SOLDIER

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THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH: A diver prepares to go out on tests with the Beach Armoured Recovery Vehicle which is housed at Rhu, Gareloch. It belongs to the Army's only Beach Brigade. See story on Pages 24-27.

Colour photograph by SOLDIER cameraman Desmond O'Neill

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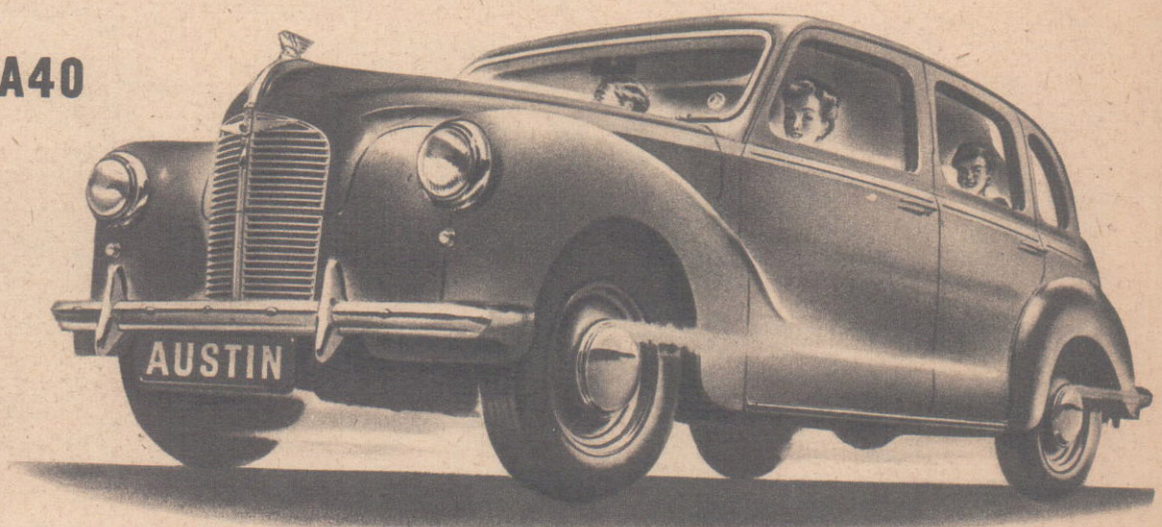

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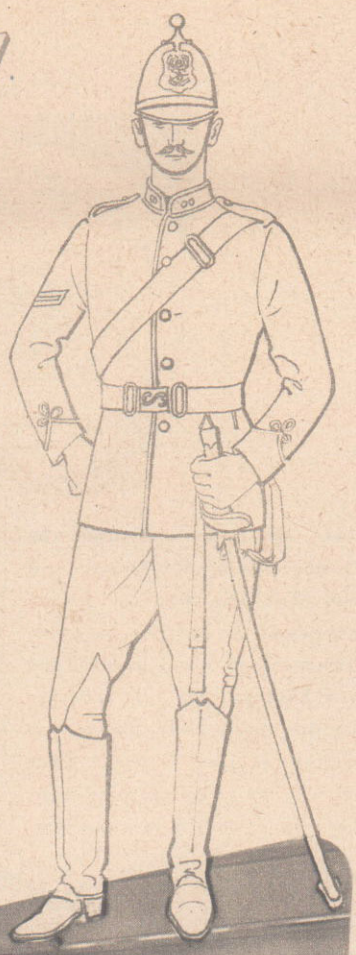

"MAJOR CRAUFURD? — *never heard of him!*" . . . *so you might say. But the modern soldier has as much to thank him for as the soldier illustrated here. For Major Craufurd was one of those who, just before the South African War, founded the Canteen & Mess Co-operative Society which established the principle that canteen profits should benefit the soldier. From this has grown the great* NAAFI *catering organisation of to-day, owned and run completely by the Services for the Services, devoting all its profits to the rest, comfort, and entertainment of the serving man and woman at home and overseas.*

Corporal,
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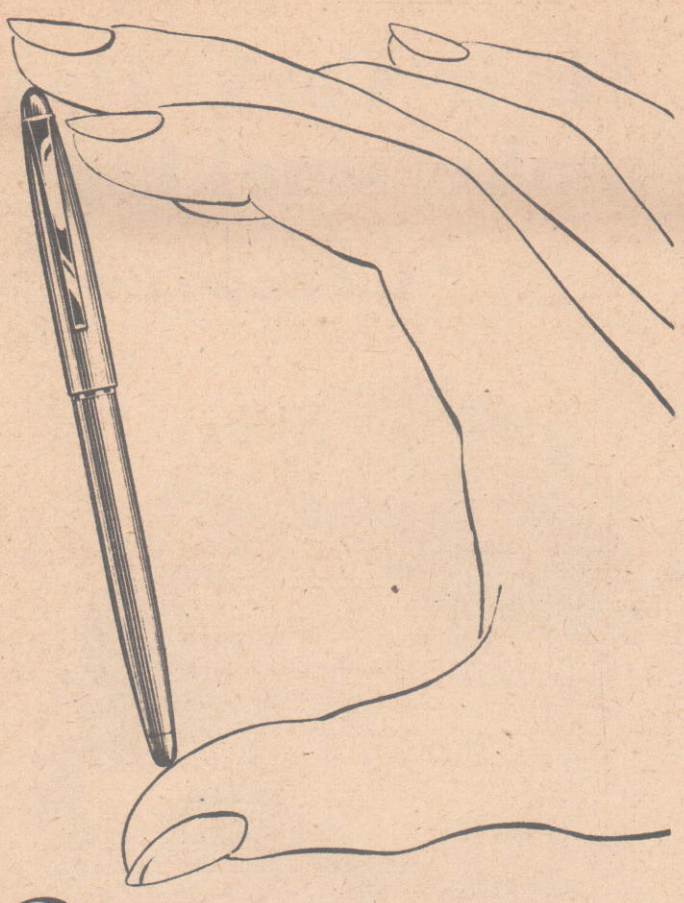

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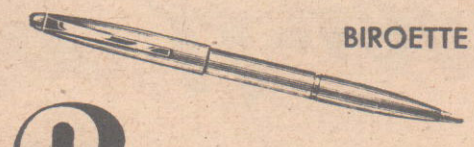

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a pen with a thought — for your convenience

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SEPTEMBER **SOLDIER** 1949

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

The War Which Taught us Plenty

50 years ago on the South African veldt began a war which sorely tried the unprepared British forces. But out of the tumult and tribulation was forged a new British Army — an Army which, 40 years later, remembered the idea of the Commando

THOSE bemedalled survivors of the South African War who are now attending jubilee reunions in Britain take a fierce pride in their war. It was, they will tell you, one of the toughest the British soldier has had to fight.

Certainly the South African War was the beginning of a new era of military history, just as it was the beginning of a new era of Empire history.

It saw the passing of the drill-book battle, with its brave, volley-firing squares and rigid drill. The pageantry went out of war, as khaki replaced Britain's red coats. The exclusiveness went out of war, too, for the Boers were not professional soldiers and Britain's professional Army was forced to call on the country's manpower reserves.

Major E. W. Sheppard, the military historian, sums it up like this: "The conquest of the vast territory of the Boer republics and the subjecting of the stubborn centaurs inhabiting them cost us even more in men, money and military efforts than our previous trials of strength with the France of Louis XIV or Napoleon. It blasted in its course many a fair military reputation, revealed to us what were the weak joints in our armour and caused our rulers and our people more than once to grieve at temporary failure and to doubt of ultimate success."

But, says Major Sheppard, it showed Britain's adaptability and produced fine leaders and administrators. And he might have added that the veldt was the school in which lessons were taught for two world wars.

The South African War was Britain's first major war for nearly half a century. Many of the names that were "made" there, or added to their laurels, were the names of men who were to lead in World War One: Kitchener, Ian Hamilton, French, Plumer, Smith-Dorrien, Baden-Powell. Serving in a lesser role was another great figure of World War One — Douglas Haig. And, still subalterns on the veldt, were two Field-Marshals of World War Two — Wavell and Maitland Wilson. Wavell had his Sandhurst course cut short, from 18 to six months, because of

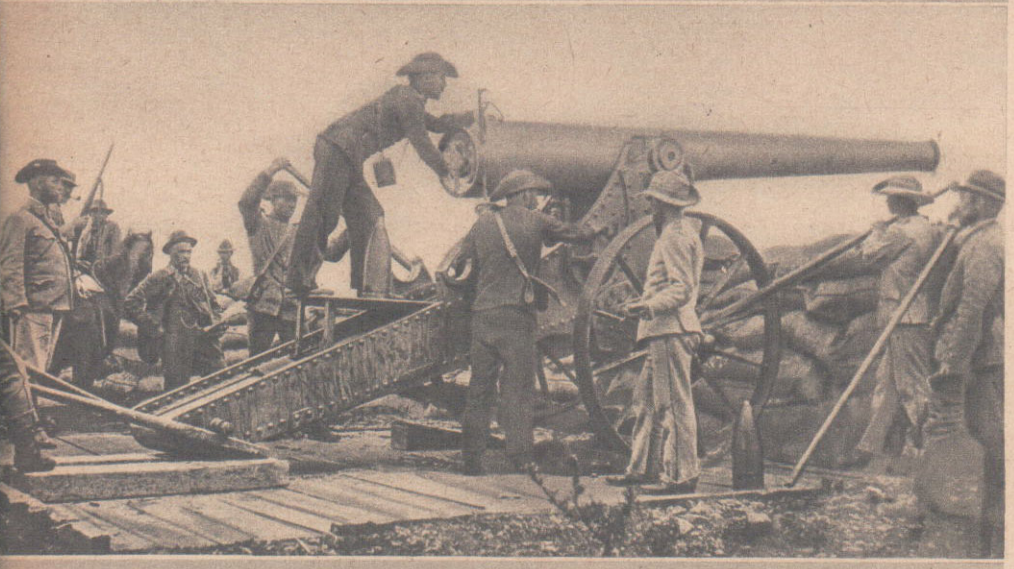
OVER

Above: The veldt was tough fighting country, which the Boers used well. Picture shows Canadians storming a kopje. Left: British troops landing at Port Elizabeth.

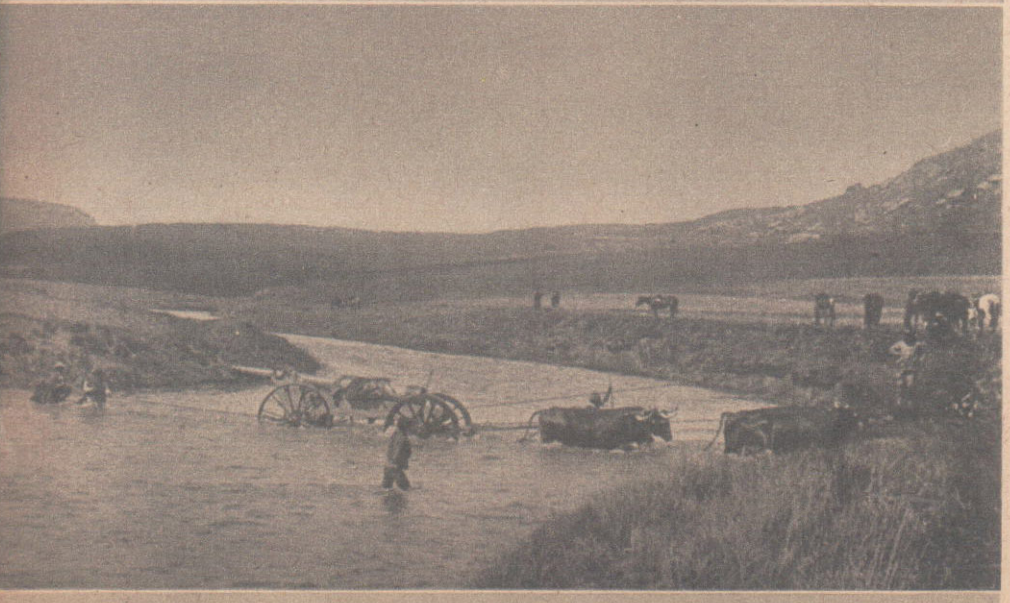
Continuing

The War Which Taught us Plenty

The two sides parleyed occasionally. War was still not "total". When a Boer envoy came into British lines he was blindfolded; that was according to custom.



"Long Tom" was a French-made Creusot gun used against the defenders of Mafeking. This picture, showing Boers operating it, was taken in its emplacement in front of the town.



Another "Long Tom" by Creusot was this 155 millimetre gun which was used by the Boers at Ladysmith. Teams of oxen hauled it to action.

the shortage of junior leaders in South Africa. But (says his biographer) the Boer, like the Pathan on the North-West frontier of India, was a good instructor in tactics; one quickly learned how to use ground in fighting him.

The Boer War was part of the education of another man who was to influence the course of World War One and to share supreme influence in World War Two. He was then a precocious 24, a cavalry officer who had left the Army to make a living by his pen and was in South Africa as *Morning Post* war correspondent.

His name was Winston Churchill. He was captured by the Boers in the early stages of the war when he went out with an armoured train which fell into an ambush. His gallantry in the action fought by the train crew and his escape from a Boer prison camp brought him world-wide fame.

Later he combined his duties as war correspondent with those of Lieutenant (unpaid) in the South African Light Horse and he had several narrow escapes in action. His critical despatches to his paper did not always make him popular with the generals, but in South Africa he made friendships which were to stand him in good stead later.

Among his fellow-correspondents was a young man who was to be a member of his Government in World War Two, Leopold S. Amery.

Some of the Boer leaders remained stubborn enemies of Britain to the end of their days. Others, impressed by the fair conditions of peace imposed by Britain, threw in their lot with the Empire to which all South Africa now belonged.

One was a young man named Jan Christian Smuts, who had commanded Boer forces in Cape Colony in 1902. He organised the South African forces in World War One, led them and British troops against the Germans in East Africa; he was in the Imperial War Cabinet in both World Wars and is now a Field-Marshal of the British Army.

Another was Louis Botha, the Boer commander before Ladysmith, who beat the British forces at Colenso and was Boer Commander-in-Chief in 1900. He put down a non-intervention revolt of the Dutch in South Africa in 1914-15 and obtained the final surrender of the Germans in South-West Africa in 1915. A third was Deneys Reitz, who fought in a commando while still a boy and wrote a famous book on his experiences. He chose exile in Madagascar in preference to living under British rule, but returned to South Africa on Smuts' advice. In World War One he fought with the South African forces against the Germans in Africa and then took a commission in the British Army and fought on the Western Front, where he became a Colonel. In World War Two he was South African High Commissioner in London.

From the biographies of the great personalities of the Boer War one can trace some of the influences of the campaign on the Army later. Kitchener's biographer, Brigadier-General C. R. Ballard, quotes two lessons which "Kitch" learned in South Africa and applied when he was Commander-in-Chief in India. One was that for command and administration an army must be organised into standard units of recognised strength — for Infantry the division and for Cavalry the brigade. The second was that a division or brigade which had been moulded together in peace should not be broken up or altered when sent on active service; the personal factor was of even greater value than technical training.

Both those maxims still held good in World War Two, and Field-Marshal Montgomery, for one, demonstrated that the rule about keeping staff teams together applied to higher formations as well as divisions.

But Kitchener, it seems, did not learn everything there was to know in South Africa. A Royal Army Service Corps historian records that the Corps, after flourishing while its founder, Redvers Buller, was Commander-in-Chief, found Kitchener interfering far too much. The Corps was able to do its job, he says, only by ignoring Kitchener's instructions.

Lord Baden-Powell, who commanded the besieged garrison at Mafeking, wrote of how the besieged and besiegers went in for trench warfare, with the defenders slinging grenades made from

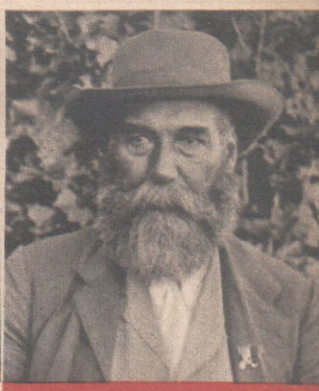
THESE ARE THE MEN WHO MADE NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

LORD KITCHENER was Lord Roberts's Chief-of-Staff and his successor as Commander-in-Chief.

LORD ROBERTS was Commander-in-Chief during the decisive phases of the Boer War.

SIR GEORGE WHITE, VC, was the Hero of Ladysmith, commander of the garrison.

SIR REDVERS BULLER, VC, was put on half-pay for publicly replying to criticisms of his conduct.



LOUIS BOTHA, like Smuts, led Boers against Britain and in later years fought for Britain.

jam and meat tins filled with dynamite or powder (one serjeant "cast" them a hundred yards on a fishing rod) while the Boers retaliated with better-made grenades.

"People afterwards laughed at the idea of our going back to medieval methods with our trenches and bombs, little expecting that within a few years the most modernised armies would be at it again on just the same lines in the Great War," he wrote.

On what happened in South Africa, Baden-Powell was bold enough to doubt the tradition that the British were the best horsemasters in the world and he introduced new methods when he became Inspector-General of Cavalry a few years later. Cavalry work in Palestine in the Great War was a great improvement on that in the Boer War, he considered.

When, as a lieutenant-general on half-pay, he took command of the Northumbrian Division in the new Territorial Army, he reflected: "We had as our adversaries in the Boer War men who had never had a day's drill in their lives and yet were effective in the field against our trained troops, through individual intelligence, pluck and will to succeed. So it was on those lines that I tried to develop training in my new division." It was on similar lines, too, that the men who adopted the Boer name of Commando in World War Two were trained.

It was, perhaps, the undrilled effectiveness of the Boers that made the deepest impression on Britain's leaders and thinkers. "Nothing," wrote Mr. Amery, "could have illustrated more clearly ... the enormous resisting power of a free democracy organised on a simple and comprehensive system of national military service." Even when much superior forces were moving irresistibly across their country, the Boer guerillas could still cause a good deal of trouble.

Tactically, the Boers taught the British Army some lessons in the early days of the campaign. Their mobility, their ability to disappear into the ground, gave them the initial advantage over the plodding, conspicuous redcoats. And while the British troops still thought of rifle-fire as cover for an attack which would finally be decided in a hand-to-hand struggle, the Boers had conceived the idea that rifle fire was itself the attack and that marksmanship was all-important.

But the British Army taught itself a good deal, too. It started, for instance, a "novel department which in every sense strikingly justified its existence," to quote one historian. This was the Field Force Canteen. Money was provided for the officer in charge of supplies to buy goods required by troops in the field and hire transport to carry them.

Troops' necessities were sold slightly under cost price and officers' necessities and luxuries were sold at slightly over cost price. Business was so brisk that the canteen turned over its capital five times in one month. At the end of the war it had £550,000 of profits to distribute — and it had paved the way for NAAFI.

OVER

But mostly, the reforms for

Railways were vital over the vast distances of the veldt. Boers partially destroyed this tunnel.

A Boer commando at Newcastle, Natal. The Boers had no rigid military organisation. The men mobilised themselves, provided their own food, gave themselves leave and posted themselves from commando to commando.

The War Which Taught us Plenty (Continued)

which the Boer War was responsible came about in the years that followed the signing of peace. Royal commissions were set up on military matters and the results of their enquiries were far-reaching. The Boer War directly produced the Committee of Imperial Defence, which later turned into the modern Ministry of Defence. The office of Commander-in-Chief was abolished and the Army Council and the General Staff were born of a War Office reorganisation which the Boer War had shown necessary. And one of the commissions even went so far as to recommend, unsuccessfully, compulsory universal training for home defence.

There were good grounds for this. The first months of the war had denuded Britain of troops. Only the Fleet stood between her and invasion from Europe (and, according to some writers, only the ill-feeling and distrust between France and Germany prevented the Fleet from being put to the test).

So the conception grew up of an Army which would consist of an expeditionary force and a defence force. In the same way the auxiliary forces were tidied up by the institution of the Territorial Force.

But the Boer War revealed strengths in the organisation as well as weaknesses. For the first time the Regular Army had gone into a major campaign with short-service soldiers, who did only five years with the Colours before going on to the Reserve. They were a success. So were the Reservists, but there were not enough of them.

As with men, so there had been a shortage of material. Eight divisions were mobilised without much trouble, but the wastage of stores was much greater than had been expected and supplies could not be kept up from mobilisation reserves.

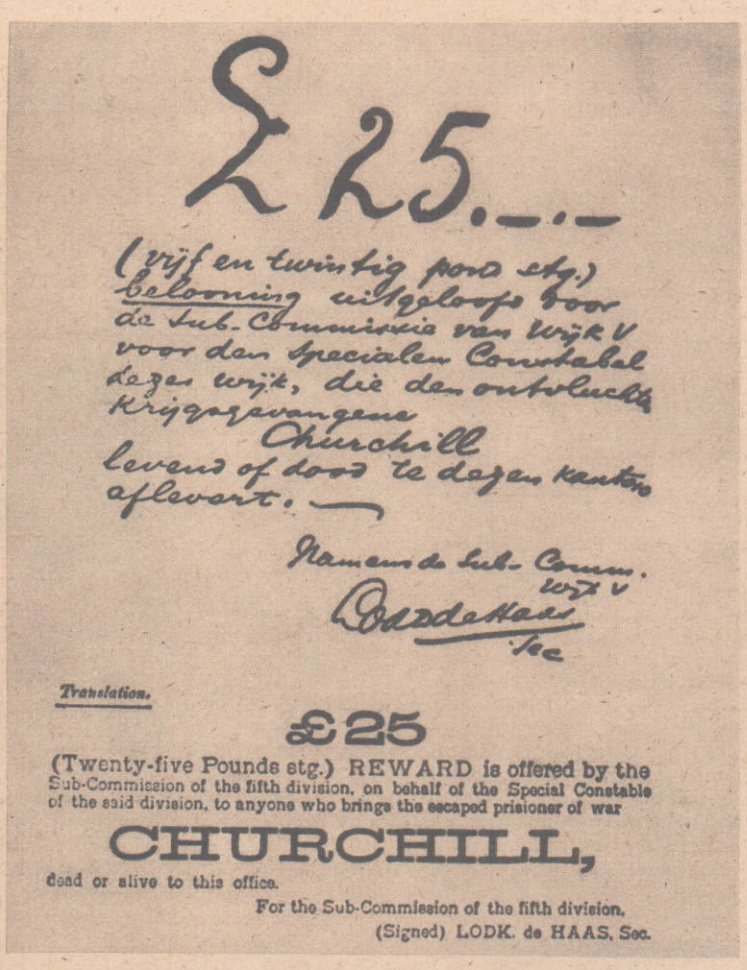
Within two months of the outbreak of war, the Army was having to borrow gun ammunition from India and from the Navy, and the munitions trade had to go to Germany for the bodies of shrapnel shells. This, it was resolved, must not happen again. By 1904 the Army was building up reserves not only for mobilising the expeditionary force but to keep it going, at a high rate of wastage, for six months as well.

In the units, officers and men found the new ideas affecting their daily lives. Khaki uniform became standard; the South African helmet was not suitable to go with it on home service, of course, and there followed an unhappy experiment with the Brodrick cap (round and brimless) before the Army settled down to the peaked cap.

Gunners received quicker-firing guns; Cavalrymen received rifles in place of their carbines; Infantrymen received short Lee-Enfield rifles instead of long ones.

New training pamphlets emphasising the value of individual initiative replaced the old drill books. Volley firing disappeared and marksmanship took its place. Field firing ranges appeared wherever the Army could use them.

The principle was now accepted that the Army's services should be organised and trained in peace for war as well as the combat troops. As a result the Corps began to get better treatment and the comparatively new



Mr. Winston Churchill was there. He was captured by the Boers (above), but made a daring escape. The Boers put a price on his head (left). He reached Durban where he was welcomed by cheering crowds and made a speech (below).

Royal Army Medical Corps and Royal Army Service Corps, which had shaken down during the Boer War, took their rightful places in the peace-time Army.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps had their own victory in South Africa. After wearing themselves out trying to keep up with peace-time accounting in the field, Ordnance officers found Whitehall officials coming out to South Africa to clear up the accounts. But the accounts were beyond any clearing up and were taken back to Whitehall for a decent burial; Whitehall agreed that peace-time accounting was not possible in war; and a start was made with the present divisional Ordnance system by appointing an Ordnance officer to each division.

