classification which meant that no Army vehicle was allowed along it without an escort.

Some of the men were just taking things easy under their shelters of bamboo, groundsheet and occasionally banana fronds. Others were bathing, tipping each other out of Malay canoes. Still others were fishing, with improvised rods and lines.

The Company Commander, Captain D. S. Sutcliffe, who had just caught a mud-fish weighing a pound and a half, broke off angling to talk about the operation.

"It was rather pleasant as they go," he said. "The jungle was fairly open, and we had very little rain — only a little shower on the first day. After that it was too dry, really: we had to dig a well in a river bed to get water, and everything was so dry it was impossible to move quietly."

It was "B" Company which found the bandit camp with the meal still cooking.

"They heard us coming," said Captain Sutcliffe, "and they all scattered into the jungle. Even our expert trackers, two Dyaks and three Sakai, could not follow them. They left not only their meal, but some clothes hanging on a line. It was a well-sited

camp, with slit-trenches and Bren positions, and must have held ten to 15 bandits."

A few miles down the river and on the opposite bank, "D" Company had just come to a stop. They had not been so lucky. It had not been a particularly pleasant operation, nor had there been much excitement though they, too, had found bandit camps. They had beaten round and across an area which skirted a large clearing containing a squatter settlement, a tempting source of supply to bandits. There might well have been some lurking in the area.

"We have been over the other side of those," said the Company Commander, Major A. E. Harding, waving his hand towards the hills that rose steeply to the south. "The jungle was thick, and sometimes we had to hack through."

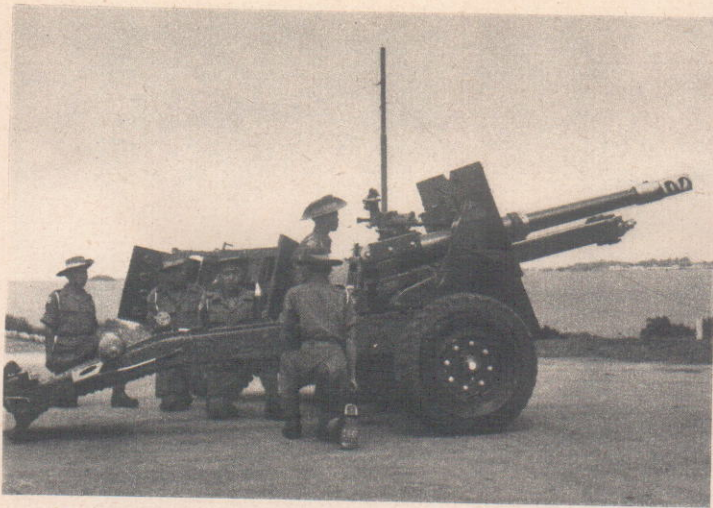
One of the first visitors from battalion headquarters was the medical officer, who gravely inspected a tooth belonging to Serjeant F. Hall. The tooth had ached during the operation, but Serjeant Hall had scorned to ask for a dentist's forceps to be dropped from the air. Instead, he had tied a piece of parachute cord round the tooth and yanked it out himself.

In the afternoon, "D" Company crossed the river, ferried over in sixes by Malay boatmen, while a protection party kept watch. By tea-time, a new bivouac was going up near the little village on the west bank of the river, exciting the little Malay children in the open-sided school.

Meanwhile, on Penang Island, it was the soldiers' own children who were growing excited as their mothers hurried back to quarters with last-minute shopping. In his office in Minden camp the adjutant had finished his preparations and was coping with the arrival of a new draft from Britain. On his desk was a little paper flower. It was a specimen Minden rose, submitted by a Chinese contractor. The order had been placed. In a few days, every man in the battalion would be wearing one in his hat.



To some, this cinema at Minden Barracks, Penang, may look makeshift. To men from the jungle it was as substantial as anything of Mr. Rank's.



Malay recruits on 25-pounder drill. The regiment once fired these guns in a jungle action. Right: In walking-out dress, complete with *sarong* in Royal Artillery red and blue.



③ THE GUNNERS WEAR A SARONG

On the Island of After Death are Gunners who take pride in being able to fire anti-aircraft, coastal and field guns with equal proficiency. They make good Infantrymen too



Drilling with 3.7 anti-aircraft guns (above) and on a coastal gun (right). Some of the coastal guns are used only for training; they belonged to the pre-war defences.

ANYBODY interested in discovering the most versatile artillery unit might start by considering the claims of the 1st Singapore Regiment, Royal Artillery.

The regiment has three heavy anti-aircraft batteries and one coastal battery. In addition, it fires field guns — and has done so operationally — and its troops take it in turns to fight the bandits as Infantry.

Headquarters of the regiment is on Pulau Blakang Mati — the Island of After Death — a few minutes' ferry journey to the south of Singapore. The island has been a Gunner stronghold for more than a century.

Apart from the officers and a small number of British NCO's, mostly instructors and administrative staff, the regiment consists of Malays. Some of them have been soldiering since 1938.

One of the veterans is Regimental Serjeant-Major Jamin Bin Marsom, the first Malayan regimental serjeant-major in the British Army. He was one of 60 men who enlisted in 1938 to go into either the Royal Artillery or the Royal Engineers. Most of them, including Jamin, were posted to searchlight companies of the Royal Engineers.

OVER →





Learning to overcome a mob — the "mob" consisting of other recruits who throw clods of earth, yell and fall "dead" when blanks are fired.



The Gunners Wear a Sarong (Continued)

With the searchlights, they transferred to the Royal Artillery early in World War Two and fought as coast artillerymen against the Japanese.

When Singapore fell, the Malaysians were told by their officers they might return to their villages and live as civilians, to avoid capture. Those who were taken were released by the Japanese after three weeks, but many were later sent in labour gangs to Siam and New Guinea.

After the reoccupation of Singapore, many of the pre-war gunners, including Jamin, reported back for service. Some of them joined an improvised coast battery commanded by a sub-lieutenant of the Royal Navy.

From that nucleus the 1st Singapore Regiment was formed in the middle of 1948. Jamin became a regimental sergeant-major.

A few months ago a brigadier in Johore, fighting a battle against bandits, called for artillery support — a rare event in the anti-bandit campaign. It was late on Saturday, when most Singapore units would have stopped work for the week-end.

The 1st Singapore Regiment ferried two 25-pounders to Singapore island, then rushed them across the island and into Jo-

hore, a total of about 25 miles, and into battle. It was the first time the regiment had gone into action as artillery.

But back in 1948, when other Gunners were turned into Infantry to fight the terrorists, the 1st Singapore Regiment started to train 40 Malaysians for jungle warfare as Infantrymen. Although it is not very big (a little more than two miles long) Blakang Mati can provide good, thick jungle for training.

At the beginning of last year, the first troop of 40 was in action. Since then, the troop has changed every month, so that by now every man in the regiment has seen jungle action. They usually come under command of an Infantry battalion, or another artillery regiment fighting as Infantry.

The second jungle troop to go into action had the regiment's first battle casualty, a section officer slightly wounded. "His section soon killed the bandit who wounded him," said Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. L. Richey, who commands the regiment. "They showed the right spirit. But then, we knew the Malay was a good fighter."

The Malays have their own regimental mufti, a handsome

walking-out dress. It consists of a hat like a blue tarbush, a white coat, a *sarong* in the Royal Artillery red and blue, and white trousers. Blue and red epaulettes denote the NCO's ranks.

The regiment has its own mosque, since all the Malays are Muslims, and the *imam* (priest) and his assistant are on the establishment of the regiment. During the month of Ramadan, when Muslims fast from sunrise to sunset, the Malay Gunners have to change their meal-times — but they do not miss any food. At sunset they have a big curry-and-rice meal; then, about ten o'clock at night, they have their normal breakfast of tea or coffee, bread and jam and fish or eggs. And at three o'clock in the morning they have another curry meal.

At the end of Ramadan comes the feast of Hari Raya, which is as big an event for Muslims as Christmas for Christians. Then the regiment really goes to town, with a big dinner and an entertainment with a professional band and dancing girls.

On the establishment are a priest and his assistant. Right: Calling the men to prayer at the unit mosque. Below: Gunners wash their feet before entering.



The island has its own thick jungle which is ideal for practising Infantry tactics. The officer is Captain D. C. Paterson, a former Chindit.



MOST Regulars felt they had earned a rise in pay. They were agreeably surprised by the size of it when it came.

From now on, however, the taxpayer will be more critical of the Army. He will demand his money's worth. He will be legitimately wrath if he sees one soldier digging a hole and three looking on. He will write to the papers every time he sees a soldier strolling about with his cap off. And who shall blame him? The man is paying for an Army and he ought to have one.

The Prime Minister did well to stress that the main incentive in a man joining the Army should be a desire to serve his country. What the Army does not want is an influx of "legal minimum wallahs," to use Field-Marshal Sir William Slim's term for the workshy. The Army must not be clogged up with those to whom Civvy Street is too hard a struggle, those whose philosophy is "Back to the Army again, Out of the cold and the rain." It wants men with pride in the profession of arms, men who will accept responsibility and keep their minds and bodies agile. Soldiers who do that deserve their higher pay, every bit of it. And if the wrong kind of man is attracted, the Army must hammer him into a useful member of society, as it has done before.

ONE man who is anxious to reform the Army's pay code is Mr. Robert Jessel, military commentator of the Daily Express. He wants it to be expressed in plain English.

"The ordinary 18-year-old civilian — the man they want as a Regular — knows nothing and cares less about five-star classifications carrying sixpence a day more than the four-star grade (wrote Mr. Jessel) ... He is not interested in increments (otherwise known as rises) of sixpence a day after five years service, or in how they work out his pension in 1968 on the basis of X years as a corporal and Y years as a serjeant. But he knows his elder brother in the factory is getting £7 a week at the age of 24, and he wants to know whether, with ordinary luck, he will himself be earning £4, or £6, or £8 in REME at the same age."

Instead of fancy figures, says Mr. Jessel, "the Government should give every soldier, in cash, an all-in wage. This should include all the bits and pieces now issued 'free.' And it should make him pay in cash for his board and lodging, at cost price, with a select committee to watch fair pay."

On a quick reading this all sounds fine. But even soldiers who find the Army pay system bemusing will be the first to see that the Army cannot put up a poster saying "Join the Army and earn £7 a week," or whatever sum it is. There *must* be different pay for men with special knowledge, special skill, extra responsibility, higher rank. In any case, what factory has Mr. Jessel in mind? Does everybody earn a flat £7 at the age of 24 in Nuffield's? Are not men in factories, as in the

Army, paid according to skill, responsibility, age and length of service? In Mr. Jessel's own profession of journalism, a man's salary may even vary according to the size of the town he works in.

NOW for Mr. Jessel's last point — that a soldier should pay for his board and lodgings.

Let us suppose a jungle patrol in Malaya has built its lodgings for the night (with banana leaves) and is settling down to its supper — if lucky, a tin or two of parachuted bully and bread, or if unlucky a dish of rice and monkey's guts. "You can't eat, boys, until you've paid for the grub, in cash," says the cook. "What shall we say it's worth?" Anybody can write the rest of the dialogue for himself. The awkward member of the platoon will want to refer the whole thing to a select committee.

Is it unfair to Mr. Jessel to select a situation like that? Not in the least. Battalions may be moved overnight from peace-time conditions to a state of war or semi-war. There cannot be one scale of payment for men who are static and another for men who move about. The sensible thing is for the Army to supply the food — eat it, or leave it — and pay the soldier spending money.

At the same time, if the pay system can be stripped of "muck-age," it certainly should be. As far back as 1797 the Secretary for War had the House of Commons in a spin explaining that the soldier's 11¼d a day consisted of sixpence for subsistence, 2¼d for consolidated allowance (the Duke of York's idea), one penny for

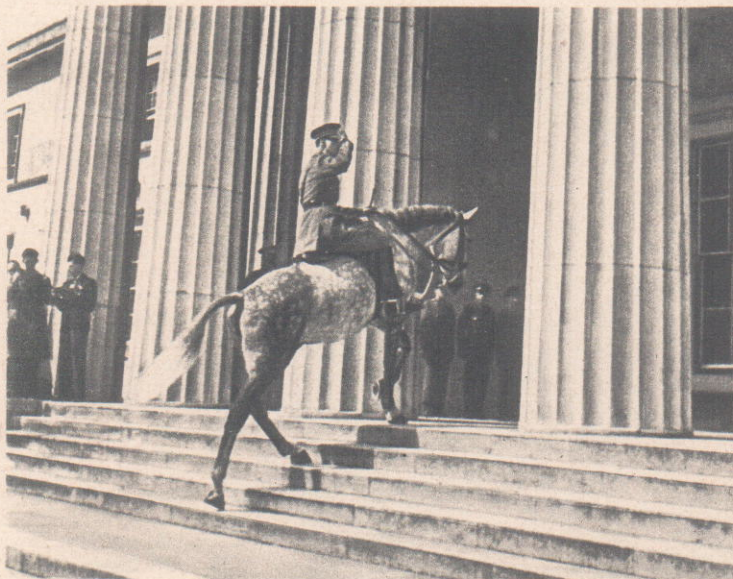
meat, one penny for bread, and 1¼d for beer — and even at that it didn't add up properly.

ON the field of Alamein, when a Scots company was held up by barbed wire, it happened that the company barber had been entrusted with the wire cutters. "Get a bloody move on, Jock," cried a voice in the night, "you're no' cutting hair now."

What Jock replied is not on record. He probably had plenty to say about those blankety-blank, self-styled fighting soldiers who had never done an honest day's skilled work in their lives. For, inevitably, there must be a certain rivalry between the man who gives all his time to being an Infantryman and the man who gives only part of his time to it. There are some Army tradesmen and specialists who believe that they should not be made to "play at soldiers." The view is quite wrong. In Korea the headquarters of the US 24th Division was attacked suddenly, and the commandant had to summon together bakers, orderlies and musicians into a makeshift force to hold the invaders. The same thing happened from time to time in the fluid fighting of World War Two.

What the tradesman's comrades say, by way of banter, on such occasions is nothing to what they would say if they had to teach him how to load a rifle.

ON this page recently it was suggested that someone ought to make a list of the notable buildings and towns which owe their origin to the Royal Engineers.



On horseback up the Sandhurst steps. Who did it first? (See article on this page.)

A reader writes to say that it would be no less instructive to compile a list of all the fighting arms, in all three Services, which were fathered by the Royal Engineers. "I am thinking not only of the Royal Corps of Signals, the Royal Pioneer Corps and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers," says this reader, "but of the Royal Air Force. Remember that it was the Sappers who first ran a balloon arm and even an airship arm."

Put like that the record is enough to make any Sapper puff out his chest. But the Sappers did a good deal more than that. They pioneered deep-sea diving and anti-submarine defences for the Royal Navy; they organised the Army's early mechanical transport and then handed it over, in 1912, to the Royal Army Service Corps; and they developed searchlights, which they handed over to the Royal Artillery. Also, the Tank Corps owed much to the enterprise of Sapper officers.

The claim to have sired the Royal Air Force arises from the formation in 1890 of the 1st Balloon Section, Royal Engineers. By 1911 this had developed into the Air Battalion Royal Engineers, equipped with aeroplanes and dirigibles. Next year the organisation was expanded into the Royal Flying Corps, which in turn was combined with the Royal Naval Air Service to form the Royal Air Force. Since then the Royal Engineers' main connection with flying has been to build airfields. But the Corps is still air-minded, and this summer the Royal Engineers' Flying Club held a first-of-its-kind Army Air Day at Detling airfield in Kent.

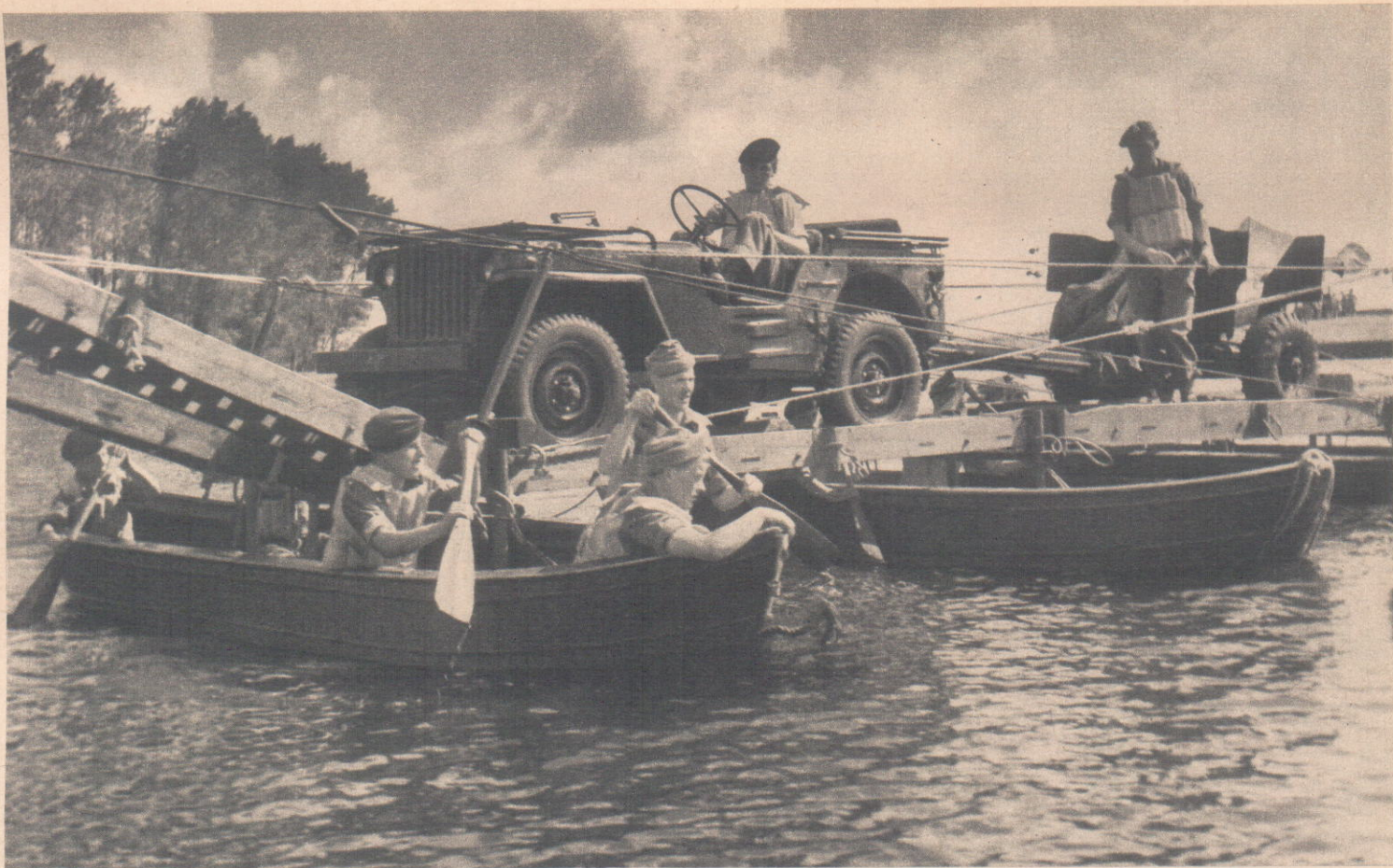
TO trace the beginning of an tradition — even a recent one — can be quite a task.

