

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH
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February 1949



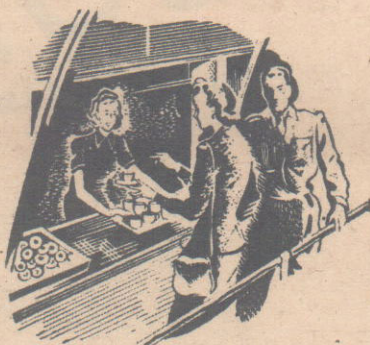
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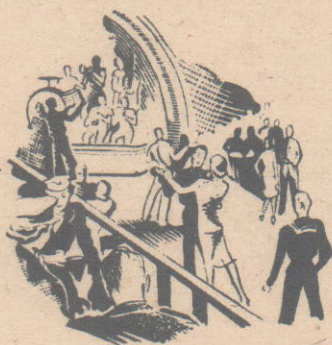


Bugler is Boy Robert Azzopardi, who came from Malta to join the Boys' Battery, Royal Artillery (See Page Five)

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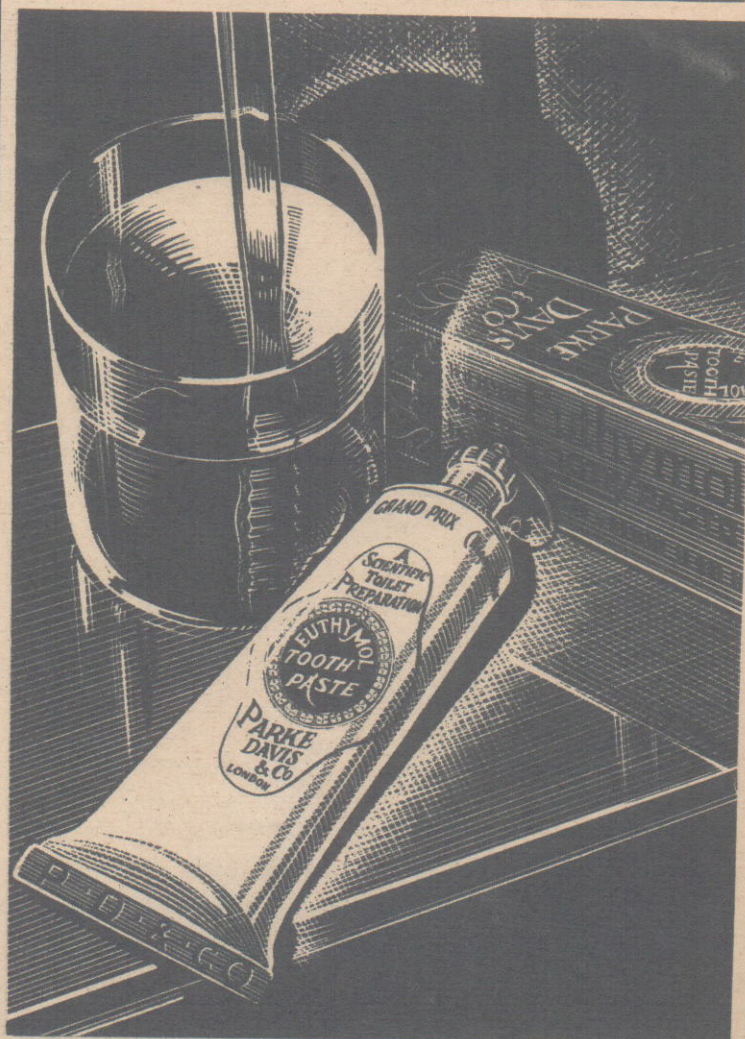


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SOLDIER Visits

IF Kinnel Park is not a holiday camp it has much of the holiday setting. It slopes gently down towards the coast not four miles away where at night the lights of Rhyl sparkle.

Behind the Park the land reaches to the Welsh hills and the air is what the guide-books describe as "invigorating" or "bracing".

In 1939, in readiness for the Militia, the Army built "spider-type" huts with central heating and permanent hot water in the bath-houses, and a cinema where the programme changes three times a week. Today these buildings house two Royal Artillery training regiments and a unique unit called The Boys' Battery.

For over 25 years the Royal Artillery has trained its boy trumpeters in this Battery — and for a long time a second battery existed to cope with the numbers. They entered at the age of 14 and after a year, when they had become accomplished in the art of sounding, they went to regiments.

During World War Two the Battery nearly faded out; it closed in 1939 but was reformed in 1942. After the war it was reorganised and turned into a boys' "university," a pocket edition of the Royal Military Academy. Here, until they are ready for Colour service at the age of 17½, the lads study for an Army examination equivalent to matriculation and learn specialist work and gunnery. Boys' Battery, while still training trumpeters, prepares the young soldiers for warrant-officer and NCO rank, and hopes later to earmark outstanding boys for commissions.

Last September the Battery was transferred from Woolwich, which had been its home for 25 years, to the slopes of North Wales. Any break in tradition brought about by leaving the historic home of the Royal Artillery is countered by the obvious advantage of the Welsh coastal area as a background, compared with the streets of Woolwich.

From all over Britain, and even farther afield, parents send their sons to this young soldiers'

They start them young in the Royal Artillery. The Boys' Battery, source of trumpeters, takes recruits of 15 and sends them into the Army at 18 as well-trained soldiers, fit for promotion

Boys' Battery



Trumpeters of the Boys' Battery in Royal Horse Artillery full-dress uniforms. They appear at official functions.

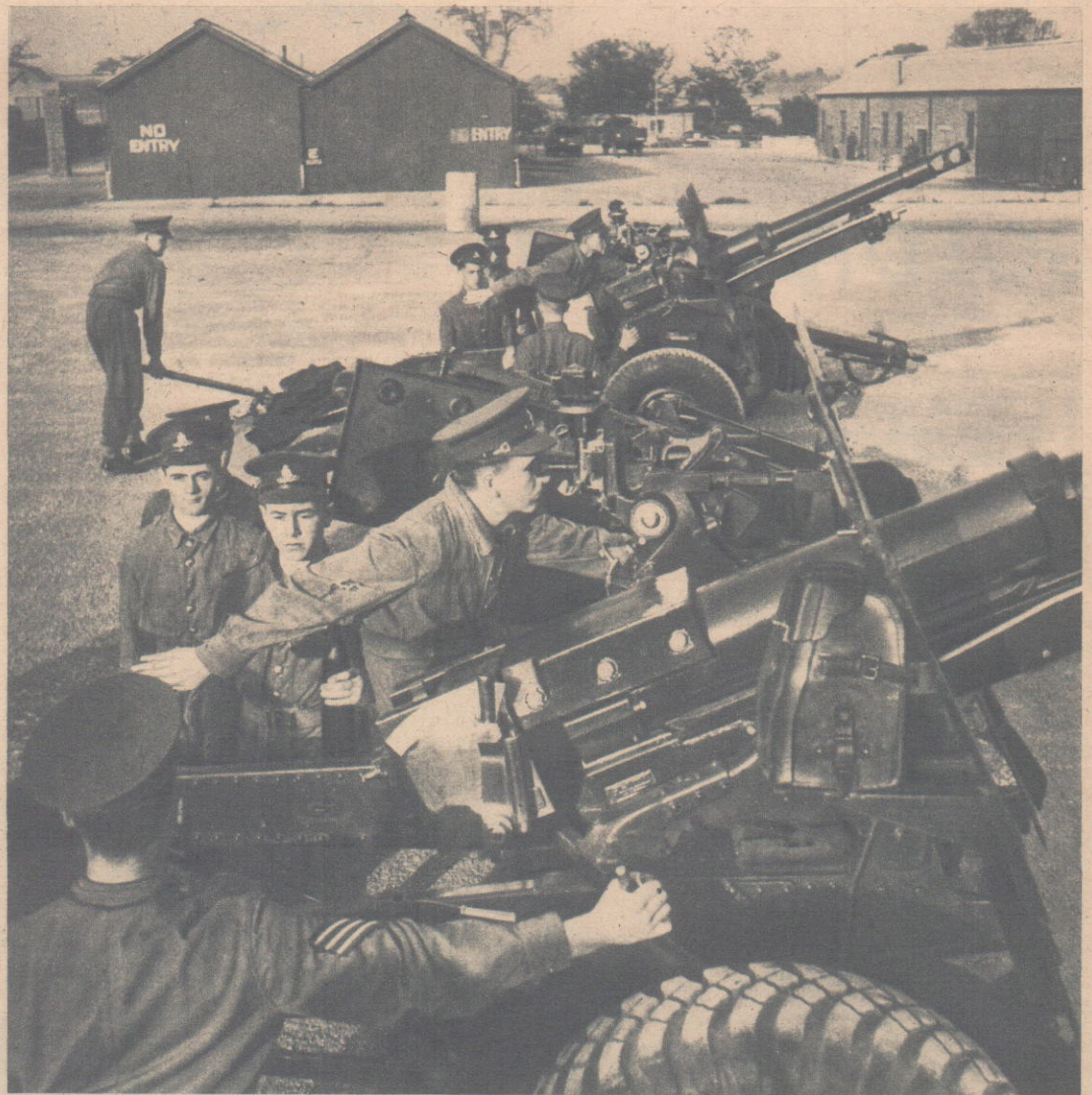
SOLDIER Visits BOYS' BATTERY (Continued)

school, for nowhere else do lads receive such education and training in leadership and weekly pay packets as well. They come from well-known schools like Taunton and King Edward VII, from the Duke of York's Military School, from technical colleges and from remote village schools with fewer than 40 pupils. They come from India, like the twin Holmes brothers, and from Malta, like Boy Azzopardi.

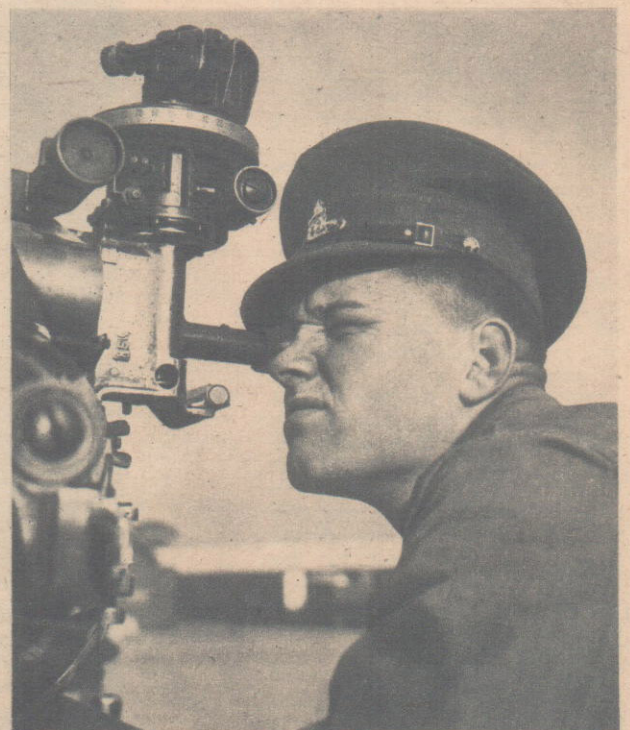
Robert Azzopardi is 15 (which since the raising of the school leaving age is the entrance age for boys). One day, in his island home, he met a British Artillery officer who told him about Boys' Battery and young Robert went home and told his parents he wanted to join. He packed a suitcase, took a ship to England, and went to the nearest recruiting office. Today he is being trained as a trumpeter, and wears three uniforms — denims for training, service dress for official parades and walking out, and the full dress of the Royal Horse Artillery for ceremonial occasions.

Quite a number of boys come from soldiering families. Boy Walter Price, who is 16, is the son of a recruiter (who did not, however, recruit him into the Army) and his grandfather and great-grandfather served in the Royal Artillery. Seventeen-year-old Jimmy Marchant, who was born in India, is the son of a Royal Horse Artilleryman and has a brother who is a parachute

Below: The boy with the big job to do — Ronald Goodin, aged 17. Once there were two boys' batteries, hence the name on the drum.



Above: One of the highlights of the boys' training is gun-drill with 25-pounders. Below: Gun-layer is Boy-Serjeant Tom Dooley from Swansea. He first heard of Boys' Battery by reading about it in the papers.





Elevenes break. The boys have half-a-pint of milk and a sandwich. Tucking in is George Johnson, 17, from Tintagel, Cornwall.

serjeant. Brian Brisland, 16, was encouraged to join by his father, a retired Gunner captain. Raymond Fuller of Eastbourne is the son of a Gunner serjeant, now retired, and Eric Markey, 17, has an uncle who was in Boys' Battery as a lad. "Anyway, I always wanted to be in the Army," Eric told SOLDIER. "I hope to be able to complete 21 years."

John Thorrold, 16, of Chiswick, had ambitions to join the Guards but somehow never managed to grow more than 5 ft 1 inch. He is not the smallest boy. Cyril Wade, aged 15, is only just five feet, and feels his lack of inches when standing near the Battery Captain, Captain J. H. Sandeman-Allen, who is 6 ft 6 inches. Fifteen-year-old Peter Cox of Sydenham, nephew of a Gunner RSM stationed at Dover, (who was himself at Boys' Battery in the days when they had horses) was too young to join up when he went along to the recruiting officer at Catford at nine o'clock one morning last March. However, it was five in the evening before he came away, during which time he had been medically examined

and had undergone an educational examination. Last September he was called back to the same recruiting centre, sworn in, given a shilling and some money for the bus fare from his home.

"I was then introduced to another recruit. 'Boy Cox', they said, 'Meet Boy Canning. He's going to the same place as you.' They gave Canning the railway warrant to Rhyl. He was the same age, but he was a bit bigger and I suppose they thought he should have it."

Some of the boys have built up a solid friendship. Ronald Goodin, the big drummer in the band, who comes from Harrow and Charles McGuire, from Scotland, sleep in the same barrack-room, go out together and work side by side in the handicraft centre where all the boys spend one night a week. Goodin and McGuire decided to make a set of two chairside ashtray stands. Whose idea was it? "We both thought of it", they said. They are keeping their fingers crossed and hope that they will serve in the same regiment for their Colour service.

Boy trumpeters are sent all

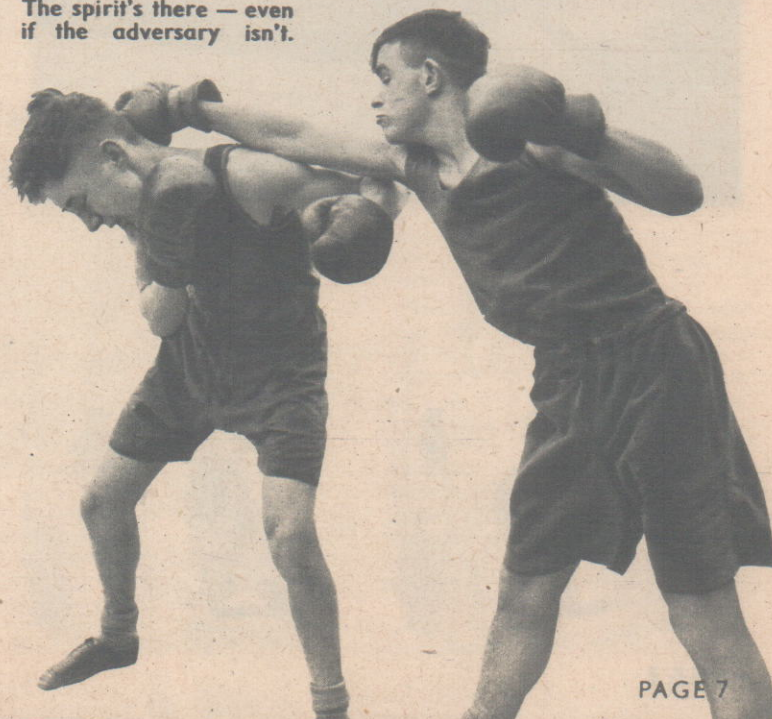
OVER



Above: The instructors make them stand on their hands to keep them on their toes. Below: Sword dances help in the same process.



The spirit's there — even if the adversary isn't.



PAGE 7

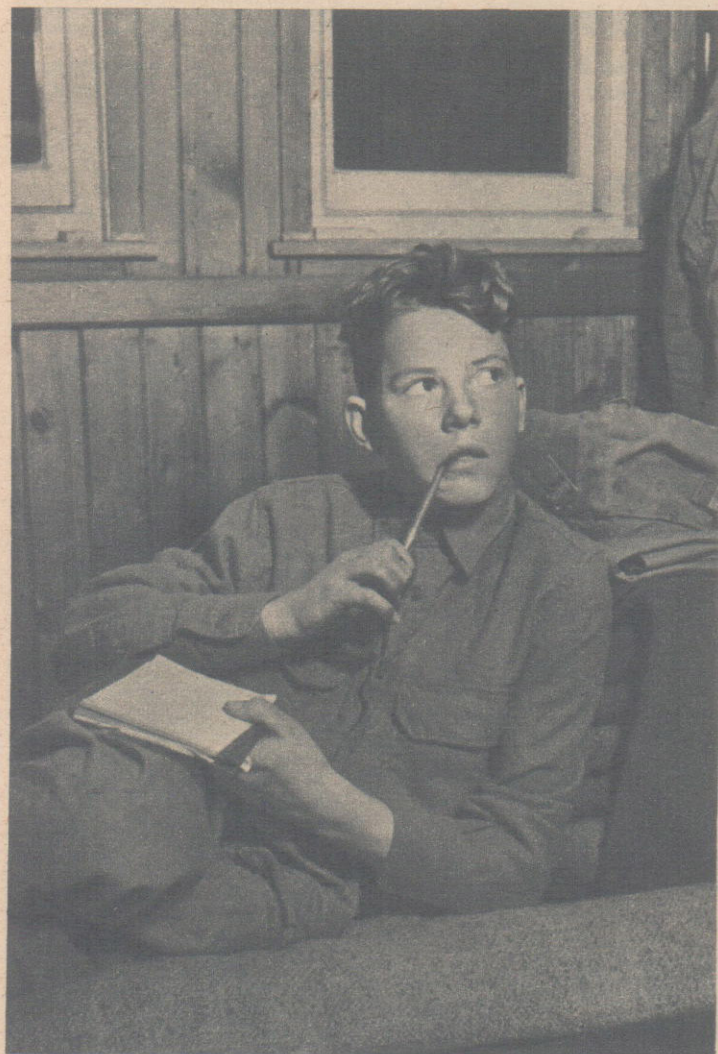


Left:
Padre's "At home".
The Rev. K. Liley sees
each boy once a week.

Right:
Even if they have
left school, they don't
get away from class-
room blackboards.



Below: "No. 22208969, Boy
Cox, P. Boys' Battery, Kinmel
Park Camp. Dear Mum..."



Continuing **BOYS' BATTERY**

over the country (even to the Channel Islands) for military festivities. For some ceremonials sometimes the whole band of about 70 trumpeters and drummers is called in. On other occasions, such as festivals at the Albert Hall, Southsea Castle, Gravesend and Shoeburyness, smaller parties take part.

Four trumpet-majors train the boys. Says the senior of them, TM. A. J. Hunt: "It takes between three and four months for a lad to master the trumpet and bugle. Most of them prefer the trumpet, which has a greater range. To some it comes naturally, to others it presents a problem — yet anyone can overcome it eventually. The secret is to imagine you have a mouthful of split peas which you are spitting out."

The 267 boys are commanded by Major J. McD. Montgomery, who in addition to the normal powers of a battery commander is permitted to cane the boys with parents' consent. Generally, parents give permission, preferring that their sons should receive this punishment rather than detention. One of the sub-alterns under Major Montgomery was himself a boy in Boys' Battery in 1935 — Lieut. C. H. Sherwood, who went to Colour service as a gunner before being commissioned. He thinks that today boys receive a better individual education, and that the chances of promotion are very much greater than when he was a lad.

"But there is one thing they do

not do today. They no longer learn horse riding. That was great fun."

Each boy receives 1s 6d a day, which increases to 2s in the second year and 2s 6d in the third. Training consists of about one-third education, one-third military training and one-third PT and games. There are 65 days holiday in the year, and some pay is held back until the lads go on leave.

Each troop has one boy serjeant, two boy bombardiers and three boy lance-bombardiers, in addition to the Regular permanent staff NCO's. These ranks are unpaid and the duties are like those of school prefects. Automatically boy serjeants are posted to regiments as unpaid lance-bombardiers.

The Adjutant, Lieut. G. W. Langford, told **SOLDIER** that twice a year, provided the standard is reached, the outstanding boy is presented with the Goschen Memorial Prize, an award with a cash value of £10 derived from a sum of £1000 given by Maj-General A. A. Goschen in memory of his son killed at Tobruk. This honour is recorded on a boy's documents when he goes to a regiment. Incidentally, records of punishment are removed from a boy's documents before he is posted.

In the holidays boys whose parents live abroad and a few who are orphans stay in British homes under arrangements made by the Battery Commander. Last summer a party went to a harvest camp. Afterwards the farmer wrote: "They worked like farm labourers and they bore themselves like Guardsmen."

PETER LAWRENCE



They died, not of any specific disease, but because they lacked the right mental attitude.

THAT was the verdict of Lieut-Col. F. Spencer Chapman on six British soldiers whom he found in the Malayan jungle, behind the Japanese lines, during World War Two (see the review of Colonel Chapman's book on page 35).

It makes a grim epitaph.

Only last month SOLDIER quoted Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery as saying: "Morale is a mental rather than a physical quality, a determination to overcome obstacles, an instinct driving a man forward against his own desires. High morale is not toughness. Some very tough men in this war have turned out to be very disappointing in action."

What kind of man, then, was Colonel Spencer Chapman, who lived three-and-a-half years

behind the Japanese lines, who — as Lord Wavell has said — had powers of endurance far beyond the normal?

He was a man who, in his twenties, accompanied two Arctic air expeditions, a Himalayan expedition and a mission to Lhasa, and who made the first ascent of Chomolhari (24,000 feet) — all this before he began to train Commando troops in Scotland, Australia and Singapore. It is clear enough that he was as tough physically as mentally. Britain can still produce advent-

urers in the Elizabethan mould; the problem is how to produce more of them.

Perhaps it is not without significance that the subject of a current Army essay competition (see page 44) is: How shall we train our military leaders to develop a robust mentality? In the past they have been encouraged to "live dangerously," both on and off duty, in order to train them to make quick decisions. How shall this be done in present conditions?

Not everyone, alas, can fit

himself for hazardous enterprise and great endurance by climbing the Himalayas or driving reindeer across Greenland.

WEEKENDS

HOW should a soldier spend his weekend?

Someone has written to the papers painting this picture of the state of the Home forces:

"No regimental sides playing football on Saturday afternoons and no church parades on Sunday mornings — nothing but sorry mobs of soldiers and airmen thumbing along every road in Britain."

The ordinary soldier, who finds himself alternately criticised for looking on at games instead of taking part, and then for not turning up to cheer the unit team, probably has his own views.

One thing is clear, however: a unit ought not to be allowed to die out every evening and every weekend. A soldier is more than a civil servant, working fixed hours with Saturday afternoons and Sundays off. There must be a corporate life if there is to be any *esprit de corps*.

This does not mean that leave is a bad thing. But it does mean that too much leave can be a bad thing.

NOT BRAINS ALONE

AFTER all the fuss about the careers of brilliant scholars being interrupted by conscription, here is the Headmaster of Tonbridge (writing in *The Spectator*) who says:

"There is evidence that the best work at the universities in recent years has been done by men who had spent some years on active service."

Arthur Bryant said: "The groundwork, knowledge of life and human nature the serviceman acquires far outweighs, in my belief, the loss of educational continuity... The time spent in the active service of their country and in daily comradeship with their fellows of all classes will not narrow their minds but broaden them; it will teach them, too, what modern education so often fails to teach — to correlate mind, body and heart."

The scholar in uniform will also learn that there are other qualities as valuable to the community as brains: leadership, for one. In his early days in the ranks he will doubtless be ordered about by his intellectual inferiors, instead of moving triumphantly from prize-giving to prize-giving. This deflation of his pride, along with a certain amount of inevitable frustration, will help to make the scholar human.

OVER



SHOW-PLACE FOR TROOPS

"And fifty feet the fountain leapt..." This fanciful Schloss, built by King Ludwig of Bavaria in the hills near Oberammergau (US Zone of Germany), can be visited by BAOR troops who spend a Tyrolean leave at Ehrwald (French Zone).

SOLDIER to Soldier (Continued)

POET'S PIE

THE Buffs have never been quite happy about that poem extolling the heroism of their "drunken private." Correspondence is still going on about it in their regimental magazine.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, a nineteenth century scholar, was inspired to write the poem when he read this despatch in *The Times*:

"Some Sikhs, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities and commanded to perform the *kotou* (a low bow). The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill."