In 1910 the lessons of the Boer War were still being rubbed in. In that year an anonymous author of a "Handbook of the Boer War" (who claimed 26 months service in the war) alleged:

> The British officer played at war in South Africa much in the same way that he hunted or played cricket or polo at home. He enjoyed the sport and the game, did his best for his own side, and rejoiced if he was successful, but was not greatly disturbed when he lost. A dictum attributed to the Duke of Wellington says that the Battle of Waterloo was won upon the Playing Fields at Eton. It would not be so very far from the truth to say that the guns at Sanna's Post were captured on the polo-ground at Hurlingham; that Magersfontein was lost at Lord's; that Spionkop was evacuated at Sandown: and that the war lingered for 32 months in the Quorn and Pytchley coverts.

But even this acid commentator had to admit that some of the lessons of the Boer War had been taken to heart. In a footnote to a story of disaster brought about by pedantic adherence to orders, he wrote:

> In the official handbook on Combined Training issued after the war, it was expressly laid down that "officers must take upon themselves, whenever it may be necessary, the responsibility of departing from or varying the orders they may have received." This responsibility had been laid by Napoleon on his officers nearly a century before.

RICHARD ELLEY

THE WAR IN BRIEF

NATIONAL rivalries between the British and the Boers came to a head in the autumn of 1899. On 11 October of that year a Boer ultimatum to the British expired and Boer forces from the Orange Free State and the Transvaal invaded the British territories of Cape Colony and Natal.

They invested Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith and the relief of these three towns was the first object of the British.

Sir Redvers Buller arrived at Cape Town to take command three weeks after the outbreak of war. He was unsuccessful and was superseded by Lord Roberts, who had Lord Kitchener as his Chief of Staff. Buller retained command under Roberts in Natal.

Kimberley, where Cecil Rhodes quarrelled with the commanders of the defence, was the first of the besieged towns to be relieved. Next was Ladysmith, where the 22,000 inhabitants were almost at their last gasp and where, to quote a Naval officer, "The cavalry soldiers did excellent service in the lines — and we ate their horses." And lastly Mafeking, to give its name to hectic public celebration.

Up to this time the British had suffered a number of set-backs, but now the tide changed. Bloemfontein, Pretoria, Kroonstad and Johannesburg fell, and President Kruger of the Transvaal deserted his countrymen and fled to Europe.

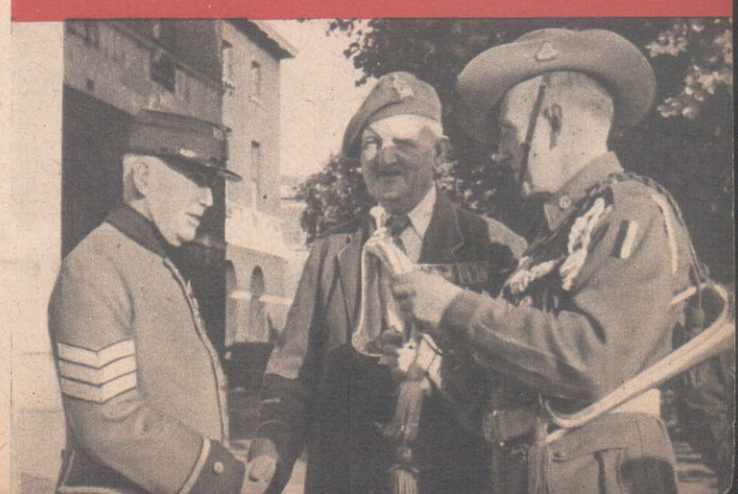
Kitchener took over command from Roberts for the last phase of the war during which the Boers fought as guerillas. By building up a blockhouse system to cut up the country and by making methodical drives, the British forces wore down the enemy. Yet the Boers were still two well-organised nations when, after 960 days of war, they came to terms and joined the British Empire on 31 May, 1902.

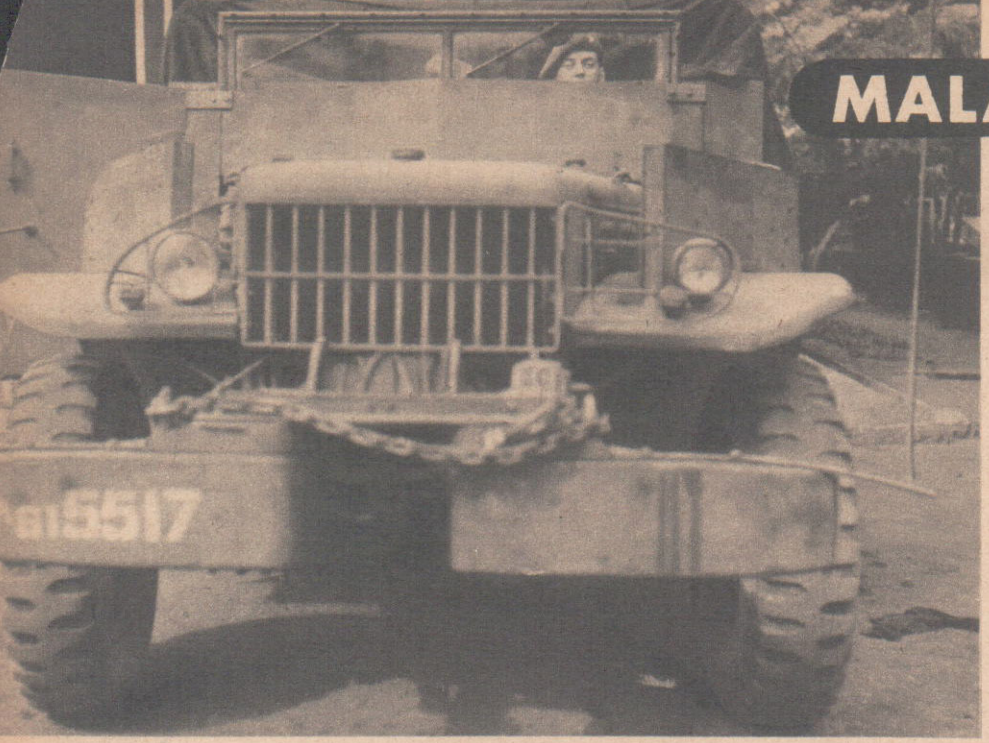
On 31 March 1900 a mounted company of the Durham Light Infantry and "Q" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, were parts of a column ambushed and badly handled by the Boers at Sanna's Post. In Rhine Army this year "Q" Battery (now of the 10th Anti-Tank Regiment) and the Durham Light Infantry are serving side by side at Dortmund, and on the 49th anniversary of the action they took part for the first time in a joint service and ceremonial parade.

In London recently the Royal Empire Society held a reception for nurses who served in the Boer War. Bemedalled Miss M. A. Davis, from Ireland (left) and Miss E. R. Barratt, from Richmond, talked over old times.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, the South African War Veterans' Association held a jubilee service. Lord Wavell, who served in South Africa as a subaltern, was there. So were...

...three brothers (above): RSM R. C. Woosey, aged 73, CSM M. J. E. Woosey, 71, and RSM R. F. Woosey, 69, who served together in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in South Africa. Below: Serjeant E. Nugent, RAMC (left), Serjeant-Major P. Stewart, representing the Canadian Legion (centre), and Serjeant-Trumpeter H. E. Watson from Australia.





A Dodge "Commando" truck fitted with bullet-proof doors and front shields. Note the vertical rod fitted to the bumper to show the driver the width of his vehicle.

ARMOURED AGAINST AMBUSH

THE Army in Malaya has fitted more than a quarter of its operational vehicles with bullet-proof cabs, specially designed and built to protect the crews from road ambushes.

Owing to the weight of material used, only three-tonners and 15-cwt trucks are being equipped. Protection for a three-tonner weighs 15-cwt, and for a 15-cwt just over 10-cwt. Every inch of space which is not vital for vision has been covered.

The protective shields have been designed by Lieut-Col. S. Miskimmin MBE of GHQ Far East Land Forces. The prototype was made at the HQ Workshops Group, REME, at Kuala Lumpur, but the production is being carried out at the Base Workshops in Singapore.

Thick planks of the toughest wood in Malaya are sandwiched between mild steel plates.

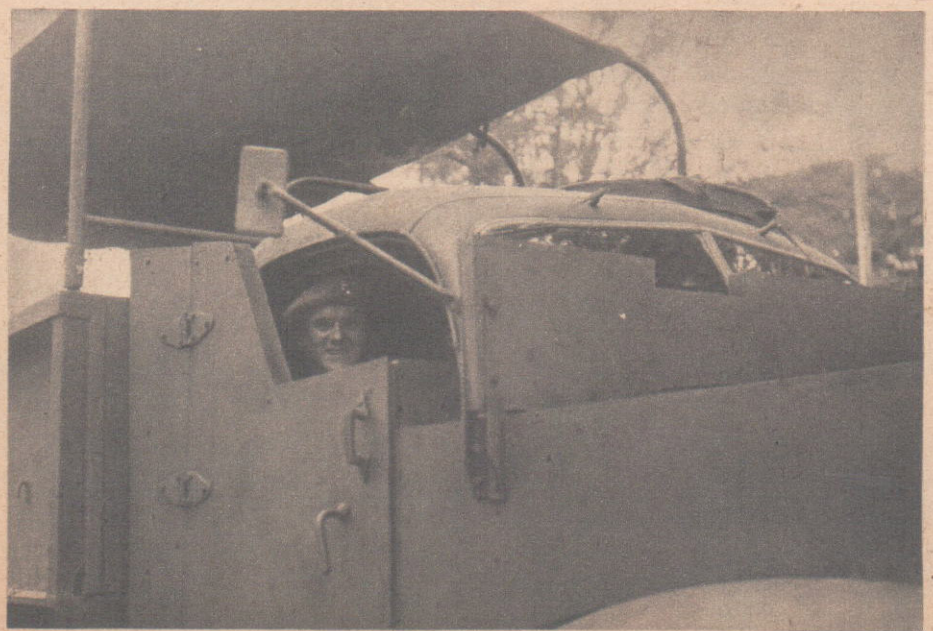
"These will stop a ·303 rifle bullet at 25 yards, when it is at its maximum hitting power," says Major E. T. L. Dickens, REME, at HQ Malaya District. "An accurate burst of closely-grouped machine-gun fire could penetrate if a vehicle was stationary," he added.

Malaya's roads are nearly all lined by trees. For miles upon miles there are rubber forests with occasional palm oil trees, and when these come to an end the jungle reaches down to the roadside. There are plenty of good places for bandits to lay ambushes. So no military vehicles are permitted to travel singly, or without at least four armed men. The sight of the bullet-proof cabs seems to be sufficient; not once have terrorists attempted to ambush any military vehicles equipped with them.

"Once you get the swing of driving a protected vehicle, they are not difficult to handle, although at first you feel your vision is terribly limited," was the verdict of one driver.

D. H. de T. READE

This is a Chevrolet, this was... The hood is a protection only against the sun. Back doors are left undone for a quick descent from the vehicle.



MALAYA REPORT

THREE

IT was sweltering hot under the Malayan sun. The Europeans on the platform of the town's railway station were mopping their brows and cursing the train for being late.

Near the small bookstall stood two cheerful young men unworried by the heat or the humidity. One was a Tamil, the other a Chinese. Wearing freshly-dhobeyed shirts and trousers they were — without doubt — men who were going places.

A Malay youth, a black fez-like cap on his head, came on to the platform with his suitcase. Abdul bin Hassim was another boy who was heading somewhere. He spotted the other two and went over to where they stood.

"You RASC? Go Nee Soon?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tan Wak Hua. "But he is going for REME," pointing to his companion, the Tamil.

Doraisamy Subramaniam showed two rows of large, white teeth. He was proud that he had been accepted for training as a REME craftsman.

"I'll be in GS first, for sixteen weeks. Then the officer has recommended me for REME."

The train came in, the three young recruits loaded themselves and their belongings aboard and headed south for Singapore and an adventure that had started only two weeks before.

Abdul bin Hassim was 18 and slight of build. He came from a small "kampong" (village) on the west coast of Malaya, where he had helped his father, a fisherman. Then a month or two ago, he met a friend who was serving with the Locally Enlisted Personnel (LEP's) of the British Army in Malaya and was home on leave.

This man had had a story to tell. He talked of travelling thousands of miles as the driver of an Army truck. He wore a uniform, and strutted around the village. He received a lot of attention from the girls, Also, discovered Abdul, the soldier always had enough food to eat and some pocket-money to spend. Recently the fishing had not been so good and for weeks Abdul's family had had little to eat.

So, after promising that, if accepted for the Army, he would send some money home regularly, Abdul had set off for the town to see the recruiting officer.

Tan and Subramaniam had stood in the same line for enrolment as Abdul. When Tan's turn came, he sat at a table and handed his identity card to the serjeant.

"Nationality — Chinese, Hokkien." "Occupation?" — "Student," Tan had replied, not mentioning that he had been unable to find work during the nine months since he had left school. "Weight?" "One hundred-and-twenty pounds," said Tan. That was twenty pounds above the minimum. He opened his shirt and the serjeant measured his chest with a tape.

"Thirty-two; just enough. Stand against the wall there..... five feet three."

When Subramaniam's turn came around, he was insistent on REME as his arm of the Service. He had seen a film called "Soldier Craftsman" and had been impressed by the instruments and machinery which the men in it were operating.

"I was rubber-tapper," he said to the serjeant.

The price of rubber had fallen, but at the same time the costs of production had gone up. There were very few jobs going on the estates, especially where Subramaniam lived.

"You will serve for four years. You understand?" said the serjeant, who was himself a locally enlisted person.

"Yes," replied Subramaniam.

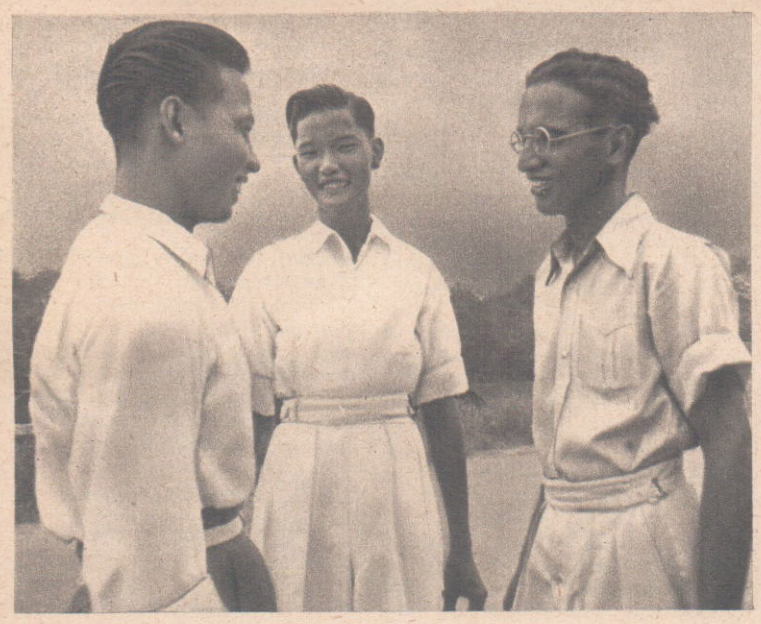
"If you like, you can sign on later for longer terms. After ten years' service, you get a gratuity. If you are kept on for 22 years, you qualify for a pension."

"Yes," said Subramaniam again, but he was not looking that far ahead. "I can go into REME?"

The Army calls them by the bald name of Locally Enlisted Personnel. Malays, Chinese, Indians, they put on British uniform and lend a valuable hand on the Army's supply lines in Malaya

— Report and pictures from CAPTAIN COLIN D. EDWARDS, Military Observer, Far East Land Forces

TRAVELLERS to NEE SOON



"You'd better see the Major."

The Major looked up as Subramaniam appeared before him.

"What education have you got?"

"Standard five, sir."

"You wouldn't like the RASC?"

"If you say, sir, but I would like to go to REME."

"Well, first I'll have to send you to general service, to learn how to march and so on. Then, if you are suitable, you will be sent to REME for training."

Two hours later, all the new recruits of that day were assembled in a room. The Major stood in front of them and raised his right hand. They followed suit and then the serjeant read out the oath of allegiance which they repeated aloud. After this was over, they were all given fifteen dollars advance pay and sent home on 14 days leave with instructions to report for duty at Nee Soon at the end of it.

Now they were on their way to the reception camp, travelling for the first time in their lives at Government expense; in some cases travelling for the first time in their lives. They were becoming part of what is still called the Imperial Army. All volunteers, they would be playing an important role in the campaign now being waged against Communist terrorism in their country.

Some would become skilled radio mechanics, others machinists in REME workshops. Men like Tan and Abdul would make up the back-bone of drivers and mechanics in the transport service provided for the fighting units by the RASC. In the military hospitals, some of their comrades would be acting as nursing orderlies, and in the cookhouses others would prepare the native dishes to which the Malayans are accustomed. Off-duty, they would find themselves under the watchful, brown eyes of many a locally enlisted policeman in the white webbing of the Corps of Royal Military Police.

In fact these volunteers are shouldering an increasing amount of the Army's task in Malaya and in ever-widening fields. Without their aid. Britain would have to supply thousands of extra troops to cope with supply and maintenance problems. Most of them take to Army life readily and make very useful soldiers.

Quite apart from these men, of course, Malaya has her own regiment fighting alongside British troops on anti-terrorist operations. The men of the Malay Regiment have earned many tributes for bravery and resource.

Top, left: a Malay, a Chinese and an Indian decide there's something in this idea of working for the British Army.

Top, right: the same three after basic training.

Right: he had always coveted the thrill of riding one of these things. Now the Army pays him to do it.

Below: As transport drivers and maintenance crews, Locally Enlisted Personnel shoulder many of the tasks of the RASC.

SOLDIER to Soldier

IN case anyone thinks this has been an uncomfortably hot summer for soldiering — whether at home or abroad — here is a humbling extract from Sir John Fortescue's account of the British Army in "Early Victorian England":

"In the later stages of the Sind campaign all marches were made at night, and the men lay quietly all day with wet towels around their heads.

"On one day in June Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-Chief, and 33 English officers and men immediately about him were struck down by heat apoplexy. Napier recovered; every one of the 33 died within three hours. No great account was taken of it. They were soldiers."

AMETHYST

THOSE soldiers who formed a guard of honour at Hong-Kong for the men of the *Amethyst* must have felt, more keenly than most, the rare inspiration with which the Royal Navy's exploit filled the three fighting Services.

The escape of this cornered frigate from the Yangtse River is one of the great adventure stories of our time. In days gone by citizens would have frolicked in the streets at the news, balladmongers would have peddled ecstatic doggerel and the Poet Laureate would have finished a long ode with:

Round the ethereal dome the
words take wing —
"We have rejoined the Fleet.
God Save the King!"

Today we take our good news more soberly; but this was an event which none the less set the blood pulsing and the ink coursing.

Field-Marshal Sir William Slim has passed the Army's warmest congratulations to the Navy. That includes the congratulations of the Army's coastal gunners, whose admiration of the *Amethyst's* feat must inevitably have been tempered by the hurt to their professional pride. Now if *they* had been manning the Yangtse forts . . .

SANDHURST DEGREE?

WHAT should be the status of Sandhurst?

Recently Mr. Shinwell was questioned in Parliament about the fact that the Royal Military College had rather fewer officer-cadets than it was equipped to handle; and one of his interrogators wanted to know if anything was to be done to make an Army officer's career more attractive. Mr. Shinwell denied that an Army officer's career was unattractive.

A little while ago a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* suggested that it would help Regular officers in after-Army life if Sandhurst could be granted university status. The standard of most cadets on passing out, he argued, was good enough to merit a second-class degree. Many officers were proficient in such subjects as languages and mathematics, and would make good schoolmasters — if they had the degrees.

The suggestion had its critics. One reader said that if the standard attained by cadets was high enough to merit a second-class degree they could quite easily prove the claim by taking the external examination of London University. He thought it was important to maintain high standards for graduation, and that moreover cadets appeared to have many special advantages denied to external students.

It is fair to say that the modern training at Sandhurst — embracing, as it does, science and world affairs as well as the military arts — in many ways rivals, and in some ways surpasses that to be obtained at an ordinary university. Qualities not taught at a university — or not insisted on — include leadership, man-management, initiative, self-discipline; not to mention physical fitness. A university can turn out men who are academically brilliant, but of negative personality.

VARIED JOBS

A recent booklet on Sandhurst says that the parents of a Sandhurst cadet "will have no cause to fear that his mind will be atrophied by the alleged narrowness of a supposedly unintelligent career." Describing the calls made on the Army officer today, the booklet says:

"It is the policy today in the British Army that ultimately every officer will have his turn of extra-regimental employment, thus providing a career which is much more varied than is usually found in civilian life. Regimental employment in itself offers considerable variety, and in arms concerned with more technical subjects the officer may be able to find the ideal mixture of career, interest and hobby. But an officer, if qualified, may at any time carry out such varied roles as interpreter, military government administrator, wireless specialist, press officer, intelligence officer, military attache, ballistic expert and so on . . . Young British officers on the demarcation line between the respective zones of Allied occupation in Germany have responsibilities and get experience not usually the lot of men their age."

The booklet mentions that certain courses at Sandhurst and the Military College of Science are designed to lead to a Bachelor of Science degree.

As it seems to SOLDIER, the aim should be not necessarily to give Sandhurst university status, but to make the liberality of its curriculum so widely known that employers of labour will look on its graduates with a new respect and will recognise that if they want intelligence plus breadth of background plus personality it is a Sandhurst man they want.

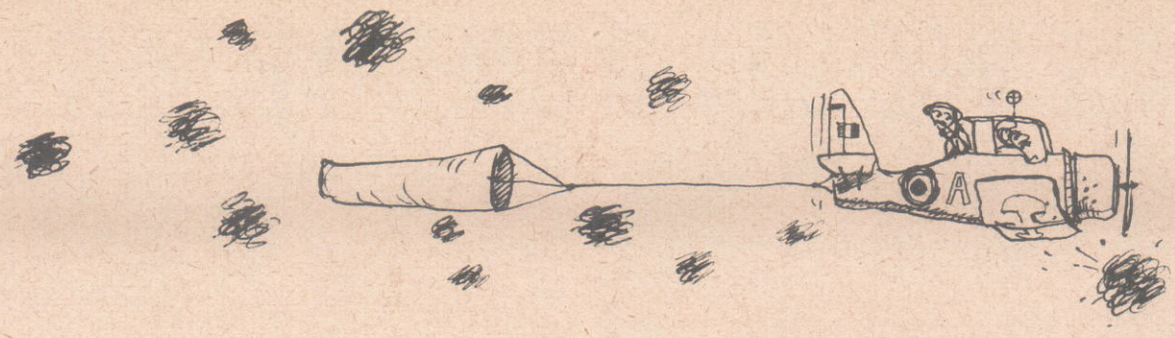
BACK TO OLD BILL

SOME four years ago SOLDIER published an article called "The Army Joke Grows Up," quoting jokes which make a modern generation shudder at the mentality of its grandfathers, and modern jokes which would have made those same grandfathers despair of posterity.

The other day, SOLDIER visited the Exhibition of Humorous Art staged by the Royal Society of Arts in London, hoping to find some historic Army jokes. Sure enough, H. M. Bateman's classic, "The Guardsman Who Dropped It," had a place of honour. There was a thin sprinkling of World War One jokes, including a tolerably funny Townsend which needed a very long caption to explain it: it appeared that a battalion had had to "kip down" in an empty street in a rainstorm because the inhabitants would not billet any of the men, and a slightly tipsy soldier, seeking to liven his spirits with song, was told, reprovingly, "'Ush, Ginger, you'll give the town a bad name." World War Two was represented, rather surprisingly, by Bruce Bairnsfather, who made a valiant — but not quite successful—attempt to transplant Old Bill from one war to another. Old Bill was a sturdy character who throve in the mud and trenches of Flanders, but who had no place in the Western Desert; just as the "Two Types" (not in the exhibition, by the way) could never have existed anywhere but in the Desert and Italy.

Between 1939 and 1949 there were thousands of Army jokes, gay and grim, but — apart, perhaps, from the "Two Types" — no memorable comic characters. Who was the cartoon figure of the long slog through Burma? Or of the invasion of Western Europe? There just wasn't one.

The man in overalls: Mr. E. Shinwell, War Minister, talks to officers and men of 4th Tank Training Regiment, Territorial Army, after exercises at Castle Martin, South Wales.



Lines from FIRING CAMP

This is the spot
(Believe it or not)
Where something comes out
Of the end of the spout.