Readers of the *Sunday Times* have been disputing a statement that the officer who began the tradition of the adjutant riding up the steps at Sandhurst's passing-out parade was Lieut-General Sir Frederick Browning, when he was Sandhurst adjutant in 1926. General Browning, questioned on this point, said: "I had no thought of starting a tradition. For all I know it may well have been done before." He rode up the steps because it seemed an anti-climax for one officer to be left behind when everyone else had entered the building.

A reader then pointed out that Colonel E. L. Pike, Grenadier Guards, rode up the steps in 1920, adding: "Colonel Pike gave another impressive display on that occasion. He rode his grey charger at full speed at the inspecting general and pulled up his horse on his haunches a few feet away ... "Impressive" seems hardly the word!

But Brigadier-General J. R. Gausson, now in his eightieth year, wrote in to say that to win a wager, he rode up the steps of the Old Building in 1890, round a billiard table and out at the back of the building.

Well, so long as nobody tries to go up the steps in a tank ...



This raft carrying a jeep and a six-pounder took the crew just over nine minutes to build. Hard paddling is called for.

AT THE SIGN OF THE DUCK

At an aquatic school on the Baltic soldiers of Rhine Army learn how to cross rivers with speed and confidence, even by primitive means... even by swimming

(Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski)



Here is the raft seen at the top of this page in an earlier stage of construction. It is quicker to put together than to take apart.

INFANTRYMEN are not the only soldiers who have to cross rivers under fire, but generally they are the only ones to be taught the technique.

At Hamburg District's Aquatic Training School (unit sign: a duck) it is a different story. Here, on the sandy shores of Kiel Bay, on the Baltic Sea, officers and men from many corps receive the same training as Infantrymen.

Working side by side they learn how to row and raft and throw light bridges across a river; and as they become more advanced, they learn to cross water with only primitive aids. All non-swimmers are given instruction by Army Physical Training Corps experts so that by the end of each course about one man in five of those who could not swim when they arrived is able to swim a gap of deep water 100 yards wide.

Fear of water among young soldiers is one of the things which the School's instructors — most of them non-commissioned officers from No. 5 MT Company, RASC, who run the course — find hard to combat.

"Sometimes we have to throw them in — after putting lifebelts on them," Serjeant James Simpson, senior instructor said. "But they very quickly gain confidence and soon we find it difficult to keep them out of the water."

When the soldiers first arrive they spend the first few days learning to tie knots and lashings — the thumb knot, figure-of-eight, reef knot, clove hitch, single and double sheet bend, and the running turn and two half hitches. "This is of the greatest importance," says Serjeant Simpson. "A



Demonstrating a bowline: Corporal I. Taylor, Corps of Royal Military Police. Below: a life-jacketed crew are numbered off for rowing duty in an assault boat.



With denims rolled to the knees, and rifles slung, the crew launch their assault boat.



"Don't rush it. Dip the oar well in and pull steadily," counsels Lance-Corporal J. Salisbury, in the stern. Below: dry land swimming under Staff-Serjeant-Instructor S. Blake and Serjeant-Instructor J. Barry (correcting foot movement).

badly tied knot, on a kapok bridge for instance, might cost many lives."

They then go out, in rubber reconnaissance boats and collapsible assault boats, on the large fresh-water lake in the grounds of the camp and learn how to paddle and row correctly and to control the craft in heavy weather. After that comes the building of special rafts to ferry either a 17-pounder gun, a 15-hundredweight truck or a jeep and a six-pounder anti-tank gun across the lake. One team recently constructed a large raft with three assault boats and a series of transoms in just over nine minutes — a local record.

Twice during the course students go out at night and build a kapok bridge across the water, cross it on reconnaissance and return. Somebody always falls in, but by that time he has been in the water so often that it doesn't matter. Every man wears a life jacket when training.

A popular item is improvised rafting, when men must cross the lake without equipment. Some gather straw and grass and with a tarpaulin build it into a water-proof bag which will keep afloat for eight hours and carry four men. Others cut down branches and lash them together to make one-man rafts, or string together tin cans, bottles or oil drums on which they can float and swim.

"At the end of the course the students should be able to cross almost any stretch of water," says Captain E. Goode, RASC, the School's Commandant. "Some feel confident they could raft their way across the Atlantic. There are long faces on the last day because many of the soldiers normally work in offices and the outdoor life has whetted their appetites."

OVER



SIGN OF THE DUCK (Continued)



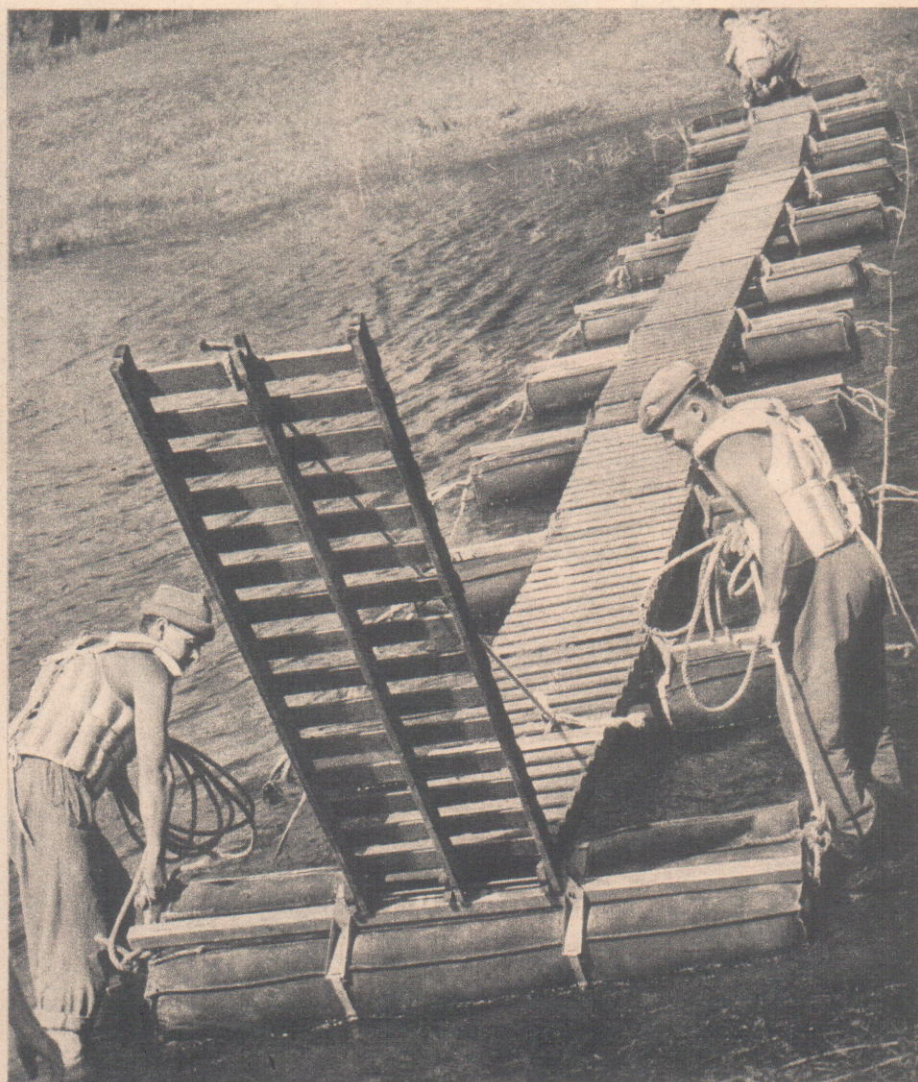
Raw materials for a four-man raft are 100 pounds of straw and a tarpaulin. Serjeant H. Gayler, Royal Engineers, demonstrates the right way.



The finished article in use. It's rough going but it gets you there—if you don't take on too many hitch-hikers.



Non-swimmers can progress on a couple of old tin cans. For that matter (as SOLDIER once showed) they can float on an inflated pair of trousers.



The hardest part of laying a kapok bridge is carrying it down to the water's edge (left). The bridge is almost complete (above).

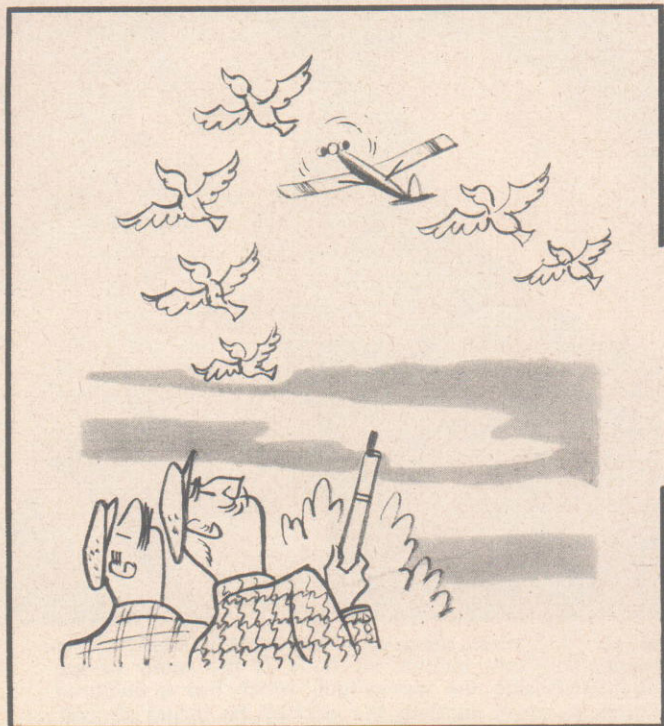
WITH THE TERRITORIALS



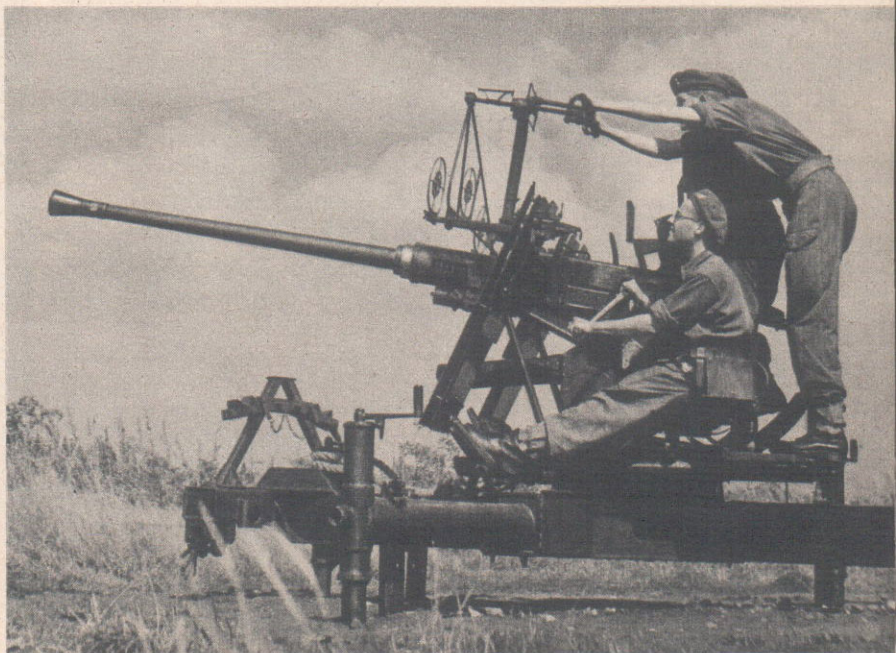
"Queen Bees" are always a bit of a mystery to the uninitiated. The Army cannot afford to have too many shot down.

All summer the metal flies into the air from the anti-aircraft practice camps. SOLDIER made a trip — — —

TO STIFFKEY FOR THE BEE SHOOTING



Here a gunner operates the bar-sight to which Stiffkey gave its name: the Stiffkey Stick.



TO the public at large, the main claim to fame of Stiffkey, in Norfolk, is that it housed a wayward rector who, in his later days, used to exhibit himself in a barrel at Blackpool.

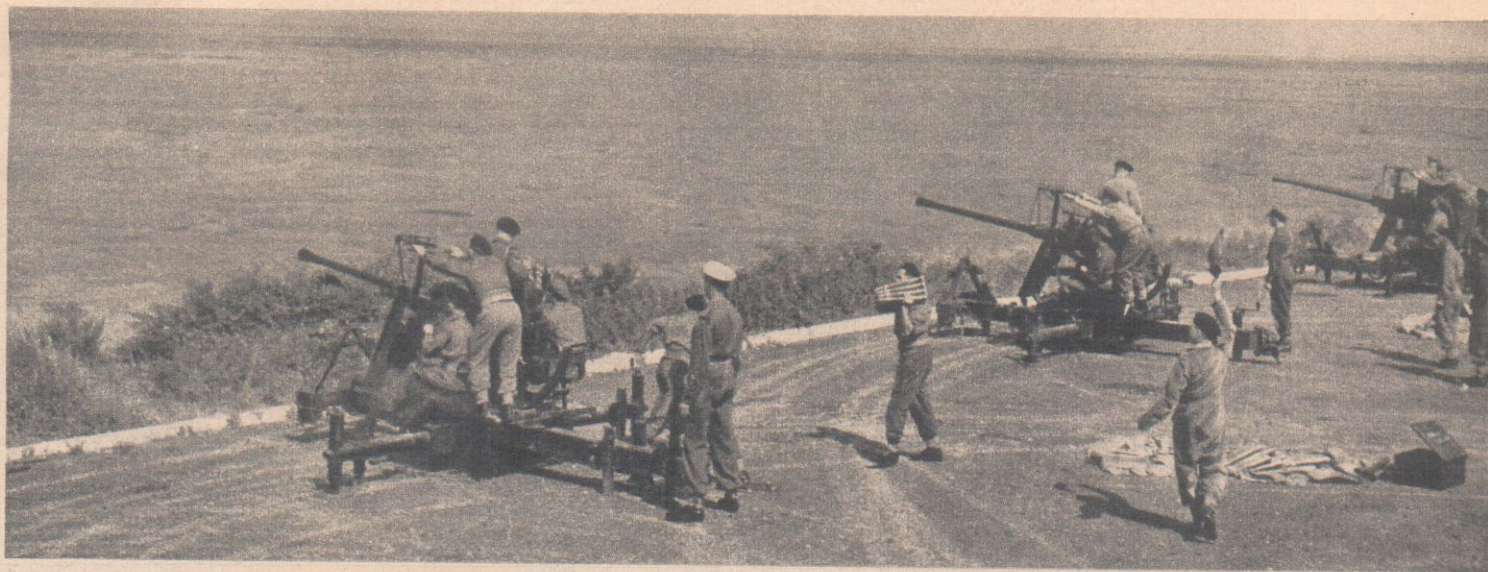
But mention the name to a gunner in light anti-aircraft and he will say, "Ah yes, that was where they invented the Stiffkey Stick!" For such is the name of the bar-sight which enables the Bofors to engage a fast target with accuracy. The device was developed during the war at the anti-aircraft practice camp near the village.

Stiffkey camp is now used during the summer months by relays of Territorials who do their annual fortnight's firing practice there. When SOLDIER called in recently it was the turn of 536 and 565 Mixed Light Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Regiments and 645 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment.

The presence of the Women's Royal Army Corps on the establishment of a light anti-aircraft unit is a post-war innovation. As the guns are usually employed in a mobile role the crews may well have to sleep by the wayside and generally rough it. At present the girls are employed only on clerical and cookhouse duties, but they are eager for a chance to show what they can do in a more martial role. They gladly volunteer for the not very inspiring work allotted to them for the sake of learning something about the guns and searchlights. They are just as keen as the men (in fact, the female side of both mixed units is more nearly up to establishment than the male) and they get just as big a kick as the men when a target sleeve is shot down.

The most popular shoot at a firing camp is usually that at the "Queen Bee." A sleeve cannot jink about the sky, but a Bee introduces a sporting touch. It is a miniature plane with a twelve-foot wingspan and is controlled from the gunsite by radio. It can fly at

OVER



BEE SHOOTING (Continued)

any height, dodge, twist and do all the manoeuvres that might be expected of an enemy aircraft, apart from shooting up the gun-site. Its top speed is 120 miles an hour, but as it is usually flown at a height of about 800 feet, this speed, combined with its size, gives the impression of a full-sized plane doing 300 miles an hour at about 2000 feet.

The Army cannot afford to have Queen Bees blown to pieces regularly, so a Bren gun is mounted along the barrel of the Bofors and while the Bofors sights are used, the actual shooting is done with .303 tracer which can riddle the Bee's fabric without bringing it down. Even so, a lucky hit on the engine may send it plunging earthwards. When this happens the

operator pulls a switch which releases a parachute from the body of the Bee and lets the aircraft down gently for repair and future use. It usually comes down in the middle of the miles of salt marsh which stretch away to the horizon in front of the gun-sites. Although hitting the Bee causes great jubilation, finding the wreckage and lugging it back to camp from a wet stretch of marsh on a damp night is another matter.

Night firing, with the aid of radar-controlled searchlights, can be quite a stimulating sight, whether the target is a Bee or a sleeve. The radar has a narrow beam which, searching its allotted arc of sky, can pick up an aircraft well beyond the range of the light. There is no need for the

searchlight to do any preliminary groping, thus giving away the battery's position. When the plane does come within range the light stabs out smack upon it, dazzling the pilot and making him a sitting target for the gunners.

Strangely enough, the only man who cannot then see the plane is the one who controls the searchlight's movement. He is under cover, watching the thin band of green light that crosses his radar screen and the vertical streak that denotes the presence of the plane. Another little spot of light acts like a sight on a gun. He keeps it directly beneath the moving streak of the plane by turning a small wheel and this ensures that the beam remains on target.

The searchlights can play cat-and-mouse with the plane, switching off the beam and letting it get away, only to pick it up on their

Bofors guns in action on the edge of the marshes. The white-topped cap is worn by an assistant instructor of gunnery.

radar and stab a finger of light straight at it again. It all makes an impressive contrast to the old days of "hunt and find," when searchlights were so often a target for scoffers.

Night firing gives the whole organisation a chance to work as one team. Either the RAF obliges with a towed target or the Bee is sent up. The searchlights click into action and one of them soon picks up the target. Then the others try to get a three-beam intersection, three searchlights shining on the plane from different angles, lighting it up completely and giving the gunners a perfect target. The target dives, climbs and swerves, but the lights



You can't keep a maid away from a mirror. But the WRAC who serve in the mixed light anti-aircraft batteries do not work on the searchlights. Reflected is the radar-controlled searchlight apparatus.



Serjeant J. Ogilvie, detachment commander, observes the beam. The halo behind his head is the radar aerial, mounted beside the searchlight, which has a coloured screen to avoid dazzling the pilot of the target aircraft.