Sir Francis's first verse ran:

*"Last night, among his fellow
roughs,
He jested, quaffed and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
Today, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race."*

As far as is known, the author had no reason to suppose that Private Moyse was any drunker than the next man. Probably the good Sir Francis never doubted that all soldiers were rude and licentious — anyway, wasn't Moyse defending the grog-carts? So Sir Francis plunged on into the second verse:

*"Poor, reckless, rude, low-born,
untaught,
Bewildered and alone..."*

After four or five high-flown stanzas, the poem ended:

*"So let his name through Europe
ring —*

*A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great."*

From a dramatic point of view, it probably made a better poem to have Moyse represented as a drunken lout. But a correspondent in the Buffs' magazine says he has personal knowledge that Moyse was a man of good education, and certainly not rude and low-born. This correspondent also says he was taught to render the poem as follows:

*"Last night, among his fellows
rough,*

*He jested, quaffed and swore;
A dauntless private of the
Buffs..."*

It is, of course, a dangerous practice to start amending the poets, but in this case the Buffs may well have a legitimate grievance.

KIPLING TOO

DOUBTLESS there are many who would like to start rewriting Kipling, beginning with the poem which opens:

*"When the 'art-made recruity
goes out to the East,
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks
like a beast..."*

There are others who, for different reasons, would like nothing better than to start rewriting all the martial poetry ever written. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" might look very different after being vetted by a committee of military historians. The lesson seems to be that if you want to be immortalised in verse, you must not expect to be immortalised accurately.

By the way, *SOLDIER* regrets to say that the only reference it can find in verse to the ATS is in a poem by Mr. John Betjeman which contains the lines:

*"...beefy ATS
Without their hats..."*

That makes two insults in five words. Does anyone know of any poetical tributes to the ATS in a more gallant vein?

CEASE FIRE

SOLDIERS who served with the Indian Army have special reason to feel satisfaction at the cease-fire in Kashmir.

The threatened big-scale conflict between the soldiers of India and Pakistan — soldiers who once fought side by side — pleased not even the bitterest critics of the political decision which divided the British-trained Indian Army.

The traditions of the old Indian Army are still followed in both Dominions. Both armies are planned and administered on British lines, and the soldiers still wear our battledress. Just as the British Army adopted many Indian words, so have the armies of India and Pakistan adopted many British ones. Some units have even taken over our bagpipes. As a cynic has remarked, could love go any deeper?

BALLARAT

A reader writes to *SOLDIER* (see "Letters") suggesting that British film producers have been slow in making a film with a background of post-war Germany.

But they always were slow, as *SOLDIER* has said before, in making films about the British Army, especially in peace time. Now a film is on the way which casts the British Army in what is known as an "unsympathetic role." It is a story of the gold diggers of Ballarat, Australia, who clashed bloodily with the Redcoats a hundred years ago. Public sympathy has always been with the gold diggers. The Redcoats were acting under orders, as were the soldiers who rode at the hunger-marchers at Peterloo on another notorious occasion. Nobody has ever pretended that Ballarat was one of the British Army's most glorious victories. The pity is that the film producers, with so much to choose from, had to pick on this episode.



No, not an Eskimo, but a soldier of the Indian Army serving in the recent operations in the Himalayan state of Kashmir. Fear of a big-scale clash between India and Pakistan in the high snows has now been removed (see this page).

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Above: the cable as
Mrs. Atkins sent it.
Right: as it arrived.

YOU CAN'T SAY IT BY NUMBERS NOW

THE soldier's "love code" — otherwise the system of Expeditionary Forces Messages — is now a thing of the past.

These "EFM's" were one of the great morale-raisers of the war. Between February 1940 and the end of 1948 over 30,000,000 messages were exchanged between soldiers overseas and their families and friends at home.

The system was that a soldier, or a member of his family, was allowed to choose three messages from a chart of sentences, each of which had its own number. Thus the numbers 163, 79, 318 represented "Going into hospital. Illness is not serious. Regards to everyone." The charge for such a message was 2s 6d, including the address and sender's name.

The sentences covered an astonishing variety of subjects. Additions were constantly being made. There was very little that could not be said by numbers.

Many routine messages came under the headings of "Correspondence" and "Greetings." These included "Many thanks for letter," "Tell... to write," "Love," "Kisses," and "Love and Kisses." The strongest expression of affection was probably No. 35 — "Fondest love, darling." More frivolous were No's. 309 and 310 — "Regards to the gang" and "Greetings from the gang." No. 311 was "Love to my Valentine," No. 319 was "May you be inscribed in the book of life," and No. 320 "May the Passover bring new hope and courage."

The section entitled "Health" included "Son born," "Daughter

born," "Twins born" and "Expecting blessed event." Under "Money" were "Please send me £x," "Sorry cannot send money," "Sell... at best price obtainable," and "Expect to be able to send you money next pay day." Miscellaneous messages included: "Hearing your voice on the wireless gave me a wonderful thrill"; "Rumour not true"; "Tell me about children," "Tell children about me," "Hope," "No"; "Yes"; "Consult lawyer before taking action"; and "Hospitality of people here wonderful." There was no message saying that the hospitality was terrible.

A man who sent home message No. 95 — "Have been decorated" — was reasonably entitled to expect No 117 in return — "Glad and proud to hear of your decoration everybody thrilled." Congratulatory messages included such well-used ones as "Congratulations on your commission," "Very pleased to hear you have passed examination" and "We are all very proud of you." Grimmet on the list were No's. 141, 142 and 143: "Sorry to tell you X died," "Sorry to hear X died," and "The Lord bless and sustain you in your loss."

There were six phrases headed "War Damage," on the lines of "X injured and in hospital" which were not to be sent to the United States. Bereavement notices could not go to America or Canada.

In all cases the sender had to add his surname to the signature, even if the result was "Daddy Jones."

The peak year for the sending of EFM's was 1942 — Alamein year — when soldiers sent and received 8,688,715 cables. That is over 23,000 a day. Last year only 160,510 cables were sent, thanks to a smaller Army and better air mail service.

Once the service was stopped for security reasons — during the invasion period from 8 May to 11 July 1944.

The messages took varying times to deliver. In India, they were handed over to the local post office for delivery and troops on the Burma frontier just had to be patient.

American forces also made use of the service and cables were delivered in the United States by

American cable companies. At the end of the war released prisoners — both military and civilian — in the Far East were allowed to send one cable home free of charge, and the recipient was invited to send a free reply.

Many stories are told by Cable and Wireless messengers of the receptions they received. One man, bringing to an old woman the first news of her son's survival in a Japanese camp, found himself embraced by her, with her tears running down his uniform.

Occasionally mistakes occurred. If the numerals in No. 53 ("Birthday greetings") became transposed to 85 the result was likely to be embarrassing: No. 85 was "Son born." But the Serviceman could forgive occasional slips; he has always paid high tribute to this service, now closed down by a decision of the Treasury.

Today a soldier, or his family, wishing to send a cable must pay the Empire rate of 12 words for five shillings, plus fivepence for every word above the 12.

CABLE AND WIRELESS LTD		OFFICE OF ISSUE
VIA IMPERIAL		
EFM	1841019 ATKINS T., Pte. No 57 Ablution Halt M E L F	
<p>TWINS BORN * CAN YOU INCREASE THE ALLOTMENT * BE HAPPY AND BRAVE</p> <p>SALLY ATKINS</p>		
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IS THIS A JOB THE SOLDIER OUGHT



Mr. Shinwell, War Minister: "Many in the Service still have to occupy much of their time peeling potatoes. When we purchase a few labour-saving devices the time spent on a great many such chores will be saved. There is a demand by the civilian population just as there is by the Services."

HERE are some recent pronouncements in Parliament and Press on the great spud-bashing controversy:

Viscount Swinton: "The Field-Marshal under whom I had the privilege of serving in the 1914-18 war (and we were associated again in the last war) said that potato peeling gave a homely touch. That rather reminded me of the story... of the farmer who put a prize bull to a plough. When he was reproved for so doing, and was told that that was not what the bull was meant for, he said he was going to teach the beggar that life was not just all pleasure. Possibly a certain amount of potato peeling is desirable, but I should have thought that if we are spending £3,000,000 or more on the Army we could have got a few automatic potato-peelers and labour-saving devices."

* * *

Viscount Bridgeman: "In my experience — and I have some first-hand experience — a great many of the grouses come from those young gentlemen whose brains and intellect surpass their character and powers of leadership, and who find themselves peeling potatoes when, if they were better leaders, they would have a stripe up."

* * *

The Evening Standard: (answering F.M. Wilson) "If the subject be cleared of all prejudice, it is difficult to see what outlook or insight is afforded by peeling potatoes other than an outlook on to or an insight into potatoes; and whatever valuable experience this may give has been given after the first, or, at the most, the first half-dozen operations, it being merely a question, thereafter, of applying a thoroughly grasped theory to a variety of detail."

* * *

The Daily Mirror: "Spud-bashing is... a dreary, depressing, time-wasting bore."



Field-Marshal Lord Wilson: "I personally do not think it is such a bad thing for a young soldier to peel potatoes now and again; it makes him feel that there is some domestic life in barracks — one might say, perhaps, that it gives him a 'home from home' outlook."

Spud

"You won't find that if you cook them straight away."

"But in a cookhouse you nearly always prepare the vegetables overnight."

"Well, look at the time the machine saves."

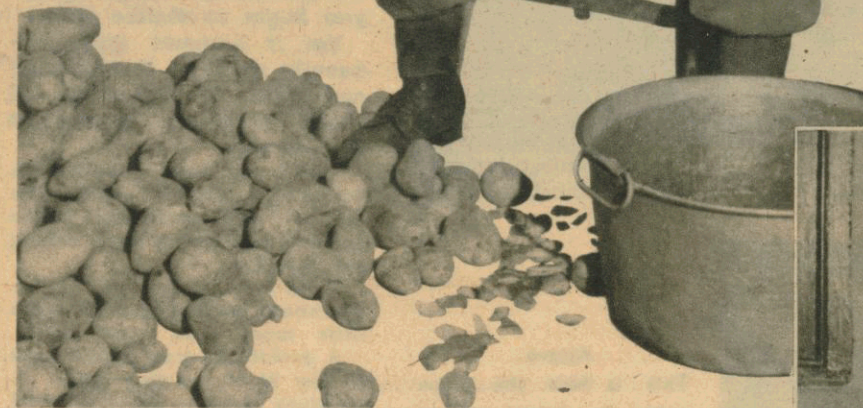
And, as they say in the Parliamentary reports, the debate continues.

Two of the anti-machine faction in that debate had taken three-year courses at the Westminster Technical Institute Hotel and Restaurant School; two had worked as cooks in West-End hotels. They could afford to be critical, since the cooks in big establishments never peel a potato themselves. That job is done by others; the cooks carry on after the peeling is done. In the best hotels, these experts claimed, the peeling is always done by hand.

SOLDIER rang up a cookery expert to get a civilian view. The expert disliked the machine and gave the reasons the debaters had given, adding: "I don't see why the British Army should want machines. It has plenty of men. When I was in the 1914-18 war, the potatoes were put in a yard

TO DO?

The old-fashioned way of spud-bashing. Peeling with a knife is wasteful — but the Army *does* issue a potato peeler. The Army's labour-saving experts have not so far worked out the most efficient way of peeling a potato.



Bashing!

and everyone in the unit helped to peel them. It was all done in a quarter of an hour. What unit was I in? The French Army."

An old soldier had come to the same conclusion for different reasons: "I did my share of spud-bashing and it didn't do me any harm. A soldier's got to relax sometimes from training and that's a useful way of doing it. You offer troops spud-bashing instead of square-bashing and there won't be a potato with a skin on for miles round."

For the machines, Britain's biggest catering firm — Messrs. J. Lyons Ltd. — said they used them for peeling all their potatoes. Their demand for potatoes is continuous; if the spuds wanted to go brown they would not have the time. And a man who runs a fish-and-chip shop said all his potatoes were machine-peeled and, given good potatoes without eyes, he could cope alone with three hundredweight in an hour. And never a sign of a bruise.

The firm that makes most of the Army's electrical potato-peelers said if the machines were used properly there should be no bruising, unless the potatoes

were not of the best quality. At some times of the year potatoes get soft and rubbery and are subject to bruising; in some areas the potatoes grown are not too good. To cope with that, the firm produced a rougher abrasive surface, which would take off the skin with less rubbing, if the customer asked for it. As a matter of interest, this firm sells electrical potato-peelers of 14 lbs capacity for £52, of 28 lbs capacity for £68 and of 56 lbs capacity for £120.

So far as the Army is concerned, the electric peeler will win the day. It is planned that every cookhouse shall have, according to its size, at least one spud-bashing machine. A good many have them already; others will get them as quickly as civilian shortages and higher-priority spending will allow.

Whether the potatoes go brown at the edges or not, the time the machine saves can be better used for training. And anyway, the diet experts say it would be better for everyone if potatoes were eaten skin and all — which would save still more time.

RICHARD LASCELLES

THE OLD WAY

On the subject of spud-bashing, an old soldier writes to SOLDIER:

In the early 'nineties, when I was a young soldier, the cook's mate brought the day's ration of potatoes to each room every morning after breakfast and every man peeled his share before going on parade — or had none for his dinner.

The spuds stood in the middle of the floor and each man stood with his knife, doing his whack. Some of them did it before they got dressed for parade; others left it to the last minute. Occasionally one would try to dodge the job. Perhaps a man would just be going out to harness the horses when:

"Hey, come on. What about it?"

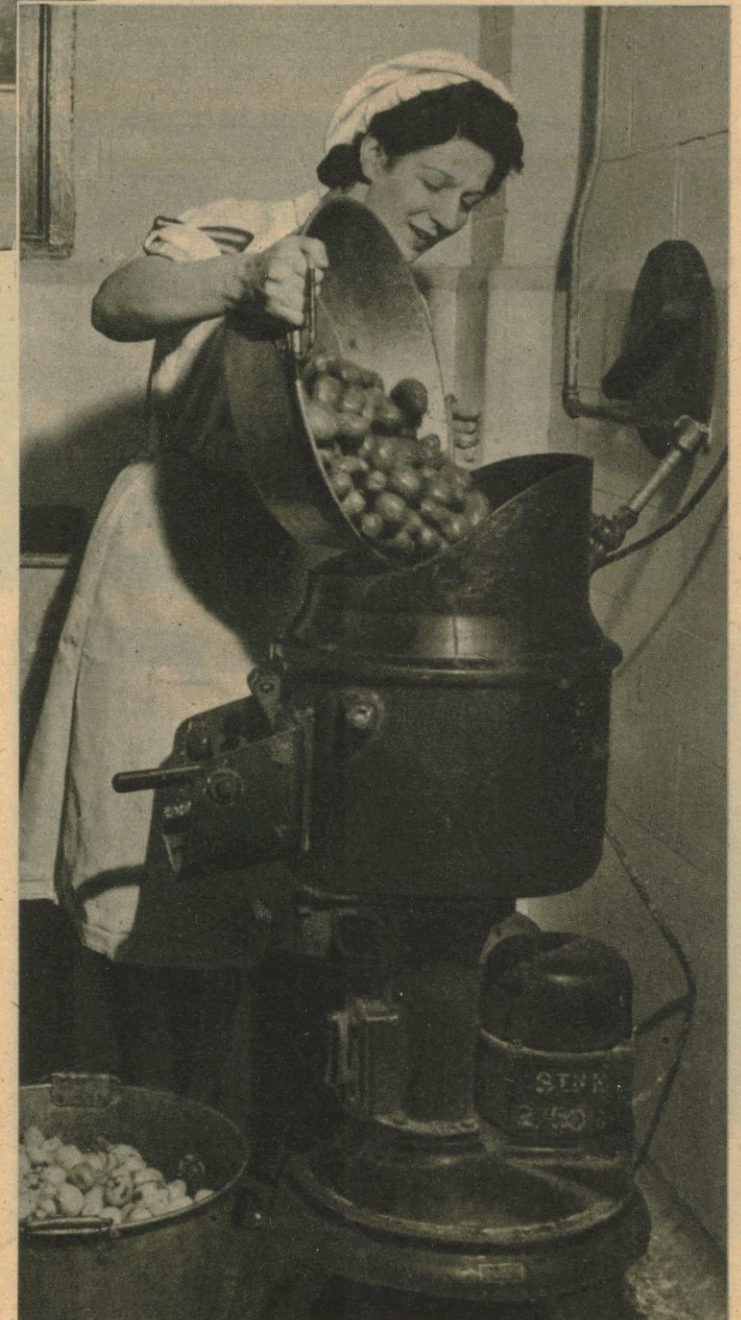
"Blimey! I forgot."

Dressed for parade, perhaps as in Review Order — tunic, riding breeches, belt, helmet, knee-boots and spurs — the forgetful one would tuck his white chamois-leather gloves into his belt and do his chore.

Often, some hard-up soldier would take on potato-peeling for the mess for a penny a week a head. In a mess of 16, this meant eight pints of beer.

The peelers were thorough: the swill collectors did well out of our swill-tubs, but there were no shortages or hints of rationing then.

Feeding the potato peeling machine in a cookhouse at Woolwich. Two or three minutes' rotation does the trick.



TO professional humorists, potato peeling in the Army is a good old standby joke.

But is it such a joke? Does "spud-bashing" waste an unjustified number of man-hours? Ought soldiers to do the job, or hired civilians? Or machines?

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, the War Minister, started the controversy recently in the House of Commons. He said that soldiers spent too much of their time peeling potatoes. To which Field-Marshal Lord Wilson replied that potato-peeling was not such a bad thing: it reminded the soldier that there was a domestic life in barracks. The controversy was taken up here and there in the press.

Some of the critics who joined in seemed to take it for granted that the Army has never used mechanical potato peelers.

These machines first appeared officially in Army cookhouses about 1938; before that some units had bought them out of regimental funds, others had bought similar machines worked by hand.

The electric spud-bashers have a carborundum-lined cylinder with a revolving base-plate and a water-jet inside. The potatoes are first washed to get rid of earth and stones clinging to them, then the cylinder is loaded to about two-thirds its capacity (some Army machines take 14 lbs, some 28 lbs, but there are

also 56 lbs-capacity machines). After loading the power and water are switched on.

The base-plate, turning at about 300 revolutions a minute, rolls the potatoes around and the abrasive carborundum rubs off the skin, which is washed away by the water-jet. Two or three minutes, according to the type of potatoes, should see them skinned. Then you open a little door in the machine, the potatoes fall out and you reload.

The machine leaves the eyes in the potatoes, so a minor chore known as spud-blinding remains to be done. If the potatoes happen to be knobbly, it will also leave some patches of skin in the areas below the knobs. You can, of course, leave potatoes in the machine until the knobs are worn away, but that means a lot of the potato will be wasted.

There is no doubt about it, the machine does save time. SOLDIER went to No. 1 Cookery Instructional School at Woolwich (where they have hundreds of cooks and never spoil a drop of broth) to investigate potato peeling, and the School ran a little experiment to find out just how much time is saved.

It was found that six men took two hours to peel and "eye" a hundredweight of small potatoes with ordinary, slotted-blade potato peelers, and an hour and a half to peel a hundredweight of large potatoes. Against that, three men working two 14 lbs-capacity, fairly worn machines also disposed of a hundredweight in an hour and a half; two men worked the machines and "eyed" in between loading and emptying, while the third did nothing but "eyeing".

Even so, a lot of cooks prefer potatoes peeled with the Army's manual potato-peeler, which has a slotted blade (so that it will not cut too deep) and a point for "eyeing." SOLDIER listened to an impromptu debate on the subject:

"The machine's wasteful; potatoes are a lot smaller when they come out."

"That's because you leave them in too long."

"It makes two jobs (peeling and eyeing) instead of one."

"But it's still quicker."

"It takes off too much skin, and all the goodness in a potato is just under the skin."

"It doesn't if you don't leave them in too long. And you can take too much off with a hand-peeler, too."

"The machine bruises the potatoes. Even if you leave them in water they go brown overnight, and that spoils the look of boiled or mashed spuds."

SOLDIER has told how REME stunt teams can assemble jeeps in less than three minutes. In a German forest (where V-weapons were once built) another REME team makes new jeeps out of old. That takes longer — especially when the forest deer get in the way

These are NOT 3-Minute Jeeps



DEER are a new kind of problem for Army workshops to solve. If, after you have shut up shop for the night, a frantic watchman rings up and says, "Please, sir, deer have got into the blacksmith's forge again," you begin to dislike them.

Yet it happens quite frequently to Capt. D. Moncrieff and ASM. A. Jackson at 12 REME Auxiliary Workshops in Germany.

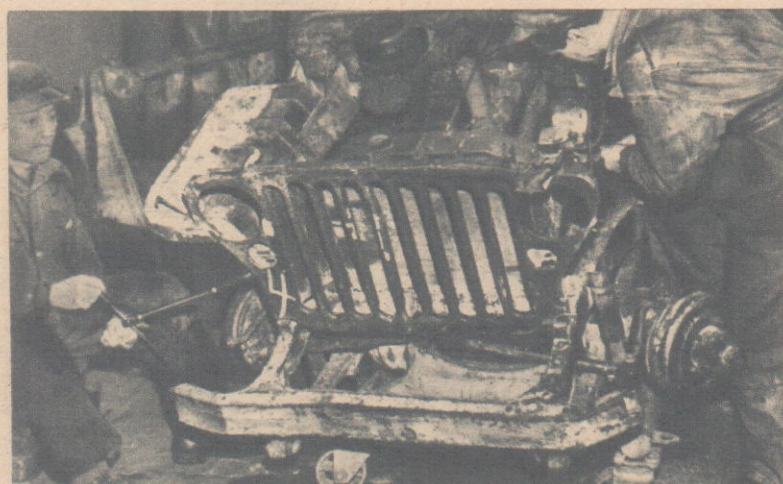
Capt. Moncrieff thinks his workshops cover a bigger area than any comparable unit in the Army. They are certainly among the loneliest.

Thick pine woods hide the site. The roads leading to it are often little more than sand tracks.

A prohibited area in the days of the Nazis — they made V-weapons there — it lies beyond Dannenberg in Lower Saxony, hard by the Russian Zone frontier.

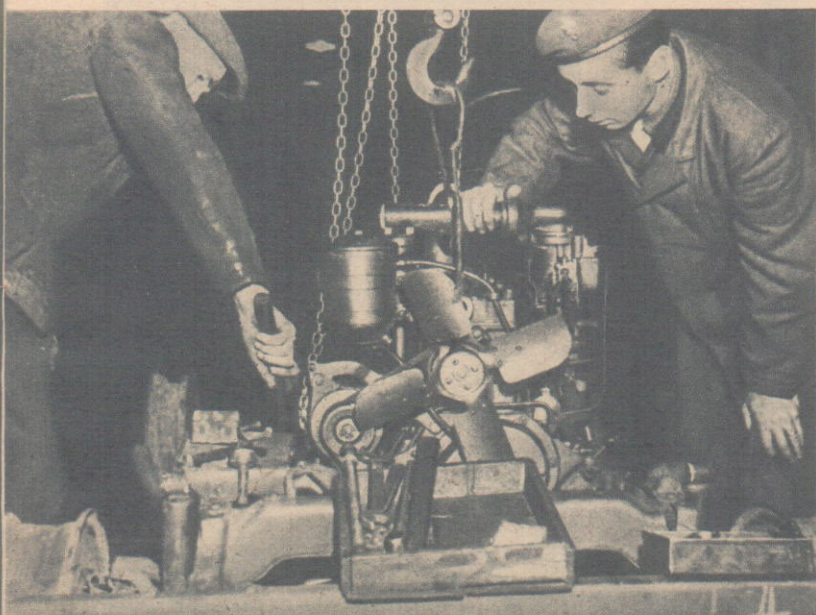
The hundreds of scarred acres are still untidily marked with the debris of unfinished V-weapon casings, and occasionally one stumbles across the rusted shell of one of those fantastic, piloted, super V-weapons which Hitler believed would win the war.