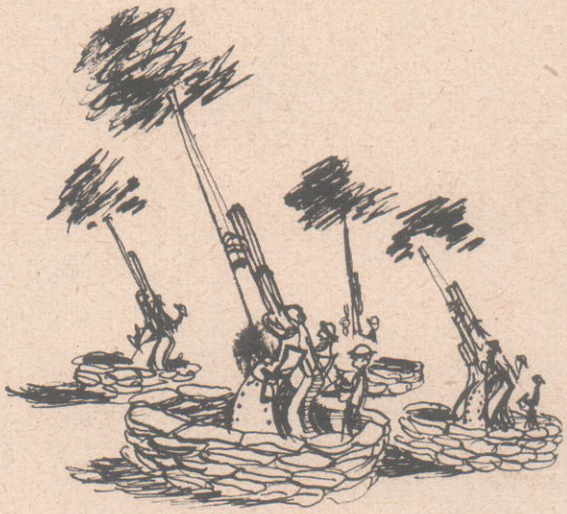
It's frightfully funny!
A glorious joke!
The taxpayers' money
Is going up in smoke.

The OC just rang
And with manifest pleasure he
Told us to bang
And to hell with the Treasury.

The Wise Men watch our guns let fly,
And find much food for thought.
They view the Pattern in the Sky,
And each one thinks he knows just why
The first round went a mile too high,
The last a mile too short.
They pool their answers by and by,
And draw up our Report.

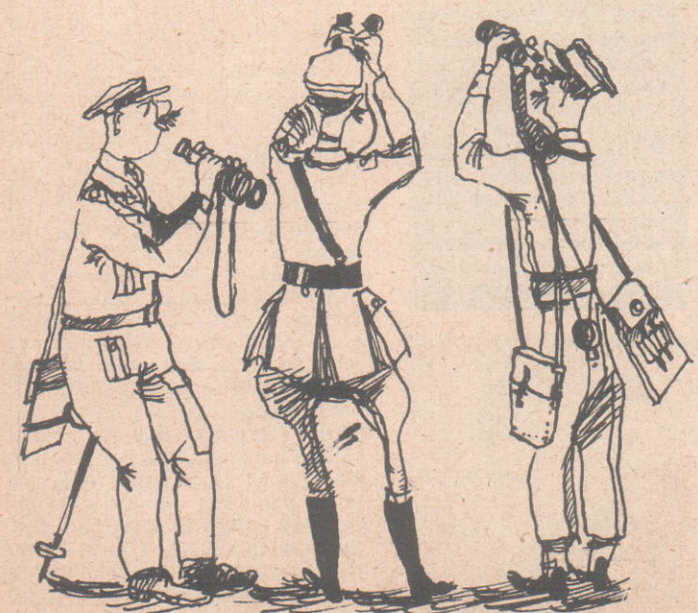
The Wise Men angrily dismiss
The view that this is sport.
It fills them with a holy bliss
To why shoot amiss,
say this went
And why the next trailed off like this,

Orbunchedupsharpandshort;
And from their black analysis
They draw up our Report.



We have hit the sleeve (sensation!)
It is streaming torn and thin.
Let there be no exultation —
That is bad fire discipline.

On the order "Rest," check levels . . .
It is hard to be silent here.
But the night will be filled with revels,
And the major will buy the beer.

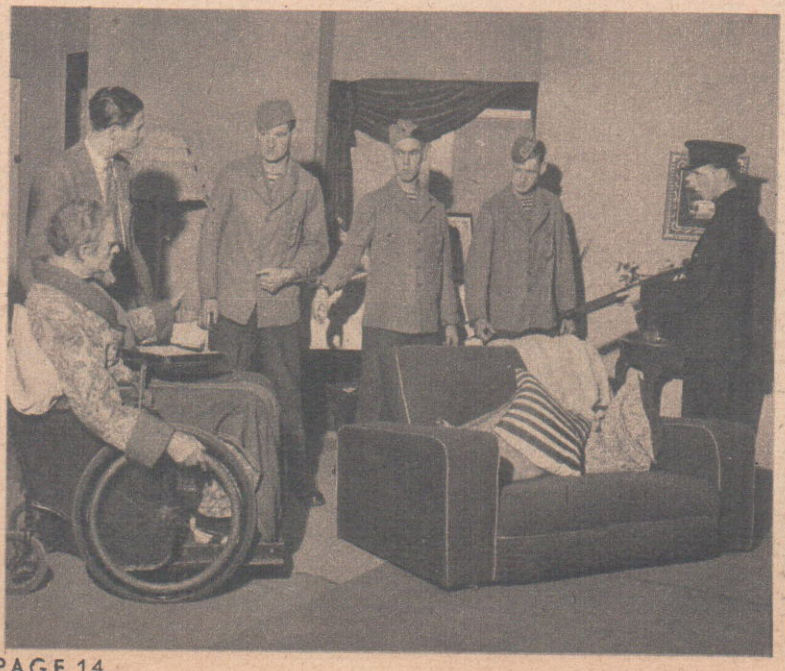


Here lie the bones of Serjeant Jones,
A man who made his mark
By firing fifty-seven rounds
Outside his safety arc.

Verses by E. S. T.: Drawings by David Knight.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE — OF GENERAL RTO CARY

Photographs by SOLDIER cameraman L. Lee



Above: Major-General R. T. O. Cary makes up for his part in "The Man Who Came To Dinner." Beside him is L/Cpl. Noel Hawthorne, Royal Signals. Left: a scene from the play — three convicts drop in for dinner. Below: Pte. Peter Mullins played in the film "Caravan."

IT was a historic night in the Signals Theatre at Catterick Camp. Major-General R. T. O. Cary, the District Commander, or just plain R. T. O. Cary in the programme, was making his last performance as "The Man Who Came To Dinner" — the fourth revival of the comedy at Catterick, and the fourth time General Cary has played the cantankerous chief character.

There was no "star" dressing room at the Signals Theatre for General Cary. As before, he was to be found making up at the same table as privates and lance-corporals in the cast.

The Signals Theatre — now to be rechristened the Cary Theatre — has come a long way since 1945, when the General (then commanding the Signals Training Centre) and Mrs. Cary decided to convert a gymnasium into a theatre in which the Army would produce shows for the Army. Simultaneously, they aimed to found a Theatre Club for the study of production, play-reading and dramatic criticism.

In both ventures they were successful. Few people are as busy as a District Commander, few officers' wives have such a full diary, but neither spared time or effort to make the theatre flourish. Plays in which the General took part included the first production, "Cinderella" (which he wrote and devised), "Arsenic and Old Lace," "The Amazing Dr Clitterhouse," and "Arms and the Man."

To date the Signals Theatre has put on 53 productions, all for a minimum of seven performances. The jobs of management, scene-painting, lighting, box office, ushering and so on have all been performed by members of the club.

The General's daughter, Jill Cary, who has taken part in several performances, is shortly to begin training at a London drama school. Three others who are entering drama schools are Jeffery Dench, William Lawford and Maire Virgo. All of them took part in the latest run of "The Man Who Came To Dinner."

Major-General Cary started the lively *Catterick Express* newspaper; he inaugurated a families committee, to discuss ways of improving the camp; and he launched the annual Catterick Fair (see SOLDIER, October 1948). He has convinced the camp that it can best entertain itself by its own efforts.

In his best-known stage role at Catterick: General Cary as the outrageous author who disrupts a peaceful household.

Also in the show was the General's daughter, Miss Jill Cary, here being prepared for the footlights by Mrs Cary.

WHAT'S NEW IN THIS PICTURE?

THROUGHOUT the world the Army's vehicles will soon be wearing new numbers. The day of M 1234567 is ending. Soon it will be 12 BC 34.

Before World War Two, Army vehicles in Britain had ordinary registration numbers and log-books, as well as Army numbers. The RASC at Feltham registered them through the Middlesex County Council.

When war broke out, and thousands of new Service vehicles were put on the roads, the authorities agreed that, to save time and trouble, the Army number should serve as the registration number.

The system worked well enough in the early war years, but, as it was bound to do, it got out of hand. The numbers were allocated in batches, as contracts were given out, and spare thousands were left between the batches in case the contracts were increased. The result was that in time vehicles were being put on the road with seven figures after the letter "M".

The police and the Home Office protested. No policeman, they said, could be expected to take down a number like that on a speeding vehicle. Would the Services please come into line with civilian motorists, with their two or three letters and maximum of four figures?

The answer is, of course, the number-plate. This War Office car is one of the first to be numbered in the new fashion.

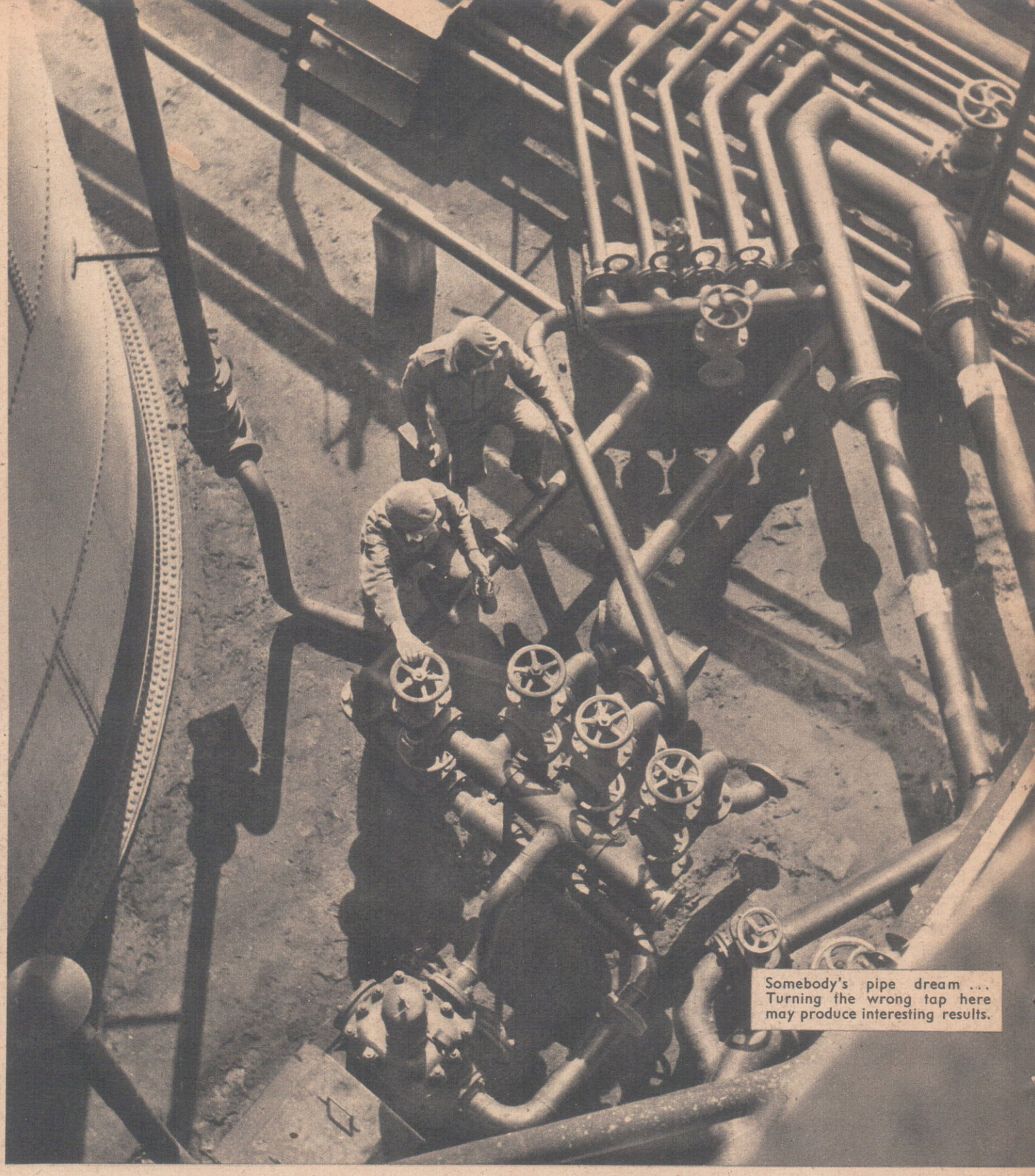
So everybody concerned got down to the problem: the War Office, the Admiralty, the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Transport, the Home Office, Scotland Yard. Henceforward, it was agreed, Service vehicles should have number-plates like those of civilian vehicles. But instead of having up to four figures following the letters, there should be two figures, then two letters, then two more figures. They should be painted white on black, to the same specifications as civilian number-plates.

Some reservations were made about letters: "A" was to be kept for the Air Ministry; "N" and "RN" for the Admiralty; "ZZ" for vehicles of Dominion and Colonial Forces in Britain; "I" "O" and "Q" would not be used because of their similarity to other letters.

The Army decided to drop the old War Department numbers system entirely. There did not seem to be any point in having two numbers for the same vehicle. And not only that, all the vehicles already on the roads at home and abroad would have to have their numbers changed, to conform to the new system.

The new number is going to be more informative than the old one was — at least to people outside the exclusive circle who knew when and how the old numbers were allocated. For the first letter will show the year in which the contract for the vehicle was placed, so that its age can be told at one glance; "R" will be used for rebuilt vehicles; and "Y" and "Z" (less "ZZ") will be used for vehicles in existence at the start of the new system.

The new number-plates will be 20½ inches long — with exceptions. Motor-cycles, for instance will have a square number-plate. Other vehicles will have the number painted directly on to them, like Bedford trucks which have convenient wide bumpers, and tanks.



Somebody's pipe dream ... Turning the wrong tap here may produce interesting results.

How Much Do You Know?

1. If Jones, on 1 January 1947, assaults Smith so severely that he dies on 3 January 1948, can Jones be charged with murder?

2. Can you pair off correctly these husbands and wives: Ben Lyon, Aneurin Bevan, Lieut-Gen Sir F. A. M. Browning, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Lewis Casson; Daphne du Maurier, Jennie Lee, Vivien Leigh, Bebe Daniels, Dame Sybil Thorndike.

3. Which of these statements, if any, are true:
(a) Both London and New York have a "Cleopatra's Needle";
(b) The kiwi is a wingless bird;
(c) It is still legal to send sweeps' boys up chimneys in Scotland.

4. One of these is the Master Gunner: Mr. Winston Churchill, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, the Constable of the Tower of London—which?

5. Who wrote:

I am a sundial, and I make a botch
Of what is done far better by a watch.

6. "Everywhere the grass was long and luxurious," wrote the schoolboy. He didn't really mean luxurious, but what?

7. A scold's bridle was (a) a device for reining in a temperamental horse; (b) a gag for nagging wives; (c) a kind of cake popular in the East of Scotland: (d) a witch's switch. Which?

8. Who is the BBC's Director of Television?

(Answers an Page 46)

Knock, knock!

goes the engine — but that is only what is expected of it. Expert ears are listening . . .

WHEN the engine of his truck begins to splutter, the driver is hardly human if he does not blame it on "the stuff they use for petrol nowadays." But it would be more sensible if he looked for the mote in his own motor.

All the petrol, oil and grease which enters Rhine Army is tested by an Army unit before it leaves the port of entry, near Hamburg. The two officers and nine men of No. 13 Petroleum Laboratory, Royal Army Service Corps have as their testing-ground a plant of some 200 large petrol tanks holding anything from 200 to 6000 tons of petrol each. The tanks were heavily pounded during the war and have been rebuilt from chaos by the Royal Engineers in conjunction with RASC technical experts. (Hard by are Hitler's shattered submarine pens, showing that the Sappers can destroy as efficiently as they can build.)

The testing laboratory, with its litter of apparatus, snaky glass tubes, flickering burners and evil-looking liquids, resembles the workshop of a mad doctor in a horror film. Half a dozen tests are going on side by side. At one end of a bench petrol is being burned away and the sulphur combines with oxygen and is collected in the form of sulphur dioxide. This tells the expert the percentage of sulphur in the fuel. Too much sulphur in fuel can cause serious corrosion of engine parts and so cut down the efficiency and working life of the engine.

At other benches, tests are going on for vapour pressure, gum content and corrosion properties.

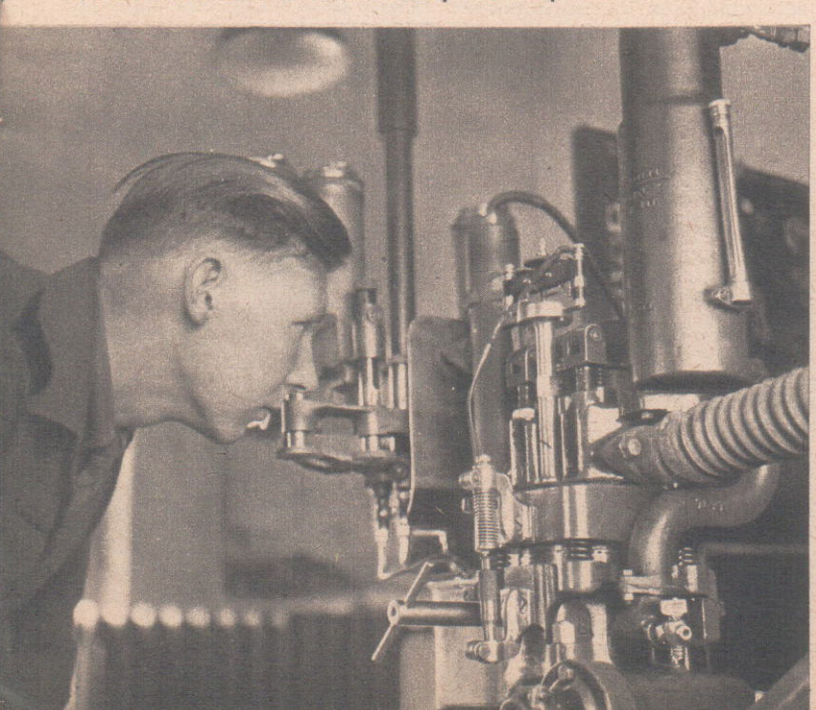
In a shed outside, an engine is thumping away. It begins to knock horribly and the knocking increases until it seems the engine must fall to bits. Everything is under control, however. The engine is specially designed to knock. By lowering the cylinder head towards the piston, the compression space can be reduced until the engine starts pinking. Noting the amount of knock produced by a sample of petrol and comparing it with that produced by another petrol of known octane value, the operator can determine the octane number of the sample. In an ordinary motor, knocking is not so useful. It can cause damage to the engine, and loss of power.

Oil can be below par in a number of ways. It must be tested for water, viscosity (stickiness), flash-point, pour-point, acidity, saponification (soap-making) value, carbon and ash. And tests must also be made for anything specific the experts suspect is wrong with it.

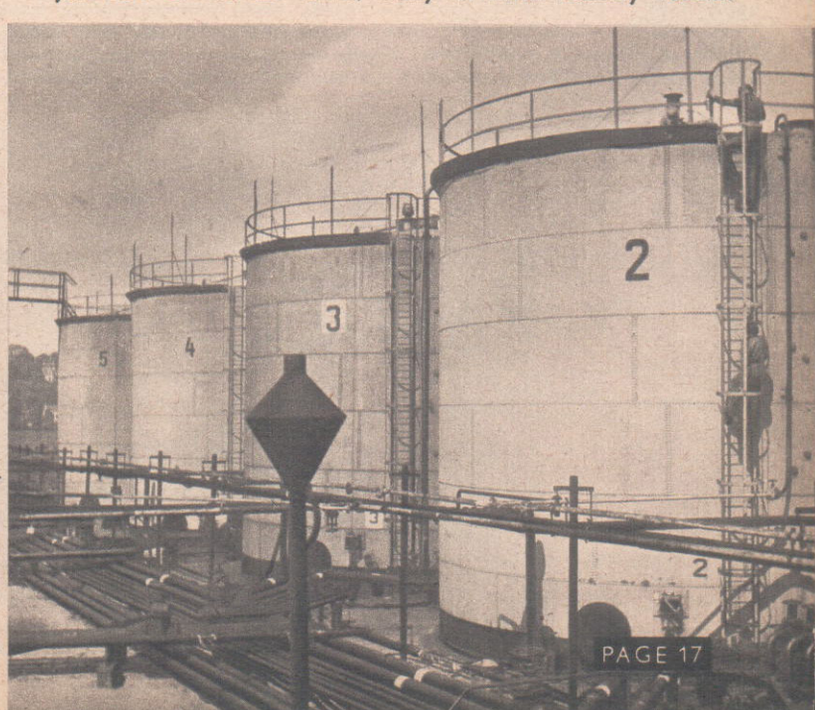
When a consignment of petrol or oil has passed its tests it is distributed to depots throughout Rhine Army. Even then it is not left in peace. Two mobile detachments of 13 Petrol Laboratory tour the zone making periodical inspections of installations.

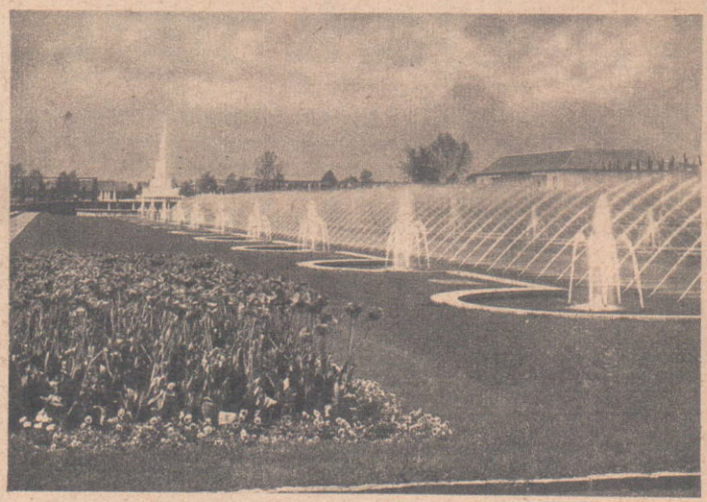
Petrol has to be in a bad way before it is certified useless. A little while ago stocks of fuel which the German Army had rejected were purged of sand, dirt, paint, water and other impurities. A high-grade petrol was produced and issued to units. Ironically, Rhine Army vehicles went about their daily occasions on the fuel which should have propelled Tiger tanks which, in the last days of the war, were towed by long strings of oxen or dug into fields to play a last, desperate role as pill-boxes.

Up comes a sample for testing in the RASC's laboratory. Below: just four of the 200 tanks, many of them recently rebuilt.



This is the engine built to knock, in order that the octane value of different fuels may be computed.





As they were under the swastika: the exhibition grounds which are now the Rhine Centre.

Fountains in the Ruhr

Hitler's showplace is now a showplace of the British Army of the Rhine

WAR-RAVAGED Dusseldorf, with its acres of gaunt ruins and piles of rubble, has one bright spot. On the outskirts of the city, amid flower gardens, lawns and avenues, is a colony of new bungalows, built by the British Army for the British Army.

The Rhine Centre, originally conceived as a leave camp but now being used for soldiers and families in transit, is a showplace of Rhine Army.

Once the 133-acre estate on which it is built was the Nazis' pride. In 1937 a great exhibition was held there to demonstrate to a somewhat sceptical world the benefits of the German way of life (excluding concentration camps, of course). The estate was afterwards used as a park, where the Dusseldorfers could hear approved music, and the huge square building in its centre became a school and gallery of approved arts and crafts. At the entrance remained two portentous statues of naked horsemen, defying the world, the elements and (according to some) the proprieties.

Typical of Hitler art: one of the naked horsemen at the entrance.

When war broke out the art gallery became an anti-aircraft headquarters, the lawns and flowers beds were torn up to make room for vegetables, trees were chopped down and miniature railways for ammunition trucks were laid along the roadways. From this one-time home of culture was directed the flak which beset British bombers on their nightly raids; but the bombers had the best of it, and the flak headquarters were hit and burned out. When the Allies arrived the place was a sea of mud between overgrown hedges and stricken trees.

