

SOLDIER

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THE FORESTERS' LIGHT

(See Page 36)

LAURENCE BRADBURY

if you want to
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(ask your girl friend)



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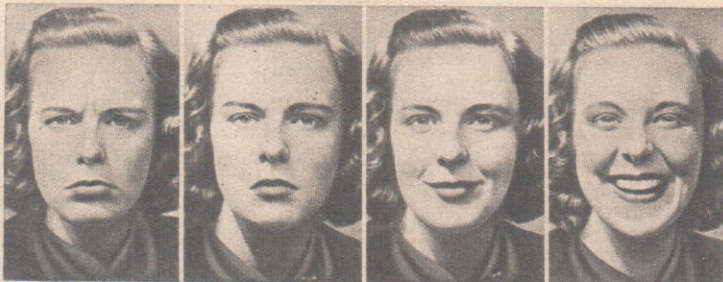
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There in the hands of those who really know the treatment, you find the long glasses of Rose's Lime Juice — pure juice of Nature's most thirst-quenching fruit, pure cane sugar; accompanied by a cool gleam, a clink of ice, and sighs of satisfaction.

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



ROSE'S

Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE



SCHOOL FOR STRIPES - IN SIGHT OF SIAM

FOR a year the men of the 1st Battalion The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry have been patrolling off the civilised map.

They have been responsible for the security of that area of North Perak, in Malaya, which touches the Siamese border — the border across which bandits are often chased but from which they sometimes return, refreshed.

For the Yorkshiremen, jungle patrolling has been almost continuous; spells of leave on Penang island have been short. In these conditions it was not easy to give potential NCO's much regimental training. Recently, however, a training cadre was established by the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. A. B. Brown, under Lieut. A. M. Davis. It was located at one of the forward bases of the Battalion, a village called Kroh, five miles south of the Siamese frontier.

Here are ideal conditions for realistic training. Even the jungle-wise undergo a complete refresher, notably in the methods of crossing deep water. The instructors show how useful floats can be made by rolling a ground sheet round palm leaves or grass (top picture); by lashing two mess

tins to a bamboo section (second picture); or by tying knots in the legs of jungle trousers, inflating them by pulling them down smartly on the water so that the air is pushed into the legs, and keeping the top parts, closed tight under the armpits (bottom picture).

Apart from jungle training, future NCO's must show that they have the ability to teach and to lead others. Successful candidates return to their companies to put up another stripe or two as vacancies occur; whatever happens, they are all back in the ulu (jungle) after 14 days with a new sense of responsibility and a few more notions of defence and attack.

(Report and photographs from Captain Colin D. Edwards, Army Public Relations, FARELF)

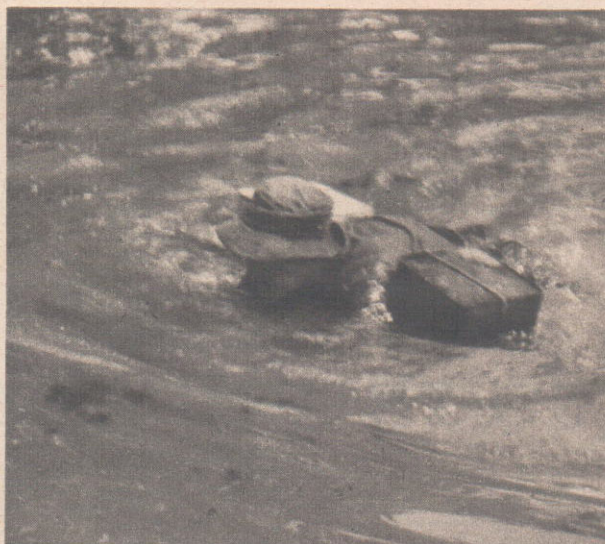
OVER →



Three soldiers man a river craft made by wrapping ground-sheets tightly round a bamboo frame bound with vines. The paddle is a stout stick with slats pushed through to make a blade.



This man floats on his groundsheet ...



... this man floats on his mess tins ...



... and this man floats on his trousers!

SCHOOL FOR STRIPES— (Continued)



Private J. Steele, of Wallsend, hunches forward to a close-quarters position with his Bren, before shooting at a target.



This is no ordinary stretcher case: the "casualty" is about to be waterborne. Bamboo lengths in bundles beneath head and feet will keep him fairly dry. Below: Lieut. A. M. Davis shows how to make a jungle booby trap with grenade and tin can.



SO THE GUARDS CARRY RAZORS



Capt. Headlam displays a 20-foot python which could swallow a dog. Note scratch on his right breast where it drew blood.

TROOPS operating in Malaya are taught how to avoid snakes, and how to apply first-aid in case of bites, at the jungle training schools.

In the 2nd Guards Brigade there is a standing order that all men shall carry a new, greased, razor blade in their jungle hats with which to lance any bites. So far, however, not one man has been bitten by a poisonous snake.

Thirty-year-old Captain John Headlam, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, is a man eminently qualified to talk about snakes found in Malaya. He first became interested in snakes 15 years ago while at Eton. Today he is immune from cobra and mamba bites and all black fang snakes, having had eight bites from the former and four from the latter.

"There is an art in holding snakes," he said. "I learned the rudiments in England and the finer points in India and Burma."

Troops in the Far East often watch snake "charmers" at work. But such snakes, Captain Headlam explains, are taken out of baskets after being cooped up for several weeks, so that they cannot see and are weak from semi-starvation. "Possibly there are a few genuine charmers, but I have yet to see one."

The 20-foot python seen circled round Captain Headlam's body only two hours after he had assisted in its capture is now living in Wimble-

don. It was taken back to England in the troopship *Lancashire*.

This particular snake had a rib of one and a half feet at the thickest point, and a hinged jaw with four rows of teeth, the two "dog" teeth protruding four inches above the gums.

"If it had its tail anchored to a tree it could crush the life out of a horse, let alone a man," said Captain Headlam.

The Python Curtus, seen by hundreds of soldiers on operations in Malaya, is never more than four feet long. This snake travels a shorter distance in a lifetime than a snail — less than 50 yards. It strikes only from about six inches and lives in the long grass.

Captain Headlam says this snake, which is revered by the Chinese, is poisonous only when it has the residue of carrion in its mouth.

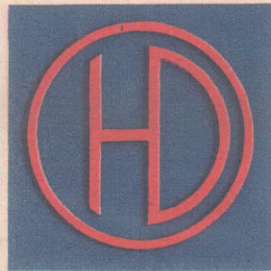
The cobra has deadly fangs but that is not its worst attribute, according to a veteran Malayan planter. "A large Malayan cobra can spit poison up to 12 feet — it is contained in its stomach and not in its fangs," he said.

A python hastily deputed to take the place of a trained snake for a turn at the Army show "Mysteries of the East" at Singapore was given one and a half pints of beer before its turn in the hope that this would keep it in good humour. Cobras can drink that amount of beer with little effect.

D. H. de T. READE

VOLUNTEER ARMY IN THE HIGHLANDS

SOLDIER visits a Territorial Army camp in the Highlands of Scotland, and finds —



THIS FLASH IS STILL GOING STRONG

ON the windswept shores of Harris, in the Outer Hebrides, where the summer daylight lingers far into the night, Private Alec Campbell took a last glance back at his fishing boat as he began to climb the six miles which separate his village home from the nearest main road.

Across the bay he could see across the water in his own Tarbert, where the 14 men who form the Harris strength of the 4/5th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders train each week. On those drill nights Private Campbell glides

across the water in his own boat. But this time he was off to camp, which meant—to begin with—a six-mile march to catch the bus to Stornoway Harbour in Lewis, where his comrades had gathered to

board the mainland ship.

For men like Private Campbell, as well as for others from the Outer Hebrides and the northern shires of Scotland, the annual camp in mid-Perthshire, hundreds of train miles from their homes, is a big event. It may seem odd, on the face of it, that men from the Isles, so many of whom served with



Three men with a presence: left to right, Drum-Majors A. Archibald (Seaforths), A. Wilson (Gordons) and P. Lowrie (Camerons).

the Royal Navy during the war, should join the Territorial Army in peace. But the volunteer Army is the easiest to join. Certainly the Territorial Army could have no better men, and next year's National Servicemen could have no better comrades and instructors.

The annual camp of 152 Highland Infantry Brigade, which forms part of that famous Territorial division, the Fifty-First, is a gathering of the clans. Into the former prisoner-of-war camp at Cultybraggan, near Comrie the men of the 11th Seaforth Highlanders from Caithness, Sutherland and Ross-shire come to soldier with the 5/6th Gordon Highlanders from Banffshire and Aberdeenshire and the 4/5th Camerons from Inverness-shire and the Isles.

Some of the men are distillery workers, textile workers and clerks, who spend most of their time indoors. Sun-tanned skins denote farm workers, fishermen and railwaymen (of whom there are a great number in Scotland's Territorial Army). The fact that recruiting north of the Border is the best in Britain is due to fierce regional pride in famous and colourful regiments. Certainly it is not because Scotland is convenient for raising and running a Territorial force. In a countryside where railways are few and where Infantry companies are divided by hills and stretches of water, the annual camp is the men's only opportunity of meeting in the mass—which is the reason why so many of them sacrifice their only annual holiday to attend.

Few Territorial commanding officers in Britain can claim such a far-flung domain as the commander of the 11th. Seaforths, whose battalion area covers some 7500 square miles and who has to travel 100 miles from one company headquarters to another. Few regimental bands have to face the same difficulties as that of the Seaforths, whose drum-major lives in Elgin and whose pipe-major is in Thurso, 160 miles away.



Up the bracken-clothed Perthshire slopes come the riflemen of the Cameron Highlanders, on their annual camp exercises. The view is superb—when there's time to look at it. (Photographs by SOLDIER cameraman Desmond O'Neill).

OVER

At Comrie, under the Brigade Commander, Brigadier C. S. Duncan, DSO, the men practise everything from map-reading to river-crossing — an art in which Scottish troops take considerable pride (remember all the river crossings in North-West Europe which fell to Scottish regiments?)

Across the still waters of Loch Ballach, which looked more like a large duck pond than a loch, the men of the Seaforths nosed their assault craft. Ballach, only a few miles from Comrie, lies in

the foothills out of sight of the main roads and its native swans look upon all newcomers with indignation. Today the men in the boats were from the John o' Groats country — Wick, Thurso, Castletown and Lybster. They were the only men in the division (and probably in the Territorial Army) to have flown

to fire their annual range course since the war.

Commanding "C" Company of the Seaforths is Major G. H. Green, a schoolmaster and pre-war Territorial who was the only officer in the 5th Battalion to go through every campaign and battle without a scratch and who never missed a day with the

structor). Away in the distance a kilted serjeant-major pin-pointed the enemy. He was CSM. Norman McLean, Regular soldier, St. Valery prisoner and now a permanent staff instructor in his homeland, the Uists (the islands south of Harris).

His "private army" consists of 28 Camerons divided between four islands, three of which have drill halls. Serjeant-major McLean divides his time between North and South Uist, spending roughly a fortnight in each. On drill nights he collects by jeep those who come from the more inaccessible places — including three men from the tiny island of Vallay, who have to wait until the tide allows them to cross a mile of sand.

When the time comes for him to go south Serjeant-major McLean crosses to Benbecula at low tide. It is a rough journey, even for a jeep, for the water leaves running streams sometimes two feet deep. Once he was stuck and had to leave the jeep all night. The tide rose and covered it and boats passed overhead. In the morning Private Alec MacIsaac, ferryman between the two islands and one of McLean's men, hauled it out with the aid of horses. The engine was dried and the jeep continued, none the worse for its bath.

Benbecula can boast only five Territorials but Lochboisdale in South Uist has double that number. Last year's camp was the first time many of them had left their homes, where they have no trains, a boat service only every

Boat drill for men of the Seaforths, on Loch Ballach, near Comrie. Many of them are quite at home in a boat on a rough sea.



SOLDIER to Soldier

WHAT is the ideal citizen, as distinct from the ideal soldier?

He is a man who has at least three children (to stop the nation from dying out), who earns dollars from America (to stop the nation starving), who smokes his head off (to stop the nation going bankrupt) and who joins the Territorial Army (to stop the nation being pushed around).

There are plenty of men who can claim to be doing their duty under the first and third headings; but there is always room for a few more doing their duty under the second and fourth headings (like the men you may read about on pages 7—11 of this issue).

In a soldier's last pay packet, as he leaves the Colours, is a slip of paper which asks him, in effect, "Why not join the Territorial Army?" (In a few months' time National Servicemen will not be asked this question: they will find themselves automatically Territorials).

This slip of paper no doubt inspires many wisecracks. The wag of the party will say it is like asking a man leaving jail to come back for more.

But make no mistake: men do come back to join the Territorial Army — even the wags who make the wisecracks. An organisation like Mass Observation might do worse than ask a cross-section of Territorials why they put on khaki again.

There would be some who came back because they had a conscience and genuinely wanted to do a useful job; there would be many who returned because they liked the Army atmosphere; there would be others looking for the comradeship they failed to find in civilian life; others who hoped to get a bit of fun out of the annual camp; others who found that seven nights of domesticity in a row grew a bit oppressive. Others again would cheerfully answer "Don't know."

why the Territorial battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was offered the novelty of a camp in Germany this summer.

This is not, of course, the first example this year of a Territorial unit going abroad. A party of the SAS Regiment (Artists Rifles) went to the Mountain Warfare Training School in Austria, and spent an invigorating "holiday" in snow and ice. And a big party of Territorials recently visited the D-Day battlefields in Normandy.

Not every unit can expect a jaunt abroad. But the idea of offering such trips as prizes for go-ahead Territorial units seems a good one. Men now patrolling the Siamese border or running convoys to Addis Ababa may say they will have done enough travelling by the time they get home. But, happily, a lot of ideas change in the first few weeks of Civvy Street.

* * *

IN the ordinary way a cinema audience does not applaud what it sees on the screen. A round of hand-claps at the Odeon in Bromley is not going to mean much to Betty Grable in Hollywood; it is like (in the words of a clerical wit) stroking the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean.

Yet now and again an audience does break out into applause, vain though it may be. A recent example was the spontaneous clapping inspired by the newsreel pictures of the Guards Trooping the Colour. This was a gesture by a public which prizes highly the efficiency of its Army and all its traditions. A frustrated gesture, perhaps, but none the less sincere; and as such, worthy to be recorded.



In this mortar detachment a Seaforth and a Cameron take orders from a Gordon. Right: roadside break for the Gordons, on Infantry exercises.



other day but a daily air service to the mainland 80 miles away. There were veterans among them too: Sjt. Neill Campbell, a lobster fisherman, was taken prisoner when serving with the 4th. Camerons in 1940, escaped and rowed himself across the Channel, for which he was awarded the MM. In fact, five past and present members of the regiment in the Uists have the MM and one has the MC. Most of the men are crofters, fishermen and employees of a seaweed processing factory (seaweed is used in the plastic industry). They are happier speaking Gaelic than English and they have a great tradition of hospitality—a fact confirmed by visiting officers who planned to stay two hours but were forced by the weather to remain a week.

Down the hill again, — and there were the men from Aberdeenshire, wearing the badge of

the Gordons, charging across the fields of Upper Strowan. Those who had seen service in Burma (where a Gordon battalion became armoured) trained next to men from the seaports, who somehow brought a touch of sea air to Comrie. The Gordons have many men who are not yet 20 whose work on the farms keeps them out of the Army, but who give up their spare time to the Territorial Army. It also has men like Corporal Alastair West who, after three years with the Gordons, came out and at once joined the Territorial battalion.

The specialists from the three regiments formed composite platoons for camp training. Among them were the mortar detachment commander, Serjeant D. MacDonald, who spent 21 years in the Seaforths before joining their Territorial battalion; and Serjeant William Mackenzie, who

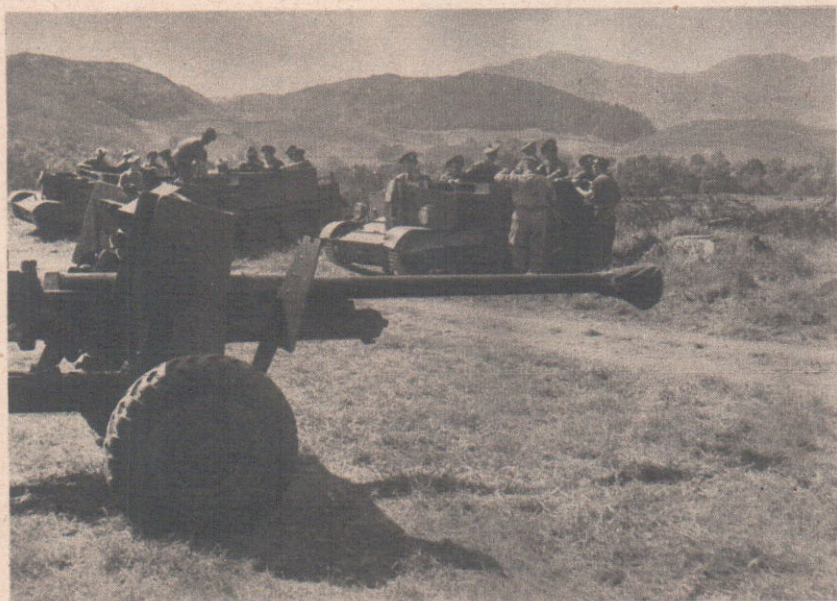
was 12 years with the Camerons. In the next field the six-pounder anti-tank guns moved into a tactical position covering the flat belt of country beyond the camp. Men to whom the six-pounder was new found themselves working with old-timers like Serjeant T. J. Clark of Buckie, who fought with the Gordon Highlanders' six-pounders at Anzio, and Corporal Alastair Bains who fought with the Camerons' anti-tank platoon in Africa and Sicily.

In the late afternoon the men came down from the hills and home from Loch Ballach to change from denims to kilts. Methods of warfare and types of weapons may alter, but unchanged is the good comradeship in canteen and mess as dusk falls. And in Scotland the fun of a Territorial camp is livened half the night by the music of the pipes.

OVER



Two heads in the heather: Private John Macgregor, taking aim, and CSM. J. Riddell.



A composite anti-tank detachment halts in the hills. Old hands in the detachment fought in Africa and Italy.



Private A. MacIsaac (left) and CSM. N. McLean, Cameron Highlanders, travelled from the Hebrides to attend camp.

OVER



Like a film "still": Private Ian Mitchell (left) and Lance-Corporal Alan MacNab on a signalling exercise. In the background: Lynn of Ruthrie Falls.

EARNING dollars by day and learning defence by night: that is the achievement of Territorials who work in the distilleries and mills of the "Gordon" country (Banffshire and Aberdeenshire), where some of Britain's most valuable exports are manufactured.

These industries have such a priority that in a distillery at Aberlour, for instance, you will find 19-year-old Ian Mitchell, whose National Service call-up has been deferred because of the importance of

his job; but Ian Mitchell is nevertheless Private Ian Mitchell, of the 5/6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders, Territorial Army. At least twice a week he trains as a signaller in the beautiful Strath Spey countryside.

By day Private Mitchell's job is to doctor casks (now of great

scarcity) and even to replace broken staves in barrels in which whisky is still maturing. This job leads him into no temptations; he is a teetotaler.

Many more Gordons work in the distilleries in the battalion area, (receiving paid leave for camp in addition to normal holidays). In Dufftown, almost next door to Aberlour, you will



Under Pipe-Major Tom Smith (with bagpipes at rear), pipers practise on chanter—makes less tumult that way. Guest artiste is a girl from Buckie.

VOLUNTEER ARMY IN THE



RSM. F. Kernahan superintends weapon training. On the gun is CQMS. W. Goodall, with Serjeant A. Mann as No. 2. The trophies have been won by the Gordons, crack shots in the Scottish Territorial Army.

These Are The Volunteers

find working side by side Lance-Corporal Fred Gordon, wartime Seaforth Highlander and for a year after the war the lone Territorial in Dufftown, and Piper Angus Reid, who was captured at St. Valery. They wear rope-soled malt shoes as with their wooden sheils (shovels) they turn over the huge piles of barley to prevent mustiness creeping in. Directly the call comes for the barley it is their job as maltmen to shoot it into a huge bath of water, which causes it to swell and later germinate. They see it pass into kilns where it is cured over coke and peat fires (some distillers claim that the peat adds to the flavour) and then it is crushed and water added to make a mash.

Across the road in another distillery Private William Woods of the Gordons (and before that of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers) supervises the whisky being distilled. The process consists of boiling the wash from the fermented mash in large stills from which pipes carry the vaporized ingredients to a condenser. Whisky is distilled twice, and it is the second time that is the most important. Private Woods has a long rope hanging from the ceiling to which is attached a sounding ball. By knocking this against the side of the still he can tell from the sound if the still is at the right temperature.

Over at Aultmore Distillery, near Keith, Private David Rennie, another stillman who served with the Gordons with the BEF, in North Africa and Italy (he was taken prisoner at Anzio), watches the water-like liquid pass through the spirit safe.

While he was a prisoner Rennie's thoughts were often on this distillery at Aultmore and

HIGHLANDS (Cont'd.)

the fields that surround it. By turning his head from the spirit safe he can see through the window the house, not half a mile away, where he was born and where his father still has a smallholding. Today he lives on the distillery and his two children play in the fields where he himself played as a child.

The spirit safe is the means by which tests can be made on the whisky without actually handling it, for the men who make whisky never have access to it. In each distillery Excise men are present and they padlock all parts of the mechanism once the malt stage is passed. Outside in the warehouses there are two locks to each door — one is opened by the Excise man's key, the other by the manager's key so that one cannot get to the maturing whisky without the other.