This "Chinese lantern" tells shipping that firing is in progress. Radar also keeps close watch on vessels in the vicinity.

cling to it. In the case of the Queen Bee it is essential that they should do so, because if they lose it the operator himself will not know where it is and will either have to land it by parachute or risk having it fly away out of control.

When a towed target is used, the wheeling shafts of the searchlights, the silvery sleeve, the crash of the guns, the streaks of tracer shells and the billowing clouds of acrid cordite fumes combine to create a miniature "Brock's Benefit." Premature shell bursts too, are not unknown. Fuzes are so sensitive that contact with a flying insect, or even a raindrop, may set them off. As

hosts of moths are attracted to the searchlight beams, the chances of hitting one are not so remote. Fortunately, the blast and the splinters from the Bofors bursts all fly forwards so no damage is done. The Stiffkey practice camp has not had one casualty since the war.

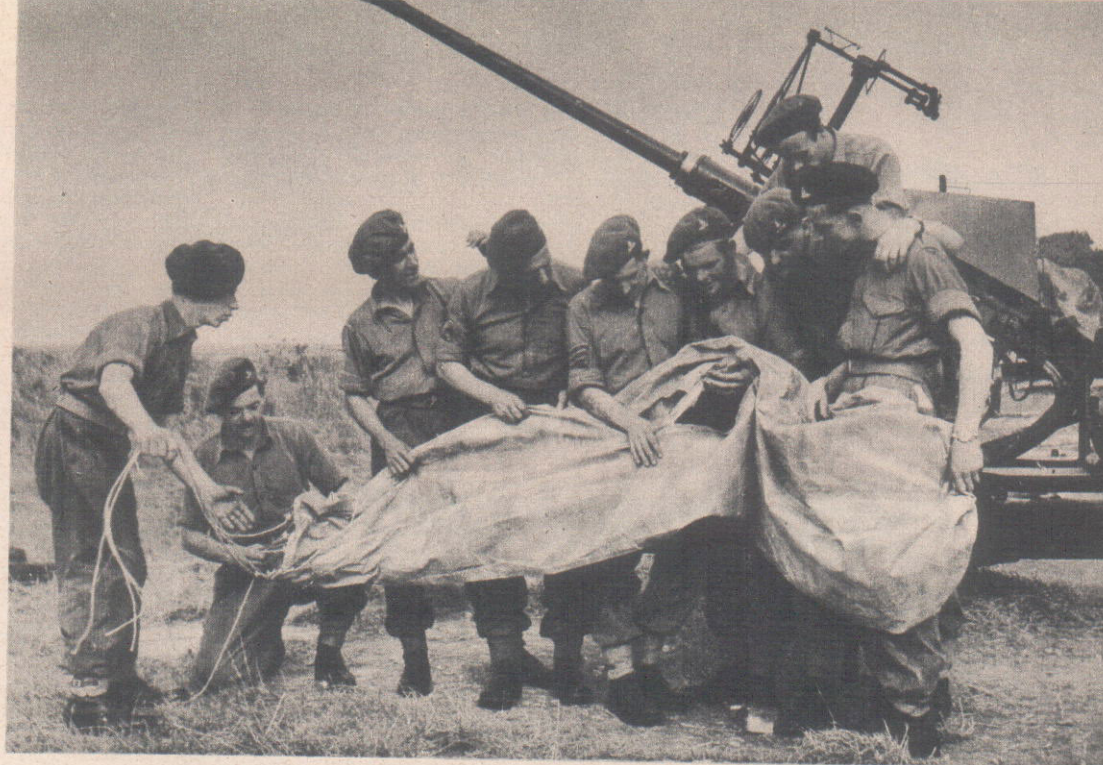
Of course, various precautions have to be taken. Stout ropes tied to the guns prevent them from firing outside a thirty-degree angle and a safety officer stands behind each gun to give the

signal to engage. As the rounds burst over the sea a radar watch must be kept for passing shipping. Small craft sometimes settle down for a day's fishing in the danger zone. Then the guns are fired at an elevation which ensures that the shells will pass over them and burst well beyond. A few salvoes like this and the radar usually reports: "Vessel now moving rapidly out of firing area."

On each day's training the guns of Stiffkey pump out a thousand rounds, or about ten thousand

rounds a fortnight. As each shell weighs a pound and three-quarters and the summer firing season lasts four months, the weight of metal strewn on the sea bed since 1947, when the Territorial Army was reconstituted, runs into hundreds of tons. With the layer of splinters deposited by the war-time firing, there must be enough scrap iron in the bay to build a small destroyer. And Stiffkey is only one of several practice camps on lonely parts of the English coast.

TED JONES



The great moment: counting the holes in the sleeve. When it has been well riddled, the pilot drops it over the guns.



Serjeant J. Preece, 14th/20th King's Hussars, with one of the Peninsula guidons. Right: A famous Cavalryman inspects the Hussars: General Sir Richard L. McCreery.

FIRST TIME FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

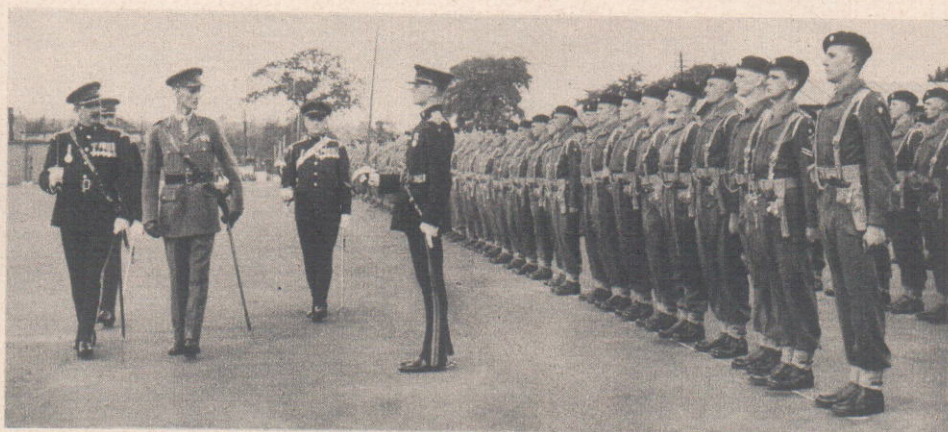
WHEN the 14th/20th King's Hussars trooped their Guidons at Catterick Camp this summer, it was the first time the ceremony had been performed for well over a century. And it is a ceremony which may never be performed again.

Guidons are two-pointed standards formerly carried by dragoon and light dragoon regiments. Their use was discontinued in 1834. Today six guidons of the 14th and three of the 20th Light Dragoons are still in existence, but some are too old to be shown except under glass. The three which were trooped were carried in the Peninsula War.

The ceremony commemorated the date in 1798 when George III named the 14th Light Dragoons the Duchess of York's Own,

and empowered the regiment to wear the black Prussian eagle — its present badge. By coincidence, the ceremony also commemorated the dashing action of Corporal William Hanley, of the 14th Light Dragoons, in 1812. Pursuing the French after Salamanca, Corporal Hanley, with his patrol of seven, captured two officers (one a colonel), two NCO's and 27 mounted dragoons, a feat which earned him a gold medal from the officers of the 14th and inspired the bandmaster to compose a trumpet fanfare, "Blasco Sancha," in his honour. The fanfare was sounded at the ceremony at Catterick.

A distinguished Cavalryman inspected the parade: General Sir Richard L. McCreery, Colonel of the 14th/20th King's Hussars.



300 YEARS

THE regiment whose spiritual home is in a tight place—to quote the historian, Arthur Bryant—has been celebrating this year its three hundredth year of unbroken service.

The Coldstream Guards are not merely a regiment; they are a phenomenon. Other nations which enjoyed the power and the glory three centuries ago can produce no regiments of comparable age. The French cannot; nor can the Spanish. Powers which take just pride in their armies today were only chopping-blocks or wildernesses 300 years ago.

The Coldstream were nearly wiped out

soon after they were formed—not by force of arms, but by a stroke of the pen. Through good fortune they were spared; and in a famous ceremony on Tower Hill they helped to found a British tradition—that the Army is the servant of the State and in no sense or circumstances a challenge to it.

Ceremonial comes naturally to the Coldstream Guards. This year they have had their fill of it. In July the King presented the regiment with new Colours; last month the old Colours were due to be laid up in the West Country. In the following pages is described the return of the regiment to its traditional recruiting grounds in the north.



The Guards parade in Berwick, the town from which their forefathers came three centuries ago.

THE COLDSTREAM GO HOME

BERWICK is the town with the independent air. The townsfolk will tell you that it belongs neither to England nor to Scotland; that the Act of 1746 which caused it to be listed directly after Wales in proclamations and peace treaties has never been repealed.

"They talk about England and Scotland, indeed.

It's Britain and Ireland and Berwick-on-Tweed..."

The townsfolk have even discovered that while they were named in the proclamation of war in the Crimea, they were omitted in the peace treaty, which legally places them still at war with Russia.

But Berwick's spirit of independence does not prevent it from claiming a founder's share in a famous English regiment. Were not the Coldstream Guards formed from five companies of the Berwickshire garrison, as well as from five companies from Newcastle?

A man with a halberd was there to welcome the Coldstream: Mr. S. McKnight, ex-King's Own Scottish Borderers, now the Mayor's Serjeant-at-Mace.

So the people of Berwick gathered to cheer — as who wouldn't? — when the Coldstream marched in their bearskins and scarlet across the Royal Tweed Bridge from Tweedmouth — a hundred men from the 3rd Battalion, headed by a band and corps of drums nearly 90 strong. The Guardsmen wheeled into Marygate, the town's market-place, and halted in front of the ancient town hall which, with its steps and pillars, looked not unlike St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

If the people of Berwick were unused to seeing scarlet and bearskins in their market-place, no doubt the Coldstream were a little surprised at the party which faced them on the steps. In front stood a gentleman with a tall hat, a beige coat and an axe. This was

Mr. S. McKnight, formerly of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and now the Mayor's Serjeant-at-Mace, who holds aloft a silver halberd on such occasions. At the top of the steps, among the cable-entangled envoys of the BBC, stood another figure in top hat. This was Mr. C. Manderson, ex-Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and now the Mayor's Master Bell Ringer.

The Mayor himself, Councillor R. Yelloly, having accepted the invitation of Major C. W. Lambton, in charge of the parade, to inspect his Coldstreamers, walked along the ranks followed by General Sir Charles Loyd, Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel E. R. Hill, Regimental Lieutenant-Colonel, and Lieut-Colonel W. A. G. Burns who commands the 3rd Battalion. The band played "Greensleeves."

Back on his stand the Mayor then presented to General Loyd an illuminated address welcoming the return of the regiment to the "county of the borough and town of Berwick-on-Tweed." The





address was illustrated with pictures of Generals Monck and Loyd, commanders divided by three centuries.

If any of the 8000 who lined the market-place were not quite certain what it was all about, the large banner across the 200-year-old town hall told it all: "1950: Tercentenary of the Coldstream Guards."

To the Coldstream themselves this was one high-light in a long weekend of ceremony. It had begun the previous day in Newcastle, which to most of the men from the 3rd Battalion was home country. The hundred chosen to represent the regiment had been picked from those who lived in this part of the world. Luckiest, perhaps, was Guardsman John Tolman, whose home is only a two-pence-halfpenny bus fare from Newcastle's centre.

Hardly had they arrived before the celebrations started. The officers in evening dress and the warrant officers and senior sergeants in blues went off to a dinner given by the regiment to the city (later the city entertained the regiment). The men meanwhile dined at a hotel as the guests of the Newcastle United Football Club. While General Loyd thanked the Lord Mayor of Newcastle, Alderman N. H. Chapman, for the city's reception, Serjeant Frederick Copson was on his feet in a hotel not 200 yards away thanking directors of the football club for "the magnificent dinner."

The football dinner was not without its touch of regimental tradition. When Mr. W. B. Taylor, a director, rose to propose the toast of the King, a Guards serjeant whispered in his ear that as the Coldstream traditionally did not drink the King's health in the officers' mess, it was felt that the tradition should be maintained here. The toast was changed to that of "The Regiment."

Before the men went off to a theatre (still as guests of the football club), they crowded round the top table to shake the directors by the hand and to wish them the best of luck next season. At the

OVER

Town and Gown, Bench and Pulpit greet the Guards. The Mayor of Berwick presents General Sir Charles Loyd with an illuminated address. Below: another city falls to the Guards: Newcastle.



Old Coldstreamers meet in Berwick. Left to right: CSM Thomas Hall, Guardsman Thomas Maguire, Guardsman Jack Jobling, DCM, MM and Sgt. John Atkinson, MM. Below: a police reunion in the same town. Cecil Todd, George Armstrong and George Hindmarsh were all in the Coldstream 3rd Battalion.





Newcastle entertains the Coldstream. "We hold you in the highest affection," says Alderman William McKeag, Deputy Lord Mayor. Left to right: Mr. Christopher Robinson, Old Coldstreamers' Secretary; RSM Charles Smy, RSM Charles Norman and RSM Harry Johnson (Royal Northumberland Fusiliers). Below: It's all part of the Coldstream service. Cards like this are sent by the regiment to the families of men serving.



The youngest Coldstreamer on parade, and "mascot": 15-year-old Boy Michael Carroll.

COLDSTREAM GO HOME (Cont'd)

same moment the regimental dance band was striking up a tango in the chandeliered Old Assembly Rooms where the Newcastle Old Coldstreamers Association, 529 strong, were hosts at a ball. The guests included mayors, provosts and sheriffs of the north-east, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and men whose names are distinguished in the regiment: General Sir Torquhil Matheson, one-time commander of the 3rd Battalion, Lieut-General Sir Arthur Smith, Brigadier Lord Stratheden, Brigadier Lionel Bootle-Wilbraham who commanded the regiment at Dunkirk, Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, Colonel J. C. Wynne Finch (who also commanded the 3rd Battalion) and Lieutenant-Colonel J. Chandos-Pole, until recently commandant of the Guards Depot.

Eyeing the glittering scene from a settee in the bar was 71-year-old Bartholomew Grey who joined up in 1897 and spent 12 years with the 1st Battalion. As the band played some old-time waltzes his mind went back to Belmont and Diamond Hill and other South African scenes where he soldiered. "The finest regiment

Alderman McKeag's North Country humour went down well. The men of the Coldstream had earlier been guests of the Newcastle United Football Club.



STATE COLOURS
OF HIS MAJESTY'S

Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards

ALL THE BATTLE HONOURS, INCLUDING THOSE SHOWN ABOVE THE STATE COLOURS, ARE BORNE ON THE COLOURS OF THE BATTALIONS

THIS IS TO INFORM THE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF

.....

THAT HE IS SERVING HIS KING AND COUNTRY AS A SOLDIER
No. IN THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

HEADQUARTERS, COLDSTREAM GUARDS,
BIRDCAGE WALK,
LONDON, S.W.1.

.....19

G. & P. LTD. 3710-R

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

THE Coldstream Guards were formed from men of Berwick and Newcastle, but their founder and first commander was a fighting man from Devon: Colonel George Monck. He came of a family which claimed descent from Edward III.

Young George Monck, born in 1608, ran away to sea, later became a soldier and fought in the Low Countries, Scotland and Ireland.

When the quarrel between Charles I and Parliament exploded in civil war, in 1642, Monck at first supported the Royal cause. In 1645 he was taken prisoner at Nantwich and placed in the Tower of London.

Next year Cromwell, realising his martial ability, gave him a command in Ireland.

When, in 1650, Cromwell started his advance northwards to quell the Scots he took with him George Monck and earmarked for him a regiment. This unit, however, objected to having an ex-Royalist for a colonel and so Cromwell diverted to Monck five companies each from the Newcastle and Berwick garrisons. On 13 August 1650 Parliament auth-

orised the establishment of this new regiment. Thus was born a unit of the New Model Army, a unit later to become the Coldstream Guards.

Colonel Monck's regiment stormed castles in Scotland, the colonel himself becoming a general and for a time holding a sea command. When Cromwell died, and Parliament began disbanding regiments (and generals began arresting politicians) Monck declared for Parliament.

To him there seemed only one solution to England's crisis: to restore the monarchy. At that time his army was stationed in the area of Coldstream, on the Tweed, and his own regiment was in the town itself. On New Year's Day 1660 he started his famous march to London, which led to the return from the Continent of Charles II.

The new King made Monck Duke of Albemarle and commander of the King's army. Meanwhile Parliament was disbanding the New Model Army. Monck listed his own regiment as the last to go. Riots broke out, however, and it was deemed advisable to retain some troops for keeping order. Charles personally inspected "the troops from Coldstream" and ordered that they should remain in his service. So in 1661, on Tower Hill, the men laid down their arms in the name of the Commonwealth and took them up again in the name of the King. They have fought in every major campaign of the British Army except the Indian Mutiny. It has been said that, at Waterloo, the fate of Europe turned

on an officer and four men of the Coldstream Guards closing the great gate of the courtyard of Hougoumont after a French break-in. Hardly less critical was the costly stand of the Coldstream in the First Battle of Ypres in 1914.

The regiment's first title was "The Lord General's Regiment," but early chronicles give the name Coldstream Regiment. The motto "Nulli Secundus" (Second to None) was adopted in 1829, in an attempt to settle the perennial argument about which regiment has the longest unbroken service. (The Grenadiers sprang from Cavalier troops who served their Sovereign in exile, but they were not form-

ed until 1657; they can claim to have served their Sovereign longer, but not their country. The Scots Guards were formed in 1641, but their service was broken; the Honourable Artillery Company goes back to 1537, but it is not a Regular regiment).

As a regiment the Coldstream form up on the extreme left of the line — the opposite end to the Grenadiers.

George Monck had a son who died without issue, but the Irish side of the family retained their connections with the regiment. The present Viscount Monck was in the Coldstream; his father was killed with the Coldstream at St. Julien in 1914.

The Coldstream Guards is the only regiment to have two State Colours. There are, in fact, only four State Colours in existence — the King's Company of the Grenadiers has one, and the Scots Guards the other. These Colours are in addition to the King's and Regimental Colours carried by battalions. A State Colour is carried only when a regiment mounts a guard of honour on the person of the King or Queen on big State occasions.

These two State Colours were given to the Coldstream by William IV. He insisted on being received by the regimental march instead of the National Anthem when he visited the Coldstream. This year the tradition was upheld when the King, arriving to dine with the officers' Nulli Secundus Club, was welcomed by this march in place of "God Save the King."



These youngsters live on a famous site in the village of Coldstream. On this spot (as the plaque tells) Colonel Monck made his headquarters in 1659. The house was rebuilt in 1863.

in the world," he said. "If I could, I would go with them tomorrow, wherever they are sent." This old Coldstreamer returned from South Africa to become a miner, and only recently retired.