About 14 feet long, shaped like a cigar, with a cockpit well forward containing the most ele-

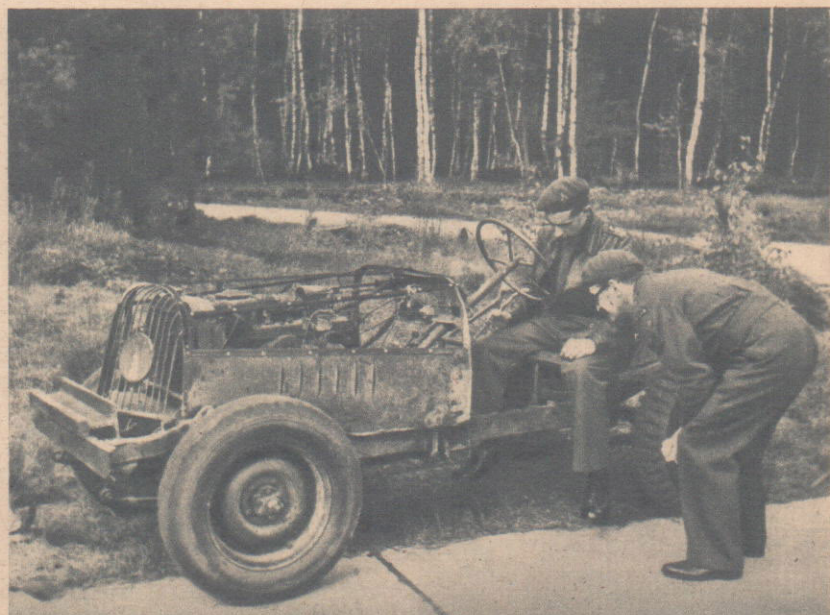


Above:
This is how the jeeps come in from vehicle parks all over Germany.

Left:
This looks a bit of a mess, but useful pieces are already being taken off.



Next, out comes the engine: this is part of the stripping down process.



A jeep in a class of its own: stripped down to test rebuilt parts, and help work out new ideas.

mentary controls, the weapon was the one which Hitler and Goebbels boasted would bring Britain to its knees. Goebbels told neutral correspondents as late as February, 1945 that England had not yet felt the full striking power of the Reich. "A new terror will strike from the skies. No one, nothing will be safe," the Swedish journalist Hals Aarvold reported him as saying.

This was the weapon. Reports collected by Allied Intelligence suggest that a "Death or Glory" squadron of men who had lost arms, legs or had only a short time to live, was recruited by the Nazis. Stuffed into the cockpits they would pilot the bombs to given targets in Britain and dive to death in a blaze of glory — and destruction.

It didn't happen that way. Many things went wrong and Dannenberg today is pitted with craters where V-bombs plunged to earth only a few yards after leaving the launching ramps.

But to Capt. Moncrieff and the ASM these are things of much less importance than the deer which infest the woods and break into the workshops at night.

Like all REME workshops, No 12, which is one of the workshops administered by 8 Workshop Control Unit, REME in Hamburg has a schedule to keep. Its job is to put as many jeeps as possible back on the roads.

Every jeep with four wheels, an engine and a chassis — however much below scale it may be — is being delivered to Dannenberg. Stunt teams (as SOLDIER readers know) can put a jeep together in three minutes; here they take a little longer.

First estimates were that 20 a week could be reconditioned. Capt. Moncrieff now thinks that his dozen or so British supervisors and 500 German workmen will continue to put 50 jeeps back on the road every week.

As each jeep is brought in, workmen pounce on it and break it right down to the bare chassis. Nothing is wasted. Every nut and bolt that can be used again is stored away; damaged axles are straightened; cylinders are re-bored; holes in bodies are welded over.

When each part has been restored, tested and assembled, the heaps are taken to a central assembly plant where workmen whip up axles, wheel them forward a foot or two, drop on a chassis, wheel them forward again, slip in an engine, couple it up, clip on electrical cable and push the whole thing along to a pit. From an overhead railway a body drops on the jeep, then comes a radiator. More workmen twist nuts, tighten bolts, slip in lamps.

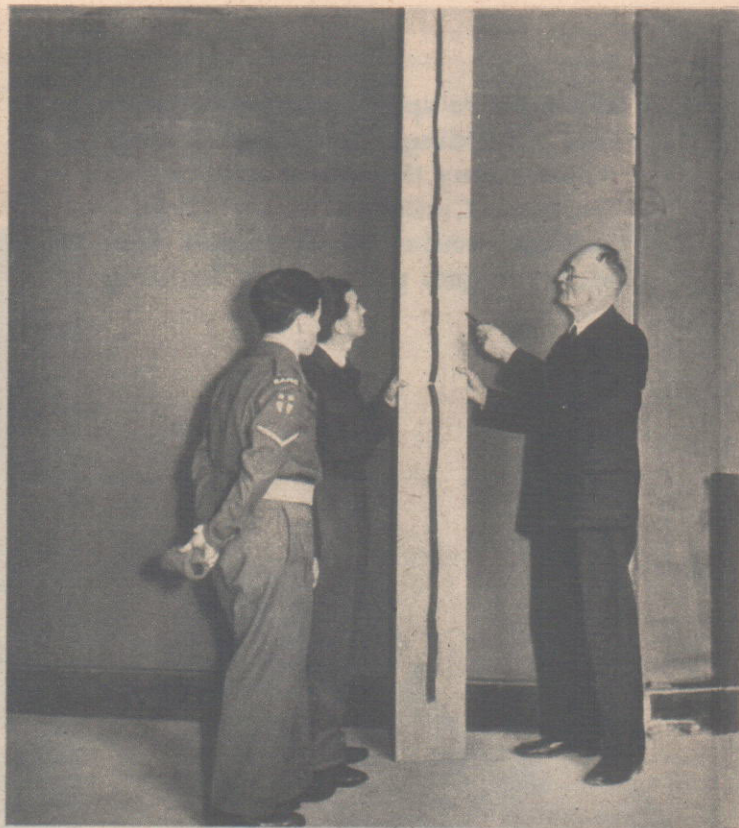
Petrol is put in. A tester starts the engine, revs it up and is away to an arduous testing course.

In the end the vehicle goes back to AQMS. R. Roberts who runs it up on a ramp and checks over the driver's report. If the jeep is unroadworthy back it goes to the workshops.

Nothing is left to chance. Everything, in the long run, must be as good as new.

But, says Capt. Moncrieff, it is "a nuisance to have deer wandering into the workshops at night and turning things over, upsetting piles of nuts and bolts and putting your schedule out of joint."

DAVID BEYNON



The oldest known spear. Professor Jacob-Friesen of the Hanover State Museum shows it to L/Cpl. G. Gale and A/C K. Hammond.

On the left of this page are pictures of two of the newest offensive weapons man has devised. By contrast, this story is about the oldest one known

THE OLDEST WEAPON?

IT is not much to look at: just a disjointed piece of wood seven feet long. But it is the earliest-known offensive weapon.

More than 150,000 years ago a group of men clad in skins, shaggy-haired and ugly, trapped an elephant in the mud of a drying forest-pool. One of them, who had cut a straight yew bough and labouriously sharpened it and hardened it in fire, ran in and drove his spear into the elephant's side.

The tribe feasted and moved on. The carcase and the spear remained. Gradually the heat went out of the earth and the ice-crust of the cold northlands buried the skeleton deep.

Recently a German working in a quarry at Lehringen, near Verden, in the British Zone of Germany pulled a lever and the teeth of his machine closed on the bones of the skeleton and brought them to light.

The bones were collected carefully and the pieces of the spear assembled. They were taken to the Hanover Museum and steeped

in preservative — a process which caused some anxiety for the wood might have crumbled to dust. Professor Jacob-Friesen, director of the Hanover Museum, told SOLDIER:

"The spear is the first of its kind to be discovered in Europe, although one was found in England just before the war. That, however, was not as well preserved as the Lehringen spear."

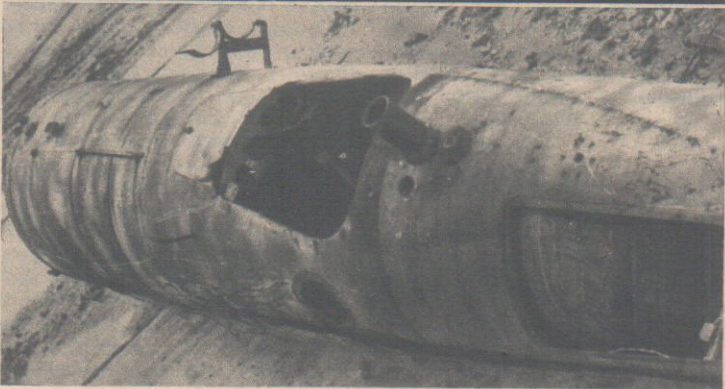
The professor said it was known that men had used flint weapons of a kind 150,000 years ago but until the Lehringen find there was no real evidence that proper "offensive" weapons had been developed.

"Although elephants and other semi-tropical animals wandered the earth before the last Ice Age the use of yew wood by the man who made this spear seems to indicate that it was not such a warm climate as we had believed."

This 23-lbs bone was part of the elephant skeleton in which the 150,000 year old spear was found.



Above: The weapon that became notorious. A V-1 casing on the workshops perimeter. Below: The weapon that was a flop. This one was to be guided by a suicide pilot.



It's hard to spare soldiers for jobs like building and bulldozing. Rhine Army therefore calls on the German Civilian Labour Organisation, while the National Serviceman gets on with his training

Rhine Army's



Join the Army and give sewing lessons. A British soldier supervises the stitching of a hood for a 15-cwt truck.



The cap is German, the blouse is British. Sartorial blends like this are common in the ranks of the GCLO.

USUALLY he is about 30 years old and at some time in his life he was a soldier. More than probably he was a prisoner-of-war in Britain, the Middle East or Canada.

Today he is the British Army's man-of-all-work in Germany. He is a member of the German Civilian Labour Organisation which has taken over a big share of the workaday duties which must be performed if an Army is to function properly.

There are about 50,000 of him in Rhine Army, organised in three groups, Labour, Transport and Artisan. Each group is broken down into companies supervised by British officers and men. This supervision is necessary since the GCLO work for the Army, but there is no question of the workmen being organised in military formations. They are civilian workers and can be hired or fired in the normal way.

Most of the Army's transport is run by the GCLO; nearly all the day-to-day labouring is done by the GCLO; much of the skilled work in repair shops is carried out by the GCLO.

There is very little that the GCLO cannot do.

"With so many men of all trades working for us we can produce almost all kinds of specialists from thatchers to heating engineers," a senior officer told SOLDIER.

"It would be true to say that today the Services could scarcely manage without the GCLO. The release programme has made it difficult for RASC, RE, REME and so, on to meet their commitments.

Many, possibly most, of the drivers of Army vehicles in Germany are men of the GCLO. The Army just hasn't the men to keep all its vehicles on the roads.

"Similarly the Sappers would be hard put to it to carry out normal maintenance services if the GCLO did not exist. The same thing is true of REME workshops."

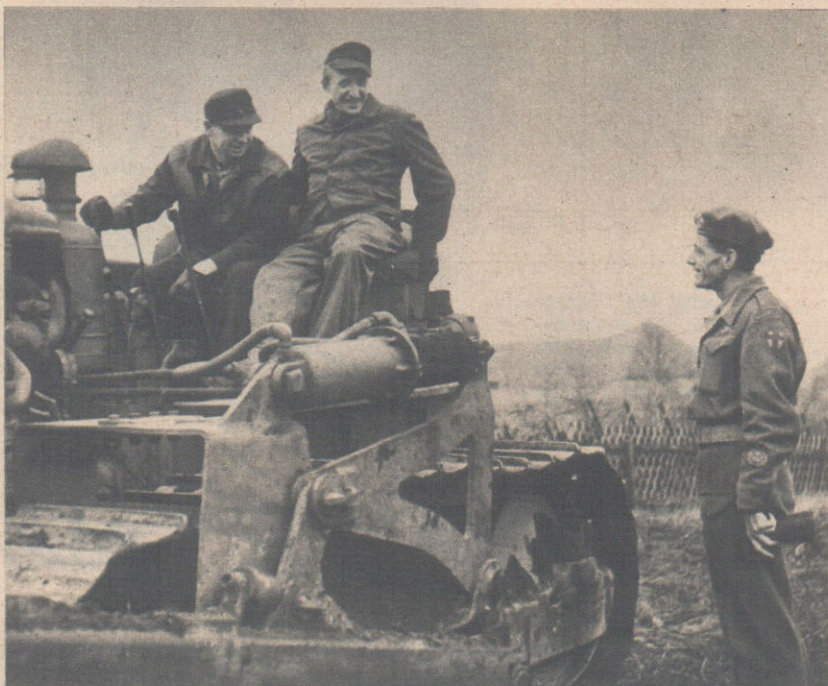
SOLDIER went to see a GCLO transport company at work. The British major and his staff were responsible for the allocation of work but the control of the men rested with German foremen and managers.

"They are civilians and treated as such," said the major. "Although a large number of the men in this group live in barracks it is only because there is no other accommodation for them in the town. They pay for the rooms they occupy, buy their own rations from German sources and look after their own welfare.

"Like all Germans working for the Services and the Control Commission they get a mid-day meal from British sources. Otherwise they have to keep themselves just as other civilians do."

The men drove every type of vehicle from petrol bowlers to Volkswagens, but the greater part of the company was engaged in

MAN-OF-ALL-WORK



Here German workers are levelling a sports field for a British Infantry battalion. RQMS. A. Nelson (right) helped to build airfields during the war.



Machinists are among the most useful men in the GCLO. Here is one making spare parts. Below: carrying out repairs to a truck.

transporting coal to Fassberg airfield whence it was flown to Berlin.

One of the drivers, Gunther Heerdt, said the men would work all day and night if necessary to supply Berlin. "Quite a few of us have relatives in the city and every ton of coal we shift helps them," he said. "But apart from that, if it wasn't for the British Army many of us would be out of work. Now we are well paid, draw our rations regularly and have a roof over our heads. In Germany these days that means a lot."

Most of the transport companies have their own workshops where expert mechanics keep the vehicles on the road.

"It is surprising how much trouble they take to keep their trucks in good condition," said a workshops officer. "I don't say that they are better drivers than the British but the fact that they are civilians and can be fired for bad driving or careless maintenance keeps them up to the mark."

One group was making a sports field for an Infantry regiment. Under the control of the garrison engineer and his quartermaster they bulldozed a hummock-studded field flat, dug drainage channels and laid a good surface.

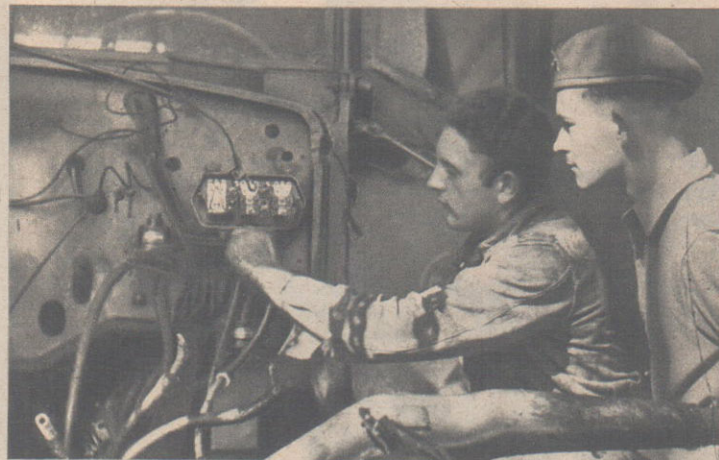
"The regiment could not possibly have made its own sports field," the garrison engineer said. "It has a full training programme for its National Servicemen and there are no men to spare for fatigues of the kind. So the GCLO have done the job."

At another site a group was building a boiler-house for an Army laundry. There were bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, painters and glaziers at work. A sergeant who was watching them said: "They work at top speed all the time. They are first-rate workmen."

All over the Zone the work was going on. GCLO drivers kept the Army's wheels spinning; labourers dug ditches and laid new roads; plumbers repaired fittings in Army billets.

Hans and Fritz were hard at work for the British Army.

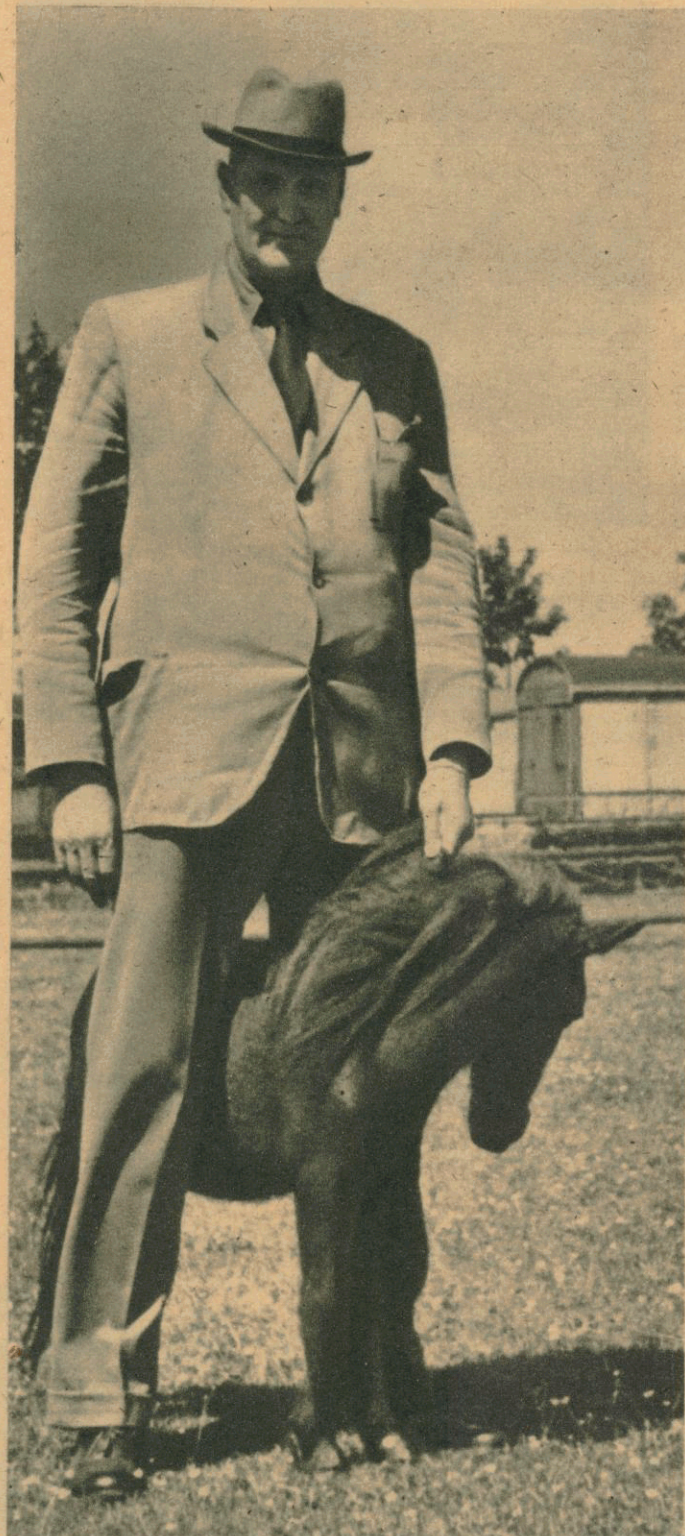
JOHN HUGHES



And, of course, the airlift. This job appeals particularly to GCLO men who have relatives in Berlin. They can load a Skymaster at the rate of a ton a minute.



The Kaiser's favourite soldier was eight feet from the top of his hat to the soles of his feet. He died recently worth £700,000 — but he didn't earn that as a soldier



In case you haven't noticed, that is a Shetland pony which "Long Joe" is straddling. Right: "Der lange Josef" with two diminutive comrades; or, The Drill Serjeant's Despair.

"Long Joe" Schippers: the serjeant-major made him drink a pint of full cream milk daily.

THE STRANGE TALE



This reproduction from a French newspaper shows Kaiser Wilhelm and King Haakon of Norway acknowledging a rather curious-looking "present arms." This was one time when the Kaiser didn't mind feeling small.

"Wall of Death", "Dodgems", "The Whip" and other fairground novelties for wheedling money out of the public. He also built a great deal of fairground equipment.

His shows travelled the world and most often he went with them or sent his son, Joe Junior.

In addition he started breeding his own Shetland ponies and developed hundreds of acres of farmland near Hamburg where he housed the animals from his circus during the winter.

Only once after World War One ended did "Long Joe" see the Kaiser again. On a trip to Holland he went out of his way to call at Doorn where the Kaiser was in exile. His son, who was present, says the reunion was "most touching."

When World War Two broke out, the Schippers' business had spread over the world, with considerable interests in England.

"Long Joe's" son, who speaks seven languages, was conscripted into the German Army as an Infantryman, while Schippers' circus and sideshows carried on much as usual until 1943, when in the raids on Hamburg a great part of their property was destroyed.

When the war ended Joe Junior was released and told by Army Welfare Services to get home and help "Long Joe" build up attractions for the occupying forces. In three years "Long Joe" and his son recovered their old position and when he died "Long Joe" was reputed to be worth more than £700,000.

OF THE TALLEST SOLDIER

ONCE upon a time he was the tallest soldier in Europe. The Kaiser was so proud of him that he took him everywhere and when his period of service was nearing its end begged him to stay in the Army.

He refused, saying politely, but firmly, that "there wasn't enough money in it." He died recently a very rich man and one of the best-known showmen in the world.

"Long Joe" Schippers was a giant. When he was 12 years old he was more than six feet tall and something of an attraction at fairs in the Rhineland. In due course he was called to the Colours and because of his size, 7ft 3 ins, was posted to the crack regiment of the German Army, the 1st Foot Guards.

Kaiser Wilhelm saw him on parade, towering above the other men, none of whom was less than six feet tall. The Kaiser had him posted as his personal bodyguard and issued on order in his own writing that "Long Joe" was to receive double rations and to be issued with a pint of full cream milk every day. Moreover, the Kaiser told his son, Prince Eitel Frederick, who was "Long Joe's" company commander, that he was to see that the giant drank the milk. So every day the regimental serjeant-major took a pint of milk to "Long Joe" and watched him drink it. Then he reported to the Prince that the order had been carried out. The Prince reported to the Kaiser.

German newspapers of the period carried pictures and stories of the Kaiser's giant and music-hall artists could always raise a laugh by making references to "Long Joe".

In time he was promoted lance-corporal and the Empress herself sewed on the insignia which marked his rank.

Everywhere the Kaiser went "Long Joe" went too. No ceremonial parade was complete without him. In full kit he was eight feet from the soles of his boots to the top of his shako.

Many and varied were his duties. On occasion he stood guard outside a bedroom while a Royal child was born. To all the courtiers, the princes and princesses, the envoys and the hangers-on who thronged Potsdam he was "Long Joe" and it was said that one way of flattering the Kaiser was to praise his giant.

There was nothing freakish about "Long Joe". He was perfectly built, broad of chest, thickly muscled, and he carried his 23 stones easily.

But "Long Joe's" heart was not in the Army. He had already planned his future. Despite his monarch's entreaties, he was going to be a showman. At 23 he went on reserve and for a while cashed in on the publicity he had received as a soldier by touring Europe as a wrestler. He fought and beat a number of the top-ranking wrestlers of the day, including Romanoff, who claimed along with half-a-dozen other men in Europe and America to be world champion.

"Long Joe" saved his money and when he had enough to start a show of his own gave up wrestling. He married a woman as astute as himself and in less than four years had built up a circus, an exhibition and a travelling fair. He took his sideshows to England, South America and the Mediterranean.

Then World War One broke out and "Long Joe" was recalled to the Army. But not for him were the rigours of trench warfare. The Kaiser sent a telegram to the Guards depot saying in effect,

"Post Long Joe to Potsdam. He's too big for the front line."