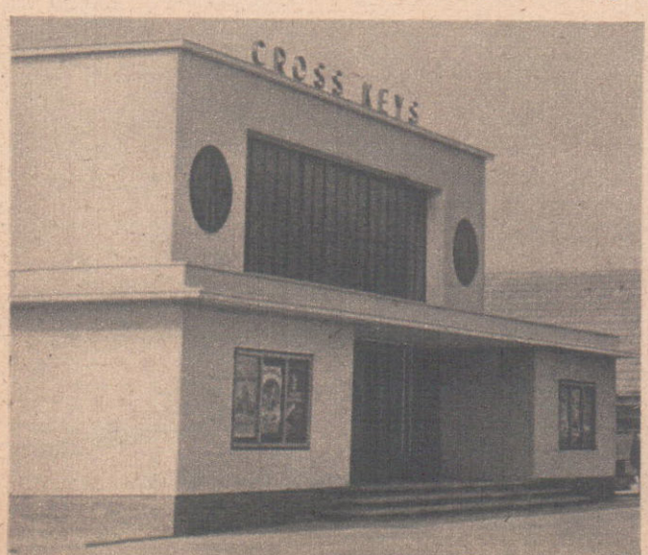
Restoration was tackled by the Royal Engineers of 2nd Division, employing some 500 German civilians. They built three self-contained camps of five-roomed bungalows, enough to house 450 people. Each room is furnished to sleep two and has hot and cold water laid on; each bungalow has two bathrooms. For families the buildings are divided into two flats and extra furniture is added. A bell push in each bungalow connects with the camp director's office, where German maids are in attendance.

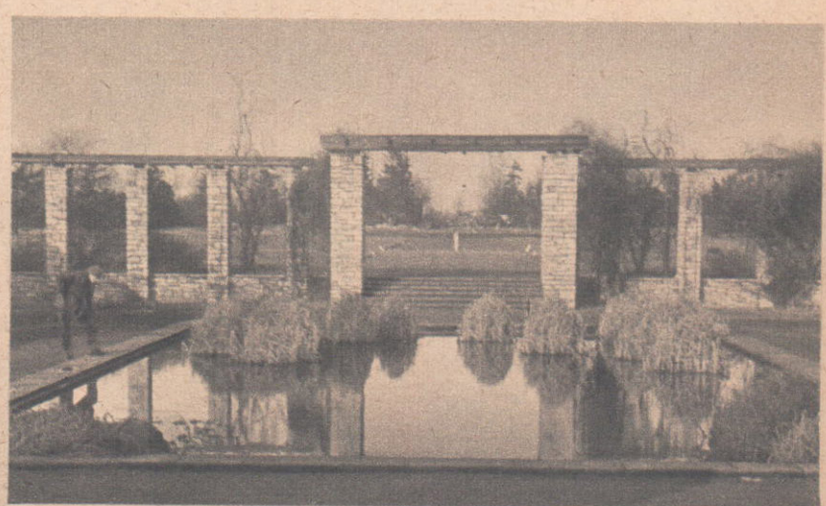
The central dining room of each camp, gaily furnished and decorated with flowers, is run on cafe lines, with scattered small tables. Its kitchen has nearly every electric cooking device it could use, but the cooking range is run on coal, which, it is claimed, gives better results than electric cooking.

German gardeners have brought the grounds back to something like their former glory. The lawns have been resown with English seed, the flower beds are brilliant with colour and sunken rock gardens surround lily ponds refreshed by fountains. Poplar avenues make shady walks and clipped yew hedges shelter sunny alcoves.

The badly-bruised central building has been painstakingly reconditioned and is now the area welfare centre. It has clubs for all ranks, with dance halls, libraries and all the expected club amenities, and an all-ranks canteen capable of sitting 600 or 700 people at a time. Close by are sports grounds. There is a families shop which has more than 4000 customers a week. And there is a neat new cinema called the "Cross Keys," after the flash of 2nd Division.

It's a long, long way from Kohima . . .





Left: The new AKC cinema takes its name from the flash of 2nd Division. Above: the Italian garden, as restored by the British Army.

Staff-Serjeant Tom Hedges, RE, was "gaffer" to some 500 German workmen. Much of the damaged site had to be re-surveyed from scratch.

Five-room bungalows, or chalets (each with two bathrooms) accommodate British soldiers and their families in transit.

This former art academy, badly damaged during the war, now houses clubs for British Servicemen. Below: satisfied customers go for a stroll in the grounds.

'Medals Will Be Worn'

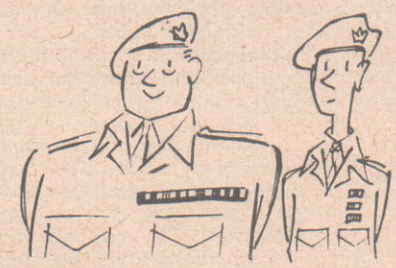
—and this is how

THE most difficult thing about orders, decorations and medals is earning them. After that comes another, minor difficulty: how and when to wear them.

The problem can be so complicated that the War Office has been moved to issue a 16-page pamphlet on the subject. This clears the matter up, not once and for all — since the orders, decorations and medals and the uniforms and occasions on which they should be worn are always changing — but for most people for the time being.

Still puzzled are the holders of King George V's Durbar Medal, 1911, in gold: for some reason instructions for wearing this medal in Britain are to be issued separately.

For most soldiers, the important instructions are contained in the first few paragraphs. One lays down the rules about wearing ribbons: they should be three-eighths of an inch long. How many in a row? "The number . . . is largely governed by the physique of the individual and the type of garment." But no ribbon is to be obscured by the lapel (which is a habit they have in the Navy) and as many ribbons as convenient are to be put into one row before the next is started. Issue ribbon brooches (for tropical kit) are supplied in sizes to take from one to five ribbons.



"The number of medals worn in a row . . . is largely governed by the physique of the individual . . ."

Orders, decorations and medals themselves are to be worn in one line, overlapping if the wearer's left breast is not wide enough to take them spread out. Ribbons are to be one and a quarter inches long — no shorter, but longer if it is necessary to make the lower edges of decorations and medals come into line or if there are several clasps to be worn.

Occasions on which insignia of orders, decorations and medals are to be worn range from State ceremonies to courts-martial and the all-embracing "as may be specially ordered." They may be worn on service dress, No. 1 dress, pre-war undress patrols, battle-dress and khaki-drill jackets. They are not to be worn for walking-out, by spectators at parades and ceremonies (unless special orders are given) or on tropical bush jackets.

When No. 1 dress comes into full use, orders, decorations and medals will no longer be worn with battle-dress or service dress except by people for whom No. 1 dress is not authorised (like officers who do not hold Regular commissions). For the time being, on battle-dress it is permitted to wear one neck decoration and all medals (including orders worn on the breast) but no Grand Cross ribands, no Collars and no Stars on the breast.

When "neck decorations" are worn by officers of the women's forces in civilian attire, they will not be worn around the neck but, says the pamphlet delicately, "on the left side, affixed to a bow."

The wearing of the insignia of orders with Army uniform rates an appendix to itself. One interesting piece of information it contains is that Collars (usually golden necklaces with enamelled decoration) of Knights Grand Cross and Knights Grand Commander have 24 days in the year laid down for their wearing. They are known as Collar days and are mostly religious festivals and anniversaries connected with the Royal Family. Collars are also worn on other days "when due notification is given," when the King opens or prorogues Parliament and by those taking part in the ceremony of the introduction of a Peer in the House of Lords.

The pamphlet also gives full instructions on the wearing of miniatures of orders, decorations and medals with civilian evening dress. Possible embarrassing moments are saved by putting the onus on hosts to indicate whether the occasion is one on which miniatures should be worn. As a concession to present-day conditions, "approval is given, as a temporary measure" for people who do not own evening dress to wear miniatures on dinner jackets — but no neck badges or Stars of orders.

Like the full-size orders, decorations and medals, miniatures are worn in one line; width of ribands is five-eighths of an inch and the length one-and-a-quarter inches.

Finally the pamphlet runs through the order in which ribands should be worn, starting with the Victoria Cross and the George Cross and then the British Orders of Knighthood. The list ends with the Badge of the Order of the League of Mercy, the Voluntary Medical Service Medal and the South African Medal for War Services. After that come foreign orders, decorations and medals.

Footnote: For those who propose writing to SOLDIER and asking about medals they have seen worn on the right breast, the pamphlet gives two examples — the medals awarded by the Royal Humane Society and the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

How many men have served in the ranks of all three Services — Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force? There are more of them about than you might think. Here is the story of one of them, Mr. E. R. Johns

HE WAS SAILOR, AIRMAN, SOLDIER

MR. Edwin Redvers Johns, of Orpington, Kent has been a sailor for two years, an airman for six years, a soldier for six years — and a civilian for 35 years.

There's something to be said for each Service, in the view of Mr. Johns. There's even something to be said for being a civilian (judging from the zest with which he has taken up public work).

How did Mr. Johns come to join all three Services? Why, having learned to salute the Navy way, did he join the Air Force? Why, having learned how to navigate an aircraft (and to ride a horse) in the Air Force, did he join the Army?

The story, as he tells it, is logical enough.

Mr. Johns was 17 years old when he joined the Navy, in 1917. He went on a wireless telegraphy course at the Crystal Palace, and served on the old *Jupiter*, which had funnels side by side. Then came a spell of convoy service to America. Although his ship *HMS Bayano* used to dock, ominously enough, at 13 Pier, 13 Street in New York, he escaped a ducking, and saw U-boats hunted to their death. He also served on cross-Channel convoys to Dunkirk, then a base port.

It was a good life. The food was first-class (the Navy gets top marks for food), the comradeship was fine. There was no personal brass to polish, but you had to be mighty careful how you folded those bell-bottomed trousers. You learned to wash your own clothes (which you don't always learn in the Army and RAF). Pay? Eight-and-sixpence a week, with 3s 6d as compulsory allotment to next-of-kin — and you had to stand to attention with your cap held out to receive the five shillings. But it was surprising how far five shillings went in those days. The only thing wrong with the Navy was the sea. Ordinary Seaman Johns missed a lot of that first-class food . . .

Mention demob suits to Mr. Johns, and he will tell you that when he was discharged in 1919 they gave him 35s or 40s towards a suit. Later a welcome bonus came along in the form of £12 prize money.

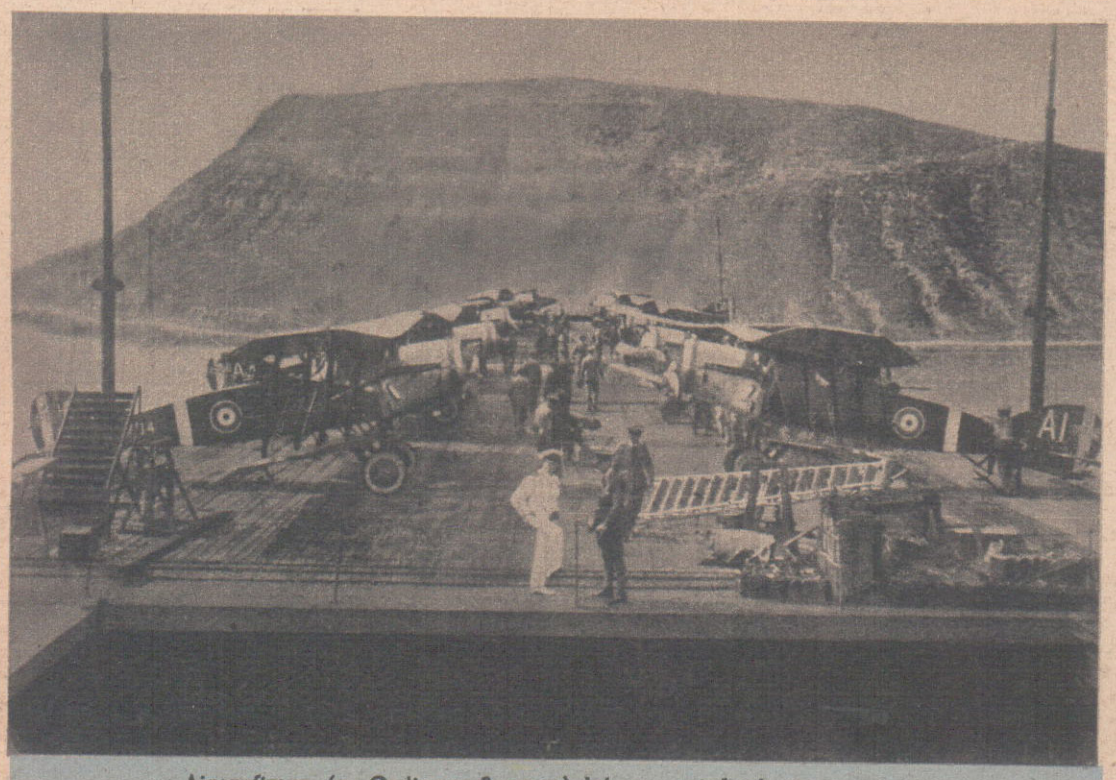
As everyone knows, the demobilisation after World War One was chaotic. Hundreds of thousands of men were turned loose, and there was no work for them. Ordinary Seaman Johns came out in March 1919; in September he still had no job. But there was one ray of hope. The Royal Air Force (late Royal Flying Corps) was taking on men. Mr. Johns went along to Henlow, Bedfordshire, to enlist, and found scores of others with the same idea — former Guardsmen, ex-sailors, Colonials, Scotsmen in their kilts, all keen to give this infant service a trial.

Mr. Johns claims to have been one of the first two men to wear RAF blue. When he was serving at Feltham he and another airman were instructed to dress up each in a different uniform — one in tunic with slacks, the other in tunic with puttees, both with a peaked cap. They were chosen because they were tall and erect and had Service experience (even if Aircraftman Johns sometimes had to be reminded, when he saluted, that he was not in the Navy now). Having been inspected they were sent up to the Air Ministry to be scrutinised again by Service chiefs. The chiefs decided against slacks, which was an initial setback for the junior service. ("You need a good leg muscle to wear puttees well," says Mr. Johns).

Still in uniform — but the badge Mr. Johns wears now is inscribed "London Transport."

One of Aircraftman Johns' first jobs was helping to collect the old Handley-Page warplanes which had been shipped home from France to Netheravon (they were too dilapidated to be flown across the Channel) and distribute them to depots where they were reassembled.

In 1922 came an interlude in Turkey, where General Sir Charles Harington, commanding the Allied forces in Constantinople and the Black Sea, faced a grave threat from Turkish forces at Chanak. It was decided to send aircraft from Britain to strengthen his hand. Aircraftman Johns found himself on board the old *Ark Royal*, which soon afterwards broke down in the Bay of Biscay and limped to Malta. But the expedition reached Turkey in time to show the flag. At the first shore base the planes capsized on landing, so a new field had to be found on the plateau at Khilid Bahr. Now an aerial gunner, Aircraftman Johns discovered the thrill of a dawn patrol over the Dardanelles. The Turkish danger died down, thanks



Aircraftman (ex-Ordinary Seaman) Johns went back to sea again in 1922—23 with these Bristol fighters on *HMS Argus*. Picture shows the planes being assembled before taking off for a Turkish airfield.

to the tact and firmness of the British general, and the force arrived back at Portsmouth in shorts and pith helmets.

Next came a spell at Farnborough, Hampshire, studying co-operation with the Army. The technique of picking up messages from the ground in those days was primitive enough; the Army erected two rifles with bayonets uppermost, joined by a long line, and the pilot had to dive low and pick up the line with a hook under his fuselage. (This did not daunt the pilots: those were the days when pilots flew under suspension bridges and spun their wheels on hangar roofs). If he wanted to send a message to a tank crew, the pilot would drop a bag of flour, which sometimes struck the tank commander on the head and smothered him. LAC Johns also helped to give "flips" to hundreds of soldiers in the Aldershot area, to get them airminded and to teach them camouflage. Mysteriously, he also found himself detailed to ride a horse in manoeuvres, and to operate a wireless set while in the saddle.

LAC Johns flew with at least one airman destined to be famous — Squadron-Leader William Sholto-Douglas. He also met Lawrence of Arabia, who was then serving as Aircraftman Shaw. Lawrence was reserved but got on well with his comrades, dodging none of the chores. He had a two-seater racing car, forerunner of the big motor cycle on which he met his death.

It was a good life, but promotion was slow. After six years LAC Johns was still LAC. There was talk of training LAC's as pilots; there was also talk of pay cuts. LAC Johns had a widowed mother to support, so he decided to come out after six years (he had originally signed on for four). This time he got £2 10s for a suit — but there *were* fifty shilling tailors in those days. He found a job as a bus driver, and kept on with London Transport for the next 14 years.

When World War Two threatened, the War Office appealed for men with knowledge of driving buses and heavy vehicles to serve as instructors. Mr. Johns volunteered, and after a bewildering series of interviews, was accepted. He and his mates drilled in civvies, at Eltham and Dover, for a month after the war began, and when the uniforms arrived they didn't fit. The "new lorries" they were expecting turned out to be well-used laundry vans, coal trucks, furniture vans and so on. One day Serjeant Johns had to take a party of drivers to Perth. They came into Victoria on the same train as a number of Dunkirk survivors, and the undiscriminating reception from the crowd was highly embarrassing. Serjeant Johns decided after that to make every effort to get posted abroad — but always to be told that he was much more useful where he was.

Until 1943 Serjeant Johns was an RASC driving instructor, a job which is apt to be more eventful than it sounds. In the last two years he was a permanent staff instructor to the Home Guard Motor Transport Companies. He did a lot of good solid, satisfying work in the Army; again he liked the comradeship; but he hankered after the spirit of the RAF.

These are some of Mr. Johns' ideas about Service life: He thinks Redcaps have changed for the better, and that discipline has changed for the worse — and he doesn't blame the one for the other. Too many men, he says, are ready to query an NCO's order. Too many men lack pride in their uniform; perhaps they would be prouder if they were given a uniform on Service dress lines — and a peaked cap. He thinks it right that NCO's should serve on courts-martial.

He agrees that amenities have improved enormously, but there are still a few things he would like to see: a bit more privacy in the "ablutions," more slipper baths, a picture or two on the walls, softer pillows (which need not mean soft discipline), no more iron beds and "biscuits." Oddly enough, he preferred forming fours to forming threes. He thinks that getting a column of men off the parade ground and on the move takes far too many unnecessary words.

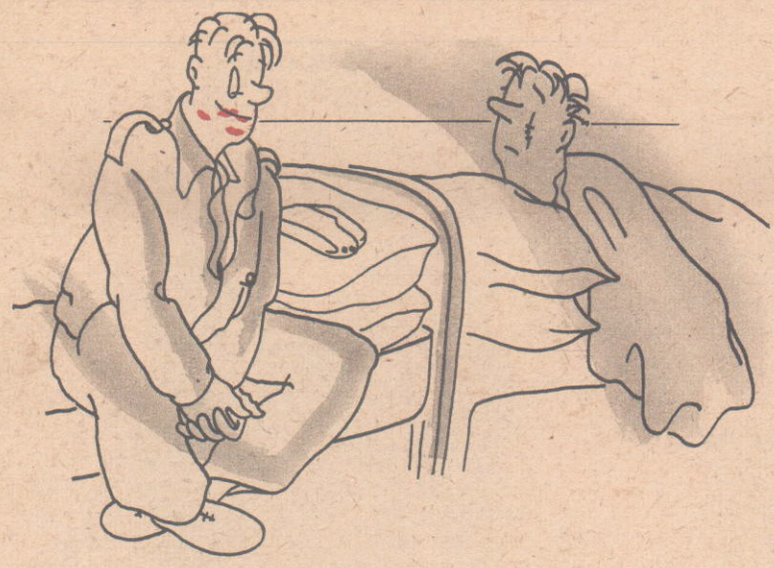
Ex-Serjeant Johns thinks it wrong that troops should not be allowed to travel at holiday weekends. He would like all Servicemen to have one clear day off each week. He is all in favour of getting in civilians to do fatigues. He thinks that units ought to explain in detail to their men just how and why the PRI money has been spent. He thinks the Army should be given light boots or shoes for walking out. He likes the idea of making men buy their clothes out of a clothing allowance. He thinks it a pity that men should have so few chances to wear their medals. He liked the Navy idea of "liberty boat" inspections before men were allowed out on leave — at least they started off smart, and that was half the battle. He liked the RAF custom of physical jerks before breakfast and a cup of gunfire tea. And he likes the Army idea of putting out a magazine like SOLDIER.

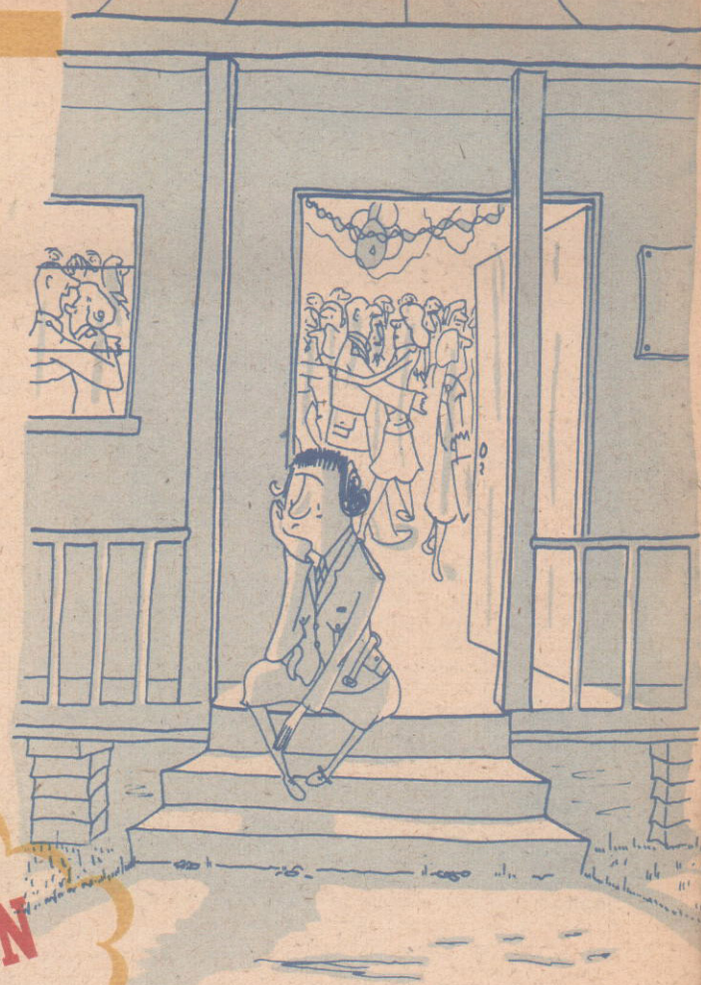
SAILOR
Ordinary Seaman Johns, 1918. The only trouble was the sea.

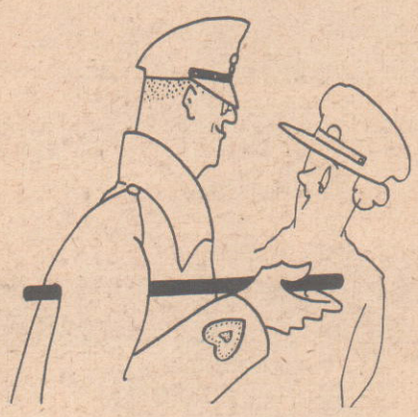
AIRMAN
Aircraftman Johns, 1921. Puttees demanded good leg muscles.

SOLDIER
Serjeant Johns, RASC, 1942. They wouldn't let him go overseas.

● IF YOU served in all three arms, why not let SOLDIER hear about it?

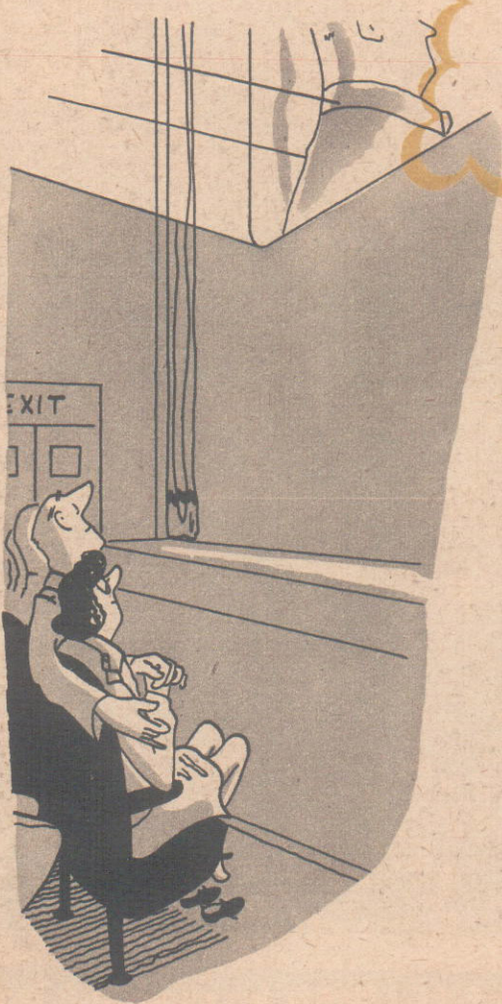






LOVELORN TYPES

by PHELIX



Do Soldiers Make a Mess of Marriage?