It was a reunion, too, for sergeant-majors. Three RSM's met at the Old Assembly Rooms. RSM Charles Smy, of the 3rd Battalion who won his DCM in Salerno, RSM Charles Norman, Superintending Clerk at Birdcage Walk and RSM Harry Johnson of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, who was a corporal in the Coldstream Guards before his transfer as drum major to the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

Both in Berwick and Newcastle old Coldstreamers turned up from

all over the country. One man came from Brighton, another from Bournemouth. Others made the journey from Scotland. Some of the police lining the streets had once worn the eight-pointed star in their caps.

Two old Coldstreamers walked round the corner of a Berwick street and found themselves standing rigidly to attention in front of General Sir Charles Loyd, who was leaving a hotel. They were Jack Jobling, who won the DCM and MM with the 1st Battalion in World War One, and was a Naval petty officer in charge of a tank landing craft in the last war, and Jack Atkinson, MM, who left the regiment to become

OVER

And here is the "cold stream" itself. The regiment forded here at the outset of its famous march to the south.





An Ex-Provost of Coldstream, Mr. T. C. Angus, is head of a local firm which blends "Coldstream Guards Whisky."

COLDSTREAM GO HOME (Cont'd)

a policeman in Berwick and is now steward at a local club. The two men found they had served under the same commanding officer as the general in World War One.

The men lost count of the tributes to their regiment during their weekend in the north. Said the Mayor of Berwick at a luncheon (echoing Mr. Arthur Bryant): "The Coldstream has always stood, as befitting a Cromwellian regiment, for a certain simplicity and directness. The regiment has elegance but no frills. Its spiritual home is a tight place or sticky corner." Said the Lord Mayor of Newcastle: "You occupy a proud place in the Brigade of Guards and the North Country." Said the Very Rev. N. M. Kennaby, Provost of St. Nicholas Cathedral, Newcastle: "You are a very remarkable regiment, for although formed under Cromwell you were commanded by a Royalist."

On the Sunday morning, with the Cathedral bells ringing and people of Newcastle cheering from the pavements, windows and the tops of lamp-posts, the regiment, followed by the old comrades, marched through the streets to give thanksgiving at morning service.

For two people the visit north was a particularly big occasion. One was the Old Coldstreamers' secretary and organiser of the visit, Mr. Christopher Robinson, for 17 years recruiting sergeant in Newcastle. As job finder for the National Association for the Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen he has, since 1945, found work for many thousands of Regular Servicemen.

The other was the youngest Coldstreamer in the parade: Boy Michael Carroll, not yet 16 and only 5ft one inch in height. For a year he has played the

fife in the corps of drums and his ambition is to be sent to Tripoli with the 3rd Battalion, for there he will see his stepfather, an old Coldstreamer, and his mother who will make the trip from West Africa where they now live. Said Drum-Major Harry Appleby: "I have 37 boys training under me, but Carroll is the smallest. We brought him to Newcastle for the celebrations because he is by way of being regimental mascot."

The regiment did not visit Coldstream, 13 miles from Berwick, as the tercentenary of the famous march is not for another nine years. Nor was the lone ex-Coldstreamer in that village, Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, the postman, able to get to Berwick. But appropriately enough, the one recruiting poster in the village says: "Join the Coldstream Guards."

PETER LAWRENCE

An earlier Coldstream pilgrim to the Border country was ex-Guardsman Francis Wood, who walked with a pushchair containing his flag-draped suitcase from London to Coldstream in 1927. He was then 80 years old. In 1925 he made a similar journey from London to Ypres.



"300 YEARS" (Concluded) AND HERE IS

Three centuries ago, a village gave its name to the Coldstream Guards. In Malaya the Coldstream Guards have given their name to a village

KAMPONG Coldstream, the village is generally called, and it is in South Perak. Its inhabitants, Chinese ex-squatters, call it Leng Shui Hor — Cold Water Village. Its creation was one of the last jobs in Malaya of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards.

Kampong Coldstream is part of the plan to bring the squatters into controllable and defensible villages. In this way, the bandits will no longer be able to prey on them for money and supplies. And, freed from terrorists, the squatters will be able to give information about the bandits to the authorities. The village started as 26 acres of secondary jungle — jungle which has once been cleared but has grown again, usually thicker than primary jungle.

Two platoons of Coldstreamers supervised the clearing, which was mostly done by the squatters themselves, and the erection of a 1600-yard perimeter fence which took 20 miles of barbed wire. When the work was well advanced, one platoon went off to work on another village, known as Boom Town. The Coldstreamers have been responsible for five new villages altogether.

Coldstream transport carried the squatters, their families and their belongings to the new village. It also carried many of their homes, for houses were taken down plank by plank to be re-erected on the new sites.

The battalion trucks took squatters out to cut *attap* and *alang* — the palm and the grass used for roofing — and brought the materials back to the village for them.

The village was surveyed and divided into lots for 309 families, with sites for shops which were to be transported and rebuilt from squatter settlements nearby. The Chinese were left to do their own building, which meant they could please themselves as to design, so long as they kept within their 20-by-20-yard plots.

Those squatters who had vegetable gardens, tapioca plots, tobacco gardens and piggeries near Kampong Coldstream were to keep them on, going out from their new homes to work each day. Others, who had been moved from settlements at a distance, were given new plots near Kampong Coldstream. And they were awarded legal title to the land on which they lived and worked — something they could not have as squatters.

When SOLDIER visited Kampong Coldstream, about 280 families — roughly 1200 people — had already moved in. Wells had been dug, tobacco was drying in bamboo frames and there was a coffee-shop which the Guardsmen patronised between visits from a mobile NAAFI canteen. Yet it was only four weeks to the



For youngsters like these there will be a freer life in Kampong Coldstream.

ANOTHER COLDSTREAM VILLAGE



Morning coffee in the *Kampong*. It makes a change from the mobile canteen. Below: Guardsman R. Taggart supervises the building of the perimeter fence — there are 20 miles of barbed wire in it.



Squatters carry on their occupations under the new management. Here tobacco leaves are drying on frames in the sun. Below: Serjeant R. Chandler "frats" with the children. If they won't make friends with a British soldier, they won't make friends with anybody.





One Scots regiment honours another: Pipers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers pipe a send-off to the men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on board *HMS Ceylon*.



AND SO TO KOREA

As *SOLDIER* goes to press, the British forces in Korea are receiving their battle baptism.

The "Diehards" and the Scots of the Thin Red Line face as arduous a campaign as the twentieth century has offered. Their departure from Hong-Kong and their arrival in Korea was a story of sunshine and brave music, of free cigarettes, tinned chicken and asparagus. But there are harsh days ahead.

SOLDIER's RICHARD ELLEY was on the quayside at Kowloon to see the battalions leave. He writes:

IT was an "old-fashioned" departure. Indeed, there has been no departure like it since the Boer War.

For the first time since those days, men embarked for a full-scale battle-front with all the trappings of peace-time trooping. There was no resemblance to the purposeful, security-veiled embarkations of World War Two. The whole world knew which units were going and where and when and in which ships. **OVER**

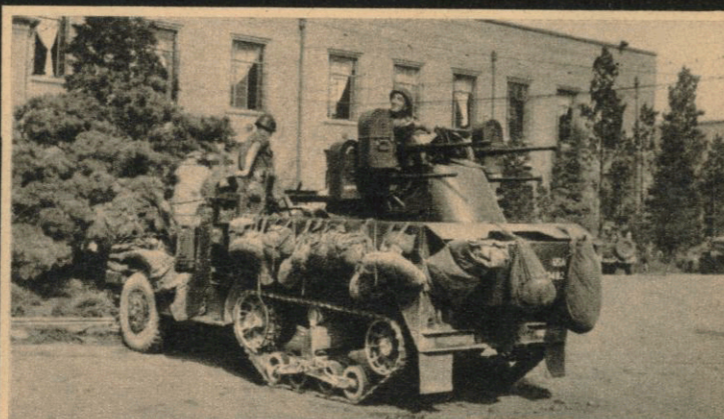


On the flight deck of *HMS Unicorn*, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald talks to officers and men of the 1st Middlesex.

Below: Men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders — and a Royal Marine or two — on board *HMS Ceylon*.



British troops in Korea have been learning the new bazookas. This is the 3.5 rocket launcher (note projectiles in foreground).



A well-armed American half-track. Similar gun mountings have been used from holes in the ground.



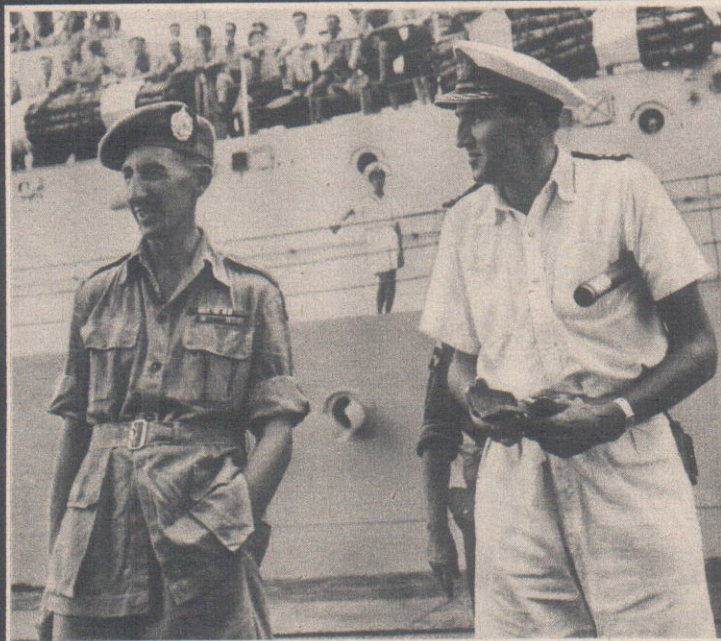
In action in Korea: a General Patton tank. It weighs 48 tons and has a 90-millimetre cannon.



Knocked out: one of the Russian T-34 general-purpose tanks operated by the North Korean forces.



A last refresher in Hong-Kong ... but soon, in Korea, the call will be for hot drinks.



Two men with a load of responsibility: Lieut-Col. G. L. Neilson, commanding the Argylls, and the Commander of HMS Ceylon.



The Middlesex had just bought and painted this smart leave bus, now in a garage in Hong-Kong. But they are coming back for it, some day...

KOREA (Continued)

On the Monday the two battalions — the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the 1st Middlesex Regiment — and the accompanying brigade troops had just settled back into their camps after an exercise the previous week in which they had manned defensive positions in the New Territories of Hong-Kong.

At noon they received orders to pack up again, this time in earnest, for Korea. The next day the story was in every Hong-Kong paper. The predicament of the Regimental Serjeant-Major of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, whose trews had been stolen by Chinese, was fully exploited. So were the stories of men who stayed in camp rather than go out for a drink when it was pointed out that if they got themselves into trouble they might not go to Korea.

There were tales of men in other units who were not picked when volunteers to reinforce the Korea-bound units were called, and who hiked through the blazing sun to see if the Argylls or the Middlesex could take "just one more."

On the Thursday morning, the Hong-Kong papers headlined "Troops Expected To Leave For Korea Tomorrow." The ships were named, too.

General Sir John Harding, Commander of the Far East Land Forces, visited the two battalions and his message to troops, "Shoot quickly, shoot straight and shoot to kill," was the following day's headline.

On the Friday, the embarkation at Holt's Wharf, Kowloon, was the main topic of conversation in Hong-Kong and Kowloon. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had their own pipe band there to play them on board. The 1st Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers sent their pipe band in full dress, and the 1st Battalion The Royal Leicestershire Regiment sent their full band to give the force a send-off.

Before the first troop train rolled in with the Highlanders, lorries belonging to a local firm of soft-drinks manufacturers arrived with thousands of free bottles of orange squash, and ice-boxes to cool them. More gallons of drinks were provided by the YMCA, together with cigarettes.

More lorries appeared on the wharf and unloaded cases of beer — gifts to the troops. There were more cigarettes, with the compliments of the South Korean Consul-General.

Photographers were everywhere. There were newsreel cameras and a recording car from the Hong-Kong rediffusion station. There were reporters interviewing everyone from private to colonel, and there were five envied war correspondents also Korea-bound.

The scene grew gay with uniforms and summer frocks and parasols as visitors, mostly friends from other regiments with their wives, increased in numbers. The drabest people on the dockside were the men the fuss was all about; they wore jungle green

which had been soaked by rain as they waited to board their train in the New Territories and was now soaked with sweat as they waited on the wharf, wearing full equipment.

Steadily they marched up the gang-planks — the Highlanders on to the blue-grey cruiser *Ceylon*, the Middlesex and most of the brigade troops on to the pea-green aircraft carrier *Unicorn*.

Meanwhile, down on the wharf the pipes and drums of the Borderers marched and counter-marched and the band of the Leicesters played musical-comedy selections. From the decks of the two warships the troops, having left their equipment below, offered kindly advice to military policemen on the dockside.

Here and there were wives, clinging to their husbands' hands and trying to hide their tears. There were not many of them, because few of the Highlanders or the Middlesex had accumulated enough points to qualify for married quarters in Hong-Kong. But those few wives were enough to remind one that this was no ordinary peace-time embarkation.

The RAF said its good-byes, too. A solitary Vampire performed aerobatics above the harbour, then a squadron of Spitfires swooped low over the *Unicorn's* flight-deck and came back again and again, each time in a different formation.

By late afternoon, when most of the troops were aboard, more red tabs and cap-bands appeared among the spectators. Troops came ashore from the *Ceylon* and fell in on the wharf; those on the *Unicorn* formed a hollow square on the flight-deck.

Smart launches appeared in the space between the two warships, while boatswains' pipes shrilled and Marine bugles called ships' companies to attention. The generals had to come to wish the troops good-luck: General Harding again, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Mansergh, Commander-in-Chief, Hong-Kong, and Major-General G. C. Evans, Commander of the Land Forces, Hong-Kong, and earlier Commander of 40 Division.

With the generals came Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, to remind the troops that they would be fighting for their homeland as surely in Korea as they would be on the beaches of Britain, that they would be crusaders fighting in the first force of arms mustered by the free peoples of the world under one authority.

There were three cheers as the "top brass" left. The Highlanders went back aboard the *Ceylon*; the hollow square on the *Unicorn* broke up. The Leicesters' band began playing again. Gangways were closed and disconnected.

Now, so far as the spectators were concerned, it was all over. The two ships were still there, but nobody could or would say when they were sailing. But an hour or so later first the *Unicorn* then the *Ceylon* could be seen slipping down the harbour towards the Lei U Mun gap and the open sea.

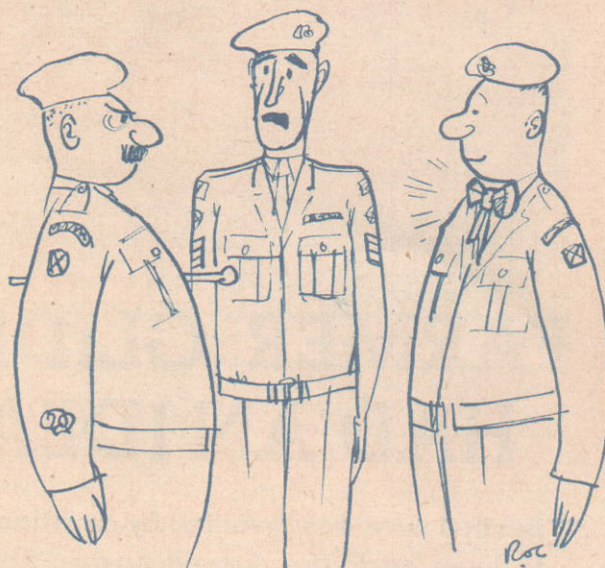
SOLDIER HUMOUR



"Now, let's see, who shall we have to whitewash the cookhouse ceiling?"



"Congratulations! You are about to set up a regimental record — the 5000th man to be inoculated with the same needle."



"Unfortunately, sir, there's nothing in orders to say *how* it should be tied."



"... when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek."



"I can find no mention of 'Deceivers, gay' in the vocabulary of stores."



Shakespeare said something about shuffling off this mortal coil. Maybe he meant Dannert wire, intended to foul tank tracks.

FARMER GLIDDEN HAD AN IDEA...

Barbed wire was invented by an Illinois farmer to keep back the durned dawgs. Soon it was keeping back cattle barons — and then armies

AFTER World War One a corpse hanging on the barbed wire of no-man's-land was the usual symbol for the horror of war.

By the time World War Two had begun, barbed wire stood chiefly for the concentration camp. Then, as the shores of Britain became festooned with it, it took on a defensive symbolism.

But Mrs. Joseph F. Glidden, who inspired the invention of barbed wire, never thought of it along these lines. Mrs. Glidden

was the wife of a farmer in Dekalb, Illinois, and she found time to grow herself a flower-garden as well.

What she wanted, she told her husband one day in 1873, was something to keep those durned dawgs from trampling over her flowers and spoiling them. Joseph promised to give the matter his attention.

He kept his promise by producing barbs which he hung on ordinary smooth wire. From that he went on to barbed wire proper and in 1874 he patented the idea. Also, along with one Phineas W. Vaughan, he patented a machine for making it.

Barbed wire kept the dogs off the flower-garden, but it did more than that: it also kept off the cattle belonging to the small farmers, which until then had been gaily knocking down the smooth-wire fences erected laboriously and expensively by their owners. Only two years before Glidden's invention, it was estimated that for every dollar required for cattle on the Great



Farmer Glidden was not the Infantryman's Friend. Here is an incident from the Western Desert.



Through the Libyan wire passes a British armoured car. Marshal Graziani built this 200-mile wall of wire to restrict the Senussi.



Barbed wire held the Holy Land in coils after World War Two. British soldiers were "imprisoned" behind it.

Plains, another dollar was required for fencing. Cattle soon learned to keep away from the barbs.

Within four years of its invention, mills in the Eastern United States were producing barbed wire at the rate of more than 100,000 tons a year.

In the Western States, the cattle barons were seriously perturbed. They were accustomed to driving their herds across the ranges, and they resented the intrusion of the small-holders who tried to build homes for themselves on ground allocated by the Government.

Until now, they had ridden roughshod over the homesteaders' land. Barbed wire stopped that. Sometimes the ranchers' cattle-men would rip down the wire wherever they found it; some of the less scrupulous ranchers hired gunmen to ride ahead of their herds, clearing away the barbed wire and shooting any of the homesteaders who tried to interfere. But the law was with the little men, and the cattlemen and the farmer eventually learned to live in peace with each other — and barbed wire.

Meanwhile, barbed wire had crossed the Atlantic to Britain, where it was already something of a nuisance. Farmers, pleased with a useful new toy, were stringing it haphazardly all over the countryside. In 1893 the Government was forced to pass an Act restricting the use of barbed wire near public thoroughfares or anywhere else it could accidentally cause injury to passers-by, human or animal.

The first mention of barbed wire in British military manuals was as far back as 1888. The Manual of Military Engineering for 1899, the year the South African War broke out, recommended entanglements on which barbed wire might be festooned.