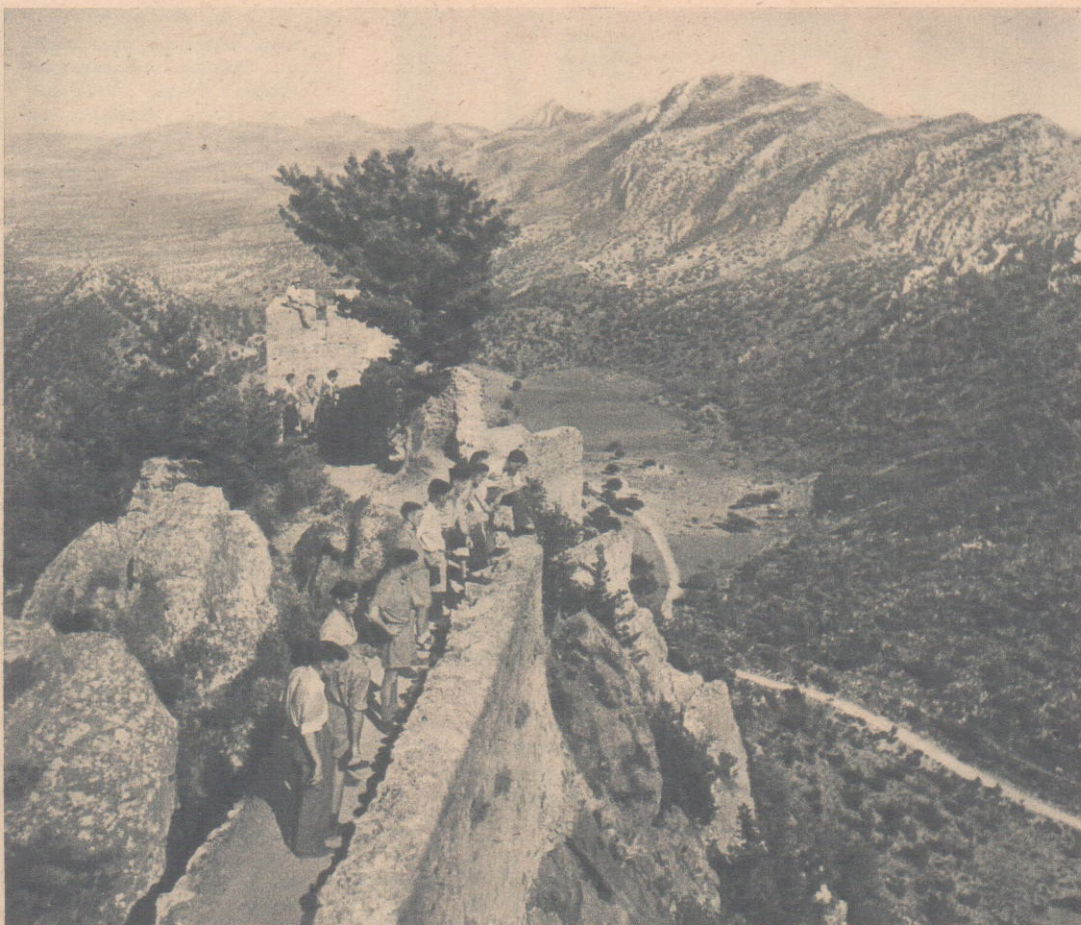
"Long Joe" won no war medals but he did receive the Order of the Imperial Household and the Prussian Crown Order, a decoration rarely awarded to private soldiers.

His size inspired a cartoon which was widely reproduced in the Press at the time. It showed him striding across the Channel from Calais to Dover, holding up a Zeppelin, a forerunner of the "Secret Weapon" bogey.

With the end of the war, "Long Joe" went back to show business and in two years had built his business into one of the largest of its kind in the world. He claimed that he invented the



In World War One "Long Joe" was depicted as a one-man V-weapon by German caricaturists.



It may be a small island, but it has some impressive scenery. Thousands of soldiers have spent a memorable leave there.

A Job for UNO — in Cyprus

THE United Nations have not yet formed their international army, but British soldiers and marines are nevertheless doing a job for UNO. They are guarding 11,000 Jews of military age who are detained on Cyprus.

It is a continuation of the job of guarding the illegal immigrants to Palestine who tried to force their way in during the British Mandate.

At the end of the Mandate Israel wanted the immigrants, but there was fighting in Palestine and UNO was arranging a truce period during which it asked that Governments should not introduce "fighting personnel" into Palestine.

So the British Government announced that it had banned the movement of Jews of military age from the Cyprus camps. There were 24,000 Jews in the camps at the time and they went on hunger-strike for 24 hours and cabled to UNO a protest that the British decision was "designed to separate families and children from their fathers."

But the decision did not separate families. About 13,000 who were not potential soldiers went off to Palestine; the 11,000 left include

men of military age and wives and families who did not want to leave them. How long they will be there nobody can foretell; the British Government will probably wait for a UNO decision before releasing them.

The 1st Battalion, the South Wales Borderers, and a Royal Marines Commando have the job of guarding them. It is not an easy task. Long hours of guard duties take up the time young soldiers should be spending on training and recreation.

Sometimes the Jews attempt to escape. Mr. Shinwell told the House of Commons in mid December that 161 detainees had escaped since the camps were opened in Cyprus in 1946, and 156 had been recaptured. Earlier the Colonial Secretary said more than one man of military age had been found in boxes in luggage belonging to Jews leaving Cyprus.

Most of those who escape are picked up again before they get

off the island. Some are caught before they are free from the camp. One who tried to make a bolt for it was hit and killed by a bullet fired to stop him. Another tried to reverse the Government's decision to hold the Jews by applying for a writ of Habeas Corpus. A court ruled that his detention was legal.

The Jews do a certain amount of near-military training, mostly marching and PT. With no weapons and only the camp limits in which to train, they cannot be more thorough. Apart from that, they live mainly in boredom.

A *Times* letter-writer who recently visited the camps wrote: "I was at once asked by a crowd of Jews why they were being kept in Cyprus when thousands of Jews of military age are reaching Palestine every month from all parts of the world"; and "I had the impression that some of the discomforts... could be removed by themselves if they got to work, but they appear to be disinterested and disinclined to improve their lot. Their idea is that nothing matters very much now, as their departure for Israel is bound to come soon."

Now and again an American newspaper cor-

respondent visits Cyprus and writes a sensational article about the camps. Otherwise, the Jews are a forgotten army. And so are the men who make up the camp staffs and the guard units.

Palestine used to send other visitors to Cyprus, too: soldiers who used to revel in being able to walk streets free of barbed-wire, without the weapons that had been their day-and-night companions in the Holy Land. But that traffic has stopped now. And soldiers from the Canal Zone of Middle East who want to go to Cyprus on leave must pay their own fares.

Cyprus proposes to make up the deficit in its income by encouraging tourists. A Director of Tourism is to be appointed and a suggestion by a local magazine that a nudist camp be inaugurated for nudists from Britain has been enthusiastically taken up by a British nudist columnist.

Cyprus has its domestic troubles, too. When the island (taken over by arrangement with the Turks in 1878 and annexed in 1914) became a British Colony in 1925, Greek-speaking Cypriots enthusiastically agreed to become British citizens. Since then there has grown up a left-wing movement among them which demands self-government for Cyprus, leading to union with Greece.

Last August Cyprus was offered a new Constitution, but the left-wing minority in the Consultative Assembly refused and walked out. Since then there have been anti-British demonstrations, and, to quote the *Cyprus Mail* last September: "Strikes and threats of more strikes, acts of violence against persons, menaces, blackmail, intimidation and contempt of the law are the order of the day."

There was dynamiting. Trades unions ordered a boycott of a cinema because the owner refused to subscribe to union funds. And in Karavas a pig was poisoned by Leftists because its owner was a Rightist.

Plenty of fresh fruits is one of the compensations for life on Cyprus. Cherries are brought round in panniers on mules.



Cyprus has two "forgotten armies." One consists of Jews of military age, kept from the Palestine fighting; the other of the British soldiers and marines who are guarding them

Whitehall's smallest Ministry runs Britain's biggest combined operation — fitting together the work of the three Services and the other Government departments concerned with Defence problems

WHY A MINISTRY OF DEFENCE?



First full-time Minister of Defence, Mr. A. V. Alexander. He was an Army captain and later First Lord of the Admiralty.



Doorway to secrets. Overlooking St. James's Park, this entrance to the New Public Offices is used by the Ministry of Defence.

THE Ministry of Defence is Whitehall's smallest Ministry, but in its offices you can (if your job takes you there) find out more about what is going on in the world than anywhere else in Whitehall except the Cabinet Offices.

Anything from the birth-rate to the production of nuts and bolts, the American presidential elections to the rice-crop in Siam, can affect Britain's defence problems. And so the Ministry is one of London's best-informed places.

You can find it, if you look carefully, tucked away in a corner of the New Public Offices (which were new when Edward VII was King), dwarfed by its gigantic neighbours, the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Health. It is next door to the Cabinet Offices, with which its work ties in closely.

Because of its small numbers, the only social organisation it has felt strong enough to produce so far has been a cricket team. Fewer than 250 people work in the Ministry itself, but the staffs of its outside organisations, like the Imperial Defence College and the Joint Services Staff College, bring its strength to about 600.

Besides being the smallest Ministry, it is almost the youngest, but the story of its evolution starts early this century. The Boer War had shown defects in the partnership between the Army and the Navy and other Government bodies, so a Committee of Imperial Defence was set up. The Army and Navy still planned separately, however, and when the RAF came along some sort of central planning became essential.

In 1924 came the Chiefs of Staff Committee and the Joint Planning Staff; then in 1936 a Minister for Co-Ordination of Defence (Sir Thomas Inskip) was appointed to help the Prime Minister supervise rearmament. Even so, lack of unified defence policy was one reason for British unpreparedness in 1939. Plans for Admiralty building, the strength of the home air force, the numbers of anti-aircraft guns and searchlights and the equip-



Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, First Sea Lord.



Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, Chief of the Air Staff.



Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

WHY A MINISTRY OF DEFENCE?

(Continued)

ment of a field force were all made separately instead of in relation to each other and the available resources.

In 1940 Mr. Churchill abolished the post of Minister for Co-ordination of Defence and became Minister of Defence himself, as well as Prime Minister. He had no orthodox Ministry. Instead he devised his own way of cutting through red tape. He had two Ministerial committees, one to study operations and the other to deal with production.

After the 1945 election, Mr. Attlee also doubled the two jobs until the beginning of 1947 when Mr. A. V. Alexander (an experienced and successful First Lord of the Admiralty) became Minister of Defence.

The job of the new Minister was four-fold:

- to allocate resources between the three Services;
- to settle administrative questions where a general policy for the Services was desirable;
- to administer inter-Service organisation;
- to represent the three Services in the Cabinet.

These jobs don't bring the Ministry of Defence much publicity. And when it does get publicity it is likely, as with most other Ministries, to get more kicks than ha'pence. It was the Minister of Defence, for instance, who had the job of piloting through Parliament the Bill bringing the National Service period up from 12 to 18 months. And this was what Mr. Ian Mikardo, MP, had to say about the Ministry in the debate on the Bill: "As far as can be seen by a layman on the outside, the Ministry of Defence, instead of acting as a rationalising force

between the three Arms, has merely become a superstructure on top of the three Services which adds something to the weight but does not appear to add anything to the power."

Today the Ministry of Defence spends most of its time persuading other Ministries to agree on working out common problems. To do this it has become a Ministry of committees, so many committees that if you ask an official how many there are he will shrug his shoulders and say, simply, "Hundreds." Most of the committee members do not belong to the Ministry; most of the secretaries do.

The first Committee with which the Ministry is concerned is the Defence Committee, which comes

under the Cabinet itself. It consists of Service Ministers with the three Chiefs of Staff in attendance; the Prime Minister is chairman and the Defence Minister vice-chairman. Any other Ministers who have a stake in defence may sit on this committee. Under it are lesser committees which consider civil defence and overseas defence. The three Service Ministers and the Minister of Defence have their own Standing Committee of Service Ministers.

The Minister of Defence is also chairman of the Defence Production Committee (the three Service Ministers and the Minister of Supply) which supervises the work of the Joint War Production Staff. The Staff caters for the

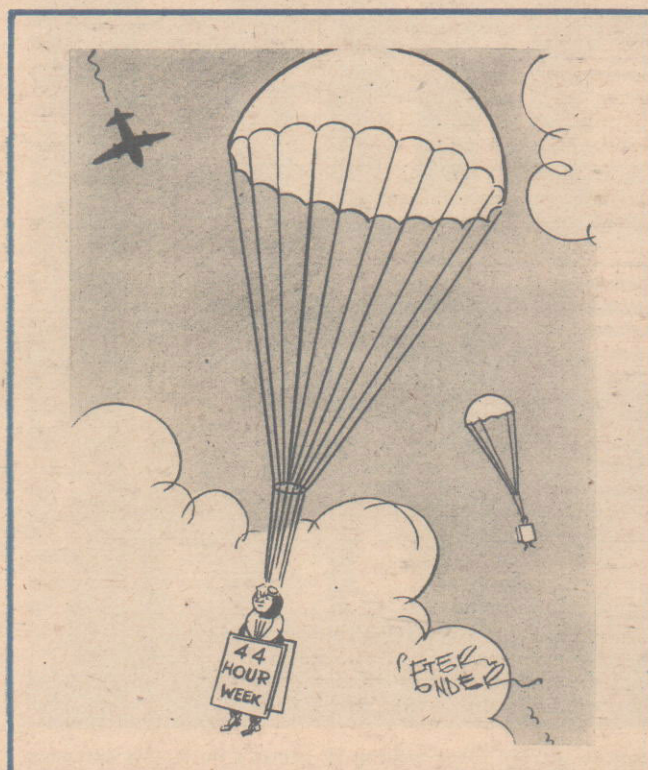
material needs of the Forces and ties them up with the country's production programme, industrial war potential and research and development.

The permanent staff of the Ministry provide the secretariat for most of his committees. There are five main divisions, dealing respectively with common administrative problems, including pay and the co-ordination of common services; requirements and resources, including finance, manpower and National Service; overseas and civil defence; production; and research.

The smallest full-time section of the Ministry is that headed by Sir Henry Tizard who is chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee. During the war, almost any scientist with a bent for research into something of use to the war effort could set up his own "circus" and, sometimes stimulated by competition, go ahead as he thought fit. On paper that may not seem very efficient, but it worked; anybody who wants to know how should read "The Small Back Room," by Nigel Balchin.

But in peace-time there is more leisure to get things organised and pennies must be counted. So Sir Henry, with his committee, works out priorities for research jobs and allocates resources. Sir Henry is the only member of his committee who is a full-time member of the Ministry. He is much in demand on other committees.

One of the Minister of Defence's most important routine jobs is to supervise the preparation of the Defence budget every year — the estimates of the Services, the Ministry of Supply and the Ministry of Defence. He first discusses his budget with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then he indicates roughly the most, in men and money, the Services can plan to have in the next year. After that, the Service



Ministers and the chiefs of Staff work out proposals for the strength and composition of the armed forces. At the same time, the Production side of the Ministry gets out a production plan.

Ministers and Chiefs of Staffs must think well ahead at this job; it is no good planning arms and Forces that will be out of date before they are ready for use.

Parallel with the Permanent Secretary, and head of the Service side of the Ministry, is the Chief Staff Officer who is also Deputy Secretary (Military) to the Cabinet. He

is the link between the Chiefs of Staff and the Minister of Defence;

is responsible for the work of the Joint Staff Mission in Washington;

is the link between the Chiefs of Staff and the United Kingdom delegation to the military staff committee of the United Nations;

is the executive agent of the Chiefs of Staff for the Joint Intelligence Bureau, the Imperial Defence College, Combined Operations Headquarters and the Joint Services Staff College, which are administered by the Ministry of Defence.

He controls, too, the Secretariats of the Chiefs of Staff, Joint Planning and Joint Intelligence. The Chiefs of Staffs secretariat consists of ten officers, headed now by a Brigadier, who may come from any of the three Services and drop their Service loyalties to work in the common interest.

As a committee the Chiefs of Staff, for whom they work, advise the Government on military matters, see the country is always ready for war, work out strategy, give general instructions to Commanders-in-Chief overseas and decide policy matters common to the three Services.

Advising the Government just now is a difficult task, said Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fraser, a few weeks ago, because there are two lines of defence: one is the country's economic recovery, on which everything depends, and the other military security.

The Chiefs of Staff do not attempt to solve all their multifarious problems in detail; they decide broad policy, the rest is left to others. There are committees to help them on subjects ranging from radar to recruiting and cadets to atomic warfare. Questions that have been to the fore recently include Western Union Defence, Commonwealth Defence (linking up with the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference), manpower (including the best use of Colonial manpower), recruiting for the Regular and auxiliary Forces.

Just how the Chiefs of Staff committee works is best illustrated by setting them a problem. Suppose the Colonial Office thinks a British Colony may be menaced and the Colonial Secretary asks for the Chiefs of Staff

views on the likely threat and the steps to be taken to meet it.

The Chiefs of Staff secretariat arranges for the problem to be studied by the Joint Staffs. The Joint Intelligence Bureau produces the facts and the Joint Intelligence Committee, comprising the Intelligence heads of the three Services and the Foreign Office, assesses them.

The Joint Planning Staff, which is composed of officers from the Service Departments and is housed in the Ministry of Defence, then sets a team of officers of the three Services to plan how to meet the threat. Their plans are studied by the Directors of Plans of the three Services, who put them forward as their own report. The reports then go before the Chiefs of Staff who give their views, and perhaps modify the reports. The result is a document, prepared by the most expert brains in the country, which the Cabinet can think over and on which it can decide what is to be done to defend the Colony.

The Chiefs of Staff set-up has been taken as a model by some of the older Dominions, who have sent officers to study it and train in London. It always has a close link with the Dominions and the United States since the Chiefs of Staffs have their representatives in Melbourne, Ottawa, Pretoria, Wellington and Washington, to work with the Chiefs of Staff there, and in return there are Dominions staffs in London with a similar mission.

There is a close link with Western Union Defence, too, since the Ministry of Defence supplies the secretary of the British delegation to the Western Union Military Committee. In addition, of course, the Minister of Defence is on the Western Union Defence Ministers' committee and Lord Tedder on the Chiefs of Staff committee.

Most of the Ministry of Defence's work is, naturally, very hush-hush. Many of the secrets are spoken in a sound-proof, air-conditioned room, called the Prime Minister's map room, where the Chiefs of Staff meet, surrounded by maps and statistical charts.

Little of what goes on there is known outside until it is history, but there is one messenger, still working at the Ministry, who had a first-hand experience of a meeting.

On a Sunday afternoon in 1940 he was sitting on duty in the ante-room while the Chiefs of Staffs were meeting inside. It was dusk and the lights were not on when the door of the Chiefs' room opened and, to his surprise, he was ushered inside and seated at the table with the great.

The chairman of the Chiefs of Staff committee gave a lucid summary of Britain's strategy at the time. Then he turned to the messenger and asked: "What does the Foreign Office think about it?" In the dusk, the messenger had been mistaken for a Foreign Office official who was expected.

Two Men Who Had "The Hardest War Imaginable"

MR. Churchill's war-time Ministry of Defence was no rest-home for tired officers. In his book "Comes the Reckoning" Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart says: "With the Prime Minister, the three Chiefs of Staffs constituted the Ministry of Defence which, in conjunction with President Roosevelt and the American Chiefs of Staffs, ran the war."

"The efficiency and success of this machinery owed much to General Sir Hastings Ismay, the Prime Minister's military representative, and to General 'Jo' Hollis, the secretary of the Chiefs of Staffs. From the point of view of work alone the two men had the hardest war imaginable, and if they averaged four and a half hours sleep a night during the six years the figure is probably on the high side.

"They were at one and the same time the servants of the Chiefs of Staff and the slaves of the lamp of an exacting and temperamental Prime Minister... General Ismay was, in a very real sense, a buffer between the Prime Minister and the Chiefs of Staffs and during moments of tension the buffer was likely to get knocks from both sides. Minor crises were not infrequent, nor could the most prescient foretell when a storm might arise."

The Prime Minister would often call General Ismay summarily from a Chiefs of Staffs meeting; he might have received some mildly critical comment from the Chiefs of Staffs on his latest strategical proposal and would have the paper in his hand.

"What is this?" he would ask. The papers would rustle like a leaf before a gale. "I thought you were there to defend my point view." And backwards and forwards General Ismay would have to go until the two views were reconciled and peace reigned. Only a man of supreme tact, great ability, penetrating insight into human nature, a profound experience of the machinery of a modern state and the temper of an angel could have held the post for long, let alone for a period of six years."

LIEUT-GENERAL Sir Leslie Hollis, Chief Staff Officer at the Ministry of Defence until the end of last year, was something of a permanent institution in the Ministry. He had first started the job as Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1936.

He expected to hold the job for three years, but Mr. Churchill, when he became Minister of Defence, insisted on keeping him on. So General Hollis, a Royal Marines officer, stayed behind the scenes for the whole war.

The Ministry of Defence met at night and the Chiefs of Staffs met in the mornings. General Hollis had to attend both meetings and get out minutes. He had no chance to sleep in the afternoons.

When Mr. Churchill was seriously ill at Marrakesh, in Morocco, in December 1942, General Hollis (then a Brigadier) was the only member of the staff with him. He flew to England to attend to some despatches and was back at the Prime Minister's bedside in 30 hours. Mr. Churchill was pleased and conducted some secret negotiations with London as a result of which General Hollis came down to breakfast and found an envelope containing news of his promotion to major-general — and the badges of his new rank, with the Prime Minister's compliments.

But life wasn't always so rosy. One day, towards the end of the war, the three Chiefs of Staffs, exhausted, took a day off and went fishing. Equally tired, General Ismay went racing. General Hollis was left in charge.

Mr. Churchill rang through and demanded first Sir Alan Brooke, then Sir Andrew Cunningham, then Sir Charles Portal. General Hollis's reply was, "They're resting, sir."

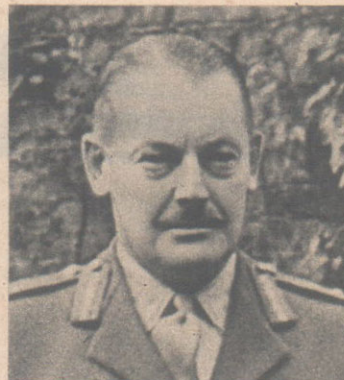
This was not good enough for Mr. Churchill, who demanded the whole truth.

"They've gone fishing, sir," said Hollis.

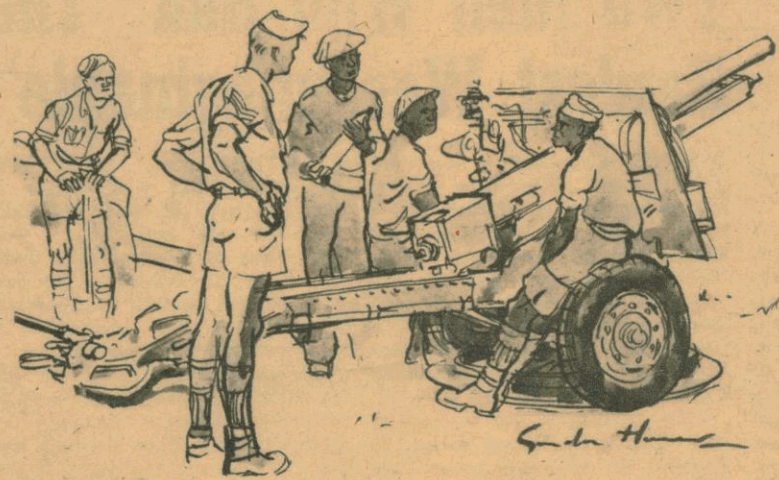
"Fishing," said Mr. Churchill. "Fishing! What's wrong with you today? Couldn't you have stopped them from going fishing?"



General Lord Ismay was the first Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence.



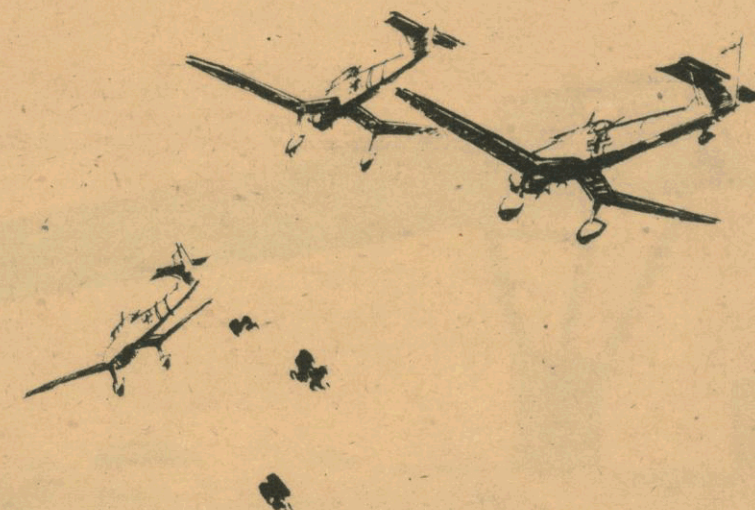
Lieutenant-General Sir Leslie Hollis, Royal Marines, succeeded General Ismay in 1947.



A 25-pounder crew of 72 Field Regiment in the Western Desert.



Night-laager. This was drawn when 150 Brigade Column pulled up near Segnali.



Bane of a soldier's life early in World War Two — low-flying Stukas, with Bofors shells bursting among them.

IF IT HAS WHEELS, HE'LL DRAW IT

SOME artists ask for nothing more than to be allowed to sketch fishing smacks at Looe. Gordon Horner, one of many accomplished artists who have worked on **SOLDIER's** staff, is happier sketching a supercharged Maserati jostling a Bugatti on a U-bend.

He fell out of his cradle pencil in hand. In his teens he studied at Leeds College of Art, worked four years in a commercial art studio, then at the beginning of World War Two joined the *Sunday Chronicle* as a war artist. Soon he volunteered for the Royal Artillery (his father was a Regular Gunner), and eventually found himself in an OP in the Gazala Line, helping to write off Italian tanks in a minefield. During the June 1942 battle his regiment — 72 Field Regiment RA — and a great part of the brigade was surrounded and destroyed or captured. "Some 50 sketches of mine went up in flames, besides a lot of vehicles," he says.