"WHEN the conscript comes home again, his former family life seems narrow and confined. So he marries, and, deprived as he has been of the normal formative boy and girl friendships over the period of his absence from the home circle, it is all too likely that he will marry unwisely."

That criticism comes from the magazine of the Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, an all-family club which has as its aim the encouragement of healthy living. The opinion was given wide currency in a national newspaper.

Do soldiers marry unwisely? There is no statistical answer to that question. It is not even possible to calculate whether soldiers have more or fewer divorces and legal separations than any other class of citizens, if only because so many civilians are soldiers at some time.

There are, however, welfare and legal aid workers whose job it is to understand the problems of a soldier's married life. They know that a soldier's marriage is liable to be complicated by certain problems peculiar to his calling. But generally they believe that the soldier is no more and no less liable to have his marriage break up than anyone else.

It may well have been that many of those "whirlwind marriages" early on in the war, when soldiers bound for overseas contracted hasty unions with girls whom they hardly knew, were foredoomed to failure. But the emotional atmosphere of war was to blame. Today there is obviously no need for the National Serviceman to rush into marriage when he gets his call-up papers.

How far is it true that conscription deprives the National Serviceman of "normal formative boy and girl friendships?" Surely, if he is a normal lad, he has already made a good many of those friendships before he was called into the Army. So long as he serves in Britain he has home leave to keep them up, and a chance to make new ones around his home stations. If he is sent abroad, it will not be for long enough to make much difference.

With his broader experience he has a good chance of emerging from the Army a better wife-picker than he would have been otherwise. Like Kipling's soldier, he will be able to say of each new girl friend that he "learned about women from 'er"; though, if tempted to philander, he might remember Kipling's warning:

"... the more you have known
of the others,
The less will you settle to one."

The fact is that some men will marry early anyway, National Service or no National Service (some are married before their call-up), and quite possibly take jobs which do not really suit them in consequence. But most National Servicemen leave the Army soon after their 20th birthday (in future it will be before) and that still leaves them a few years in which to finish their civilian training and settle into a good job before the girls begin to think they are too old to be marriageable.

The Army does at least help to make the young soldier into a better potential husband. It knocks off his rough corners, teaches him responsibility and — to some extent — domesticates him; if he knows nothing else when he leaves the Army he knows how to scrub, polish, wash up and darn.

But if the Army presents the National Serviceman with no marital problems which cannot be overcome with a little forethought and common-sense, the position of the Regular is rather different.

He knows when he decides to make the Army his career (and his wife should know when she marries) that his life is going to be geographically unsettled and that there are bound to be periods of separation. He accepts this disavantage in return for the advantages of Army life.

Today's conditions give him extra problems from the start. More service is spent abroad, away from the girls at home; and the shortage of married quarters means the young unmarried man abroad does not have the chance to meet the daughters of his older comrades that he had before the war.

Against that, he can and does meet the Service girls and Welfare workers who adorn overseas garrison social life (even though there are rarely enough to go round).

Long service abroad results in many soldiers marrying foreign girls. Many of the marriages work out well, especially if the girl's home background is similar to that of the soldier. Others do not, and for several reasons. Some wives who are attractive in an Eastern setting are not nearly so pleasing in an English home; equally soldiers who are dashing enough in khaki drill ordering rickshaw boys about may turn out to be just bad-tempered boors to a disillusioned wife in a bus queue on a rainy day in London.

There are girls who will face anything, viewed from a Middle East flat with two native servants, but change their minds when it comes to washing up the dishes in an English kitchen. There are the girls who cannot adapt themselves and the girls who are denied by in-laws and neighbours a chance to adapt themselves.

To the foreign-born wife, the extra separation caused by the world shortage of married quarters is often even more difficult to face than it is for the British girl, especially if the soldier and his wife are the kind of people who find it difficult to say exactly what they want to in a letter.

But when the soldier finds himself in married quarters, he has one advantage over most people: probably the house will be too small to accommodate any in-laws. And if it is overseas, it will be too far away for them to pay even a week-end visit.

The marriage experts are unanimous in praise of that blessing.

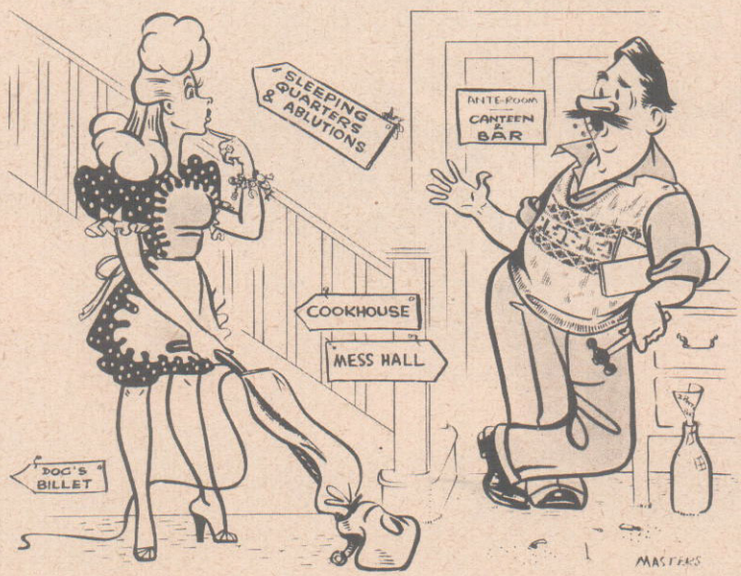
SOLDIERS CAN'T PICK BRIDES, THEY SAY

BECAUSE young soldiers, sailors and airmen miss normal "boy and girl" friendships in the Services, they are likely to make unwise marriages when demobilised, say doctors and social workers who

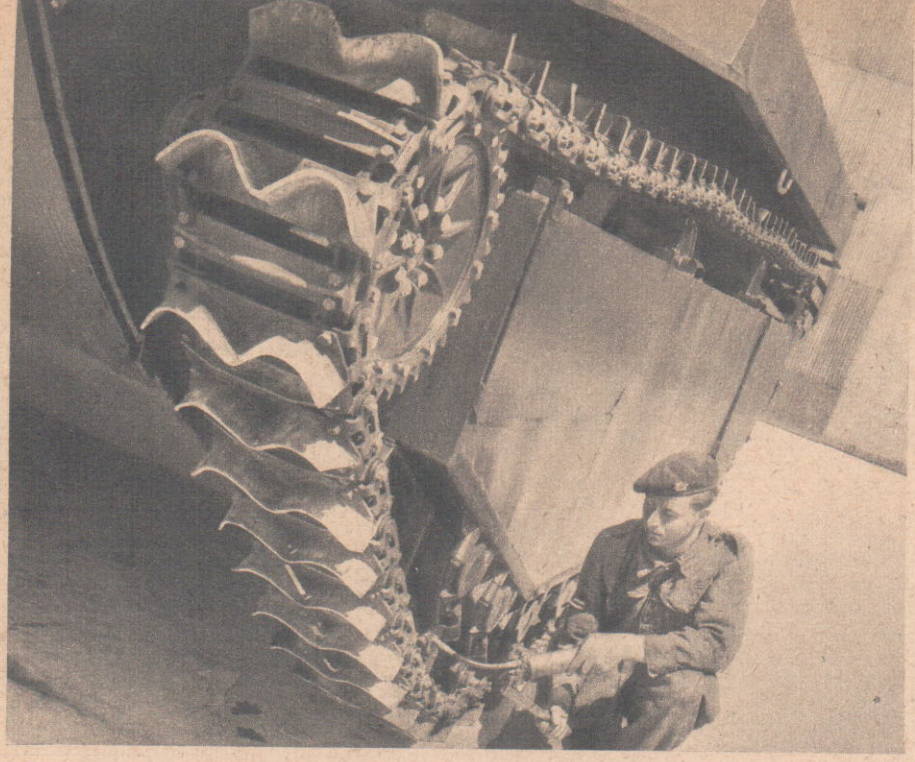
"This is an idea I picked up in the Army."

The Army teaches husbands (and wives) a lot of useful tips — or does it? These cartoons are from back numbers of SOLDIER

"See what I mean about not telling the wife too much about Army life?"



"But, darling, the Brigadier is coming tonight."



There is no scarcity of grease-points on a Buffalo, and not one must be missed.

Territorial soldiers in the West of Scotland spend amphibious weekends on the Gareloch, where beach landings are rehearsed

— Photographs by SOLDIER cameraman Desmond O'Neill

D-Day Is Once a Week

THE Gareloch is one of those long fingers of salt water poking up from the Firth of Clyde into the mountain ranges of Argyll. In the depression of the nineteen-thirties it was a "graveyard" of great merchantmen, which rusted there in rows.

World War Two brought much versatile traffic to its waters — craft which were equally at home on land or water, and craft which were equally at home on water or in the air. Today, though the white sails of pleasure yachts are back, there is still a hangover from the war years in the clustered Naval vessels and — not least — the green beach craft of 264 Scottish Beach Brigade.

The Brigade comes to clamorous life at week-ends, when Territorials from the Clyde area arrive at Rhu to practise on the Buffaloes and DUKW's, the Weasels and fast launches which

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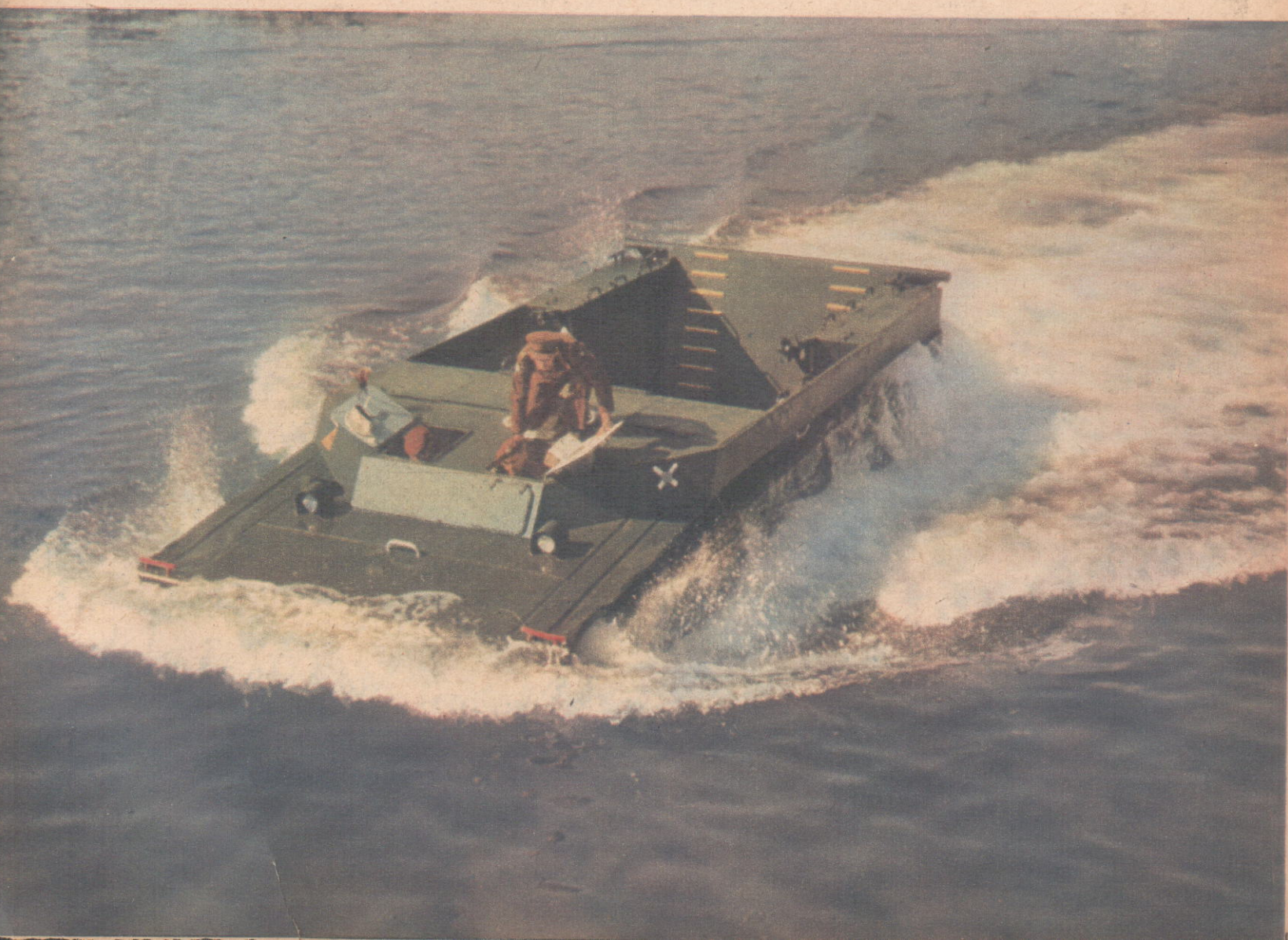
Creaming the waters of the Gareloch, a Buffalo wallows out on its weekend exercises.



Fouled anchor against the St. Andrew's Cross is the flash of 264 Scottish Beach Brigade.

are housed at the wartime seaplane base there. They learn to drive on land and water, and rehearse loading and unloading equipment on "enemy" shores. The big beach armoured recovery vehicle — the monster of the loch — comes out too, and fusses about waist-deep in water.

The Brigade, which has its headquarters in Glasgow, is not all on show at once. It includes crane-operating and port units, run by Sappers recruited mainly from the dock areas of Glasgow; and supply, petrol and fire-fighting platoons which are operated by the RASC. The Infantry consists of the 1st Battalion Glasgow Highlanders and 7th Battalion Cameronians from the Glasgow area and the 8th Battalion Royal Scots from Dalkeith. These three battalions arrive on the Gareloch for weekend training in turn, in midsummer.

Even during weekdays Rhu is not noticeably quiet, for more than 30 vehicles cannot be left to take care of themselves when the Territorials are away.

The Brigade's RASC column has a core of Regular soldiers and National Servicemen who form the training company on the Gareloch. These men, who carry out both maintenance and driving instruction, live in wooden huts nearby. Their dining hall overlooks the loch and at night they sleep with the sound of lapping water in their ears. The recreation room still has a dome in the ceiling where wet parachutes were hung to dry during the war.

The man at Rhu with the oddest job is Serjeant C. R. Pancutt, a Regular soldier in the RAOC. He has a hangar piled high with stores, most of which are dummy.

They consist of 200 RAF "bombs" ranging from 150 lbs to 1000 lbs, 300 packs of "spare parts for vehicles" all filled with sand, 500 compo boxes (sand-filled), 50 empty oil drums, 600 empty cases which should hold anti-aircraft ammunition, and 600 jerricans. At weekends the men practise marking them with signs and packing them ready for loading on to the Buffaloes. For men like Serjeant J. Patterson, a Territorial, it brings back memories of Anzio beach-head. To Lance-Corporal John McGowan Ordnance work is part of his everyday job, for he is a civilian worker in a RAOC depot in Glasgow. To 52-year-old SQMS. C. McDougall it is all in strange contrast to the sort of job they did in Ordnance when he joined the Territorial Army 26 years ago. Even the men have changed. "I think they are livelier fellows today," he says.

In charge of the men stationed on the Gareloch is CSM. S. T. Ray, of the Highland Light Infantry, who won his DCM when the 1st Battalion held one of the approaches to Dunkirk. He joined the HLI in 1922 and has been a member of the serjeants' mess for 23 years.

In winter when wet mists and drizzle sweep across the Gareloch he organises drying-rooms and issues gumboots, waterproof clothing and a third suit of battledress. The men also get six blankets.

In charge of the vehicle maintenance is Serjeant I. James, formerly with the Special Air Service. Back in 1943 he was wounded in Samos, in the Aegean, and was smuggled across to Turkey in a sailing boat by two Greeks. "I did not have much difficulty in getting out," he said.

From Glasgow comes the second-in-command of the RASC column,

OVER

Above: Last-minute instructions for the diver who goes out with the beach armoured recovery vehicle. He inspects sunken vehicles and attaches tow ropes.

Below: Craftsman James Young on his way down. He carries his own oxygen supply. The apparent ring in his nose secures a clamp over his nostrils.

D-Day Is Once a Week (Continued)

Here the diver explores for obstacles before the "sunken" vehicle is removed. Below: the rescue expedition returns to shore.

Major F. C. Loos, a Regular who claims to have been the first man to drive a DUKW on this side of the Atlantic. That was in July 1943 when he was at Dundonald, Ayrshire, at a training establishment for Combined Operations. It fell to him to take many senior officers out in his craft, among them Lord Louis Mountbatten. Later Major Loos wrote a text-book on the employment of amphibious craft in warfare and he took part in the Normandy landings.

A little way along the loch, men of REME train with their beach armoured recovery vehicle, one of a curious brood of amphibians hatched in time for the landings in Normandy, where they cleared the water of damaged craft and obstacles. A Sherman tank with the gun turret replaced by a high armoured hull, it can place its heavy nosing device against a stranded tank or landing craft and apply a powerful shove, or it can tow a craft up on to the beach.

Said the driver, Craftsman John McCormack of Hamilton, who sees only the water against his window: "I receive my instructions over the inter-com. from the commander in the turret, who acts as my eyes."

The man with the tricky job is the driver, or "hooker," Craftsman James Young, who is a road surfaceman with Lanark Council. He stands on the front platform of the vehicle ready to go below the water to examine damaged craft, apply tow cables and use his under-water cutting apparatus on metal obstacles.

Serjeant Robert Tocker, his instructor, said: "The breathing gear is very simple. He breathes his own air, so that there is no need for oxygen to be pumped down from above. Pure oxygen is carried in a cylinder which charges his exhaled breath when it passes through a canister. From the canister the recharged air goes to a breathing bag from which he can inhale. He can stay as deep as 30 feet for about 20 minutes. In an emergency he can inflate the breathing bag with oxygen from the cylinder and he shoots to the surface."

Territorials from the islands in the Firth of Clyde are picked up by one of the Brigade's fast launches. On mountainous Arran Corporal John Glew, a Regular from Sheffield, is in charge of six Territorials, one DUKW, one Buffalo, one garage, one slipway and one three-tonner. Of the six men, one was in the Merchant Navy and another in the RAF during the war.

Periodically they receive visits from Brigadier E. J. Montgomery and other officers of the Brigade. The last time Major Loos went to the island he was asked to take a march-past of local cadets, who flew the Union Jack from a lamp-post for the occasion.

Rothesay, on the island of Bute, has 35 men under three officers, two of whom are ex-RAF. Said one of them, Lieutenant W. B. Houston: "If I joined the Auxiliary Air Force I should have to go all the way to Glasgow for training, which would be impossible. So I have joined the Territorial RASC. I feel a bit out of water but am picking things up as I go along."

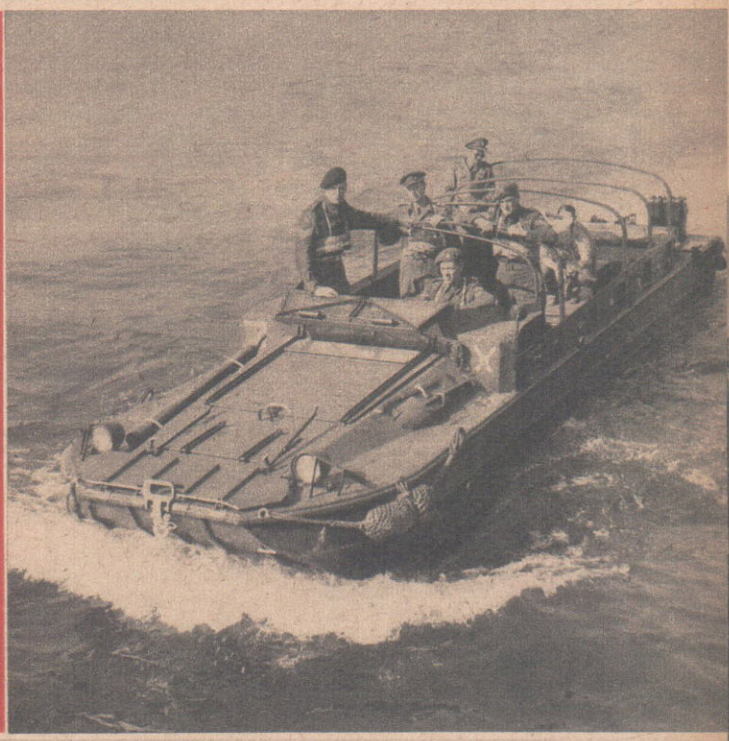
PETER LAWRENCE

Above: Disembarking exercise: men of the 1st Glasgow Highlanders spill from their landing craft.

Left: Territorials arrive by fast launch from the Isle of Arran. This is one of the Brigade's own craft.

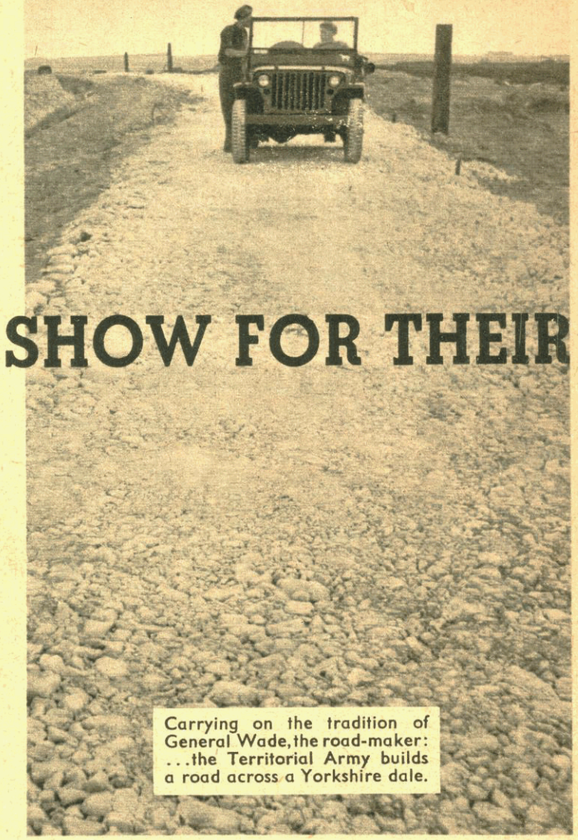
Right: A DUKW sets out on a training run. The first ride in an amphibian is always the most exciting.

Below: A group of Glasgow Highlanders on board a landing craft. They belong to the Territorial battalion of the Highland Light Infantry.



Territorial soldiers in Yorkshire were given an out-of-the-ordinary job for their annual camp. At the end of it they had —

SOMETHING TO SHOW FOR THEIR FORTNIGHT



Carrying on the tradition of General Wade, the road-maker: ...the Territorial Army builds a road across a Yorkshire dale.

FROM beyond the wooded ravine came the noise of small arms fire and an occasional explosion like that of a mortar bomb. A platoon was making an attack.

When the wind dropped, bagpipes could be heard faintly from the tents below the hills. More distant still, tank and anti-tank guns sounded.

But the war-like noises were of little interest to the Territorial Sappers busy on the open moor. Anyway, most of the noises were drowned for the Sappers by roaring engines.

The Sappers had a solid job to do. The platoon attack was just an exercise; the pipers were only practising; the guns were firing at mere canvas targets. But the road the Sappers were making over the Yorkshire countryside was real and abiding.

Low North Bridge Camp, at Harwood Dale, where several Territorial units were living, was a temporary camp. Plans had been made for a permanent one a mile or so away, near Morra Head, but first the new site needed an approach road. Who was to build it? Someone had a brilliant idea: the job would make fine practical training for Territorial Sappers doing their summer camp at Low North Bridge.

It was not a big job, as road-making goes. The new road was to be only about a mile long, a single carriage-way surfaced with limestone. But it would have its tricky problems: it was to be built on clay, which holds rain-water, so there would have to be a comprehensive drainage system if the road was not to be flooded or washed away; it had also to cross a deep ravine with a stream at the bottom, and this would have to be filled in and culverted.

When SOLDIER went to see the work in progress, 106 Field Engineer Regiment, from Sheffield, with 206 Independent Field Squadron, from Loughborough — a total of about 150 officers and men — were on the job. The work had been started by 129 Field Engineer Regiment, from Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield and Wakefield, and 326 Workshop and Park Squadron from Newark. It was to be finished by 112 Construction Regiment from Birmingham. Each of the units had a fortnight's camp in which to get on with the job — not long, since they had other training to do as well. They were helped by a small party of Regular Sappers who operated, and taught Territorials how to operate, the plant in use on the job.

