

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1956

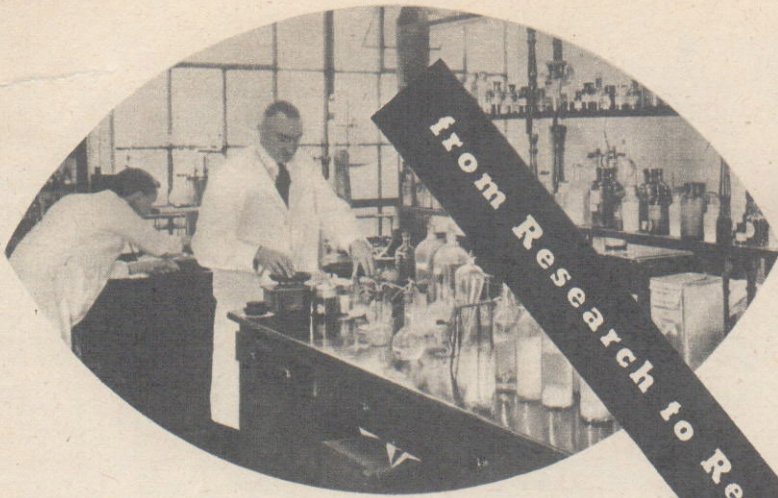


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THE STORMING OF BHURTPORE

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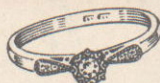
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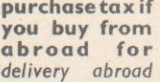
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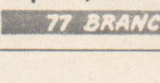
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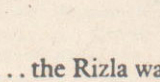
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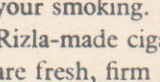
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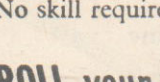
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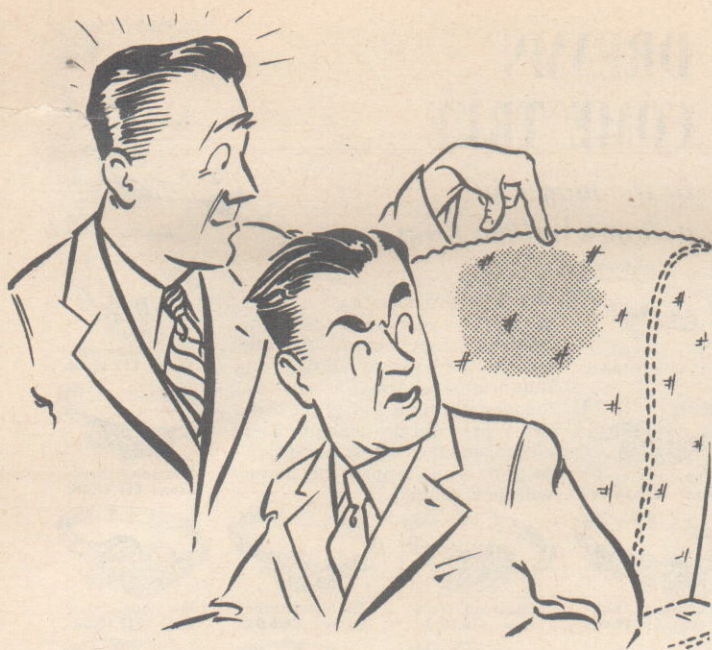
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**"You've
done it!"**

"Done what?"

*"Left a dirty, greasy patch on the
chair-back. The missus will be pleased."*

"Oh, dear! I'm always doing that."

*"Well, why don't you use something else
on your hair?"*

*"I've tried everything, they're all the
same."*

*"If that's what you think, you can't have
tried everything. Tru-gel doesn't leave
a stain."*

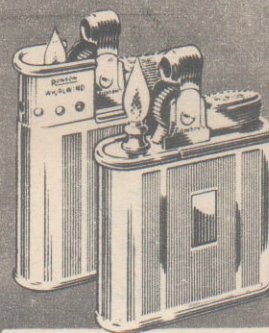
"Is that something different?"

*"Yes, it isn't a cream at all; they call
it a gel. I don't know what that
means, but I know it doesn't leave
a stain."*

*"I'd better get some — and keep out of
trouble. What's it called?"*

*"Tru-gel. T R U - G E L . All chemists
and barbers have it. It's 3/- a
tube, but one tube seems to last me
for months."*

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to write
home about!**



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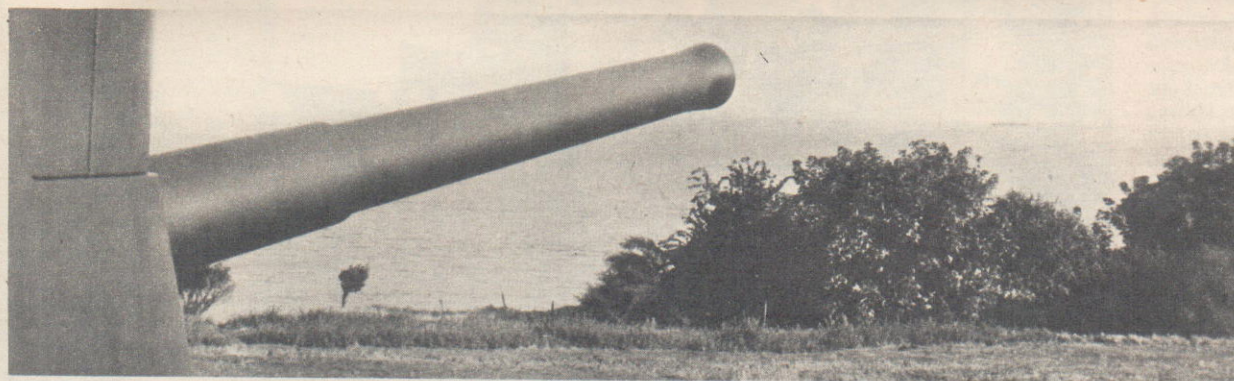
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Just one of the big teeth to be drawn: a gun at Landguard Fort overlooking the North Sea.

★ IT'S A GUNNERY REVOLUTION!

NOW THE COAST GUNS GO

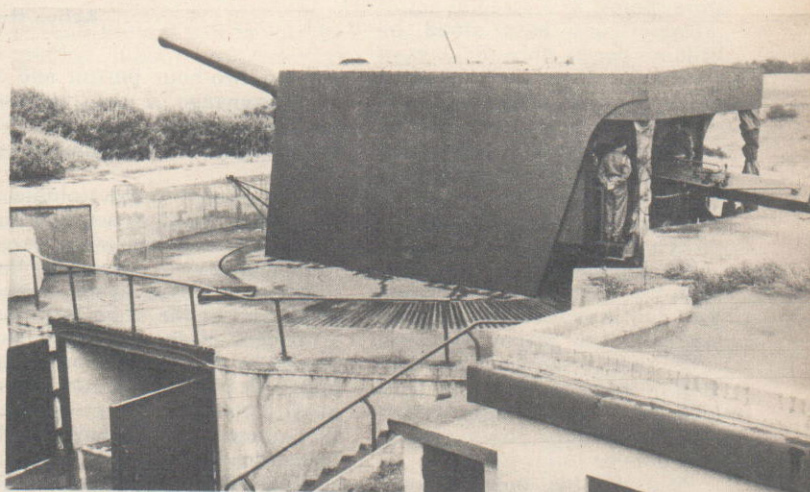
IN the overhaul of Britain's defences the Royal Artillery is undergoing one of the greatest upheavals in its history.

Last year Anti-Aircraft Command was disbanded and responsibility for the defence of Britain from air attack was handed over to the Royal Air Force.

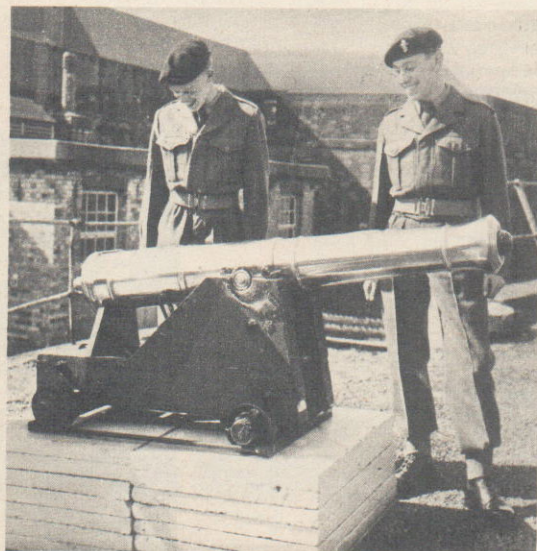
Now comes another and bigger shock for the traditionalists of the Regiment: Coast Artillery, whose guns and Gunners have guarded Britain against seaborne invasion for more than 400 years, is to be wound up, at home and abroad. There is "no longer any justification" for maintaining it, says a White Paper on Defence. The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force will do the job instead. In an emergency other types of artillery might be brought into use.

Thus, within the short space of 12 months, the Royal Artillery has lost two of its three familiar

The old forts round Britain's coasts are passing into history with the Martello Towers. Coastal gunnery, although an exact science, is an obsolete one



OVER →



Left: They smile at the little old gun at Landguard Fort . . . but the 9.2s overlooking Plymouth Sound (right) and at Dover (above) are now out-of-date, too.



COAST GUNS continued

roles. Only one conventional form of Gunnery is left: field artillery, and even in this sphere, some military experts predict, guided missiles will soon completely replace the gun. It is only a matter of time, they say, before the gun becomes as obsolete as the bow and arrow.

The forts which have kept watch and ward over the shores and major ports of Britain for so long are already being dismantled and within a year Coast Artillery will cease to exist.

Soon the first of the guns will be taken from their mountings and sold for scrap. Regular batteries will go into suspended animation and the men of the maintenance batteries who kept the guns in constant readiness will be given other tasks. Some of the Territorial units of the three Coast Artillery brigades will be converted to other Gunner roles; others will go into Infantry or Royal Engineers.

The fate of the forts has not yet been decided. They may be taken over by the Royal Navy or other Army units as barracks or store-rooms.

Coast guns have stood on Britain's coasts since the days of Henry the Eighth, who built a series of forts along the east coast and installed civilian Gunners to watch for invaders. Later, and particularly during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, other forts were built to protect all the main ports and shipping lanes.

For centuries these forts were Britain's first line of defence. Very few have fired on an enemy, however; their real value was as a deterrent. Napoleon was nervous of them. Hitler placed them high on the list of priority targets to be destroyed as a necessary prelude to invasion.

Probably the only occasion when coast guns went into action against an attempted landing was in 1667, when a Dutch naval force attacked Harwich. The guns of Landguard Fort successfully beat off the attack.

The first properly organised body of coast Gunners from which the Territorial Army coast regiments today can claim direct descent were the Volunteer Artillery units. These were raised in all maritime counties in England in 1798 to meet the threatened French invasion. Like today's Territorials, they were volunteers who lived and worked near the batteries, quickly available in emergency.

Invasion never came but some Volunteer units did go into action—against French privateers who slipped through the naval cordon. When this happened the coast Gunners fired a few rounds to attract British warships and sometimes engaged with their own guns.

In January, 1800 the Volunteer Artillery unit at Newhaven launched a fleet of fishing boats and chased a French marauder.



Action stations: a scene inside the turret of a 9.2 coast gun.

After a two-hour pursuit and a lively exchange of musketry fire the Volunteers boarded the French ship and brought her to port.

After Waterloo the Volunteer units were stood down, but the guns remained and were carefully maintained. Many of the units were raised again in the 1860s and at the same time the armament of the forts was improved by the introduction of the first rifled muzzle-loaders. In many forts at the end of the century these were replaced with breech-loading six-inch guns.

When World War One broke out the coast Gunners were among the first to be mobilised—as they were in 1939—and were soon in action. In December, 1914 German warships bombarded Hartlepool and the batteries there returned the fire, scoring several hits and causing nearly 300 casualties.

Men of a coast regiment from Stratford and Southend formed an anti-aircraft battery which shot down one of the first Zeppelins over London.

Not all coastal forts had modern armament. Major-General Richard Hilton, a former coast Gunner, tells in his book *Nine Lives* how Hurst Castle in the Isle of Wight had only muzzle-loaders in 1914 to help cover the departure of the British Expeditionary Force. They were laid on fixed lines and loaded with canisters filled with steel balls, each the size of a cricket ball.

Between the world wars larger calibre guns—some of them 9.2-inch—were installed in the main forts, but in 1939 most batteries were under-gunned and had only short-range mountings. At this

stage the Territorial Gunners had little to do except fire a few "heave-to" rounds across the bows of ships that failed to stop for naval examination. But the crew of a 9.2-inch gun at Shoeburyness had an early success: they located and reported the first German magnetic mine.

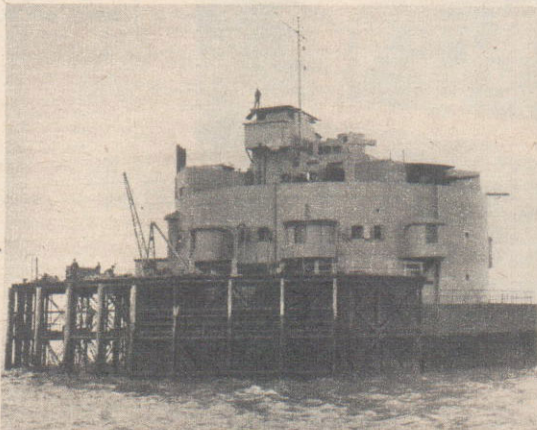
After Dunkirk came a desperate race to strengthen the coast defences before Hitler could launch his attack. The Royal Navy came to the rescue with large numbers of six- and 4.7-inch guns and soon battery after battery was emplaced in quick-setting concrete, covering every likely landing place and port. By 1942 Britain had some 300 batteries as against 75 before the war.

Few of them fired more than a few practice shots. A notable exception were the Dover batteries whose 9.2 and 15-inch guns dispatched more than 2000 rounds at enemy shipping in the Channel and bombarded German defences on the French coast. When the German warships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*

bolted through the Channel in February, 1942 the 9.2 battery at South Foreland, firing for the first time, scored several hits.

Dover's guns played a large part in keeping the Channel free of German E-boats and mine-layers. The two 15-inch guns installed in 1942 fought duels with German coast guns in France, scoring many successes on German shipping in the Calais Roads and virtually closing that route to the enemy. After D-Day the 15-inch guns went into action in support of ground troops. In September, 1944 when the Canadians attacked Boulogne, the Wanston Battery scored a direct hit at a range of 40,000 yards on one of the enemy's cross-Channel guns that had been harassing the Dover batteries since 1940.

Abroad, only the guns of Malta took part in a sea action. When 12 Italian midget torpedo boats attempted to attack the Grand Harbour they were spotted by the Royal Malta Artillery whose six-pounders opened up



Left: typical of the forts without a future is Bull Sands, on the north-east coast. The accommodation in Landguard (right) is more promising.

and in 90 seconds sank six of the craft. The rest fled but three of them were engaged at long range and sunk by Malta's six-inch guns. The remaining three were destroyed by aircraft.

At Hong Kong and Singapore the coast guns swung round and fired landwards at the invading Japanese until they ran out of ammunition. (Contrary to popular belief, they could and did fire inland.)

The overseas battery which probably fired more rounds than any other was the 13th Heavy at Karachi. In a fortnight more than 200 shots were placed across the bows of returning dhows whose crews, unaware that war had been declared, failed to stop for naval examination. To the great disappointment of the gun detachments, patrols of the Royal Indian Navy then warned all dhows before they came in range.

Coast Artillery was also called in to protect captured enemy ports and for this purpose three mobile regiments were formed. One went to North Africa with six-inch guns. Another went to Italy, establishing batteries in the main ports as the Army advanced. Its most successful action was at Leghorn where its 4-inch guns and captured enemy artillery smashed 17 enemy torpedo boats forming up to raid the port.

The third regiment, destined for Normandy, was disbanded before D-Day, but its fire command detachments joined a heavy anti-aircraft regiment which ranged from Normandy to Kiel, protecting ports and important river crossings.

As had happened so often before, Coast Artillery began to dissolve as the threat of invasion receded and by 1943 thousands of its Gunners had been given other roles. The guns continued to be manned—mainly by the Home Guard, many of whom had served with the Gunners in World War One.

E. J. GROVE

IT has all been rather hard to believe. First, the big pay increases which, as one newspaper pointed out, were bigger than any trade union had ever secured for its members; then the announcement that "bull" (a respectable phrase nowadays) is to be cut down.

What next? Or, as some hard-bitten soldiers are saying, where's the catch?

It has taken a long time to introduce what must now seem a very obvious principle: that if the Army wants long-term soldiers it must pay them substantially more than short-term soldiers. Many months must elapse before anyone can tell whether this £67,000,000 gamble, by which it is hoped to end National Service, is likely to come off.

There are experts who believe that, at any period of history, no matter what the economic situation, only a small and hardly-varying proportion of men will voluntarily "go for a soldier." Let us hope they are wrong.

The best men are not lured by money alone; but the better-paid soldier's career the more public esteem it will have, and esteem is as important as money. Abolition of needless "bull" cannot fail to increase that esteem.

In 1955, of all the Regular enlistments from civil life, 55 per cent were on the 22-years engagement. That sounds healthy enough, but the engagement carries the option of contracting out after three years. Only about 16 per cent of those who passed their first option period were deciding to remain beyond the three-year point. It was a grave situation.

Every soldier can think for himself. It is not for SOLDIER to nag him into signing on; but SOLDIER's duty is to set out the new conditions and rates for his study (*these will be found on pages 26-27*), and to point out some of the possibilities.

For instance, the three-star,

SOLDIER to Soldier



unmarried private who, by signing on for nine years, will receive a weekly rate of £5 19s, is going to have a great deal more spending (or saving) money than the average civilian of that age. Unlike the civilian, he receives free meals, clothing, accommodation, medical treatment, travel warrants, reduced fares and educational and sport facilities; overseas, he receives cigarettes at reduced rates. And, of course, he



can raise his pay still further by acquiring military and technical skills.

If he remains single, he should be able to save £500 in nine years, without the slightest hardship.

An unmarried corporal of average proficiency could save £1000 in the same period, if he set his mind to it.

A married sergeant with long service may now expect to receive between £12 and £14 a week in pay and marriage allowance alone. He, too, can raise his income by acquiring technical skill.

When the various extras are included, many warrant officers are in the £1000-a-year class (that is more than can be said for second-lieutenants, whose rewards come later in life). After 30 years a warrant officer class one pockets a pension of £6 a week and a tax-free grant of nearly £600. A tax-free sum of that size is not so easily come by in civil life. Even less easily come by is a tax-free grant of £1875, the sum which will be paid to a retiring major.

Shrewdly, those who drew up the new pay structure have avoided "feather-bedding" the type of soldier who might be styled a professional private. Privates are highly necessary and a man may have good reasons for wanting to remain one; but if so, he can hardly expect to go on receiving automatic rises indefinitely. Hence, a soldier who has not reached corporal's rank after nine years does not qualify for any further automatic increases.

No pay scheme can please everybody. To National Servicemen, some of whom, before call-up, earned very useful pay packets, often for unskilled labour, the 3s 6d increase will seem trivial enough. If it is any

consolation, they are getting more than many private soldiers got in World War Two.

NOT surprisingly, the Press have been quick to say that, in return for this largesse, the Army will be expected to cut out all waste of manpower. One newspaper, characteristically, says, "Soldiers must be trained for soldiering, and not for acting as housemaids or nannies or flunkys." Another thinks it is time to cut out "archaic duties" and ceremonials. It wants a bare, functional, highly tuned machine. But what motorist, proud of his machine and its performance, will refrain from giving the radiator a spot of polish? That is where the much-abused ceremonial comes in.