A prisoner of the Italian Trieste Division, he began the long journey (still sketching) which took him to POW camps at Gavi and Chieti, thence to German camps in Bavaria and the Sudetenland, and finally to Oflag 79 near Brunswick.

In these camps he sketched continually, and there was an insistent demand that he should publish his drawings in book form after the war. Now that volume has been privately printed, and is outstanding among the prisoner-of-war books. Besides sketches of the type reproduced here, it contains first-class impressions of life "in the bag" and portraits of his fellow prisoners.

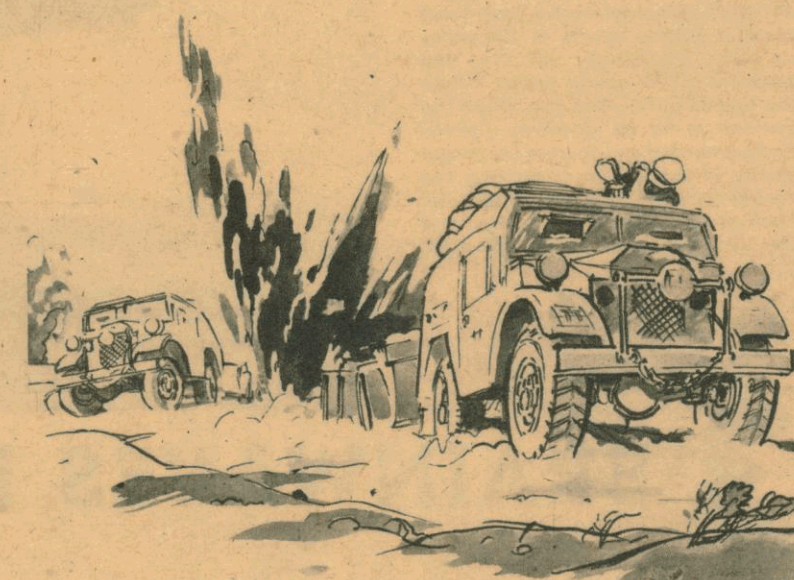
After being flown home from Brunswick Gordon Horner joined **SOLDIER's** private army of artists. Then he went to *The Autocar*, to indulge his penchant for depicting race cars at speed. Today he is a race camp follower; one week he sketches a round-the-houses race in Jersey, the next a Grand Prix in France, the next the Isle of Man TT. This year he hopes to go to Italy for the thousand miles race.

Nice work — if you can do it!

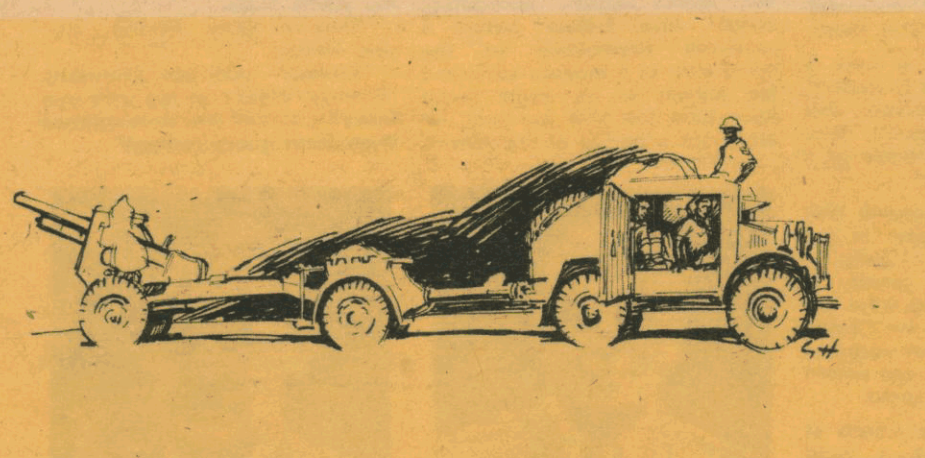


As a prisoner of the Italian Trieste Division, Horner was bombed and machine-gunned by a Hurribomber near Bir Hachim. Afterwards, he reconstructed the scene.

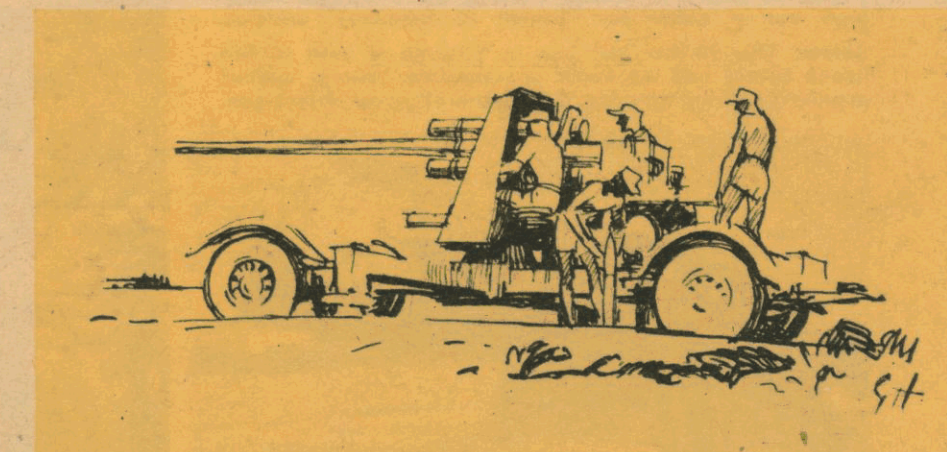
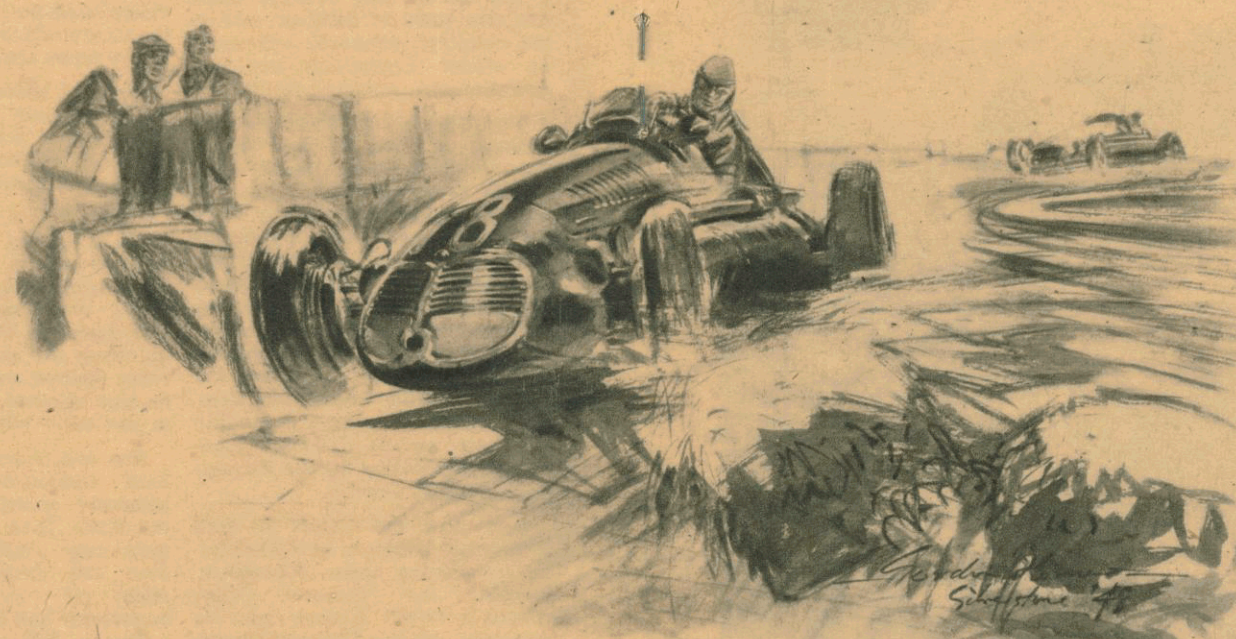
Back in civilian life, Gordon Horner takes his sketch-book to motor-races. This incident he saw at the RAC Grand Prix at Silverstone last year, when Villóresi, who won the race, misjudged his braking-point on a hairpin bend and charged through a barrier of straw bales. (By kind permission of *The Autocar*)



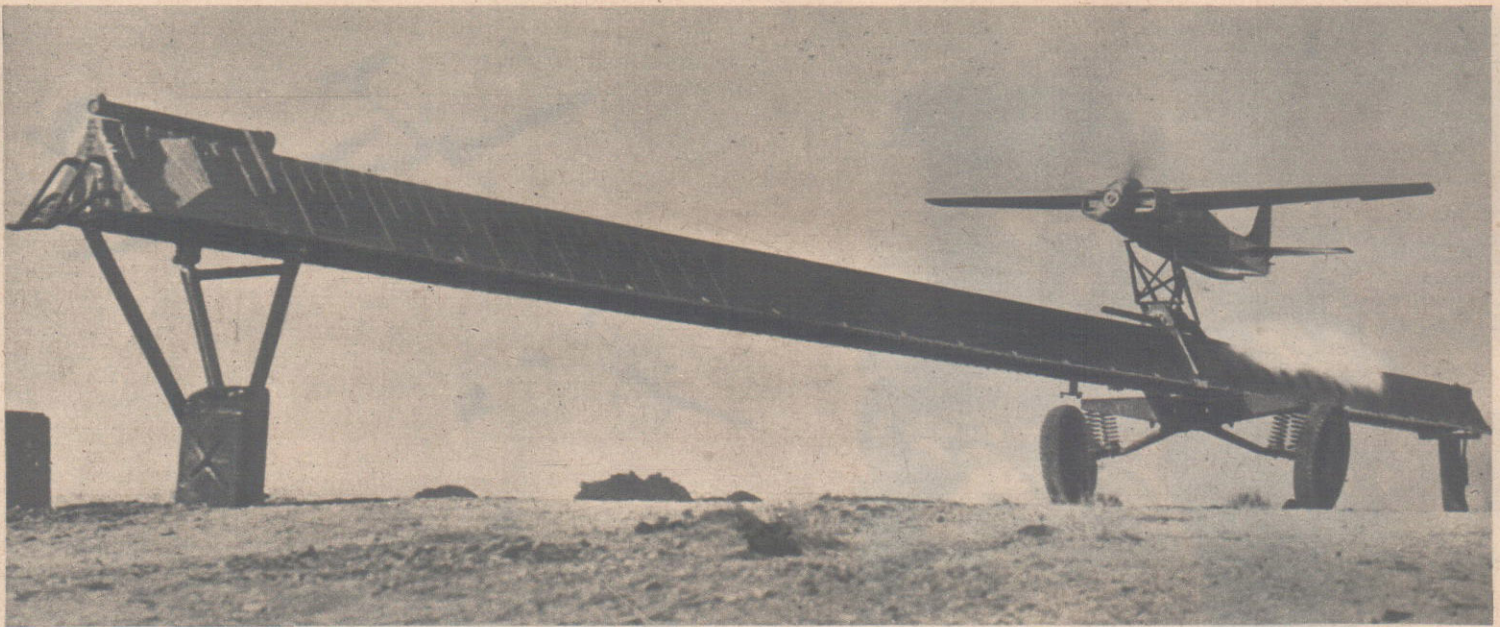
The artist is the officer ducking in the leading quad. The ammunition section of 72 Field Regiment was shelled by German heavy artillery on the Temrad track in Cyrenaica.



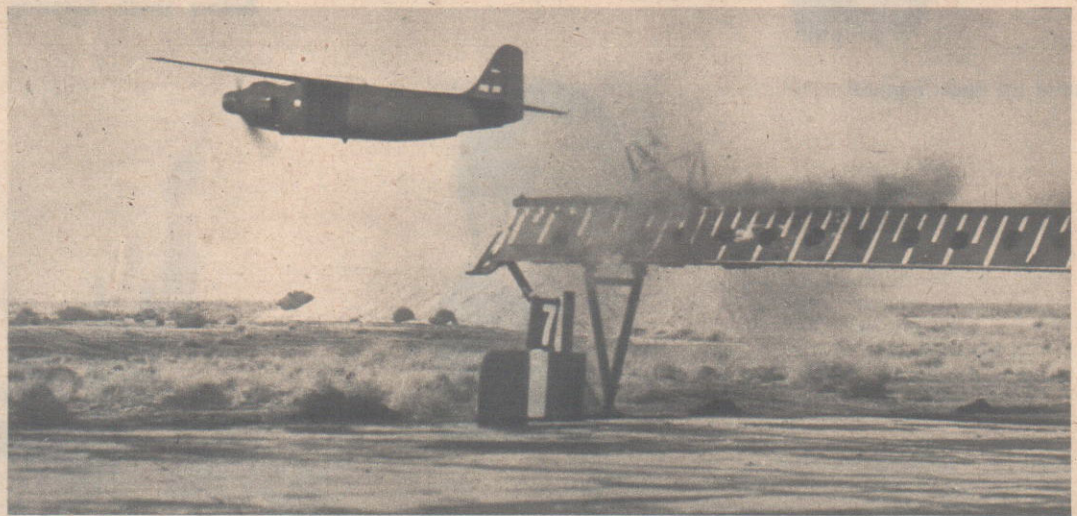
A 25-pounder, with its limber and quad, in the Western Desert.



The British tankman's worst enemy: a German 88mm gun in action.



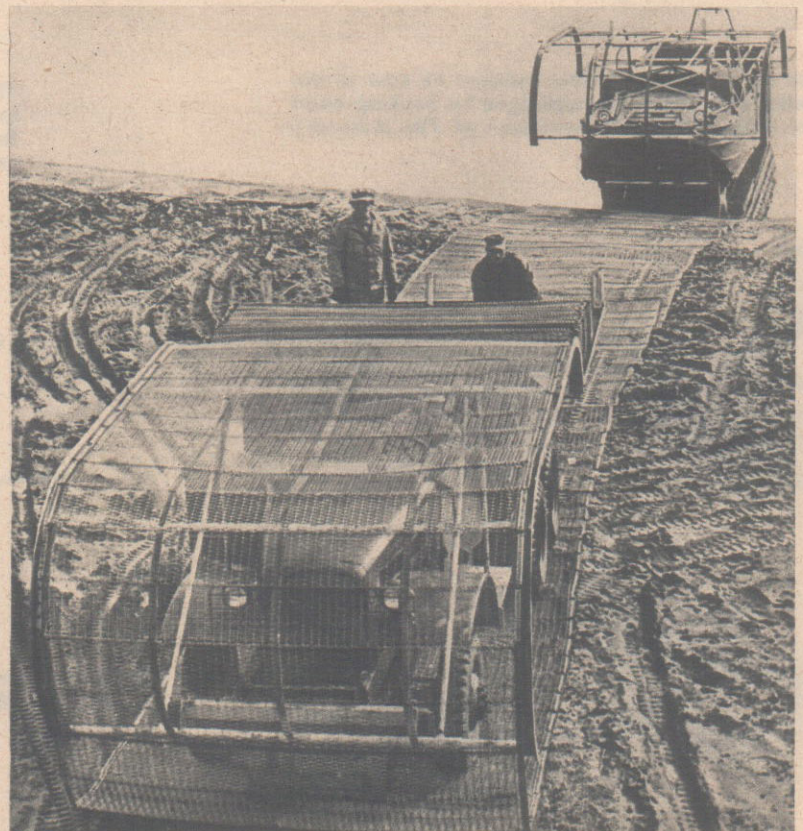
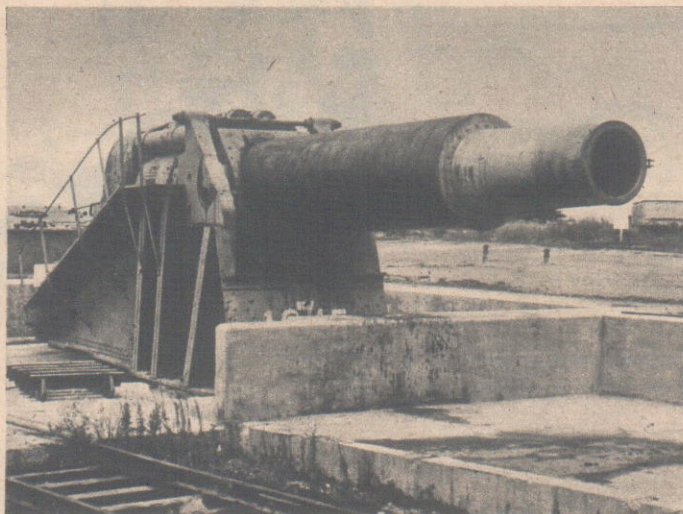
Here's the latest ack-ack target, a rocket-launched radio-controlled aircraft with a speed of 220 miles an hour. It can loop, roll, dive and perform other aerial feats. When the fuel is exhausted (or when the aircraft is hit by gunfire) a parachute emerges and lowers the target gently to earth. On launching the rocket car stops against a hydraulic snub at the end of the ramp, and the aircraft takes off at 80 mph.



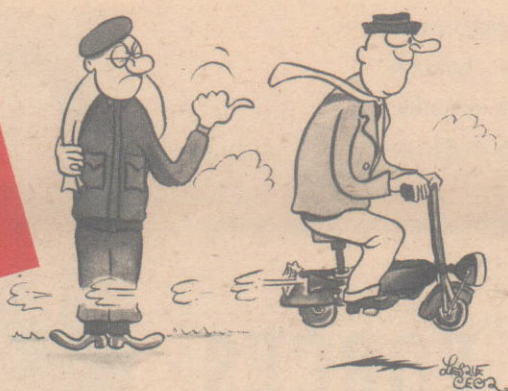
3 BRAINWAVES FROM AMERICA

Right: The Americans have been experimenting with vehicles which carry their own "roadway" for use on swampy ground. One idea is to enclose a jeep in an endless track, within which it moves like a donkey in a treadmill, except that in this case the "treadmill" rolls along with the jeep inside. A variation is seen (right) in which a vehicle landing on a bogged beach pays out a track for benefit of following vehicles.

Below: This 24-inch test gun in Virginia is used to fire heavy bombs and warheads at supersonic velocity against armour-plate and concrete. It is a sawn-off naval 16-inch gun.



**Soldier
HUMOUR**



"My batman got me liquorice allsorts again. He said NAAFI had never heard of gob-stoppers."



"Think we should ask him for his sleeping-out pass?"



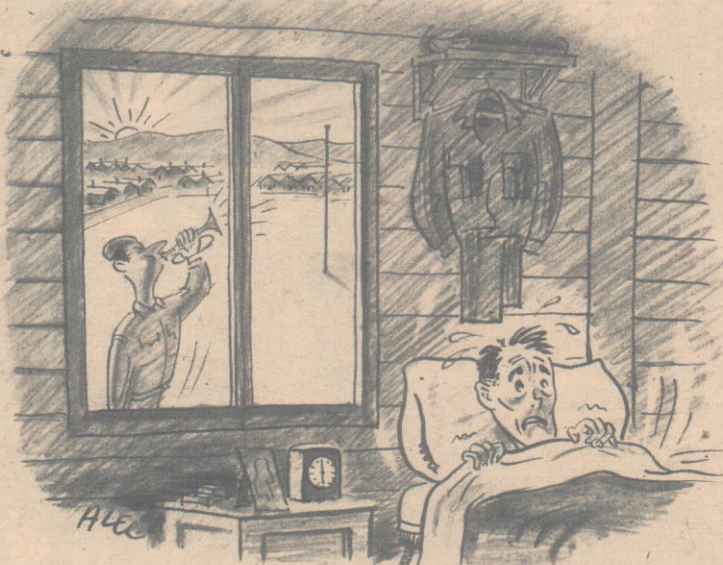
Paranoia: Delusions of grandeur.

Psychiatry Made Easy

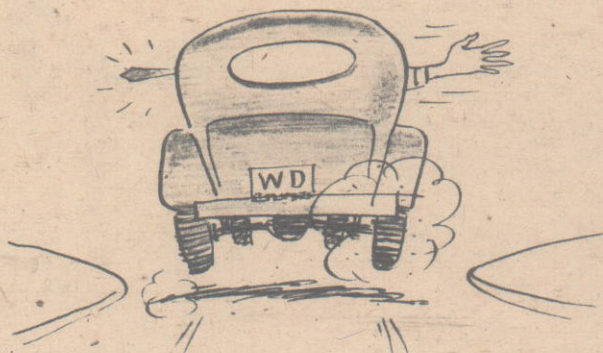
by ALEC



Claustrophobia: fear of confined spaces.



Agoraphobia: fear of open spaces.



Schizophrenia: split mind.

More than a million civilians "eavesdrop" daily on an educational programme which is intended for Servicemen all over the world. Why? Because it is admirably simple to follow



Graham Hutton, well-known broadcaster and journalist.

15 MINUTES FOR THE FORCES (but Housewives listen too)

MRS. Jones is a British housewife, which means (among other things) that she likes having the radio on, and once having turned it on, she doesn't like turning it off.

In the morning she tunes in to "Housewives' Choice," then continues to listen to "Music In Your Home." After that comes a 15-minute Forces Educational Broadcast. A suitable time, you might think, for plugging in the vacuum cleaner and getting on with the noisier work. That's where you would be wrong. For today Mrs. Jones is one of the most faithful followers of the Forces Broadcasts.

She doesn't listen to them for the sentimental reason that her son is also probably listening to them in Germany. She listens because the broadcasts are ab-

sorbing in themselves and are so clearly and convincingly put across.

Recent research by the BBC has shown that a million and a quarter civilians "eavesdrop" on Forces Educational Broadcasts daily. They are especially fond of the Saturday series on the understanding of music. They also like to hear the series on "Plain English," containing talks on letter-writing ("Dear Sir or Darling Wife") or even form-filling ("Sign on the dotted line").

So much for the eavesdroppers. How many members of the Forces listen to the broadcasts? That is hard to compute, but the BBC say that 800 listening groups, all over the world, tune in regularly.

The programme may be the main course of a unit's educational period, or it may provide briefing material from which an instructor can build up his own lesson. The BBC do not mind how the broadcasts are used, so long as they are used. Incidentally, the time of the broadcasts was recently changed to 10.30 British time, so as to cause minimum interference with the NAAFI break; but whatever time is chosen, somebody complains that it is unsuitable.

It was back in 1944 that the BBC were asked if they could "do something about educating the Forces." They suggested three programmes a day. These broadcasts included ordinary educational subjects, but they were also shaped to help the regimental officers whose job it was to hold ABCA sessions. One of these regimental officers who discussed with his men such topics as the

world's oil supply or "How Should We Treat Germany After The War?" was Captain Stephen W. Bonarjee, Lancashire Fusiliers, former journalist on the *Manchester Guardian*. Today he is organiser of the Forces broadcasts.

With the shrinkage in the Forces, the broadcasts now occupy only 15 minutes daily, but they still go all round the world relayed where necessary by Forces radio stations, such as BFN and Radio SEAC.

Mr. Bonarjee and his fellow producers insist on clarity and simplicity. When the script-writer has sweated over his copy (he is more often a journalist than a teacher) he may be rehearsed for as long as three hours before he goes on the air. Often outside actors are brought in to put over short scenes which fit into the talk — thus breaking up the solid



"Well, what did you think of those science talks?" In Broadcasting House, Leeds education instructors from Northern Command are asked by the BBC whether they have any complaints. At table nearest camera is Mr. S. W. Bonarjee, organiser of Forces Educational Broadcasts.



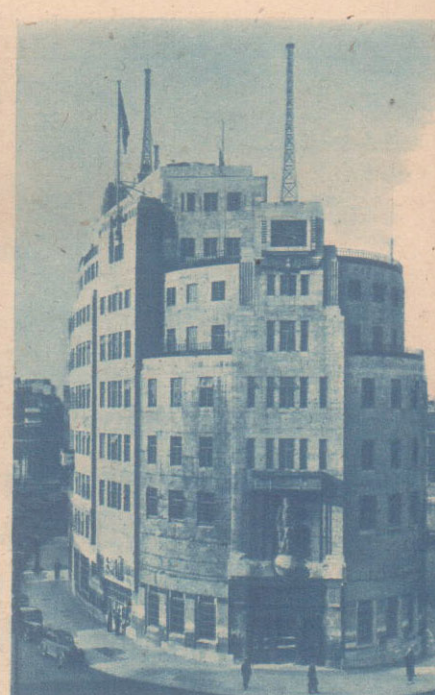
She helps to dramatise the lesson: Belle Chrystall.



He helps to punch it home: Norman Shelley, the actor.



He is a "disc-jockey" with a difference: Spike Hughes.