It seems that 106 Field Regiment (which can trace its history in different forms almost uninterrupted from 1867) is used to having something solid to show for its training these days. In Sheffield it put up one Bailey bridge for a timber merchant and another for a paper mill (both bridges had been bought second-hand). For the Royal Agricultural Show at York it built two Bailey bridges across the race-course, so that traffic could cross without destroying the turf. And two years running it built Bailey bridges across two streams to carry traffic to and from the Bakewell agricultural show.

The road was an opportunity to test some of its other talents. Junior officers were busy taking levels. A dumper was shifting limestone, dropped on the site by a civilian contractor's van. A stone-crusher awaited its turn with the limestone.

A blade-grader and a ditching machine were cutting drainage trenches. Scrapers were picking up several cubic yards of earth at a time and carrying them to the ravine, for bulldozers and angle-dozers (bulldozers with blades which can be turned at various angles to their course) to nudge into position. Below them, the stream was trickling muddily through a metal culvert which Sappers were lengthening even as the earth was pushed on to it. Two rollers put finishing touches to surface which had already been laid. And here and there muscular Sappers, with picks and shovels, helped out the ditching machine or shovelled stones or did the other jobs that no machine can quite do by itself.

It sounds like hard work for a summer camp. It was. But for every Territorial Sapper it was a pleasant change from his civilian job in factory, office or shop. And road-making was not the only thing they did in their fortnight's camp: They had mine-laying and mine-lifting and the problems of water-supply (siting water-points and purification of water, for instance) to study. There was practical work to be done in 106 Field Engineer Regiment's workshops. For the Territorials, everyday Army jobs had novelty, too: driving a jeep, a three-tonner or a staff-car, or operating a wireless set, or going on guard. And there was the all-important training in living and thinking like a soldier.

There was none of the elementary routine training; no rifle-drill, for instance. That sort of thing can be done on ordinary drill nights and summer camp gives opportunities which must not be wasted in doing things that can be done at home.

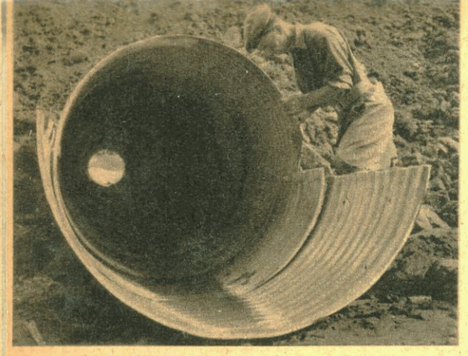
The men worked straight through from eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, with a NAAFI break at eleven. After two o'clock came dinner and the rest of the day was free, with plenty of liberty trucks into Scarborough, ten miles away, with all its holiday-season attractions.

It was a good way to spend a summer fortnight. And no one could say the time they had spared for Britain had been wasted, when there was a new road to show for it.

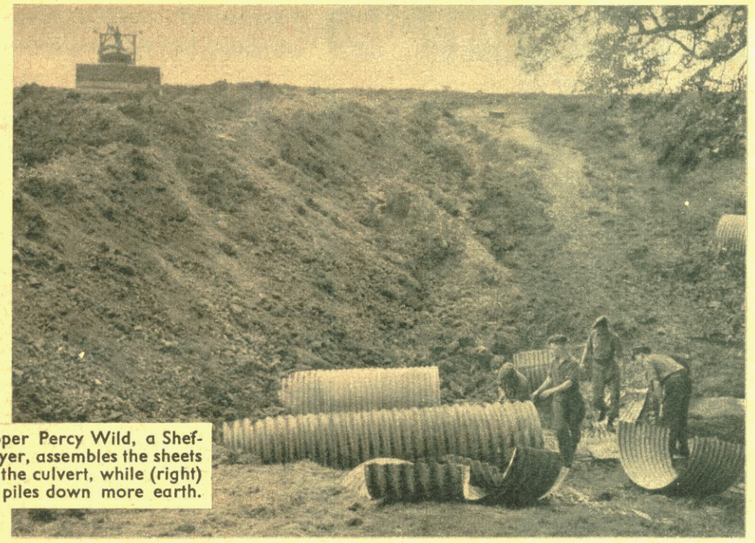
RICHARD LASCELLES

This grader is cutting a drainage ditch at the side of the highway.

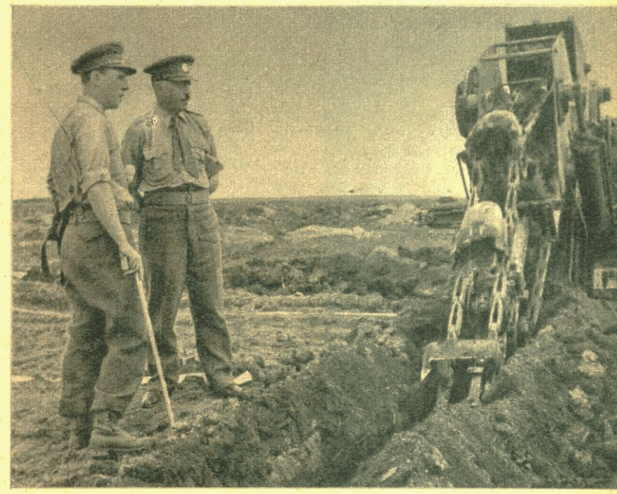
Their scraper, towed by a bulldozer, scoops off the face of the earth. On left is Serjeant J. F. Lloyd, of Loughborough, beside Serjeant C. Carr, of Sheffield.



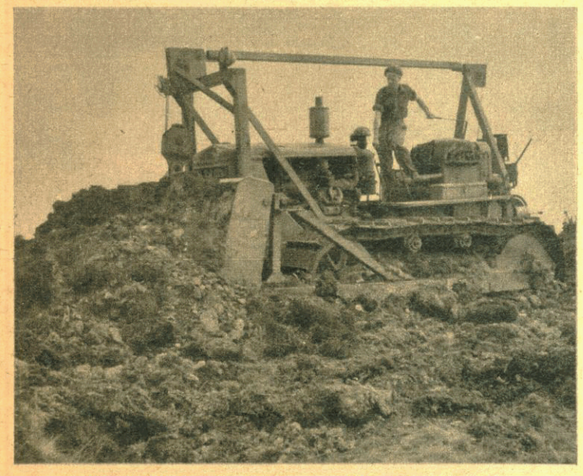
Photographs by SOLDIER cameraman L. Lee



Above: Sapper Percy Wild, a Sheffield bricklayer, assembles the sheets which form the culvert, while (right) a bulldozer piles down more earth.



Watching the ditching machine at work: (left) Captain A. G. White, in charge of this section of the road, and Lieut-Col. W. S. Tyzack, MC, Commander of 106 Field Engineer Regiment.



Irresistible force meets immovable object? Sapper Harold Powell, of Leicester, knows the answer.

But you can't do everything by machine. These three Sappers load the dumper with limestone.

RED SEA ROUND-UP

Serjeant M. Lachlan-Cope, who sends SOLDIER these despatches, has been touring the Sudan, Abyssinia and Eritrea

1 SOLDIERS AT STEAMER POINT

FOR the British Army, Aden is one of the smallest overseas stations. The Royal Air Force provides the garrison and the only soldiers there are men whose jobs the RAF is not equipped to do.

They number about 150, most of them Gunners of the 51st Coast Regiment, Royal Artillery, and Signalmen of the Aden Air Formation Signals.

The territory for which the garrison is responsible is the 80-square mile colony of Aden, with the islands of Perim, Kamaran and the Kuria Murias, and the straggling Aden Protectorate, with its 750-mile coastline, its deserts and the island of Socotra, 150 miles from Cape Gardafui.

Most of the activity is in the Colony itself and the troops find their social life at Steamer Point, as the town is known. On the face of it, Steamer Point has not much to offer apart from the native shops and bazaars, a few bars and restaurants and a cinema. But Aden is a free port, and there is good shopping at reasonable prices. Soldiers may find themselves bargaining with Hindus, Sudanese, Somalis or Arabs. Often troops in transit get shore-leave at Aden.

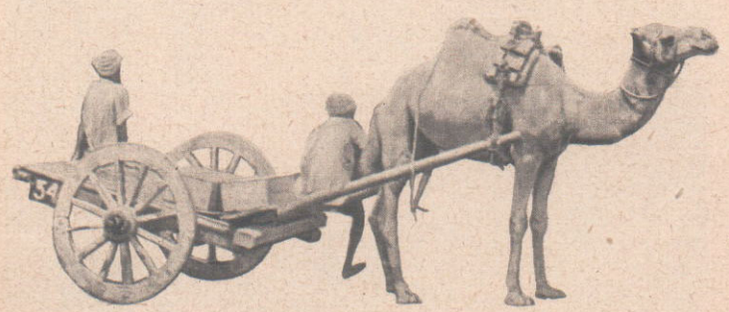
Aden is reputed to have the oldest shipyards in the world (Noah's Ark is said to have been built there), but ship-building today is confined to a few Arab dhows.

The oppressive summer heat restricts football to a September-March season. But just outside Steamer Point is one of the finest bathing beaches in the Middle East and there is plenty of boating and yachting.

NOTE: Aden was annexed to British India in 1839. It became an important coaling port after the Suez Canal was cut.

In World War Two the Italians boasted that they would take Aden after the fall of British Somaliland. The town had a few raids, but the RAF strafed the Italians in Eritrea and Abyssinia, on a much bigger scale. Aden was a contraband station and saw the backwash of the U-boat war.

Good pull-in for troopships. Aden harbour, as thousands of soldiers have seen it on their way farther East.



Above: It's quicker by road—Aden version. Right: There are gaudy souvenirs for sale in the bazaars at Steamer Point. It's advisable to haggle.

2 THEY HUNT BANDITS HERE, TOO

NOT only in Malaya are British troops called upon to help hunt out bandits. In Eritrea they co-operate from time to time with the local police to winkle out the troublesome *shifta*.

These Eritrean bandits, unlike the Malayan ones, are non-political. But they are just as murderous and ruthless, just as hard to find, just as well disciplined, often just as well armed. And they, too, operate in large bands.

The *shifta* made life difficult for the Italians who colonised the country up to World War Two. Because of them road traffic had to be convoyed and police posts set up in many places.

Since the war, there have been more *shifta:* many of the new ones were former soldiers in Italian colonial units who, after burying their weapons and going back to their tribes, took to robbery and violence as a career.

Sometimes whole villages take up the *shifta* way of life. One of them is Habella, in central Eritrea, where the leader, Debussai Abrame, controls more than 50 men and is himself wanted for murdering a police constable as well as for armed robbery. Soldiers and police, of course, have made descents on Habella, but so far they have not found Abrame or any of the young men at home.

The discipline of the *shifta* bands is often very good. One leader, Tecae Uoldogabriel, had his men so well trained that he could take them almost to their objective before he told them what they were after. Even so, his security was not completely water-tight, and Uoldogabriel was shot on the frontier of the country as he tried to get away.

Mostly the *shifta* are armed with ex-Italian Army rifles, but some have weapons a century and more old. Pistols and hand-grenades have been found among them, and automatic weapons, which they normally keep for defence. A notorious machine-gunner, Bernane Tesfai, with an eight-year *shifta* record, was recently killed by a native serjeant two seconds after murdering an Italian truck-driver.

Capturing the *shifta* is little use, unless they can be caught red-handed, because fear of reprisals stops most civilians from giving evidence against them and it is difficult to get a conviction. In any case, the *shifta* have several ways of avoiding arrest: one is to escape across the border from British-controlled territory; another is to lay down their arms and become indistinguishable from law-abiding citizens.

End of a *shifta* leader—one of the notorious Mozasghi brothers. Survivors have sworn to avenge him by killing 12 Italians.

The most satisfactory way of eliminating the *shifta* is to kill them in an engagement and the only way to make them fight is to corner them.

Most notorious of the known *shifta* were the four Mozasghi brothers, two of whom, Fissai and Beiene, were killed when they held up a bus. The remaining two are said to have sworn to kill 12 Italians for each of their brothers.

Another notorious leader is Hamid Idris Awati, who is said to have killed a native police inspector, a serjeant and three constables, to be always dressed in white, with a Sam Browne belt and pistol, and always to carry a light machine gun. He has £300 on his head.

Principal victims of the *shifta* are Italians, who are relatively rich and live in lonely settlements. Even on main roads, their cars and lorries are sometimes stopped and looted after the drivers have been murdered.

But the life of the *shifta* is ceasing to be a paying proposition. The police, with the Army to call on for help, have been fighting a successful battle. Three or four years ago, *shifta* bands contained as many as 200 and 300 men; now 50 is a big band. And the end, if the British stay here, will be extermination.

3 PATROL MENDS ITS OWN ROAD

FOR men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, a weekend trip is likely to be a more exhausting experience than for most people.

Recently a platoon covered 450 miles in a "showing-the-flag" patrol in southern Eritrea, which lasted four days. And what made it an exacting operation was that here and there they had to build their own roads.

Setting out from Asmara, they made their first stop at a town called Decamere, 1000 feet lower and already much warmer. Decamere looked attractive from a distance, but more than half the buildings proved to be empty and the place wore a neglected look: it was an unfinished project of Italian colonisation.

Next stop was Maar Aba, a primitive native village of straw-roofed mud-huts, contrasting with the third stop, Saganeiti, which is just like scores of small hill towns in southern Italy. Now they began to climb again, and they spent a shivering night 6000 feet above sea level. Next day they covered a hundred miles before lunch, visiting the Ethiopian frontier; then the patrol split into two. One way went the two 15cwt trucks and the commander's jeep, down a track which a map said was passable only to that kind of vehicle. Two armoured cars and two three-tonners kept to the main roads.

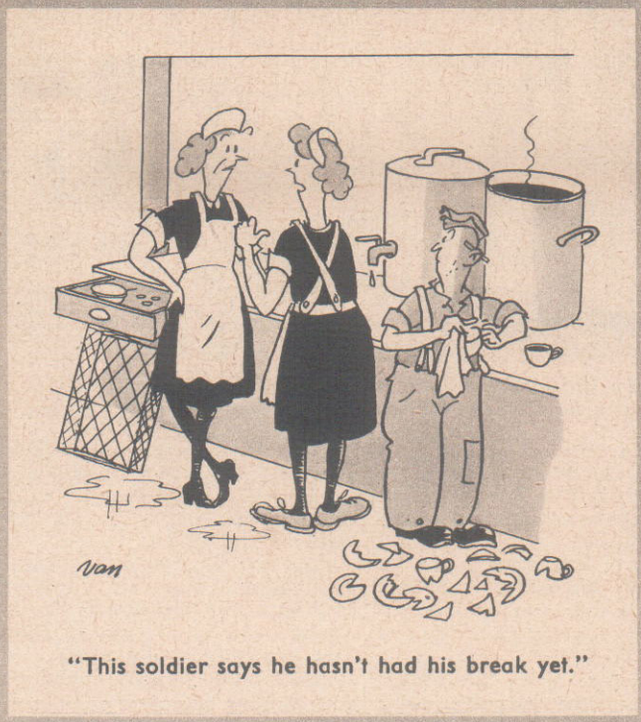
Picture illustrates a maxim for patrols in Eritrea: If your road has disappeared, build a new one.

The lighter half of the patrol ran into trouble. Its road had been blocked by rockslides over which not even the jeep could pass. The crews had to get out and shift rocks and fill holes before they could make any progress. They also had the job of digging their vehicles out of a dried-up river bed.

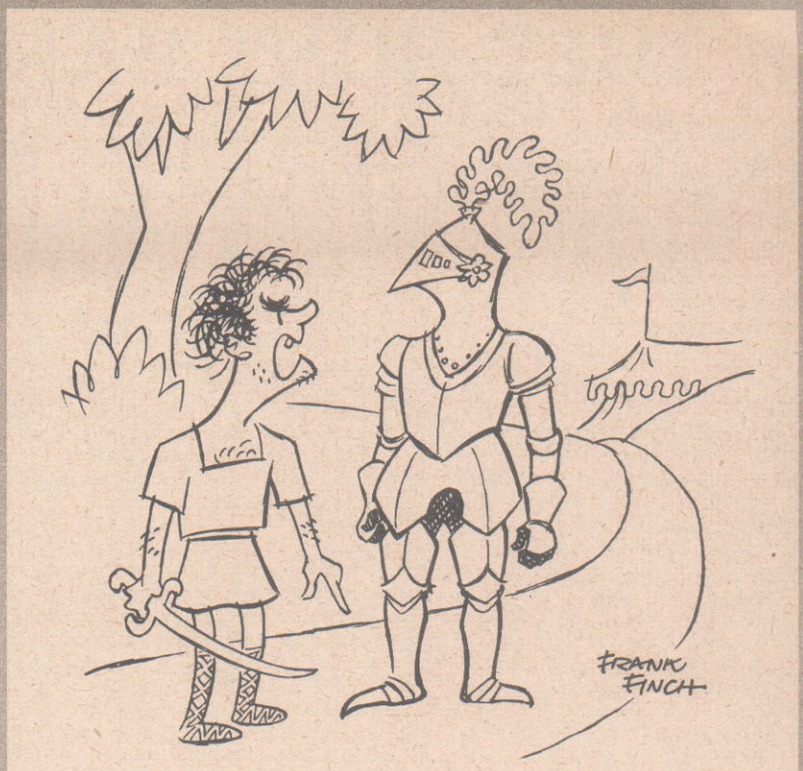
Reunited, the patrol spent a warmer night at a police post at Mai Aini, a centre of the anti-*shifta* operations.

The third morning the patrol went back towards the Ethiopian frontier, but the road deteriorated into a kind of cattle track over which only the patrol commander's jeep could pass. That night the patrol slept indoors, on the floor of some old Italian barracks. The next day they made one more visit to the frontier, but this time they had the luxury of a good road. They were back in Asmara for tea.

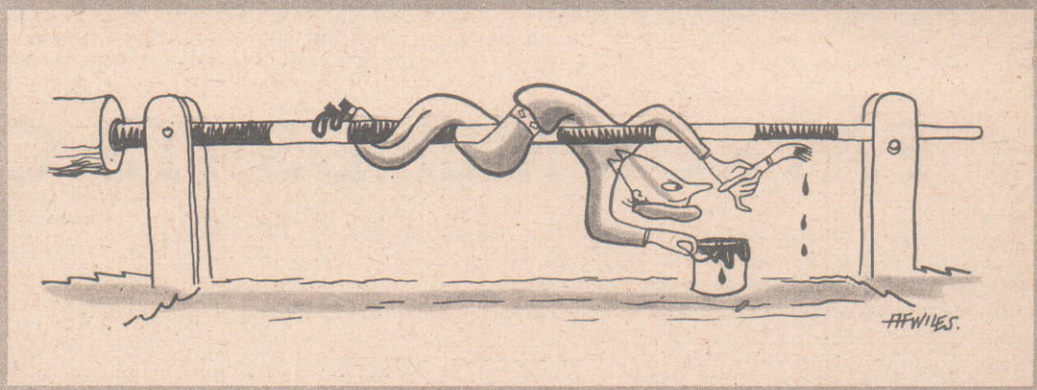
SOLDIER HUMOUR

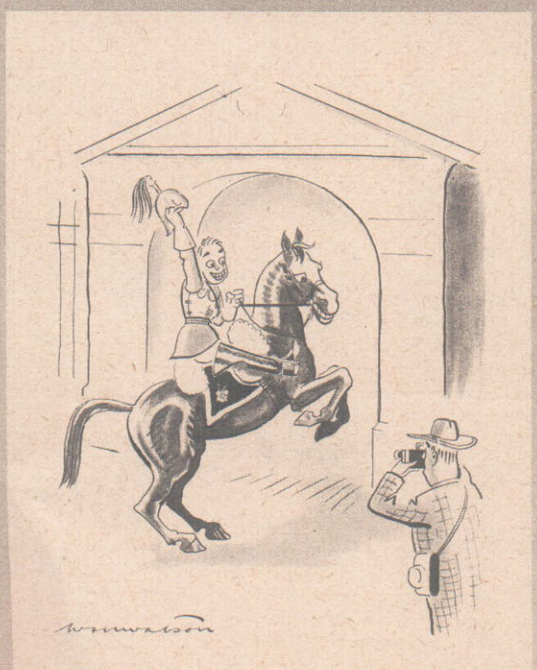


"This soldier says he hasn't had his break yet."



"Just step outside and say that again."



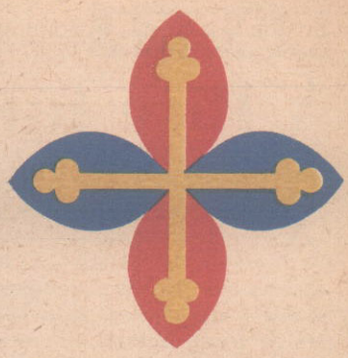


"Major Shuffell is taking care of those postings right now."

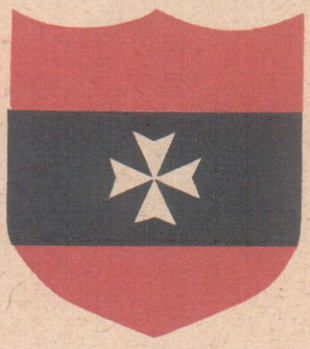
Singapore District's flash (above) is adapted from the Colony's crest; Malta Garrison retains the war-time shield.

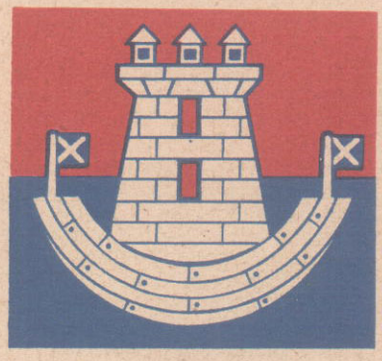
Malaya District (above) features the native kris, or wavy dagger; Caribbean Area has a black sea-horse.

Eros was chosen by the London Gunners of 97th Army Group RA (TA); Aberdeen's crest is adapted by 84th Army Group RA (TA).



Some training brigades have flashes too. Above: Wessex Brigade (based on King Athelstan's arms). Below: Mercian Brigade, with Saxon "M."





BOOKSHELF

Fifty-Nine New Flashes

LAST autumn formation badges — a prey for collectors in two world wars — became an established feature of the peace-time Regular and Territorial Armies. The Army Council decided, moreover, that they should be issued free.

Artistically, flashes have varied from near-eyesores (no names mentioned) to well-executed designs by heraldic experts (Scotland's Lord Lyon King of Arms devised the flash for 84th Army Group, RA, Territorial Army — *see above*).

Now Lieut-Col. Howard N. Cole, who two or three years ago published a book on formation badges, "Heraldry In War," has brought his labours up-to-date with another, slimmer book, "Badges On Battledress" *(Gale and Polden, 6s)*, which covers the post-war formation badges. It has a bigger field than might at first appear: besides older badges which have stayed in use, Colonel Cole has found 59 new badges which have come into existence in the past two years. Unfortunately, the reproductions in the book are not in colour.

Only one badge in use today dates back unchanged to World War One, that of the 51st (Highland) Division, TA (reproduced in last month's SOLDIER), though several keep World War One features. Between the wars only five Territorial Divisions had badges. Quite a number of World War Two badges are being retained by the formations which wore them originally, like Southern Command's Southern Cross with its 18 variations of colouring according to the arm to which the wearer belongs, and the two "T's" of the 50th (Northumbrian) Division, TA, standing for Tyne and Tees.

Other peace-time formations have inherited badges direct from more famous war-time formations. British Troops in Austria, for instance, took the old Eighth Army crusader's shield; HQ, British Army of the Rhine, wears the old HQ, 21st Army Group badge; and the Royal Armoured Corps Training Establishment wears the war-time badge of 79th Armoured Division.

Then there are designs like that of the 25th Independent Infantry Brigade which sports crossed keys as part of its badge to recall the formation's war-time role as the 5th Brigade of 2nd Division; the other part of the badge is the Torii (Japanese sacred totem) to commemorate service as the only British brigade in Japan.

For the benefit of the collector, here are two rarities: a rectangular badge, top half red and lower half blue, bearing the yellow letters AMDC, worn by men of an Army mechanised demonstration column which made a recruiting tour in 1946; and the Royal Arms of Greece on a badge worn suspended from the left breast pocket by a leather thong, the badge of the British Military Mission to Greece.

There Was A Gigantic "WOOF!"

WHEN the British Expeditionary Force was evacuating the Continent in 1940, another British Expeditionary Force — in the shape of a Royal Engineer Fortress Company — was heading for the Continent on a secret mission.