By a sinister coincidence, the announcement of the new pay rates coincided with the general release of a satirical film about the Army, "Private's Progress." Billed as "The film THEY didn't want made," it is about idling and scrimshanking in the wartime Army. As readers of SOLDIER may recall, the War Office refusal to give assistance to the producers of this film was quaintly described by one newspaper as "brasshat censorship."

The risk with "Private's Progress" is that indignant taxpayers will say, "If they can get away with that in the Army in wartime, what can't they do in peacetime? Are these the fellows who are being encouraged to stay on the public payroll?"

Let's hope the public can recognise a joke when it sees one.

THE "fly anywhere" Infantry brigade which is to be formed for the purpose of nipping in the bud civil disturbances in lands overseas is a notable development.

As far as is possible, it will be trained in such a way that it can go into action in support of the civil power without delay. A flight of light aircraft, provided by the Royal Air Force, will give it instant mobility; though this will mean that its equipment will have to be kept to a minimum.

A brigade of this kind will require to know all the techniques of cordoning, wiring, house-to-house searching, and riot drill—with staves, bucklers, vizors and tear gas. It ought to be both jungle-wise and bush-wise, but that sort of knowledge can only effectively be gained the hard way.

The Royal Marines have shown what can be done by a "task force" of this kind. Their 3rd Commando Brigade, now in Cyprus, has served since the war in such trouble spots as Hong Kong, Palestine, Malaya, and Egypt. Its men and equipment are transported by sea, which has both advantages and disadvantages. The Army's 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group has also done excellent work in trouble spots since the war.



ABOUT 15,000 Service passengers now travel from Britain to Singapore by air each year, and an equal number make the return journey. On an average, 20 aircraft a month, operated by a charter company, Airwork Limited, are engaged on this service. The aircraft are 68-seater Hermes IVa, but for this journey they carry only 65 passengers. The seats, which face backwards, are of the type used by scheduled airlines for tourist class

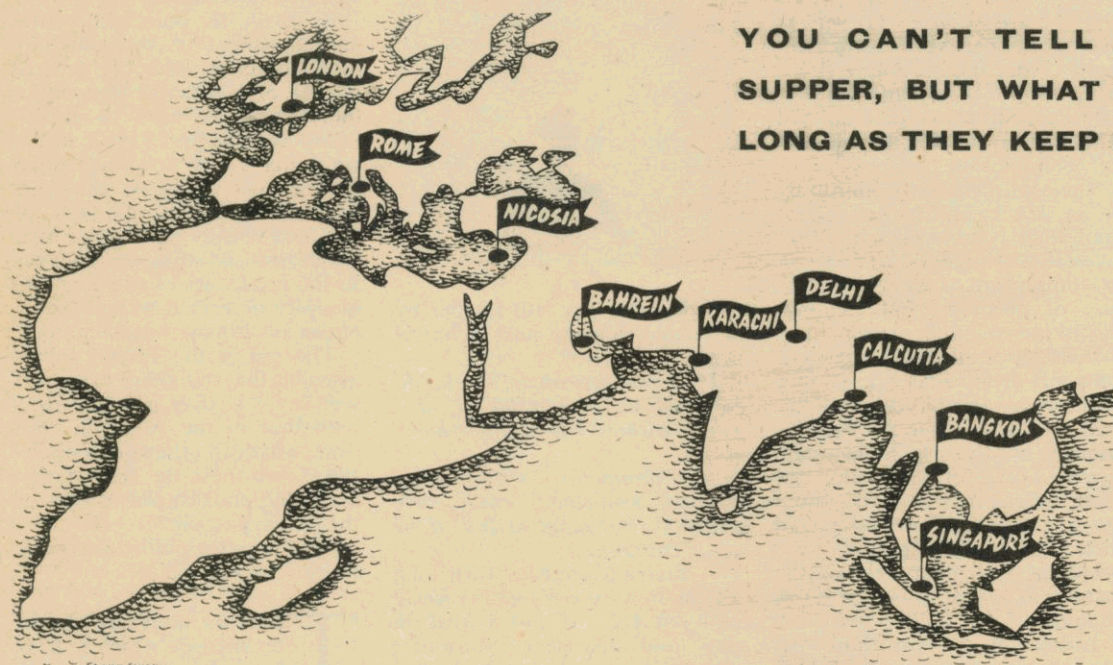
aircraft, but in the Hermes they are fitted so as to give a little more leg-room. Roughly half the Service passengers are sent by the Army and the rest by the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force. The air trooping service has been used to recommission naval ships with complete crews. It costs slightly less to send a Serviceman to Singapore by air than by sea, and takes fewer than four days by air for the 7970 miles compared with

22 to 30 days (excluding the preliminaries) by sea. Thus a soldier going by air is available for duty for nearly two months longer than a man going by sea. The principal object of sea trooping now is to move complete units and those who, for medical and other reasons, cannot fly. About five ships make the trip to Singapore every two months. The air trooping route to Singapore is also used for Servicemen going to Hong-Kong and Korea.



AIR TROOPER TO

YOU CAN'T TELL BREAKFAST FROM SUPPER, BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER SO LONG AS THEY KEEP BRINGING YOU FOOD?



SOLDIER sent Staff Writer RICHARD ELLEY and Cameraman FRANK TOMSETT to tour the Far East. Here is their first report.

IN the charter company's lounge at London Airport, a young man in a grey suit began whistling "The Yellow Rose of Texas." Three or four others joined in. They all wore similar grey suits.

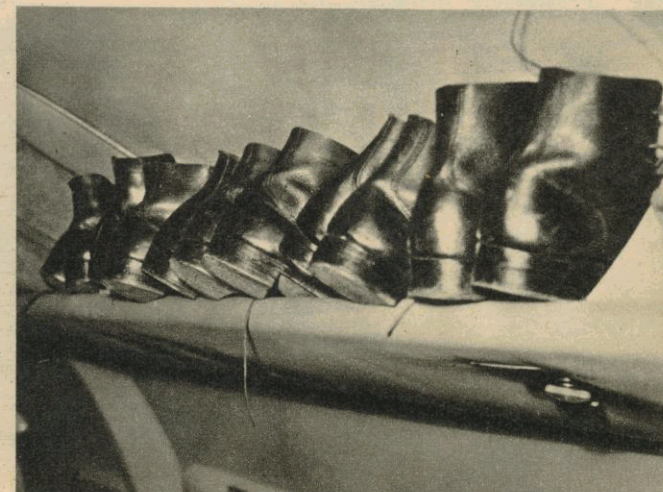
The previous day they had been in battle-dress until they lined up at the London Assembly Centre, in Tottenham Court Road, to draw suits, civilian, tropical. Four days later they would have to hand the suits in again—at Singapore.

This disguise was necessary to placate the authorities of a series of international airports, who would have been horrified to see

There are seven halts on the air trooping journey spanning two continents.

Left: The soldiers at the bookstall are wearing "suits, civilian, tropical."

Below: The only items of uniform worn on the aircraft are Army boots (and these come off at night).



SINGAPORE (PLAIN CLOTHES COMPULSORY)

an aircraft disgorging uniformed British soldiers on their tarmac.

As the soldiers whistled, another bus-load of passengers arrived to make up the aircraft's complement of 65. Besides eight officers and 31 men, mostly Infantry privates, there were 11 Army wives, one girl who would be an Army wife within a week of arriving in Singapore, 13 children, two of them babies, and three civilians.

The staff of Airwork Limited handled their passengers and luggage with the smoothness of experience; they had already dealt with 15,000 military passengers air trooping to or from Singapore. Soon the passengers were sitting in the Hermes, sucking the first of 16 barley-sugar lumps they were to receive on the journey—one for each take-off and landing. Sucking is said to

ease the strain on the eardrums at such times.

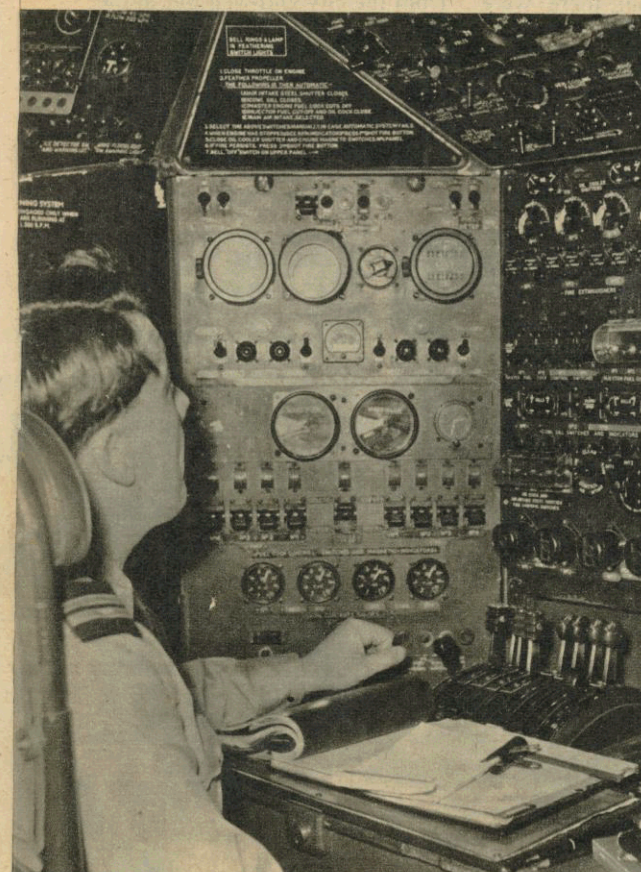
As the novelty of the take-off wore away, and babies ceased crying, the older children emerged from seats by their parents and began to play in the gangway. Playing, for one tough three-year-old, consisted of punching the face and pulling the hair of anybody unwary enough to go to sleep or become interested in a book in a gangway seat.

The first duty-free cigarettes came round. At 25 for two shillings, they sold briskly. Jackets began to come off as the aircraft's heating system got under way. Someone began whistling and someone else produced a mouth-organ. "The Yellow Rose of Texas" again. This was obviously going to be the trip's theme-song.

Forward, in the galley, the



Stewardess Bunty Schor comes round with the squash, and (below) Lieutenant J. V. Kenny, OC Troops, comes round with paludrine tablets.



No forty winks for the crew: Radio Officer G. J. Abrahams (above) and Engineer Officer D. A. K. Hazellum (left).



three hostesses (normally two are carried, the third was under training) began preparing refreshments. There was no lack of volunteer waiters. "The soldiers like something to do to pass the time," said the senior hostess, Miss Ann Ellis. "They make good passengers. They are tidy and are used to doing what they are told."

When lunch came, in cardboard boxes, the OC Troops, a lieutenant in the Royal Hampshire

OVER

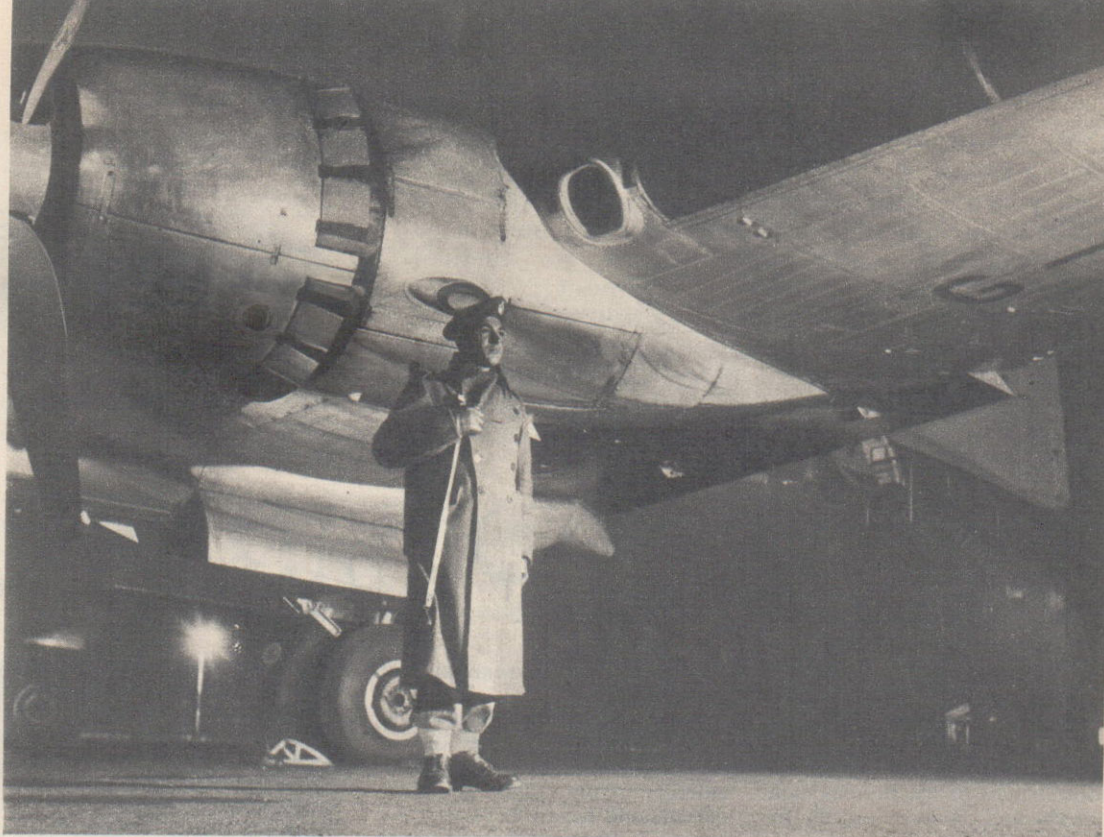
AIR TROOPER

continued

Regiment, made his first round of the passengers, giving each a paludrine tablet. He was to make a good many more rounds, not only with the daily tablet but also with forms to be filled.

At Rome airport, while the aircraft's tanks were refilled, the passengers drank coffee and then the soldiers crowded round a stall, to send off picture post-cards costing 1s 6d complete with Italian stamps. There followed a short session with the mouth-organ in the door of the airport lounge and the Yellow Rose competed for a while with the engines of airliners landing and taking off.

During the next hop, darkness fell and the main item of interest was the lights of Athens on the port side, a sight to rival Blackpool illuminations, with the Acropolis rising, a dark patch, among them.



At Nicosia, town of riots, guard is mounted over the Hermes by a sentry of the Royal Air Force Police Auxiliary. Left: a soldier makes himself useful.



In Nicosia, a new crew took over the Hermes, which was guarded during its stay on the ground by an armed Cypriot of the Royal Air Force Police Auxiliary. Here, the series of meals served to the passengers, though satisfying, began to be confusing. A sandwich supper had been served in the aircraft, so the bacon and eggs provided at Nicosia, at 1.30 in the morning, were generally considered to be breakfast. But at Bahrein, five and a half hours later (but ten o'clock local time) there were more bacon and eggs, and arguments began about whether the passengers had had two suppers or two breakfasts. In the ordinary way, nobody would have

cared much what the meals were called, but food is always a welcome topic for conversation in the comfortable monotony of air travel.

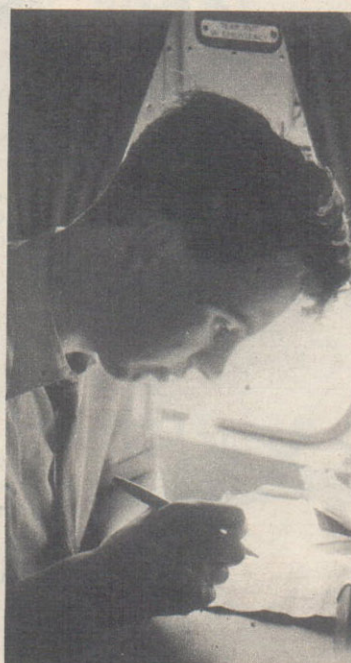
Nobody manned the post-card stall at Nicosia at that time of the morning, but at Bahrein there was soon a brisk trade in picture cards of oil-wells, complete with stamps, at 1s 6d.

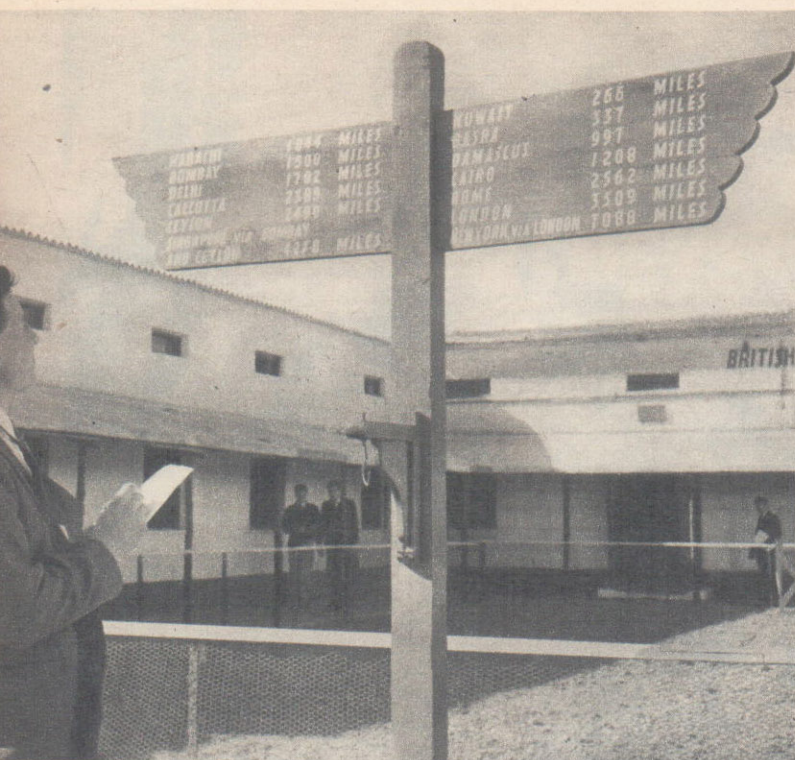
The first night-stop was at Mrs. Minwalla's Grand Hotel, Malir. This is about two miles from Karachi airport, but 12 miles from the city and well out in the country along a dusty track. There was little more than half an hour of daylight left, and many of the soldiers went out to make contact with the people of

Below, left: It's just like home: a soldier helps at the sink with the washing up. Centre: What, another form to fill? Right: The girl in the next seat.



"The padre distinctly said, 'Till death us do part'."





At Bahrein, amid the oil wells, London is already 3509 miles away.

Pakistan in a little encampment a hundred or two yards away.

Karachi provided the cheapest picture post-cards of the journey—1s 2d including stamp. Beer, however, was eight shillings a bottle, and most soldiers kept to orangeade as they worked up a sing-song, supplemented by gramophone records, after their chicken dinner.

In Karachi, too, the passengers saw their first newspaper since leaving home, but there was little in it to remind them of the news in the home papers. The most discussed item was a report from Calcutta that tribesmen on the Bharat-China border had killed an abominable snowman. The snowman was said to be ten feet high, milk-white and hairless; the tribesmen, with no thought for the curiosity of the rest of the world, had eaten it.

The passengers were called at half-past three in the morning and breakfasted at the hotel. By half-past eight (nine o'clock local time) they were sitting down to lunch in Delhi. The ghosts of the old British Army in India would have been shocked if they had recognised, under civilian clothing, a brigadier sitting affably at table next to a private soldier. In charter air trooping, all passengers, including brigadiers, are equal.

Those who had been to India before noticed that one thing remained unchanged: copies of the Kama Sutra ("The Hindu Art of Love") were still on sale. There were no buyers among the passengers. Even the stamped picture-postcards (again at 1s 6d) had few takers by now.