More Gordons are to be found in the Banffshire mills, which turn out tartan by the acre. At one of the 82 looms in the Kynoch Mills, on the edge of Keith, is Serjeant Alexander Mann, who first joined the Gordons as a drummer in 1933. Part of his job is to see that the fast-flying shuttles do not empty themselves. After the material is woven it goes to another Gordon Highlander, CQMS. William Goodall, who as cloth finisher has to give each article a steam wash and a surface trim in a cropping machine.

CQMS. Goodall joined the Gordons in 1938, was with them in France and later North Africa and Italy, where he was promoted CQMS. in the Anzio beach-head. He comes from a Service family, for a photograph which he carries shows two sisters in ATS and WRNS uniform, a brother in the Middlesex Regiment, another brother in the Military Police and two others who were Gunners — in addition to himself in Gordon dress.

In the despatch department of Kynoch Mills Serjeant Robert Petrie packs up bales of cloth ranging from tweeds to fine suiting for almost all countries except those behind the Iron Curtain. A pile of women's head squares is marked for New York, some tartan ties for Brazil, a pile of rugs for London. Serjeant Petrie was a militiaman with the Seaforths, was in the BEF, the Western Desert and Sicily, and was wounded in Normandy.

In the engine-room Pipe-Major Tom Smith maintains the plant which supplies power to the looms. He first joined the 6th Bn. Gordon Highlanders (now the 5/6th.) in 1930 as a piper. He went through the war with the battalion in France, Africa, Italy, and Palestine, where the unit was eventually disbanded. By that time he was pipe-major, the post he assumed again by joining the newly born 5/6th. battalion. In the evenings he trains his 14 pipers, who are sometimes joined by their civilian friends — including 21-years-old Miss Diana Campbell, from the coast town of

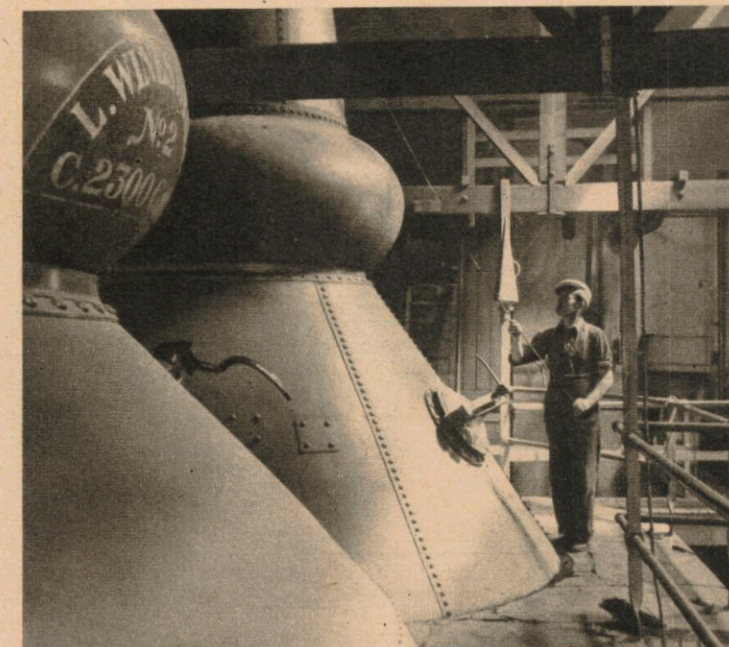


Serjeant A. Mann at his daytime job, weaving a 50-yard roll which will make 250 tartan scarves.



CQMS. W. Goodall carries a tartan roll from the cropping machine. He is one of a Forces family of seven.

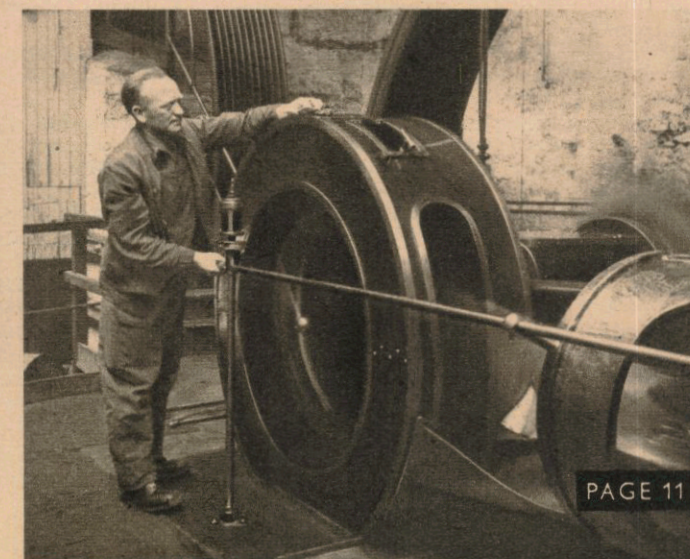
-And This is Their Job



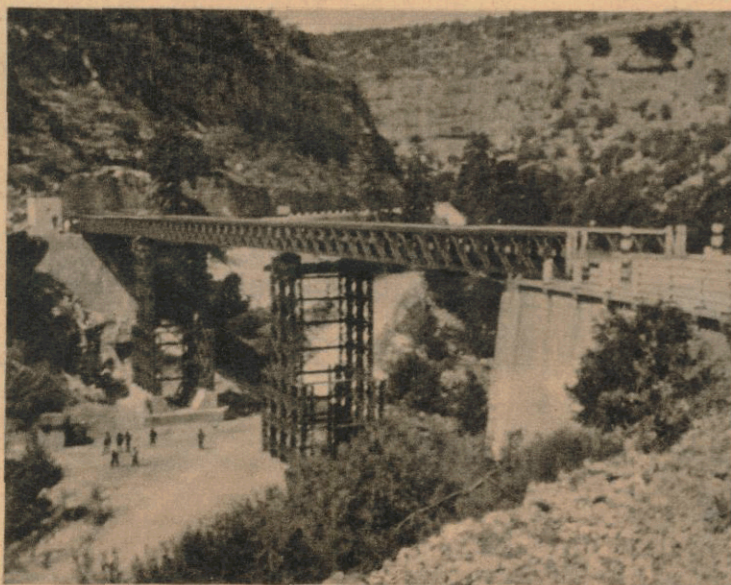
Private William Woods tests the temperature of the stills with a sounding device, and (below) Pipe-Major Tom Smith maintains the engines at Kynoch Mills.



With a "dipstick," Private David Rennie measures the level in the giant vat, into which whisky gushes behind glass. Note the Excise padlock.



CYRENAICA: We Have Done



Above: the main bridge over the Wadi Kuf, now known as the Emir Idris Bridge. Below: the Emir inspects British troops at the opening ceremony.



FROM THE ARMY ... TO THE EMIR

THE road along which the Eighth Army and the Afrika Korps used to chase each other crosses the Wadi Kuf between Barce and Cyrene. Here towering cliff-faces suggest a Colorado Canyon in miniature.

During the last Axis retreat the road was cut in four places, the two bridges were blown and the long viaduct which hugs the cliff was deprived of a 200-foot section.

Eighth Army engineers built a temporary, but difficult, road along the Wadi. Last year it was decided to restore the previous road, and despite shortage of plant and difficult terrain the Sappers have done the job in six months.

One broken bridge was replaced by a 280-foot Bailey in three spans on 50-foot piers; the other was circumvented by a diversion, which meant blasting into the cliff-face. The gap in the viaduct was filled by another Bailey; a tricky feat, as the viaduct gradient was 1 in 14 and the new section could not be allowed to "creep" downhill in the heat. The Bailey is embedded in concrete at the lower end, and elsewhere rests on greased base-plates which enable it to slide when expanding.

The job was done by the 22nd Field Engineer Regiment (12th and 23rd Field Squadron and a detachment of 6th Field Park Squadron), helped by 2041 Mauritian Pioneer Company.

PAGE 12

Pending a decision by the United Nations, Britain has recognised the Grand Senussi as head of a free Cyrenaica. The British Army, which has done much to put the Arabs back on their feet, stays on as a stabilising force

THE Union Jack still flies above Benghazi's Street of Independence, and the British soldier is very much there. But the Army's mission in 1949 is a peaceful one.

In fact the Army's role has undergone three changes in the period of occupation. The Eighth Army came to conquer the Germans and Italians; those who followed stayed to liberate, to help the native population stand on feet they had never been allowed to use; now the third "generation" of the Army is there to help guide the Cyrenaican Arab Government towards final independence.

The difference is that the Army stays in the background, the silent service the Arabs have grown to trust, while all the civil responsibilities have been passed over to the Foreign Office.

In the early days of British occupation, the "donkey work" of rehabilitation and resettlement was carried out almost entirely by the Army. This meant more than making a few rules and regulations. The 300,000 people whom the Army liberated had had very little opportunity of looking after themselves. For most of the 30 years of Italian rule, the Arab followers of the Grand Senussi had waged an incessant guerilla war against the Italians in the Jebel al Akhdar mountains. By way of reprisal, they were denied any share in the government of their country and were cut off from almost every form of education.

When the British Army took over this country (twice as large as the United Kingdom) the population were almost entirely nomadic and illiterate. They were poor, underfed, diseased, nearly all unskilled workers. The Army established schools, hospitals and clinics, and a rationing system. After that came settlement on the land. In Italian times, the rich barley fields were a monopoly of colonists brought in from impoverished areas of Italy. The Army took over the comfortable solid farmsteads built by the Italians and installed Arab families. Farm machinery was provided and soldier-experts were brought in; under British military administration 30,000 acres were cultivated on the Barce plain.

Gradually the Arabs were taught to drive trucks and use typewriters, to share the varied and complex problems that fall on any government. Early this year, when the Army handed over

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PROCLAIMED**

BENGHAZI, Wednesday.
Britain to-day announced that she recognised the Grand Senussi, the Emir Idriss, as head of

civil government to the Foreign Office, the immense job of organisation it had set itself in 1942 was almost completed. Nearly every child in the country was going to school, thousands were receiving secondary education; the land was cultivated and the harvest promising; and men who a few years before had been hounded in the hills were controlling the affairs of their native land. A proud man today is the Emir, Sayyid Idris el Senussi.

The British Government's decision to grant the Cyrenaican people independence in internal affairs is a tribute no less to the Army than to the capacity for learning of the Arabs themselves.

Every corps and every service in the British Army played its part in this training of the Arabs towards nationhood. The Royal Engineers built and repaired roads and bridges, Royal Signals opened up and maintained a communications system across hundreds of miles of mountain passes and desert, the RAMC set up hospitals and public health facilities in the remotest parts of the country. Even the Royal Army Veterinary Corps were there, inspecting and tending animals in the Bedouin encampments.

And how is life for the British soldier in Cyrenaica?

He has fallen heir to Mussolini's prized holiday towns, coastal resorts on which millions of lire were spent. Today, too, the Serviceman in Malta, Egypt or Greece can go to North Africa and spend his leave in a setting unrivalled anywhere on the Mediterranean coastline.

If the past interests him more than the present, he can go to Cyrene (see SOLDIER, September 1948) and walk ancient Greek

A Fine Job

streets and Roman causeways on which, five centuries before the birth of Christ, thousands flocked to do homage to the god Apollo and to consult the oracles.

Twelve miles from Cyrene, Army Welfare has opened the Apollonia Leave Camp, which will eventually accommodate over 200 Army tourists, including families.

Apollonia is a tiny town, once the seaport for Cyrene, on the coast below a thousand-foot drop from the mountain passes. There can be no better place to relax anywhere in Middle East.

The soldier who stays there finds everything laid on for his comfort: good food, sports, trips to the antiquities or into the mountain ranges, organised activities if he wants them or complete freedom if he prefers.

Apollonia boasts the finest natural bathing pool in North Africa. Cleopatra's Pool, a few miles outside the town, is cut out of sheer rock on three sides to a depth of nearly 40 feet. The pool faces inland, so that, although the salt sea is only 20 yards away the leave camp guests can bathe in water that is always fresh and crystal-clear.

Many troops from Tripoli make the 600-mile road journey to Cyrenaica to visit Cyrene and Apollonia, although traffic on the opposite route is almost as heavy. Servicemen stationed in the comparatively quiet Cyrenaican garrisons at Benghazi, Tobruk or Derna often spend their leaves in Tripoli, which is the place for the visitor who wants a gay time rather than a rest.

At Battisti, off the beaten track in one of the deep-cut valleys of the Cyrenaican mountainside, the Army has taken over an old

Fascist settlement and transformed it into a Christian leadership centre.

However many attractions there may be for the garrisons in North Africa, the British soldier's firm belief is that there is no place like home. And, by a special arrangement with a London air charter company, the luckier ones can fly home to spend a year's accumulated leave.

This is a private scheme which, though organised through the Army, has to be paid for by the soldier (or his parents). The return journey costs £50, payable either in Cyrenaica or in Britain. Provided sufficient passengers come forward, there is a monthly service from an airport near London to Benina, just outside Benghazi. Aircraft used are 27-seater Vikings, which take 12 hours each way.

Cyrenaica was the first district in the Middle East to operate the home-by-air-and-back-again scheme, but other districts are now interested in the possibilities. So far, remarkably enough, there has been a bigger response from other ranks than from officers. One Viking carried 16 men and seven officers, another 15 against 11.

The idea is popular, despite the very considerable problem presented by that £50. To make things easier, Cyrenaica District has raffled a number of tickets in aid of the Red Cross at five shillings a time, thereby providing a trip for Servicemen who might not otherwise be able to travel and also raising funds for the local hospitals.

Breakfast in Benghazi and dinner in London all for five shillings isn't bad, if you can get it.

SIDNEY WEILAND

Senussi horsemen have helped the British Army to keep order in the remote areas of Cyrenaica, while the Arabs have learned self-government.



A STORY FROM THE PAST



SAPPERS' TOWN

IN a corner of Canada, a place-name recalls 400 Royal Engineers who spared time from building military installations to help build up a young colony.

Sapperton, in the suburbs of New Westminster, British Columbia, was originally the camp built to house the troops and their families 90 years ago, when New Westminster itself was only just starting.

Today all traces of the camp are gone and on its site is now a prison. But the community the camp's occupants helped set up has grown and prospered; some of their descendants are among its citizens.

The first of the Sappers reached Vancouver Island in November 1858 and the rest arrived the following April after a six-months' journey round Cape Horn.

The senior Royal Engineers officer, Colonel R. C. Moody, was chief commissioner of lands and works. He was immediately involved in a controversy over the site of the capital which was to be built on the mainland.

He disapproved the Governor's suggestion, on military grounds, and made his own choice. But Moody's own officers disagreed with him and recommended a place near the mouth of the River Fraser. Moody retorted by ordering his senior captain, Jack Grant, later a general, to make the first cut at a tree.

Reluctantly the captain raised the axe. Then he lowered it again. "Colonel," he said, "with much submission I will not ask to do it. Will you... take the responsibility of making the first cut?"

Moody asked Grant for his reasons. He watched Grant walk to the water's edge and point along the bank. A couple of miles further down, the captain explained, was the head of the tide water. A site there would enable large ships to come to the new city.

The colonel was convinced and the party climbed into their boat. Two miles downstream the colonel ordered the first cut in the huge cedars edging the river. Turning to his officers he said, "We will call this city Queenborough."

That started another controversy — with Victoria, which claimed to be the "only permissible Queen city." The matter was eventually settled by Queen Victoria who gave the new city the name of New Westminster.

The site was split into lots and auctioned and the money

was used to clear away trees to make streets. Meanwhile the troops began to build their permanent wooden camp at Sapperton, about a mile away.

They also put up the first Anglican churches at New Westminster and Sapperton and the first schoolhouse. They surveyed and laid out new townships, established the lands and works department and ran the Government printing office.

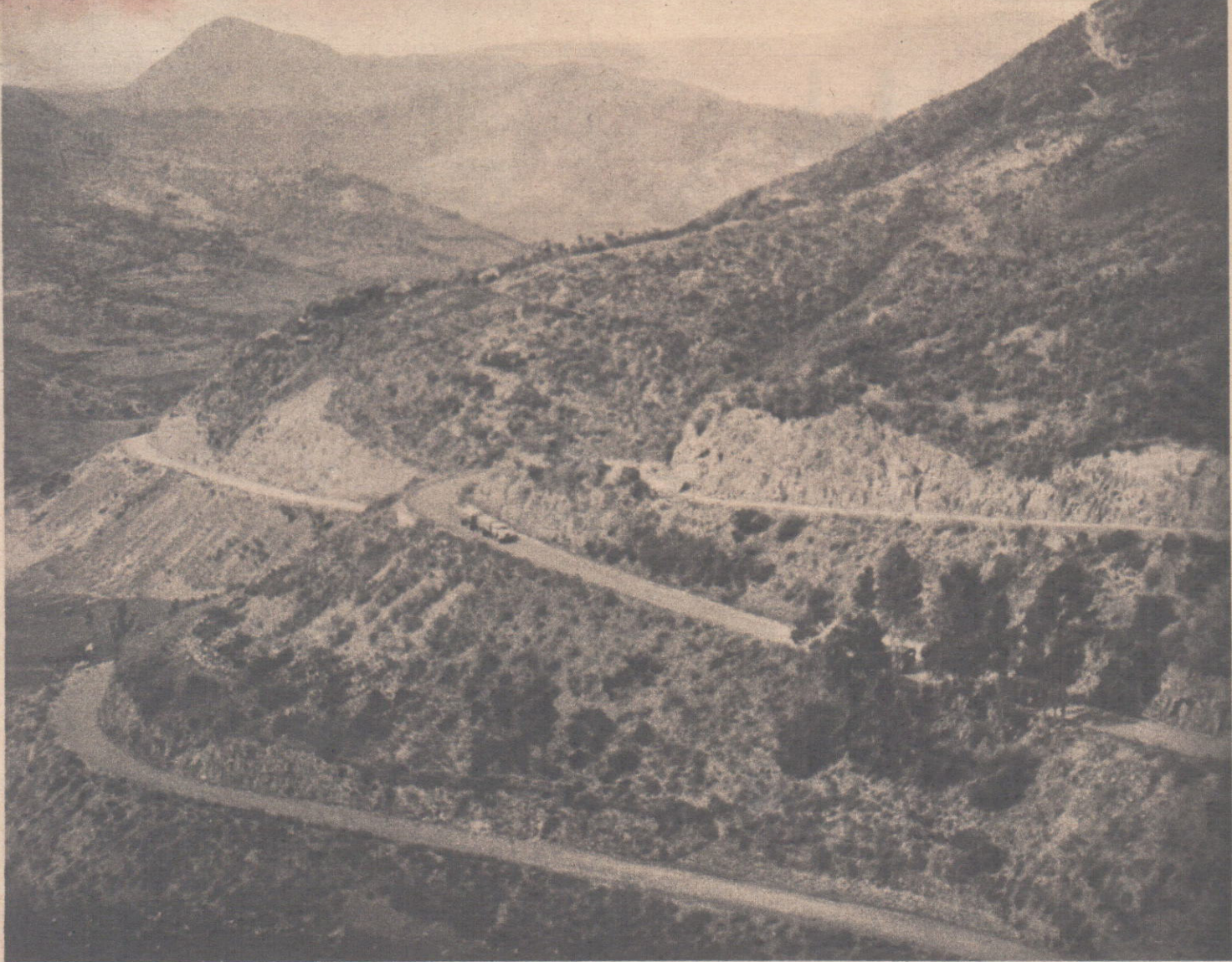
A Sapper officer was appointed colonial treasurer and he established the treasury and a branch of the Imperial Mint at New Westminster. The Engineers designed the first provincial coat-of-arms and the old British Columbia postage stamps.

In 1863 the Sappers were mustered out of the service and all the officers and 30 men went back to England. The rest stayed on.

A newspaper of 1906 says: "Of these only 18 are now known to reside here and their names... afford a roster of honourable achievement, sterling patriotism and a high ideal of public trust."

In 1889, when Imperial authorities decided to establish a naval base at Esquimalt, a small Sapper party returned to British Columbia to make a survey near the city. Another Sapper staff visited Esquimalt in 1893 to prepare a scheme for fortifying the harbour and they were also used to train a detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery in submarine mining. Still more arrived in 1894 to supervise civilian labour on defence work and in turn they were reinforced by another party in 1900.

During their stay in Esquimalt the Sappers built eight batteries for heavy, medium and light guns, a submarine mining establishment, an ordnance depot and extensive barrack accommodation. For several years they carried out the duties of the Army Service Corps, Ordnance and Pay Offices. In 1906, the Sapper-major was in command of all troops in Esquimalt Garrison.



Here is a section of the long and arduous road from Eritrea to the Ethiopian capital. It traverses some of the battlefields of World War Two.

CONVOY TO ADDIS ABABA

Once a Grade One road in Ethiopia: now Nature does her best to eliminate it.

ONE of the Royal Army Service Corps' biggest jobs in Africa today is the running of the motor convoy from Asmara, in British-occupied Eritrea, to Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia (Ethiopia) — a round trip of 1400 miles.

Through some of the wildest mountain country in the world, this well-worth-looting convoy sets off once a month with stores and rations for the men of the British Military Mission in Addis Ababa. For the British soldiers in charge of the convoy, it is an adventurous journey comparable to the expeditions which used to be made to the remote cantonments of India's North-West Frontier.

Under one officer, and a serjeant or a corporal, are Greek, Italian, Sudanese, Eritrean and Arab drivers. The convoy usually contains ten or twelve three-ton Dodge trucks, each with its bright steel

Union Jack in front of the radiator. The flag is for the discouragement of raiding natives who in the past, seeing trucks driven by Italians and Africans, have decided that they were fair game.