The broadcasts start in Portland Place, but are relayed by Forces stations overseas.

slab of conversation by one speaker. The producer thinks nothing of staging a smash-and-grab raid to illustrate different ways of using the verb "smash".

The Army has a big say in what goes over the air, a privilege it shares with the other Services. Every three months the Inter-Services Advisory Panel, consisting of BBC representatives, members of the War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry, meet at Broadcasting House to hear Colonel J. T. Burgess, Deputy Commandant of the Institute of Army Education, outline the latest developments. Individual commands also make their views known.

In addition, listening groups in each unit write in to express opinions. Mr. Bonarjee receives over 100 reports a week, varying from postcards to three or four pages of foolscap. Each one is read and the suggestions or complaints tabulated. But the BBC are not content to sit back and wait for criticism. They go out to look for it.

Demonstration teams pay periodical visits to Home Commands and when possible to units overseas. They meet local instructors (perhaps at a regional studio), explain latest developments and then ask listeners to "hit back at the BBC."

It was at these conferences that the producers found that the men were getting tired of a series called "The World of Work." Said one man: "After a while we get a bit bored with subjects like imports and exports, the battle of the gap, balance of payments and the dollar crisis. The papers are full of it and just about everything that can be said has been said." So off the air went "The World of Work" and in its place went "Citizenship," which deals with central and local government and even parish pump matters. Economic affairs are now confined to a Friday programme.

Some serjeant-instructors feel that dramatic interludes tend to distract attention from the subject; others complain that speakers using words like "tradition" and "privilege" are talking over the heads of men of low intelligence. Others want more dialect introduced, in order to

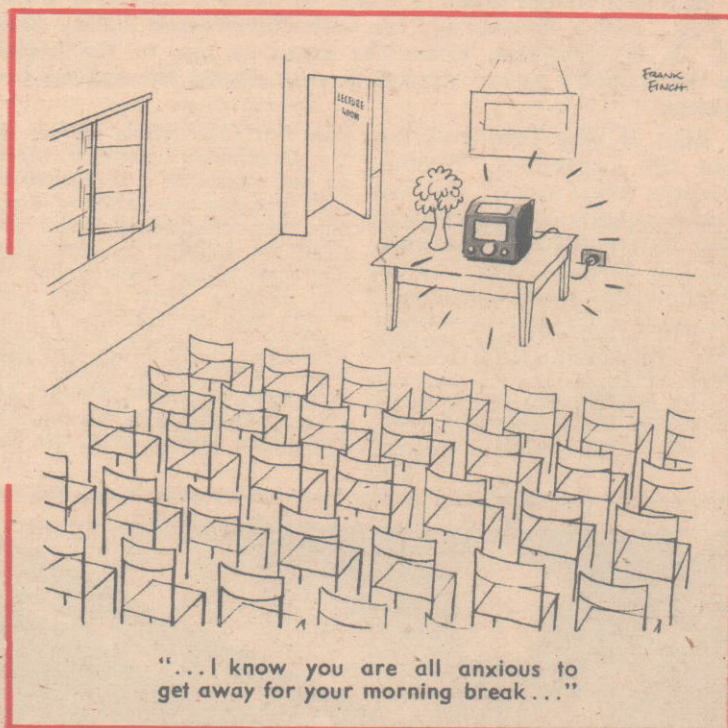
make the talks of wider appeal to provincial recruits.

Troops have demanded, and have been getting, a series on "The Making of a Play." After a recent broadcast on "You and the Law" the BBC were told that a group of men at Hexham Military Hospital had had a number of their individual problems solved. The RAF at one camp said that literary broadcasts had "done much to extend the reading field of several airmen." Service girls at York were found to "look forward to the broadcasts and — what is most encouraging — talk about them afterwards."

What is the ideal way of presenting educational broadcasts to a unit? Mr. Bonarjee says the instructor should first read the BBC syllabus and select the item he wants to use. He should then brief himself from library books or other sources and give a short introductory talk before the programme starts. While the men are listening to the programme, he should make a few notes and decide the angle from which to conduct the subsequent discussion. There should be no awkward break between the two.

There is one subject for which some Servicemen have asked but which the Service authorities feel is unsuitable for the air. That is sex instruction.

ERIC DUNSTER



Rehearsing "Plain English": Seated is L. A. G. Strong, the author. Standing (left to right) are Eric Phillips, Arthur Ridley, Charles Maunsell and Freda Falconer. Producer Geoffrey Earle is at control panel (centre).

Mostly the British soldier collects mementoes, but the oak beams of the Cricketers' Inn at Meopham show he can give them, too

SOUVENIR INN



Souvenir Inn overlooks one of Kent's oldest cricket grounds.

AN old village green, a fringe of trees, a church, a windmill, a 300-year-old inn with whitewashed walls — that is Meopham, Kent. The green is one of the oldest in the country where cricket is still played throughout the season.

That is why they call the inn the Cricketers'. Famous players have signed the bat which hangs in the saloon bar. But it might well be called the Soldiers' Inn, for its ancient oak beams are covered with hundreds of badges and souvenirs from World War Two.

The reason: not far away is Wrotham, where there was a pre-OCTU during the war. In those

days Mr. Joe Nixon, driver in the Middlesex Yeomanry which he had joined as a Territorial in 1938, was the new landlord, having been discharged from the Army on medical grounds. One day some troops came in, part of the advance party of the pre-OCTU. One of them was a sub-conductor in the RAOC who had been transferred to REME. History does not relate whether he came to celebrate or the reverse, but as he leaned over the bar

turning over his old Ordnance badge in his hand, he asked: "What am I going to do with this?" One of his comrades suggested that he should fasten it to the wall, and the landlord promptly got hammer and nails and up it went on one of the oak beams.

Today the name of the original owner is forgotten but the badge is still there. It became the nucleus of a collection, mostly contributed by cadets. Now almost every regimental and corps badge is there, together with those of Canadian and New Zealand troops, and many souvenirs have been added by returning warriors. Major Tasker Watkins, VC, of the

Welch Regiment produced a VC ribbon; Captain Frank Fisher, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, presented that of the MC. The Hon. Gerald Lascelles gave the silver badge of his regiment, the KRRC.

Landlord Nixon made one ruling. All badges given had to be spare ones, and not taken straight from the wearer's hat. He did not want the tradition of his inn to be blamed for a soldier appearing on a charge of being improperly dressed. But this did not stop the flow of badges. Divisional and corps signs, sergeants' stripes, Iron Crosses, Nazi emblems, and a Princess Irene flash were produced as the war progressed — the last by a party of Dutch cadets who arrived after the liberation of Holland. A Belgian soldier sent a thin blue-and-red striped sign of the Belgian Resistance movement (so small that it could hardly be detected by the Germans) and from the French came the skull and crossbones badge of the Maquis.

Part of one beam is devoted to Indian Army badges, and two beams to paper notes. Lire notes, rupees, Ceylon cents and Japanese money are pinned up next to British Army Vouchers, and a States of Jersey sixpenny note issued during the German occupation. The QAIMNS badge holds place of honour next to the VC ribbon. In odd corners are RAF wings and Naval emblems.

Frequently old customers return to the inn, mostly now in civilian clothes. One of them, Captain R. H. Killoran of the Glider Pilot Regiment, was taken prisoner at Arnhem. While staying at the Cricketers' after his release he was introduced by Mr. Nixon to his future wife, and the landlord was his best man at the wedding.

One day a man arrived who was interested in both cricket and the Army — Maurice Leyland, who played for Yorkshire. At the time he was one of Wrotham's many cadets.

Another for the collection; landlord Joe Nixon nails it up. No, they, don't get polished every day.





WHEN A GUN FIRES A MAN, **THAT'S NEWS**

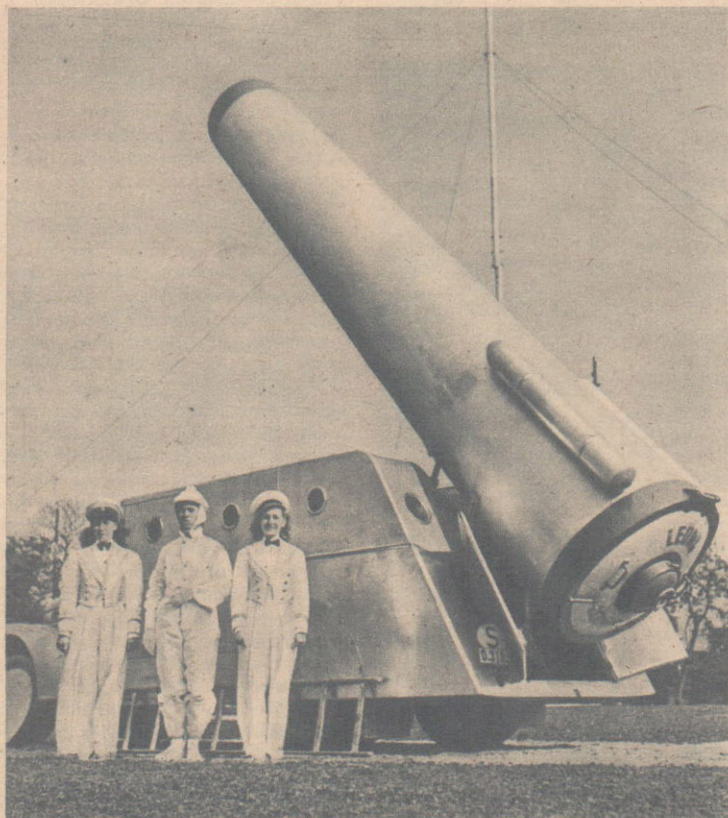
Above, left: Leoni is loaded — the old-fashioned way, down the muzzle. The other pictures show him taking off, and airborne. He is *not* a rotating projectile in the normal sense, but he does rotate himself in order to land on his back.

WIDE publicity given to the act of Leoni ("the only man who makes a living out of being fired") at Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia this winter has prompted two gunners to write to SOLDIER asking how this human cannon-ball act is performed.

"Is Leoni fired by explosive, by compressed air or by a giant spring?" ask the gunners. "If by explosive, what kind? And what is his muzzle velocity?"

Rather apprehensively, SOLDIER rang up Mills' Circus and asked for the gunnery data on Leoni. It was no good approaching Leoni direct, because no one on SOLDIER's staff can speak Swedish.

The gun, the gun crew and the projectile.
(The projectile is wearing baggy trousers).



The answer from the Man at Mills' was rather what SOLDIER had feared. "Can't tell you, old man, and I wouldn't dream of asking him how it's done. You wouldn't ask an illusionist how he sawed through a woman, would you?"

So for once, SOLDIER cannot produce the answer to a query.

These facts are not in dispute, however:

Leoni wears steel corsets;

He lines up the gun personally with extreme care, knowing that out of 50 human cannon balls some 32 have been killed, most of them through missing the net;

Mrs. Leoni dispatches her husband; she calls "Attention," "Position" and "Fire";

There is a loud bang and plenty of smoke when Leoni takes off, but whether the bang comes from the propellant charge or whether it merely serves as a cover to a mechanical device SOLDIER does not know;

Leoni flies about 80 feet through the air and contrives to turn over so that he falls on his back in the net (falling head first into a net is not recommended);

He is sufficiently in control of himself to stand to attention immediately afterwards for the National Anthem;

Leoni, in Shakespeare's phrase, has been "seeking the bubble reputation, Even in the cannon's mouth" for about 20 years. He once had to lay off for three years.

"There is a family of human cannon balls, the Zacchinis, who run a battery of 25 trucks and gun carriages, their own machine shops and practice range. They admit that they are fired by compressed air. They also say they are unconscious until they reach the top of their trajectory.



The Provost-Marshall is no longer the figure of terror he was in the old days. But he must still have —

'AN EYE WITHOUT WINKING'

ONE of the Army's two oldest staff appointments has just changed hands, that of the Provost-Marshall. It is called one of the oldest because history does not record which came first, the Provost-Marshall or the Chaplain-General. They are both believed to have existed in medieval times, when the King relied for his army on feudal levies. In any case, they were both in existence before there was a standing army.

The Provost-Marshall and the Chaplain-General worked closely together in their early days, since most of the Provost-Marshall's arrests led to a halter slung on a convenient tree and a chaplain was needed to console the culprit in his last moment. Today the two officers are geographically close: their offices are next-door but one, in the War Office's requisitioned houses in Belgravia.

Over the centuries, of course, the Provost-Marshall has successfully lived down his one-time reputation as The Man with the Noose. Today, when discipline does not call for the constant exercise of strong-arm tactics, he is far from being a figure of terror; and his military policemen now enjoy the respect accorded to the British policemen. In other words, their job is to help the soldier and to assist in the prevention of crime.

Until recently the Provost-Marshall was appointed personally by the King. The job grew from a Captain's appointment in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign to a Major-General's in World War Two.

Up to 1945 the holder of the appointment was Provost-Marshall of the United Kingdom and there were separate appointments overseas. Now the Provost-Marshall at the War Office is Provost-Marshall of the whole Army.

Some of the early Provost-Marshals had tough troops to discipline. The first holder of the office mentioned in history was Henry Guylford who went on an expedition against the Moors of Barbary in 1511. As soon as the expedition reached port the soldiers "fell to drinking hote wyne and were scarce masters of them selves. Some ran to the Stewes (brothels), some broke hegges, and spoyled orchards and wyneyards and orynges before they were ripe, and did many other outrageous dedes."

There was a protest to the commander of the expedition and Guylford "scarcelie with payne refrayned the yeomen archers, they were so hote and wilfull, yet by commaundment and policie, they were all brought on borde their shippes."

The Provost-Marshall in 1549, Sir Anthony Kingston, was dealing with rebels in the West Country when he sent a notice to the Mayor of Bodmin that he would dine with the Mayor and asking for a gallows to be made

ready as he had a man to hang. After dinner they went to inspect the gallows:

"Think you," asked Kingston, "is it stout enough?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the Mayor, "it is, of a surety."

"Well then," answered the Provost-Marshall, "get you up, for it is for you."

There and then the Mayor, who was known as a rebel, was hanged.

The Provost-Marshall's G1098 stores in the 16th and 17th centuries must have been interesting. A book published in 1587 says he should be provided "of fetters, gyves, hand-locks and all manner of irons for the safe keepings of such prisoners as shall be committed to his keeping."

Another, by Francis Markham, published in 1662 adds: "The Provost-Marshall hath charge of all manner of tortures, as gyves, shackles, bolts, chains, belobowes (iron bars with sliding shackles), manacles, whips and the like."

At the same time it was evident that the Provost-Marshall and his underlings had already become the soldier's protectors as well as disciplinarians because his duties included looking "to the proportions of the true weights and measures" of merchants selling victuals in camps.

Markham also lays down that "the Gentleman which should be elected to this place of Provost-Marshall, would be a man of great judgment and experience in all martial discipline, well seen in the laws and ordinances of the camp, and such a one as know well the use, benefit and necessity of all things belonging either to food or raiment. He should be a lover of justice, impartial in his dealings, and free from the transmutations of passions; ... have an ear that could contemptuously beat back, not furiously drink in, slander and railing languages; ... an eye that could gaze on all objects without winking; and an heart full of discreet compassion, but not touched with foolish or melting pity..." That might well be a description of the Provost-Marshall's qualifications today.

It was his duty, said Markham to "discover the lurking subtleties of spies, and by learning the true interpretation of men's words, looks, manners, forms and habits of apparel, to be able to turn the insides of their heart outwards, and to pull out that devil of malicious deceit, though he lie hid in never so dark a corner; and truly a better service cannot be done, nor is there any Art sooner learned if a man will apply his knowledge but seriously thereto."

It was and is a man's job, all right.

In Stuart days Provost-Marshals were appointed for London and some of the surrounding counties to act as civilian peace officers and it was not until 1643 that the first Provost-Marshall General

(a captain) was appointed to the Army, the Royalist army in the Civil War. At first the appointment was made only to armies on active service, but in 1685 the post became permanent and Provost-Marshals became Army officers, though they were still appointed personally by the King.

Wellington thought a lot of his Provost staff and in the Peninsula War directed that no-one could order the Provost-Marshall or his assistants to punish anyone. They had not the power to inflict summary punishment unless they saw the culprit actually committing the offence.

How this worked he described when he wrote of soldiers breaking into the wine cellars of Portuguese houses:

"They bored holes in the casks and set the wine running; of which each partook and filled his canteen, which every man carries. These were accompanied by their women as usual, with their children in their arms. They were disturbed possibly by a fresh party and moved off, inevitably leaving the cask running, so that at last the cellar itself became full of wine up to their middles, or even to their chests... till the 'Bloody Provost' hearing of what was going on, in coming there upon his rounds interrupted their sports. Being there up to the middle in wine, and generally all drunk, they could not get away; and it was possibly necessary that the provost should exercise his authority and punish some in order to clear the cellars."

The post of Provost-Marshall General was abolished in 1829 and the senior Provost officer became the Provost-Marshall. Queen's Regulations for 1844 laid down that "the officer appointed to act as Provost-Marshall of the Army is to rank as Captain in the Army." In 1879 the Army Act took away the Provost-Marshall's power to inflict summary punishment.

The first military policemen to serve under a Provost-Marshall were those appointed in Wellington's campaigns. Before that Provost-Marshals had been helped by tip-staves (sheriffs' officers), jailers and hangmen, but rarely by soldiers.

Aldershot had the first military policemen at home and the Provost-Marshall of the Army (a captain or major) was in charge of them; a series of Aldershot Provost-Marshals were specially commissioned from the ranks. From a day in 1855 when a Provost-Marshall at Aldershot asked for soldiers who would be good "policemen," the modern Corps of Royal Military Police had its start.

Today's Royal Military Police can look back with pride on the part played by the Corps in World War Two (a story familiar to readers of SOLDIER). But a dwindling Army leaves the Provost-Marshall still with widespread commitments, for in addition to supervising Military Police at home and overseas, in the Territorial Army and in the ATS he is responsible for the Special Investigation Branch (the Army's CID) and the Depot and Training Establishment of the Corps of Royal Military Police at Woking.



Major-General I. D. Erskine was Provost-Marshall until last December. A Scots Guardsman, he was wounded in World War One and commanded a Guards Brigade in the Western Desert in World War Two. He became Provost-Marshall of the United Kingdom in July 1945 and was the first world-wide Provost-Marshall. During his period of office, the Corps of Military Police received the "Royal" prefix.



Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler succeeded Maj.-General Erskine as Provost-Marshall. He joined the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry in 1919. In World War Two he was wounded and lost his right arm just before the fall of Tunis. From 1944 to 1948 was Inspector of Physical Training. Has held many Army sports appointments; is chairman of Army Boxing and vice-president of the International Federation of Modern Pentathlon.



BATTLEFIELD: Tilly-sur-Seulles was captured by British troops 13 days after the Normandy landings. It was wrecked by shell-fire and heavily mined.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

BATTLEWORTHY: Jocks of the 51st (Highland) Division parade before the last battle in Tunisia. They had left their "HD" sign on telegraph poles and walls all the way from Alamein.



He Took The Big Decisions — Alone

IN an office deep inside the Rock of Gibraltar sat General Eisenhower, trying not to listen to the "constant drip, drip, drip of surface water that faithfully but drearily ticked off the seconds of the interminable, almost unendurable, wait which always occurs between completion of a military plan and the moment action begins."

The military plan was the invasion of North Africa, General Eisenhower's first big allied operation. It was a climax in the life of the three-star general who was still only a lieutenant-colonel in the US Regular Army.

Then a visitor was announced — a six-foot, erect, "gallant, if bedraggled figure," who had been spirited from the coast of France by a British submarine: General Giraud. The visitor introduced himself, and said he was ready to take over command of the African operation.

It was a shock for General Eisenhower, but it was an even bigger shock for General Giraud, when he was told that his services could not be accepted in such a role. The long conversation which followed, says General Eisenhower, was "one of my most distressing interviews of the war."

General Eisenhower tells the story in "Crusade in Europe" (Heinemann 25s). Headlined reviews of this book when it was first printed in America may have given the impression that the author has underestimated the British war effort. That is untrue.

No one will accuse General Eisenhower of "shooting a line," but it is a fact that his book gives an impressive — almost awesome — picture of the responsibilities of a Supreme Commander. Commanders, said Patton, are prima donnas, and



Big Four cordiality in Berlin ... back in 1945. Marshal Zhukov (left) chats with General Eisenhower and Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery. Friendship between Zhukov and Eisenhower was "a personal and individual thing."

General Eisenhower was the man who had to prevent his prima donnas throwing temperaments. Patton himself had to be pulled up, smartly, on at least two occasions. General Eisenhower pays tribute to the leadership and tactical brilliance of Montgomery, without concealing that their views on strategy differed. The Supreme Commander also had the peculiarly difficult job of saying "no" on occasions to Mr. Churchill, though the Premier never exercised unfair pressure.

It is not without significance that General Eisenhower's book bears the title it does. As far as he was concerned, the war was a crusade, not just a heaven-sent exercise for a professional soldier. That was why he refused to see captured generals:

"When von Arnim was brought through Algiers on his way to captivity, some members of my staff felt that I should observe the custom of bygone days and allow him to call on me."

The custom had its origin in the fact that mercenary soldiers of old had no real enmity towards their opponents. ... For me World War Two was far too personal a thing to entertain such feelings."

Near the end of the crusade, General Eisenhower saw his first horror camp, near the town of

Gotha. And what he saw confirmed him in his attitude towards the war:

"I have never felt able to describe my emotional reactions when I first came face to face with indisputable evidence of Nazi brutality and ruthless disregard of every shred of decency. ... I visited every nook and cranny of the camp because I felt it my duty to be in a position from then on to testify at first hand about these things in case there ever grew up at home the belief or assumption that the stories of Nazi brutality were just propaganda. ... Some members of the visiting party were unable to go through the ordeal."

When he left the camp, General Eisenhower signalled London and Washington urging that editors and representatives from the national legislatures should be sent out to see for themselves.

General Eisenhower sets out clearly the reasons for all the major decisions he took, including, of course, the much-criticised decision to advance on a broad front over the Rhine instead of a lightning thrust into the heart of Germany in the late autumn of 1944. The onus of these big decisions was General Eisenhower's alone. It was he who chose to go ahead with the Normandy invasion in the face of a dubious weather forecast. It was he who over-ruled the protest of an Air Chief Marshal that the airdrop plans for Normandy would involve the "futile slaughter" of two fine divisions.

"It would be difficult to conceive of a more soul-racking problem," says Eisenhower.

"If my technical expert was correct, then the planned operation was worse than stubborn folly, because even at the enormous cost predicted we could not gain the principal object of the drop. ... To protect him in case his advice was disregarded, I instructed the air commander to put his recommendations in a letter and informed him that he would have my answer within a few hours. I took the problem to no one else."

General Eisenhower thought it over, realising all the grim implications of failure. Then he

decided that the attack should go in as planned.

"When later the attack was successful he (the air commander) was the first to call me to voice his delight and to express his regret that he had found it necessary to add to my personal burdens during the final tense days before D-Day."

Because he does not forget the human side of the war at top level, General Eisenhower's story is much more readable than many a professional soldier's chronicle. Here is what happened when General Eisenhower went to attend a Chiefs of Staff conference in London in 1943, to discuss who should lead a possible expedition against the European mainland. Said General Eisenhower to the assembly:

"In America I have heard much of a man who has been intensely studying amphibious operations for many months. I understand that his position is Chief of Combined Operations, and I think his name is Admiral Mountbatten. Any one will be better than none; such an operation cannot be carried out under committee command. But I have heard that Admiral Mountbatten is vigorous, intelligent, and courageous; and if the operation is to be staged initially with British forces predominating I assume he could do the job."

"My remarks were greeted with an amazed silence. Then General Brooke said: 'General, possibly you have not met Admiral Mountbatten. This is he sitting directly across the table from you.'"

Incidentally, Eisenhower himself was so little known in the autumn of 1941 that an American newspaper printed his name as Lieut-Col. D. D. Ersenbeing — "at least the initials were right."

General Eisenhower, the historian, does not administer rebuffs right and left. When he does rebuke, it is in a gentlemanly manner. He heard that a landlady had refused permission to Sgt. McKeogh, his orderly, to stay in one of her apartments on the ground that "after all, he was merely General Eisenhower's valet. I must maintain the proper social atmosphere in my properties." Says the General: "I trust that the lady is not concerned over the relative standing of herself and Sgt. McKeogh in my affections, respect and admiration."

SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

This Left-Behind Officer Lived With Guerillas In Malaya

IRONICALLY, while the British Army is fighting Chinese guerillas in the Malayan jungle, comes a book by a British officer who spent over three years "underground" in Malaya helping to train Chinese guerillas — against the Japanese.

The book is "The Jungle Is Neutral" by Lieut-Col. F. Spencer Chapman DSO (*Chatto and Windus 18s*). It may be recalled that in February 1947 SOLDIER gave an outline of Colonel Chapman's achievements in Malaya under the title "The Man Who Was Worth a Division" (Lord Mountbatten's evaluation).