Calcutta, the second night-stop, was the highlight of the



An ayah helps to amuse Service children at Calcutta's Great Eastern Hotel.

The mysterious East: a Pakistani gypsy smokes a hookah—with an audience.



journey. Sustained by sandwiches provided on the aircraft against the gap between a 9 a.m. lunch and a 7 a.m. dinner, the passengers had an exciting bus-ride from the airport at Dum Dum to the city.

On the way, they passed the famous Dum Dum ammunition factory, built in 1846, which gave its name to the dum-dum bullet. It was here, too, that the cartridges were made which set off the Indian Mutiny. They were greased with beef-fat and piglard and the users were supposed to bite off the ends—unthinkable contact both for Hindus, to whom the cow is sacred, and for Moslems, to whom the pig is unclean.

In Calcutta, the passengers were put up in the Great Eastern Hotel, once a favourite dining and dancing place for British officers and still reputed to be Calcutta's best hotel. Most of the afternoon was to spare. Though one or two passengers tried a rickshaw ride, many of the soldiers were running short of money and confined their sight-

OVER

After a good sleep, soldiers descend at Karachi for a good sleep. Below: midnight breakfast at Calcutta (hence the rather sleepy expression).



AIR TROOPER

continued

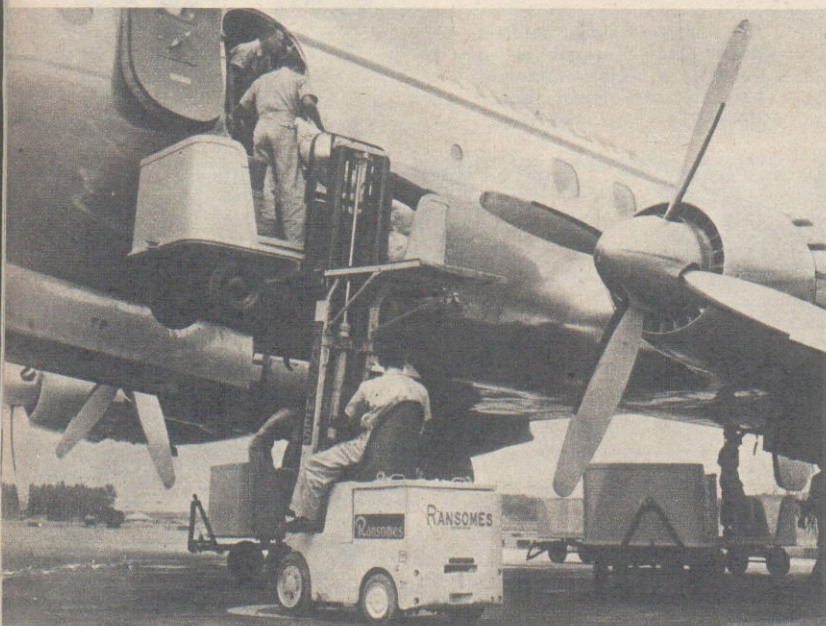
seeing to short walks.

Some decided to have their shoes cleaned by the street boot-blacks, but police appeared during the operation and the boys fled, leaving the customers with one polished shoe and one unpolished. Later, a passenger contracted to have his brown shoes cleaned for two annas. One shoe was duly cleaned, and in the process lightened by several shades. Then the boot-black calmly tried to talk the passenger into paying eight times the agreed price, to have the second shoe brought to a matching colour. The customer, though he had not been East before, was a hard-headed haggler and the deal was—after long negotiations—satisfactorily concluded for three annas.

As dusk was falling, two of the wives who had ventured out alone returned to the hotel and reported that they had been badly scared by some horrible creature which an Indian had been leading on a string and had allowed to run at their legs. Some of the soldiers went to investigate, and returned with yard-long paper crocodiles, powered



Airports mostly look the same. This one, at Bangkok, at least has cactus. Facing camera is a girl who will become an Army bride in Singapore.



by lively elastic motors, with which the children played in the aircraft's gangway the next day.

The passengers were due to be called at half-past one in the morning. The pilot, Captain R. E. Zeiher, explained that this was because of the complications of planning a schedule which would give the crew its rest at the right times, afford the passengers the two night-stops (or, at least, stops with a bedroom) that the War

Office demanded for them, and yet return the aircraft to London on time.

As it happened, a *hartal* had been planned in West Bengal for the next day. A *hartal* is one of India's passive demonstrations (in this case the cause was some boundary rearrangement) and involved a strike of all but the essential services. If the Calcutta busmen had been willing to work during the *hartal*, there was a good chance that a mob would attack the buses, so the vehicles had to be safe in their garages by the time the *hartal* began.

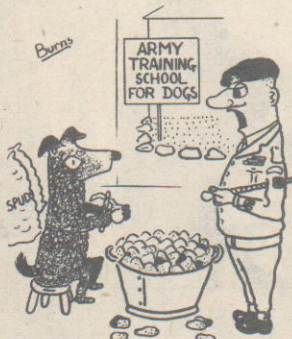
So the passengers were called from their beds at half-past eleven at night, and ten minutes before midnight were sitting down to stewed apricots and eggs and bacon. There was another breakfast six hours later in the air-conditioned airport building at Bangkok, and this time the eggs and bacon were supplemented with a portion of Siamese chicken.

For a time, there were two air troopers standing on the tarmac at Bangkok, one outward and one homeward bound. The homeward bound passengers sat in a long row in the corridor. They looked solemn to the animated party from England. It was their first stop and they scarcely knew each other yet.

After a hop across the China Sea and an airborne lunch, the *Hermes* landed at Singapore. As the soldiers loaded their kit on to a bus, one of them started to whistle. The tune: "The Yellow Rose of Texas."

A fork lift makes a quick job of unloading soldiers' baggage at Singapore Airport.

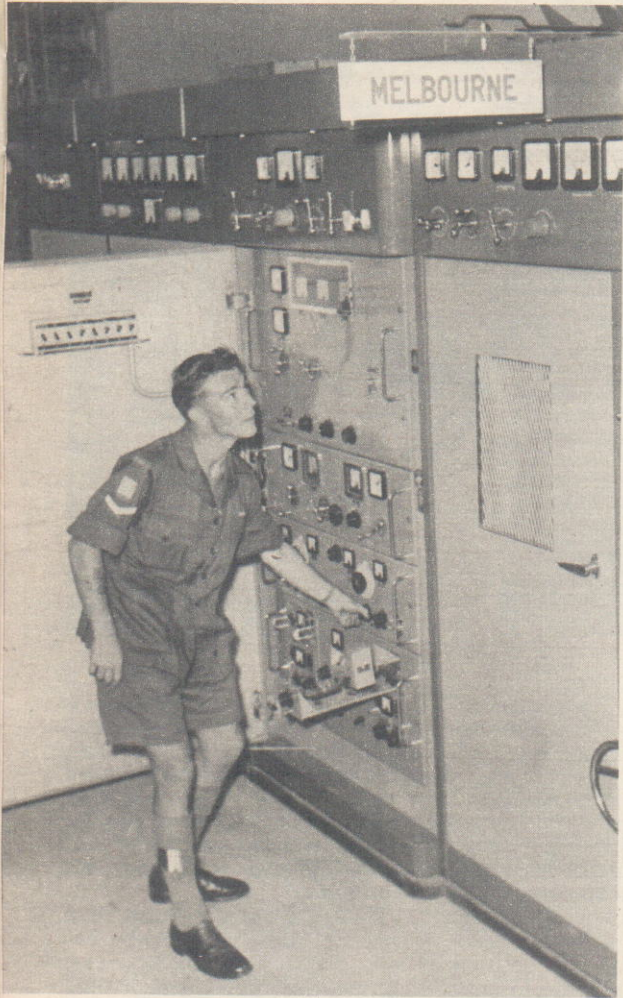
Below: Down the stairs for the last time. Soon these "civilians" will be soldiers in khaki drill once again.



"Well, write to your MP and see what good it does you."

THE TROOP WHICH CONNECTS FOUR CONTINENTS

A Royal Signals troop in Singapore has three high-powered transmitters each the size of a bungalow



Lance-Corporal T. Garlick, Royal Signals, prepares a giant transmitter to go on the air to Australia.

IF any unit can claim to be isolated on Singapore Island (which is only 24 miles long) that unit is probably the Royal Signals troop which has the task of operating Singapore's military wireless transmitters.

The 47 British and Malay members of the troop are stationed in an area of coconut groves, banana plantations, the inevitable rubber trees and a scattering of small villages.

The troop is a link in the Commonwealth Communications Army Network, by which the armies of the Commonwealth keep in touch. The transmitters operate to London, Nairobi, Melbourne, Hong-Kong and Kure (Japan). All messages from London to Hong-Kong and Kure are relayed from Singapore.

This is a transmitting station which does not see the messages it sends. The troop is part of the GHQ Signal Regiment, Far East Land Forces, and messages are fed to its transmitters by landline, direct from teleprinters in a signal office elsewhere on the island.

The troop has eight transmitters, including three of the Army's biggest. These are the Marconi E-10 sets, each as big as a small bungalow, and weighing nine-and-a-half tons. They can transmit eight teleprinter messages simultaneously, or can substitute one voice channel for four teleprinter channels. These big transmitters operate to London, Melbourne and Nairobi.

From a control panel overlooking the air-conditioned transmitter hall, a radio mechanic watches over the transmitters during their scheduled working hours, with the aid of a series of dials. A telephone by his side brings him the news if any transmitter is not working properly. It may come from the station which is trying to receive the message, in which event the complaint will arrive by teleprinter at the GHQ signal office. It may also come from the squadron's own receivers, which



Power in harness: Sergeant R. F. Abery, Royal Signals, checks one of his transmitters.

are situated at the other end of the island, to avoid interference from the transmitters. These periodically monitor the transmissions.

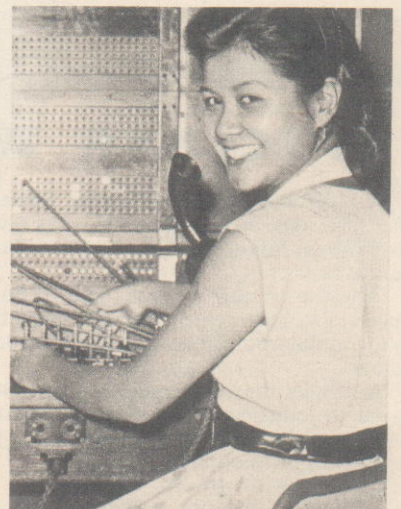
Captain J. P. Harrison and his 19 British and 27 Malay soldiers make their own social life. The Malays find much of it in the nearby village, and the British soldiers spend more time in the unit's own canteen. They have their married quarters and have built themselves a badminton court.

The unit's principal outside contact is with the Royal Air Force transmitting station. The men use the Royal Air Force cinema, which has three film shows a week, and the airmen visit the soldiers for games nights and badminton. The local bus service being slow and infrequent, few men use it to go into Singapore.

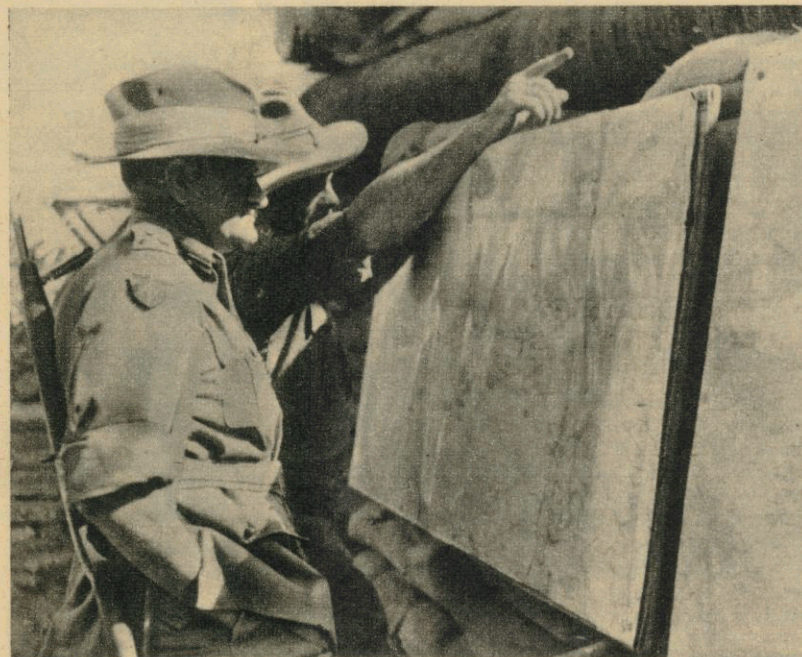
Switchboard of Many Tongues



Probably no telephone exchange in the world has so many races among its operators as that at General Headquarters, Far East Land Forces. Alongside girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps work Chinese, Indian, Filipino and Malay operators.



THE LONG PULL



Left: With a rifle on his shoulder and a battle on his mind: a picture taken at Ondaw.

Right: A war-time picture of Lady Slim. The Field-Marshal dedicates his book to "a soldier's wife who followed the drum and from mud-walled hut or Government House made a home."



THE Duke of Wellington refused to do it. When urged to write his reminiscences of the wars he declined on the ground that he had no wish to embarrass a number of worthy senior officers whose only fault was dullness.

This was an admirable sentiment in its way, but it is possible to write military reminiscences in such a manner as to avoid unpleasant post-mortems and yet to make the narrative not only a tribute to the brave who fought, but a powerful inspiration to others—and to produce a lively, human story into the bargain.

That is what Field-Marshal Sir William Slim has done in the military book of the year, "Defeat Into Victory" (Cassell, 25s).

Several other high commanders of World War Two—including Lord Alexander and Lord

Montgomery—have still to write their personal stories. Field-Marshal Slim has set them a high literary standard.

This is a long book, but on every one of its 550 pages the reader is conscious of the impact of a strong clear mind, of a sane and sage outlook. Not every book of this kind contains confessions of error; Field-Marshal Slim sets something of a precedent in that direction, too.

It is the story of the long bitter withdrawal of British forces from Burma to India, the bloody stand at Imphal and Kohima, the slow build-up of strength and

morale and then the great campaign which resulted in the recapture of Mandalay and Rangoon.

The book starts with the author as a divisional commander in Iraq: His first paragraph gives the spirit of the book:

"It is good fun commanding a division . . . It is one of the four best commands in the Service—a platoon, a battalion, a division, and an army. A platoon, because it is your first command, because you are young, and because, if you are any good, you know the men in it better than their mothers do and love them as much. A battalion, because it is a unit with a life of its own; whether good or bad depends on you alone; you at last have a real command. A division, because it

is the smallest formation that is a complete orchestra of war and the largest in which every man can know you. An army, because the creation of its spirit and its leadership in battle give you the greatest unity of emotional and intellectual experience that can befall a man."

These are not the words of a fire-eater but of a man who believes that, if we must have war, we may as well fight it like soldiers.

From Iraq the Field-Marshal was ordered east for a new task, which turned out to be that of conducting the withdrawal of Burma Corps into India. He had one stroke of luck, and that was all. By a trick of fate, probably without parallel, his two divisional commanders had both served with him in the 6th Gurkhas, and in the 1st Battalion at that. "So unique a coincidence demanded that the corps be brilliantly successful. Alas, we were thoroughly defeated."

With the Japanese invasion, Burma was disintegrating. The civil machine was running down, Burmese units were deserting. General Alexander was almost captured in the evacuation of Rangoon, owing his escape only to lack of imagination by a Japanese commander. With deadly skill, and monotony, the jungle-wise Japanese used their road-block technique against the British. Military intelligence was of the scantiest; only one officer could read and speak Japanese reasonably well. At one stage the

TO VICTORY

Field-Marshal said to himself: "If anyone brings me a bit of good news I shall burst into tears." He was never put to the test.

The survivors of that 900-mile retreat, British, Indian and Gurkha, were gaunt and ragged. "Yet, as they trudged behind their surviving officers in groups pitifully small, they still carried their arms and kept their ranks, they were still recognisable as

fighting units. They might look like scarecrows, but they looked like soldiers too."

The survivors had an unfriendly welcome. As a wag said, "The slogan in India seems to be, 'Isn't that Burma Army annihilated yet?'" The riff-raff who had preceded them had given them a bad name. Miserably they bivouacked in the swilling monsoon rain. "For myself," says Field-Marshal Slim, "I had little

to be proud of; I could not rate my generalship high. The only test of generalship is success, and I had succeeded in doing nothing I had attempted."

When the author—still, by the way, a substantive colonel—took over command of 14th Army, his forces stretched over 700 miles from the China frontier to the Bay of Bengal. "It could fairly be described as some of the world's worst country, breeding the world's worst diseases and having for half the year at least the world's worst climate." To try to command it from Calcutta was like controlling from London a 700-mile battle front in the Italian Alps, without roads and railways and with only rudimentary telegraphic and wireless communications. So Field-Marshal Slim moved his headquarters forward.

An infinite amount of work had to be done before the expulsion of the Japanese could be attempted. Great roads had to be built to the fighting fronts. New sources of food, especially meat, were essential. The Calcutta jute firms were encouraged to pro-

duce hundreds of thousands of "parajutes" for supply drops. Each cost £1 against £20 for an ordinary parachute. "My reward was a ponderous rebuke from above for not obtaining the supply through the proper channels," says the author. "I replied that I never wanted to find a more proper channel for help when in need than those Calcutta jute men."

Backing Field-Marshal Slim was a general whose name is too little known among the architects of victory in World War Two, and the Field-Marshal pays generous tribute to him. This was General Sir George Giffard, the publicity-hating Commander-in-Chief of India's Eastern Army, "a tall, good-looking man in the late fifties, who had obviously kept himself physically and mentally in first-class condition . . . he knew his stuff and he was dead honest."

Health and morale were the critical problems. In 1943, for every man evacuated with wounds, 124 were evacuated sick. To avoid sending these men to the rear areas Malaria Forward Treatment Units were formed. When mepacrine was first introduced and men found themselves turning yellow "there was the usual whispering campaign among troops that greets every new remedy—the drug would render them impotent—so, often, the little tablet was not swallowed." Field-Marshal Slim held surprise checks of units to discover by medical means whether the drug had been taken. "If the overall result was less than ninety-five per cent positive I sacked the commanding officer. I only had to sack three; by then the rest had got my meaning."

The author denies the rumour that he chose to fight in the most disease-ridden spots because British anti-disease measures were better than those of the Japanese.

Morale was built up, not by written orders or broadcast speeches but by personal talks between commanders and men. "I was in these first few months more like a parliamentary candidate than a general—except that I never made a promise," says Field-Marshal Slim.

It is well-known that Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery kept a picture of Rommel in his caravan. Field-Marshal Slim had a photograph of the ugly Japanese general Kawabe on the wall of his office, facing his desk. When he needed cheering, he reflected that "whichever of us was the cleverer general, I was, at any rate, the better-looking." At the end of the war the Field-Marshal had more than Kawabe's photograph—he had that general's sword over his mantelpiece.

OVER

NUCLEAR WAR—THE SLIM VIEW

WHAT is the best training for nuclear warfare? "Strange as it may seem," says Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, "stalking terrorists in a Malayan jungle."

"The use of new weapons and technical devices can quickly be taught; to develop hardihood, initiative, mutual confidence and stark leadership takes longer."

He thinks that determined troops who are prepared to jettison all but fighting essentials will be able to make their way safely through even the chaos of atom bombing.

Victory will go to the tough, resourceful Infantryman—but the easier, more gadget-filled life becomes, the harder it will be to produce him.