The first day's journey takes the convoy from Asmara to Senafe, the last town in Eritrea before the Ethiopian border. Here the convoy is searched for contraband and the drivers have their exit permits checked. After Senafe there is a strip of no-man's-land where lie the graves of Napier's immortal party, who in 1870 relieved the besieged missionaries at Magdala. The first night is spent — under plenty of blankets — at Adigrat.

At dawn the next day the convoy picks up an escort of eight Ethiopian soldiers to guard against marauders. Without this escort, the convoy might well be ambushed and attacked. Most of





Frontier control, Eritrea. Lorries and drivers are checked at Senafe before crossing in to Ethiopia.

this day the convoy bumps over a road which was once graded first-class but is now little better than a track. At Quiha in the late afternoon comes a halt for vehicle maintenance, with special attention to springs, which will be doing a good deal of hard work in the country ahead.

Next morning comes another early start. The convoy winds up from the scrub lands, climbing 10,000 feet to the Tosselli Pass. Here the road has sunk in many places and is really dangerous. A skid might mean, in some places, a drop of 2000 feet. Just above Tosselli is Ambalagi, where the Duke of Aosta surrendered his Italian army in 1941 to British troops.

Continuing, the convoy passes over the 1940-41 battlefields and eventually over the top of the famous Mai Chow mountain, 10,600 feet high. The gradients are such that the drivers are seldom able to get their trucks out of first or second gear; and they must still engage low gear in descending, for safety's sake. Quaram, a small village with fresh water, makes the third night's stop.

Next day starts with an 8000-foot drop to Alamata. This stretch is notorious, for two reasons: one, the treacherous, loosely packed gravel surface,

subject to landslides; and the other, the presence of hostile natives on the slopes. On occasions natives have hurled large stones through the windcreens.

Arrival at Dessie, 11,000 feet up, on the fourth day provides a welcome break. Here there is a European hospital and school where the men of the convoy get a chance of a much-needed clean-up and a bath, if lucky. Leaving Dessie the next morning, the convoy drops swiftly down to sea level. The Jaffa Plain, in the centre of steaming jungle and swamp land, is a bad place to spend the night (though there is a Sudanese colony there), so the convoy pushes on to a village called Debrasina, situated on the side of a mountain, for the night stop.

Then, at dawn on the last day, the convoy continues climbing towards the Addis plateau, passing through three long tunnels built by the Italians during the occupation. Grim objects on the last lap to the capital are the gallows at the roadside, for public hangings still take place in Abyssinia.

The record round trip for this convoy was made last December when the 1400 miles were covered in eleven days, so that the men could get back to Asmara in time for Christmas celebrations.

M. LACHLAN-COPE



Above: halt for the night at Debrasina, a mountain village and a safer resting-place than the recently-traversed swamps. Below: friendly natives greet the convoy—but not all natives are friendly.



Private Davidson and Lance-Corporal Wyatt: they rose to a difficult occasion.

JUST ANOTHER JOB FOR THE ARMY

DRIVING three-ton trucks over the primitive roads of Ethiopia is one thing; driving a railway train over the dizzy mountain tracks of Eritrea is another. Both are jobs which the RASC take in their stride.

During a recent rail strike in Eritrea volunteers were called for to drive a train from Asmara to Massawa docks, to collect urgently needed coal supplies. The journey involved a drop from 8000 feet to sea level on a 3ft 6in track through treacherous countryside.

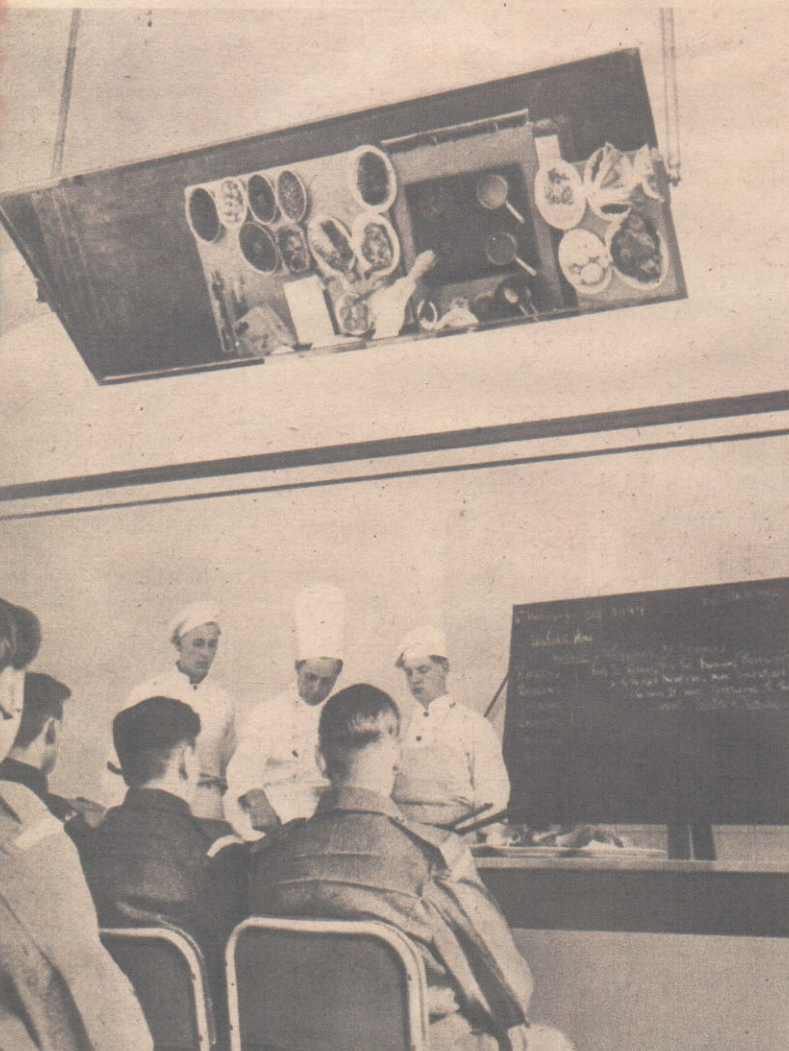
Two men of 1035 Station Transport Company RASC, Asmara offered their services: Private Davidson and Lance-Corporal Wyatt. Private Davidson had experience with the LMS Railway in the Dundee area; and Lance-Corporal Wyatt, who acted as fireman, was formerly with the GWR. After being briefed by the district

manager of the Eritrean Railways in Asmara, they left the city early in the morning with a strong escort of police packed into 12 wagons to counter any action taken by strikers and to safeguard the train against bandits. So difficult and steep was the journey in places that it was necessary to uncouple half the train at the bottom of a rise, take it to the top and return for the second half. As they passed through the various stations they hooked on any stray wagons in sidings. They reached Massawa with 28 wagons, almost too many for the old Italian 0-4-4 tank engine to pull.

At Massawa it was discovered that the coal boat had not yet arrived. While waiting, the two soldiers proceeded to tidy up the rail depot by shunting all the wagons they could (and there were quite a few) into position for direct loading.

Would-be cooks are trained by modern, imaginative methods at the Army Catering Corps' Training Centre. Even if it's not all done by mirrors, mirrors certainly help

LOVELY GRUB!



In the mirror overhead the students can see that the demonstrator has "nothing up his sleeves."

IN the years between the wars the soldier's ration of meat was three-quarters of a pound a day. He got an ounce of butter and two ounces of margarine.

He received two cooked meals (as they were both parades, it was an offence to miss them) and a tea meal which he did not have to attend. There was no supper. For his evening meal he relied on the NAAFI.

In 1938 a sudden change came in the feeding of the Army and the man who helped to bring it about was Sir Isidore Salmon, head of Messrs. J. Lyons and Company, the caterers. He had been invited to fill the post of honorary catering adviser created by the then War Minister, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha.

He was given a room at the War Office but spent a good deal of time at Aldershot. For at that garrison town was a small hutted unit known as the Army School of Cookery, which had been started after World War One when the training of cooks was first seriously considered (before 1922 cooks were detailed regardless of qualifications). In those days most men ate their meals in barrack rooms; only a few camps had dining halls.

Sir Isidore listened attentively to soldiers' grouses about feeding. He reorganised the School and introduced experts from civilian life, many of them from hotels such as the Savoy and Grosvenor House. From the London County Council Hotel School at Westminster Technical College he brought a civilian as chief instructor. This was Mr.

E. H. Atkins, who today still heads the instructional staff as a lieutenant-colonel.

Sir Isidore also helped to solve that supper problem, for a problem it had become. The soldier's basic pay was then two shillings a day and usually he had run out of supper money before the end of the week. To Sir Isidore it seemed that the ration cash allowance of twopence-halfpenny per man (started in the Army in 1937) ought to be able to provide supper, or at least a more substantial tea meal.

He decided that cooks under training must have up-to-date equipment in a modern building. Within a few months he had persuaded the Army to build perhaps its most modern looking building to date, and this became the Army Catering Corps' Training Centre.

The autumn of 1940 saw the first students arrive. Sir Isidore himself visited the Centre almost every week. Then on the morning of 16 September 1941 the flag stood at half-mast. He had died during the night.

Since the outbreak of war some 2170 courses have been held at the Centre and hundreds of cookery instructors trained there. Today there are usually 1000 students at a time, taught by a staff of 100, of whom about 50 are civilians.

There are three-day courses for commanding officers and three-year courses for apprentice chefs. There are courses for regimental



You've heard of foot inspection. Here's hand inspection, by RSM. R. R. Kimberley.



How to prepare food on salvers: the lesson is by Mr. L. Klein.



Stewards from unit messes learn their job under Mr. L. Miles, late of the Dorchester Hotel.



The things they teach you in the Army... A unit has saved up its sugar for a celebration, and this 16-year-old apprentice is giving the cakes that West-end look. Being stationed in Aldershot has its compensations.

marzipan cakes, iced sponges, fruit tartlets and meringues.

In the next kitchen Mr. L. Klein teaches the boys the secrets of larder work (cold dishes) and kitchen work (soups and hot dishes). When SOLDIER looked in the menu was: green pea soup, ravioli with gravy and cheese, tomato omelette, saddle of lamb with spring vegetables, whiting à l'anglaise, purée of cabbage, châteaux potatoes. It is not only the cooking but the serving of these dishes which is important. Before the food goes into the dining halls and messes it is laid out in the appropriate dishes as it would be in a first-class restaurant.

Many of the apprentices come from families connected with the catering world who send their sons into the Army knowing they will receive the finest training free. On completing their apprenticeships the young soldiers start their five years men's service in unit cookhouses. At the end of their Colour service they get the choice of going into civilian life or signing on.

But even cooks have to be soldiers first. When not in the kitchen or the class room (for the RAEC staff teach the normal school subjects) they are on the square and the National Servicemen have to learn the normal Infantry weapons. The ACC provided a smart guard of honour when the Duke of Gloucester opened Aldershot's new NAAFI Club.

The centre of discipline is RSM R. R. Kimberley, who came on the first course in Sir Isidore Salmon's day and is a Class I cook. In his 28 years service he has seen a good many changes in Army cooking. "Puddings were always duff and potatoes were always boiled," he says grimly. He came from Australia to join the Royal Scots Fusiliers as a boy. In Australia he lived in the wilds and used to walk seven miles to school barefoot.

OVER

officers, ACC officers, junior instructors, serjeant cooks (who must qualify at the school in order to get an appointment), cooks who want a refresher course, and cooks who want to be converted to hospital cooks. There are special courses for regimental butchers and mess stewards.

Butchers at the Centre get plenty of practice cutting up meat for a number of units in Aldershot District. The local military hospital has most of its

special diets prepared by men training to be hospital cooks, and the "afters" for trainees in some of the nearby depots are prepared under the eyes of instructor chefs who learned their art at London hotels.

Every 14 days 250 National Servicemen and Regulars come into the selection wing. Most of them volunteered for the ACC.

Potential officers and NCO's, and those with experience as hospital cooks, are picked out, then the rest go into the school or to one of the cookery centres in Home Commands. After 16 weeks they take an examination and if they qualify are entitled to star pay. After six months they can be tested for upgrading to Class II and later to Class I, with corresponding increases in Star pay.

Hospital cooks receive extra training in preparing diets for men with gastric and other ailments. The top grade a serjeant-cook can reach in the ACC is Class I (Group A) which entitles him to take over the preparation of meals in a hospital.

In the large kitchens the train-

ees prepare the mid-day meal for the dining hall under instructors like Mr. H. Thiney, who was for ten years at Grosvenor House and then chef at Allied HQ, CMF (he cooked for the King on his visit to Italy). They learn how to make small rations go a long way, how to make food appetising and how to get variety into vegetables. There are, for instance, over 200 ways of presenting potatoes. The school does not attempt to teach them all, but it does object to the cook whose imagination does not go beyond boiling.

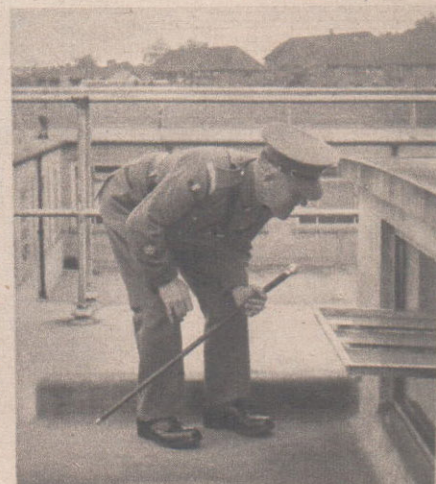
The longest course, that for apprentice chefs, is open to boys of 15 years. It lasts for three years, after which they are appointed Class I cooks with units.

Not only do they learn how to serve a dinner of several courses, but they must master intricate sugar and pastry work, an art which suffered under rationing. There are few really expert sugar craftsmen in London today.

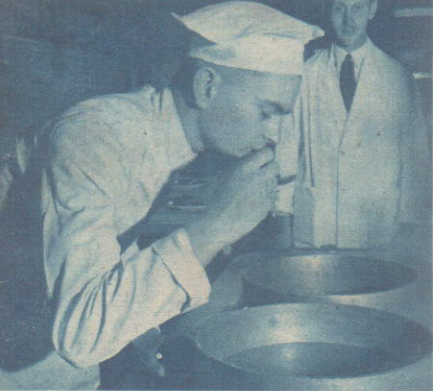
Under the direction of Mr. J. C. Owen and Mr. E. D. Goves, the boys mix the sugar, glucose, water and lemon juices and cook the mixture at 315 degrees Fahrenheit before starting to "pull" it. Then they build up ornate baskets of fruit, with sugar ribbons and sugar roses. One of the Army instructors in this department is Sgt. J. B. Holmes, who was an apprentice at the Savoy and who is being sent soon as chef to the British Joint Services Mission in Washington. He supervises the making of



Serjeant J. B. Holmes, in the centre (instructors always wear tall hats) shows apprentice chefs how to weave sugar baskets.



Any idlers down there? The RSM on skylight patrol.



Left: a student educates his palate — but takes care not to burn his tongue.

Right: The ideal haversack ration for a man going a 12-hour journey. Display includes ninepence for liquid refreshment. Demonstrator is Monsieur Ronse.

LOVELY GRUB

(Continued)

Today one of his many jobs is to see that the boys do not forget they are soldiers. Each door leading into an instructional kitchen is fitted with a glass panel from which the RSM can observe the class and the flat roof has convenient skylights. The story is told of a youth who on a hot day wandered into the land of day dreams. From the skylight he could not be identified because of his billowing cap. Suddenly a penny passed his nose and hit the table, and with a start he looked up to hear the RSM say, "Ah, Boy Smith!" and to see his name go down in the notebook.

The school has its research department where one of the civilian instructors, Monsieur F. M. B. Ronse from Belgium, carries out tests on new ideas, ranging from substitute fats to frozen cooked foods. Many requests for advice are received. Rhine Army, perhaps, are interested in bottling fruit. Monsieur Ronse tells them how. A unit wants to make snoek attractive so Monsieur Ronse starts experimenting with various sauces. Recently he gave a sample dish to some students and they thought they were eating salmon.

To the soldier who is always on his way from unit to unit, the greatest interest is in the haversack ration section, where new

ideas are tried out and students are shown how to pack the ration.

Plastic wall panels show the right type of ration for the 1949 soldier — neat sandwiches with meat and salad, meat rolls and Cornish pasties, fruit and potato crisps, biscuits and chocolate. What does Monsieur Ronse like in his sandwiches when he goes on a journey? "Give me a nice beef sandwich every time," he says.

At present the Training Centre concentrates on making the students use the right ingredients, prepare good, clean and tasty food (it has its own herb garden) and keep themselves clean (the monthly laundry bill for cooks' clothing comes to £265).

What changes have taken place in the cookhouse since World War Two? The most important is in the method of serving. No longer is the "family system" in favour — the system where one man collects the food for the other eleven at his table and serves it out. Instead, the cafeteria system is recommended; the attraction to the soldier is in the choice of dishes for the main course.

What about the cookhouse of the future? The Centre does not like to prophesy beyond hinting that the Army Catering Corps is ever alive to the improvements being effected in the civilian catering trade, and new ideas, recipes and equipment are being continually introduced.

ERIC DUNSTER



Above: Scene from a playlet showing the right and wrong way to make up haversack rations. The picture speaks for itself.



There are plenty of jokes about "the herbs in the herb garden." But a good cook knows how important it is to put the right leaves in the right pot.



In their fifteenth week the students are trade-tested. Here Captain A. Madrill, assistant chief instructor, passes judgment.

Shorn of their shining breastplates, and wearing the flash of the White Horse of Hanover, the Royal Horse Guards in armoured cars patrol a 56-mile beat between the British and Russian Zones of Germany

‘THE BLUES’ ON THE BORDER

THE name “Royal Horse Guards” usually evokes visions of tall troopers in ceremonial dress sitting immobile on their glistening black horses in Whitehall, or performing musical rides in the Royal Tournament at Olympia.

While the more colourful activities of the men from Hyde Park Barracks receive most of the publicity, this famous regiment of the Household Cavalry is doing a solid job of work in Germany, guarding a section of the boundary between the British and Russian Zones. Tradition and ceremonial are not forgotten; but horses, plumes and blues here give way to armoured cars, black berets and battle-dress or overalls.

The 56-mile boundary for which the Regiment is responsible runs north of Helmstedt (at the western end of the Berlin “corridor”) through a flat desolate country of heath and forest, with scattered villages. There is an official crossing place, but a constant tide of German civilians ebbs and flows between villages on one side and villages on the other, through the woods and along secret paths over the marshy ground.

OVER

Left: the traditional trooper of the Royal Horse Guards, in Whitehall. Below: a drive-past of armoured cars of the Royal Horse Guards on the Regiment's ex-Luftwaffe airfield in Germany.





'The Blues' on

Continual patrolling is necessary to keep a check both on the people who cross the boundary and on the goods they carry with them. A single patrol brings in an average of 40 line-crossers in a night. Most of them are temporary visitors who come to see relatives and friends (or so they say), or to exchange manufactured goods from the Eastern Zone for food in the Western Zone. Having traded their merchandise for fish, meat and eggs, they return to the Russian Zone.

Textiles are the usual clandestine export from Eastern Germany, but one man was found to be carrying 1000 false eyelashes, and another brought a mobile distillery for barter. Most of the travellers carry a bottle or two of schnapps, in the hope of bribing their way past the Russian-controlled German *Ost*



Above: Over into the British Zone... but those suitcases will be searched before their owners go any farther.

Left: the boundary-hoppers tell their tale. But it has to be a good one...

Right: the patrols of the Royal Horse Guards often stop to compare notes with the German police.

Below: A pause for a brew-up. This is one thing you can't do on Horse Guards Parade.



the Border (Cont'd.)



Polizei (East Police). Travellers' tales are unreliable, but it would seem that the *Ost Polizei* give their own nationals short shift: anyone caught trying to cross the boundary may be locked in a lightless cellar and left without food for three days, then fined and set free, minus the goods he was carrying. Those who do not stop when challenged may be shot at.

Russian pamphlets and newspapers are forbidden in the Western Zone, but determined efforts are made to smuggle them over. One favourite method of the big-time smugglers is to arrange for two lorries to meet back to back at the boundary on some lonely track and the loads to be exchanged. Ditches are dug across the roads to prevent this, but it is not difficult to bribe someone to fill them in and open them again after the lorries are gone. Another method is to drive straight across the frontier to the nearest village and exchange loads in someone's back yard. Boundary villages supply guides to people who want to cross secretly, particularly for refugees on the run from the Russian police.

Armoured car patrols, up to squadron strength, roar up and down the frontier tracks while foot patrols scour the woods and heaths. The boundary line is clearly marked by white notice boards which usually follow the line of a shallow ditch. It has to be clear, because endless complications can be created if a patrol is found on the wrong side of the line.

The Russians do not appear to move about so much. Several deserters have found their way into our territory, and these are the only occasions on which British and Russian troops make contact with each other. There is no fraternisation, either military or social, across the border.

In some places the line is marked by ancient stone signposts with KP on one side and KH on the other. This is the old frontier between the Kingdoms of Prussia and Hanover. Until Queen Victoria's time the King of Britain was King of Hanover too, so British troops may well have protected that frontier before. The line is not an arbitrary and artificial one. The Germany on one side and the Germany on the other have different characteristics. Even the houses and the villages are constructed differently.

The "Blues" are stationed near Wesendorf, which is half an hour's drive from the nearest



Abroad as at home, the Royal Horse Guards are jealous of their ceremonial. With sword erect, the orderly officer inspects the guard.