Its job (as told in "Sappers At War," by Anthony Armstrong: *Gale and Polden, 3s.)* was to destroy enormous stocks of oil and fuel in the port of Amsterdam before the Germans could reach the city.

It was a tricky task. The Dutch were our allies and it was necessary — even though the invader was at the door — to co-operate with them. Would they agree to the destruction of their fuel, just to spite Hitler?

After landing under dive-bombing at Ymuiden, the Sappers, rather surprisingly, found a special train waiting to take them to Amsterdam. Once in the city they had an embarrassingly cordial reception from the populace and the Dutch Army, who were unaware of the purpose of their visit. They told the employees at the oil installations that they were there to guard against German parachutists. It was perhaps too much to hope that men who had spent years keeping the oil from catching fire would enthusiastically co-operate in destroying it. But quietly the Sappers got on with their preparations.

Then the Dutch Admiral Rontvassigen, who was in the plot, was murdered by Fifth Columnists, and the problem for the Sappers was: would his successor know the plans, and the operative codeword?

The great city of Amsterdam was dying "even as a hunted animal dies, rent and torn apart by the teeth of the pack." For the British saboteurs, food became a problem: they were down to a sardine and a piece of bread per meal, until Dutch sailors came to their aid.

The codeword did not arrive, and the officer in charge of the party decided to blow up the tanks on his own initiative. First, the Sappers spilled out the contents of the tanks into the surrounding "moats," the better to spread the fire. It was not an easy job. The men were soaked with oil and retching with the fumes. Then the great moment came when a corporal ignited a petrol-soaked blanket and tossed it over a wall, into a lake of oil. There was a gigantic "WOOF!" and the gaudiest bonfire of the year was well under way.

"Sappers At War" contains several stories of the varied exploits of the Royal Engineers in World War Two. One describes the destruction of a bridge in occupied Greece by soldiers who struggled along the bed of a deep, dark and "impossible" ravine. The Germans could not see how saboteurs could have reached the bridge, so, deciding that the wrecking must have been an act of treachery, they shot their own guards. Another chapter describes a day in the life of a Commander, Royal Engineers in Damascus, striving to hold his own with native contractors who are quite willing to let a chimney end in the middle of a solid brick wall if they can get away with it.

The stories, though based on fact, are fictionised, with invented dialogue. They start in rather old-fashioned style with a "Come with me and let us visit . . ." Perhaps it is a pity that the adventures were not told as hard fact for the deeds of the Sappers need no fictional gloss. The author, a well-known humorous writer, was himself a Sapper.

(Bookshelf Continued on Page 34)

A Rise for Corporal Hobart

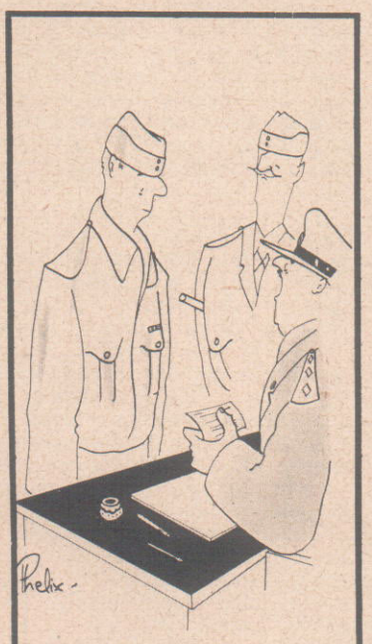
THE wide publicity given to the second volume of Mr. Winston Churchill's story of World War Two — "Their Finest Hour" *(Cassell 25s.)* — makes it unnecessary to review the book at length in SOLDIER. But in the appendices to this volume, as in those to "The Gathering Storm," are quoted many fascinating minutes and directives which went almost unmentioned in the newspaper reviews.

Mr. Churchill's minutes, known as "prayers" because they so often began "Pray let me have . . ." were always pointed and pertinent; some would say they were written with an eye on posterity. The ex-Premier was a firm believer in putting his instructions in writing, as in this way he could be sure that his name was not used loosely, or his views misrepresented.

Which does not mean that he conducted a "paper war" for its own sake. He hated long minutes. Many of his "prayers," as quoted in this volume, contained instructions like "let me know on one sheet of paper" or "let a report be prepared on two sheets only."

One of Mr. Churchill's minutes to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff said: "I was very pleased when you told me you proposed to give an armoured division to Major-General Hobart. I think highly of this officer and I am not at all impressed by the prejudices against him in certain quarters."

The piquancy of this appointment is revealed by a footnote. The man who became major-general was serving at the time as a corporal in the Home Guard.



"A pass to see Dr. Malcolm Sargent? What's wrong with our MO?"

Major-General P.C.S. (later Sir Percy) Hobart, a man with a strong personality and an original mind, was evidently in temporary disfavour at the War Office when the war began.

Mr. Churchill told the CIGS: "We are now at war, fighting for our lives, and we cannot afford to confine Army appointments to persons who have excited no hostile comment in their career. The catalogue of General Hobart's qualities and defects might almost exactly have been attributed to most of the great commanders of British history. This is the time to try men of force and vision and not to be exclusively confined to those who are judged thoroughly safe by conventional standards." (*Who's Who* summarises the later career of this one-time Inspector of the Royal Tank Corps as follows: "raised 7th Armoured Division, Egypt 1938—39; retired pay 1940; re-employed 1941; raised 11th Armoured Division 1941—42; raised 79th (specialised) Armoured Division 1942, commanded it throughout North-West Europe until 1945.")

Mr. Churchill's judgment was well justified. Under Major-General Hobart were grouped the revolutionary armoured assault devices which made possible the swift advances of the British armies in North-West Europe. On the day of the Rhine crossing Mr. Churchill was able to have "a pleasant talk" with General Hobart, then serving under Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.

Another major-general whom Mr. Winston Churchill elevated from near-obscurity was Major-General Sir M.R. Jefferis. He wrote in 1940 to General Ismay:

Report to me on the position of Major Jefferis. By whom is he employed? Who is he under? I regard this officer as a singularly capable and forceful man, who should be brought forward to a higher position. He ought certainly to be promoted to lieutenant-colonel, as it will give him more authority.

Major Jefferis was busy at the time on the "sticky" bomb for hurling at tanks. He later formed an experimental establishment at Whitchurch.

Here are a few characteristic Churchill missives:

To the Foreign Secretary:

I am sure we shall gain nothing by offering to "discuss" Gibraltar at the end of the war. Spaniards will know that if we win discussions would not be fruitful; and if we lose they would not be necessary.

To the War Minister:

There is no question of the Joint Planning Committee "submitting military advice" to me. They are merely to work out plans in accordance with directions which I shall give... Whether these should be adopted will rest with the Chiefs of Staff.

To Mr. Josiah Wedgwood MP:

Many thanks for your letter. I am hoping to get a great many more rifles very soon, and to continue the process of arming the Home Guard. You may rest assured that we should fight every street of London and its suburbs. It would *devour* an invading army, assuming one ever got so far. We hope, however, to drown the bulk of them in the salt sea.

Seemingly, nothing was too much or too little trouble for Mr. Churchill. One moment he was considering whether the time was ripe for another day of "prayer and humiliation," and directing somebody to sound out the Archbishop of Canterbury for his views. The next he was urging the Admiralty to fly a less tattered flag, or assuring the War Minister that the country could easily afford a few pounds of bronze to make badges for soldiers — "the little badges and distinctions they like so much." He even joined in the controversy which was raging in the ATS about whether girls who married should be allowed to leave. His comment: "It seems futile to forbid them, and if they desert there is no means of punishing them. Only the most honourable are impeded."

Major-General Sir Percy Hobart, 79th (Armoured) Division. "I think highly of this officer," wrote Mr. Churchill.

The Men Who Swam in Before D-Day

"TRULY the English are mad; no sane Hun could stomach the idea of a stout Army major, clad in a sarong and seated in a submarine one mile from their front doorstep, entertaining his mess-mates on the penny-whistle before paying them (the Huns) a visit!"

A strange picture of the war? There are others just as strange in "Survey by Starlight" *(Hodder and Stoughton, 10s 6d)*, an account by Ralph Neville of the exploits of one of the little-known Combined Operations Pilotage Parties.

Those Commandos — both Army and Navy — who volunteered to serve with the pilotage parties during World War Two faced spine-chilling dangers, often without companions at their side. Their job was to prospect enemy beaches in order to find out what the fortifications were like, the nature of the soil or shingle and the depth of the water. This meant a trip by submarine, often through mined waters, then a transfer into a canvas canoe, and perhaps at the end a solitary swim to the shore — all within sight and earshot of enemy sentries.

Prospecting the beaches was the major hazard, but an anxious part of the exploit was when the swimmer sought to re-establish contact with his companion in the canoe, and then to signal the submarine. It was ruled that the safety of submarines could not be jeopardised, and that in certain conditions swimmers might have to be left to their fate. And, as Major-General R. E. Laycock says in a foreword to this book: "The Germans never took kindly to clandestine operations, even when those concerned in them were dressed in uniform." Capture was certain to bring rough treatment by the Gestapo.

The occasion on which the saronged major played his tin whistle was during the investigation of the Salerno beaches, below Naples. This was a rush job. Examination of the aerial photographs of Salerno bay showed a wavy smear which ran parallel to the coast. According to experts, there was a shallow bar there, which they estimated lay at a depth of between seven and 17 feet. Much more accurate knowledge of the depth of water was necessary before tank landing craft could be used; if they grounded 200 yards from the shore the invasion might fail. The only way the information could be got was by taking soundings on the spot.

The submarine *Shelley* set out from Algeria on this mission, which involved nosing through a thick minefield and then spending a night or two inspecting the beaches, with a strong risk of being picked up by enemy radar. After groping through the mine screen they examined as much of the coast as possible by periscope in a rough sea. Then the author and another officer climbed into "Old Faithful," the canvas canoe, and began to take their soundings — a very difficult feat in a choppy sea. Next night two other officers went out into the canoe, and found themselves in the middle of an RAF raid on Salerno Bay. They were picked up after it seemed certain that they must be lost.

The author's first exploit as member of a pilotage party was when he reconnoitred the beaches below Cape Murro di Porco, Sicily. This involved a lone swim ashore from the canoe, clad in a rubber overall-suit. Attached to his belt was a reel carrying 150 yards of stout fishing line, with a stake at the end. He dug the stake into the beach near the water's edge, then swimming out to sea paid out the line. Every ten yards he trod water and took the depth with a thin lead line. "From these two factors — depth and distance — I could work out later exactly how far each type of landing craft would beach from the water's edge."

On another outing he had a most unpleasant shock:

"I chanced to glance down at my left foot and there, fastened on to it, was a large luminous object. I quickened my stroke and tried to shake the thing off my leg; but the ghastly creature still kept pace with me, and every moment I expected to feel sharp teeth crunching on my bones. I thought, with horror, of the strange, aquatic monsters that attracted their prey by an eerie, ghoulish light they shed. Suddenly the solution struck me; my waterproof torch, pointing downwards in my left hip-pocket, had sprung a leak and shorted; it was shining continuously on my foot. So that was my suspected monster!"

More serious a scare was the time these men of the beaches were nearly overrun by enemy E-boats while climbing back into the submarine.

As a story of cold-blooded bravery, this book is in a class by itself. The author, a Naval officer, is no line-shooter, nor does he attempt to minimise the perils by that continual understatement which is so much the fashion.

War as The Brigadier Saw It

ANYONE who envies a brigadier his job in wartime ought to read "Infantry Brigadier" *(Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press, 21s)*. **The author, Major-General Sir Howard Kippenberger, is a New Zealander whose fighting career was cut short at Cassino when, commanding 2nd New Zealand Division, he stepped on a mine which blew off one foot and so injured the other that it had to be amputated.**

Major-General Kippenberger, who had fought in World War One as private and NCO, joined the New Zealand Territorial Army between the wars, and in 1939 was given command of a battalion.

Early in 1940 the first New Zealand contingent set sail for Egypt on the *Dunera*. The battalions were raw, and real training could not begin until they reached North Africa. On their arrival "Lord Haw-Haw" is said to have mocked them as "country lads doomed to leave their bones in the Libyan Desert." Many of them, unfortunately, did just that, for the New Zealand battalions were badly mauled in the early confused manoeuvres against Rommel. But they gave better than they got.

The New Zealanders went on the ill-starred Greece expedition and withdrew to Crete, where they received the full force of the German airborne onslaught. At one stage on Crete Captain Roy Farran (of "Winged Dagger" fame) reported back with what seemed to be the two remaining tanks. General (then Colonel) Kippenberger said that he had two companies of Infantry: would Captain Farran go into action again with them? Captain Farran said that he would, but he would like a wounded driver and gunner replaced. A party of Sappers who had just arrived were invited to volunteer and two men promptly did. Captain Farran was instructed to give them a ten minutes course of instruction down the road and then the attack went in; both tanks were knocked out. Those were desperate hours.

Back in North Africa, the author was recovering from wounds in a surgical tent when the position was overrun by the Germans. A restless patient, he rose and, with the aid of another captive, placed a coil of wire in the road between two tents. A small German staff car ran into it, and the occupants leapt out and ran away. The New Zealanders grabbed an attache case from the car and went through the papers, which were interesting but of no particular value. When the occupants of the car came back the two men were lying down in their tent looking very sick.

An escape plan was hatched, and a vehicle was earmarked for stealing. Getting aboard had to be done very unobtrusively; and once they all had to climb out again and disappear. When they did get aboard again, the driver pressed the starter button and nothing happened. The switch had been left on all night. Defeat? Certainly not. Just then a German-captured British three-tonner drove up and halted nearby and the crew dismounted. In no time the New Zealanders were in this truck and speeding away, past slow-witted sentries who did not open fire. Very soon they were chased and fired on, but their captors this time turned out to be South Africans.

"Infantry Brigadier": Sir Howard Kippenberger.

Confused and frustrating as the pre-Alamein fighting was to the ordinary soldier, it was even more frustrating for those in command of regiments and brigades. There was bitterness between foot soldiers and tank men. But with the arrival of General Montgomery a new spirit swept the desert. General (then Brigadier) Kippenberger had one clash with General Montgomery, who was convinced that an ammunition explosion had been caused by the New Zealanders smoking.

The book contains a good deal of frank speaking and there is no glossing over of errors (least of all the author's). There is a revealing glimpse into the unorthodox higher command of the 2nd New Zealand Division. General Freyberg would call his brigadiers together and they would talk over plans bluntly and informally; sometimes the VC general found himself talking the "brigadiers' union" into a change of mind.

Decorated in the desert: General Sir Claude Auchinleck stands by as a brigadier reads the accounts of the deeds of three New Zealand officers. They are (left to right): Lieut. C. H. Upham, the double VC, Lieut-Col. H. Kippenberger (whose book is reviewed above), and Major R. Lynch MC.

DIE NEMESIS

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

GAY: German caricaturists had their fun while it lasted. Above (left) is a bit of whimsy showing a policeman preventing a British soldier from listening to the siren strains of Lili Marlene (the tune the Army captured). On right Mr. Churchill is seen fleeing from Nemesis in the shape of the flying bomb.

GRAVE: By 1944 German war artists had seen the shape of doom. The revealing pictures below were on exhibition in Germany in the year the Allies landed.

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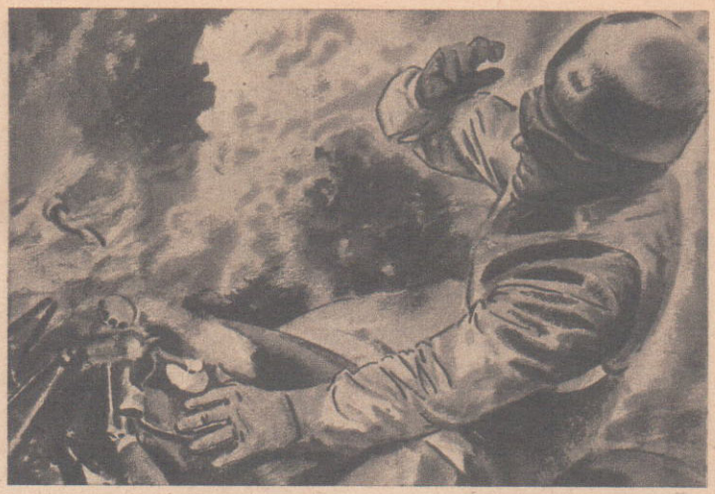

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Exhibition motor-cycle rider crashed while making a blindfold dash through flames, badly cut and burnt one hand. Ambulance attendant applied T.C.P., which promptly relieved pain. Healing proved clean and rapid, and he did not have to miss a performance. *(Report on files at T.C.P. Laboratories.)*

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SPORT

THE SERVICES FIGHT IT OUT

ARMY athletics are looking up, says Captain R. A. Morris, Royal Engineers, captain of the Army team which this year won the inter-Services championship from the RAF at Aldershot.

The Army scored 57 points against the RAF's 52 and the Royal Navy's 27. In the women's events the WRAC scored 61 points against 48 by the WRAF (previous holders) and 41 by the WRNS.

Eleven records for the meeting were set up, five in the men's events and six in the women's. One notable feat was that of Junior Commander P. Pridmore, WRAC, who beat by a tenth of a second the time of 11.6 seconds set up in 1947 by Junior Commander A. Williamson, who represented Britain in the Olympic Games. Junior Commander Williamson herself set up new inter-Services records for the long jump and 220 yards.

Twenty-eight-year old Captain Morris is the crack miler who represented Britain in the Olympic Games. His time for the Army mile record, which he holds, is four minutes 14.8 seconds, but he has chipped three seconds off this in the Amateur Athletic Association championships at the White City. He competed against France on 1 August.

A Regular officer with eight years service, Captain Morris believes in specialised training, and thinks that runners attain their peak at 30 to 32 years. He hopes to reach his best at about that age, when he is planning to tackle longer distances (Wooderson was doing his best times at 32).

Captain Morris keeps in training the year round, concentrating on the mile, but running an occasional 440 yards as part of his speed training. He started serious running only two years ago.

In the Army's one-mile team race: Capt. R. A. Morris.

Olympic competitors together: Junior-Commander A. Williamson and Captain R. A. Morris, captains of the WRAC and Army teams. Below: Serjeant M. Ring (WRAF) clears five feet to set up a new inter-Servives record.

Corporal P. Goldsmith (Army) throws up a "bow wave" as he finishes the hop, step and jump. He and Corporal G. Harris won this event for the Army.

Serjeant Laing (RAF) narrowly wins the 880 yards relay from Lieut. A. D. Coote (Army). *(Pictures on this page by W. H. Pearson and W. Stirling.)*

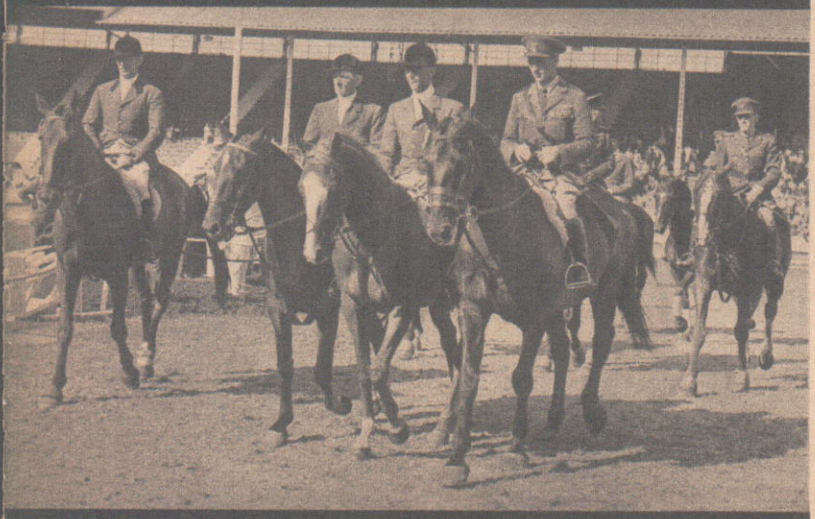
A former jockey, Trooper C. Jones, Royal Scots Greys, was military groom with the British team of horsemen.

ARMY RIDERS ON FORM

TWO Army officers—Lieut-Col. H. M. Llewellyn, OBE, who served with the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and Major D. N. Stewart, DSO, MC, Royal Scots Greys — were in the team of four horsemen which won the Prince of Wales Cup at the International Horse Show, White City. Faults were: Great Britain 23, Eire 32, Holland 94. France scratched. The British team were congratulated by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

(Sport continued on page 41)

Over the top goes Major D. N. Stewart, DSO, MC, Royal Scots Greys, on Kilgeddin. The horse belongs to Lieut-Col. H. M. Llewellyn, OBE, (on left of picture below), who was on Field-Marshal Montgomery's staff.



The British team photographed at the International Horse Show at White City. An Eire rider is on right, in rear.

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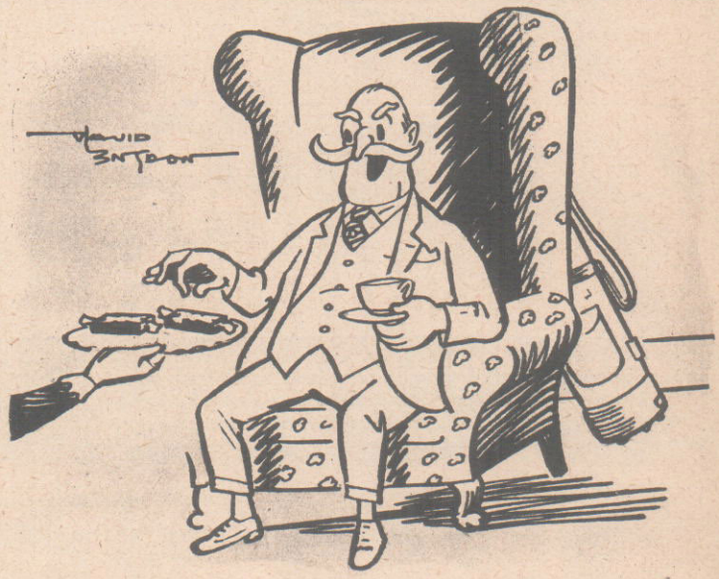

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At Highland Games (or at any other sports meeting where Scotsmen are in action) it is advisable to give a 200-foot berth to competitors in . . .

The Gentle Art of SWINGING THE LEAD

(or Throwing the Hammer)

First check that the wire is properly fixed to the hammer. If it is not, all sorts of unpleasant things can happen.

THROWING the hammer — a popular event at Highland Games and Scottish regimental sports — is apt to baffle the uninitiated spectator.

For the hammer is not in the least like a hammer. It is more like a cannon ball on the end of a wire.

Hammer-throwing is a sport which the Scots took over from the Irish. Many outstanding hammer-throwers of this century — including a number from America — have been of Irish stock.

In ancient times, the Celts who devised the sport threw a chariot wheel complete with axle. As chariots became obsolete, the wheel was replaced by a heavy stone which in turn gave way to the blacksmith's sledge-hammer.

King Edward II encouraged the game and Henry VIII is said to have included it among his many accomplishments. Early last century the head of the sledge gave way to a round ball of between 16 lbs and 21 lbs. Later the wood shaft was replaced by a thin, flexible cane handle.

The process of throwing it consisted of swinging the device several times above the head and then letting it fly backwards over the shoulder, the thrower keeping his feet firm. The Irish allowed the thrower to revolve his body as well, thus helping to generate momentum.

Today the hammer consists of a brass or lead ball (it can be hollow, but the weight must be constant) attached by a swivel to a straight piece of steel wire, the whole not more than four feet in length. The weight of 16 lbs includes the wire. For Army competitions the type of hammer and the weight never vary, but in some Highland games hammers up to 28 lbs are used, often with a wood handle, and there are sometimes high-throwing contests in which a 56 lbs hammer is used. (It has been known for this hammer to be hurled over a horizontal pole 14 feet up.)

For normal hammer-throwing, the thrower stands with his feet 18 inches apart and with the lower joints of his fingers inserted in the wire loop. He starts to swing the hammer about his head and when sufficient momentum has been worked up he pivots on each foot, revolving his body three or four times before letting go. The hammer must land within a 90 degrees arc marked on the ground and the thrower must remain within a seven-feet circle.