According to Christiaan de Wet, the Boer leader, the British might have won the South African War three months earlier if they had

not been barbed-wire minded. Kitchener, in the last phase, built a system of blockhouses linked by five-strand barbed-wire fences to curtail the movements of the Boer guerillas. The work took time and while British troops were busy on it, the Boers had a breathing-space which allowed them to gather their strength for the last effort.

Judging from the amount of space it received in the Manual of Field Engineering for 1911, barbed wire had still not made much impression on the military mind after the Boer War. But the experiences of World War One were not wasted: the 1921 Manual gave many pages to the subject.

In the later stages of World War One barbed wire was consumed at a staggering rate. The Royal Engineers reported, when it was all over, that up to the end of 1917 the average issues of barbed wire were never more than 1600 tons a month, but in January, 1918 they rose to 3000 tons and in April to 10,000 tons. Not all this wire was put to good use: barbed-wire dumps are almost impossible for a retreating army to destroy, and so huge stocks fell into the hands of the advancing Germans. Rusting barbed wire for many years afterwards marked former battlefields from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier.

In World War Two there were too many tanks for barbed wire to be anything like as effective as it had been 25 years earlier. But it still had its uses: it could be a nuisance to Infantrymen; it could mark off a minefield (or suggest a minefield where none existed);

it could keep pilferers out of dumps; it could stop most wheeled vehicles at a road block; and it had scores of uses in the anti-invasion defences that went up on and near the beaches of Britain.

The most famous barbed wire of World War Two was the frontier-mark between Egypt and Cyrenaica. This was an entanglement six feet high and 30 feet wide and it ran for 200 miles from the Mediterranean southwards into the desert. The Italian Marshal Graziani built it, about 1930, at a cost of some £250,000 in an attempt to stop the Senussi crossing the frontier at will. But it very soon developed gaps and through these, in the war, slipped units such as the Special Air Service, like rabbits into a bed of lettuce (to quote Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean).

Huge stocks of barbed wire piled up during the war. Much of it was Dannert wire, made in coils of spring steel which were intended to foul tank tracks. In

July 1948 the Minister of Supply glumly told the House of Commons that stocks of second-hand ungalvanised barbed wire had been available for sale for three-and-a-half years but no offer had been received. There had originally been 43,000 tons of it; it was by then down to 13,000.

Much of this wire was stored in two huge dumps at Taplow, near Maidenhead, one on each side of the main-line railway. The difficulty of disposing of it as scrap was that it needed pressing by a special machine before it could be fed to the furnaces. But the difficulty was at last overcome. The two mountains of wire at Taplow dwindled and finally disappeared last year.

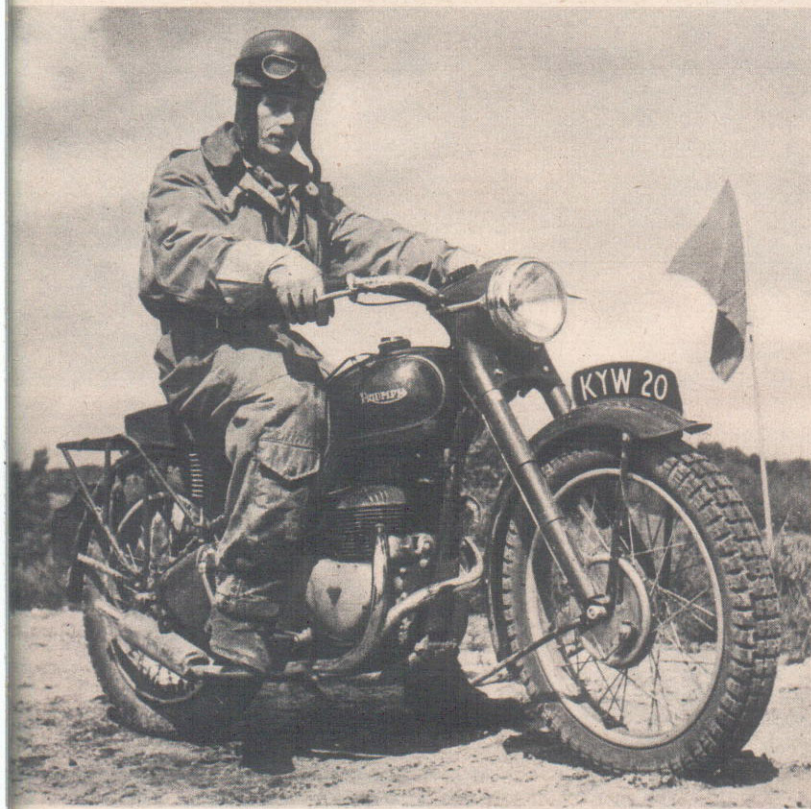
FOOTNOTE: Nature can use barbed wire too. Prisoners-of-war at Eichstatt, Bavaria used to watch the red-backed shrike (the butcher bird) impaling its victims on the barbs.



Wire against women: Hitler gave barbed wire a new and hateful significance. In this camp in Brandenburg were imprisoned British, American, Russian, French, Polish and Czech women.

An "easier-to-ride" motor-cycle for the Army was tested recently on Bagshot Heath, along with the proposed new light car

TRYING THEM OUT



A three-in-one incline on the rough heathland of Bagshot, Surrey was the setting for rival performances by two motor-cycles.

The first — a model used widely by the Army during the war — shot to the top of the hill, its rider displaying the skill and concentration of a cowboy on a rogue steed.

The second machine slowly and less noisily cruised to the summit — its driver even had time to look at the countryside. He was riding the Army's new "hybrid" 500 cc vertical-twin, side-valve motor-cycle, geared to enable the inexperienced rider to tackle rough country.

Said a designer at the Ministry of Supply's Fighting Vehicles test-ground at Bagshot: "The Army in 1945 decided that it wanted a new cycle which had the merits of a civilian machine, yet which could rise to military needs.

"A soldier should not have to concentrate so hard on riding his machine that he is unable to keep an eye open for the enemy. Another thing is that few people joining up can ride motor-cycles, and the Army has little time to teach them. Those who are already proficient become despatch-riders. The others — particularly officers and NCO's who must be able to ride — pick up a few lessons on the barrack-square and then, perhaps, find themselves riding in action. Often men are nervous riders in action

simply because they lack experience of their machines."

So was born the "hybrid," built by Triumph. Eighty per cent of its parts are civilian ones, which means that its production will not upset civilian output, and that its price can be kept low.

A prototype of the new machine was ridden in the "Scottish" and International Six Days Trials this year.

The journal *Motor-Cycling* tried out the "hybrid." It "handled perfectly over the loose going and sandhills of Bagshot Heath. From a walking pace ascent of a steep trials hill, the throttle could be snatched open without stalling... In fact, care was needed to avoid a power slide, for the smoothness of the unit and the ready response to the controls was deceptive. Good ground clearance, a generous steering lock and an ability to keep to 'line' all combined to give the impression that a novice, similarly mounted, would find few terrains presenting difficulties beyond the capacity of the machine." *Motor-Cycling* also thought it a good idea to have the cycle finished in smart bronze and chrome, to encourage good maintenance.

The *Motor-Cycle* noted the virtues of the new model, but reminded its readers that there was a period during the late war when the country was short of 55,000 motor-cycles. Would other firms be tooled up to produce this machine? Another question was: "Can a motor-cycle which weighs 370 pounds... meet all requirements? A machine of such weight cannot readily be carried single-handed over rubble, trenches, ditches etc. Surely it should be flanked by an ultra-light 'Flying Flea' as in the last war — some even lighter model than those used with such conspicuous success by Airborne forces...?"

Details of the new machine are: vertical-twin, side-valve engine developing 16 brake horse-power; dry-sump lubrication; dustproof car-type carburettor with butterfly and fixed jets and air cleaner; four-speed gearbox with foot control and positive stop; AC/DC rectified lighting, with generator housed in the primary chain-case; direct lighting to the headlamp, and trickle charge to the dry battery through a rectifier; turning circle of 11 feet six inches diameter; fording height (unprepared) of one foot, or two feet prepared; fuel capacity three gallons; consumption (unofficial estimate) varying from 70 to 90 miles per gallon, according to speed.

Also demonstrated at Bagshot was the new British successor to the Jeep with its engine evolved by a Ministry of Supply team from a Rolls-Bentley design (see *SOLDIER*, August). It was driven over railway sleepers at 20 miles an hour with ease, and its performance in other respects drew praise.

LETTER

WHY MUST WE HAVE THOSE WINGS?

IT is gratifying to know that a British successor to the Jeep has been made for service with the Army but although its performance is no doubt better than the Jeep's I much prefer the clean straight lines of the American vehicle.

Streamlining may look pretty in a civilian sort of way but it is not so good when the vehicle has to take hard knocks on active service. And with no flat surfaces available, where are we going to carry all those spare tins of petrol, ammunition boxes, valises and so on?

Moreover, it was easy to turn the Jeep on its side for running repairs underneath. Can this be done to the new vehicle without damaging the wings?

To complete the catalogue, headlamps should be countersunk and/or covered with a grid, and a windscreen wiper should be fitted for the front-seat passenger who, besides being the senior rank in the vehicle, is usually the map-reader.

What is the British Jeep going to be called? I suggest "Whippet." Has any other reader any views?—BSM. W. J. Thomas, 456 HAA Regt. RA, The Drill Hall, Redruth, Cornwall.

This machine has 80 per cent civilian parts. It takes the "rough stuff" calmly. Below: The new British light car in the Jeep tradition shows its paces on a treacherous surface.



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as betrayed by their flashes.

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From a squalid room
in a farmhouse a sniper,
sitting motionless in the
shadow, watches for any
sign of movement. In nearby
farms, German snipers are
also lurking in the shade.



The Black Watch — for Best-Sellers!

JOIN the Black Watch — and make a literary reputation! Major-General David Stewart of Garth set the example, back in the eighteenth century. He wrote a classic work on the Highland soldier.

In modern times, the late Field-Marshal Earl Wavell was probably the Forty-Second's best-known man of letters. Just before he died, he had time to read advance copies of two outstanding books by officers of his regiment. One was "Geordie," by David Walker, a short novel which has been widely hailed as a fresh, clean wind blowing over the swamps of modern fiction; it is having a big and well-deserved success. The other was a book which he himself "incited": "The Black Watch and the King's Enemies," a history of the regiment in World War Two by Lieut-Colonel Bernard Fergusson, the soldier-author who now commands the Regular battalion in Germany.

"Geordie" (Collins 7s 6d) is the simply told story of a young Highland laddie who feels, keenly, the fact that he is over-small for his age. His ambition is big, if his physique is not. He sends for an advertised "strong man" course and builds up his muscles to such good purpose that he becomes a champion shot-putter and is persuaded to represent Britain at the Olympic

Games. At least, he thinks, this will stop his sweetheart Jean from referring to him as "wee Geordie" any more. The story has an unashamed happy ending, and there is not a cad in it. All the reviewers agree that there ought to be more fresh, uncynical, human stories like "Geordie" — but who is to write them, unless David Walker?

In "The Black Watch and the King's Enemies" (Collins 15s) Lieut-Colonel Fergusson writes a regimental history which can be enjoyed by those outside the family. The battlefields of the Black Watch in the late war are scattered over the world from Dunkirk to Burma, from Iraq to North Africa, but Colonel Fergusson found time to visit many of them, piloting his own aeroplane, when he was preparing this history. He writes fully and refreshingly of all the regiment's campaigns, and does not omit those individuals who served in unusual roles outside the regiment. There are good pen pictures of Major-General Douglas Wimberley, the Cameron who commanded 51st Highland Division, and Major-General Sir

Victor Fortune, captured at St Valery, who kept his fellow captives on their toes no less than he kept the German guards on theirs.

Many a jest emerges from these pages of heroism. In the hand-to-mouth campaign through Somaliland one Jock received, instead of the usual bully, a tin inscribed "Hunter's Picnic Ham." He commented bitterly, "Wha' ca' ed this a — picnic?" And here is a dialogue from Crete, where the Black Watch fired up at parachutists who fired back as they floated down.

"Well, Gerald, how are things?"

"Not too bad, old boy."

"Tell me, what did you get yesterday? I nearly came along and offered myself as an extra loader. What did you get — 20 brace? And did you lay them all out on the road afterwards? And did they come over nice and high? And did you send your keeper after the runners?"

FOOTNOTE: When the Black Watch was formed, it had among its officers seven Campbells, four Munros, four Stewarts, three Grants and one Fraser. The same families have officered it ever since. Of regular officers alone there have been, down to the present day, 84 Campbells, 52 Stewarts, 42 Grants, 33 Frasers, 27 Macdonalds and 19 Munros.

300 Years Older Than The Kremlin

IT is the most famous fortress in the world. And in eight and a half centuries it has accumulated enough history to stupefy even the most receptive Transatlantic visitor.

"His Majesty's Tower of London," by Colonel E. H. Carkeet-James, OBE, MC, (Staples 8s 6d) is not the first book to be published on the Tower, but it is probably the most up-to-date, containing as it does a chapter on events in the fortress during the two world wars.

Colonel Carkeet-James is Resident Governor and Major of the Tower and knows its history more intimately, perhaps, than anyone within its walls. He sees to it, moreover, that the Yeomen Warders know the answers to all the questions a tourist is likely to ask.

The Tower was there 300 years before the Kremlin first reared its towers above Moscow. William the Conqueror began to build it some years after the Battle of Hastings. It has been used, variously, as a mint, an arsenal, a royal court, a court of justice, a jail and a museum; it has housed a royal observatory and a royal menagerie (The Keeper of the King's Lions was a much sought-after job, even though the holder was paid only threepence a day for his own diet as against sixpence a day for each leopard).

In World War One eleven spies were shot in the Tower. After trial in camera, they were led to the miniature rifle range beside the Martin Tower, blindfolded and shot by a squad of eight men under an officer. The first to die was Carl Lody, a member of the German naval forces. The ninth, a Peruvian, called Zender, had received £30 a month for his information about convoys, and his stipend continued to be paid to British Intelligence, in return for misinformation, for some months after his death. Sir Roger Casement was the Tower's most notorious prisoner in

World War One, Rudolf Hess in World War Two.

The second war was a trying one for the Tower. Fifteen high-explosive bombs fell on it, and three flying bombs burst beside it.

Early in this war, during which the Tower remained closed to the public, it served as a reception station for German prisoners (the Crown Jewels had been removed to an unknown destination). Only one spy was shot in the Tower during World War Two, again in the miniature rifle range: Josef Jacobs, on 15 August, 1941.

Colonel Carkeet-James's book is a very useful guide to the Tower and all its traditions, and is full of scraps of curious knowledge. Did you know, for instance, that "Bloody" Jeffreys died in the Tower — not by axe or rifle or rope, but of drink? Or that the famous ravens are unpopular with the Tower residents, because they peck out the putty from the windows and the lead from the leaded lights, destroy the flowers and ruin women's silk stockings?

Bookshelf Cont'd on Page 36



Yeoman Warders must know all the answers. Here Colonel Carkeet-James, author of the book reviewed on this page, fires a few "tourist" questions.

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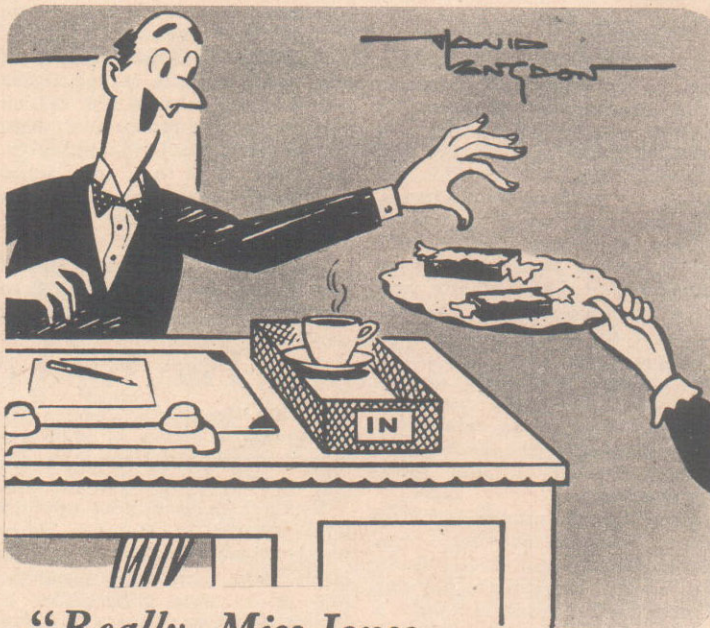
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The Red Beret Might Have Been Blue

HOW did a red beret come to be chosen for the men of the Parachute Regiment?

Most soldiers can only guess. The answer is to be found in a new wartime history of the Parachute Regiment, "The Red Beret," by Hilary St George Saunders (*Michael Joseph 15s*).

In 1942 Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Browning (then Major-General) had noted the tremendous diversity of headgear among his parachutists on Salisbury Plain and determined that they should wear a distinctive head-dress of their own.

"A number of berets in various shades of red, blue and green were placed one by one on the head of an orderly paraded for the purpose before Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. His choice hovered between a maroon red and a blue. Unable to make up his mind, he asked the opinion of the orderly who replied: 'Well, sir, I really like the red beret, as the blue reminds me of some labour corps.' This settled the matter and the red was chosen."

The red headress was first worn by the Parachute Regiment in North Africa in November 1942.

Those who read Mr. Saunders's earlier book, "The Green Beret," will know what to expect from him. He is one of the most readable of war historians. He is factual but fond of an anecdote; he writes of bravery — and there is plenty of it to write about — in terms which will embarrass no one; and he salts the whole with an unobtrusive wit. Several books on the airborne forces have been reviewed in *SOLDIER*, notably Group-Captain Maurice Newnham's "Prelude to Glory" (which deals primarily with parachute training), and Lieut-General R. N. Gale's "With The Sixth Airborne Division in Normandy," but this is a comprehensive survey of all the main airborne campaigns of the war — starting with that half-forgotten raid on the aqueduct in Apulia, in February 1941. It was those first adventurers of 11th Special Air Service Battalion who, when marched through Naples railway station in chains, with heavy cannon balls attached, had the effrontery to clank their fetters and laugh loudly. "What men are these who jest thus with gyves upon their wrists?" said the Italians, or words to that effect. They were to find out.

The story covers the days of training, the Bruneval raid, the North African operations, the battle for Primosole bridge, the Normandy invasion, the Seine fighting, Arnhem and the Rhine. There are some familiar stories, some unfamiliar ones. The chapter which describes the 5th Parachute Brigade's exploits in Normandy gives some bizarre glimpses of the fighting. A patrol arrested, in the half light, a trousered figure who turned out to be Madame Vion, the matron of a maternity home housed in the Chateau de Benouville. She offered to lead the patrol against the Germans, and was indignant when they expressed astonishment.

That night Germans who had occupied the buildings in the children's clinic for tuberculous patients were driven out. "One fled, leaping in the manner of a hurdler the partitions dividing each individual play pen. He was hotly pursued by one of Atkinson's men, who despatched him with a knife before he had completed the hurdle race."