THE LONG PULL

continued

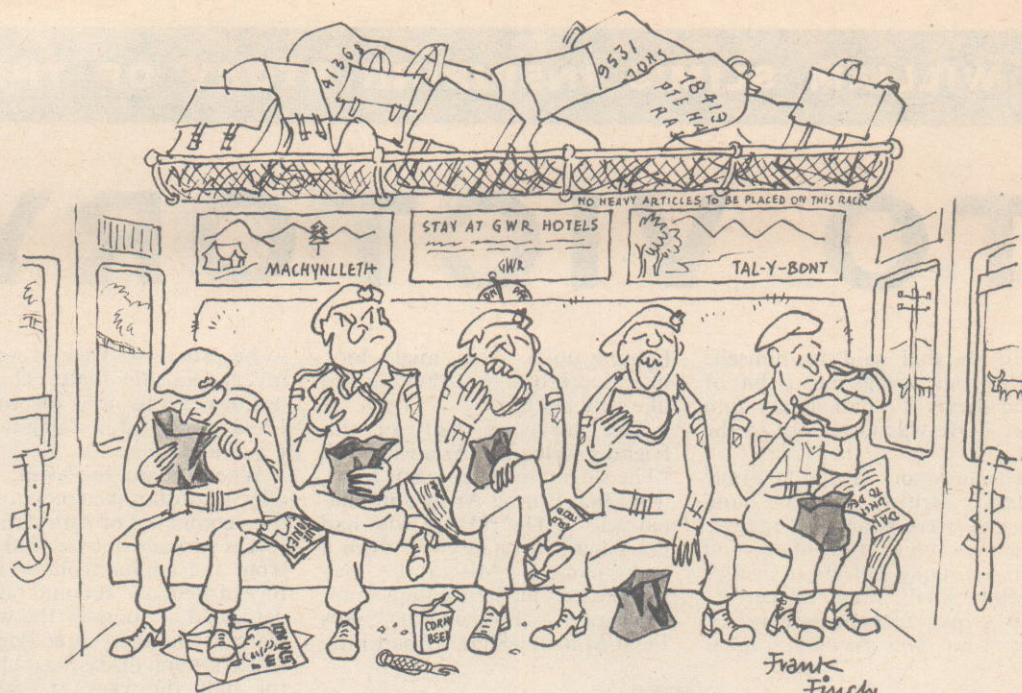
The Field-Marshal's most anxious hours were spent before the Kohima battle. Major-General Sato, commanding the Japanese 31st Division, had been ordered to take Kohima at all costs. As Field-Marshal Slim well knew, Sato could have caused great havoc without touching Kohima at all. But Sato had only one idea in his bullet head. "I was saved from the gravest effects of my mistake in underestimating the enemy's capacity to penetrate Kohima by the stubborn valour of my troops; but it needed the stupidity of the local enemy commander to make quite sure."

The tide turned, and 14th Army went over to the pursuit. In Japanese field hospitals wounded men were found with their heads neatly drilled by the bullets of their retreating comrades. The "invincible" Japanese were found not to be supermen. But "if 500 Japanese were ordered to hold a position, we had to kill 495 before it was ours—and then the last five killed themselves." At one point Gurkhas were burying Japanese corpses when a man was found to be alive. A Gurkha made to dispatch him with his *kukri* but a British officer stopped him. "But, sahib," said the soldier in pained surprise, "we can't bury him alive!"

Throughout, the Field-Marshal pays tribute to "the able, highly trained and truly professional younger leaders that the British and Indian Armies had quietly produced in surprising numbers while their countrymen were laughing at cartoons of Colonel Blimp." His divisional commanders were given a good deal of independence, being encouraged to "shoot a goal when the referee wasn't looking." The sight of Major-General D. T. Cowan conducting a divisional battle inspired the author to write:

"To watch a highly skilled, experienced, and resolute commander controlling a hard-fought battle is to see, not only a man triumphing over the highest mental and physical stresses, but an artist producing his effects in the most complicated and difficult of all the arts. I thought as I watched what very good divisional commanders I had."

Yet it was, as the author says, a soldiers' war. Sooner or later a commander, no matter how experienced, must hand over to the men in the ranks and their regimental officers and leave them to complete what he has begun. The men of 14th Army, British, Indian, Gurkha, West and East Africans, had all the strength, discipline and resolution to turn defeat into victory. And they, for their part, will be quick to point out that they had the help of two great air forces, British and American—not to mention ground troops from China.



"It would be idle to pretend that haversack rations are the Army's favourite meal."

The Army and the Railways are trying to brighten— THOSE TRAIN MEALS

KIPLING wrote poems about almost every aspect of a soldier's life, but he fought shy of one subject: haversack rations. He knew when to leave well alone.

During World War Two this was the Army's least-loved meal. The men who made up haversack rations knew they would not have to eat them. They cut the bread thick and spread the meat paste thin, or they inserted bits of cheese complete with rind. They used up the tinned fish which they could get rid of in no other way. A slab of yellow cake divided the fish sandwiches from the jam sandwiches, this being justified on the cynical grounds that it imparted a necessary flavour to the cake.

Of course, that kind of haversack ration has gone out—well, almost. Many units put up a civilised wrapped meal which does the cooks great credit. Nevertheless, it would be idle to pretend that haversack rations are the Army's favourite meal. The recruiting posters are reticent on the subject.

Now, with the help of British Railways, the Army is working on a plan to cut out haversack rations on train journeys in Britain.

If all goes well, and the Treasury agrees, every soldier travelling for more than five hours in a troop train will eat at least one hot meal prepared by civilian chefs. Several thousand troops on their way abroad or returning to Britain have already sampled the new train meals and their comments have been very favourable.

The plan is for all troop trains to consist of communal-type carriages in which travellers sit at tables, with a kitchen car in the centre of the train. Two British Railways chefs cook the meals and serve them cafeteria-fashion to the troops as they file through the kitchen car with their mess tins. The men return to their tables, eat their meals and then wash their eating utensils in baths of hot water in the brake van.

To avoid confusion (and to prevent one man getting two meals) passengers in the front half of the train are served first and after a break of ten minutes those in the rear half line up.

The scheme, which was first tried out at the suggestion of Scottish Command at the end of last year, has been in operation experimentally on troop trains from Harwich to Ripon, Colchester to Liverpool, Carlisle to Harwich and Southampton to Elgin.

Officers of Q (Movements) who have travelled on the trains, noting the reactions of the men, reckon that the cost of providing hot meals is only slightly higher than that of issuing haversack rations. Each meal costs about four shillings per head. Only two chefs are needed to prepare food for 600 men.

On the experimental journeys units have been allowed, within reasonable limits, to choose their own menus (but not roast meat, as it takes too long to prepare and serve). Typical meals so far have been: steak pie and gravy, creamed potatoes, peas, fruit tart and ice-cream; chipolata sausages, mashed potatoes, grilled tomatoes, ice cream; Lancashire hot-pot with three vegetables, fruit pie and custard. With each meal tea, bread and butter were provided.

The experimental troop trains at present are fitted with civilian kitchen cars but British Railways are planning to build six special kitchen cars more suitable for feeding troops. They will be larger than the civilian type and will include a canteen where men may buy beer, tea and sandwiches between meals at reduced prices. A separate dining-room may be set up for officers and their families.

Men of the Black Watch try out an experimental cafeteria service on the train taking them to their sailing port. Several systems have been tried out.



VIZORS WILL BE WORN

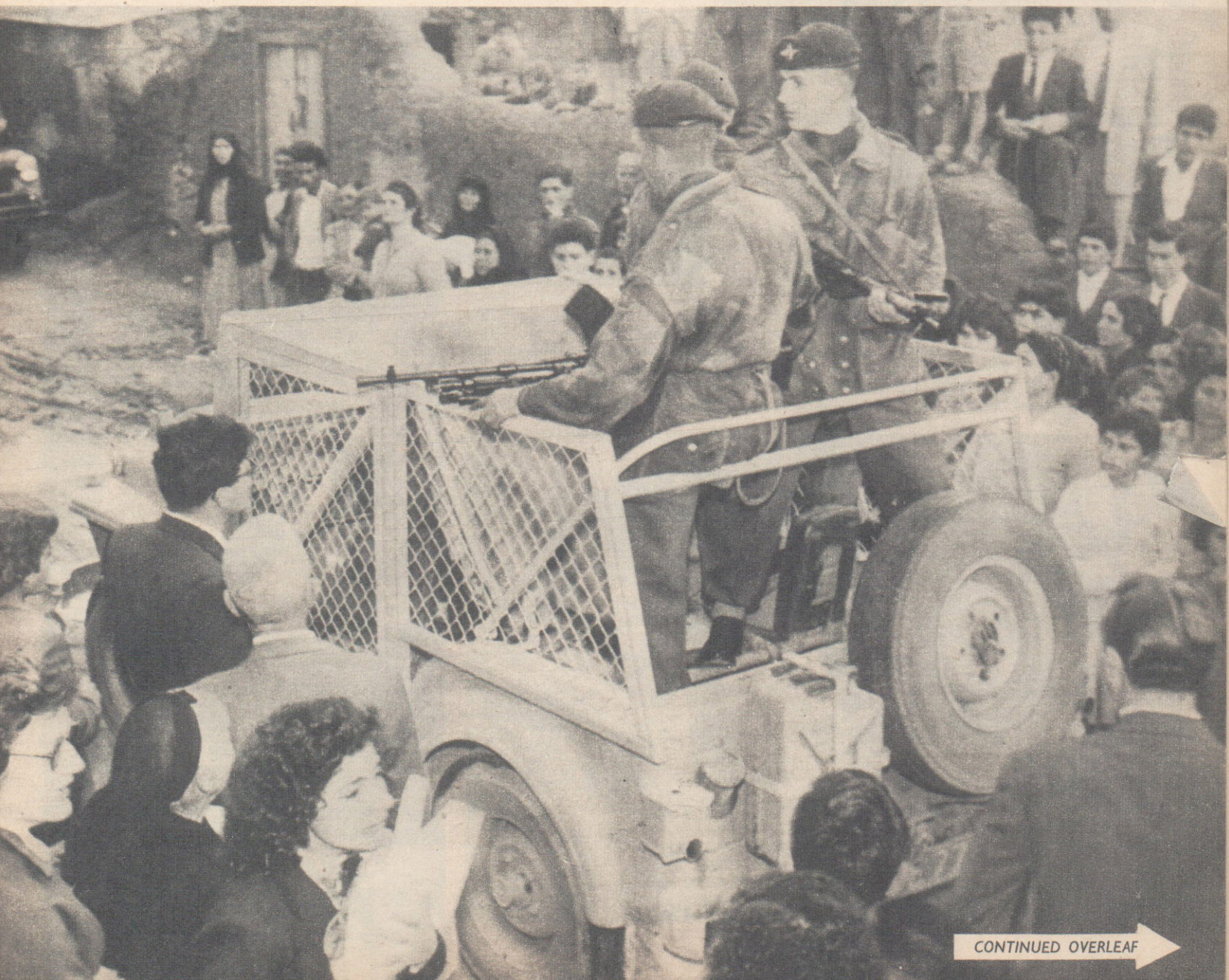
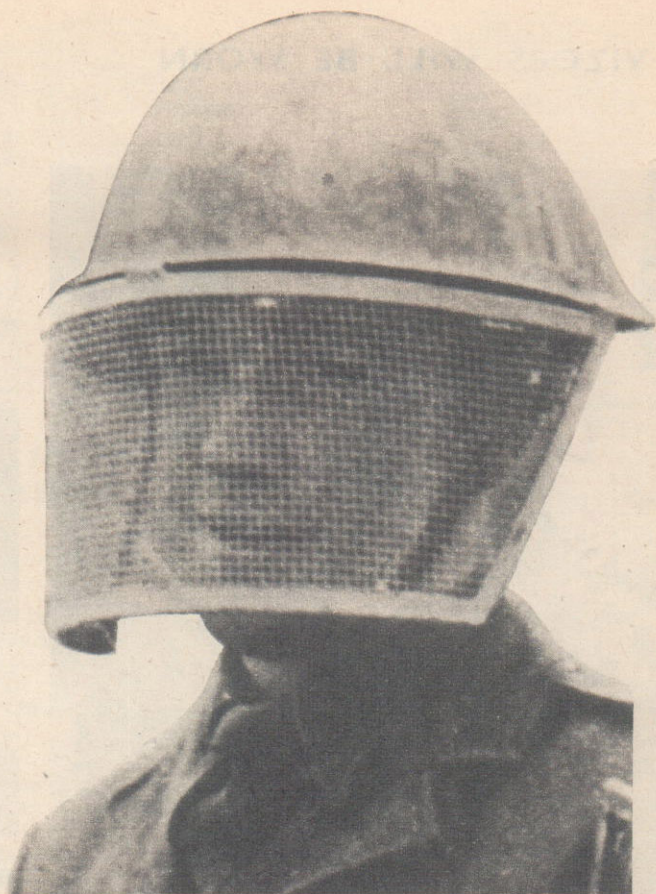
IN CYPRUS, ISLAND OF BRICKBATS, THE

ARMY ISSUES FACIAL "ARMOUR" TO ITS

RIOT SQUADS (WHO ALSO CARRY SHIELDS).

Earning his pay rise: a soldier
of the Royal Leicestershire
Regiment ready for trouble.

Parachute troops in a mesh-protected
vehicle stand guard in a village near Nicosia.



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

VIZORS WILL BE WORN

continued



While court officials visit the scene of an outrage, a powerful guard blocks Ledra Street, Nicosia. Note hole in windscreen.

Left: Nothing in this bag but homework—but it's worth while making sure.

Below: One in the bag after a dawn swoop near the base at Episkopi.



It's our turn to throw something in Cyprus: the Royal Air Force drops sacks of bread to the inhabitants of snowed-up villages.





The surgeon: he inspected - the messing - and the families too.



Left and right: two of the captains in the 73rd of Foot.



The quartermaster: he saw that all wives went to church.



THE CODE OF THE 73rd

HERE IS A GLIMPSE OF THE DAYS WHEN OFFICERS TOUCHED THEIR CAPS TO THE COLONEL AND NOBODY CARRIED A PARCEL

OLD military books have a fascination all their own. Take, for instance, "Standing Orders of the 73rd Regiment," a neat bound volume with gilt letters, bearing the date 1862. Later the Regiment became the 2nd Battalion The Royal Highlanders, better known as the Black Watch.

The book is in sections clearly demonstrating the organisation and duties of all ranks for the efficient running of the regiment. It starts off with an order that every officer is to have a copy in his personal possession.

The original owner of the book, one Lieutenant Doncaster, inserted his photograph in a diced-band cap on the front page and added a number of photographs in the appropriate places of his brother officers; though he refrained, perhaps for reasons of tact, from including the majors and the commanding officer.

Doncaster joined as ensign at the Curragh in 1865 and he gives his stations up to 1874. They include Fleetwood, Hong-Kong, Colombo, Limerick, Kandy (Ceylon), Newcastle, Sheffield and Cawnpore.

The book directed that when the commanding officer arrived on the parade-ground the officers should move up to him and "salute by touching their caps." Officers unable to attend parade owing to indisposition were to inform the adjutant and the surgeon without delay. At all times the strictest exercise of authority was to be combined with the habit of general courtesy. Violent language calculated to irritate soldiers was to be avoided.

Captains were to visit barracks-rooms at least once every day, and pay particular attention to messing. It is odd to note that they were responsible for men being paid *daily* at 10.30 a.m. On the 15th and 30th of every month the captain of the day had to read out to patients in hospital the Articles of War "especially those relative to malingering and irregular conduct while under medical treatment."

Every officer and NCO was expected to be able to call the roll of his men by heart and to answer "any question relative to the habits, disposition or circumstances of every man in his squad."

All officers were required to be members of the mess, and the senior present was charged with

checking any conduct likely to disrupt harmony. Gambling was strictly forbidden, and accounts were carefully watched to prevent extravagant spending.

Besides being responsible for the care of the sick and for the hygiene of the camp, the surgeon had to inspect the messes and watch the conditions of regimental families.

One of the quartermaster's many duties was to be present at the weighing of officers' baggage. Doubtless, he would not be popular on such occasions unless he was capable of turning a blind eye where the excess was not unreasonable. Another of his responsibilities was to submit an "absence report" in respect of women and children of the regiment who failed to attend church on Sunday. The armourer sergeant was responsible to the quartermaster for regular inspection of arms and he was paid one penny per month per firearm for removing and cleaning the locks.



One of two pin-up girls who found their way into the 73rd Standing Orders

Lieutenant Doncaster: he served in Limerick, Kandy, Colombo, Cawnpore, Hong-Kong.

Non - commissioned officers were to consider themselves a body distinct from private soldiers, with whom they were not to drink or associate, nor admit any undue familiarity. Lending or borrowing was ruled out. To maintain their position NCOs were to supervise fatigues but not to assist in any way. They were forbidden to hold horses or to carry bundles or parcels of any description.

Among the duties of the provost sergeant and police were to see that the cooks were sober, that meals were punctual and well served, and that all men washed their feet before breakfast on Thursdays and Sundays (those confined to the cells had to wash legs and feet only once a week). Clean linen was compulsory every week.

All men had to take their turn at cooking and cooks were appointed weekly.

Failings of the private soldier which were to be discouraged included the cutting, bending or otherwise altering of cap peaks. When walking out he was permitted to carry a small cane, "but thick walking sticks are prohibited." Another rule said: "No soldier is to appear in the streets imperfectly dressed; nor are soldiers to carry in their hands bundles or baskets, nor are they to smoke in the streets."

A soldier with a financial grievance was allowed to press for a court-martial investigation, "but the complainant must expect to be punished for obstinacy if his complaint be proved to be frivolous."

No man was to marry without the commanding officer's consent. "Any individual infringing this order will subject himself and his family to great misery: his wife will not be allowed in barracks, nor have any privileges



of soldiers' wives, nor be recognised in any way." Nothing could be clearer than that!

Wives spreading malicious reports of each other were to be turned out of barracks forthwith. Only the well-behaved and legally married wives had the privilege of taking in the regimental washing.

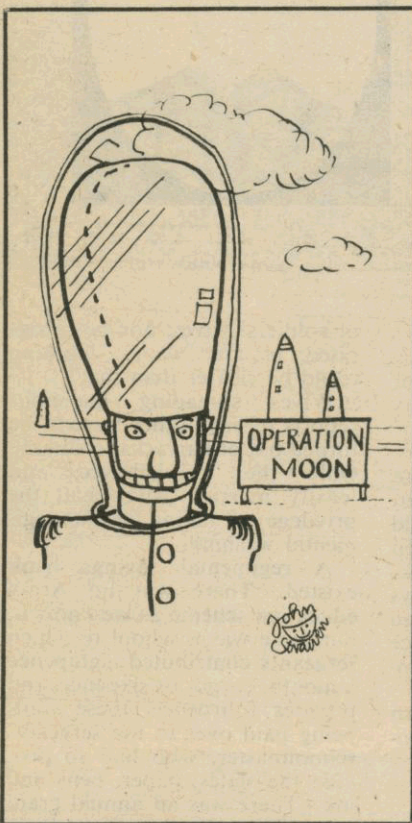
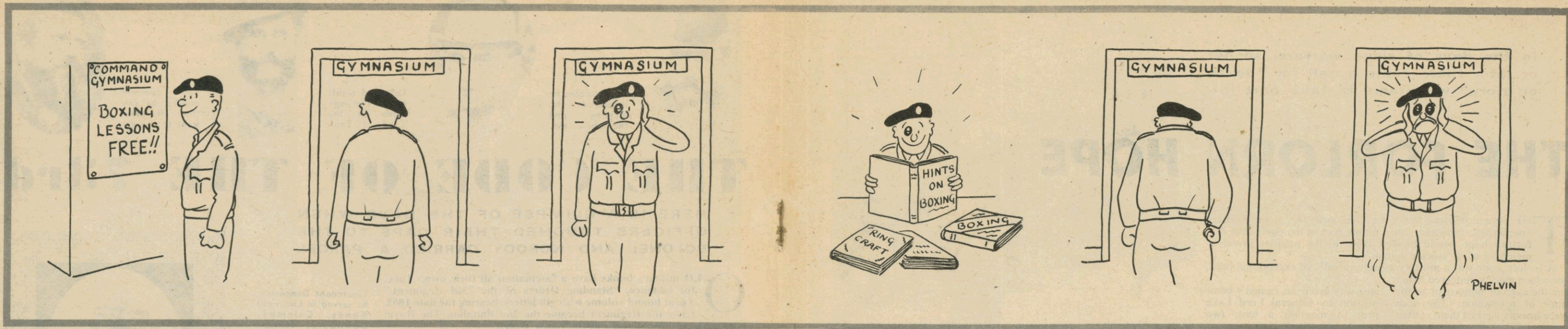
A regimental savings bank existed. There was no Army education scheme as we know it, but there was a school to which sergeants contributed eightpence a month, corporals sixpence, and privates fourpence, these sums being paid over to the sergeant-schoolmaster, who had to provide the slates, paper, pens and ink. There was an annual grant towards the cost of other education supplies.

