

MARCH 1962 * 9d

SOLDIER



Bristol Merchant Finance Limited
INDUSTRIAL BANKERS



SERVICES CREDIT SCHEME

This scheme provides specially reduced Hire Purchase Terms for Commissioned Officers and Senior N.C.O.s wishing to buy Motor Vehicles

FULL DETAILS FROM HEAD OFFICE

13 ST. THOMAS STREET—BRISTOL 1

Tel. Bristol 24979 or 293728

BACHELOR

The tip
that's setting
the trend



A Magnificent Gift from a Soldier

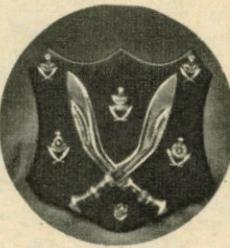
The Historic Knife of the Gurkhas

WALL PLAQUE. A pair of Horn Handled Kukries, with rust-proof and engraved blade and six Silver-plated Gurkha Rifles Crests, all mounted on a polished wooden board, for wall decorations and regimental museums:

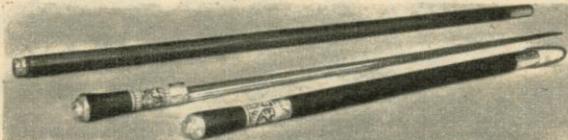
6-in. 8-in. 10-in. 12-in. blade

£2 7s. £3 £3 10s. £4

Add 18s. packing and postage for each plaque.



GURKHA KUKRI, with two miniature knives and sheath, with white metal handle, £2 4s.; horn handle, £1 15s.; wooden handle, £1 5s. Leather frog, 3s. extra.



SWAGGER/SWORD STICK, with white and black horn work, steel blade inside (length 36"), £1 16s. **SWORD BATON**, as of above description (24"), £1 2s.

Add packing and postage 12s. per article (£1 for two). Orders supplied per C.O.D. post. Please send postal orders, American Express Company's M.O. or cheque with all orders from A.P.O.'s or B.A.O.R.

No import duty on H.M. Forces gift parcels, if you buy for delivery in U.K.

Money refunded if not satisfied. For our new illustrated Catalogue, bigger and better than ever, send 2s. P.O. or postage stamps to cover handling and Airmail costs.

Dealers' inquiries invited

DOON STEELWORKS P.O. Box 27
DEHRADUN, INDIA

A. R. FABB BROS. LTD.



BLAZER POCKET BADGES

Hand embroidered in gold and silver wire and silk for the following:
CAVALRY · YEOMANRY · GUARDS · COUNTY REGIMENTS ·
SCOTTISH, WELSH and IRISH REGIMENTS · CORPS
TERRITORIAL REGIMENTS, ETC.

Price from 30/- each

REGIMENTAL TIES

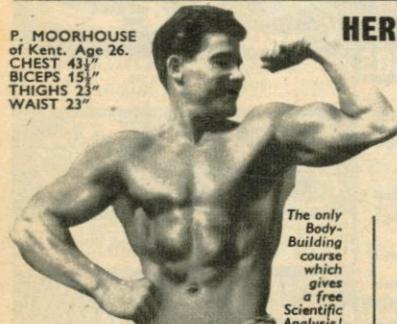
In all the above services in two qualities

Pure Silk 16/6 each

Terylene or Silk and Rayon 12/6 each

15-17 MARKET STREET, MAIDENHEAD, BERKS
Established 1887 Telephone: Maidenhead 3533

P. MOORHOUSE
of Kent. Age 26.
CHEST 43 1/2"
BICEPS 15 1/2"
THIGHS 23"
WAIST 23"



The only
Body-
Building
course
which
gives
a free
Scientific
Analysis!

Whether you are thin, nervous, flabby, an ordinary well-developed man or an athlete who wants to move into a higher body-weight division the "Body-Bulk" method is an assured success. Takes 20 minutes DAILY—NO APPARATUS REQUIRED. All Correspondence in Plain Covers.

Write to: CHIEF CONSULTANT,

THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
(Dept. M.24) Holwood House, Holwood Road, Bromley, Kent.

**HERE'S A MAN WITH A BODY
that men envy and women admire**

"My physique is living testimony to your methods of training," says Peter Moorhouse.

THE "BODY-BULK" METHOD
of Physical Training is Conducted by
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST INSTITUTE
OF PHYSICAL TRAINING EXPERTS.

FREE OFFER

SIMPLY STATE age and measurements (height, chest, flexed biceps, wrist, waist, hips, thighs, ankle). In return you will receive a detailed statement of your personal possibilities—telling you the weight and measurements which you can reach by scientific training together with ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE ENTITLED "BODY-BULK." This course is recommended by world-famous athletes and costs less than any other course. Forces personnel all over the world train on Body-Bulk.



If you're looking for a really good rum
this is the label on the bottle . . .