The Chateau de Benouville was under fire for 51 days, but Madame Vion continued to maintain her clinic. Eighteen children were born in the first 18 days.

In this fighting it was necessary to put a bomb from a PIAT into the church tower at Le Port. When the corporal who fired the weapon entered the church to see what damage he had done, he reverently removed his steel helmet. His bomb had killed 12 snipers.

The Arnhem story is splendidly told. Mr. Saunders asserts that more men might have been withdrawn from Arnhem but for the wide publicity in the press and in broadcasts describing how an earlier escape had been effected.

"It was even stated that the Dutch civilian telephone system had been used when organising it. The immediate and inevitable consequence was the replacement within 24 hours of all Dutch



"On those occasions when I myself wear the maroon beret I regard it as an outward sign of respect to grand fighters and good comrades." — Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Colonel Commandant of the Parachute Regiment, in a foreword to the book reviewed on this page.

Wartime colour photograph by courtesy of Imperial War Museum

telephone operators by German. How so glaring an indiscretion eluded the vigilance of the censor is not known."

For light relief in the Arnhem story — and there is precious little — there is the story of Major A. G. Deane-Drummond MC, who, seeking to elude the Germans, went to ground with his batman in the lavatory of a Ger-

man-occupied house, where they remained for 48 hours. They locked the door, and though the handle was frequently tried, no attempt was made to force an entrance. Major Deane-Drummond was later to spend 12 days in a cupboard, on starvation rations.

Airborne men will tell you that they are just ordinary Infantrymen who go to their task in a rather different way. Mr. Saunders feels it is worth emphasising that difference. Whereas the Infantry of the Line go into battle "each man near his neighbour, each man a member of an intimate team marching, fighting together," the airborne soldiers, even in the best conditions, start their Infantry task separated by 50 yards or so — which can be a long way when the night is dark. The distance, of course, is often a good deal longer. That is why a superlative standard was demanded in the selection of parachutists; that is why sometimes 30 or 40 per cent of an inferior course was turned down.

Bookshelf Continued Overleaf

"Very Fond of Games, Eh?"

MANY years ago two Japanese captains were sent to Britain, to be attached to a British regiment. Persuaded by their Western colleagues they began to play football and hockey (cricket was beyond them).

Towards the end of their attachment the Japanese military attaché in London asked for a report on their progress. The commanding officer sent what he thought was a glowing tribute — "keen, zealous officers" and so on, winding up "very fond of games." The Japanese attaché was aghast. These specially selected officers were very fond of games, were they? So that was how they frittered away their time? The two were called to

London, carpeted and all but sent home in disgrace.

The story is told by Major-General F. S. G. Piggott in "Broken Thread" (*Gale and Polden 21s*). General Piggott was one of the first language officers to serve in Japan. Learning the Japanese language meant living in the Japanese fashion, sitting on the floor for meals and eating with chopsticks — "a mixture of camping and picnicking with none of the glamour." Breakfast was

liable to consist of pickled plums, seaweed, boiled rice and green tea.

General Piggott had several tours of duty in Japan, alternating with spells at the War Office. The "broken thread" in the title of his book was the thread of Anglo-Japanese relations, which he did as much as anyone could do to keep intact. The final rupture with Japan in 1941 was for him a personal tragedy.

The various stages in the rake's progress of Japan are carefully and painstakingly described, by a soldier who had a unique opportunity to watch history in the making.

The Army's Music is the People's

IF you have a friend who turns up his nose at military music—a by no means rare form of snobbishness—refer him to Dr. Henry G. Farmer.

Dr. Farmer, an authority on Oriental and Scottish music, and the author of a book on the Royal Artillery Band, has written the story of the military band down the ages in "Military Music" (Max Parrish and Co. Ltd 7s 6d).

To those who complain that the military band is less subtle than the orchestra, Dr. Farmer says: "Surely the common primrose and the rugged oak of the open air have their particular beauty just as much as the orchid of the hot-house or the cycad of the botanic garden." The virtues of military music are lucidity of expression and clarity of rhythm, says Dr. Farmer, and sometimes clarinets can articulate more clearly than violins.

Dr. Farmer's book is not a chip-on-the-shoulder defence of military music. He knows it is here to stay. It is the music of the people, who are drawn to it

whether it is played by the Grenadier Guards at St. James's Palace, by the Italian National Guard in a city square, by the French Republican Guard band at a concert, by the United States Marine band at the White House, or by the Scottish Co-Operative Society at a brass band festival.

The book tells how the instru-

ments came into being—the tuba in the days of Richard Coeur de Lion, the oboe brought from France in the 17th century, the slide trumpet which revolutionised band music 150 years ago.

After the Peninsula War (in which bands helped to cheer the soldiers on to victory) regiments began developing their colourful traditions and bands came into their own, despite a niggardly War Office. The officers paid the upkeep for the sake of *esprit de corps* and bands had their leaping negroes with their "jingling johnnies" to add gaiety to every ceremonial parade.

Those were the days, too, of the famous bandmasters: George Mackenzie (Royal Artillery), Charles Godfrey (Coldstream Guards) and Carl Boose (Scots Guards). Conductors were usually civilians and often foreigners. The Crimea War saw the decline of bands, the players becoming

stretcher-bearers; the French always maintained that their music at Inkermann helped to drive back the Russians no less than their bayonets.

Because bands were in the hands of commanding officers who were a law unto themselves the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, started the Military School of Music (later Royal) at Kneller Hall in 1857, with ex-Army bandmaster Thomas Sullivan (father of Sir Arthur) as one of the first professors.

Dr. Farmer maintains that modern bands have played their part to "comfort theyre owne knights and fyghtynge men" as in days of old. For example, the Royal Artillery Band toured 15,000 miles over the African desert to give concerts to the Gunners and also "played under the noses of the enemy at Arnhem and Nijmegen."



Kettledrums—as carried at the time of James II. From the book by Dr. Henry G. Farmer, "Military Music," reviewed here.

Khaki Drove Them to Drink

IT is a bold man who sets out to write, in one volume, "A History of the Regiments and Uniforms of the British Army." (Sir John Fortescue's history of the Army ran into more than a dozen volumes).

Major R. M. Barnes's book with the above title (published by Seeley, Service and Co. at 30s) runs to 336 pages and contains colour illustrations of some 200 different uniforms worn by British soldiers down to the end of World War Two (he does not include the modern No. 1 Dress). It is the fruit of a prodigious amount of research by a man who holds the Army in highest affection. For those experts who flatter themselves they can reconstruct an entire soldier from a single button (as a scientist reconstructs a prehistoric animal from a single bone) the descriptions of uniforms may seem too rudimentary. But the book is directed towards a less specialised public.

Major Barnes admits that "to give an account of every regimental difference in dress would need a book many times the size of this." His volume is really a history of the Army as a fighting machine, with special reference to uniforms. Inevitably, in these circumstances, the history tends to be scrappy, with some of the errors inevitable in heavy condensing; but it will give a fair, and what is just as important, an inspiring picture to anyone requiring a basic course. And as a work of reference it will answer such queries as "What was the last battle in which British soldiers carried their Colours?" and "Which was the only war fought by the British Army in which no battle honours were awarded?"

Many soldiers are under the

impression that khaki did not come in until the twentieth century. According to Major Barnes, it originated in India in the 1840's and was worn by a few British units in the Mutiny—among them the 32nd and 52nd Light Infantry. Regiments dyed their own white clothing by using such substances as coffee, curry powder and mulberry juice.

The soldiers of that era did not take kindly to khaki, feeling so "scruffy" that they would not

walk out in it. They therefore spent their evenings in canteens, and the result was that drunkenness increased. After the Mutiny khaki went out again for several years, but was worn again in the Afghan War of 1878. The expedition to relieve General Gordon in Khartoum was the last occasion on which red coats were worn on active service, says Major Barnes.

An interesting point to be noted is that service dress was abolished in 1816 (just after Waterloo) because it was thought that the last great war had been fought.

The Rise of a General

IN both the world wars of this century there were a number of generals—many of them already forgotten—who commanded more men in the field than did Wellington or Marlborough. They were human beings like the rest of us.

To C. S. Forester, the novelist (and creator of Horatio Hornblower), came the idea of writing an intimate, fictional study of the rise of a corps commander in World War One. This book, "The General" (now obtainable in a cheap edition: Michael Joseph 4s 6d), is a classic study of a Regular officer who simultaneously achieves greatness and has greatness thrust upon him.

When the war comes Major Herbert Curzon (hero of a dashing cavalry exploit as a subaltern in the Boer War) is placed suddenly in command of the 22nd Lancers. He has spent 14 years looking at horses' hooves, and is inclined to grow purple when his officers desert to the new-fangled air arm, saying that they prefer to serve in a unit with a future than one with a past. But he has

drive, ruthlessness, integrity, ambition. At the shambles of Ypres Colonel Curzon's cavalry dig in like everybody else. These are the days of carnage and swift promotion; Curzon becomes a brigadier-general in the field, then is pulled out to create an infantry brigade at home. Soon, aided in part by a fortunate marriage, he is a major-general, taking his division to Loos; then, after more carnage, he becomes a lieutenant-general, in command of one hundred thousand men. As he rides the whirlwind a piece of red-hot metal carries away his leg... and Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Curzon, KCMG, CB, DSO becomes "just one of Bournemouth's seven generals."

It is one of C. S. Forester's best novels: a fine character study and an engrossing story.

THE BUFFS

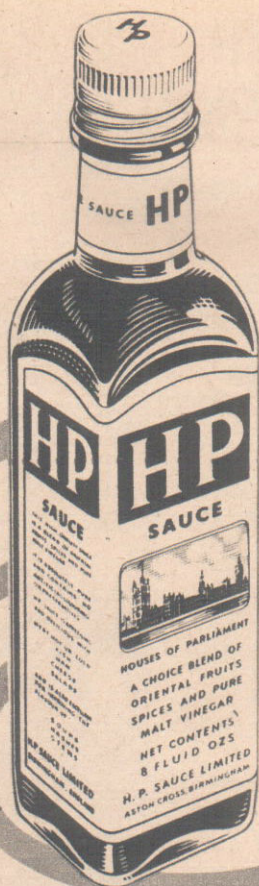
DENMARK and Britain are today military allies, but for long Denmark has had her own private understanding with a British regiment: the Buffs, once known as Prince George of Denmark's Regiment (and before that as the Holland Regiment).

When the Germans invaded Denmark in World War Two the Buffs lost their Colonel-in-Chief: King Christian of Denmark.

This link with the Buffs was not just a titular one. During World War Two many Danes served in the Buffs, and one of them—Major Anders Lassen—won the Victoria Cross, and the Military Cross with two bars. After the war Danes came over in still greater numbers to serve in the British Army—too many, in fact, for all to serve in the Buffs.

These facts are related in the revised edition of "A Short History of the Buffs," by Brigadier E. Foster Hall MC (Depot, The Buffs, Canterbury 2s). This booklet was last published just before the war; now it is enlarged to deal with the regiment's service in 1939–45. As a gesture to other regiments of the Home Counties Infantry Group it contains notes on their history too.

During the regiment's 350 years, this booklet recalls, the Buffs have acquired several nicknames. At one period the Buffs and the 19th Foot were both commanded by officers called Howard, so the two regiments were called the Buff Howards and Green Howards to avoid confusion. The Buffs were also known as the Old Buffs (to distinguish them from the New Buffs—the East Surrey Regiment); and the Resurrectionists, because the regiment re-formed so rapidly after being almost annihilated by the Polish Lancers at Albuhera.



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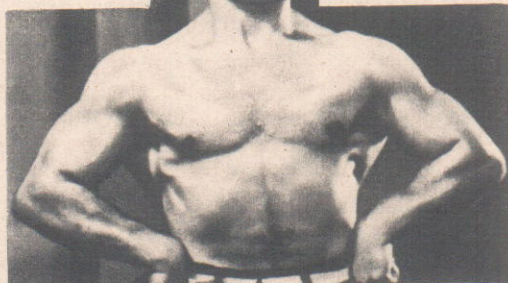
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Weight...	10-9	12-5
Biceps...	12½ in.	14½ in.
Neck....	15½ in.	16½ in.
Thighs...	20½ in.	23 in.

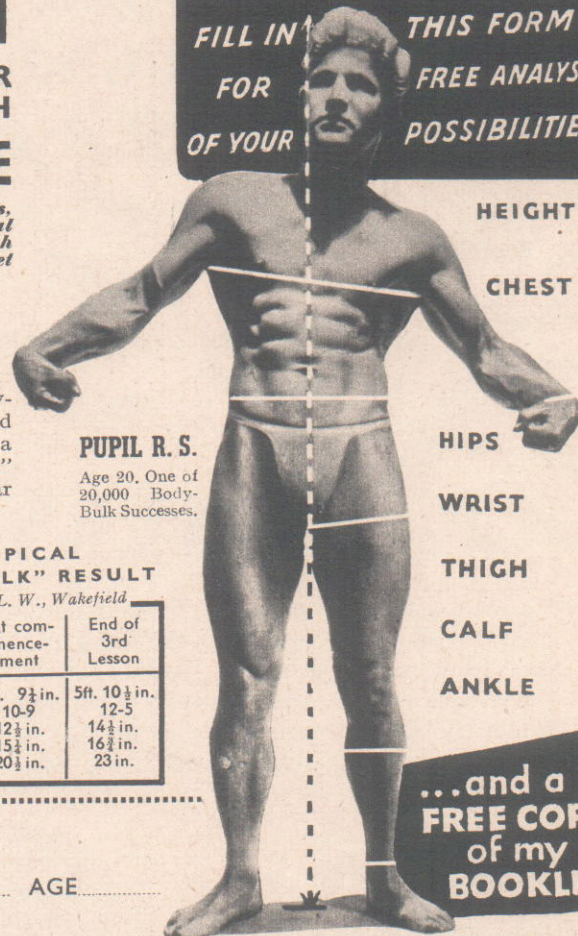
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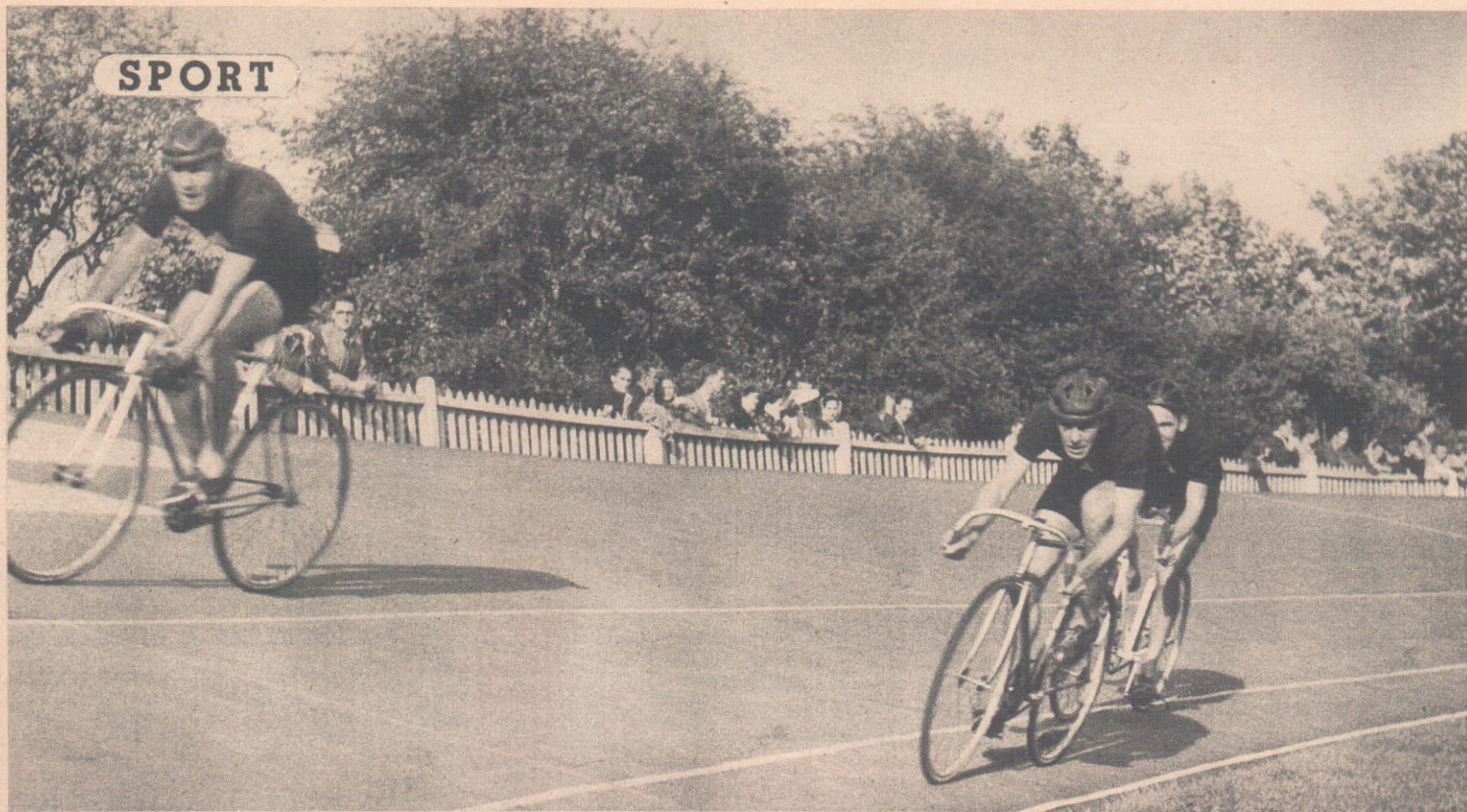
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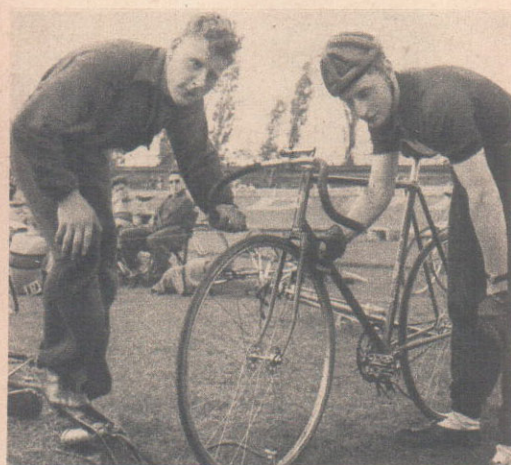
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SPORT



OFF TO A GOOD START

Three of the Army team in action. The rider on left who has been pacing the others has moved up the banking to let them pass, when he will tuck in behind.



A new Army sports badge has been aired in public. It is that of the Army Cycling Union, founded this year.

The Army made its cycle-racing debut at Herne Hill, where the first Inter-Services cycle contest was staged.