Very strict orders were given about the supply of ball ammunition. The following certificate had to be signed by the captain of the company and delivered to the adjutant on parade: "I hereby certify that I have minutely inspected each man's pouches on parade and that every round of ball cartridge has been taken from the men's pouches previously to the issue of blank ammunition."

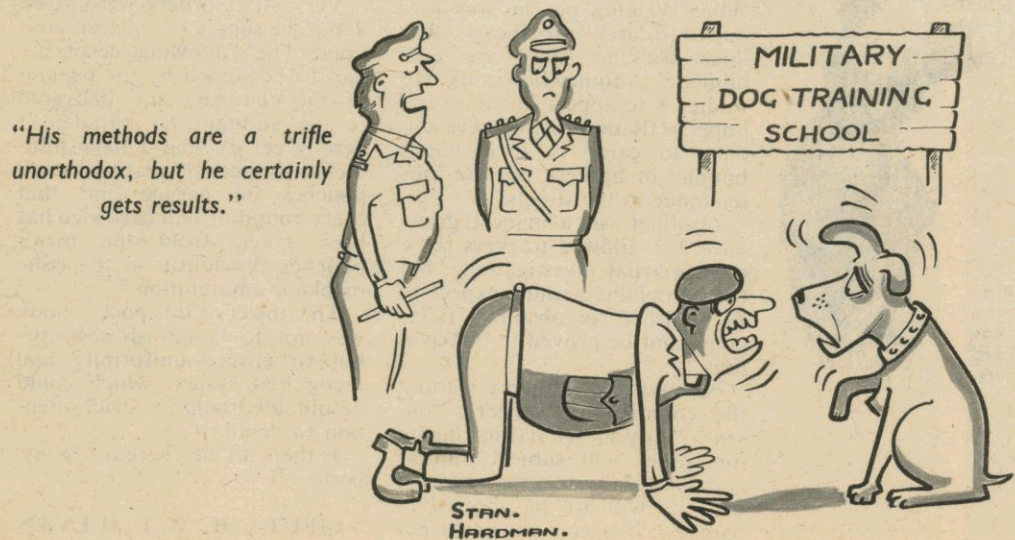
The object of this pocket-book was not to "establish severity" but to ensure uniformity and recognised system which could be obtained only by strict attention to detail.

Is there an idea here for today, perhaps?

LIEUT.-COL. W. L. JULYAN



"There you are—a Tony Curtis when he was six months old."

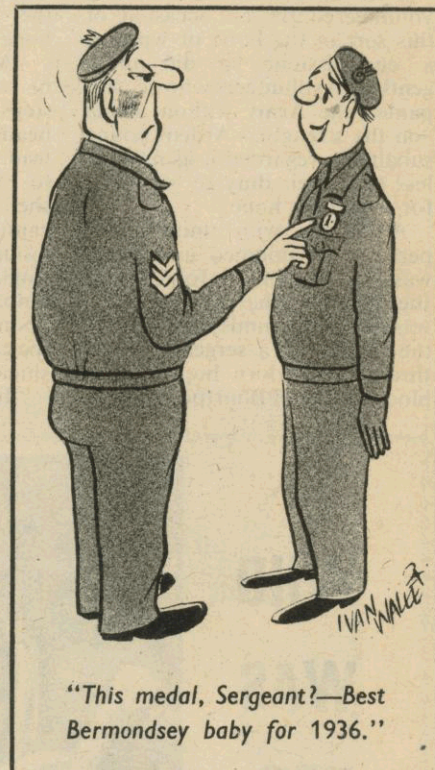
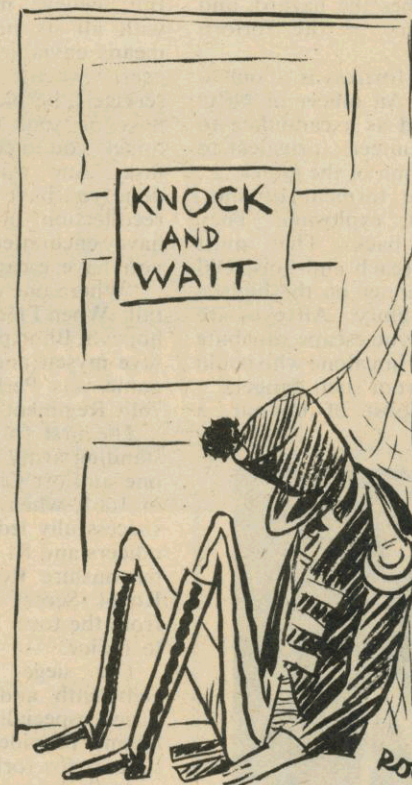


"His methods are a trifle unorthodox, but he certainly gets results."

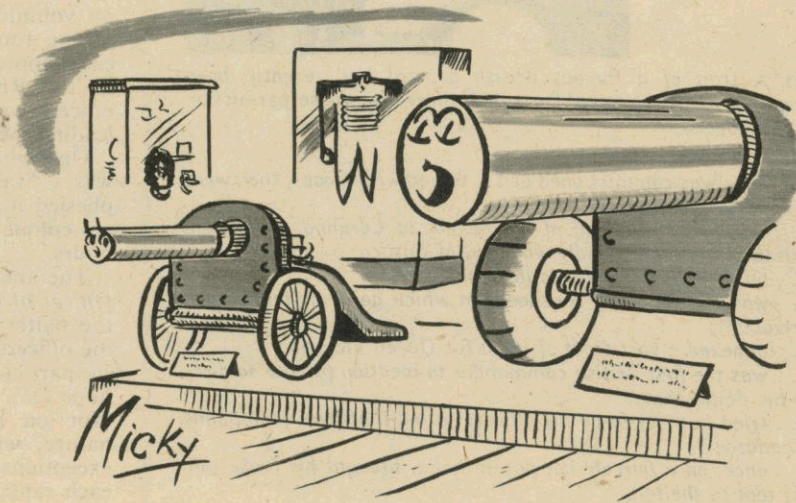
SOLDIER HUMOUR



"I hope this little Current Affairs discussion has left us with something to ponder over."



"This medal, Sergeant?—Best Bermondsey baby for 1936."



"My pop's bigger than your pop."

In the days of siege warfare, sooner or later there came a call for "death or glory" volunteers to take part in—

THE FORLORN HOPE

THE phrase "forlorn hope" has long gone out of the military vocabulary. Nowadays men taking part in the equivalent of a forlorn hope would be described (in the popular press) as members of a "suicide squad."

A forlorn hope was a military assault, or sally of exceptional peril, for which men volunteered either for the sake of honour or in the hope of promotion. The odds were heavily against them. Often the members of a forlorn hope were wiped out.

Sometimes men in the ranks volunteered for an occasion of this sort in the hope of winning a commission; so did those gentlemen volunteers who accompanied the Army without being "on the strength." Ardent young subalterns regarded it as nothing less than their duty to volunteer for a forlorn hope.

A soldier with unusual experience of doomed enterprises was the redoubtable John Shipp, the former "charity boy" who was twice commissioned from the ranks. As a sergeant he led three vain forlorn hopes at the bloody Siege of Bhurtpore in 1805

and was given an ensign's commission by General Lord Lake (not to mention a tent, two camels and a horse).

In his book *Military Bijou* Shipp describes the hazard, and the attraction, of the forlorn hope:

"A strong fortress is about to be stormed. An officer or NCO steps forward as a candidate to head 12 volunteers (privates) to lead the column of the attack... to stand the torment of shot, shell, rocket, explosion. They cannot fall back. They must mount the breach and hoist Old England's banner on the highest pinnacle of glory. All eyes are upon you. If you escape, attribute the cause to Him alone who could shield you from such dangers.

"It is a post of honour, a

station that places upon your brow laurels that never fade. But, believe me, the situation with all its honours is by no means enviable. There is, however, when performing this service, a heroic ardour, a nobleness of soul that carries and impels you to complete the noble task. And when your duty is done you have but an imperfect recollection of the perils you have encountered, the dangers you have escaped.

"Where one escapes, hundreds fall. When I led the three forlorn hopes at Bhurtpore all were killed save myself and one man whose name was Perkins, then of the 76th Regiment."

The first forlorn hope of the standing army was probably the one at Fort Charles in Tangier, in 1661, when a Captain Hume successfully led a party of three officers and 84 men of the Dumbartonshire Regiment (later the Royal Scots) in a breakaway from the fort. He was promoted to major.

The siege warfare of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, especially in India and in Spain, provided ample opportunities for forlorn hopes.

At Badajoz in 1811 individual officers, on the promise of promotion if they succeeded, formed up volunteers 50 or 100 strong at the foot of the breach and endeavoured to carry it by storm. In the Rifle Brigade alone 22 officers were killed or wounded leading these forlorn hopes.

One who died in the attempt was a Major O'Hare, who prophesied he would be "a lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours."

The anonymous author of *An Officer of the Guards*, describing the battle of Badajoz, said that the officers of the Light Division in particular treated a forlorn hope as a normal tour of duty, "for on all occasions of this nature, with only one or two exceptions, the senior officers of each rank insisted on being sent on that duty."

Captain John Kincaid of the Rifle Brigade had the task as

adjutant of selecting volunteers for forlorn hopes at Badajoz and San Sebastian. All ranks, he says, were as keen "as if it had been sinecure situations, in place of death warrants, which I had at my disposal."

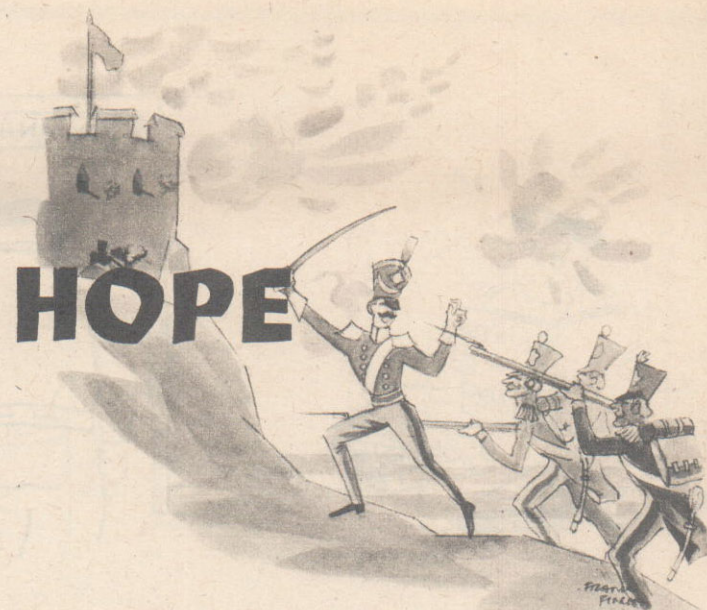
One officer who survived two forlorn hopes at Badajoz was Ensign Joseph Dyas, of the 51st Light Infantry (now the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry). When the first attack failed Dyas volunteered to lead a second, but because of his extreme youth his commanding officer refused permission. Dyas then obtained authority from the brigade commander. The gallant ensign collected another band of volunteers and this time carried the position. His regiment today commemorates his bravery in the officers' toast of "Dyas and his Stormers."

When powerful artillery began to make siege warfare unfashionable there was less occasion for this type of forlorn hope; but opportunities for "death or glory" sallies were still plentiful, whatever the type of war. The Victoria Cross, rather than a commission, began to be the reward of exceptional valour in the field.

There were times in World War One when every party of men going "over the top" could be described as a forlorn hope.

In his book *Defeat Into Victory* (see pages 14-15) Field-Marshal Sir William Slim uses the phrase "forlorn hopes" to describe the assault parties which attempted to storm Fort Dufferin, in Mandalay City, an action which "might well have been a scene from the Siege of Delhi in the Indian Mutiny." All the forlorn hopes were repulsed, and the fort resisted even aerial bombing. The garrison eventually fled through the drains.

★ *SOLDIER's* cover shows an artist's impression of the successful storming of Bhurtpore in 1825. It was this fortress which thrice repulsed the forlorn hopes in which John Shipp fought.



WHO WAS HE?



This portrait of a famous British general has recently been acquired by the National Portrait Gallery (by whose permission it is reproduced).

Here are clues to his identity:

HE... was commissioned at 12, served with troops, then went back to grammar school;

... was badly wounded in the retreat to Corunna, was taken prisoner, and again badly wounded at Busaco;

... built magnificent roads in Cephallonia;

... won the Battle of Meanee, "in which generals fought like privates";

... annexed a vast tract of India for Queen Victoria;

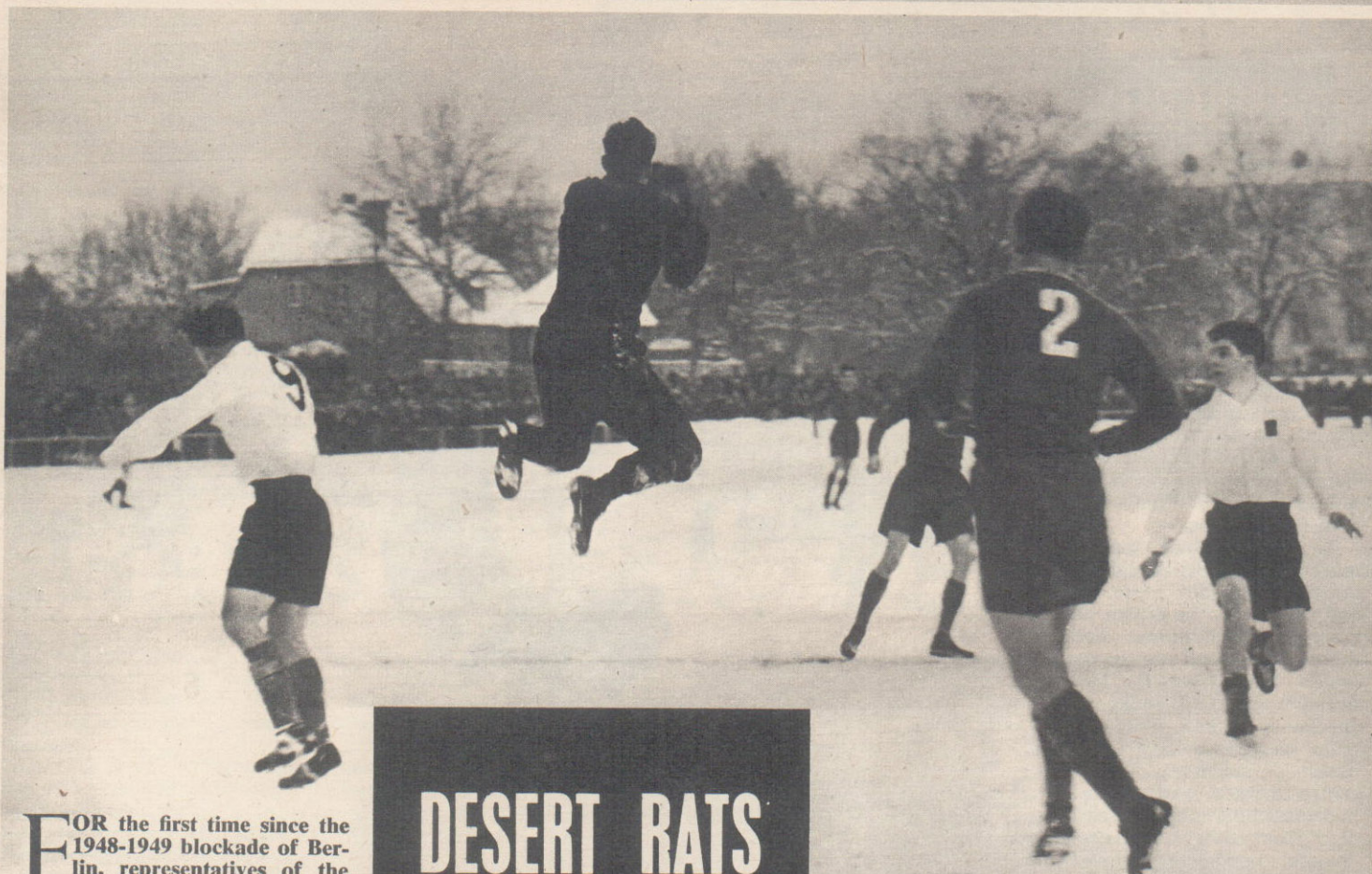
... was the first British commander to mention private soldiers in his despatches;

... tried hard to force his officers in India off the champagne standard;

... once, on a fiercely hot day in India, brought his horse into his tent to shelter;

... was headstrong, cantankerous and loved by all ranks.

(Answer: Page 38)



FOR the first time since the 1948-1949 blockade of Berlin, representatives of the Russian and British Armies have met in a soccer match. The game was played in the Soviet Zone of Germany at Zossen, about 25 miles south of Berlin. It aroused great interest and accounts were broadcast by the BBC, BFN and AFN.

The British team was drawn from 7th Armoured Division (the "Desert Rats") and the opposition was provided by the Russian 10th Guards Armoured Division. Both teams were given a great ovation by a crowd consisting of 2000 Russian soldiers and 100 British spectators, among whom were Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, commanding 1st British Corps, Major-General K. C. Cooper, commanding 7th Armoured Division, and Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, Chief of Staff, Northern Army Group.