Right: the corporals' mess silver, surmounted by a polished helmet and a portrait of the King.

town of any size, Gifhorn. Their barracks originally housed units of Goering's *Luftwaffe*, and are well built and comfortable, but when the Regiment arrived the place was a desolation. The barrack blocks had been widely dispersed in thick pine forest to escape the notice of the RAF, but in vain. Weed-grown bomb craters, cracked buildings and demolished hangars added to the gloom of the pine woods, and a bitter wind that had blown unchecked all the way from the Ural Mountains whistled over the plain.

Now the buildings have been renovated and the craters filled in. The domestic touch is supplied by having the married quarters inside the camp. Babies' washing hangs on the line, wives chaffer in the families' shop and children's voices float from the schoolroom windows, perhaps while their fathers do their own educational periods in the next room.

OVER



78 (L of C)
PIGEON LOFT
ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

FRANK FINCH

"...and remember, no hovering about the NAAFI during duty hours."



"What! Saluting without caps! Even a rookie knows better than that." But it's an old custom in the Royal Horse Guards.

'Blues' on the Border (Continued)

A vast tarmac parade ground is the drill corporals' pride and joy. It can also be used for armoured car formation practice, and the airfield is ideal for the early training of National Servicemen, one of the chief preoccupations of all units in BAOR these days. The only draw-back is the absence of any sort of hill in the whole area. The country is so low and flat that a shallow depression within the camp area is

marked on the maps as being below sea level. Since the countryside is full of game, the "Blues" have every opportunity of hunting and shooting. Mechanised they may be, but they still have enough horses to run a full-size hunt, which pursues not foxes but hares. There are also coursing meetings for benefit of the regimental greyhounds, and boar and buck shoots. **TED JONES**

THEY HAVE NO SERJEANTS

RANK badges in "The Blues" tend to inspire a good deal of argument among other soldiers. A man wearing three stripes and a crown is addressed by comrades as "Corporal"; so is a man who wears two stripes and a crown. The first is a Corporal of Horse, a rank equivalent to that of serjeant.

There are no serjeants in the Royal Horse Guards. Everything is "corporal" right up to the Squadron Quartermaster-Corporal, who wears four stripes upside down plus a crown, and the Regimental Corporal Major, who is the equivalent of an RSM. All NCO's wear a crown above their stripes. Lance-corporals have two stripes. The word "serjeant" is not used because in the old days it denoted a servant, while "corporal" means the leader of a body of men. Well into the eighteenth century the Blues were all "private gentlemen". Troopers insisted on being called "Mister".

The only unusual officer rank is that of Cornet, which takes the place of second lieutenant. The term originated from the Spanish word "corneta," for a type of pennant; the troop pennant was carried by the subaltern or cornet.

The medical officer does not belong to the RAMC, but to

the Regiment and he may hold any rank up to that of colonel. So may the Quartermaster. A few years before the war out of 25 officers in the Regiment, five were colonels or lieutenant-colonels.

Perhaps the most unusual custom in the Royal Horse Guards is that of saluting with or without caps. There are various theories as to how this arose, none of them authenticated, but the habit inspires endless enquiries and wise-cracks from men of Line regiments.

Before the war, one of the troopers' most cherished privileges was that of wearing civilian clothes when off duty. Regulations were strict, and each man had to present his suit for inspection before being allowed to wear it. In London, bowler hats or felt hats were the order, but at Windsor cloth caps could be worn. By way of punishment a trooper's civilian suit could be confiscated and he could be made to walk out in uniform.



A tank driver surveys the battlefield as the camera will see it.



The "eye" of the Guards Armoured Division.

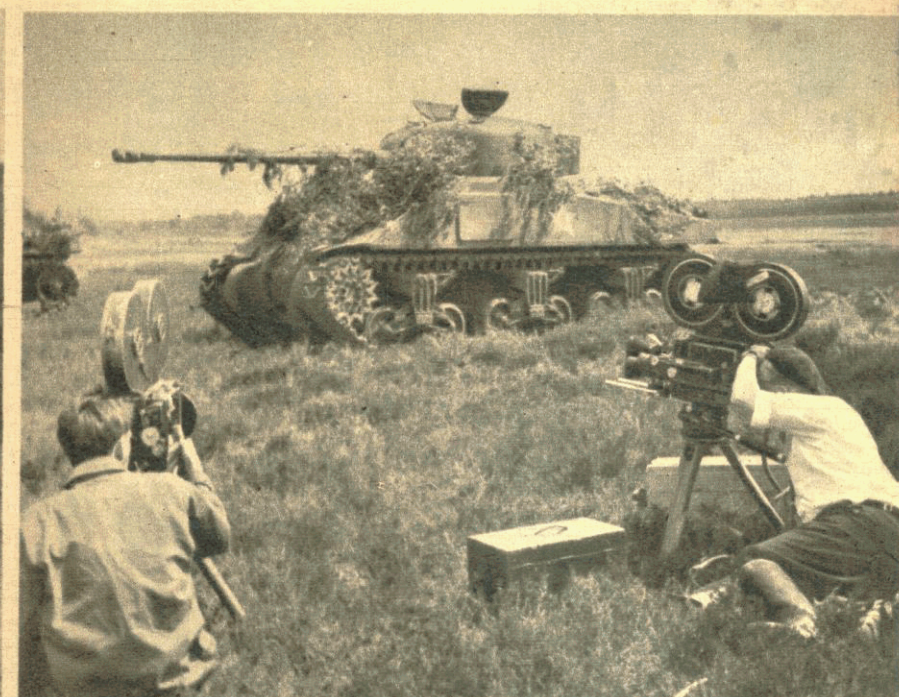
THE



Shermans loom through the smoke of battle. The camera accompanied them along the railway line in foreground.



The great art with smoke is to make it go where you want it. This "Welsh Guardsman" is a Sapper, Corporal K. Robinson, 5 Field Squadron RE.



This tank has been idle since 1945. Now it has been repainted, with a 21 Army Group star, and tricked out with camouflage.

"GUARDS ARMoured" IS REBORN (but for filming only)

STAFF officers of Rhine Army Headquarters recently endured a succession of letters and telephone calls from people who asked: "Has the Guards Armoured Division been reformed?" and "Is it true that Sherman tanks are being re-issued?"

The inquirers had seen tank transporters with Shermans on them passing through the country-side south of Hamburg and men wearing the Guards Armoured Division flash and Welsh Guards shoulder titles in the same area.

Anyone near the Munster Lager artillery ranges during that period might well have wondered if the war had started again too. The roar of tank engines and crash of explosions shook the air and gun flashes stabbed the smoke and dust that drifted across the moorland. The Guards Armoured Division was in action again: but this time with cine-cameras to record their exploits.

The film "They Were Not Divided" is to be a cross between a documentary and a feature film. While the plot is fiction, the main theme is the story of war-time

training in the Guards Armoured Division and the part the Division played in the invasion of Normandy and the drive on Berlin.

No "star" names appear in the cast. All tank drivers and crews were recruited from the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 1st Guards Independent Company and the 1st and 5th Royal Tank Regiment, preference being given to men who had been with the Guards Armoured Division during the France and Germany campaign.

There is a sprinkling of professional actors, but most of these have a Service background

too. Edward Underdown who, as an English Guards Officer, plays the leading role, served with an armoured division throughout the war. Rupert Gerard, who plays a Welsh Guards officer, was with the Grenadier Guards. Many of the incidents in the film are ones in which he was involved.

The drill instructor at Caterham Depot is played by Rufus Cruikshank, an ex-Regular who actually was a drill instructor at Caterham; and the Commanding Officer, Ian Murray, commanded a battalion of Scots Guards during the war.



Director Terence Young shows the tank drivers how he wants the battle to go.



The monster in the mist... Of the thousands of feet shot, few are chosen.

High-speed Bailey bridging proved a popular novelty at this year's Royal Tournament at Olympia. The public saw just what Sappers could do when stripped for action

THE ARMY'S "MECCANO BOYS"



REMEMBER the reports in *SOLDIER* about the REME teams who put a jeep together and drove it away in three minutes or thereabouts? *SOLDIER* suggested that this might be a good act to stage at the Royal Tournament.

Well, the Sappers have beaten REME to the spotlight. They have worked up an excellent second-splitting act of their own: building Bailey bridges at speed. This exercise in man-size Meccano proved a first-class attraction when it was staged at this year's Royal Tournament at Olympia.

At each performance, rival teams of 36 men constructed their Bailey bridges across a 40-foot "stream"; the first team to run a lorry over the finished bridge was the winner. For each team, it meant manhandling 15 tons and 250 pieces into position in less than ten minutes.

Impossible? A month before the tournament the men who did it thought so, too. When Royal Engineer units in the Northern, Southern and Eastern Commands and BAOR learned that they were to produce bridge-building teams to compete at Olympia, they thought, "With a bit of luck we can do the job in a quarter of an hour."

Their first efforts took well over 20 minutes. It was the beginning of a long period of hard slogging during which their only encouragement came from the seconds that were slowly whittled off the time. The secret of speed was for every man to have his own particular job and for the jobs to be so dovetailed that no man remained for a second with nothing to do.

Two parties of six lugged the side-panels off the trailer and carried them into position, while another party of six did the same for the transoms, the iron girders that form the basis of the roadway over the bridge. Two pin-men joined the panels together, two men clamped the transoms in position and two raker-men fixed the diagonal struts from the top of the panels to the end of the transoms. Four sway-brace men tightened up the steel rods that braced the whole structure together and a decking party of eight built the roadway over the bridge and the ramps leading up to it.

Twice and sometimes three times a day the teams tore through their drill, erecting a bridge and taking it down again, paring seconds off the time and lumps of skin off their hands. Reports of the times put up by rival commands were jealously watched. A fortnight before the Tournament, the team from No. 9 Independent Airborne Squadron

RE, representing BAOR, was stuck at 13 minutes. Rock-bottom seemed to have been reached and the men began to lose heart. Putting a bridge up at top speed and taking it down again, all day and every day for two weeks can be monotonous. Since every move in the construction drill had been worked out to the second, the only thing to do was to try rearranging the load on the trailer. The test began with the trailer drawn up 60 feet from the edge of the "stream" and all the bridge pieces stacked on it. The load had to be firm; there was no question of balancing it so that one push would tip the lot off, but after a few experiments a new loading drill was worked out and the paring down process began again.

Three weeks after their first attempt the team were unloading the trailer, building the bridge and standing to attention on the other side of it in eight-and-a-half minutes (using a different type of ramp than at Olympia). Just to show that the job was a sound one the lorry and trailer would then drive over the bridge. The only devices used to speed the work were hammers, spanners and two hooked ropes to help the unloading.

At Olympia the competition was run on the league plan, two teams competing at each performance of the Tournament, with two points for the winners, a point each for a tie and none for the losers.

Southern Command won, their best time being seven mins 29 1/2 seconds; Northern Command were second (though they were able to knock 1/5 of a second off Southern Command's time); BAOR were third and Eastern Command fourth.

Postscript: Another display of Army bridging to attract widespread attention was the erection of two Baileys over the Severn, and one over the Shropshire Union Canal, for the opening of the Royal Show at Shrewsbury last month. Two hundred Sappers of the Territorial Army, assisted by 25 WRAC volunteers in charge of stores, in this way combined training with service to the public. The 125 Engineering Regiment from Cannock had a 120-foot pontoon bridge to erect; and the 127 Construction Regiment from Smethwick built a 110-foot floating boat bridge and the 60-foot Bailey over the canal.

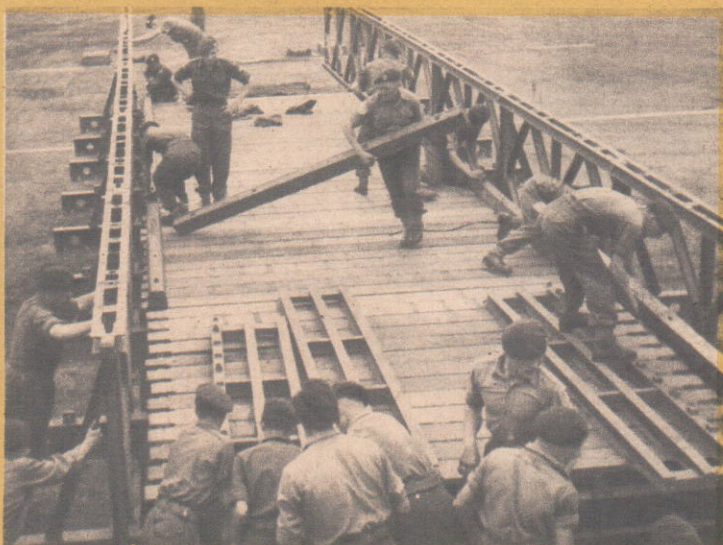
See also "From The Army... To The Emir" on Page 12.

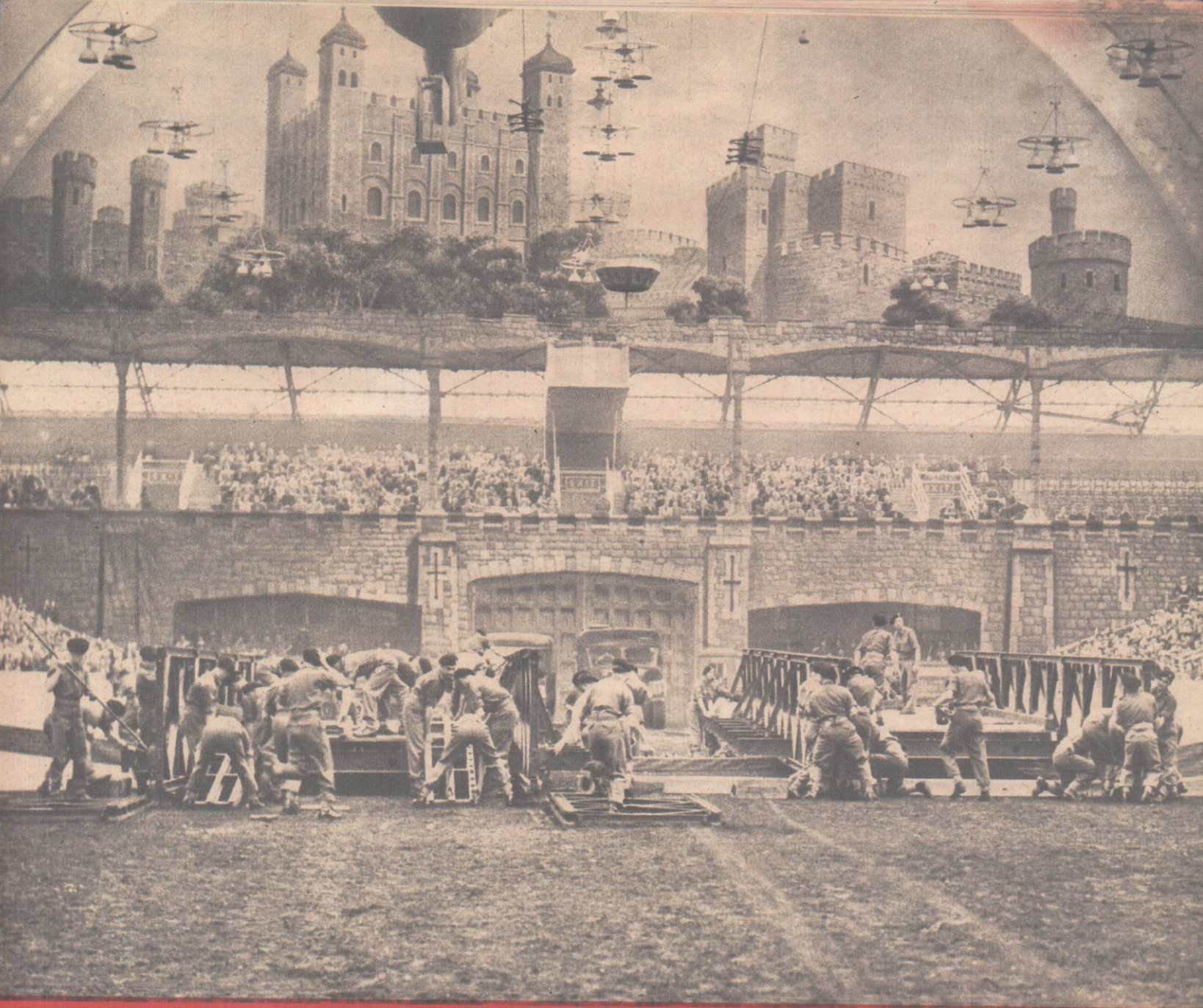


"A good show, but I think we could save five seconds this way..." Lieutenant G. Roach talks to the bridge-builders of No. 9 Independent Airborne Squadron RE.

Left: the start of the operation. Unloading frames with the aid of a hooked rope.

Below: The deck is laid, the wheel kerbs are nearly in place and the ramps are being made ready. These pictures were taken when the team were practising in Rhine Army.





The picture above was taken at Olympia after rival teams had been on the job about nine minutes. The team on the left is in the lead. Below: a lorry is driven over the bridge to prove its stability and the team line up, left.



THE "St. Helena" sleeve flash is so rare in the British Army nowadays that it can be relied on to make anyone — from inspecting general to new recruit — look twice at the wearer.

St. Helena, of course, was the island where Napoleon was sent to live out his days. But ask six men where it is, and you will get six different answers.

Remote as it is, St. Helena was not too remote to miss the war. There was a British garrison on the island, and the islanders themselves formed the St. Helena Rifles. Towards the end of the war a number of these riflemen volunteered to serve in the Far East and other theatres.

SOLDIER recently found one of them still serving: Serjeant Arthur Young, Royal Signals, who is with the revived Seventh Armoured Division at Celle, Germany. Many of his fellow-islanders have returned to their windy isle in the South Atlantic; others have found themselves jobs in Britain.

This ten-miles-by-eight Crown Colony lies 15 degrees below the Equator, 1200 miles from the African coast and a rather greater distance from South America. It passed through Portuguese and Dutch hands before Britain acquired it, and many of the islanders in consequence are of mixed descent. Liberated African slaves also made it their home.

St. Helena might well have escaped the history books had it not occurred to the British Government, after Waterloo, that St. Helena would be a much safer place for an exiled tyrant than Elba. Even so, the Government took no chances, and they sent a strong Regular garrison out to the island, along with the Emperor, to frustrate any rescue attempts.

Since then the British have garrisoned the island intermittent-

Is This

ST HELENA

From the lonely isle of St. Helena in the South Atlantic came a band of volunteers, four years ago, to serve with the British armed forces. Occasionally you can still spot the "St. Helena" flash

ly. Other exiles were sent there, including Zulu chiefs and a refractory Sultan of Zanzibar. And in the South African War the island received Boer prisoners-of-war.

Otherwise, the island's history has been uneventful. It was a coaling and watering station for round-the-Cape ships in the days before the Suez Canal was cut, and in later days for those merchantmen which were not sufficiently well-found to make the voyage to the East without stopping. It was a port of call for whalers; and it became a cable station.

During World War Two (as during World War One) it was

necessary to garrison remote outposts like St. Helena and the Falklands in case enemy raiders tried a prestige assault. In World War Two most of the British garrison consisted of the St. Helena Coast Battery, Royal Artillery. The barracks are on top of Ladder Hill, which is reached from Jamestown (the one and only town) by a flight of 699 steps, supposedly the longest flight of steps in the world. The barracks are also accessible (luckily for the men who have to bring up the supplies) by a road which winds for about a mile and a half.

A writer in *REME Magazine* in March 1947 gave some details of

garrison life on the island during the war. Leisure tended to hang heavily; after a man had seen the spot where Napoleon died, and such geological novelties as Lot's Wife and the Ass's Ears, he needed more lively diversion. On three evenings a week there was the garrison cinema, maintained by a REME serjeant and two Gunner projectionists. Since fresh films were few and far between, some of the stand-bys were seen four or five times at intervals of a few weeks. There was football (in a high wind), bathing (complicated by impedimenta called "sea eggs") and dancing (the local belles ranging from white to dark tan). In Jamestown was another film-starved cinema and a solitary house of refreshment which sold South African bottled beer only.

The real hardship was shortage of mail, which was seaborne. Six to eight weeks was the usual period of waiting, sometimes 12 or 13 weeks. And when letters arrived news in them was history.

But at least the garrison could say that they had intimate knowledge of an island rarely visited by even the most inveterate globe-trotters.

St. Helena was last in the news when the Royal Family called there in 1947 on their way back from their South African tour. It does not expect to house any more famous exiles; and at no time did it expect to receive Adolf Hitler.



Right: This view of Jamestown, St. Helena's one and only port, shows the famous flight of 699 steps leading to the barracks on the hill, also the road which winds up to the same spot.

Serjeant Arthur Young, who left his remote island in the South Atlantic as a volunteer for the Far East in 1945, found himself posted to Germany instead, after six months in England. He is on a regular engagement which ends in 1952. So far he has had no home leave, though he is not without hopes of a long sea voyage this year. He has a three-year-old son he has not yet seen.