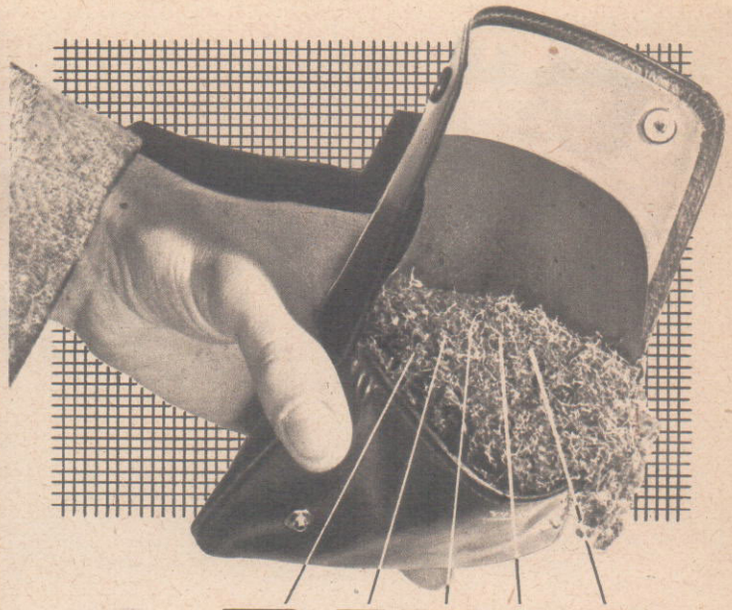
In most regimental sports the average throw is between 70 and 100 feet. The world's amateur record is held by Nemeth of Hungary, who threw 193 feet 7½ inches in 1948. The British record is 173 ft 5 in (set up by Duncan Clark last month) and the Army record is held by CSM. J. Rioch of the Scots Guards who threw 142 feet 3 inches in 1947.

One crack hammer-thrower was A. E. Flaxman, a Yorkshireman of less than 11 stone, who could throw well over 150 feet, or more than one foot of distance for every pound of his own weight.

Flaxman joined the South Staffordshire Regiment in World War One. Not unnaturally he became an expert grenade-thrower and once, when some of his men were buried in a forward position, he crawled forward and kept the Germans at bay with a torrent of grenades while a fellow officer dug out the troops. Though recommended for the Military Cross, he did not receive it. He was killed on the Somme in 1916.

BOB O'BRIEN

Now get the hammer swinging round your head. Then swing yourself round with it. Then (below) let go—in the right direction. (You have 90 degrees latitude.) Demonstrator: CSM. Norman McLean.



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What Did The Guards Do To Deserve This?

WHEN Hollywood gave the world that memorable piece of whimsy showing Errol Flynn reconquering Burma, there was an outcry from British soldiers. They could face death and dysentery, but not that.

Now Hollywood (or rather Hollywood-in-Britain) has produced something of a challenger in "The Conspirators" which tells how a traitor (repeat, traitor) in the Brigade of Guards supplies secrets to a continental power.

So far there have been no scarlet-coated pickets, bearing placards, "Unfair to the Guards," outside the Empire in Leicester Square. The Guards have probably decided that this is one thing they will have to take with a brave laugh. They will have noted approvingly that one newspaper critic spoke of the film as "blasphemy." (Another critic wondered whether the Guards who took part in the film knew what the story was going to be.)

Hollywood will probably point out that the film is based on a book published in Britain. But if Mr. J. Arthur Rank got hold of an American novel about a traitor at West Point, filmed it and sent it for showing in America, is it not likely that he would get a poor press?

As a film "The Conspirators" is not without entertainment value, but the methods of spying it portrays are out-of-date hocus-pocus.

The action takes place in London, 1949. Robert Taylor is a glamorous Guards major (wearing most of the World War Two ribbons), and speaking with an American accent, in spite of a supposedly Irish background. He appears to be nothing more than a dashing major-about-Mayfair. But every now and then the postman delivers to his home a picture postcard of the Tower Bridge, bearing no communication. When these cards arrive the major lies his way out of his engagements for the evening, sneaks from the house in mufti carrying an old raincoat and dives into the Underground (in a double sense). After changing trains once or twice just as the doors are opening or closing, to shake off possible pursuers, he arrives in a suburb where he pulls on an old felt hat and a pair of glasses and sneaks into the back of a terrace house to meet the representatives of the Party (one of whom is Comrade-Director Radek).

There the major triumphantly hands over records of General Staff conversations. He is even able to deliver a copy of "the Anglo-American military co-operation plan," which presumably he found in the Orderly Room at the Guards barracks (for the major is serving as a regimental officer, and for all we know is organising unloading at the docks).

The major marries an American girl (Elizabeth Taylor), but still keeps the old raincoat and false glasses in the hall cupboard, and leaves his uncoded documents lying around in his trousers pockets. The Party takes a poor view of his marriage ("because wives ask questions") but the Party's own idea of security is pretty pathetic. Surely the way to attract the attention of postmen or housekeepers is to keep sending blank postcards of the Tower Bridge to the same address?

Detected by his wife, sentenced to death by the Party, the major puts on his dress uniform and shoots himself. Hot on his trail are British Intelligence, who knew he was a rogue all the time. If this is intended as a sop to the British Army, it is a belated one.

PS: The sentry at the barracks must have suspected that the major was a bad type, or why did he give him only a butt salute instead of a present arms?

Coming Your Way

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

WHISKY GALORE

War brings gloom to a lonely Scottish island: there is no whisky. Then a ship laden with 40,000 cases is wrecked on its shore. "Hands off!" says authority, represented by Basil Radford and Bruce Seton. But the islanders, who include Joan Greenwood, Wylie Watson and Gordon Jackson, have their own ideas.

SORROWFUL JONES

Damon Runyon's sentimental Broadway bookmaker played by Bob Hope. Lucille Ball helps smuggle a horse into a hospital so that a dying child can look at it and live.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES

The ladies, Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern have lost a husband. Whose? They don't even tell the publicity boys.

IT'S MAGIC

What happens when a wife spies on a husband and a husband spies on a wife. With song, dance and colour. Stars: Jack Carson and Janis Paige.

CASBAH

Pepe le Moko all over again without Boyer or Lamarr. Instead, Yvonne de Carlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre and Katherine Dunham and her dancers.

BLOOD ON MY HANDS

Murders in Limehouse-in-Hollywood. Stars: Joan Fontaine and Robert Newton.

DOWN TO THE SEA

Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore, whaling and not one woman.

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ADDRESS :— .....

.....

.....

Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for .....

Rank ..... Signed ..... Unit .....

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.

FIRST AID

I think your reply to "Helpless" (July) evades the issue. First aid should form part of the elementary training of every soldier, and each man should be required to pass a test of elementary training just as he has to in weapon training. Even in peace-time men die because their pals do not know how to stop bleeding.

I was in only one unit where first-aid instruction was compulsory, and every man had a summary of "First aid for fighting men." Surely the Army can spare five hours of instruction in an essential part of any soldier's fighting knowledge. — **"Ex-Sapper", Highbury Road, Birmingham 14.**

QUEEN'S SALUTE

A reader asks about the "Queen's Salute" (July). Where the movement originated I do not know, but the correct title is "Queen Anne's Salute." It is carried out in one movement starting from the slope: bring the right hand across the chest, take hold of the small of the butt, simultaneously slipping the middle fingers through the trigger guard. Take one pace forward with the left foot, at the same time bringing the rifle off the shoulder, using the right hand only. Hold rifle in front of you with the magazine away from you. Allow it to swivel on the fingers. Let the barrel swing away from you until it comes underneath the right arm. Hold it there, at the same time going down on the right knee, and shade the eyes with the left hand.

I was taught this movement in the RAF in 1943 and at an Infantry training centre at Carlisle in 1944. A friend tells me he was taught it in the Irish Guards in 1948. Another learned it in the Lancashire Fusiliers in 1946. — **Cpl. W. Crawford, 1st. Bn. King's Own Royal Regiment, BETFOR.**

There is a drill movement called the "Queen Victoria Salute." Bring the rifle from the slope to the first movement of the secure arms position, catching the trigger guard with the index finger of the right hand. Swing the rifle down and round, at the same time adopting a kneeling position on the right knee. The rifle is then rested with the butt on the ground and the muzzle protruding above the back of the right shoulder. The head-dress is then removed with the left hand and placed in front of the shoulder. On the order "Slope arms" the movement is reversed. — **"Obliging Fusilier" (name and address supplied).**

★ *Both these drill movements are unknown to the War Office. An Irish Guards Regimental Serjeant-Major told SOLDIER: "I have never heard of these salutes. Somebody has been having his leg pulled."*

OVER THE WALL

In "The Other Side of the Wall" (SOLDIER, July) you give the name of the unit as No. 3 Military Corrective Establishment. Is this correct, as we have a unit of the same name and number in Austria? — **Cpl. M. Hellas, The West Yorkshire Regiment, BTA.**

★ *It is correct. Originally each unit was known by a different description although each had the number "three." When they were given their present name it was thought unnecessary to change the numbers as they are in different commands.*

RAINCOATS

Why cannot troops be issued with light military raincoats? During inclement weather the only protection a soldier has is the out-of-date groundsheet which, as the name denotes, is designed to protect a soldier from the wet ground when sleeping in the open.

Irrespective of the weather, the soldier must carry on with his work when in the open and it is impossible to work well when wearing a groundsheet. The obvious solution is a light weatherproof mackintosh, similar to an officer's, which is smart, allows a man to do his work and keeps him dry. A man when wet is miserable and consequently inclined to neglect his work.

I suggest that half of the cost be chargeable to public funds and the rest to the soldier, who shall have the option of keeping the coat when he leaves the Service. — **Cpl. A. Beckett, 2nd. Infantry Divisional Signals Regiment.**

★ *Recently Mr. Emanuel Shinwell said in the House of Commons that "for financial and other reasons it is not practicable to add a raincoat to a soldier's order of dress."*

The soldier's dress is designed for active service. A raincoat would be cumbersome for wear in battle and would not be as effective as the groundsheet for sleeping on in the open. If heavy rain falls suddenly when troops are on the march, a groundsheet is much easier to slip over the shoulders than a raincoat, and equipment does not have to be removed in order to wear it. Also the soldier can easily keep his rifle dry under a groundsheet.

EDUCATIONAL

Two of us taking the Forces Preliminary Examination have been told that our pre-war First Class Certificates of Education exempt us from having to take the first part of the Forces Preliminary. Is this true and if so, under what ACI? — **WO II C. R. Thompson, GHQ Medical Stores Depot, Suez, MELF.**

★ *No, it is not true. A man holding a pre-war First Class Certificate of Education is exempt from having to*

take the same examination again now, but no Army Education Certificate exempts him from taking the Forces Preliminary Examination. Holders of the FPE Certificate, however, are exempt from having to sit other Army Examinations (see ACI 350/49).

Can you please tell me if a Day School Certificate issued by the Committee for Higher Education, Scotland, exempts me from sitting for the Army First Class Certificate of Education? — **MQMS C.S. Cassie, 3rd. King's Own Hussars, BAOR 22.**

★ *No. The only Scottish Education Department Certificate which the Army recognises as equivalent to the School Certificate, and which would therefore exempt the holder from taking the Army First Class Certificate examination, is the Senior Leaving Certificate.*

TA LAYERS

Did TA artillery units hold laying competitions before the war and were prizes given? Could the men sit for Army certificates of education and was this opportunity also afforded to civilians? — **Gunner W. Ivory, 15th. Medium Regiment, RA, BAOR.**

★ *Laying tests in the drill books were used as the basis of competition in most Territorial field and coastal units. Prizes were often given and sometimes there were "laying shields" that were competed for annually, usually at camps.*

Territorials did not sit for the certificate of education and the only civilians allowed to do so were soldiers who had been transferred to the reserve or discharged, and who wished to complete first-class or special examination. They had to have qualified already in two subjects, applied in writing to the War Office by a given date, and paid their examination fees.

FOR BUSINESS MEN

Is there a vocational training scheme for ex-Regulars run by the Ministry of Labour and, if so, what leaflet describes it?—**Sjt. R. H. T. Brooks, Singapore.**

★ *There is a business training scheme for ex-Regulars, described in leaflet PL309, obtainable from the Ministry of Labour.*

GOING CHEAP

Travelling in Germany is difficult and expensive for the soldier. Why not a cheap season ticket for use on German trains by British Servicemen? — **Cpl. J. P. Powell, 23 Field Engineering Regiment, RE.**

LEGAL AID

I understand that a soldier may be represented by a lawyer at a court-martial if he is prepared to pay. Is there any scheme by which he can receive legal aid from Service sources? I have heard that if a soldier is found guilty, he is responsible for paying his lawyer's fees and expenses, but that if found not guilty these are paid from military funds. Is there any truth in this?

Can you tell me the cost of having a lawyer travel to BAOR to represent a soldier at private expense?—**"Sergeant" (name and address supplied).**

★ *A soldier may (a) conduct his own defence; (b) be assisted by an "accused's friend" (someone who can advise him but may not address the court); (c) choose and be represented by a defending officer; (d) instruct a solicitor or barrister to appear on his behalf at his own expense; (e) apply for a grant of legal aid under ACI 603/47. This scheme applies to all forces in Britain and a slightly modified scheme applies to Europe and to most cases in the Middle and Far East.*

When applying for legal aid the soldier discloses his financial position and legal aid is granted subject to a contribution by him towards the cost. The scale varies. For example, a single soldier with no income other than his 5s 6d a day and without capital over £50 (£100 if married) would pay £1.

The War Office keeps a roll of solicitors and barristers from which a short list of four or five is sent to the accused, who chooses one. He may instead nominate his own and the War Office will engage him provided he is willing and prepared to accept on War Office terms. There is no truth in the belief that the soldier pays the whole cost if found guilty. It is not possible to give an estimate of the cost of engaging a private lawyer at a BAOR court-martial.

TO SINGAPORE

I am off to Singapore soon. What is the position about taking luggage for my wife and myself?—**"Married Soldier" (name and address supplied).**

★ *If going together by ship you can take two cwt. for yourself and your wife can take five cwt. If there are no married quarters awaiting you, your wife can take another three cwt. For each child one-and-a-half cwt. is allowed. In addition a pram may be taken.*

(More Letters on Page 46)

BUYING OUT BAN

THE War Minister announced in the House of Commons (19th July) that it has been necessary for the time being to impose a ban on buying out by all soldiers with more than three months' but less than three years' service.

The number of soldiers who bought their discharge during the year ending 31 May 1949 was 4110, said Mr. Shinwell. This figure included 700 who obtained free discharge either on compassionate grounds or after 16 years' service. The instructions governing buying out (given in ACI 768/48) are amended from time to time in accordance with manpower requirements, which is the reason for the present ban.

NOTE: The ban does not affect recruits to the Regular Army with less than three months' service who can claim discharge by purchase under the Army Act, Section 81 ("If a recruit within three months after the date of his attestation pays for the use of His Majesty a sum not exceeding twenty pounds, he shall be discharged with all convenient speed . . ."). A soldier so discharged who has not yet reached call-up age is still liable to National Service.

MORE LETTERS

BATTLE AXE

In your May issue you had an article entitled "Ceremony of the Battle Axe" in which you state that the Battle Axe Company is the 74th Battery, RA. Doesn't the honour of having the Battle Axe really belong to 25/26 Battery of the 7th Medium Regiment, RA? I am very interested in this, being an old member of the 7th Medium Regiment.—**J. F. McPhee, 135 Beaumont Rd., Potts Wood, Kent.**

★ *The number has been changed. The 74th Battery is the old 25/26 Battery (the change was notified in ACI 229/47). Still further back it was the 25th Battery RA.*

OFF HIS CHEST

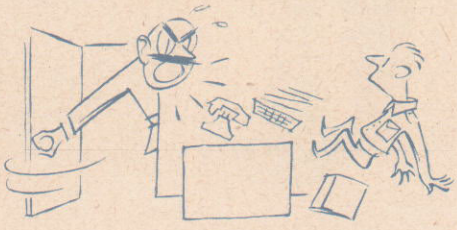
I would like to air my views on a few topics.

You are in the habit of spelling sergeant with a "j". As the RAF type remarked, you are a "gen job," and I also understand that this is the correct spelling and is so taught in Army schools. However the usual way is with a "g". Could you supply the origin of both spellings and give a ruling? Incidentally, I consider the "j" gives a charming dignity to the word and so to the rank.

Now, a bitter grievance: the Army clerk is a "C" tradesman. Under the new rates he can never achieve any worth-while money until promoted serjeant, and has no incentive to pass a trade-test, or, if trade-tested, to take higher grades. I am a Class II Clerk and draw the same pay, with six years service, as an A II fitter, trooper, with one year's service. I taught myself clerking and took the Class II test without a previous course; my reward is that I cannot transfer to another Corps, could not buy out if I wanted to and cannot even change my employment in the unit. I am paid less than other soldiers who take no responsibility, have no service and who finish work punctually on the hour. These same men feel insulted if I cannot answer their questions immediately, or use my supposed "influence" with the OC to further their murky plans. A clerk is in any case regarded as a boot-licking scoundrel who wants a soft job and does next to nothing all day. I have heard that there was a move to raise the trade of clerk GS to the "B" class, and that it was actually under discussion. Obviously it is a top-level matter and will take a long time, but have you any information on the progress of this suggestion?

I now raise my hat to my brother penpusher who wants a trade badge. I suggest a crossed nominal roll, flaming violet, on a field of chaos, very pale green. A badge is unnecessary as one can tell a clerk a mile off, anyway; the harassed look, the half-running gait and bouncy steps, the pale face and easiness of address make him quite distinct from the parade-ground soldier.

Now for headgear: the beret issued to tanks, airborne, Commando, and Rifle Brigade is the smartest and most practical headdress for any purpose, either military or civilian, but only when properly worn. It is a covering, it is not cumbersome, it will stand any ill-treatment, it is secure, it is supremely comfortable and smart with an added distinction, an informal suggestion of great efficiency, a sort of casual quality of eliteness. I suggest a tank corps NCO in blue patrols with a beret is the best-dressed soldier in the world. The fault in the unfortunate cap GS is the cut—the shape. When new, it looks too big, when old, it looks it. I am no die-hard "tanky," but oppose a general issue of the pukka beret. It has been honoured in the last war by those who wore it and should be kept for the special corps who now have it. The ski-cap, the German soldier's *feldmütze* is the answer to the military maiden's prayer. Properly stiffened it would allow of coloured braiding for different corps and would look well with plumes, hackles, toories and what-have-you's for special occasions. The cap itself is convenient in and out of vehicles, stays on the head, covers the head and would not fit under an epaulette.—**"Clerk" 5 RTR.**



"Supposed influence with the OC"

★ *The rank or title of serjeant (or sergeant) is a very old one which did not originate in the Army. In medieval times, certain functionaries in the households of the nobles were described as "sergeants." In the household accounts of Edward III are references to the "Sergeant Baker," "Sergeant Butcher" and so on. In war these men followed their masters into battle and the rank of sergeant was thus introduced into the Army.*

This rank was spelt with a "g", but there was also a Serjeant-at-Law, a legal officer of the highest rank, and all serjeants connected with the law spelt their ranks with a "j". As most manuals and orders were prepared by the legal side, the practice naturally grew up of spelling serjeant with a "j" and today the rank is spelt with a "j" in King's Regulations, the Pay Warrant, Army Orders and similar official publications.

SOLDIER has no information about the possible upgrading of clerks.

RIVAL CLERKS

Is a Royal Artillery clerk of a higher standard than a RASC clerk?—**W. Huxtable, Green Lane, Becontree Heath, Essex.**

★ *For general duty clerks (who come within trade group "C") the same standard is demanded in both the RA and RASC. However, the RASC (but not the RA) use shorthand clerks who, because of their specialist knowledge, come within group "B," a higher group.*

JUNIOR CORPS

Can you confirm that the following are the youngest corps of the British Army and that these are their dates of formation:

Royal Pioneer Corps, 17 October 1939; Intelligence Corps, 15 July 1940; Army Catering Corps, 22 March 1941; REME, 19 May 1942.

Has the Intelligence Corps a march?—**Patrick Connelly, Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey.**

★ *The four youngest corps are: WRAC, 1 February 1949; Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, 1 February 1949; University Training Corps, 27 April 1948; Gurkha Brigade, 30 December 1947.*

The dates of the Corps mentioned in your letter are correct. The Intelligence Corps has no march.

NO QUARTERS

In 1939 I was on the peacetime married quarters roll, but as there were no quarters at Woolwich, I obtained a house in a Cumberland village, where my wife has lived ever since. I am wondering if I am entitled to lodging or other allowance for the period during which we have maintained and furnished a home although on the peacetime married quarters roll.—**QMS A. Chapman, RAMC, Military Hospital, Hadrian's Camp, Carlisle.**

★ *No. Your marriage allowance is given you to assist in meeting your family obligations (including providing accommodation). If you had been in official quarters a deduction would have been made from the allowance for rent.*

HE MUST STAY

I always wanted to join the Navy, but finding it easier to get into the Army, I became a Regular a year ago. Is there any possibility of transferring to the Senior Service?—**Pte. P. Wallace, Asmara, Eritrea.**

★ *No. Once a soldier you remain so while on your present engagement.*

UNSIGHTLY

I entirely agree with your correspondent, "Despairing Gunner," in his remarks about the collar and tie in the Army. They are certainly not smart. With battledress they may, it appears, be worn on any occasion—"even in battle."

Experience in the French Army in the last war showed they were a nuisance, and in the cold winter of 1939-40 mufflers had to be worn.

A roll collar without a tie, which can be opened or closed, is best for service wear. For ceremonial dress a standing collar is smartest. This all goes to show that the soldier needs a decent ceremonial and walking out kit (scarlet for the Infantry) and a khaki service jacket, not a hideous khaki battledress blouse.—**Capt. Russell Steele, ex-RAMC.**

KING'S MESSENGER

Can you tell me where one applies to become a King's Messenger?—**Captain, 427 (M) HAA RA, Hartlepool.**

★ *Write to the Personnel Department, Foreign Office.*

HOME AGAIN

I have just returned from Malaya on Python, but after 14 days disembarkation leave I was refused Python leave on the grounds that my tour had been broken. Can you tell me why, as I know people who are getting the leave with less right to it than I? I embarked for Palestine in October 1945, returned to Britain with the battalion in April 1948, embarked for Malaya in the following September and came home on Python in April 1949. The only leave I had during my stay in Britain was 24 days disembarkation leave and seven days embarkation leave.—**Guardsman, Grenadier Guards.**

★ *"Python leave" has never existed. Python is a code name for the process of reversion to home establishment after an overseas tour under wartime conditions. All troops returning home (except those for release) are eligible for disembarkation leave under the regulations in force when they step ashore (for current rules see para. 17 of ACI 1123/48).*

Your disembarkation leave was correct for the rules in force in April 1948. The circumstances of your return from Malaya this year are not clear, but if you are continuing to serve you were given the correct leave (14 days) for six months service.

LUMP SUM

Can a soldier commute his pension in order to buy a house?—**WOII D. F. James, Bicester.**

★ *This is a question which can only be dealt with by the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, after considering the facts of the case.*

NOT ON SUNDAY

There's an argument going on here. If a man's detention ends on a Sunday, on which day is he let out? One school of thought says the Monday; another says the Saturday.—**Driver G. Coates, RASC, Vienna.**

★ *He is released on the Saturday at 1400 hours.*

Answers

(from Page 16)

How Much Do You Know?

1. No; a murder charge cannot be preferred if the victim dies more than a year and a day afterwards. 2. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels; Aneurin Bevan and Jennie Lee; Lieut-Gen. Browning and Daphne du Maurier; Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh; Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike. 3. (a) true; (b) true; (c) untrue. 4. Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. 5. Hilaire Belloc. 6. Luxuriant. 7. (b). 8. Mr. Norman Collins, the novelist.

2 minute sermon

THE most valuable things in the world are people; and only people understand what value means. A man is a very tiny object in comparison with the vastness of the universe—but only he knows it. Man alone can judge whether the universe is good or bad; he alone can recognise its beauty and discover its truth. Though he is small, he is certainly unique. It is that that gives him his value.

Everyone wants to know what God is like. The Christian claims that the clue is to be found in Man.

It has often been said that the Christian claim is intolerable conceit on Man's part and that we have no right to make God in the image of Man. But the curious fact is that a Christian's belief in God makes him anything but conceited; it makes him very humble. The more deeply he believes, the more he becomes aware of the gulf between God and himself.

If the believer is really making God in his own image, there seems to be no explanation. If, on the other hand, he is really discovering that it is he who is made in the image of God, the explanation is simple. For then, the fact of his humility is not only understandable but is inevitable.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

PATRICIA ROC

— *J. Arthur Rank*

Do not say, "Ma foi!
Un peu de tout droit!"
Such French
Makes the RAEC blench.

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