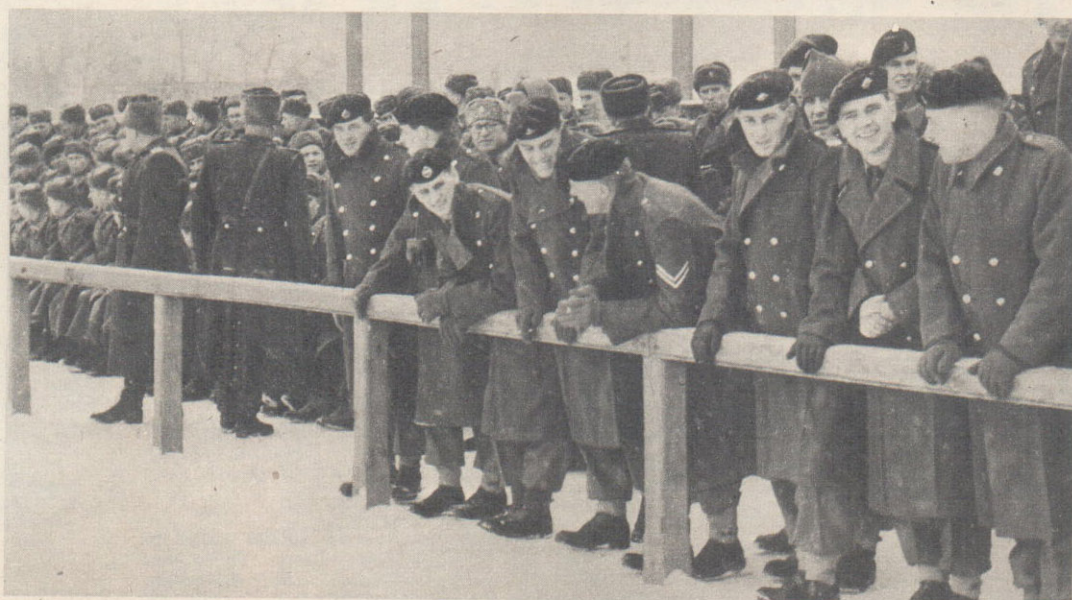
Divisional pennants were exchanged and each member of the British eleven was presented with a bouquet by his opposite number. A feature which interested the British spectators was the system of refereeing, the Russian referee controlling one side of the field while the two British linesmen had complete charge of the opposite wing.

From the start the Russian team dominated. Wearing light-

DESERT RATS v THE RUSSIANS

The Russian goalkeeper makes a spectacular save.
Photographs: Signalman J. W. Reeve, Army Public Relations.

In the Soviet Zone of Germany British and Russian sportsmen fought out a 'friendly' in a snowstorm.



Right, top: a bouquet for Corporal Jim Billson, Desert Rats' captain, from the Russian captain. The Russian referee watches. Below: British and Russian soldier spectators.

OVER →

DESERT RATS v THE RUSSIANS

continued

weight boots, they moved far more quickly and surely on a treacherous snow-packed surface. Within two minutes their centre-forward put them ahead and four minutes later they scored again. At half-time the score was 4-1 for the Russian side. It would have been bigger but for a fine performance by the British goalkeeper.

The second half was much more even, the British side marking their men far more closely and refusing to be drawn out of position. Conditions became more difficult as the snow fell faster. Now it was the Russian keeper's turn to make many spectacular saves. The Russian team seemed to have lost their first-half accuracy and the centre-forward and inside left had incredible misses. Ten minutes from time a penalty for "hands" against the British side was converted by the Soviet outside right and the Russians emerged worthy winners by 5-1.



A British player (white shirt) tussles for the ball with his Russian Army opponent.

Left: The Desert Rats' team. They lost 5-1. Below: Signalman J. Reeve, photographer, was not the only man with a camera.



The Russian side had been in constant practice for almost two years, the right wing pair being especially skilled.

If the game was played in the friendliest of spirits, this friendliness increased at the vodka-and-caviare reception afterwards. English-speaking officers of the Russian Army ensured that their British guests lacked nothing. An exhibition of paintings and a film showing the visit of British ships to Leningrad created much interest.—*Report by Observer Section, Army Public Relations, Berlin.*

Left: a Russian soldier talks to Corporal Jim Billson. There was vodka and caviare after the game.





Left: Soldiers learned how to use chopsticks at the leave centre at the Kawana Hotel below Fujiyama.



Right: "A nice piece of octopus?" A Scots soldier on leave in Tokyo has his doubts.

THAT'S JAPAN, THAT WAS

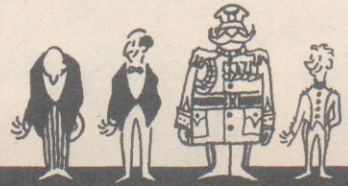
B RITISH troops are pulling out of Japan. The administrative headquarters of British Commonwealth Forces in Korea, which are in Tokyo, are being wound up and the British base in Kure dismantled.

In 1945 British soldiers—and families—went to Japan as part of the occupation forces. When war broke out in Korea, Japan became a supply base and training area for troops on their way to the front. More than 100,000 United Nations soldiers have enjoyed leave at the rest centres in the hills and in Tokyo. Those British soldiers who served in Japan voted it one of the best overseas stations in the world.



Above: British families lived in homes like this on Eta Jima island. Trees and shrubs were brought from the hills. Left: Japanese boys deliver the weekly egg ration. Below: At Ebisu Camp, near Tokyo, the last Commander-in-Chief's guard, provided by 48th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, is inspected.





Private's Progress

★ The new pay scheme for the Army is something to be studied, not once, but many times. Although most soldiers will already be fairly familiar with the terms, **SOLDIER** sets them out on this page and the next for reference.

★ What **SOLDIER** thinks of the new scheme: see page 7.

THESE are the chief points in the latest pay code, effective from 1 April:

RECRUITS: The man who enlists as a Regular now has the choice of three rates of pay, according to whether he promises to serve for three, six or nine years.

If he chooses to serve three years, he is paid 63s a week; if he chooses six years, 77s; if nine years, 91s.

Thus, of two Regulars going for basic training tomorrow, Private Brown may draw 28s a week more than Private Smith, simply because the Army knows it will still be able to call on Private Brown's services up to 1965, whereas Private Smith goes out in 1959. Private Brown, incidentally, will be receiving nearly three times the pay of a National Serviceman.

When Private Smith and Private Brown become three-star privates the disparity between their rates of pay will be even greater; Smith will draw 84s and Brown 119s—a difference of 35s.

MEN ALREADY SERVING: After nine years, corporals and above can earn more pay by promising to complete 15 years service. (In that period, nine men out of ten reach, or pass, corporal's rank, and most do so in four or five years.)

After 15 years, sergeants and above can obtain a still higher rate of pay by promising to serve on for 21 years. (In that period, nine out of ten reach, or pass, sergeant's rank, and most gain their three stripes in seven or eight years.)

Regulars already serving have the opportunity of changing their engagements to qualify for increased pay.

A Regular on a "three and four" will receive the new three-years rate of pay. If he decides to stay on, and is recommended by his commanding officer, he will at once qualify for the six-years or nine-years rate—which ever he chooses.

A Regular who has served three years of a 22-years engagement will automatically receive the six-years rate; but he can sign on for nine years as soon as he likes and qualify for the nine-years rate.

A Regular on the "five and seven" engagement will receive the three-years rate, since he has undertaken less than six years service. By merely signing on for one additional year he can draw the six-years rate; or, even better, he can sign on for the nine-years rate.

A Regular who has served six

available period will be far better off than he would have been with a bounty.

Nevertheless, there will be a tax-free bounty of £150 for any soldier who has not completed or already guaranteed more than nine years service and who signs on for 22. There will also be a bounty of £100 for a soldier who is already committed to 12 years, and who undertakes to serve for 22.



MARRIAGE ALLOWANCES: Because of the big increases in pay these will not be raised. The weekly rates remain: Regular corporals and below, 42s a week; sergeants, 49s; staff sergeants, 52s 6d; warrant officers, 56s. In view of the rise in pay, the qualifying allotment—that is, the proportion of his pay a soldier must allot his family—will be increased. New rates will be announced soon.

PENSIONS AND TERMINAL GRANTS are increased too.

After 22 years, a private will draw 33s a week and a terminal grant of £125 (compared with the old rates of 26s 4d and £100).

After 25 years service (seven as corporal and 11 as sergeant), a soldier will receive 66s 5d a week and a grant of £285 (compared with 46s 10d and £245).

A warrant officer, class one, after 30 years and a reasonable period in each rank will draw about 120s a week and a terminal grant of £586 (compared with 84s 10d and £460).

Terminal grants are tax-free.

NATIONAL SERVICEMEN, being short-term soldiers, receive only a modest increase of 3s 6d a week if under 21, and an extra 3s 6d on reaching the age of 21.

National Service officers receive daily pay increases ranging from 2s for a second lieutenant to 5s 6d for a major, depending on the number of months served.

If National Servicemen decide to become Regulars the time spent on National Service counts towards their Regular pay, and towards pension and terminal grant.

There is an increase in National Service marriage allowance, for those over 21. They will receive the same rates as Regulars. Married National Servicemen under 21 will receive the existing rates, which are: corporals and below, 35s; sergeants, 40s; staff-sergeants, 42s 6d; warrant officers, 45s.

WOMEN: The system of pay for women differs from that for men, since they cannot promise service for long periods and must retain their right to claim discharge on marriage at any time. There are no six-years and nine-years rates for them. Nevertheless, they will receive a new rate of pay, with increases for skill and efficiency, long-service increments, and bounties. Details of new pensions and terminal grants for women are to be published separately.

BOYS: The new basic rate on enlistment—31s 6d weekly—is nearly double the old, and there are increments for rank, efficiency and length of service. A boy who has completed his Senior Certificate of Education and reached the highest standard of military proficiency will, after one year's service, receive 59s 6d a week (compared with 24s 6d previously), and after two years' service, 66s 6d (compared with 28s).

PARACHUTISTS: Additional pay is now 42s a week. The trained pilot of a light aircraft receives additional pay of 47s 3d (52s 6d if an officer).



THE QUEEN'S SHILLING: A PAGE TO PONDER

The New Rates for Regular Soldiers

Rank	Rates of Pay for those committed to serve for:				
	Less than 6 years	6 years but less than 9 years	9 years or more	15 years having completed 9 years' service	21 years or more, having completed 15 years' service
	Scale A	Scale B	Scale C	Scale D	Scale E
Private	<i>s d</i>	<i>s d</i>	<i>s d</i>	<i>s d</i>	<i>s d</i>
Recruit	63 0	77 0	91 0	—	—
1 star	70 0	84 0	101 6	101 6	101 6
2 star	73 6	87 6	108 6	108 6	108 6
3 star	84 0	98 0	119 0	119 0	119 0
4 star	87 6	101 6	126 0	126 0	126 0
5 star	94 6	108 6	133 0	133 0	133 0
6 star	105 0	119 0	140 0	140 0	140 0
7 star	119 0	129 6	150 6	150 6	150 6
Lance-Corporal					
1 star	84 0	98 0	115 6	115 6	115 6
2 star	87 6	101 6	122 6	122 6	122 6
3 star	98 0	112 0	133 0	133 0	133 0
4 star	101 6	115 6	140 0	140 0	140 0
5 star	108 6	122 6	147 0	147 0	147 0
6 star	119 0	133 0	154 0	154 0	154 0
7 star	133 0	143 6	164 6	164 6	164 6
Corporal					
1 star	98 0	112 0	129 6	140 0	140 0
2 star	101 6	115 6	136 6	147 0	147 0
3 star	112 0	126 0	147 0	157 6	157 6
4 star	115 6	129 6	154 0	164 6	164 6
5 star	122 6	136 6	161 0	171 6	171 6
6 star	133 0	147 0	168 0	178 6	178 6
7 star	147 0	157 6	178 6	189 0	189 0
Sergeant					
Other than Class I tradesman		164 6	185 6	199 6	206 6
Group B, Class I tradesman	164 6	175 0	196 0	210 0	217 0
Group A, Class I tradesman		185 6	206 6	220 6	227 6
Group X, Class I tradesman		196 0	217 0	231 0	238 0
Staff-Sergeant					
Other than Class I tradesman		185 6	206 6	220 6	227 6
Group B, Class I tradesman	185 6	196 0	217 0	231 0	238 0
Group A, Class I tradesman		206 6	227 6	241 6	248 6
Group X, Class I tradesman		217 0	238 0	252 0	259 0
Warrant Officer, Class II					
Other than Class I tradesman			217 0	238 0	248 6
Group B, Class I tradesman	217 0	217 0	227 6	248 6	259 0
Group A, Class I tradesman			238 0	259 0	269 6
Group X, Class I tradesman			248 6	269 6	280 0
Warrant Officer, Class II (RQMS)					
Other than Class I tradesman			224 0	245 0	255 6
Group B, Class I tradesman	224 0	224 0	234 6	255 6	266 0
Group A, Class I tradesman			245 0	266 0	276 6
Group X, Class I tradesman			255 6	276 6	287 0
Warrant Officer, Class I					
Other than Class I tradesman			231 0	252 0	262 6
Group B, Class I tradesman	231 0	231 0	241 6	262 6	273 0
Group A, Class I tradesman			252 0	273 0	283 6
Group X, Class I tradesman			262 6	283 6	294 0

PENSIONS AND TERMINAL GRANTS FOR OTHER RANKS

1. Pensions

Service Element	Rank Element
For each year's reckonable service:—	For each year of reckonable service in rank of:—
<i>s d</i>	<i>s d</i>
From 1-22 years .. 1 6 a week	Corporal 8 a week
From 23-27 years .. 5 0 a week	Sergeant 1 3 a week
For 28 years & over 4 0 a week	Staff Sergeant .. 1 10 a week
	WO II 2 2 a week
	WO I 2 8 a week

2. Terminal Grants

Rank	Basic rate after 22 years' service	Increment for each year's service over 22
	£	£
Private	125	12
Corporal	175	15
Sergeant	225	20
Staff Sergeant	275	24
WO II	300	28
WO I	330	32

... and Regular Officers

Rank	New Rates of Basic Pay	
	Daily	Annual
Second-Lieutenant	<i>s d</i>	£
Lieutenant	21 0	383
After 1 year in the rank	28 0	511
After 2 years in the rank	30 0	547
After 3 years in the rank	32 0	584
Captain	38 0	693
After 1 year in the rank	40 0	730
After 2 years in the rank	42 0	766
After 3 years in the rank	44 0	803
After 4 years in the rank	46 0	839
After 5 years in the rank	48 0	876
After 6 years in the rank	50 0	912
Major	58 0	1,058
After 1 year in the rank	60 0	1,095
After 2 years in the rank	62 0	1,131
After 3 years in the rank	64 0	1,168
After 4 years in the rank	66 0	1,204
After 5 years in the rank	68 0	1,241
After 6 years in the rank	70 0	1,277
Lieutenant-Colonel with less than 19 years' service	78 0	1,423
After 2 years in the rank or with 19 years' service	81 0	1,478
After 4 years in the rank or with 21 years' service	84 0	1,533
After 6 years in the rank or with 23 years' service	87 0	1,587
After 8 years in the rank or with 25 years' service	90 0	1,642
Colonel	100 0	1,825
After 2 years in the rank	105 0	1,916
After 4 years in the rank	110 0	2,007
After 6 years in the rank	115 0	2,098
Brigadier	120 0	2,190
Major-General	160 0	2,920
Lieutenant-General	200 0	3,650
General	240 0	4,380
Field-Marshal	280 0	5,110

QUARTERMASTER RATES

Rank	New Rates of Basic Pay	
	Daily	Annual
Lieutenant	<i>s d</i>	£
After 2 years' service	38 0	693
After 4 years' service	40 0	730
After 6 years' service	42 0	766
Captain (after 6 years' service)	50 0	912
After 8 years' service	52 0	949
After 10 years' service	54 0	985
Major (after 12 years' service)	62 0	1,131
After 14 years' service	64 0	1,168
After 16 years' service	66 0	1,204
After 18 years' service	68 0	1,241
Lieutenant-Colonel	74 0	1,350

RETIRED PAY AND TERMINAL GRANTS

Rank	Retired Pay	Terminal Grant
	£	£
Captain and below	500	1,500
Major	625	1,875
Lieutenant-Colonel (quartermaster)	675	2,025
Lieutenant-Colonel	800	2,400
Colonel	1,000	3,000
Brigadier	1,150	3,450
Major-General	1,400	4,200
Lieutenant-General	1,600	4,800
General	1,900	5,700
Field-Marshal ("Half Pay")	2,300	6,900

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

FIRST, HE WAS A GENERAL . . .

THE picture on the right of this article is a reminder of the day when Britain's air arm was commanded by generals.

Major-General Hugh Trenchard, who transferred to the Royal Flying Corps from the Royal Scots Fusiliers, went on to lead and inspire the Royal Air Force in its "difficult age."

Few men destined to sway the course of history had such an unpromising start as the late Lord Trenchard. Repeatedly he failed his entrance examinations for the Army—it was the heyday of the crammer—and eventually he had to enter by way of the "back door": the militia. (Sir Winston Churchill, suitably crammed, got into Sandhurst at the third attempt.)

Lord Trenchard served on the frontiers of empire with such bodies as the Imperial Yeomanry, the Canadian Scouts and the West African Frontier Force. It was the finest training a soldier could have. When the Royal Flying Corps was formed in 1912 he was in his fortieth year. On applying

to join he was told that he had only ten days in which to qualify as a pilot; on the eleventh day he would be over-age. Major Trenchard had no difficulty in passing this kind of test. He won his wings in a week.

The Royal Flying Corps was a young men's arm, and some of the early flyers did not take too easily to discipline. No air force can operate as a collection of brilliant individuals. Major-General Trenchard was one of those who forged it into a *service*, with a formidable offensive spirit.

After the war Lord Trenchard was Chief of Air Staff until 1929. He believed, passionately, in Air Power. In Iraq and Waziristan his young men carried out tasks of imperial policing hitherto performed by soldiers.

In *The Mint*, that neurotic record of life among the Royal Air Force recruits in the nineteen-twenties, T. E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia") tells how the driving force of Trenchard reached down to the humblest levels. The Service was under the impatient, sometimes angry, command of a man who knew where he was going and was impatient because other men could not see the same vision.

It is as well that one man saw it, and did something about it.



Left: Lord Trenchard as Marshal of the Royal Air Force, a rank he attained in 1927.



Right: Colonel of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.



Major-General Trenchard (with the wings he won in a week) seen with Queen Mary on an aerodrome at St. Omer, France, in 1917.



WHOSE TANKS?

Going "over the top" are tanks of the new Austrian Army, at the tank school near Linz. They come from America—and from Russia.

and WHOSE HATS?

First time together: one hat is that of General Sir Richard Gale, commanding Northern Army Group. That on the right belongs to Lieut-Gen. A. Heusinger, commanding the new Forces of the Federal Republic of Germany, who was calling on General Gale.





**BACK OF
MY MIND**

A half-thought has been nagging, that in
many ways I am doing better than I was,
and treating myself better, yet I am letting a very few pennies stand
between me and the enjoyment of a very much better cigarette. From now on
what was an occasional treat becomes my regular smoke —

4/ FOR 20
also in 10 • 25 • 50 • 100
(including round
air-tight tins of 50)



BY APPOINTMENT
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Nobody Believed Private Pooley

WHEN Private Albert Pooley crawled out of the mass grave at Le Paradis, in France, where 95 of his comrades of the Royal Norfolk Regiment had been massacred by German SS troops in May, 1940, he vowed to bring to justice the man who had ordered the killing.

For three years, while a prisoner, he had to keep silent for fear of the enemy liquidating him and the only other survivor, Private William O'Callaghan, if they suspected anyone had been left to tell the tale.

Then, in 1943, he was repatriated, free at last to tell the story. The Security officer to whom he first reported would not believe him; nor would anyone else.

In the end Pooley himself began to wonder whether it had happened or not. Without telling even his wife where he was going he went back to Le Paradis and collected evidence which set the wheels of justice in motion.

In "The Vengeance of Private Pooley" (Heinemann, 15s) Cyril Jolly tells how Private Pooley's lone investigation in the face of official disbelief eventually led to the arrest of Lieutenant-Colonel Fritz Knoechlein, the company commander of the SS "Death's Head" Division who had ordered the mass execution. Private Pooley and Private O'Callaghan

gave evidence at the trial in Hamburg (SOLDIER told the story in December, 1948) and heard the court sentence Knoechlein to death. Pooley had kept his vow.