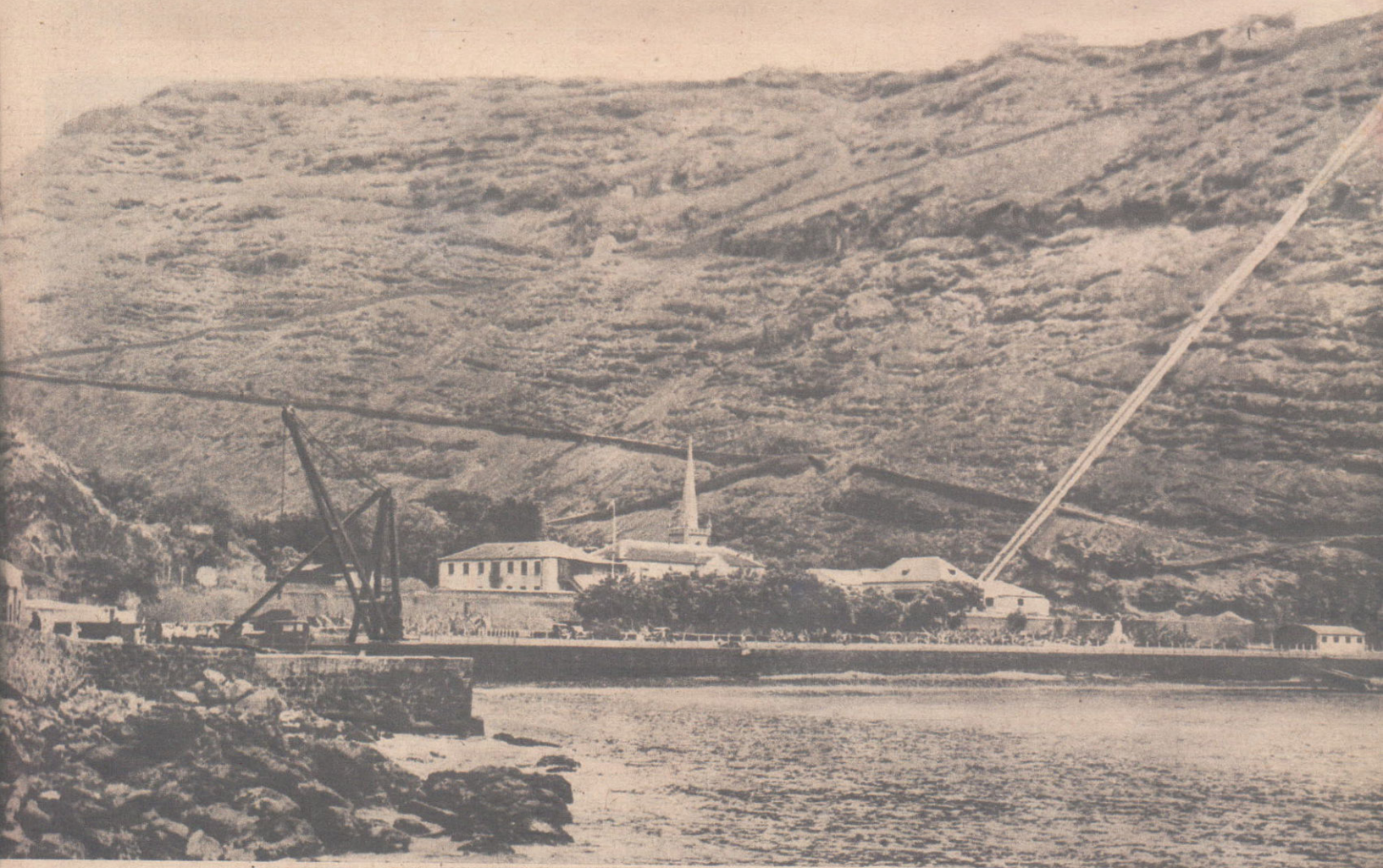
Ultimately Serjeant Young hopes to bring his family to Britain and settle there, like many of his fellow-islanders who joined the Forces. In St. Helena he was a Government printer, and he hopes to find similar employment in England.

The 150 volunteers who left St. Helena in 1945 have mostly lost touch with each other by now—except for those who are back home. Until recently three or four of them were serjeant-instructors in the Royal Engineers at Brentwood, Essex. Like soldiers from other parts of the Commonwealth, they are allowed to wear the flash showing their country of origin, and they cling to the privilege.

What most impressed Serjeant Young when he first arrived in London? The answer is: the Underground. He says he never felt so cold in his life before. And he misses curry.



The Rarest Shoulder Title?



Corporal Was 'King' of This Island

TO a corporal of the British Army once fell the realisation of a dream which many millions have dreamed—to be "king" of a tiny island, away from it all.

The corporal was William Glass, of Roxburgh, Scotland. He founded a British colony on a South Atlantic isle which is more remote and much more forbidding in appearance than St. Helena: Tristan da Cunha.

Tristan (see map on opposite page) has an extinct volcano rising to 8000 feet and a coastline of only 21 miles. On one side is a flat stretch of countryside where now stands the solitary settlement. There are two sister isles — Nightingale and Inaccessible.

The island was without inhabitants until Napoleon was sent to St. Helena. Then the British Government, concerned lest the Emperor should again escape, got out all the charts of the South Atlantic and studied the nearest islands from which a raid might be made on Napoleon's prison.

As Ascension Island (750 miles to the north) and Tristan da Cunha (1500 miles south) were both uninhabited, it was decided to garrison them. The one they were most worried about was Tristan. Its very remoteness made it dangerous.

The Tristan garrison consisted of 50 Hottentot soldiers and some British officers and NCO's, one of whom was William Glass, corporal of the Royal Artillery. They arrived in 1816 and the following year were withdrawn, but Glass asked permission to stay with his wife and two children (later he had 14 more). Permission was not given but he stayed just the same, and his comrades left him some livestock, tools and equipment.

Later, two sailors who had visited the garrison decided they

Here is the strange story of another remote isle in the South Atlantic: Tristan da Cunha, colonised by a British corporal

too would like the lonely life. On their discharge from the Navy they visited the Admiralty and offered to forego pension if they could be taken to Tristan on the next boat to India. Their Lordships gave their permission.

The two men were dropped on the island but one left soon afterwards as he found life too quiet. He was replaced by four other sailors. Apart from Glass they were all bachelors and they envied the corporal his wife. One day they sent frantic signals to a passing whaler. No one was more surprised than the sailors when, next year, the whaler brought five women from St. Helena, all of whom were willing to marry the five men. They were lined up on the beach and the sailors took their pick.

From these six families — and with the help of a few shipwrecked crews — the population grew to 224 by 1945. The original five women were described as vicious and slovenly but they produced strong offspring, and the islanders are noted for living long.

Glass died in 1853 and the governorship fell on the oldest inhabitant, Peter Green, who was shipwrecked there.

The island is free from crime. It is also almost free from disease. Even teeth rarely decay. Potatoes and fish form the main diet, with occasional meat, birds' eggs, flour and sugar. The islanders grow their own crops, keep pigs, sheep and cattle.

Until 1933 the oldest inhabitant was governor. Since then the island has run itself with a council of four, the chairman being empowered to perform marriages in the absence of a chaplain.

In World War Two the RAF set up a meteorological station and today it still exists. The loneliest isle has contact with the great outside world — which is something Corporal Glass would not have liked.

The Most Soldierly-Looking Soldiers of our Army.

Miss Winifred Emery judges "The Army Graphic" Competition.

We publish in pictorial form the result of this competition, for which many hundred N.C.O.'s and men of the Regular and Volunteer Forces entered. Miss Winifred Emery, who is now playing in "Her Son" at the New Theatre, acted as judge, and we feel sure that our readers, even

the unsuccessful ones will agree with her in the award. In judging a competition of this sort it would be far more satisfactory if the men themselves could be seen, as a photograph does not always convey the best impression of the subject.



On left is Corporal E. Stratford, Royal Field Artillery, runner-up in a competition for the Most Soldierly Looking Soldier 'way back at the turn of the century.

Corporal Stratford had joined the Royal Field Artillery in 1893 (when not all junior NCO's were bombardiers) and not long afterwards went off on a 12-year tour to India. This picture was taken while he was serving as Colonel's clerk on an RA Staff.

The picture came out well, so Corporal Stratford entered it in a competition run by a paper called the *Army Graphic*. The judge of soldierly-looking soldiers was a popular

actress and she picked Corporal Stratford's photograph as the winner of the second prize.

Mr. Stratford served through World War One and until 1920, when he was discharged as a lieutenant. But his connection with the Army has not been broken: he has two sons who are regular soldiers, one a warrant officer and the other a sergeant. Two other sons served during World War Two, one as a sergeant, the other as a major.

In retirement, Mr. Stratford, who is now 76, lives in Essex and spends much of his time at carpentry and playing chess.

Food, Beer, Pay - and a Hanging 55 Years Ago

Here are the reminiscences — gay and grim — of an Old Soldier who served in the Royal Artillery in the 'nineties

IN my early soldiering days there were no dining halls and the men's meals were served in the barrack-rooms where they worked, slept and lived.

In 1893 I was in barracks at Hilsea, near Portsmouth, with the junior field battery of the Army at that time, the 80th. We were quartered in one long two-storey block with barrack-rooms upstairs and stables underneath.

Our rations were one pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat: that was all. Everything else was provided by a 4½d a day messing charge which each man paid into an account run by the pay-serjeant.

Our meals were varied and on the whole we thought they were not too bad. For breakfast we had eggs, bacon (never eggs and bacon), kippers, porridge and so on. For dinner there was roast,

stew, curry and tomatoes, sea pie, baby's head or baby's leg (meat puddings, either round or long), or duff in cossacks (meat puddings boiled in basins and issued one between two men).

For tea there was bread and usually rank butter (no margarine), with sometimes jam. Each man had a pint of tea at breakfast and tea. In the barrack-room there was a plate and basin for each man — sometimes.

After stables, the two trumpeters would stand in the middle of the barrack square and sound the dinner call in harmony. The NCO in charge of each barrack-room supervised the cutting-up and the sharing-out of the roast joint. Usually he cut off a chunk of the most tender part and stuck it to the under side of the table with his fork. The vegetables were shared out, then the NCO, with his hand on the best plateful, said, "Right, take them away." Then he added his morsel from under the table to his own plate.

There were no cloths on the tables. Scraps lay on the wood to be cleared away later by the room orderly. We used the same plates for the duff, cleaned by a piece of bread if the next course was sago or some other sloppy mess, or just turned the plate over if it was solid duff.

When the orderly officer came round complaints were rare. It wasn't done, though when the officer was not present there would be a continual chorus of grouses. The NCO's habit of taking the best morsel was regarded as one of the "perks" of

rank and, by most men, as quite legitimate. Any man who complained about the food was likely to become unpopular and to be told he had never been so well fed in his life before.

Soaking It Up

IN the early years of this century it was the custom in some units for the men to choose their own brewers who would get a contract to supply the canteen.

Four or five tasters were picked, usually by the Battery Serjeant-Major, from those whose conduct-sheets showed that they had knowledge of the subject.

One morning five of my battery paraded and set off amid cheers in a *dumny* (two-wheeled vehicle). No more was seen of them until tea-time when they stepped, fell or were helped off the *dumny* and taken to their rooms. They had been shown around the brewery and given limitless beer and food.

The old sweats of those days could certainly put the beer away. Most of their pay went on beer and the canteen was a goldmine for the sergeants, who took it over for a month in rotation.

I was in India in the early days of the South African War when news came through that a bounty was to be granted to men willing to extend their service. When the terms were published one man I knew who had mortgaged

his bounty in advance did not qualify. He was on a rupee a week for a long time afterwards. My bounty came to £27 10s. in silver rupees.

For a month or so the whole battery was practically struck off parades, except for looking after the horses and guards and picquets. The drunks were given a great deal of latitude; the NCO's were tactful and knew when to ease up and there was no trouble.

Boozing was usually done in schools of four or five gunners or drivers, who pooled their pay. The extension-of-service bounty was a blessing to these schools; the men who had the money paid for the beer in their turns and the paupers shared with the rich.

When the men in the schools were short of money, they would go to the tailor or shoemaker, sign a chit for ten or twelve rupees and receive two less; the amount of the chit would be deducted from the man's account for the month. One man recently arrived on draft heard of this system and decided to try it out. He signed a chit for twelve rupees with the very old, bleary-eyed native banker and got ten. At the end of the month the chit was presented to the pay-serjeant who read the signature, grinned and said, "There's no man of that name in the battery." The battery serjeant-major heard about the chit and agreed to have a parade for the old man to identify the debtor; it failed. I saw the chit



As he was in World War One: Lieut. E. Stratford.

afterwards. It was signed "Julius Caesar."

When a whole school was in debt they would go "on the tack," saving all the time, perhaps making a little by doing other men's duties. I knew one man who would spend long periods lying on his bed splitting nasty-smelling matches so that one would do the work of two. At last the drought would come to an end, full pay would be back and all was well with the world.

'Tips' For Serjeants

THE recruiting serjeant who enlisted me at Dundee in 1893, a splendidly dressed 12th Lancer, painted a very fine picture of life in the Army: an easy time, few parades, good pay and plenty of leisure. The pay of a Field Artilleryman was 1s 10½d a day. I did a little quick mental arithmetic: 13 shillings a week!

To prove his words, he gave me a day's pay there and then and told me to report next day.

I soon heard more details about this 1s 10½d a day. From it would be deducted 6d for rations (bread and meat), 4½d for messing, a penny for washing. There would also be deductions for barrack damages (nearly always threepence or more a month) and for haircutting (twopence a month, I think it was).

That brought my 13s down to five shillings — but five shillings a week spending money wasn't too bad. However, there was more, or rather less, to it than that.

A soldier was given a complete kit. There was a tunic with a red collar, lace-edged and with an Austrian knot on the cuffs; a serge drill jacket with pleats in front (presumably to allow for chest expansion); two pairs of blue overalls (mounted men's trousers) with broad red stripes; a pair of ankle-boots and a pair of Wellingtons; helmet and white buff belt. Drivers had special breeches, boots and spurs.

We also got two pairs of grey-backs (rough, grey flannel shirts which at first irritated your skin); three pairs of socks; two pairs of long cotton drawers; two rough towels; and a variety of toilet items.

The only articles that were replaced free were outer clothes. Shirts and socks wear out, brushes get bald, soap dissolves and the soldier had to replace them out of his 5s a week not just when he thought he should but when the inspecting officer said so. Articles were cheap, by present day prices — they had to be.

Often at a CO's clothing inspection the pay-serjeant would be consulted as to the state of a man's finances. If he was deeply in debt, only the minimum repair would be ordered.

What was left of our pay, we received on Saturdays. There was no Army Pay Corps and the men's accounts were administered by the pay-serjeant who did little else.

During midday stable parade each No. 1 would draw the money from the pay-serjeant and install himself on the verandah of the

stable, with book, pen and ink on a cornbin, and call out the men in turn during grooming.

The serjeant stood bareheaded, with his pill-box forage cap on the cornbin, rim upwards. Each man was expected to drop into it any odd coppers he might get with his pay. Usually when even money was paid to a man, the serjeant made it up to include a sixpence and sixpennyworth of coppers.

No one ever complained, to my knowledge. Once again, this sort of blackmail was considered one of the legitimate "perks" of the serjeant. And there was a certain reluctance to speak to an officer as man to man. In any case, as long as things were not too bad, why worry? The private soldier in those days was not so ready to shout his troubles to the world.

"Good Bye, All!"

IN the very earliest years of this century, I was stationed at a small military station in India. There one day we learned we were to witness the execution by hanging of a British soldier. He had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death for killing a British officer in his regiment.

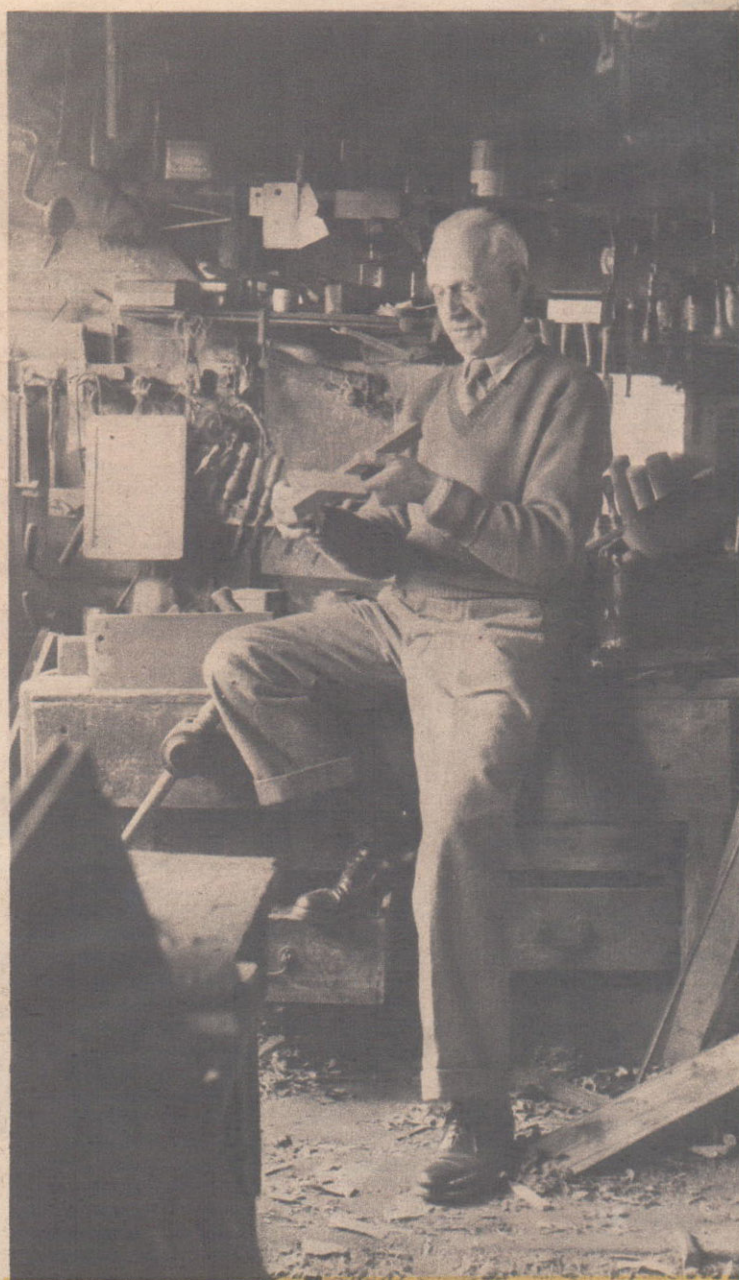
At the appointed time we paraded in drill order, and were marched to the prison. There our battery and an Infantry battalion were formed up to make three sides of a hollow square, facing the gallows. This was a structure of wooden pillars with a small platform at the top, reached by a flimsy ladder. At the foot was a framework with a lever fixed in it, similar to those used in railway signal boxes. An official in a white suit and helmet was busy inspecting the set-up. He, we learned afterwards, was the executioner, and with him were two native assistants. We were stood "at ease," which hardly describes how we felt.

The prison was situated in a small valley, and on the rising ground outside we could see huge crowds of natives along the ridge of the hills.

There came to us the sound of a drum, and a band playing, and we were sprung to attention. The sound came from beyond the rise in the ground, and then over the rise came a procession of a kind we shall never see again. First came some prison officials, then the prisoner, and beside him the Chaplain, intoning the service for the dead. The band was playing a "Dead March." What a spectacle — a soldier marching in his own funeral procession!

The procession halted at the foot of the scaffold, and the Adjutant of the regiment stood out from the rest of the party. He read aloud how Private — had been lawfully tried and convicted of killing and murdering —. At this point the condemned man threw up his head and shouted out the one word "Hooray!" The padre touched his arm in reproof.

The officer finished his reading and stepped back. Then the executioner took his place at the lever, and his assistants aided the prisoner up the steep ladder. He



The Old Soldier now spends much of his time in this "glory hole" at his home at Brentwood, Essex. Sometimes he plays the organ here. Below: Mr. Stratford at another of his hobbies: chess.

stumbled once, but not from fear or nervousness, I believe, as his whole demeanour throughout had shown no sign of fear or any other emotion, except perhaps a sort of bravado.

At the top, one of the assistants produced a black cap. The condemned man shouted, without a quaver, "Good bye, all!" Then the black cap and rope were adjusted. All this time the padre was saying aloud prayers for the soul of the man about to die.

Then came silence, a tense moment. The man in white at the foot of the gallows drew the lever sharply towards him. The trap fell, and through the gap dropped the figure of the victim. He hung there a few seconds while convulsive tremors of his legs betokened his final throes.

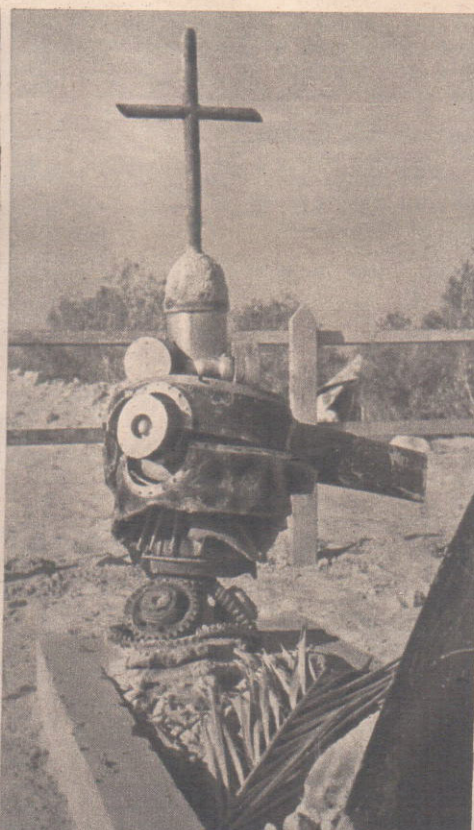
Then came sharp words of command: "About Turn, Quick March." And so back to our quarters, and an end to the grimmest parade I have ever attended.