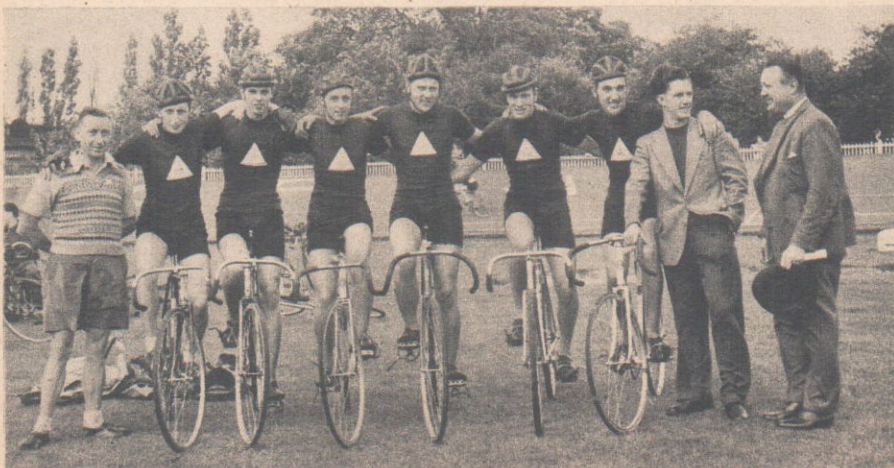
The Royal Air Force (who have been in the cycle-racing game rather longer) were expected to win the nine-lap team pursuit race, but the Army team put all they had into it — and carried off the trophy. Leading the Army riders was Lance-Corporal M. Campbell, Welch Regiment, who was the first British rider home in the road race at the Empire Games in New Zealand. The individual pursuit race fell to the Army too, in the person of Sapper P. F. Brotherton, who was the 1949 National Cycling Union half-mile grass champion. The Royal Air Force won the lap-and-a-half sprint.

The Army Cycling Union also held a successful 25-miles time trial on the arterial road at Southend, 72 riders competing; a similar event was being planned for Northern Command. Also in the planning stage was a 100-kilometres open mass-start road race at Blandford, Dorset. Next year, it is hoped, will see a big programme of road and track events.



The badge of the Army Cycling Union. Below: Lance-Corporal M. Campbell receives the Inter-Services Challenge Cup from Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, president of the RAF Cycling Association. (Pictures: W. H. Pearson)

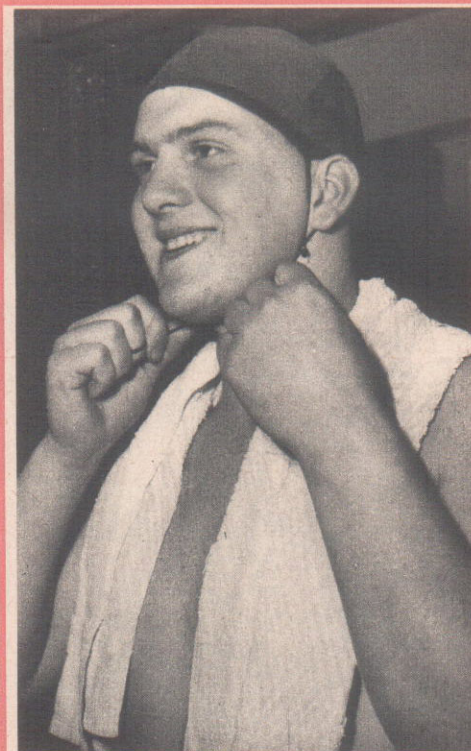
Sapper P. F. Brotherton (left) won the individual pursuit race. Below: The Army team: (left to right) Capt. H. C. Baughan (team manager), Private G. Hewitt, Private D. G. Severs, Craftsman E. Roberts, Sapper P. F. Brotherton, Lance-Corporal M. Campbell, Private W. Williams, Serjeant F. J. Allison (masseur), Brigadier A. R. Aslett, Army Sports Control Board.





Five in the men's free style: Signalman T. C. Livingstone (left) was the winner; third from left is 2/Lieut. J. Elliott, 9th Battalion RAOC, who was second.

Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE



Boy Bryan Humphreys, aged 17, of 4 Training Regiment RE, is one of the Army's up-and-coming swimmers. He has won the free-style 100 yards for enlisted boys two years running.

FIVE MORE SWIMMING RECORDS FALL

SINCE the war Army swimming records have fallen like ninepins (only two pre-war ones remain).

Last year five new records were put up, and this year the Army Swimming Union's championships at Aldershot saw the breaking of five more — four of which were last year's records.

Serjeant John Ellis, of 1 Training Battalion RAOC, claimed two of the records — the 440 yards free-style in 5 mins 9.8 seconds (which is also an Inter-Services record) and the 220 yards free-style in 2 mins 24.8 seconds. It was only last year that Ellis, as a lance-corporal, made his debut in the Army Swimming Union championships, shortly after winning the Brighton pier-to-pier race while on leave.

One of the other records broken in this year's championships was the 100 yards breast stroke. Private Tony Neville of the RAMC Depot swam the distance in 72.8

seconds; the runner-up, Private Raymond Loveday of 20 Company RAMC, also broke the existing record; he was only one second behind Private Neville.

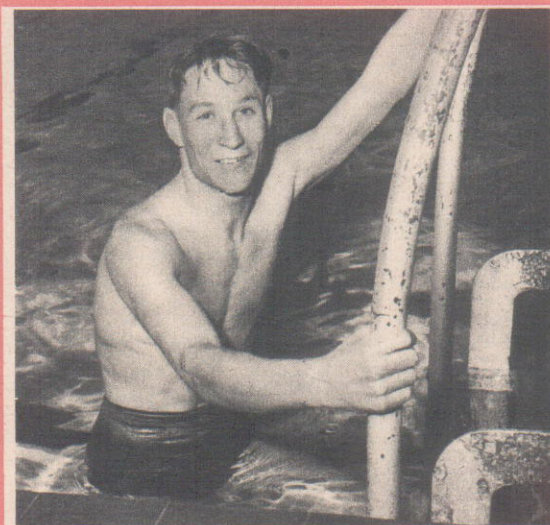
Private Peter Kniveton RAPC swam the 100 yards back stroke in 1 min 7 seconds and broke the record. The holders of the record for the inter-unit relay won the event again this year: 9th Battalion RAOC. They broke last year's record. They also won the Army's inter-unit water polo championship. Their commanding officer, Lieut-Col. G. E. Rex, competed in the plunge and was third, Major A. C. Jackson, Royal Armoured Corps, being first.

Pre-war records still to be broken are: the plunge — 80 feet 3½ inches, by Lieut-Col. W. Allason, Beds and Herts Regiment (1923); the 100 yards free-style for enlisted boys — one minute 4/5 seconds by A/A Robinson, Military College of Science (1937).

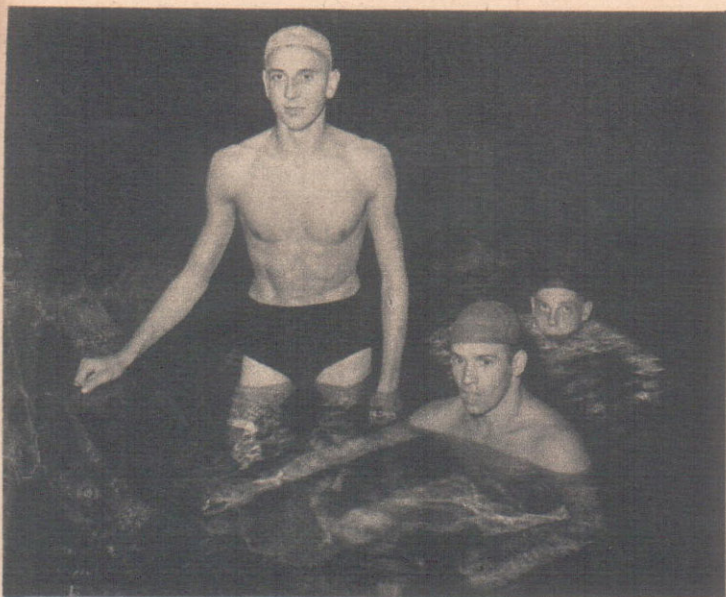
Serjeant Ronald Stedman's 1947 100 yards free-style record of 55 2/5th seconds has still to be beaten. But Signalman T. C. Livingstone of the Royal Signals swam it this year in 56 second clear.



Winner of the women's services spring-board diving championship this year and last year: Private Doris Aldridge, of 1 Anti-Aircraft Group.



Record-breaker: Serjeant J. A. Ellis, of 1 Training Battalion RAOC wears a winning smile (left). He is seen in action (above).



Private T. Neville (standing) of the RAMC Depot, won the 100 yards breast stroke in 72.8 seconds, breaking last year's Army record.



Private A. Chamberlain (nearest camera) takes off in the inter-unit relay, suitably exhorted. His team — 9th Battalion RAOC — were winners. Below: Major-General V. Blomfield presents the relay prize to Lieut-Col. G. E. Rex, captain of 9th Battalion team, who won many swimming events as a serjeant-major in the 'twenties.



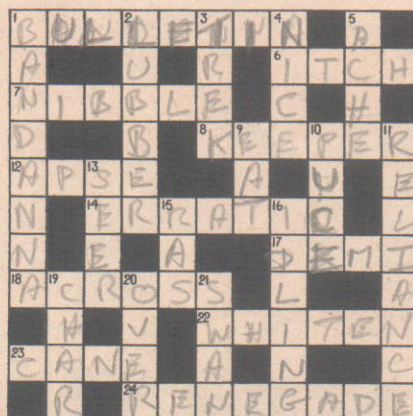
How Much Do You Know?

- To engage in the sport of hurling, you would need:
 - a stick and a ball;
 - a horse and a lance;
 - a dog and a rabbit;
 - a net and a racket;
 - a stone and a frozen pond.
 Which?
- Who was mean, moody and magnificent?
- A person who dodges from place to place is often called a Will-o'-the-Wisp. Just what is a Will-o'-the-Wisp?
- An astrakhan collar is made from the skin of a baby goat, bear, sheep, camel — which?
- Which of these is an "intruder": snap, nap, pontoon, rummy, ludo, baccarat, solo?
- "Eppure si muove." (Yet it *does* move). Who is supposed to have muttered this, and on what occasion?
- Servants used to carry it, some animals have it, but trippers leave it behind. What is it?
- How much does a television licence cost in Britain?
- Lord Boyd-Orr is a man who has issued many warnings to the world about — what?
- Who is the world-famous man who lives at the village of Ayot St. Lawrence?
- Can you name the poet who —

*"Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails;
Pilots of the purple twilight,
dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies
grappling in the central blue."*
- Gerrymandering means:
 - falsely pretending to be ill;
 - living on a woman's earnings;
 - dividing an electoral area to get unfair voting advantage;
 - ordering goods on credit, and refusing to pay.
 Which?
- When a Scotsman says, "Dinna fash yersel," what does he mean?
- Is Gretna Green—the village where runaway lovers used to wed—in Scotland or England?
- Are any of these statements false:
 - Coney Island was discovered by Capt. Cook;
 - Celibacy is the state of being and remaining unmarried;
 - Castor oil is derived from fishes;
 - A basilisk is a place of worship.
- What do they call those sections of the Tower Bridge which can be raised to let ships through?

(Answers on Page 44)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. If a famous man had one he might have one issued about him. 6. An irritant. 7. A rabbit does. 8. "Am I my brother's?" asked Cain. 12. Peas in church. 14. Eric has swallowed a rodent, no wonder he is unsteady. 17. Shakespeare called England this sort of paradise. 18. This clue would be down

if it wasn't. 22. To clean sounds like Moses questioning the Commandments. 23. Sweet in the West Indies, but quite the reverse in school. 24. Gad! Renee has turned her coat.

DOWN: 1. A girl is after a group of musicians to make a coloured handkerchief. 2. An awkward customer. 3. Afrikaner journey. 4. A pleasant French town. 5. Each can be painful. 9. 7 across is the rabbit's way to this. 10. Colour. 11. It is real nice to be able to place it on someone. 13. A wise man. 15. Ethiopian chief. 16. Loafing. 19. A worker in civvy street but frequently drunk in the Army. 20. This head reduces business profits. 21. A bird that becomes pale when beheaded.

(Answers on Page 44)

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YOUR PAY: Keep This for Reference

HERE are summarised the increases in pay for Army Regulars as from 1 September 1950. National Servicemen will qualify for these increases only after serving the first 18 months of their service, which from 1 October 1950 will be for two years. The National Serviceman's liability in the Territorial Army has been cut to three-and-a-half years.

Members of the women's services receive increases approximating to three-quarters of those for the corresponding male ranks.

A further statement will be made about officers above the rank of brigadier. Separate consideration is also being given to medical, dental and veterinary officers, chaplains, quartermasters and officers on certain legal, educational and special duties.

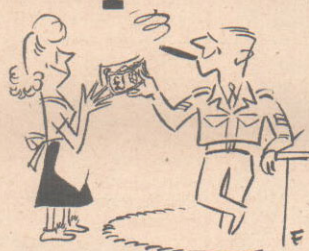
Married soldiers will now have to make increased allotments to their wives to qualify for marriage allowance, which remains unaltered. For example, a private will have to allow his wife 17s 6d a week, an increase of 7s; sergeants an extra 10s 6d; staff-sergeants and warrant officers an extra 14s.

OFFICERS:

The increases in daily rate of pay are: 2/lieutenant 4s 6d; lieutenant 4s 6d; captain 6s 0d; major 7s 0d; lieutenant-colonel 8s 0d; colonel 8s 0d; brigadier 8s 0d. Officer cadets receive an extra 3s daily.

Here are the new rates of basic pay:

Rank	Daily	Annual
	s. d.	£
Second-Lt.	17 6	319
Lieutenant	19 6	356
after 2 years	21 6	392
after 3 years	23 6	429
Captain	29 0	529
after 2 years	31 0	566
after 4 years	33 0	602
after 6 years	35 0	639
Major	42 0	767
after 2 years	44 0	803
after 4 years	46 0	840
after 6 years	48 0	876



"...increased allotments for wives..."

Rank	Daily	Annual
	s. d.	£
Lt.-Colonel: with less than 19 years' service ...	55 6	1,013
after 2 years or with 19 years' service ...	58 0	1,059
after 4 years or with 21 years' service ...	60 6	1,104
after 6 years or with 23 years' service ...	63 0	1,150
after 8 years or with 25 years' service ...	65 6	1,195
Colonel	73 0	1,332
after 2 years	76 0	1,387
after 4 years	79 0	1,442
after 6 years	82 0	1,497
Brigadier	85 0	1,551

Note: Specially qualified officers, with not less than two years' commissioned service, of the rank of major and below, receive, in addition, qualification pay as follows:—

Lieutenant, 2s. 6d. a day (£46 a year); captain, 4s. a day (£73 a year); major, 5s. a day (£91 a year).

MEN:

The new weekly rates of pay, and increases, are:

	Rate	Increase
Private	49s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Lt./Cpl.	59s. 6d.	21s. 0d.
Corporal	73s. 6d.	21s. 0d.
Sergeant	115s. 6d.	31s. 6d.
Sergeant	126s. 0d.	31s. 6d.
(Gp. A Class I)		
Staff Sgt.	133s. 0d.	38s. 6d.
Staff Sgt.	150s. 6d.	38s. 6d.
(Gp. A Class I)		
W.O. Class II ...	143s. 6d.	42s. 0d.
W.O. Class II ...	157s. 6d.	42s. 0d.
(Gp. A Class I)		
W.O. Class I ...	157s. 6d.	42s. 0d.
W.O. Class I ...	171s. 6d.	42s. 0d.
(Gp. A Class I)		

This table shows the new rates under the star classification:

Rank	Entry	1 Star	2 Star	3 Star	4 Star	5 Star	6 Star
	s.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pte.	49	56 0	59 6	66 6	70 0	73 6	80 6
L./Cpl.	—	59 6	63 0	70 0	73 6	77 0	84 0
Cpl.	—	73 6	77 0	84 0	87 6	91 0	98 0

Note: (a) Soldiers, whatever their rank, receive 3s. 6d. a week after 5 years' man's service and a further 3s. 6d. a week after 10 years' man's service.

(b) Increments for length of service in the rank are payable as follows:— corporal, 8s. 6d. a week after 4 years' service; sergeant, staff sergeant, warrant officer II, 3s. 6d. a week after each period of 4 years' service; warrant officer I, 10s. 6d. a week after each period of 4 years' service.

FLYING DUTIES:

The new rates of additional pay for officers and men whose normal duties require them to fly are:

Nature of Duty	Weekly Annual
	s. d. £
Air observation pilots; glider pilots	35 0 91
parachutists	28 0 73
RASC air dispatch crews	10 6 27
Rear observers (A.O.P. squadrons)	10 6 27

RE-ENLISTMENT:

A bounty of £50 (tax free) will be paid, subject to certain conditions as regards previous experience, rank and trade classification, to men who, on or after 1 September 1950, and before the date of termination of the scheme, re-enlist on normal regular engagements.

The existing bounty schemes, which provide for the payment of both initial and terminal bounties to experienced men who enter into short-service engagements of up to four years are being withdrawn on 31 August 1950.

RE-ENGAGEMENT:

A bounty of £100 (tax free) will be paid to any man who on 1 September

1950, is serving on a regular engagement of 12 years or less and who, on or after that date and before the date of termination of the scheme, re-engages to complete 22 years' service. Only those men who, under service regulations, are eligible to re-engage will be eligible for the bounty. The bounty will not be payable immediately but on the date of entry into re-engaged service whether this is before or after the date of termination of the scheme.

EXTENSION:

A bounty of £50 (tax free) will be payable to any man who, on 1 September 1950, is serving on a regular engagement of less than 12 years with the Colours and who, on or after that date and before the date of termination of the scheme, being eligible to do so, extends his current engagement to serve for 12 years with the Colours. The bounty will be payable at the end of the current engagement. It will be offset against any further payment issuable at the end of the 12-year engagement, e.g., by way of terminal gratuity.

These bounty schemes are due to end on 31 December 1951.

Films Coming Your Way

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

THE WOODEN HORSE:

Men serving in the British Zone of Germany may have seen Eric Williams' famous escape story being filmed. The real Stalag Luft III was in Poland — now behind the "Iron Curtain" — so the camp was reconstructed on Luneburg Heath, and port scenes were shot in Lubeck. All major roles were played by ex-Servicemen. Leo Genn was a Gunner and later a war crimes investigator; David Tomlinson was 18 months in the Grenadier Guards; Anthony Steel served in the same regiment, later in the Parachute Regiment. Even though most people now know the story of the wooden horse, the film is full of excitement and suspense — one of the best British pictures.

BITTER SPRINGS:

This is a "Wild Western" set in Australia. Instead of Red Indians — aborigines; instead of cowboys — pioneers looking for new sheep country. The 130 "genuine aboriginal natives" turned out to be line actors. Fast-moving and plenty of thrills. With Tommy Trinder and Chips Rafferty (of "Overlanders" fame).

WAR OF THE WILDCATS:

The white man after the Red Indians' oil lands. This time the Indians want to co-operate, but the US Government imposes conditions: the result is one of those thrilling last-minute dashes with the wagons. John Wayne plays his usual tough part; Martha Scott is there to distract him.