The massacre at Le Paradis was one of the war's ugliest incidents. When nearly 100 officers and men of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Norfolk Regiment surrendered after fighting overwhelming odds, they were kicked and beaten into line by their SS captors, stripped of their arms and

marched into a field, where they were machine-gunned. SS men then went among them, finishing off survivors with their revolvers and bayonets.

Pooley, badly wounded, fell beneath several of his dead companions and lost consciousness. O'Callaghan, who was only slightly wounded, successfully feigned death.

That night, when the Germans had left, O'Callaghan carried Pooley on his back for nearly a mile to the safety of a ditch and next day they found shelter in a pig-sty. There they stayed for nine days, living on raw potatoes and a little food brought to them



As photographed by SOLDIER at the War Crimes trial in 1948: Albert Pooley (left) and William O'Callaghan. They rose from their comrades' mass grave at Le Paradis.

by a Frenchwoman, until the Germans found them.

While Pooley went to hospital and was eventually repatriated, O'Callaghan spent the rest of the war in prison camps. Nobody believed his story, either.

Reference Your A/43/785/53(a)

"DAMN your writing, mind your fighting" was the advice of that distinguished Guardsman, General Lord Lake. His intention was not, however, to condone sloppiness in military correspondence.

Many a veteran of battle has found himself floundering when first faced with the necessity of writing a military letter. An adjutant promoted from the ranks in the Peninsular war was credited with adding, at the end of an official letter, that his wife and children were "in good heart."

New-fledged subalterns have learned the niceties of correspondence the hard way by having their letters of application for leave returned "for insertion of comma in para. two, line three."

In a short book, "Military Writing" (Gale and Polden, 5s) Major R.C.W. Thomas, of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, enumerates some of the "do's" and "don'ts" of Army letter-writing, and gives tips on writing good English. It is difficult to compile a book of this kind without making statements of the obvious, but the seeker after knowledge may gain some useful pointers from these pages.

Advice includes:

"The average officer should never use the first person, as this is really the prerogative of commanders and very senior staff officers only";

"A military letter should never contain commercial expressions, since the Army is not a commercial organisation";

"No files should ever be allowed to exist with such headings as 'General' or 'Miscellaneous,' because if they do, in due course one letter in every three will find its way on to such files."

"Avoid complicated references containing a mixture of many numbers and letters — e.g. A/43/785/53(a)."

Major Thomas thinks that demi-official letters of the "Dear Nigel" type should be avoided by the average officer. Such letters are not always filed, have no official standing and tend to "short-circuit the correct channels" (how's that for a mixed metaphor?).

Major Thomas might have mentioned that, by avoiding the demi-official letter, a correspondent is spared the mental wear and tear of trying to decide whether to open his letter with "Dear Nigel," "Dear Smith," "Dear Major Smith" or "Dear Major." The rules of that game are very complex and the unskilled player leaves himself open to many subtle rebuffs. It should be left to the Civil Service, who have more time to play it.



Mr. L. G. Button buys periodicals and magazines for S.C.B.D. and supervises their distribution to individuals, units and Forces Bookshops the world over. During the war he served 5½ years with the Royal Signals, Special Communication Units.

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SEK KONG Families Village
(Church of Scotland)
KOWLOON
(European Y.M.C.A.)



Landing craft approaching the shore near Dieppe under cover of a smoke screen. Imperial War Museum.

1 DIEPPE It Was "A Mine of Experience"

IN the early hours of an August morning in 1942 a fleet of little ships carrying 6000 soldiers, most of them Canadian, nosed across the English Channel on one of the boldest and most hazardous operations of the war: the raid on Dieppe.

Twenty-four hours later less than one-sixth of those who had set out to assault Hitler's Fortress were landed in England. The force had been cut to pieces on the beaches.

The raid was a failure. Or was it?

Mr. R. W. Thompson, author and war correspondent, in "Dieppe at Dawn" (*Hutchinson*,

Lord Lovat DSO, MC (left) compares notes with an officer after the raid.



15s) assesses the operation as both a failure and a success. A failure because of the appalling casualty rate and the political capital the Germans were able to make in claiming they had repulsed an attempted invasion. A success because it was of vital help in the planning of the Normandy landings two years later.

The author's personal view is that the raid need not have been a failure in any respect if there had been greater fire support. He quotes Sir Winston Churchill as saying: "Tactically it was a mine of experience. It shed revealing light on many shortcomings in our outlook . . . we learnt again the value of powerful support by heavy naval guns in an opposed landing and our bombardment technique, both marine and aerial, was thereafter improved."

The Dieppe Force went in under the guns of destroyers and gun boats which were unable to deal with the German heavy batteries and hidden gun positions. Conceivably the heavy guns of a battleship or a cruiser or two would have turned the tide; but there may have been good reasons why this was not possible.

One result of the raid was to still some of the unthinking clamour for a Second Front. "The fact that it needed 250 ships and 67 squadrons of aircraft to make a raid of a few hours duration with a landing force of 6000 men sobered up casual and uninformed thinking," writes Mr. Thompson. "It made most people realise something of the enormous preparation and the staggering quantities of materials necessary to mount and sustain a real invasion."

There was no braver man that day than Sergeant Dubuc, of the Fusiliers Mont-Royal. He kept a stranded tank in action until its ammunition ran out, led a raid on enemy invasion barges, killing the crews of two, then was captured and stripped of his uni-

form. He escaped by killing the guard, ran back to the beaches in his underclothes and under a hail of fire carried his commanding officer and another NCO to safety on one of the last tank landing-craft to leave.

2 TOBRUK Commandos in a Big Bluff

OUT of the Western Desert one day, soon after Field-Marshal Montgomery had launched his successful Alamein offensive, walked a Scots Guards officer, bearded, long-haired, starving and in rags. His name was David Lanark.

He was the last homecoming survivor of a gallant band whose part in the attempt to capture Tobruk and cripple Rommel's supplies had ended in failure. His story, with that of many others who shared this ill-fated exploit, is told by Gordon Landsborough in "Tobruk Commando" (*Cassell*, 15s).

For this one officer, the majority of whose comrades had been either killed or captured, the failure was peculiarly poignant. He had joined an irregular unit such as flourished in the desert, known as Special Identification Group, whose men, mainly German Jews, operated disguised as Germans behind enemy lines. Regarded as traitors to the Fatherland, they could expect to be tortured and their lives always were forfeit.

The full strength of the Group, already betrayed by non-Jews on a previous expedition, was 21. In the Tobruk mission two officers and four men of the Group were engaged and the Guards officer—known as "The Flying Scotsman"—was one of them.

The sheer simplicity and

daring of the plan which desert-wise Lieutenant-Colonel John Haselden, Commando leader, conceived and put into operation, foxed the Germans and Italians garrisoning Tobruk. Lorry-borne Commandos, masquerading as prisoners-of-war picked up in the desert, with the suitably-attired Group members acting as escorts, penetrated to the heart of the enemy stronghold. Humble three-tonners became a modern Trojan horse.

While the Commandos established a bridgehead, the Royal Air Force created a diversionsary bombing raid and the Navy's main job was to land reinforcements. The Commandos had to hold on for 12 hours to assist the sea-borne landing. The way would then be open for the destruction of Rommel's oil, tanks and shipping. It was intended to be a knock-out blow, aimed at minimising the Alamein task.

It turned out to be a disaster. Why? Was Tobruk better fortified than the planners had been led to believe? Had the Axis been alerted to the possibility of coastal assault through too much public preparation in the neighbourhood of Cairo and Alexandria? Had Operation Agreement, in fact, become too large, unwieldy and uncertain?

Ironically, before they ever reached the town of Tobruk the Commandos, ably led by the Long Range Desert Group, passed the precious oil-storage depot. Keeping strictly to instructions, they went on their way, leaving untouched this most tempting target.

From the moment a stray rifle shot in the dark alerted Tobruk garrison, their chances of reaching it again rapidly dwindled. Soon they and hundreds of others trying to get in from the sea were fighting against overwhelming odds.

Operation Agreement failed, but the bravery and skill of those who took part will not be forgotten.

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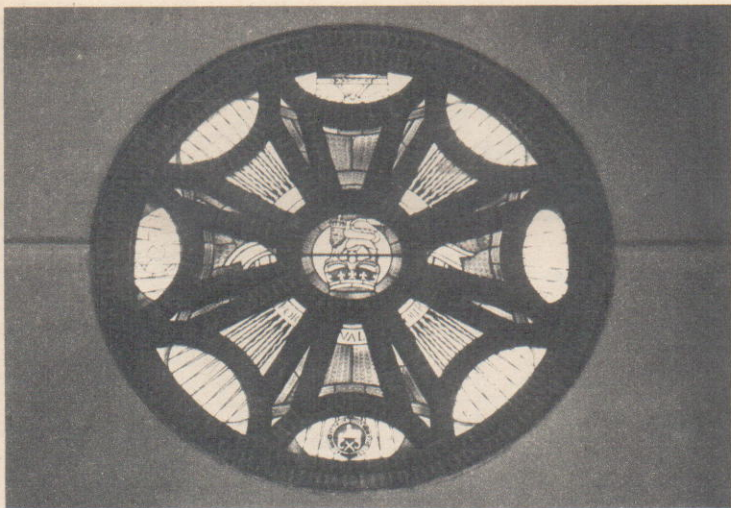
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*Not
so long ago*

a banking account was thought of as something reserved for comparatively wealthy people. Nowadays the much more sensible view is held that everyone who has to handle money, even if his income is quite small, can best do so with the help of a bank. Perhaps the most obvious advantage of a banking account is that it provides the safest of all ways of keeping money. It provides too a simple method of paying bills and an automatic record of income and spending ; but there are many other ways in which Barclays will be able to help you and any branch manager will be glad to explain them to you.

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Captain John Brunt VC, MC is commemorated in this window of St. Andrew's Church, Paddock Wood, Kent. The colouring is such that, viewed from inside, the four arms of the Maltese Cross stand out prominently.

Photographs: W. J. STIRLING.

The VC Window

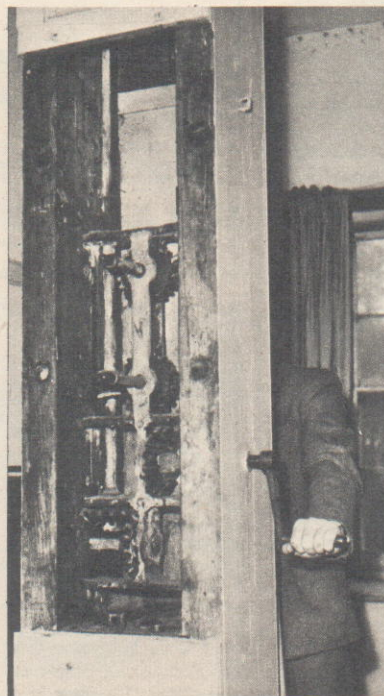
A STAINED glass window in the form of a Victoria Cross is a striking feature of St. Andrew's Church, Paddock Wood, Kent. It is in memory of Captain John Henry Count Brunt VC, MC, of the Sherwood Foresters, who lived in the locality. He was serving with the Lincolnshire Regiment when he earned his VC, which was posthumous. Part of the citation is reproduced in a smaller window.

As SOLDIER recalled last month, an inn at Paddock Wood is named after Captain Brunt.

For more about the VICTORIA CROSS, see SOLDIER's letter pages.



The Tower on The Hill



A system of cogs and rods served to operate the semaphore from below.

Semaphore Tower, on Chatley Heath, Surrey. The semaphore is stored.

IN December last, SOLDIER described the chain of semaphore towers which transmitted urgent naval and military messages from London to Plymouth and Portsmouth in olden days.

One relic of this system (which began to be re-designed after Napoleon's escape from Elba) is the semaphore tower on Chatley Heath at Cobham, Surrey. It was built about 1823 and today provides an unusual home for Mr. P. S. Johnson, a motor engineer, and his wife and young son.

The tower, hidden on one side by thick trees, is an eight-sided building, to the base of which a cottage has been added. It has a cellar and five rooms, all on different floors. From the top can be seen a fine view of Surrey, including the full stretch of an airfield.

The semaphore itself, still in good condition, has been removed by the owner, Mr. R. W. Mount, and is kept nearby at Ockham village. To judge from the presence, in the lower rooms of the tower, of shafts, dials, rods and cogwheels, there was a method of operating the semaphore by remote control; but presumably someone had to stand on the roof to read messages from adjacent towers.

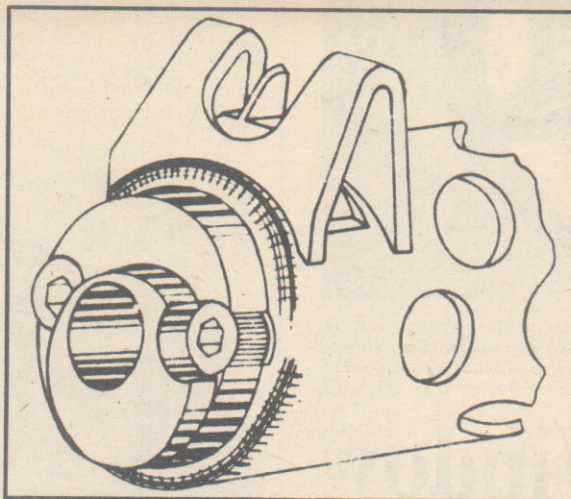
As a home, the tower offers domestic problems of the kind associated with living in windmills and lighthouses. The staircase is bricked off from the rooms, with the result that each room has six sides, complicating the arrangement of furniture. Mrs. Johnson has 75 stairs to climb, not counting the 15-rung ladder to the roof. Because of the difficult approach, the grocer calls once a week, the coalman once a year. The tenants must depend on rain for much of their water and paraffin for cooking and lighting. Though only 25 miles from London, Semaphore Tower must be the most isolated home in suburban Surrey.

A few years ago a nonagenarian called at the tower and said he had been born there, but that the cottage had not existed in his time.

STERLING

FEATURES OF THE STERLING SUB-MACHINE GUN 9 mm.

13. ZEROING



The weapon is zeroed before issue to the user and should require little attention other than correction for line. This is effected by tapping the foresight to left or right. The foresight is a spring fit in its seating and requires no securing screw.

Normally there are three sizes of foresight, -1, N and +1. A change from N to +1 corrects for high firing and lowers the M.P.I. by approximately 4½ inches at 100 yards. If required

further sights -2, -3, +2 and +3 are available and the effect of a change from any one sight to the next in the series is always 4½ inches at 100 yards.

The weapon may be zeroed at 100 yds. or 100 feet. At 100 yards the M.P.I. should be on the sight line. For 100 ft. the M.P.I. should be 2 inches above the sight line.

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All enquiries will be dealt with personally by Major A. E. Arnold (retd.) who for some years has been giving the benefit of his advice and experience to members of the Forces on all forms of insurance, and who will be very pleased to assist you to find the right plan.

Really it is surprising what can be done—even with £1 per month. In any event find out what you—at your present age—could obtain. Send the coupon below, and KNOW what you could get—if you decided to.

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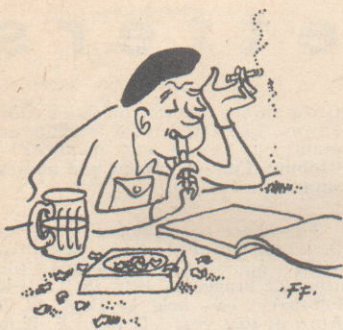
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Letters

CONSCIENCE

I am a soldier with a conscience seeking advice which I am afraid to apply for in my own unit.

I enlisted on 3 September 1924 at the age of 16 years and three months, but I gave my age as 18 years and three months, thus committing the offence of fraudulent enlistment.

I am expecting to retire on pension after some 36 years in the Army, 28 of which will be pensionable. The pension increases when I reach the age of 55 and again at 60.

If I accept these increases I shall be committing a further offence as I shall not, in fact, be of entitled age.

Would I be jeopardizing myself in any way by declaring my correct age now or would I be liable to two years imprisonment, the penalty stated on my attestation papers?—"Very Worried" (name and address supplied).

★Disciplinary action for "false answer on attestation" i.e., declaring false age on enlistment, is time-barred under Section 161 of the Army Act, which states that trial must take place within three years of the date of the offence. Under existing regulations the age declared by this soldier on enlistment and recorded on his documents stands for all purposes. Therefore, all his reckonable service will count for pension and terminal grant under the 1950 Pension Code. This does not carry increases at ages 55 and 60.

HOSTELS

"Fair Play" and his family paid more than I did when I was living with my family in Blackpool (Letters, February). The charge for my wife and four children was £4.17s. During disembarkation and embarkation leave periods I paid United Kingdom rates of ration allowance and at other times 7s. per day. In the evenings I had a fire in my room and no extra charge was made; there was television in the communal room. My wife cleaned her own rooms and took her turn to keep the communal room tidy. We were very well fed and quite satisfied. In fact, I can really recommend the accommodation at any of the board-

ing-type hostels in Blackpool. —Sergeant J. Robertson, "Europa", Gibraltar.

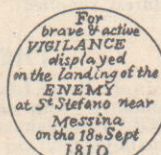
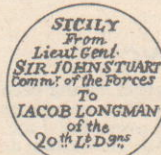
SLACK—BY PERMISSION

Why do the King's Royal Rifle Corps spoil a good turn-out when the Queen is inspecting them (SOLDIER, January) by having slack rifle slings?—"Oxf. and Bucks." (name and address supplied).

★It is a regimental tradition. The rifle slings of this Corps are always worn loose, so that weapons can be brought into use at a moment's notice. The custom originated in the Corps' early skirmishing days.

OLD MEDAL

This medal was presented to one of my forbears in September 1810. Can SOLDIER give any information about the award and state whether it was a rare occurrence for such a medal to be given?—D. W. Longman, White Hart Lane, Cadnam, Hampshire.



★SOLDIER is unable to trace any details of the award in official publications, but it is clearly linked with Lieutenant-General Sir John Stuart's campaign in the Mediterranean and the British occupation of Sicily. By August 1810 the occupation was seriously threatened by the French and for nearly two months the rival armies glared at each other across the Straits of Messina. On the night of 17 September, two battalions of Corsicans and four of Neapolitans, in all between 3000 and 4000 men, crossed the Straits and reached the opposite shore about seven miles south of Messina. The landing was instantly detected by the patrols of the 20th Light Dragoons; it was a diversion to distract attention to the British right. The British re-acted swiftly and the invasion was a disaster.

Presumably the medal was awarded by Lieutenant-General Sir John Stuart personally to Jacob Longman and that would account for lack of details at the present time.

HARVEST

Before my National Service I took a nine months course at the Hertfordshire Institute of Agriculture. For two years before that I was working on an arable farm in Berkshire. I drove tractors and combine harvesters and could operate the grain dryer. My former employer, who has a staff of eight men, has asked me to work for him again at this year's harvest. Is there any way of getting leave, other than privilege leave, for this purpose?—"Farmer's Boy" (name and address supplied).

★No, unless there is a crisis at harvest time, as happened two years ago when the Ministry of Agriculture appealed to the Services for help. In a similar emergency this soldier's former employer could apply to the War Office for his assistance, provided he is serving in Britain.

SENIORITY

It has been announced that National Service tradesmen, if qualified, can be promoted to substantive corporal. This is rather an innovation in the Service since by the old regulations a non-Regular was not entitled to hold any substantive rank and, upon entering into a Regular engagement, could only count his non-Regular service towards the first step in rank.