E. STRATFORD

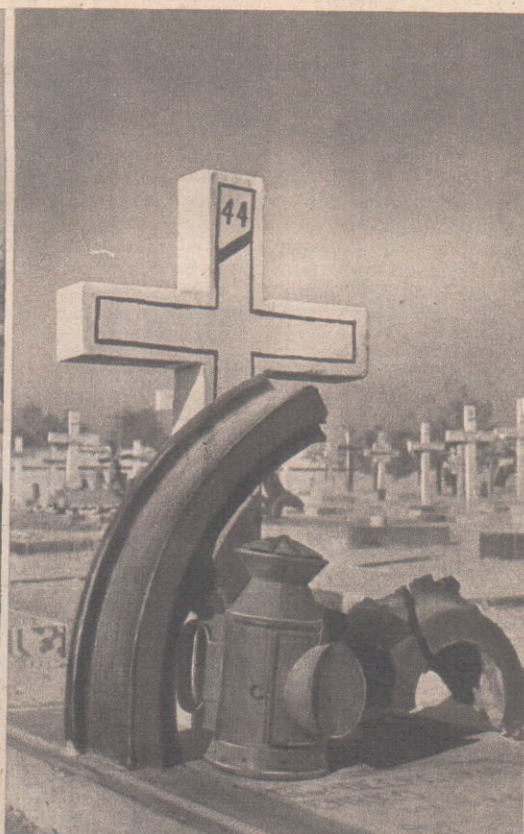




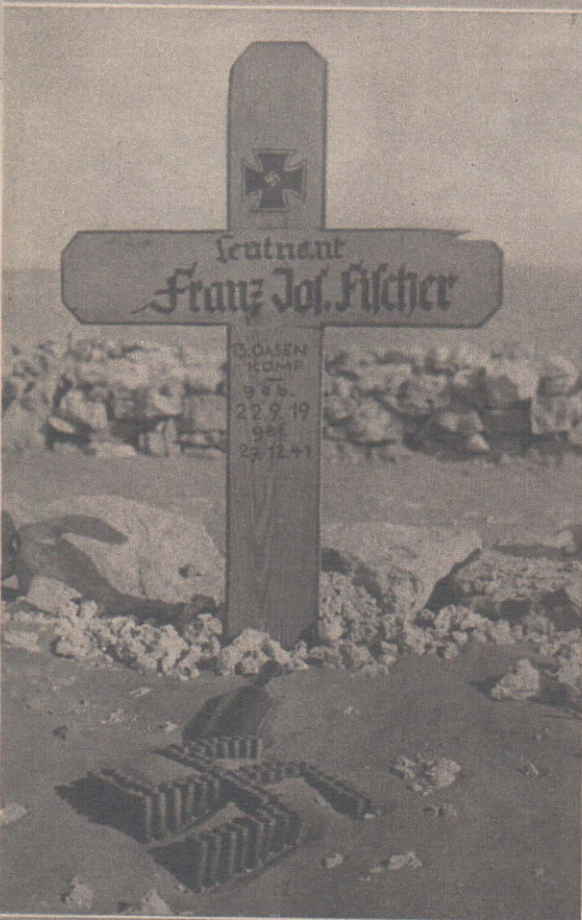
"No one stops me any more" is the grim jest on this Italian driver's grave.



Poised precariously on bevel cog-wheels: wreckage of the machine in which an airman died.



A broken locomotive wheel and a railway lamp surmount the tomb of an Italian railway worker.



Drifting sand begins to obscure the swastika of cartridges on a German officer's grave.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO



The mess tin beside the rude cross: a common sight on the Libyan battlefields.



A bomb at each corner: the bizarre, if ingenious, grave of an Italian airman.

In ancient days the dead were buried with symbolic objects by their sides. Over the graves of their comrades in North Africa Axis soldiers set pieces of broken equipment, symbolising the part which the dead man had played. The tributes were no less genuine for being unorthodox, or even in bad taste; the epitaphs were no less sincere even when they contained a macabre humour

Were the ATS Men or Women?

STRANGE as it may seem, the question contained in the heading was one on which a ruling had to be sought early in World War Two.

Some of the feminine "Old Guard" thought that "auxiliaries" ought to expect no privileges or indulgences by reason of their sex. The Treasury would probably have been quite happy to see this view upheld; instead they were persuaded — no doubt against their better judgment — to authorise expenditure on electric irons, face flannels, linoleum and other unseemly frivolities which had never before been issued to His Majesty's forces. The Treasury were never entirely convinced that the ATS needed PT Kit.

The "Old Guard" lost the battle. It was officially laid down that the ATS were women, and as such deserved those little extras which mean so much to feminine morale. (There were plenty of male units in which morale might have been raised by the provision of an electric iron; but let that pass.)

This battle had been won by the time that Mrs. (later Dame) Leslie Whately became Director, ATS (equivalent rank: major-general), in succession to Mrs. Jean Knox. But as a Coy. Ass. (which was what they called company assistants in the early days) Mrs. Whately had seen something of the struggle behind the scenes, and knew the kind of opposition she might still expect when she came to wear crossed swords on her shoulder.

Dame Leslie Whately has now published an account of her service with the ATS under the title "As Thoughts Survive" (*Hutchinson 21s*). It is a straight-forward narrative, with no "revelations" (unless the revelation about the staggeringly unsuitable billet which was allotted to the Palestinian ATS in Bari), and no in-

discretions. Much of the book, perhaps too much for the ordinary reader, is a record of inspections and public functions at home or abroad. But that, after all, was the Director's job. Enough emerges between the lines to show that only a strong-minded and single-minded woman could hope to discharge successfully the duties of Director, ATS.

Human problems tended to bulk more urgently in the ATS than in the Army. Rejected OCTU candidates had to be handled with particular care. To add to their responsibilities, ATS higher-ups had many difficult interviews with parents. Here is an interesting sidelight:

"I can remember many instances of distraught parents visiting me to get some male member of the forces (not necessarily of the Army) moved from the same station as their daughter. On some occasions, when I was really convinced that the case warranted it, I did re-post a daughter to another unit. Only once in all these cases did I succeed in getting the male authorities to take action from their side. From the parents' point of view the request was perfectly reasonable. . . . We found that with talk and care it was always possible to verify the daughter's or mother's story before we took action. This we always did, and I hope that we may have averted one or two broken marriages, and relieved a certain amount of parental anxiety."

Compassionate leave was another of the big headaches in an ATS unit. Married girls had to have leave at the same time as their husbands, and fiancées would ask, "What about us?" Girls married to Merchant Navy men were the biggest problem, says Dame Leslie, for the hus-

bands were granted leave every time their ships were in port, and this often resulted in frequent short leave for their ATS wives and consequent dislocation of duties. Then came the mass release of prisoners-of-war, which meant granting 28 days leave to their serving wives. It was no fun conducting an ATS leave roster . . .

With the invasion of Europe another difficulty came to a head. ATS overseas had been treated hitherto as "camp followers," which meant that if they committed a civil offence — say, a driving offence — they were liable to trial by the local civilian authority, or even to imprisonment in that country. When it was clear that ATS would be sent to many overseas countries, action was taken to amend their status.

Throughout the war the Press followed the activities of the ATS with sometimes embarrassing assiduity. In the early days the service, suffering from growing pains, was frequently criticised for its organisation; headlines like "ATS High Command Accused" were not unusual. But when the administration was tightened up the Press attitude was generally friendly — even if there was a big song and dance about Dame Leslie's instruction that ATS should not smoke in public when in uniform. One

story which especially delighted the newspapers was a parade at Harrod's of wedding dresses presented by notable personages for ATS girls getting married. The demand for wedding dresses eventually grew to such dimensions that a charge had to be made for cleaning and alterations. It was a notable thing that such a service could be offered in the midst of total war.

Dame Leslie mentions that at a Royal garden party at Buckingham Palace she discussed with the King the colour of the stockings to be worn by the ATS in peacetime. Many tears had been shed by that time (literally and metaphorically) over the colour of ATS stockings. Dame Leslie does not mention that mysterious order (afterwards countermanded) which baffled gunners on mixed gunsites when they read it on the notice board; it said that ATS would be allowed to wear their stockings inside out, when off duty.

Dame Leslie makes few generalisations about the ATS, but one of them is:

"While men do undoubtedly mind whom they serve under, to women it is a matter of even more vital importance. Women find it easier to be loyal to a person than to an appointment."

The moral is that in a women's service above all, leadership of the highest order must be sought in the officers.

The ATS did not mind mud on the job, but they liked lino in the barracks. Below: ankle-deep at Rouken Glen, near Glasgow. Right: with the scent of cordite in their hair: an ATS predictor detachment.



They Said: 'Wait Till Rommel Gets to Shephard's ...'

"DON'T you think 'While Shephard's Watched' would be a wizard title for a book, old man?"

"Couldn't fail, old man. Why not write one?"

Maybe it happened like that, in the bar of Shephard's Hotel, Cairo; maybe it didn't. Anyway, here is the book with that title, by Pennethorne Hughes (*Chatto and Windus 10s 6d.*) It is a book about the Egypt the soldier saw on leave, and the Egypt he did not see on leave.

The author arrived in Cairo after the Battle of Alamein, which is perhaps a pity, as his wittily disillusioned style would have been well suited to describing the "Great Flap." Even as it is, his chapters on Shephard's Hotel, on Cairo street-life and night-life will divert equally those who served in Cairo and those who didn't.

Shephard's, Mr. Hughes notes, was once GHQ for Napoleon's troops (before the present hotel was built). It was GHQ for



"Ezma! Izma! Hi, you!" (Illustration by Haro Hodson, from "While Shephard's Watched.")

British troops in the first world war and the unofficial GHQ in the second. Rommel also had it earmarked as his base; but the wags who knew what the war-time service was like had a saying, "Wait till he gets to Shephard's. That'll hold him up."

What did the ordinary British soldier think of Cairo? According to Mr. Hughes:

"He probably thought of being sold defective fly-whisks by parasitic street vendors, or trying to make unwilling native labour do things it didn't understand or want to do. He saw a capital and thought it was a country; he saw idleness, but did not realise it might be the symptom of endemic disease; he saw theft, but was unaware that it was sometimes caused by appalling want; he realised that he was being cheated out of much of his pay, but not that the majority of Egyptians were worse off after several years of war than they had been at the beginning of it, and that many shopkeepers were not Egyptians anyway."

Soldiers did not appreciate, perhaps, that over 90 per cent of the people of Egypt suffered from an eye affliction:

"Even public men often have only one eye, a squint, an obvious strain, or are completely blind, and the clumsiness of many Egyptians which so infuriated the war-imported Westerner was simply the result of ophthalmia. If told in Europe or America that he was dealing with a blind man, the visitor would have been full of embarrassed allowances; in Egypt the phenomenon was too common for anyone to bother to stress it to him."

The soldier on leave tended to wander the streets disconsolately, noting (as he could not help but note) the swarms of beggars, the curious habit of the Cairo police of walking hand in hand, and such incidents as the one recorded by Mr. Hughes — "a blind man with a stick lashing out at a woman lottery-seller who warded off his blows with a baby." He would have time no doubt to note the "dark, slim-waisted, impertinently breasted Greek girls, Syrian girls, Jewish girls and Egyptian girls, at their best at any time between fifteen and nineteen"; and "the same girls ten years later, heavy, a little

bow-legged, fatted like pullets, but still having those beautiful dark eyes with enormous lashes, glossy black hair, expensive nails and lips like plush upholstery." These girls were not really the British soldier's cup of tea; though Mr. Hughes mentions an estimate of some 15,000 girls in Cairo who still live in hope of hearing from the "captains" they had hoped to marry.

Mr. Hughes does not omit the "intense dissatisfaction" of the soldiers at the condescension of some of the ENSA stars "who spoke about the sacrifices they were making to enable them to please 'the boys.' The boys, who had been fighting very hard for a number of years... remembered bitterly that before Alamein the stars had stayed at home..."

And here is Mr. Hughes on the



"A news story was liable to be garbled history." (Haro Hodson)

"pyramid system" in Army administration:

"By the pyramid system, to have an establishment for a colonel you must have two majors, for a major the requisite number of captains, and so on. A unit, therefore, which called for the full-time occupation of a man of the calibre of colonel, helped by one competent clerk, would involve a circus of milling intermediaries, with little to do but administer each other and compete in the passionate intrigues of internal politics."

Sometimes the author is too self-consciously sardonic, but the book makes entertaining and instructive reading.

The Japs Hated Mysteries

IN war the obvious thing to do is not always the best thing to do.

The late General Wingate, with his genius for behind-the-lines warfare in the jungle, understood this perfectly. By way of illustration there is a good story in "Journey To The End Of An Era" (Werner Laurie 12s 6d). This is the autobiography of an American soldier and rolling stone, Colonel Melvin Hall, who met General Wingate in Burma.

There was a small Burmese railway town which was so relentlessly pounded by Royal Air Force bombers that the Japanese garrison thought it advisable to spend the hours of daylight in the nearby jungle, returning at nightfall to eat the food which was prepared for them by Burmese servitors. The method of recalling the Japanese to their evening meal was the time-honoured device of a dinner gong.

General Wingate arrived unexpectedly at the little town with

a small band of his guerillas, and learned the story of the gong. Nine out of ten commanders would have been unable to resist the temptation to set an ambush, sound the gong and round up or shoot the hungry garrison. But General Wingate had a better idea; besides, he did not particularly want his troops to be drawn into combat at that stage. So he and his men simply sat down and ate the meal which had been prepared for the Japanese, thanked the cooks and disappeared into the jungle again, well before nightfall.

"That confused them," said Wingate, "more than we could do. When they finally came in, wondering why the gong had not rung and discovered that their supper had been eaten and that we had passed on, they didn't know what to make of it. The Burmese exaggerated our strength and the Japanese sat round hissing in their breath and saying, 'That what mean?' It was not in the book. Their discomfiture lasted a long while and affected Jap morale over a good part of central Burma. I was informed about all this later. They don't appreciate mysteries."



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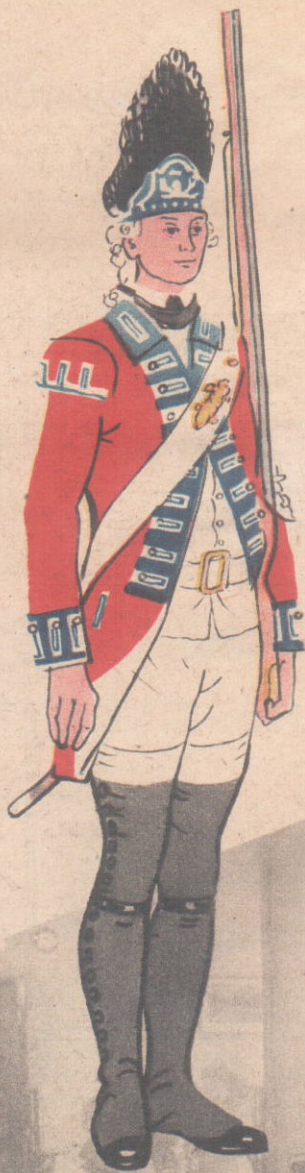
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1768

FOREIGN Service, in 1768, often meant hunger and privation. Army catering was then left largely to private adventurers who followed the Army where it was easy and profitable, but jibbed at going further afield where danger lurked, and supplies were difficult. On some distant stations the soldier had to exist practically on salt provisions as at sea.

The soldier on Foreign Service to-day doesn't expect Army life to be soft; but he knows that at key centres overseas NAAFI will be looking after his interests, that NAAFI will provide games and facilities for Sport and Entertainment. NAAFI can do, and pay for, all this because it is run solely to benefit serving men and women. It has no shareholders, and serves no private interests. All available profits are used to improve the lot of those who serve.



A typical Restaurant in the new type NAAFI Club for O.R.'s. Both at home and abroad there is a standard aim to provide high quality refreshment at reasonable prices.

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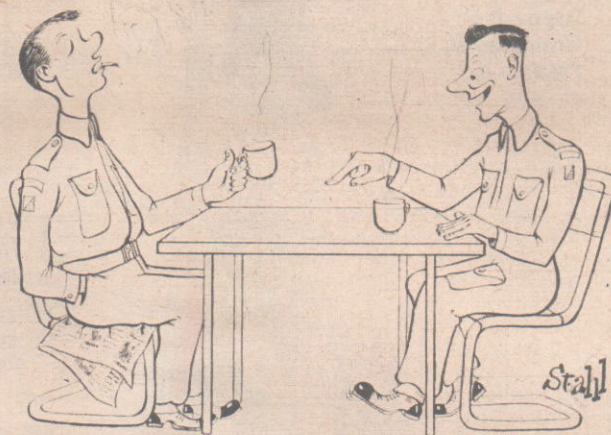
NAAFI

Naafi needs female staff for canteens. Applicants should consult their nearest Employment Exchange.

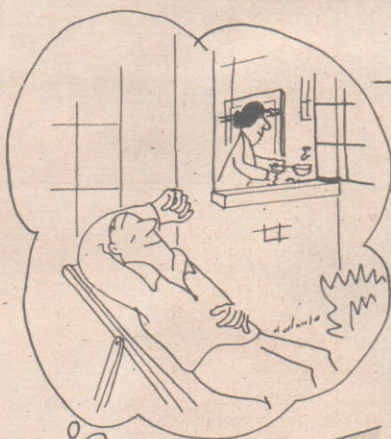
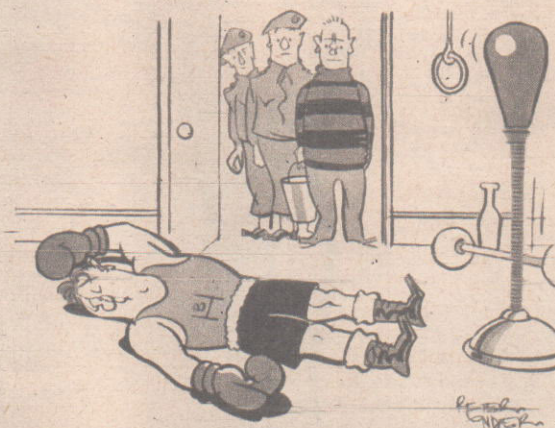
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"Please, sahib, you got Mrs. Beeton's kukri book?"



"I say, old man, are you reading that newspaper?"



How Much Do You Know?

1. What sports are associated with these places: Cowes, Lord's, Silverstone, Bisley, Wimbledon, St. Andrews?

2. A topiarist is a man you would expect to find: (a) cleaning wigs; (b) trimming shrubs to look like peacocks; (c) stuffing whales; (d) taking "rubblings" of brasswork. Which?

3. Which, if any, of these statements are true: (a) It is legal in Britain to set spring guns against poachers, if a warning notice is erected; (b) The Plimsoll Line on merchant ships has never been moved up or down since it was first adopted; (c) The Scots verdict of "not proven" has been abolished.

4. Is there anything wrong, grammatically, with this sentence: "Walking down the street, a bright object attracted his attention, like a jewel lures a magpie."

5. You would expect to find the Senussi tribe in Malaya, East Africa, Cyrenaica, Jamaica—which?

6. If you were searching for uranium, would you equip yourself with a Sperry predictor, a geiger counter or a seismograph?

7. With what are these towns popularly associated: Axminster, Valenciennes, Seville, Stratford-on-Avon, St. Neots?

8. Which of these is (or are) out of place: Roquefort, Camembert, Dunlop, Cheshire, Gruyère, Chianti, Gorgonzola?

9. With what pursuits would you associate a man or woman you heard using these expressions: (a) Nine-point Bodoni; (b) An unblown Bug; (c) In the groove; (d) An appendectomy.

10. How many threads are there on a three-inch screw?

11. The Americans call it polio. What do we call it?

12. Think carefully before you answer this one: which is the first recorded case of the use of an anaesthetic in an operation?

13. If America's crack train, the Twentieth Century Limited, is late on its run from New York to Chicago, one of these things is liable to happen: (a) the passengers will receive a dollar for every minute the train is overdue; (b) the engine crew are dismissed; (c) the general manager is dismissed; (d) all passengers receive free tickets for their next journey.

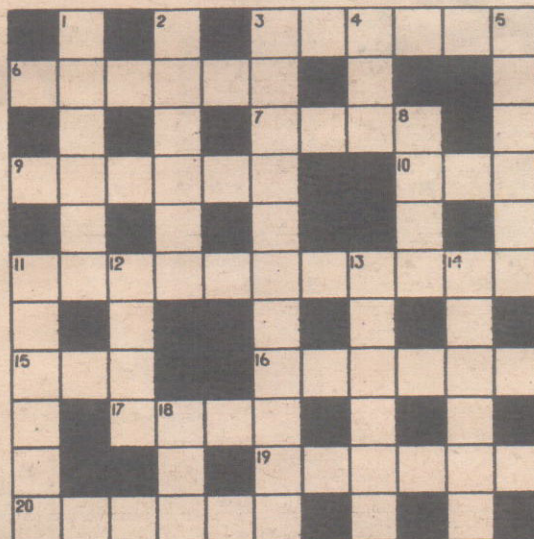
14. The *Morning Post*, famous English newspaper since 1772, is now amalgamated with—which newspaper?