Colonel Chapman had explored the Arctic and the Himalayas, so he was just the man for the Malayan jungle — which is not so silly as it sounds. When war began he volunteered for the Seaforth Highlanders, gave up his commission to join a ski battalion which never fought, served at Commando schools in Scotland and Australia and then arrived at No 101 Special Training School in Singapore. There he tried to persuade the authorities, who did not believe that Singapore could fall, to organise stay-behind parties to harass the Japanese. Finally, as the Japs swept down Malaya, he was appointed "expressly to organise and lead reconnaissance and operational parties behind the enemy lines." He set out in a scarlet Ford V8 coupé, the dickey "piled high with tommy guns, cases of PE (plastic high explosive) and an assortment of demolition and incendiary devices. It was an ideal way of going to the war."

Colonel Chapman and his companions spent Christmas Day nibbling wet chocolate in a ditch, watching the Japs go cycling by, whistling, and singing, on their way to Singapore. They returned from this sortie after a few days, but from his next plunge into the Malayan jungle the author did not emerge for three and a half years.

This period of almost unendurable privation and frustration began auspiciously with a "mad fortnight" of blowing up Japanese transport. The rest of the three years he lived with Communist guerillas of the various anti-Japanese regiments, gathering information, attempting to get it to the Allies, avoiding capture and trying to keep alive. He suffered from malaria, dysentery, pneumonia, black water fever and tick typhus, not always singly. His bones stuck out, he had sores big enough to put sixpences in. Once he spent 17 days in a delirious semi-coma, believing that he was

being held by the Japanese in a Shetland light-house. But he had the will to survive.

At one stage he met a handful of British soldiers who had been accidentally left behind in the jungle. Almost all were doomed men. It was their "mental attitude which was slowly but surely killing them."

"To them the jungle seemed predominantly hostile, being full of man-eating tigers, deadly fevers, venomous snakes and scorpions, and a host of half-imagined nameless terrors. They were unable to adapt themselves to a new way of life and a diet of rice and vegetables; in this green hell they expected to be dead within a few weeks — and as a rule they were."

"The truth is that the jungle is neutral. It provides any amount of fresh water, and unlimited cover for friend as well as foe — an armed neutrality if you like, but neutrality nevertheless. It is the attitude of mind which determines whether you go under or survive. There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

Men now serving in Malaya will echo the author's opinion that "navigation in thick mountainous jungle is the most difficult in the world." Visibility is cut down to 50 or 100 yards, and "landmarks," even when they can be seen, all look alike. There is no way of judging distance.

The author found a tommy-gun an infuriating weapon in the jungle. "It is far too heavy and is covered with knobs, swivels, handles, catches, guards and other protuberances which, however you carry it, scrape and bruise your hip bone, dig you in the ribs, and, still more infuriatingly, catch on every twig and creeper in the jungle."

Colonel Chapman did not succeed in keeping out of Japanese hands, but once captured he did succeed in escaping. As a precaution, he began to write his notes in Eskimo, which he thought reasonably likely to baffle the Japanese Intelligence.

The Communist guerillas took Colonel Chapman rather nervously to their bosom. They valued the training he could give them, the manuals he wrote, and his skill in repairing weapons. They also appreciated the occasional large sketches he did of Stalin, Lenin and Marx, though he made it clear that he was not interested in their politics. Knowing this, they were chary of teaching him Mandarin, as he requested, lest he learn too much of their political set-up. Oriental, they compromised by teaching him an impossible jumble of dialects.

The guerillas loved stripping



Lieut-Col. F. Spencer Chapman, DSO: he made his notes in Eskimo.

guns, but "their normal way of carrying a primed grenade was to suspend it by the ring attached to the split pin." They seemed constitutionally unable to close one eye when sighting a weapon. They were accomplished in other ways: "One man ... was a real specialist — his sole duty was to build latrines; but they were very good ones ten feet up in the trees and hung with Communist slogans." Daily most of the guerillas took lessons in public speaking. There were girls in the camps too, and for them the author had a great admiration, if only for the hardy way in which they tweaked out their superfluous hairs by rubbing a "cat's cradle" of taut string up and down each other's faces.

The guerillas' communications were bad. All doubtful matters had to be referred to headquarters, and replies took months. It was not till January 1944 that Colonel Chapman got a message to Colombo; the first intimation after two years that he was alive. Lest the Japs should discover that messages could be got out of Malaya, this news was kept even from his relatives, to whom he was "missing, believed killed."

When he was finally taken off by submarine Colonel Chapman, a modern Rip van Winkle, emerged into a strange world of jeeps, V-weapons and incomprehensible Service slang. But soon he was parachuting back into the same jungle, where he later became a Civil Affairs Officer for east Pahang.

Colonel Chapman is now headmaster of King Alfred School, Plön, one of the two boarding schools for British children in the British Zone of Germany.

(Bookshelf continued overleaf)

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* * CVWW Shops have now been opened at: Berlin (YMCA) and Oldenburg (YMCA).

Mutton? Fit for Dawgs

A soldier who spent most of World War Two at sea, as a permanent OC Troops, has written a book of memories: "Troopship" (Gale & Polden 6s).

Lieut-Col. R. A. Chell DSO, OBE, MC, the author, tells how on one occasion American troops groused at the fare. A conference was called and the British chief steward was told: "Our guests don't like some of our dishes. They didn't like their main course, fish, at breakfast today. ... What's for their dinner?"

"Thick beef soup, roast mutton—" began the steward, when he was interrupted by the American OC Troops: "Mutton! Mutton's only fit to be fed to dawgs!"

Lieut-Col. Chell was on troopship duty in the North Africa, Sicily and Normandy invasions. Commenting on the British soldier's "dislike for forced air," he says Army socks could usually be extracted from the blowers at morning inspection. As OC Troops he had to conduct services of all denominations and act as verger to Jews.

Disaster on the Veldt — then a Great Stand

ON the map of South Africa are two names — less than ten miles apart — which figure dramatically in the history of the British Army: Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift.

The first recalls one of the most tragic episodes in that history; the second one of its most gallant defences. They both happened on 22 January, 1879, when a British force was fighting the Zulus, under their warrior-king Cetewayo.

The story is vividly told by Sir Reginald Coupland, historian of the British Empire, in "Zulu Battle Piece" (Collins, 7s 6d).

British and Boer colonists in Natal were menaced by Cetewayo's militarism.

All the young men of a certain age-group were drafted into regiments for their period of military service. They spent it in the great barracks or military homesteads, housing several thousands, which stood on the King's own land in the neighbourhood of his royal kraal. The marriage of these young warriors was strictly regulated. They were normally mated with similar age-groups of young women, and it had been the rule in old days that they could not marry at all until they had "washed their spears" in blood. The revival of this custom ... was the most sinister feature of Cetewayo's regime.

Elsewhere, the writer records that Cetewayo executed several young women for breaking the military marriage rules.

The army was a formidable force. Mobilised for war, it numbered some 50,000 out of a total population of about 250,000. And it was at once the symbol and cement of Zulu nationhood. It was regimented by age, not by clan. At the great national ceremonies—such as those of seed-time and harvest—the Zulu people did not assemble in clans: they paraded as regiments.

The impi (army) was drilled to mechanical perfection. For battle, its main body was drawn up in long lines; the centre section was called the Chest and the wings the Left and Right Horns. Behind was the reserve—the Loins. During the attack, the Chest would slow down at the right moment and the Horns extend to try to encircle both the enemy's flanks.

Each warrior carried two assegais, a long one to throw from about 70 yards and a short one with which to stab. Their only firearms were a few muskets, but they were poor shots.

They had no cavalry, yet they could move as fast as horses in broken country. They had no baggage-trains, since they carried food and weapons with them. In the waist-high grasses and among the valleys and rocks of their own country, an impi of thousands could hide completely.

This army Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford set out to crush. He proposed to drive the regiments before him to Ulundi, Cetewayo's capital, and there

defeat them. Three columns crossed the border from Natal into Zululand, Chelmsford with the central one. After a few days, he camped with his column on a slope leading to the side of a 500-foot mount called Isandhlwana, a bare block of sandstone jutting above a plain that was itself 3500 feet above sea-level.

From there, he sent out a strong reconnaissance party, and on 22 January went off to join them, taking more than half the remaining troops from the camp and sending a message to his rear column, under a Royal Engineer Colonel, Anthony William Durnford, to come up to the camp and add to its defences. Chelmsford believed there were no big bodies of Zulus near him.

Durnford arrived, and as he lunched with Pulleine, the Colonel from whom he took command of the camp, messages came in from outposts reporting the presence of bodies of Zulus and then that they were going away. Durnford decided to follow them up and went off, taking not only his own force, which included a rocket battery, but two companies of the 24th (South Wales Borderers) from Pulleine's garrison.

He had got four miles from the camp when a vedette (cavalry patrol) galloped up and reported to him that there was a huge Zulu impi below the crest of a nearby plateau.

Almost as he spoke, the first ranks of it were seen against the sky-line.



"It's for a lecture on Finnish folk music in the sixteenth century, and don't you — well miss it."

No one who saw what followed and survived the day can have forgotten it. On and on they came, and more and more of them; till the whole green slope down to the plain was blackened out by one huge moving screen of Zulus.

The rocket battery was swamped after firing one rocket. Durnford retreated to a donga (gully) where the weight of his fire halted the Zulu advance. Zulu dead piled up, but still they came on. Many of Durnford's native troops slipped away, but with a small party he took up a position on the slope and fought to the last. Later he was found dead, stripped naked.

Meanwhile, Pulleine, at the camp, held up the Zulu rush for a quarter of an hour with volley fire. But strengthened by fresh regiments, the black wave came on in silence.

The Zulus threw their long assegais, advanced another 60 yards. Then a great cry rose from them as they made their final charge. A contingent of untried native levies, on a corner of the camp's rectangular defences, broke and the Zulus burst through, outflanking the rest of the defenders. Rifles, pistols, bayonets and swords were used against the assegais, but the odds were too great. Once the line was broken, it was massacre. Durnford and Pulleine had had 1700 men between them; 20,000 Zulus had attacked and 3000 Zulus were killed.

A few of the British force got away. Two subalterns tried to escape with the Colour of the 24th, but they lost their horses and the Colour crossing a flooded river. Exhausted, they sat down, pistols in hand, to wait for the enemy. Their bodies were found

with several dead Zulus around them, and they were both awarded posthumous VC's.

From where Chelmsford was, no sign of the fighting had been seen. An officer who lost his column rode back, exhausted, to the camp at Isandhlwana and was within ten yards of the tents when he noticed that the red coats he saw moving covered black bodies. He had a hairsbreadth escape and managed to deliver the news to Chelmsford. Chelmsford brought his force back, but they did not reach the camp until after dark. They bivouacked on the spot and spent a grisly night among the dead.

Back at Rorke's Drift, two subalterns, barely out of their teens, who had been left behind

by Durnford, heard of the disaster and that the Zulus were on their way to the Drift. With a commissariat officer named Dalton (See "Bringing up the Victorials," SOLDIER, December 1948) they set about organising the defence of the place, making breastworks of mealie bags and biscuit boxes. They had 100 white and 100 native troops, but the native troops deserted them.

The Zulus attacked in the late afternoon. Fighting was so close that at times the attackers grasped the defenders' bayonets with bare hands, to try to wrench them away. As night fell, the little garrison had to evacuate the hospital buildings, fighting backwards ward by ward, hacking their way through the mud walls from one ward to the next and evacuating the patients.

The Zulus had set fire to the roof of the hospital, which was fortunate for the garrison. The fire enabled them to see their enemies. They fell back until they were holding only part of a stone kraal.

It is a picture that will not easily fade—the flaming building, the charging savages, the assegais flashing in the lurid light, the white men and their two young commanders shoulder to shoulder behind the stone wall of the kraal, firing steadily till the attackers melted away, watching for the next assault and firing again.

The attacks went on until four o'clock in the morning. At dawn, an hour later, there was not a living Zulu to be seen. At seven o'clock in the morning another force of Zulus was seen approaching, but it melted away: Chelmsford's force had come into sight from Isandhlwana. Between 300 and 400 Zulus had been killed; of the garrison, 17 died (one a native) and ten were wounded. The two subalterns and the commissariat officer and eight others were awarded the VC.

Chelmsford eventually defeated Cetewayo at Ulundi, as he had planned. But the controversies about responsibility for the tragedy of Isandhlwana dragged on. Should the war have been started at all? Should Chelmsford have split his force? Should Durnford have split his? Did Chelmsford, Durnford or Pulleine arrange proper defences for the camp in the circumstances? Sir Reginald Coupland writes:

The issue resolves itself into a single and simple question. Could Chelmsford or his senior officers be blamed for not realising how secretly great masses of Zulus could move?

FOOTNOTE: This account omits a story told by one of the few survivors of Isandhlwana, Lieutenant Horace Smith-Dorrien (later a World War One General). At the height of the fighting, when ammunition was running short, one of the 1st Battalion of the 24th was trying to take some ammunition when the Quartermaster of the 2nd Battalion said "Don't take that ammunition, it belongs to our battalion." Smith-Dorrien retorted, "Hang it, man, do you want a requisition now?" The Quartermaster was later killed, trying to open ammunition boxes on bucking mules.



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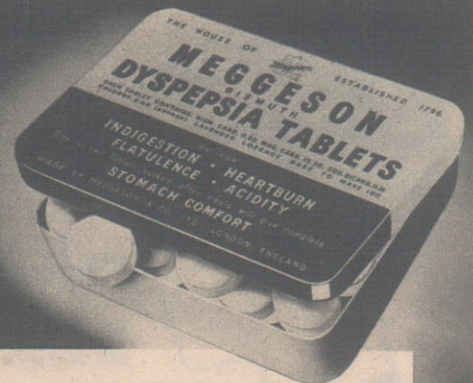
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SPORT



Basket-ball is claimed to be the Army's second most popular game. It is certainly one of the fastest ... and one of the most exacting

NO, IT'S NOT NET BALL

AN argument likely to keep the barrack-room awake after lights-out is: "Which is the fastest game?"

From ice-hockey and squash racquets to badminton, each sport has its advocate, so it's not really surprising to be told on visiting the Army basket-ball team in their training quarters at the APTC Depot, Aldershot: "It's the fastest game in the world, you know."

"What? Basket-ball! Surely it's a sort of glorified net ball?"

If you survive the next few moments after making that remark, it will be explained to you that basket-ball has not, and never did have, anything to do with net ball. It was invented, as a kind of indoor five-a-side soccer, on a miniature pitch with miniature goals, the ball being hit with the hands instead of the feet. Later a basket replaced the goal and was raised ten feet above the ground.

Today, basket-ball is one of the fastest, most exciting and most strenuous games. The ball flies from end to end of the pitch with bewildering speed, the players running, leaping, weaving and milling up and down like madmen. So exacting is the pace that although each half lasts only twenty minutes, very few men can stay the distance without being pulled out for a rest while a substitute takes over. The game is full of dead stops from full-speed, since a player is allowed only one pace while carrying the ball.

Although it was known in

Britain before the war, the Americans and Canadians gave the game its real impetus. In the Army, basket-ball is now reckoned second only to soccer in popularity. There are also more than 200 civilian clubs throughout the British Isles. The APTC alone turns out 150 converts a month.

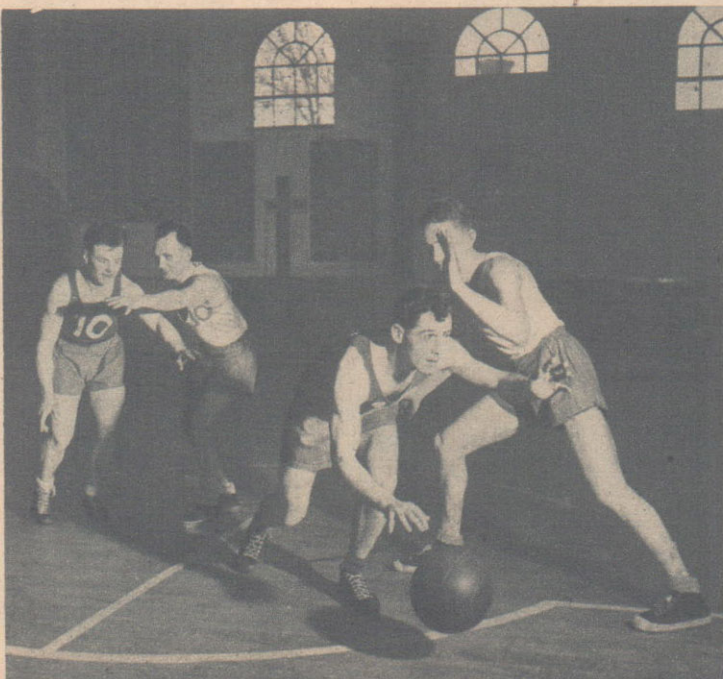
The Army Basket-ball Association is, of course, affiliated to the Amateur Basket-ball Association of England and Wales, and an Army team competes in the Area and National Championships. To choose the Army team, inter-unit championships were organised in each Command, the winners coming forward to the Army Championships, played off at Aldershot. The most recent winners were 105 Reinforcement Group BAOR, who just beat the 4th Training Regiment Royal Signals by one basket (two points) in one of the most thrilling games ever seen. A selection committee which watched these eliminating contests picked the best individual players to represent the Army.

This raised the old obstacle to

OVER



Above: Three men airborne. The player in the dark vest is trying to tip the ball backwards into the net. The whites are rising to frustrate him. Left: Basket ball is (in theory, anyway) a non-contact game, but players may flourish their arms to put opponents off their stroke. Every man is a marked man. No, there is no offside rule.



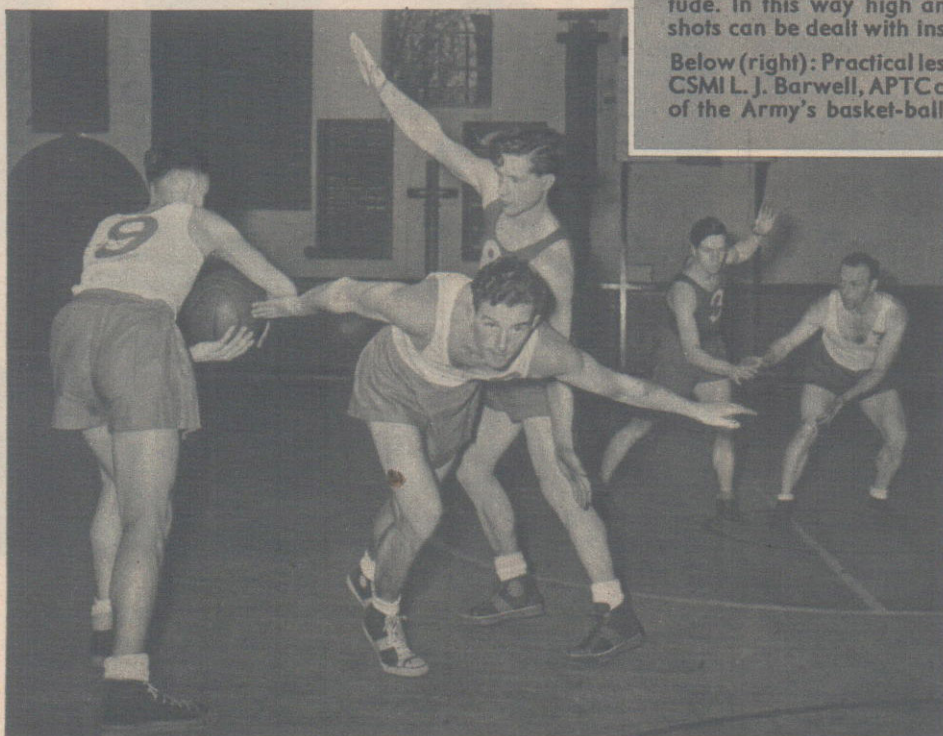
NO, IT'S NOT NET BALL (Continued)



Above: The camera catches players in curious attitudes. Two players at top right appear to be having a private game, but it's all part of the general tactics.

Below (left): Demonstrating a back pass. One arm up and one arm down is a common attitude. In this way high and low shots can be dealt with instantly.

Below (right): Practical lesson by CSM L. J. Barwell, APTC captain of the Army's basket-ball team.



producing any first-class Army representative side — how to get the men together for training from units scattered all over the country. In basket-ball this problem is even more acute, because team-work is the essence of the game. Every attack is worked out in moves from A to B to C and so on. However good individuals may be, they have no chance against a well-knit and experienced team.

So the Army team were by no means surprised or downhearted when, after only a few days centralised training, they went down 51 points to 28 against the American Latter-Day Saints. The Saints (or Mormons) are probably one of the best teams in Britain. As the Army boys commented: "They call themselves Saints, but they might have been angels the way they flew around." Their speed at basket-ball may be because they are all non-smoking teetotallers.

Owing to the difficulty of gathering the team together, the Army play a quick series of matches. Besides the Saints, their opponents during December included the US Navy and Regent Street Polytechnic. The team are now training with their units in preparation for the spring series.

BOB O'BRIEN

* * *

* Notes for fans: Several changes have been made in the basket-ball rules this year. The main ones are:

Seven reserves are allowed and the captain may make as many substitutions as he likes during the game. He can, however, call only three periods of time-out.

The "bulge" of the "key" remains the same, but the straight sides are twice as wide apart. No attacker may stand within the "key" for more than three seconds.

The referee does not have to handle the ball after a goal, but he must handle it in an out-of-bounds award when the players have the ball in their forward court.

Anyone who wants a copy of the new rules should apply to the Secretary, Army Basket-ball Association (Capt. D. E. M. West) HQ, Aldershot District.

GOLDS?

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1. "Nation shall speak peace unto nation" is the motto of the United Nations, the BBC, the Daily Herald, the old League of Nations, the Baptist Church—which?

2. Fit the appropriate code names to the appropriate operations: Overlord, Husky, Torch, Sealion; Invasion of Sicily, Invasion of North Africa, Invasion of Normandy, Invasion of England.

3. What does a philumenist collect—old snuff boxes, stamps, match-box labels or penny dreadfuls?

4. Which of these statements (if any) are correct?:

- (a) The 1948 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature was A. J. Cronin;
- (b) Agatha Christie writes detective stories around Lord Peter Wimsey;
- (c) Graham Land is in the Arctic.

5. Which country recently abolished its army—and was promptly invaded?

6. When the Post Office receives letters addressed to Santa Claus, it—

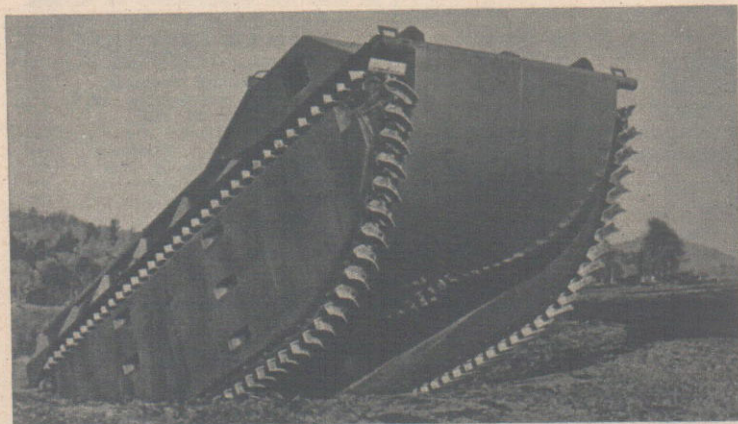
- (a) sends the writer a Savings Stamp;
- (b) disposes of them for salvage,
- (c) writes back saying there is no Santa Claus;
- (d) files them under Claus, Santa. — Which?

7. What has a dodo in common with a doornail?

8. Which world-famous statesman recently published a book called "Painting As A Pastime"?

9. Which famous London building is famed for its Whispering Gallery?

10. The armoured vehicle in the picture below is a Wasp, a Crocodile, an Alligator, a White Rabbit—which?



(Answers on Page 46)

FILMS

Coming Your Way

The following films (all British) will shortly be shown in AKC cinemas:—

FALLEN IDOL

According to at least one poll and several critics, the best film made in 1948. High-light is the performance of nine-year-old Bobby Henrey, as the ambassador's son who becomes involved in the matrimonial affairs of the embassy butler. Sir Ralph Richardson plays the butler (which led at least one American to the conclusion that democracy still lives in Britain). Michele Morgan his girl-friend and Sonia Dresdel the wife who comes to an untimely end.

NO ROOM AT THE INN

Film of a record-breaking West-End play about the misery of young war-time evacuees and in an unsuitable billet — reminiscent of the baby-lam stories that found their way into the Sunday papers not so many years ago. With Freda Jackson, Joy Shelton and Hermione Baddeley.