If the War Office now accepts the principle of equal rank for equal qualifications, is it intended to do anything about the position on the seniority rolls of men who, like myself, lost several years seniority due to war-time service on Territorial Army or similar engagements, which could not be counted for the grant of substantive rank whatever qualifications were held?—"REME Staff Sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★SOLDIER is informed that Regular and National Service soldiers in REME are considered for substantive promotion on an equal basis. There can be no analogy between the conditions now applying to the substantive promotion of National Servicemen and those governing the grant of sub-

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

●Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

●SOLDIER cannot admit correspondence on matters involving discipline or promotion in a unit.

stantive rank to Regular soldiers shortly after the war.

WINGLESS

As an ex-RAF aircrew navigator I am sometimes asked why I do not wear my flying badge. Two commanding officers have queried the point and were surprised to learn that ACI 499/1950 rules out my particular badge, so far as the Army is concerned.

It has puzzled me why this order was issued, for surely it would have been fairer to prohibit the wearing of any RAF flying badge rather than to discriminate between various aircrew categories.

Can SOLDIER say why this situation exists?—Sergeant C. L. Manship, Headquarters, Hong Kong Regiment.

★The rule is that when a man transfers to another Service he leaves his badges behind. An exception was made for RAF pilots seconded to the Army for flying duties, who would be serving alongside Army officers with wings up.

STEADY—THE BAYS!

Your correspondent on the subject "Steady The Buffs" (Letters, January) has one of his facts wrong, since the Queen's Bays took no part in the Peninsular War. They did, however, serve in Spain in the previous century in the war of the Spanish Succession. —RQMS C. Horn, The Queen's Bays, BAOR.

QUARTERS

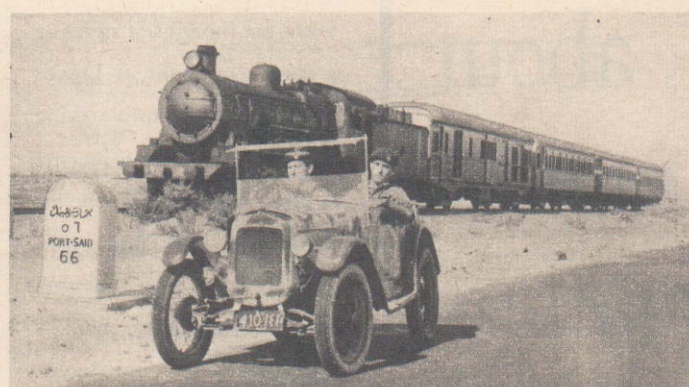
I read somewhere that a civilian employee might be allotted War Department accommodation if necessary for his job. Would this apply to civilian employees with the Territorial Army?—Mrs. G. M. Hanson, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21.

★Although quarters are not provided for civilians employed with the Territorial Army, with the possible exception of caretakers, whose work makes it necessary to live in, surplus accommodation can be let to them.

MORE LETTERS OVERLEAF



GONE The last bus has gone in Egypt. Those green-and-silver single-deckers of the Canal Army Bus Service (CABS) are scattered—some to Cyprus, some to Tripoli, some to the Egyptian Army. The fleet was inaugurated in 1950 for Servicemen and their families, with men of the Royal Army Service Corps acting as drivers and conductors. The rate of miles per accident was 60,000.

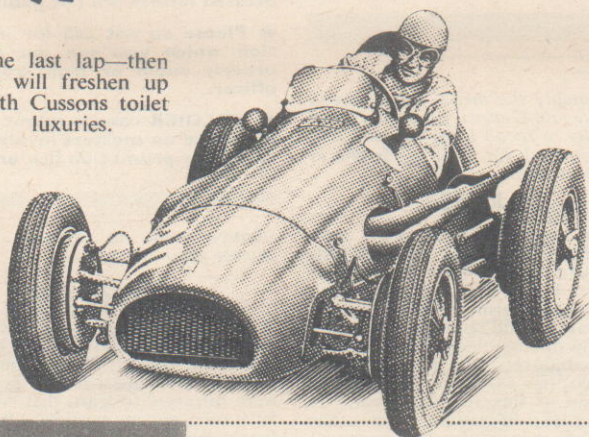


GOING But one "bus" still remains, namely Mabel, unofficial mascot of 1st Royal Tank Regiment, here seen racing the train along the Suez Canal road to Port Said. A 1929 Austin Seven, Mabel was left behind with "C" Squadron when the rest of the Regiment went home last year. She is truly British, and can be justly proud of her long and loyal service overseas.

Photographs: Sergeant D. Steen

A man's job!

The last lap—then he will freshen up with Cussons toilet luxuries.



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A note to young men about money matters

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RANKLESS

Does a National Serviceman lose substantive as well as acting rank on transfer to the Territorial Army? For instance, would an acting-sergeant substantive-bombardier revert to gunner?—"Acting-sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★Yes. Promotion for National Servicemen in the Territorial Army depends on vacancies and merit. Those who elect during the first 12 months to undertake voluntary engagements stand a better chance of recovering the rank they once held.

MORE MEDALS?

As to the suggestion that the Army General Service medal would be more appropriate than the Africa General Service medal for the Shifta bandit campaign in Eritrea (Letters, October and January), a condition governing the first of these, which has been overlooked, is that it shall not be awarded for service on the African and Indian continents.

In my opinion, the award of a medal to the Regular soldiers and National Servicemen who "sweated it out" in the Canal Zone would be a just reward and, perhaps, a deciding factor for those thinking of extending their engagements. An early ribbon fittingly earned is a great incentive to a young soldier.—"Footslogger" (name and address supplied).

THE VC

In the list of foreigners having been honoured with the Victoria Cross (SOLDIER, January) you omit Lieutenant-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, who was a Belgian when he won it. When the General told this to King George V your King ordered him at once to take British nationality.

I was one of the first readers of your magazine, having received the early copies from my British friends here in Antwerp with the Forces. I extend herewith my best wishes for its continued success.—Robert Maes, 122 Avenue de France, Antwerp.

★In his autobiography, Happy Odyssey, Lieutenant-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, who won his VC in 1916, tells of a meeting with King George V towards the end of World War One. He writes:

"I volunteered the remark that I had in fact served some ten years in the Army without being a British subject. His Majesty was not in the least amused; he showed extreme displeasure and said he hoped I had rectified the situation.

"In 1910 my father had reminded me that I had never been naturalised, otherwise it would never have occurred to me, imagining that, having served and fought in the British Army, it would ipso facto have made me a British subject."

One of our newspapers, the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, says that a woman was presented with the medal of the Victoria Cross by Queen Victoria herself.

She is named as Mrs. Frances Ball, whose mother-in-law, Countess de la Rocque, was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Mrs. Ball went to South Africa during the Boer War as a nursing sister. One day, dressed in a soldier's greatcoat and cap, she went out under fire to help rescue some wounded soldiers from a convoy of ambulances which had been ambushed by the Boers. She was severely wounded but completed her mission.

Later, says the newspaper, Sister Frances was summoned to Buckingham Palace where Queen Victoria said she thought she should have the Victoria Cross and handed it to her. The award was not gazetted, because the decoration was not authorised for women until 1920.

This same newspaper records that Australian winners of the Victoria

Cross always ride free on trains. Does anyone know if similar benefits are granted to VCs of other countries?—"Johnny Canuck" (name and address supplied), Toronto.

The ballot by members of the 4th Battalion, Royal Marines to select two of their number for the Victoria Cross after Zeebrugge in 1918 (SOLDIER, February) was held at Deal on 29 April of that year. Captain E. Bamford DSO and Sergeant Finch were selected. Captain Bamford died in China in 1928 and Sergeant Finch served as a quartermaster with the Corps during the last war.

The fact that they had taken part in the ballot was entered on the records of all those in the Battalion who survived the raid on Zeebrugge. It was also decided that in memory of the Battalion's gallant exploit no other unit of the Royal Marines should ever bear the title of the 4th Battalion. The old 4th Battalion was dispersed in April, 1918 after a brief but glorious existence.—Lieut. A. J. Donald, Depot Royal Marines, Deal.

MILITIA MEDAL?

I wonder if SOLDIER can tell me whether I should receive the Emergency Reserve Decoration (Letters, December). I joined the Supplementary Reserve of the Corps of Military Police in 1938 and did two training camps before the war, when I was called up. I served until discharged in December 1945. In 1952 I again enlisted in the Emergency Reserve, this time with the Royal Armoured Corps. If I am not entitled to the Emergency Reserve Decoration can I claim the Territorial Long Service Medal?—L. A. Graham, Somersford, Christchurch, Hants.

★From the information given this reader appears eligible for the Efficiency Medal (Militia) for his service between 1938 and 1945. He has been advised to apply.

OLD SOLDIERS

It would be interesting to know which soldier in the British Army served the longest.

I have in mind the case of Lance-Corporal Edward Pearce, 2nd Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who enlisted in the 3rd Madras European Regiment on 28 August 1866 and was transferred to the Inniskillings when regiments were linked under the Cardwell system. He soldiered on until 24 July 1924 and ended his days at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The Regiment knew him affectionately as "Dutchy" and erected a stone to his memory at Brookwood Cemetery. His total Army service was a month short of 58 years.

There was at Aldershot an old soldier of the Royal Artillery with a record for long service somewhat similar, but it did not equal that of Pearce.—T. P. Mullen, 16 Oak Tree Avenue, Maidstone.

IT ALL COUNTS

I cannot get enough information to satisfy myself that all my service will count for pension. After serving from February 1941 until August 1946 I re-joined on a short-service engagement for four years, but had to carry on for another 14 months owing to the Korean war. Eventually, I re-enlisted to complete 22 years. I believe that if I refund the terminal gratuity of £100 paid to me for my short-service engagement those four years will be allowed to count towards a pension. If that is so, how much more service must I complete?—"Sergeant, BAOR" (name and address supplied).

★All former service may count for pension in this case, subject to the refund of the terminal gratuity. This non-commissioned officer will qualify for pension and terminal grant seven-and-a-half years hence.

COMMAND—1642

We have in our mess what appears to be a rather old notice, bearing the following injunction by the Earl of Essex in 1642:—

I shall desire every officer to endeavour by love and affable courage to command his soldiers, since what is done by fear is done unwillingly, and what is unwillingly attempted can never prosper.

Can SOLDIER supply any information as to where and why the Earl gave this injunction? — **Lieutenant (QM) L. G. Beale, 23 (W) Field Ambulance (TA), Bebington, Cheshire.**

★The Earl of Essex commanded the Parliamentary armies at the start of the Civil War. They were of poor quality. The Earl sought to exhort his officers by appeals such as the above, but the situation called for a Cromwell, not an Essex.

IS IT A THRONE?

At the risk of incurring the wrath of the Royal Corps of Signals, I must draw attention to the article on the telegraph, "How the Staff Cursed It" (SOLDIER, December).

If the officers at Headquarters Mess, Royal Signals, really believe that they possess the throne of Ashanti it would appear that their illustrious forbears "sold them a pup." I do not contend that this was done deliberately.

Although the ceremony of installation of the Asantehene (King of the Ashanti people) is called the "enstoolment" there is no throne as we know the term. There is, however, the Golden Stool, the symbol of supreme authority in which is believed to rest the spirit of the Asantehene. This sacred vessel is the nearest approach to a throne.

When the third Ashanti war ended the Golden Stool could not be found. It did not re-appear until the present Asantehene was recognised as Kumasi-hene in 1927. To this day only the custodians know where it is hidden. One thing is certain—it never left Ashanti. The Stool is so sacred that during the enstoolment the Asantehene is raised up and lowered over it; nobody may touch it.

I feel sure that closer inspection of the trophy in the Royal Signals mess will reveal that it is an Asapim chair, a fairly common piece of furniture in Ashanti and, in fact, in the United Kingdom, for chairs of this type appear to have attracted countless souvenir hunters. A short time ago an old lady offered to present to the Gold Coast Museum "the throne of Ashanti," which had been "liberated" by one of her family.

The description of the fall of Kumasi is not in accordance with the manuscript war diaries of the three Ashanti wars, in the possession of the officer in charge of Gold Coast military records.—**Captain M. P. Stott, Intelligence Corps, Gold Coast Military Forces.**

★The inscription on the trophy at Catterick reads:

"This throne was presented to the

Throne or chair? See letter above.



Royal Corps of Signals . . . by Major-General Sir Reginald Curtis CB, DSO, in 1921, at West Farleigh in Kent. In 1896 three men of a telegraph section, Royal Engineers, commanded by Captain Curtis, were the first to enter King Prempeh's capital of Kumasi, while laying a field telegraph line for the Force sent to depose the despotic ruler of Ashanti. The throne was presented to their section in recognition of the hard work done and as a memento of the unique fact that the enemy's capital was entered and the news practically known in England before the town was captured by the fighting troops."

SIGNALS TRADES

What is behind the big re-shuffle of trades in the Royal Signals? Will there be better chances of promotion?—"Tradesman" (name and address supplied).

★The new trades structure in the Royal Corps of Signals has been evolved to ensure that the Corps obtains the maximum efficiency from its specialists. Increased use of more varied and complex equipment makes it necessary to break down many of the old trades into several separate ones.

Two new trades are radio technician (radio relay) and radio relay operator. The trade of radio mechanic will be replaced by two others, radio technician (light) and radio technician (heavy). The operator (wireless and line) will have to classify in one of three new trades: telegraph operator, wireless operator or signal centre clerk.

Some of the present trades will change in name only. The line mechanic becomes the line technician and the operator (switchboard) will be known as exchange operator.

In re-naming the new trades, the Corps has adopted the nearest possible civilian terms so as to help the ex-Signalman when he leaves the Army.

Men to be re-classified will have six months in which to pass their new trade tests. If successful, they will suffer no reduction in pay or rank. A few new trades may carry higher pay.

The new trades structure will mean greater specialisation within the Corps and in some trades should bring better promotion prospects.

FURNITURE

When I am discharged from the Army are my furniture and personal effects sent to my home in Edinburgh at public expense or must I pay?—**Sergeant F. Hurley, Larkhill, Salisbury.**

★Conveyance of furniture at public expense to a selected place of residence when a man leaves the Army is not allowed, but a certain amount of baggage can be moved free of charge. See Allowance Regulations, paragraphs 494 and 476.

TOO BIG

Mrs. Richardson complains (SOLDIER, February) that some of the old items of equipment issued to married quarters were unnecessarily large. Some admittedly were; every effort is being made to weed these out, but it takes time. The size of the modern utensil is selected as suitable for a family of four. It is not practicable to have two sizes of every kitchen utensil.

Of the articles complained of, the flour bin has been taken out of the schedule and a 7-lb canister substituted (this has not yet been promulgated); the bread bin is the normal size for a small family; and the reference to the pie dish is not understood. There are three of these provided, all in heat-resisting glass 8 in, 11-in, and 12-in diameter.

There is no need for any item to be accepted if it is not wanted.—"Quarterbloke" (name and address supplied).

EFFICIENCY MEDAL

When a soldier is awarded the Efficiency Medal (Territorial) is he permitted to use the letters "EM" after his name.—"Snafu" (name and address supplied).

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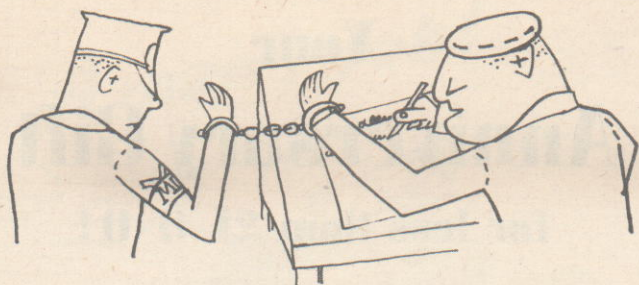
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	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d
Private ..	49 0	52 6	56 0	63 0	66 6	70 0	77 0	87 6
L/Cpl ..	—	63 0	66 6	73 6	77 0	80 6	87 6	98 0
Corporal ..	—	73 6	77 0	84 0	87 6	91 0	98 0	108 6

Sergeants and Higher Ranks

Rank	Tradeswomen (other than Class I) and non-tradeswomen	Group B Class I	Group A Class I	Group X Class I
	s d	s d	s d	s d
Sergeant ..	112 0	119 0	126 0	136 6
Staff Sergeant ..	129 6	136 6	143 6	154 0
WO II ..	140 0	147 0	154 0	164 6
WO II (RQMS) ..	147 0	154 0	161 0	171 6
WO I ..	154 0	161 0	168 0	178 6

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QUALIFICATION PAY. Officers with certain qualifications will receive extra pay as follows: lieutenant, 3s 6d a day; captain, 6s, major, 7s; lieutenant-colonel, 5s.

A subaltern holding the temporary rank of captain will draw a rate of 36s a day in his first year in that rank.

Chaplains and Medical Officers have special rates of pay. Consideration is being given to new rates for officers in legal and educational branches, for Quantity Surveyors, Royal Engineers and officers of Royal Army Veterinary Corps.

FILMS coming your way

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

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NOW AND FOREVER: A schoolgirl and a garage hand fall in love and when faced with separation elope for Gretna Green, only to be caught, after a series of hair-raising escapades, within sight of the Scottish border. This brings the parents to their senses and a happy ending. With Janette Scott, Vernon Gray, Kay Walsh and Jack Warner. In colour.

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE: An "X" film about a gang of American school-boys who stop at nothing to terrorise their teachers. One man stands against them and finally wins their respect and obedience—but only after they nearly kill him. Glenn Ford is the idealistic schoolmaster and Anne Francis the wife who helps him bring the boys to order.

PICNIC: Earthy passion among the wheatfields of Kansas with all the pretty girls falling head over heels in love with the handsome stranger. The town beauty wins by a short head. With Kim Novak, William Holden and Rosalind Russell.

THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY: The life story of America's King of Swing against a permanent background of saxophones and trumpets. Steve Allen plays the name part and Donna Reed the girl he marries. In colour.

HE was General Sir Charles Napier See Page (22)

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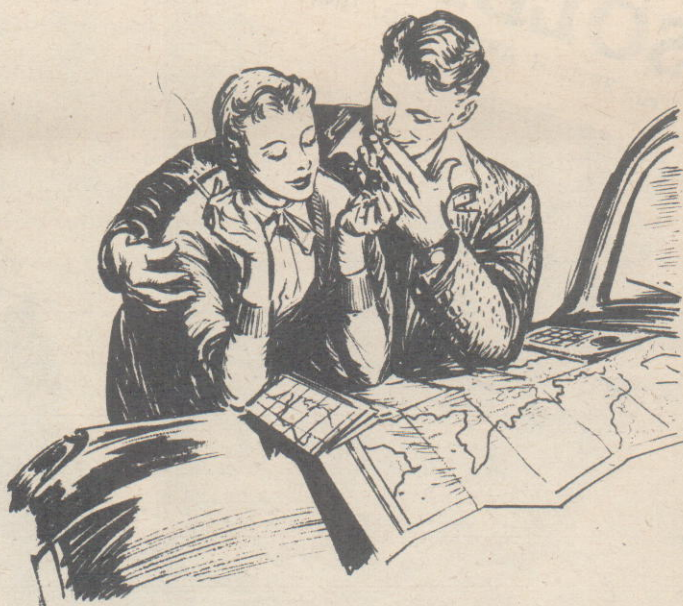


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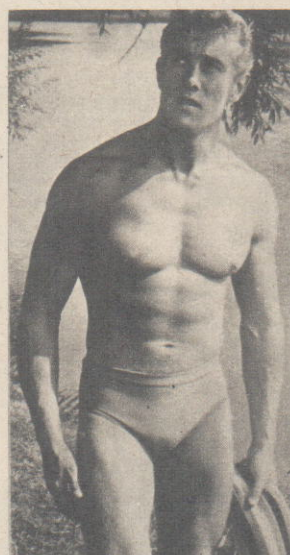
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