15. Below is a dorsal view of Sandra Dorne. Why dorsal?

(Answers on Page 46)



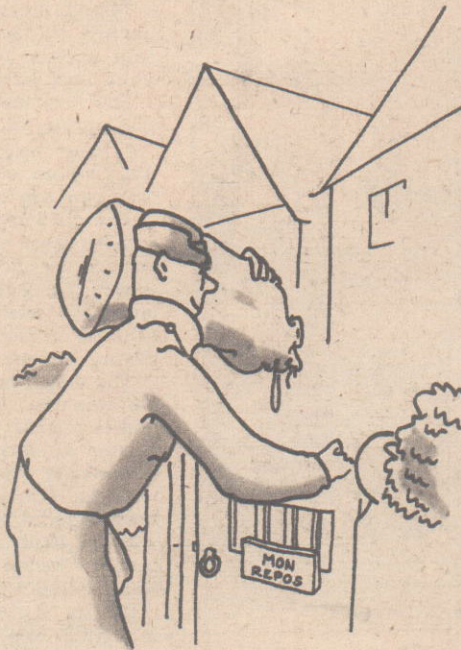
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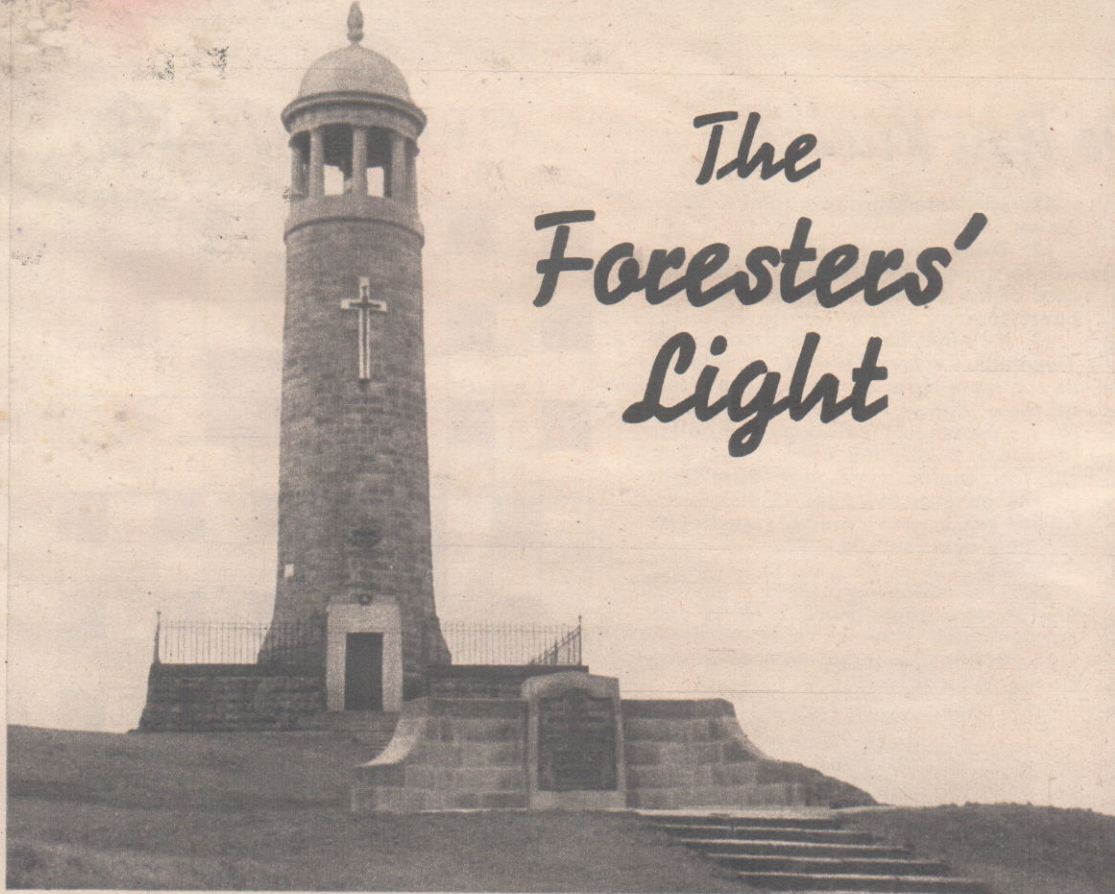
ACROSS: 3. Pleats for something steady. 6. Destroy a connection. 7. Half-way between ult. and prox. 9. No horsey amble. 10. Child preserver, perhaps. 11. "Rider put ten" (anag.). 15. Much water in the rose arbour. 16. Cellars from which the inhabitants don't walk out. 17. Cosy corner. 19. A backward man in a wriggler has a glossy finish. 20. The child might be this with 10 across.

DOWN: 1. Keep back. 2. Nasty untruth is a golfer's headache (two words). 3. "Deck whisper" (anag.). 4. Master of Bray? 5. Eaten away. 8. Slower gait than 9 across. 11. Sunlit can be something rude. 12. Introduction to the second part of a comparison. 13. Occasion for enrichment (two words). 14. The course that opens doors? 18. To be on one's this is no sign of possession.

(Answers on Page 46)



The Foresters' Light



Looking after the Crich Light is the task of Warden Woolley. A high wind often makes his job an uncomfortable one.



SOLDIER's cover this month is a drawing by Lawrence Bradbury of the Sherwood Foresters' Tower of Remembrance at Crich, in Derbyshire. To this spot every summer come members, past and present, of the Regiment, with their friends and relatives, on a pilgrimage.

Between 3000 and 4000 congregate at Crich on that day — it was August Bank Holiday before World War Two, but this year it was scheduled for 17 July — and there they attend a religious service.

At night a beacon light revolves in the top of the tower. It can be seen flashing every ten sec-

onds across Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, the counties in which the Regiment is raised, and across five other counties as well. Its message is a night-and-day reminder of the deeds of the Sherwood Foresters.

It is appropriate that a beacon should flash from the top of Crich Hill, for Crich "stands" — signal-

ling and observation towers — have stood there as long as history remembers.

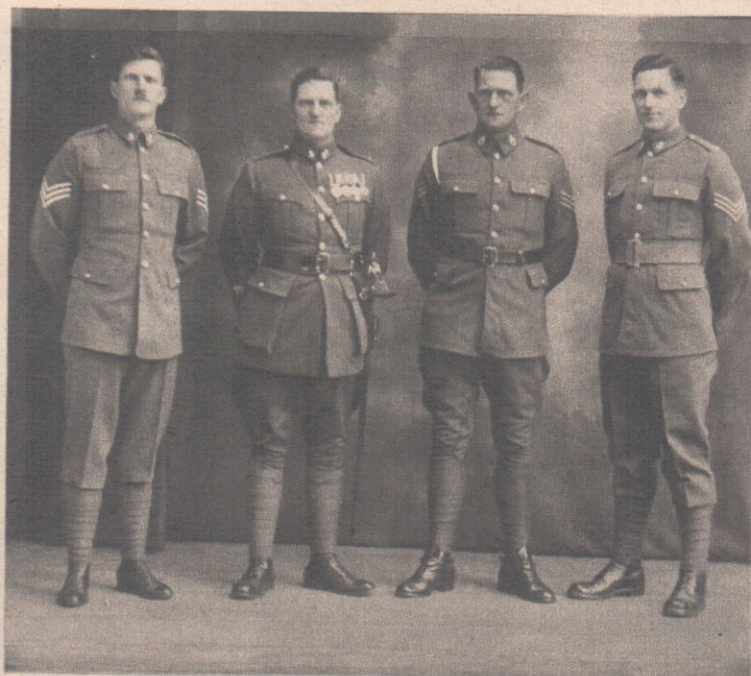
The earlier "stands" were of wood, but in 1788 a conical stone tower was built, to be pulled down and replaced by another tower built of the same stones in 1852. This tower was pulled down in 1922 and the stones were used for the third time to build the present tower, as a memorial to the 11,409 men of the Sherwood Foresters who died in World War One and their 140,000

comrades in the Regiment's 32 battalions.

The memorial cost about £4000, which was raised by two flag days. It was opened in 1923 by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Colonel of the Regiment. A memorial to the General now stands lower down the hill.

Crich Hill, which has been much quarried for its limestone, rises 955 feet above sea level and the tower adds 63 feet to that height.

FOUR BROTHERS AIM AT 145 YEARS SERVICE



The Harrison brothers, photographed in 1938, the only time in their Army career they have been all together: They are Major G. C. Harrison RE (now retired), Major C. W. Harrison RE, Lieut. J. Harrison, Royal Signals and Lieut. H. E. Harrison, RE.

IN the early days of the war a man knocked at the door of a house in a heavily blitzed area of London.

"Good morning, Ma'am," he said to the old lady who opened it. "As you are living all alone and have no air-raid shelter the local council are willing to put one in your back garden."

She beckoned him into the living room and pointed to a photograph of four men in uniform.

"Those boys," she said, "are my sons in the Forces. They've no shelter to run to so why should I have one? You can run along and tell the council I don't want one."

The old lady was Mrs. Harrison, mother of the four Harrison brothers who between them have a total of 106 years service in the Army and 24 medals and stars. All four joined the Army as boys and all four progressed step by step, not missing a rank up to WO I, when they were granted commissions. Their sister served in the WAAF during the war.

The eldest brother, Major G. C. Harrison, retired recently. He was the only one of the four who did not become a quartermaster. Last to be commissioned was Lieut. Quartermaster J. Harrison, now with Royal Signals in BAOR. He is the only one of them to hold the MBE.

In the whole of their Army career the four brothers have been together only once, either on leave or by posting. This was in 1938, when they were all posted to Britain. The reunion lasted only three months and their time together was marred by the death of their father (an ex-Sapper).

During the war one brother was in North Africa, one in Burma, one in Normandy and one in East Africa. Today three are in Britain and the fourth in Germany.

As the retiring age for quartermasters is 55, the Harrison brothers hope to have a total of 145 years service in before the last one leaves the Army.



CAN THESE really be two pictures of the same chap? Yes, they are! Just look what an unruly mess his hair is (top). She's simply horrified to look at it! Dry Scalp's his trouble. That's why his hair is so dry and lifeless-looking. Loose dandruff shows, too, at the parting and on his collar. His scalp is certainly short of the natural oils it needs.



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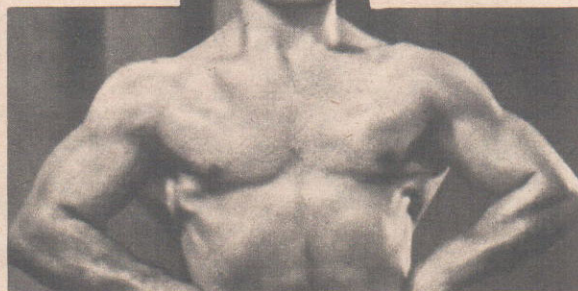
"Simply state your age and measurements (height, chest, upper arm, wrist, hips, thigh and ankle). In return I will send you a detailed statement of your personal possibilities—tell you the exact body-weight and measurements which you can reach by scientific 'Body-Bulk' training. You will also receive a copy of my booklet 'George Walsh Presents 'Body-Bulk''."

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MIGHTY MUSCLES, GREAT STRENGTH AND STAMINA can be yours in 1949. The famous "Body-Bulk" course, devised and personally conducted by George Walsh, the world's greatest body-builder, will lift you to the highest possible degree of solid body-weight, powerful muscular development and commanding physical power. More than 95% of the reports received are glowing testimonials from satisfied pupils.

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who built
45" CHEST
15½" ARMS
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Training.



Whether you are thin and underweight, an ordinary well-developed man or a strength athlete who wants to move into a higher body-weight division—the "Body-Bulk" course is **GUARANTEED** to lift you to the highest possible degree of solid, powerful muscular development.

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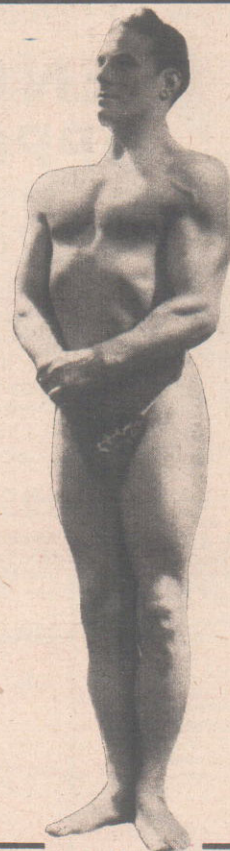
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Pupil J. HARWOOD, age 35, who writes:—"The Body-Bulk" course is absolutely wonderful for increasing bodyweight and muscular development in a short space of time".

Motor-cycle trials have a practical value as well as a sporting appeal. That is why the Army is interested both officially and unofficially

KEEPING THEIR FEET UP

WHEN one man's sport is another man's work, the second man is lucky if he enjoys it as a sport, too.

That is why the Army is a happy sporting ground for motor-cycle trials enthusiasts. The Army will teach them to ride and even provide competitions for them to ride in, without any of the expenses that civilian amateurs have to bear.

The reason is that the Army needs motor-cyclists who are fast and reliable across rough country. Trials motor-cycling is not only the highest point of their training; it sets higher standards of Army motor-cycling generally.

But trials riding in the Army is not what it was. Petrol restrictions have cut down its scope. Before World War Two, the Army found its best riders by holding trials with entries from a wide area, and the best riders made up official Army teams to take part in civilian and international events.

Nowadays a district is the highest formation which can hold trials. Trials at this level serve the purpose of giving young riders the extra polish that comes with competition work, and of keeping the old hands in trim. But such trials do not provide the information about the best riders in the Service which is necessary for picking an official Army team to compete in outside events.

For those taking part, a district trial is a satisfactory day's sport. For the spectator it is rather less satisfactory because, by the very nature of the event, it must be spread out and rarely can he watch more than one section at a time.

Basically, a motor-cycle trial boils down to these tests of the rider and the machine: going uphill, going downhill, cornering, splashing through water, negotiating rough surfaces and running on a level straight. Conditions in each of these tests may vary inside a few minutes if the trial is held on a showery day. Every circuit is different from every other one and itself can vary from meeting to meeting, so that there is infinite variety in a trials rider's career.

On the most difficult stretches of the circuit observers are stationed with paper and pencil; and in Army trials there may be field telephones, walkie-talkies, or radio-jeeps for reporting back to control — it is amazing how many people can get a day's practical training this way.

The track in the "observed section" is marked off with white tapes. The section may consist of



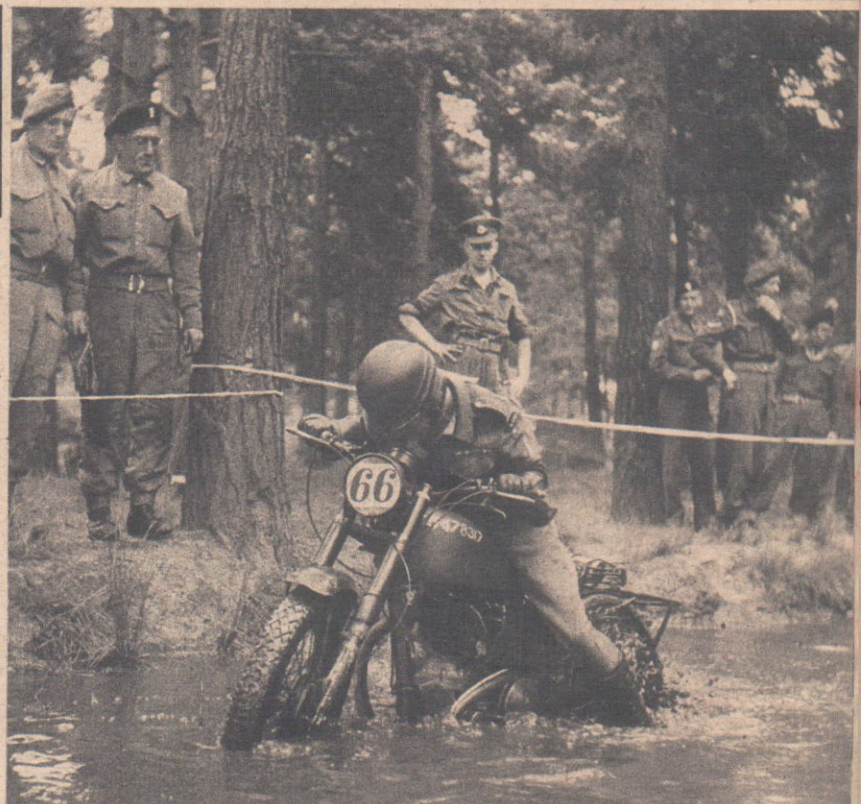
Above: The right way... This REME Staff-Sjt. first tested the water-splash on foot, then drove carefully over the firm patches. Below: The wrong way... He didn't paddle through before riding into the water. He will paddle out with a drowned engine.

a run up (or down) a steep hill, or a dog-legged track with a tree or two in the middle, a hard-to-dodge sawn-off tree-stump, a treacherous gully going diagonally across the track and any number of bumps and patches of loose surface. Or competitors may have to ride along a ditch or through something like a bomb-crater.

The man who wins most points on an observed section is the man who rides through without putting his feet to the ground. If he lowers his feet he begins to lose points. If he stops, he loses all the points for that hazard.

On level ground comes a "flexibility test" which, in Army practice, means starting a machine astride one line and finishing astride another in the shortest possible time, then moving from

OVER





Above: The right way... There are no firm rules about this; it's all a matter of judgment and control. Right: The wrong way... Perhaps he went too fast, perhaps his steering was badly adjusted, or perhaps it was just bad luck.

the second line to a third as slowly as possible. On the ratio between the times taken for the two rides, the result of the test is judged.

The Aldershot District motorcycle trial also has one section which is not common civilian practice: a map-reading road run. Competitors are sent off at minute intervals, each with a map and a route card, to find their way over a 25-mile route at an average speed of 20 miles an hour.

So, bar shooting, a trial calls for everything an Army motorcyclist needs, for good control, for good physical condition (since control requires alertness and muscle), for good maintenance (and no fancy stuff, because REME examine the machines to see that they are standard issue machines), and for an appreciation of the ground.

There was a good illustration of the importance of knowing the ground at the water hazard in the Aldershot District championship. It was a section of woodland track, sunken and well covered with water. Since riders were allowed to look over each hazard before trying it, the more cautious parked their machines and paddled through the water in their motor-cycling boots, feeling out the firm going. Then they went through with very little trouble, keeping carefully to one side. The more rash, however, took a quick look from the end and rode through the centre of the track, where they floundered spectacularly, sending up a flurry of mud and water, until their engines drowned. Then they reddened around the ears as a sympathetic spectator asked if they had wet feet.

With 106 entrants, the Aldershot

District championship illustrated also the popularity of trials. The Army Motor Transport School "A" team, in their unmistakable green and yellow helmets, won the award for the best team performance of the day and the next award was won by the Vehicle Wing, REME, Bordon, just to show that the men who spend most of their time in the saddle, like the Motor Transport School instructors and the Royal Military Police, do not get it all their own way.

The best individual performance of the day was that of Serjeant G. M. Berry, RASC, who was in the winning Army Motor Transport School team.

Serjeant Berry was one of the British Army team which competed in the International Six Days' Trial in Austria in 1939. The event took place the week war broke out and on the Thursday British civilian teams were warned by consular authorities to go home, but orders to the Army team got held up somewhere. On the Friday, the officer in charge of the team decided that it was high time to leave. They had an escort of an Old Etonian *Luftwaffe* colonel and reached the Swiss frontier early on the day before Britain declared war.

They were competing that year for the Hunlein Trophy, presented by a German general for Service teams riding in uniform. During the war the trophy was lost and when the "Six Days" (1200 hilly miles) is held in Wales in September there will be no official section for Forces teams. Nor will there be any official Army teams riding in the trial, but there may well be soldiers riding under unofficial arrangements.

BOB O'BRIEN



Above: One of the Army's veterans, Serjeant G. M. Berry of the Army Motor Transport School, gets his number for the Aldershot District championship. Below: The map-reading run has started. First learn your route...



THE STRANGE WAR OF PRIVATE ANGELO

ONE of the best books about the Italian campaign was Eric Linklater's novel *Private Angelo*, which told the tragicomic misadventures of an Italian soldier who was born without the *dono di coraggio*, or gift of courage. (But like the hero of another famous book about an unwilling warrior, *The Good Soldier Schweik*, he was well endowed with natural cunning and disrespect for authority).

Now the story of *Private Angelo* has reached the screen. The indefatigable Peter Ustinov (a private soldier himself) not only produced and directed the film, but also played the part of *Private Angelo*.

The great virtue of the story is that it presents a glimpse behind the lines of the Italians, the Germans, the Americans and the British, and gives a vivid idea of the clashing loyalties and treacheries, the bravery, graft and corruption which flourished in Italy as the war machine rolled ruinously up the Apennines.

Private Angelo does all he can to dodge the war and to pursue his not altogether reputable affairs, but he finds himself constantly bandied about between the rival armies. He deserts from his own regiment ("The Sucklings of the Wolf"), falls into German hands, is put into a labour battalion, runs away and has the good luck — or ill luck — to discover, pinned beneath a capsized jeep, Major Simon Telfer, of Force 69. In no time at all, *Private Angelo* finds himself "adopted" by the members of this irregular British Army unit.

"To join and remain in Force 69," wrote Linklater, "it was necessary that an officer should be naturally brave, uncommonly resourceful and know a great many people by their Christian names." Force 69 put nothing on paper, and "decisive action was taken only in consequence of something that General Oliver or Colonel Peter said to Dicky this or Nigel that." The atmosphere of this cloak-and-dagger force is delightfully conveyed in the film.

Angelo finds himself, to his distress, in the forefront of a raid by Force 69 on Rome, while the capital is still in Nazi hands.

Later he is even induced to join one of the Italian brigades formed to fight the Germans in the last stages of the campaign. In this he is unfortunate enough

Right: Gun-shy Angelo stops his ears as an Italian battery pounds the Germans. His commander, the Count Piccologrando, taunts him with lacking the gift of courage.



Puzzled Angelo is "adopted" by the unconventional officers of Force 69. With incredulity, he hears that these mad English enjoyed their war in the Western Desert.



Anxious Angelo finds himself in the forefront of a "cloak and dagger" landing. The objective is German-occupied Rome.



Cowboy Angelo, embroiled in a battle between British raiders, German soldiers and a herd of cattle, extracted himself in this unheroic fashion.

(Continued on Page 43)

"I had my loveliest perm at home..."

— says the Twin who gave herself a **Toni**



Which Twin has
the Toni

— and which has

the expensive perm?