THE RED SHOES

In technicolour, with the first full-length English ballet written for the screen, based on a Hans Andersen fairy-tale. Musically, it has such contrasts as the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Ted Heath's Kenny Baker Swing Group. Stars: Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Moira Shearer.

THE BLIND GODDESS

Sir Patrick Hastings, KC, is the author of the play from which this film is made — and it is about a lawsuit, which should guarantee its authenticity. Eric Portman plays a KC, Hugh Williams and Anne Crawford are the villains of the piece and Michael Denison the hero.

SLEEPING CAR TO TRIESTE

Troops who regularly travel to Trieste without benefit of sleepers will still like this story of spies, international crooks and comedy characters, embroiled on a train. This sort of thing must be done well to succeed, and Jean Kent, Albert Leven, Derrick de Marney, Paul Dupuis and Bonar Colleano do it well.



ARE YOU SURE OF SOLDIER IN 1952

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Note: if you don't want to cut your copy of **SOLDIER**, send in your order in the form of a letter. All the details are in the form below.



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AXE THE VETERANS?

The Government is trying very hard, by increasing pay and so forth, to attract more men to the Regular Army. The increased pay will naturally bring in a few more, but far from the number required. Before the National Serviceman will continue beyond his compulsory service, the way to promotion must be opened up.

To do this, senior ranks must not be allowed to continue beyond their pensionable service. There must be hundreds who have completed their time and are holding up the promotion of junior ranks. Admittedly to axe them would decrease the strength of the Army for a short time, but I feel sure that many more National Servicemen would sign on. Besides, it is the young men who are needed today.—**SQMS. H. Price, Royal Armoured Corps, School of Tank Technology, Chobham Lane, Chertsey, Surrey.**

BOLD STROKE NEEDED

Now and again the nation takes a nibble at making the Regular Army attractive, but what is wanted is one really bold stroke.

It is my conviction that the average Regular is satisfied with his pay and allowances while he is serving. A greater problem is, and always will be: what is he to do after his retirement? A man joins the Army, possibly as a boy, and serves for 22 years. By so doing he cuts himself off from any possible civilian career.

Quite probably at the age of 40 he will be in civilian life with a meagre pension and a hope of attaining some "position of trust" that demands no

technical or specialist knowledge. But you cannot start a career at 40.

I believe that if pensions were increased so that a private soldier on retirement after 22 years could receive £3 a week (with higher rates for NCO's), there would be a greater incentive to recruiting than by the present policy of putting a few more shillings a week into the pocket of the man while he is still in the Army.—**Armourer QMS. S. D. Stone, 110 Area Workshops, REME, BAOR.**

RUFFLED RIFLEMAN

A correspondent in your December issue asks why the lowest ranks of The Rifle Brigade should be called Riflemen and not the lowest ranks of any other infantry regiment.

I would like to point out that the term "Rifleman" is a battle honour and is preserved in our regimental history as such.

The "Experimental Corps of Riflemen" was assembled at Horsham,

Sussex, in 1800, from drafts from 14 different Line Regiments and was the first of its kind formed in Great Britain. On 25 August 1800 the Experimental Corps was gazetted as the Rifle Corps and on this day British Riflemen came under fire for the first time.

In 1803 the Rifle Corps was incorporated in the Line and directed to be styled the "95th or Rifle Regiment." In 1816 the services of the 95th Rifles were marked by the order that they should be taken out of the numbered Regiments of the Line and called the "Rifle Brigade," their Other Ranks being "Riflemen," a title of which we therefore have reason to be proud.

Your correspondent also suggested other words to supplant "Other Ranks." Surely he is tending to make a lot out of very little. The terms "private," "lance-corporal" and "corporal" are really more simple than such expressions as "sub-officer," "infantryman" or even "corpsman"—**L/Cpl. P. Donaldson, HQ Coy, Orderly Room Group, 1st Bn. The Rifle Brigade, BAOR 1.**

"SWAN" IN ACTION

I have just read with interest your article on "Swan" (the seaborne scaling ladder: **SOLDIER**, December).

The unit concerned with its development was the Amphibious Wing RASC, COXE (Combined Operations Experimental Establishment). Sergeant Good MM and his co-driver, Driver Blackmore MM, collected the prototype Swan I from Merryweathers. After trials five DUKW's were fitted up and Sergeant Good and Driver Blackmore were attached to the American 2nd Rangers and were responsible for training the Ranger detachment.

When "D" Day came along Sergeant Good and Driver Blackmore found themselves in the assault completely equipped as Rangers. Five DUKW's

LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

were dropped from an LCT two miles off the Pointe du Hoc. One DUKW suffered a direct hit and sank. On reaching the shore the crews found that their training had gone for nothing, for the surface was so badly cratered that the DUKW's could not beach. The cliff had to be scaled the hard way with grapnels and lines fired from mortars. As you mentioned, the area was much more heavily defended than Intelligence had revealed. It was not until after four days of heavy fighting (at one period of which the assaulting troops were forced back to the cliff edge) that the position was captured. Driver Blackmore was wounded, and Sergeant Good did some deadly work with one of the Vickers guns stripped from a ladder. When they were finally relieved, 60 men survived out of 280 landed.

Orders to salvage the DUKW's were successfully carried out by Sergeant Good. On landing in England afterwards he was arrested by military police who could not understand him speaking in a broad Cockney accent and being in Rangers' uniform. Our CO had to make a hasty departure from the unit to rescue him.

The original DUKW Swan I bears a plaque recording the event and may have been seen by some of your readers.—**J. R. Sherratt, late CQMS, Tn Wing RE., COXE, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.**

★ **SOLDIER**'s thanks to ex-CQMS Sherratt for this interesting postscript to the "Swan" story.

SANDHURST FILM

In **SOLDIER** to **Soldier** (December) you wondered "why nobody ever makes a film about Sandhurst." I would point out that a film about Sandhurst was made some years ago; it was called

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"IN the past our Service leaders have been trained from an early age to develop a robust mentality. They have been encouraged to 'live dangerously' both on and off duty. The object was to teach them to grasp rapidly the essentials of a problem, and thus to make quick decisions. Imperial policing and the more dangerous sports assisted in this. How should this training be obtained in present conditions?"

That is the subject of the Bertrand Stewart Essay Competition for 1949. It is open to men of all ranks who are serving or who have served in any forces of the British Commonwealth and Empire. The prize is £80.

Rules: entries not to exceed 10,000 words; must be typewritten and submitted in quadruplicate to Editor, Army Quarterly, Little New Street, London EC 4, by 24 June 1949; authorship must be anonymous; each competitor must adopt a motto and enclose with his entry a sealed envelope with his motto typewritten on the outside and his name and address inside; title and page of any work to which reference is made must be quoted.

Judges are appointed from the three Services and their decision will be final.

Results will be announced in October 1949 and the winning essay will be published in the Army Quarterly.

"Sword of Honour" with Godfrey Tearle as the star. This film might provide some material for a new Sandhurst film which, I fully agree, could be a good picture.

Most of America's films about West Point—possibly all of them—have portrayed life in the nineteenth century with cavalry and colour. If their new film, "Beyond Glory", shows us the modern West Point, then the story must be extremely good to compensate for the lack of colour of the period West Point films. The same applies to a possible Sandhurst film.—**Sgmn. R. S. Baker, 1 Trg Regt., Royal Signals, Catterick.**

FILM ABOUT HAMBURG

You would think some British producer would have had the idea of making a film with a background of occupied Germany. The Americans did something of the kind with "A Foreign Affair," set in Berlin.—**A. Carter (ex-Bdr), Sevenoaks, Kent.**

★ A forthcoming film by Jeffrey Dell—"The Hoffman Case"—is said to have a post-war Hamburg background. SOLDIER agrees that film producers are missing an opportunity.

HIGHLAND LAMENT

In your December number you say the soldiers used as extras for the film "Bonnie Prince Charlie" were recruited from holding regiments in Scotland. I was one of those extras and the contingent I was with consisted of West Kents, East Surreys, Queens and Buffs,

THAT SUIT

You say (SOLDIER, January) that if a young soldier had not been called up he would have grown out of his clothes just the same. But you forget that if he had been a civilian he would have saved up some money for clothes. As we (of 101 Group) find it quite impossible to save on Army pay ... we think we should at least be entitled to a suit, or payment in lieu.—**Sgmn. A. Brannan, Sgmn. J. Conway, Sgmn. G. Hemmens, Sgmn. W. Duffy, Indep. Signal Squadron, BAOR 3.**

In the first six weeks in the Army I outgrew all my civilian clothes, which I would not have done otherwise. This was because of all the extra exercises not done in Civvy Street.

The relevant ACI says that an Other Rank, if not in possession of civilian clothing and without sufficient funds to buy it, will be allowed to retain his second-best suit of battledress. I happen to be in REME so you can guess what my second-best suit looks like!—**L/Cpl. H. Taylor, C Coy, Tech Training School REME, Churchill Barracks, BAOR 16.**

★ The decision was made, on economy grounds, that the issue of civilian suits had to end. SOLDIER agrees that hardship may result in some cases; though bodily development is certainly nothing to hold against the Army.

RECRUITING NCO's

In reply to E. Budden's letter in SOLDIER (December) you said there are many objections to the recruitment of men direct into NCO rank.

Before August 1939 certain highly skilled tradesmen, mainly instrument makers, were specially enlisted into the armament artificer sections of the RAOC. They were given immediate acting rank of staff-serjeant and after an intensive course at the Military College of Science were substantiated into that rank. This method of entry was advertised in the "situations vacant" columns of the national press.

As one who came into the Regular Army this way, I endorse your reader's views and feel the scheme should be reintroduced in order to attract the highly skilled tradesmen the Army needs so badly.—**WO1 (ASM) D. G. Woodman, Maintenance Techniques Development Establishment, REME, Woolwich.**

★ The scheme still operates for the recruitment of armament artificers in REME. Applicants straight from civilian life are tested and if they pass are given paid acting rank of serjeant while attending the subsequent course.

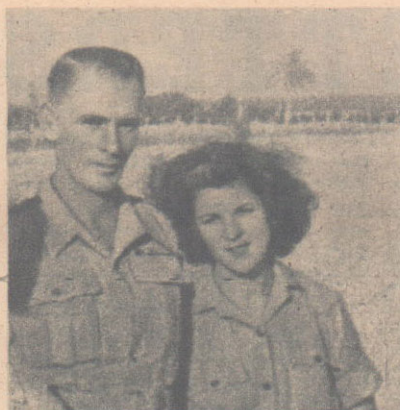
PAY RATES

As a Regular serving seven years with the Colours and five on the Reserve, I was released in June 1946. In February 1947 I re-engaged to complete 12 years with the Colours. Although my rate of pay on discharge was 7s 6d a day I am now getting only 6s a day as a two-star private. Am I entitled to my previous rate? Does my short period on the Reserve count towards my service or is it classed as broken service?—**Pte. F. Flanagan, HQ Coy., 1st. Bn., The Northamptonshire Regt., BTA.**

★ As you re-joined from the Reserve after 30 June 1946 you have no reserved right to the rate of pay you were receiving at the time of your release. Your pay is governed by Army Order 125/46.

The period spent on B Reserve counts towards the completion of your 12 years engagement, but it does not count as Colour service for pay purposes.

(More Letters on Page 46)



The "luck of the Lamberts" held... and Patricia handles her father's 'phone calls.

"Number Engaged, Daddy"

OFTEN when Capt. S. A. Lambert, Commandant of 152 Transit Camp, MELF, lifts his telephone and asks for a number the stock phrases taught by the Army to its telephone operators "go by the board."

Instead of "Sorry sir, the number is engaged" he gets the reply "Engaged Daddy — I'm sorry."

For one of the operators on the Fayid Exchange is his daughter Patricia who joined the ATS a little over a year ago.

Having finished her training as a telephonist at Catterick, Private Lambert was posted to MELF where her father had recently been joined by her mother. Now part of her duty consists of dealing with her father's telephone calls.

At Christmas last year one of His Majesty's ships, the *Gambia*, was passing through the Suez Canal on a day when Capt. Lambert chanced to be in Suez. Seeing the ship he realised that it was the one in which his son, Lewis, was serving as a band corporal in the Royal Marines. Corporal Lambert spent a day or so with his father before travelling overland to rejoin the ship at Port Said.

Now, however, the captain has a problem. "If my daughter stays out late one night," he told SOLDIER, "and I administer a little paternal correction am I or am I not guilty of 'striking a man'?"

It is a purely academic point, of course.



none of them stationed in Scotland. Why weren't we paid—like the Guardsmen at Covent Garden?—**L/Cpl. K. Knowles, HQ Coy, 1st Queens, BAOR 2.**

★ A large number of extras were used in the film. After the holding regiments in Scotland had been combed for talent, still more men were needed and all Commands were asked for a quota. Soldiers who took part remained on their Army rates of pay and the money paid by the film company for their services went to the Treasury through War Office. They did their work in Army time, being excused training and duties for the purpose, whereas the Covent Garden Guardsmen did all duties and parades and performed in the opera on their evenings off, quite independently of the Army.

KEEN BOXER

I have read your article on the raising of the Army boxing team (December) in which you say that anyone who has the physique and enthusiasm will not lack instruction and support from the Army Boxing Association.

I have served for five years, during which I boxed on five occasions for the Army, winning all five bouts. The last time was in 1945 and since then I have not been in a camp that has anything to do with boxing. I have always been keen from the moment I first put on the gloves at the age of nine, and after three rounds ran two miles home with a medal.—**Driver R. Busst, 65 Coy RASC, BETFOR.**

★ ABA advice: you should make contact with your command PT staff officer who may be able to help you get instruction.



The line and the lime

FOR a purely imaginary line the Equator serves a number of practical purposes. It marks the thickest part of the earth; where Father Neptune boards ships; and approximately the regions of maximum thirst.

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Two or three of these and the most dehydrated man feels human once again, ready for shorter drinks — and naturally Gin and Rose's.



ROSE'S
Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

MORE LETTERS

THAT MEDAL

I agree with your reader's suggestion (SOLDIER, November) that there should be a medal for all soldiers serving a tour overseas of three years or more. I have served 12 years overseas, including six in India and Burma but have nothing to show for it. Despite my 18 years service I might be a National Serviceman in that respect.—Cpl. A. Livesey, ACC, att REME, Wellington.

STARLESS

I served in North Africa from September 1943 until July 1944. Does this entitle me to the Africa Star?—Pte. J. Thompson, 1st Bn. South Lancs Regt., BETFOR.

★ No. Service in North Africa ceased to qualify for the award of the Africa Star on 12 May 1943.

PALESTINE SERVICE

Can you please tell me what medals could be earned by service in the Palestine Police during the war years and afterwards?—Mr. B. D. Higgins, 69 HQ CCG, BAOR 21.

★ Service in the Palestine Police in Syria between 8 June 1941 and 11 July 1941 qualified for the 1939–45 Star and the War Medal 1939–45. Palestine Police also qualify for the Defence Medal for 18 months service in Palestine and for the General Service Medal with clasp "Palestine 1945–48" for service in Palestine between 27 November 1945 and 30 June 1948.

Claims should be made to the Colonial Office.

PROMOTION

A Regular officer's promotion to captain is automatic after six years commissioned service. His promotion to major is also on a time basis. Is this the case with TA officers, and if so, what ACI refers?—Robert Daniell, 70 Southwold Mansions, Widley Road, Maida Vale.

★ There is no time promotion in the TA. Promotion is made by vacancy with a proviso that an officer cannot

be made substantive captain below the age of 27, or substantive major under 34. If vacancies occur and the only officers available are below those ages, they can be promoted acting-captain or acting-major. See TA Regulations, Section 3, Para 113.

CHANGING SERVICE

I enlisted on boy's service to do 12 years with the Colours. Is it possible to change this to eight years with the Colours and four on the Reserve?—Boy J. I. Brown, 1st Bn. Royal Irish Fusiliers, MELF.

★ All boys who sign on to serve 12 years with the Colours have the option of changing to eight years with the Colours and four on the Reserve, after they are 18. Applications should be made after completion of seven years reckonable service, but before completion of eight years. The boy who does not choose premature transfer to the Reserve has a guaranteed right to re-engage for 22 years, but the boy who elects to leave the Colours after eight years loses this right. He will have to re-engage to complete 12 years before he can even be considered for a 22 years engagement.

SHORTER SERVICE

I hold a short-service Regular commission of five years on the active list and three on the reserve. Can I change this to three on the active list and five on Reserve? Will being on the reserve interfere with emigration to New Zealand? Is this reserve service remunerative in any way?—Capt., MELF (name and address supplied).

★ If an officer on a short-service commission wishes to leave the service before completing his period on the active list he must apply to retire or resign. He cannot change his conditions of service.

If he is allowed to retire or resign he may be granted proportionate gratuity, depending on the length of service already done, reasons for retirement and so on (see ACI 511/46 and 505/47). An officer who has retired or re-



A completed soil house.

WHY NOT A SOIL HOUSE?

FROM Captain A. L. Ganniclift, at Command Headquarters, Nairobi, SOLDIER has received details of the building of Pise de Terre houses which, he suggests, might be used by ex-Servicemen in Britain to relieve the housing shortage.

"They could not only help the Old Country, but also solve their own difficulties by working together in teams of eight or more on plots obtained on long-term payments."

The houses he recommends are built on concrete foundations on which shutters are erected. Earth is rammed between the shutters and when these are taken away, there is the wall, more solid than you would imagine and ready to take lime-wash. They are similar to the Cornish Cob (earth, gravel and straw) walls.

In Southern Rhodesia and in Kenya Pise houses are going up rapidly — one was built in 40 hours on foundations which had been previously laid (two hours to lay, six hours to dry). The houses need no bricks, and because there is a shortage of tiles, they are being thatched, or roofed with corrugated aluminium. Aluminium also makes ceilings.

The cost? In Kenya, complete with electrical fittings (including cooker) and sanitary fittings and quarters for native servants,



Pounding the earth between the shutters to make a hard-soil wall.

about £1500. In Southern Rhodesia there are three types, costing £530, £610 and £750 respectively. Captain Ganniclift has suggested that the Army should build them to make up deficiencies in married quarters, barracks and messes.

Are Pise houses permanent? In Devon and Somerset, some have been standing more than 400 years.

624 CHURCHES

The Bishop of London asks me to let Londoners in the Army know that he is planning to rebuild 624 London churches and lacks funds. Ninety-one of these were completely destroyed. There must be many who have made for London when on leave, enjoyed themselves in this city, sampled its hospitality to soldiers and who would like to help the good forces of this city.

I cannot reach them through the normal channels and should be most grateful if you would allow me, through you, to ask anyone who would like to help the churches of London to send a donation to: The Bishop of London's Reconstruction Fund, c/o The Chaplain-General, The War Office, SW 1.—F. L. Hughes, Chaplain-General.

Answers

(from Page 42)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. BBC.
2. Overlord (Normandy); Husky (Sicily); Torch (North Africa); Sealion (Hitler's projected invasion of England).
3. Match-box labels.
4. All wrong: T. S. Eliot won Nobel Prize, Christie's hero is Hercule Poirot, Graham Land is in Antarctica.
5. Costa Rica.
6. Disposes of them for salvage.
7. Both are used in the phrase "As dead as a ..."
8. Winston Churchill.
9. St. Paul's Cathedral.
10. An Alligator (as used by Americans for sea landings in Solomons).

2 minute sermon

EVERYONE has a desire to worship something or someone. The man who has nothing to worship is like a ship without a helm, tossed about on the sea of impulses. He is neither free nor happy and in the end gives his worship to something unworthy—to wealth, power, or pleasure or perhaps to himself. None of them satisfy him and his life becomes hollow and meaningless.

This desire to worship lies at the very roots of human nature. Wherever there are traces of humanity there are signs of religion. Man could not be separated from his gods and as he looked up so he developed and began to look higher and higher. It is only because our ancestors looked up to their gods of wood and stone that today we are able to worship a God much higher than they could ever have imagined.

The worship of the right object satisfies the most universal and the deepest of all human needs. It also has the most profound effect on human character because people tend to become like the object they worship. Their sense of values develops, distinctions between right and wrong become clearer. And as they become sensitive to things they never noticed before they realise that goodness isn't quite so unattractive as they had thought. Goodness becomes something people want more and more urgently.

The world has been likened to a shop window where all the price labels have become mixed so that valuable things are low-priced and the valueless are costly. The price labels are mixed up because worship seems to have gone out of fashion. Only the worship of God will put the labels back in their proper places.

signed and who is liable for reserve service is transferred to the Regular Army Reserve of Officers, members of which may be given permission to live overseas. There is no remuneration for reserve service.

NO RELEASE

I am a trained seedsman, and was called up on 7 August 1947 for my spell of National Service. My employer is now left without a seedsman and as it is almost impossible for him to find anyone else he is faced with the prospect of at least partial failure of his crops. Can I obtain my release owing to this situation? (Name and address supplied.)

★ No. Men called up for a fixed term of National Service on or after 1 Jan 47 are not eligible for out-of-turn release in order to take up civilian employment. The only exceptions are certain skilled coalminers.

NO BOUNTY

Before the war I was in the Military Hospital Reserves and was embodied into the TA in 1939. Am I entitled to the bounty issued to Territorials?—TA Officer (name and address supplied.)

★ No. Before mobilisation, members of the Military Hospital Reserve were not part of the Territorial Army and no provision exists for payment to them of the bounty issued to the Territorial Army on mobilisation.

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(see answer below)



One Perm was expensive
... the *Toni* only 10/6

A Toni is truly lovely! So smooth, so natural-looking — so easy to do at home after a careful reading of the instructions:

1. Roll your hair up in Toni curlers. Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go. If you like, ask a friend to help you with the back curls.
2. Tie a turban around your head and do whatever you like while the wave is "taking".
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer, rinse — then set in your favourite hair style.

Your Toni perm is in — just the way you like it — and lovely from the start. Toni Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful waves. Toni waves any hair that will take a perm — even grey, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And your Toni will last just as long as the most expensive perm.

Which Twin has the TONI?

Doris DuVall, the twin with the Toni, is on the left. "My Toni looked soft and lovely from the start. Dorothy says that after this we'll be Toni twins." And just think of the saving in time and money!

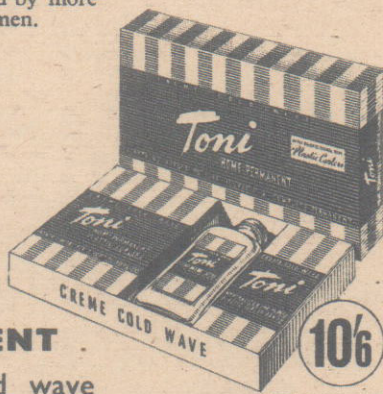
Remember! The De Luxe Kit contains re-usable plastic curlers which can be used over and over again with the Toni Refill Kit — costing only 5/6. Ask for Toni — used by more than 20,000,000 American women.

GIVE YOURSELF
A LOVELY

Toni
HOME

PERMANENT

the creme cold wave



REFILL KIT 5/6
26E

POST THIS **TONI** COUPON TODAY!

To: Toni Division of Gillette, Isleworth, Middlesex, England.

You too can have a lovely Toni Home Perm. Simply post this coupon and NAAFI will notify you when your Toni Kit arrives.

* Delete which does not apply.

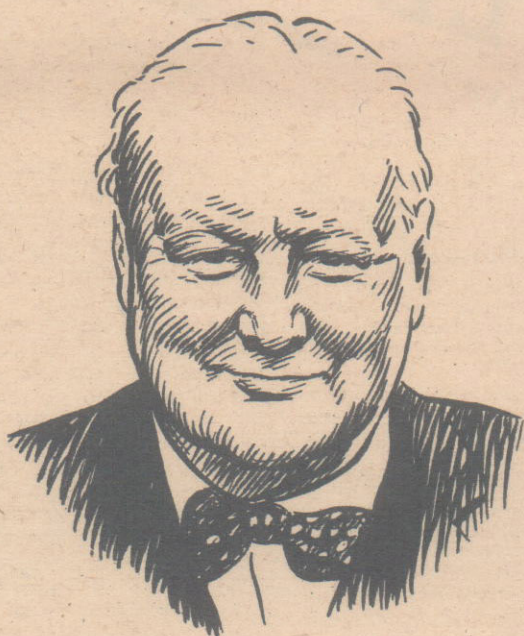
I would like a Toni Home Perm * De Luxe Kit Refill
Please arrange delivery through my NAAFI branch office.

NAME

ADDRESS

NO MONEY PLEASE! Send no money with this coupon.
Pay for your Toni Kit when you receive it.

and now...



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To be a Polar bear
And let them hang our skin up
For a pin-up.
(We'd be too shy
To be sat on by Hy)