STAGE FRIGHT:

A man-hunt in the best Hitchcock tradition. Backgrounds include the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art — and the Theatrical Garden Party. Quite a cast: Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding, Richard Todd and Alistair Sim.

WATERFRONT:

Here's Robert Newton as a drunken ship's fireman who deserts his wife in a Liverpool slum... and returns 14 years later to meet his daughters — and a sticky end. The time is the 1930's. With Kathleen Harrison and Susan Shaw.

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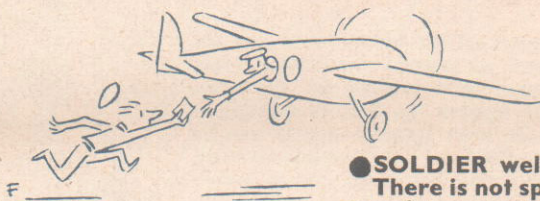


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LETTERS



"REGULAR" BADGE?

Why does not the Army issue either a badge or a flash to denote a regular soldier? — Regular Recruit (name and address supplied).

★ Perhaps some Regulars would like a distinction made between themselves and the National Servicemen — conceivably some National Servicemen would like the same thing — but so long as men are serving on the active list of the British Army they are all equal in the eyes of the Lord and the Army Council. All work as members of one team and it is held that nothing should be done to create distinctions between one type of Serviceman and another.

TRADELESS TEACHERS

With the accent on education these days it seems incongruous that Army teachers should be qualified as non-tradesmen. The majority of Regulars are dependent on RAEC instructors for shadow rank and for future promotion. Is it not about time that these instructors were recognised as highly skilled tradesmen? — Non-tradesman (name and address supplied).

★ To recognise a teacher as a highly skilled tradesman would be to regard a profession as a trade and this is contrary to Army policy. The profession of the education instructor is recognised by the fact that he is granted a higher initial rank than the average soldier, with better opportunities for promotion and the prospect of a higher pension rate. Qualified Army teachers may also count their military service for increments of pay and as qualifying service for superannuation on their return to civilian teaching.

RANK CONFUSION

"Q" of FARELF, whose letter on warrant officer ranks appeared in the August issue, is riding one of my pet hobby-horses. The rank of WO II is less than 50 years old. It was introduced when the Infantry battalion was reorganised into four rifle companies of four platoons each and various steps were taken to differentiate the new warrant officer rank from those in existence before the reorganisation.

I should be sorry indeed to have to adopt the utility label of WO I or WO II instead of Staff-Quartermaster-Sergeant, so that persons too idle or not really interested might know my proper status. I feel pride in the fact that the Army had SQMS's before there was such a rank as WO II.

"Q" held up the other two Services as examples of simplicity in rank gradings, but are they? A man in the Navy who wears a rank badge very much like mine would be indignant if I called him a Chief Petty Officer. He is a Master-at-Arms, although his job has little to do with skill at arms. He is the equivalent of our Provost-Sergeant (only more so).

How about the RAF? The first squadron-leader I met never led a squadron. He was content to lead one man at a time in and out of his

● **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.

dental surgery. The surest way to get a mess-orderly's job in the RAF and never to touch an aircraft is to sign on as Aircraft Hand (General Duties).

The only time I knew RAF men to be confused about Army ranks was when a very pretty WAAF asked me: "Don't you despatch-riders ever get mistaken for warrant officers, wearing your badges on the bottom of your sleeves?" — SQMS (name and address supplied).

ARMY HOUSING FUND?

As the families of regular officers and men cannot always be allotted married quarters, many of them have to remain in civilian accommodation. The high rents they have to pay are a heavy financial drain, while families returning from abroad view the chances of getting a house at a reasonable rent with grave concern.

As the shortage of military married quarters is likely to continue for a long time has thought been given to helping Servicemen to buy their own houses? Army Welfare could arrange a scheme with a building society or loans could be made from Army funds. — "West Africa" (name and address supplied).

★ How many men would be willing to pay towards the purchase of a house which they might have to vacate at a moment's notice?

Answers

(from Page 41)

How Much Do You Know?

1. (a). 2. Jane Russell, the film actress, according to the posters of "The Outlaw." 3. An elusive, natural flame which hovers over marshes. 4. The skin of a lamb. 5. Ludo is not a card game; the others are. 6. Galileo, after being forced by the Inquisition to withdraw his statement that the earth moved round the sun. 7. Litter. 8. £2. 9. The danger of world starvation if more energetic measures are not made to grow food and reclaim soil. 10. George Bernard Shaw. 11. Lord Tennyson. 12. (c). 13. "Don't worry." 14. Scotland. 15. (a) false (Coney Island is New York's pleasure resort); (b) correct; (c) false (castor oil comes from a tropical plant); (d) false (a basilisk was a fabled creature whose breath or look was fatal). 16. Bascules.

Crossword

- Across: 1. Bulletin. 6. Itch. 7. Nibble. 8. Keeper. 12. Apse. 14. Erratic. 17. Demi. 18. Across. 22. Whiten. 23. Cane. 24. Renegade.
- Down: 1. Bandanna. 2. Lubber. 3. Trek. 4. Nice. 5. Ache. 9. Eat. 10. Puce. 11. Reliance. 13. Seer. 15. Ras. 16. Idling. 19. Char. 20. Over. 21. Swan.

TREAD TROUBLE

I should like to draw your attention to the front near-side wheel of the military policeman's jeep in the August SOLDIER. Is it a photographic fault or is this a new type of tyre? Or is the absence of tread caused by excessive wear? Has the military policeman reported it in his defects book? — Spr. C. Stockdale, 37 Army Engr. Regt., Court-y-Gollen Camp, Breconshire.

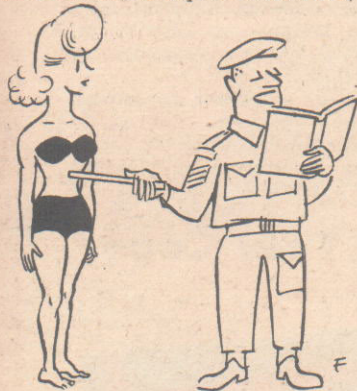
EXPOSURE

As troop serjeant I constantly have to check men for the piece of rag which the Army calls a tie, knowing full well that my own tie is not much better. When I walk out I wear a knitted tie in order to look presentable, thereby running the risk of being pulled up by the first military policeman for being improperly dressed. How can a man look smart with the Army issue tie?

Another sore point: in my unit the allotment for replacement of battle-dress is six for every 100 men. At this rate half of my troop will be "pinched" for indecent exposure before long. There would not be much wrong with our present dress if only it were properly made and an adequate quantity were issued. — "Browned Off" (name and address supplied).

DIAPHRAGM DOUBT

I do not want to start an argument, but unless my knowledge of anatomy is a fault only surgery or a serious accident would reveal the diaphragm of the glamorous blonde illustrated in SOLDIER's August Quiz. The diaphragm may be defined as a membrane of a muscular nature dividing the abdominal cavity into two halves,



the upper half containing the lungs and heart while the lower half contains the gut. — A. Wallis, Briarcroft, Marlborough Crescent, Latchford, Warrington, Lancs.

★ Put like that, SOLDIER's blonde does not seem half so glamorous.

DEBTOR BALANCES

Your letters so far on the subject of debtor balances have come from units. As a debtor balance clerk in a regimental pay office I would like to paint the other side of the picture. Many debts notified by the Paymaster are "paper debts." A soldier may go on leave during the last week of an accounting period and draw 21 days pay with ration allowance. As this withdrawal carries forward into the next accounting period it creates a "debt" which will automatically clear itself. Unit pay clerks should realise this, yet such debts are frequently "disagreed," with resulting unnecessary correspondence.

Although debit balances are often "disagreed," how often does this happen with credit balances? A previous correspondent has quoted a case in which a man was debited with pay which had been over-issued two years before. If the unit pay clerk had been efficient that over-issue would have been queried at the time it was made. — Pte. D. W. Galloway, Regimental Pay Office, Edinburgh.

ANOTHER FORM!

When a soldier in married quarters goes on leave and draws his leave pay on the last pay day of the month, he is always notified as being in debt and an order is made to restrict his cash issues (as he is away, of course, this happens automatically). Although there is already a super-abundance of Army Forms might I suggest that just one more could be issued notifying the Paymaster that a man has drawn leave money and thereby preventing these fictitious debtor balances from arising? — "Backpay" (name and address supplied).

NO INCENTIVE?

A point about the six-star system of pay classification that is causing concern is the position of warrant officers and NCO's in the "B" and "C" trade groups. Even if they obtain the highest possible qualifications in their trade groups they cannot get an increase in pay. Only those who are Class I in a Group "A" trade can earn "highly skilled" rates of pay. This situation leads to an aversion to study on the part of men in "B" and "C" trades. — QMS. T. Bickerstaff RE, No. 1 BAPO.

★ The official view is that warrant officers and senior NCO's are paid mainly for the responsibility which goes with their rank. Therefore a serjeant who holds a Group "C" qualification is paid exactly the same rate as a serjeant holding a Group "B" qualification. While it may not benefit a man financially to improve his status within his trade, it would presumably increase his prospects of further promotion in rank.

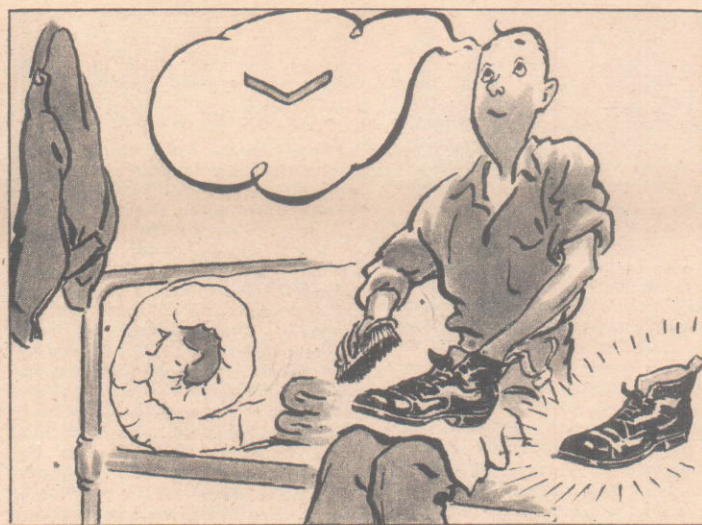
COWBOYS AND CLOTHES

As an American I was surprised by the comprehensive grasp of his subject which Captain Leo Milligan showed in his recent article on Western revolver fighting (SOLDIER, May). Such thorough knowledge is unusual in foreign writers, who either write highly coloured accounts in "western movie" style or go into great detail, containing discrepancies that are only too apparent to the native.

To take up a question on the subject in your July issue: To be sure the average cowboy of today does not constantly carry his revolver slung at his hip, because the need for his personal protection ceased about 40 years ago. His right to carry firearms has not been infringed, however. It is expressly outlined in the United States Constitution. But this right is subject to regulation and each state has its own laws on the possession, sale and carrying of hand firearms. In the West they tend to be much more liberal than in the East. In most states getting a licence is a mere formality, conviction for a felony being the only bar.

Another point is that most of the famed gun-fighters of the early West, such as Billy-the-Kid, Jesse James and his brother Frank, John Wesley Harding (originator of the cross-draw), Bat Masterson and so on, did not use the famed M 1873 Colt revolver. They used the early .44 cap-and-ball percussion types. Captain Milligan's article was a trifle misleading on this point, but I believe he will bear me out.

Another subject which interests me in SOLDIER is the discussion about uniforms. Perhaps your readers would like to know the latest trends in the United States Army. There is a plan afoot to re-introduce a blouse, similar in cut to our officers' greens, for off-duty wear. The so-called



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Letters Continued Overleaf

MORE LETTERS

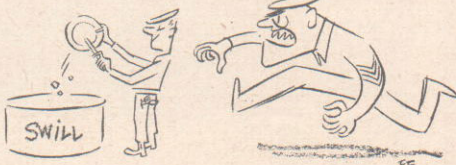
"Eisenhower jacket" is to be bloused instead of form-fitted and a field cap like the German *feldmutze* may replace the forage cap. The visored garrison cap will be worn off-duty.

Personally I think the British battle-dress a well-designed field uniform, apart from the two asymmetrical pockets on the trousers. A pouch on the belt for the first-aid packet would be better. Also, why only one pocket on the hip? The blouse would be improved by using better buttons and having a roll-type collar. However, I think British soldiers in general present a very smart appearance and they seem to have the knack of making the best of what is on hand. I would enjoy hearing from any of your readers who might like to exchange opinions with me on these and other subjects. — Sjt. J. C. Spadaro, RA 31402901, HQ & HQ Coy, 17th T. M. P., c/o U. S. Army, APO 69.

★ Captain Milligan writes: Space did not permit me to go into details of the types of guns used by the most notorious gun-men of the old West. I would point out that Billy-the-Kid, Jesse James, Frank James and John Wesley Harding were gun-men, not gun-fighters. The first were outlaws while the second term was reserved for the sheriffs and others who were on the side of the law. This is a mistake often made by writers of Western fiction.

Jesse James, Frank James and Billy-the-Kid did, repeat did use the breech-loading Colt six-shooter. Jesse James was only 15 years old when, during the American Civil war, he rode with Quantrell's Guerillas who were almost completely revolver-armed. Jesse carried four Colt six-shooters of the "cap and ball" type but after the war he changed over to the breech-loading Frontier model when it was introduced in 1873. It is on record that he made a present of a 44 Frontier six-shooter to his friend Bob Ford, who murdered Jesse with it on 3 April 1882.

Billy-the-Kid was shot dead by Sheriff Pat Garrett on 14 July 1882. A photograph of him shows Billy the-Kid wearing a cartridge belt and a holstered Colt six-shooter and holding a Winchester repeating rifle, proof that he had changed with the times. No outlaw could afford to be less well armed than those who hunted him.



NEWS-REELS

Recent letters from some of our patrons who are cricket enthusiasts are inclined to criticise the Army Kinema Corporation for the absence from our "News Parade" of pictures of test matches with the West Indians.

We shall be grateful if we may explain, through your columns, that our efforts to obtain pictures of these matches were unsuccessful because of difficulties which arose during negotiations between the Newsreel Association and the cricket authorities; consequently, as the newsreel companies were not able to film the matches, no pictures were available to the AKC "News Parade." — Lieut-Col. A. Key, OBE, Secretary, Army Kinema Corporation.

BUNLESS BREAK

I entirely agree with Corporal C. Bell who complained (SOLDIER, September) that men who buy a dozen buns two hours before their midday meal are responsible for food wastage.

When I was serving at the Light Infantry Training Centre at Colchester during the war, the Commanding Officer forbade the sale of food in

the NAAFI at the mid-morning break. It was also a crime for a soldier to leave food on his plate. If he did not want his full share of meat and vegetables he could refuse it. The result was that there was usually plenty for those who wanted a second helping. When visiting other units I was horrified at the masses of potatoes and bread piled into the swill bins.

A friend tells me that the United States Navy have a similar system on board ship. Police stand at the exits to see that men leaving have clean plates; but, if there is sufficient food left over, there is no law preventing a man queueing up again and going in for a second helping. — "Ex-Light Infantryman" (name and address supplied).

2 minute sermon

BROTHER Lawrence used to work in the kitchen of a monastery. It is easy to imagine the bustle and the clatter — one fellow sharpening a knife, someone else dropping a fire-iron, another scrubbing a pan and the inevitable man with a bucket swilling the floor. In the middle of all this noise, Brother Lawrence said, he possessed God in as great tranquillity as if he were on his knees at Holy Communion.

We live in the noisiest age of the world's history. Even the quiet peace of the countryside is disturbed by the blaring of motor horns. The rhythm of hot jazz music seems to have got into our blood. Radios and mechanical music shatter the possibility of silence. All the forces of modern life seem to work together to produce noise and restlessness. The experience of being quiet is so unusual that we have come to dread it.

The trouble with all our noise is that, unlike the clatter of Brother Lawrence's kitchen, it crowds God out of life. Most of us believe in God — and most of us ignore Him completely, except when we are really up against it. We are living our lives as if He did not exist at all.

Quietness is essential to religion. A man can train himself to be quiet, in spite of the noise around him. But it needs practice. God can become reality, but only if we deliberately make a sort of oasis in our lives — a quiet spot in the middle of the noise.

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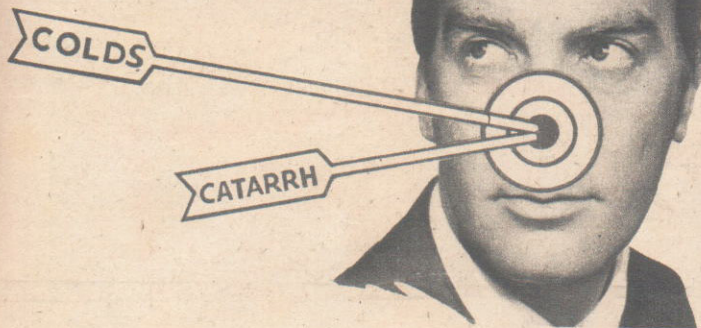


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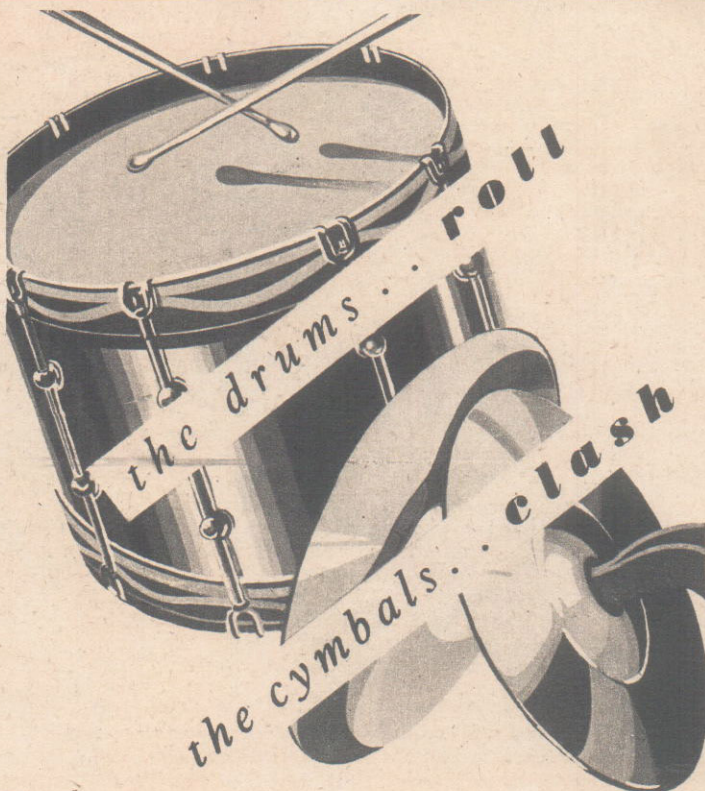
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