(see answer below)

25,000,000 women use Toni — the perm that gives that natural-look

Treat yourself to the loveliest perm that money can buy — at a price you can afford! Give yourself a Toni at home. So soft, and natural-looking from the very first day.

Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm — even grey or dyed hair. And Toni's gentle waving action makes it ideal for children's baby-fine hair.

Which Twin has the Toni? June and Joan Taylor are identical twins. June, on the right, gave herself a Toni at home. She says: "Our friends can't tell the difference between my Toni

and Joan's 3 gn. perm. Joan says her next perm will be a Toni, too!

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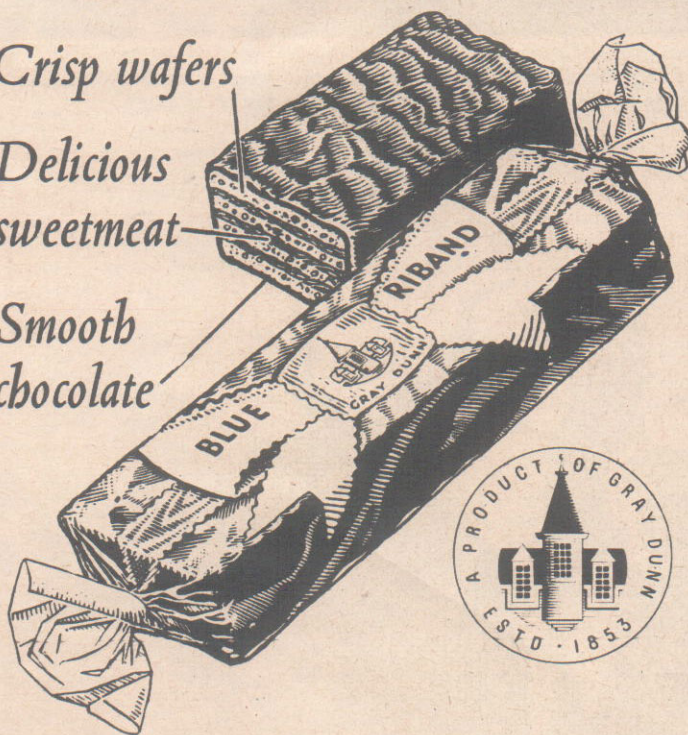
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DYED MUSQUASH COATS	£234	£85
CANADIAN SQUIRREL COATS	£260	£95
DYED ERMINE COATS	£960	£350
MINK-DYED MARMOT COATS	£124	£45
NAT. SQUIRREL COATS	£480	£175

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MACONOCHIES

for flavour

PRIVATE ANGELO

(Continued)

to lose a hand, and gain a hook.

That hook gave the film-makers an idea. The screen story opens, as the book did not, with Simon Telfer trying to get an artificial arm through the Customs. The official is reluctant to let it through, so it is necessary to tell him the story of Private Angelo... At the end it turns out that Angelo has no need of the arm, but it makes a useful toy for his children.



Lovesick Angelo was interested only in getting back to his sweetheart Lucrezia (played by the Italian actress, Maria Denis, above). Below: Apprehensive Angelo takes part in an ambush of German officers.



THEY'RE WAITING TO BE INTRODUCED...

THE Army's always changing; and that means SOLDIER's readers are always changing, too. Men going out into Civvy Street may continue to subscribe to SOLDIER, and a great many do. Men coming in from Civvy Street have to be introduced to SOLDIER: make sure that they see it!

Nobody should be without his personal copy of the Army's own magazine. It tells you what the other man is doing, and it tells the other man what you are doing. It also tells your family back home what you are doing — be sure to send your copy home when you have read it.

SOLDIER has a high circulation in all commands at home and overseas; but only by keeping up that circulation can the low selling price and the high standard be maintained.

You can order on the attached form, or if you do not want to cut this copy, by a letter giving the necessary information. In most units you can order SOLDIER through the president of the regimental institute or the welfare officer, who receive a discount of 15 per cent for unit funds.

It is regretted that civilians (except those who took the magazine while in the Service) cannot subscribe to SOLDIER.



Don't depend on the other man's copy.

Coming Your Way

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

PASSPORT TO PIMLICO

One of the last unexploded bombs in Pimlico explodes — and reveals that a corner of London is really Burgundian soil. The inhabitants promptly renounce rationing and regulations, and there is an invasion of spivs from Greater London. Whitehall officials, Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford, take a poor view and apply sanctions to Stanley Holloway and Co., who retort by organising their own airlift. Soured critics said that this was the first funny British comedy for years.

TAP ROOTS

This is the tale of the conflict which rocked Lebanon County, Mississippi just before the Civil War; with Van Heflin as a newspaper publisher and expert duellist, Susan Hayward as the sell-willed daughter of a pioneer settler, and Boris Karloff as a Choctaw Indian. Plenty of action, fire and slaughter, rather in the mood of "Gone With The Wind."

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE

It's the Spanish Inquisition, and Tyrone Power has got on the wrong side of the Inquisitor-General. He fights his way from jail, makes his way to Cuba and joins the Army of Cortez, which is about to invade Mexico. The Inquisition follows, Tyrone is framed and stabbed deep in the breast. Does he die? What do you think? With Jean Peters, Cesar Romero and John Sutton.

ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU

If you like the idea of spending a couple of hours on an island with Esther Williams (who wouldn't?) and Xavier Cugat's Band (some mightn't), and Jimmy Durante for good measure, this is your meat. It's light-hearted, with plenty of song and dance.

THE BRIBE

Robert Taylor is sent to an island fishing village of South America to track down war surplus racketeers, falls in love with the wife of one of his suspects, Ava Gardner. Drugs, underwater fights, gun battles, and in no time Ava is an eligible widow.

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- Stamps cannot be accepted.
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Men who hit the headlines know that smartness counts—and count on Brylcreem for perfect grooming. It works in two ways—(1) Brylcreem grooms without gumming, restoring gloss to the hair. (2) Brylcreem's pure emulsified oils, with massage, have a valuable tonic effect, preventing Dry Hair and Dandruff. Treat your hair handsomely—

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You can start buying your house NOW even though you are still in the Services and haven't even seen the house you want yet!!! Alternatively, should you

decide later not to buy a house, your premiums are at your disposal for any pleasurable purpose you may wish — world travel, buying a car ...

And there are a lot more distinct advantages which I should be glad to explain to you. Do write to me and I will tell you all about it in simple lingo ... or I could even come along to the mess, or to your home.

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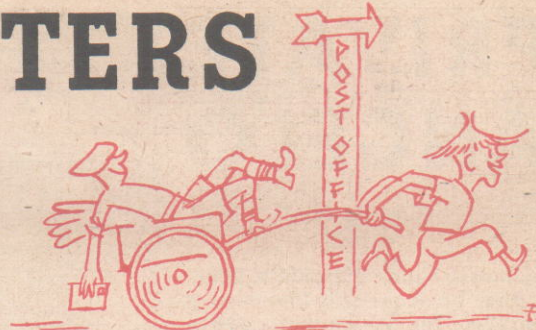
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Address

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Date of Birth Telephone No.

LETTERS



MIXING THE CLASSES

I was interested in the recent letters in SOLDIER on the mixing of social classes in the Army.

In the first squad in which I found myself, in 1941, was a very studious University lecturer and — by a freak of the call-up — the man who had looked after that gentleman's garden. During PT sessions, the instructor would order, "Jump on the back of the man in front of you," and the lecturer would find himself jumping on the back of his gardener, and vice versa. Their private thoughts may be left to the imagination.

I do not think the classes could be mixed more intimately than this. — **E. B. Shaw, late Gunner, Bromley, Kent.**

SEX BOOKLET

SOLDIER'S article on Army morals (July) reminded me of an excellent booklet entitled "Truth About Sex" issued in Rhine Army two or three years ago, with a foreword by Lieut-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery. It contained some plain speaking about sexual morality, and pointed out the fallacy of such beliefs as "That 'practice' is necessary before marriage"; "That moral living will lead to sterility"; and "That a man is not a real man until he has had a woman."

Some of this ground is covered, of course, in a Medical Officer's talks to recruits; but I think the distribution of this pamphlet, or one on similar lines, to all soldiers might be a very good idea. — **"Mens Sana," Southern Command.**

THAT BERET

Could you tell me who first wore the black beret? Was it the Machine-Gun Corps or the Royal Tank Corps during the last war? Recently I heard it was copied from schoolgirls' berets. Is that true? — **L/C. A. Sawyer, 5 RTR, BAOR 8.**

★ The black beret was first worn by the Royal Tank Corps at the end of World War One. The idea was borrowed from a French regiment, but their beret was considered too skimpy for British troops. Several schools were asked to send samples of their pupils' headgear and the selection which arrived helped the Army to make its final decision.

FOOD PARCELS

Can you tell me what sort of food-stuffs, and in what quantities, can be sent from Britain to soldiers in Germany? — **S/Sgt. R. Gillham, RE Branch, Hamburg District.**

★ Foodstuffs, whether rationed or unrationed, which are subject to the export licensing regulations, may be sent from Britain to BAOR on these conditions: (a) The parcel must be a bona fide gift. (b) It may contain unrationed foodstuffs, including sweets, providing that it also contains an equal or greater quantity of food-

stuffs which are rationed, or on points and/or rationed soap. (c) No parcel may be worth more than £5. (d) No parcel may weigh more than 7 lbs gross or contain more than 2 lbs of any one commodity. (e) Not more than one parcel each calendar month may be sent by one donor to the same recipient.

RIBBON ORDER

If a man has qualified for the General Service medal both in the recent war, before it (Palestine 1936-7) and after it (SEAC 1945-6), where should the ribbon be worn in relation to the World War Two campaign ribbons? Should a clasp be worn with the GS ribbon in this case? — **Capt. J. Long, REME, 'B' Coy. Workshops Group REME, North Malaya.**

★ If the General Service medal was awarded for service before 3 September 1939, the ribbon is worn before the ribbons of the 1939-45 war. The fact that a second or third clasp to the GS medal has since been awarded does not alter this. If the GS medal is awarded for service after the outbreak of World War Two it is worn after the campaign stars and medals of that war (see ACI 984/47). In the case quoted above, the man would wear two clasps, but only when he was wearing the medal. No clasp denoting the second or third period of qualifying service would be worn with the ribbon alone.

TO NEW ZEALAND

During the war I was evacuated to New Zealand, where I stayed with foster-parents. Later I returned to Britain and was called up. My foster-parents have offered me a home and a job in New Zealand when I am released. As I am now serving in Malaya, can I be released out here and go straight on to New Zealand? Will the Army give me any financial help to travel? — **Pte. P. Beams, 1st Bn., The Devonshire Regt., Pahang, Malaya.**

★ Application for local release must be submitted through a man's CO in accordance with ACI 966/48, para 9. A man serving overseas who wishes to go straight from the Army to another country overseas, and has complied with all the immigration laws of that country, is eligible to receive a grant equal to the cost of his passage from his present Command to Britain (see Allowance Regulations 1944 para 461).

Note. In this case, GHQ FARELF have been informed of the position through official channels and are prepared to do their best to help Pte Beams to comply with all the immigration formalities and to obtain his local release.

WIVES AND HOSTELS

There has been much weeping and wailing by Army wives who refuse to move out of married quarters into hostels when their husbands have been posted overseas. The first point is: cannot the authorities get them out

and give others coming into the country a chance?

Do wives think these quarters have been left them by rich relatives? I could laugh my sides sore by the remark of one wife, "We won't budge. Our husbands have told us to stay put." Who wears the pants in any home?

Another thing is this: most complaints in any hostel concern food, so to simplify matters why not give families who would rather do their own cooking their ration books and charge rent lower than that of married quarters? — **CSM. J. A. Fletcher, 12 Families Camp, Hull.**

★ *Army policy, and practice, is to transfer to hostels those wives whose husbands have been posted overseas, pending possible reunion at the husband's new station; married quarters thus vacated are allotted to united families.*

To provide individual wives with cooking facilities in hostels would be virtually impossible.

CONCESSION

I enlisted in August 1937 for seven years Colour service and five on the reserve, and was released in March 1946 after having done eight years and seven months with the Colours. On 31 December of the same year I re-enlisted to complete the rest of my 12 years with the Colours. Am I entitled to any service gratuity? — **Cpl. S. N. Dodd, Port Ordnance, Huyton Camp, Liverpool.**

★ *The rule is that to be eligible for gratuity a man must have ten years continuous service to his credit immediately before release or discharge to the reserve. For men who went out after the war and were later permitted to return to the Colours to complete their original engagement, a special concession has been made: providing they have served a total of ten years with the Colours, all Colour service after 19 December 1945 may earn them service gratuity.*

OPTIMIST

I want to buy myself out of the Army. I came in with Group 138. How much will it cost me and how much longer will I have to do? — **"Trooper," No. 3 ABTC, Plymouth, Devon.**

★ *There is no discharge by purchase for National Servicemen and the release date of Group 138 has not been announced yet. Here is the latest release programme:—Group 120 ends on 5 October; Group 121 from 6 to 16 October; Group 122 from 17 to 27 October; Group 123 and 124 from 28 October to 7 November; Group 125 from 8 to 19 November; Group 126 from 20 November to 1 December; Group 127 from 2 to 13 December; Group 128 from 14 to 27 December; Group 129 starts 28 December, closing date not yet announced.*

In the "lost service" category, Group 084 will go out between 1 October and 30 November; Group 085 will begin on 1 December, but the closing date has not yet been announced.

HE MAY ASK

I joined the Devonshire Regiment as a Regular but during the emergency was compulsorily transferred to the RASC. Can I now apply for transfer back to my old regiment? — **Pte. R. Tucker, 3rd Infantry Brigade, MELF.**

★ *Yes, provided your old regiment will accept you.*

MURDER, HE SAYS

A series of extracts from the German-made film record of the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games has now been released through AKC for showing to the British Army everywhere. But why, in abridging the original six-hour masterpiece to fit a more practical 2½-hour run, was it necessary to cut sequences in half, insert totally irrelevant "shots", and switch from reel to reel without thought for the continuity?

Inartistic chopping and scrappy reassembly, and the omission of some of the best-constructed passages such as the sequence showing the arrival of the torchbearer in the Stadium, have caused disappointment among military



audiences in Greece. Is there an official reason behind the seemingly needless mutilation of a film that was originally in a class by itself? — **L/Cpl. J. Bruce-Watt, 2 Brigade News Unit, British Troops in Greece.**

★ *The Army Kinema Corporation say:*

This film, with a running time of nearly four hours, was acquired for the War Office by AKC to be used primarily for physical training. From this point of view a number of the reels were not thought to be necessary, and an abridged version was therefore issued. This is the version available in the Middle East; among the reels omitted are those containing the opening sequence, the marathon, the march past and the end sequence. One or two copies of the full version were acquired for the War Office but were not authorised for Middle East.

It was never intended that the abridged version should be screened in one run; to this end each reel was separately spooled on a 16mm. spool. Obviously, if the whole abridged version were screened in one run there would be apparent discontinuities. No sequences have been "cut in half," though it is obvious that a sequence not required for physical training may begin at the end of a reel which is required, and therefore will appear to end abruptly when the reel ends, since the succeeding reel may be omitted.

The original film from which these copies were made was a full English version of some 21,000 feet; it is shorter than the original full German version but is quite complete. In breaking down the long German reels into 24 English reels, AKC took the greatest care not to lose a single frame of picture. As your correspondent says, the film is indeed a masterpiece, and if he were able to see the unabridged version he would have no criticisms to make on the score of "inartistic chopping" and "scrappy reassembling."

(More Letters on Page 46)

When you come down to earth

there's nothing like

CHERRY BLOSSOM

BOOT POLISH

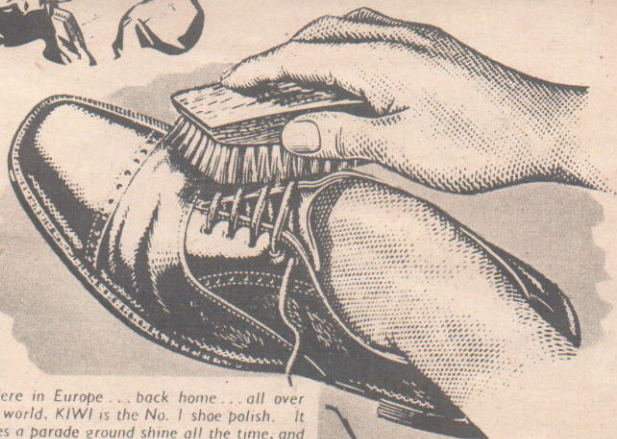
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MORE LETTERS

NEW OR OLD?

I am a Regular soldier and I am wondering whether to leave the Army at the end of my original 21-years engagement or to extend my service by a year and complete 22 years under the new pay code. Can you tell me what difference it would make in the way of pension rates and release benefits, please?—**WO II F. A. Hyde, "A" Sqn. 3 RTR, Bovington Camp, Dorset.**

★ The change from a 21 to a 22-years engagement for pension was made on 19 December 1945, but soldiers who had already undertaken 21 years service before this date may be pensioned at the new rates providing they finish their 21 years. They also retain the right to be pensioned under the old code terms if these should be more beneficial to them. They can also extend their service to complete 22 years if they wish. Therefore, whether a man is serving on a 21 or a 22-years engagement, his release benefits and his pension rates will normally be the same, except of course that the 21-year man will have one year less to count for pension.

PENSION DOUBT

In July 1950 I complete my 22-years engagement, but three years three months of this was reserve service. I signed on in 1946 to complete 22 years and have since undertaken to do three years supplementary service. Shall I be eligible for pension on release and what difference will my supplemental service make?—**Cpl. E. Evans, No 11 CMD, DCU, Waterloo Barracks, Aldershot.**

★ Under the old code a man who had completed a 21-years engagement was entitled to a pension assessed on the number of years Colour service he had done, even if he spent a period on the reserve and therefore did not have 21 years pensionable service to his credit. Under the new code, however, a man must do 22 years Colour service before he gets any pension. Men who had signed on before 19 December 1945 to complete 21 years are entitled to discharge under the old code terms if those are more beneficial. Cpl. Evans, however, signed on after 19 December 1945 so he is strictly bound to the new code rules and must complete 22 years Colour service for pension. He can choose to count his supplementary service as pensionable service by foregoing the yearly bounty, but even this would leave him still three months short of a pension entitlement. His safest course, therefore, is not to do the supplemental service at all, but to apply to extend his service under ACI 552/48. This ACI lays down the conditions under which men who have not done sufficient Colour service to qualify them for pension can apply to serve on until they have completed the necessary 22 years.

PENSION RATES

Can you please tell me what is the pension of a corporal who was been war-substantive for 18 months and has completed 21 years Colour service? I would also like to know the pension of a private soldier after 21 years Colour service.—**Cpl. W. J. Hawkins, Wiltshire Regt., Le Marchant Barracks, Devizes.**

★ SOLDIER regrets that owing to the book work and checking of records involved, it is not possible to work out

Answers

(from Page 35)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Yachting, cricket, motor racing, shooting, tennis, golf. 2. (b). 3. All untrue. 4. Sentence, as it stands, means that the bright object was walking down the street. It should read "As he was walking . . ."; "like" is used incorrectly for "as." 5. Cyrenaica. 6. Geiger counter. 7. Carpets, lace, oranges, Shakespeare, quadruplets. 8. Chianti is a wine. 9. (a) printing or journalism; (b) motor-racing; (c) swing; (d) surgery. 10. One (one continuous thread). 11. Infantile paralysis. 12. According to Genesis, God put Adam into a deep sleep before extracting his rib. 13. (a). 14. Daily Telegraph. 15. Dorsal means "Having to do with the back."

Crossword

Across: 3. Staple. 6. Detach. 7. Inst. 9. Gallop. 10. Rod. 11. Interrupted. 15. Sea. 16. Crypts. 17. Nook. 19. Enamel. 20. Tanned.
Down: 1. Retain. 2. Bad lie. 3. Shipwrecked. 4. Ass. 5. Eroded. 8. Trot. 11. Insult. 12. Than. 13. Pay day. 14. Entree. 18. Own.

individuals' rates of pension for them. Below, however, are the pension rates under both the old and the new codes. These should enable readers to work out for themselves their approximate pensions, which are made up of service element and rank element added together. (Read also the notes to the two preceding letters.)

NEW CODE SCALES

Service Element

For each complete year of service:—
From the 1st to the 20th year inclusive—1/2d a week. From the 21st to the 25th year inclusive—1/6d a week. From the 26th to the 30th year inclusive—2/6d a week. From the 31st year onwards—4/- a week.

Rank Element

For each complete year of service as:
Corporal—4d a week; Serjeant—6d a week; Staff Serjeant—9d a week; WO Class II—1s. a week; WO Class I—1s 3d a week.

OLD CODE SCALES

Service Element

(a) Soldiers who last enlisted on or after 1 April 1930—8d a week for each complete year of qualifying service.
(b) Soldiers who last enlisted before 1 April 1930—1 1/4d a day for each complete year of qualifying service.

Rank Element

For each complete year of service as:
Corporal—1/4d a day; Serjeant—1d a day; Staff-serjeant—1 1/4d a day; WO Class II—2d a day; WO Class I—2 1/2d a day.

In answer to a correspondent who was shortly to be posted home from BAOR and wanted to leave his wife there while he searched for a house in Britain, SOLDIER stated (June) that there was little doubt that the wife, if left in Germany, would be allowed to go on drawing British rations as long as the cost could be charged to the soldier.

SOLDIER has now received a new ruling that when an officer or other rank is posted away from BAOR his family must also leave the Command within six weeks. The only exception to this is if their departure is delayed by the occupation authorities.

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