The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

**HUDSON'S BAY
JAMAICA RUM**

Bottled in Great Britain by
Hudson's Bay Company of Scotland Ltd.
EDINBURGH
PRODUCE OF JAMAICA

... the bottle is in the NAAFI
and you know where the NAAFI is

**GET INTO
PRINT!
—and
EARN
EXTRA
CASH**

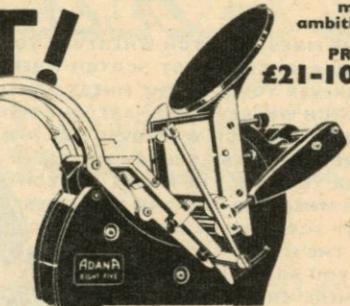
**WHILE YOU FOLLOW
THE MOST INTERESTING
HOBBY OF ALL!**

All over the world ambitious men and women are earning extra cash while they enjoy what has been called "the world's most interesting hobby." Adana Printing Machines enable you to "get into print" and produce first-class work easily and quickly. Everybody is a customer for printed material, such as greetings cards, leaflets, bills, notepaper, invitations, tickets, etc. In fact the demand increases with the increasing supply. Your next door neighbour, your nearest church, local businesses, shops—all are constant users of print, and it would surprise you to know how many would welcome the help of a Home Printer with an ADANA. "Have saved my society £200 . . ." A.D.C. Manchester. "Am getting more work than I can cope with . . ." D.S.K. Reading. "A very lucrative business . . ." The C . . . Press, Cheshire. "Have built up a flourishing business . . ." The M . . . Printing Co., N. Ireland. Don't envy these successful people—be one of them!



The ADANA
8/5. A larger
machine
for the
more
ambitious

PRICE
£21-10-0



Adana

**PRINTING MACHINES
REAL PRINTING MACHINES**

**SOLD DIRECT TO YOU
AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES**

No middlemen's profits!

Initial outlay is SMALL compared with BIG POTENTIAL. 40 YEARS SELLING DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC ENABLES US TO KEEP PRICES LOW. EVERY ADANA MACHINE IS SHEER SOLID VALUE FOR MONEY!

FREE Send at once for full details! There is no obligation, but you will be let into the secret of this wonderful hobby and how ADANA users have built themselves up very profitable spare-time connections.

Write now to:

ADANA (Printing Machines) Ltd.
(SOL), 15-19 CHURCH STREET,
TWICKENHAM, MIDDX

Callers Welcome—Open Sets. until 4 p.m. (Early closing Tuesday). London Branch: 8 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. (Closed 12.30 Saturdays).



A SOUTH SEAS

MIKAELE KILINIO YASA is cheerful, well-built, close on six feet tall and well-spoken. Only a few months ago he was an assistant land agent in his homeland of the Fiji Islands. Now he is a Rifleman in the Green Jackets, one of 200 Fijian men—and 12 women—who have travelled halfway across the world to join the British Army.

Of all the overseas recruits—there are West Indians, Seychellois and men from British Honduras, British Guiana and other parts of the Commonwealth helping to bring the Regular Army up to strength—the Fijians have stolen the limelight and, unaffected by publicity, endeared themselves to civilian and fellow soldier alike.

Nor is this merely because the Fijian recruit comes from a remote and romantic Pacific island group—nor because he can play a rattling good game of Rugby. It is because he is such a naturally cheerful and friendly character, intensely proud of being British and, as a soldier, possessing the same virtues which have earned for the Gurkha the deep respect of friend and foe.

Rifleman Yasa had a good, well-paid job but when an Army recruiting team visited Fiji he immediately applied to join up, simply for the opportunity to serve his Queen and country. This loyalty to the Crown, stemming from the days when Fiji's chiefs proudly asked Britain to take the islands under her wing, and exemplified by the service of Fijian troops during World War Two and in Malaya against the Communists, spurred hundreds to volunteer.

The recruiting team, led by Captain S. W. Hardcastle, Royal Artillery, a personnel selection officer at The Yorkshire Brigade Depot, tested more than 800 men and 50 women, all of them unmarried. The 200 men selected were mainly in the 18-21 age bracket and consequently half of them were students, as Fijians normally attend school to 18 or 19 when they then sit for the Senior Cambridge Certificate, a credit in

They're like overgrown Gurkhas, these men—and women—who have come from the Fiji Islands to join the British Army. They're keen, eager to become good soldiers and have quickly settled down to Army life. But they miss the sun!



In gay shirt and sulu a Fijian burlesques the hula. He and fellow recruits in the RASC and RE were giving a concert of songs and dances.

BREEZE IN THE BARRACK ROOM

which is equivalent to Ordinary Level in the General Certificate of Education.

Of the other men, half were in Government service as Post Office workers, clerks and Public Works Department employees, and half in farming or such jobs as clerks, shop assistants and mechanics. Policemen and Regulars of the Fijian Military Forces were not recruited, with the exception of two soldiers who were just completing their initial service, but some of the older recruits have served in the Fijian Territorial Army or the now disbanded Fijian Navy.

Rifleman Yasa is more fortunate than most of the recruits. He went to Poona University and is one of the few—some studied in New Zealand—who had previously been abroad from Fiji. After the recruits had been shown films and given a talk on the Army by the recruiting team, they were asked to make a choice of three arms or corps. The final selection, based on tests and previous experi-

OVER...



A recruit of 1 Training Battalion, RASC, clears the box with a flying leap. The Fijians, keen athletes, take to gym like a duck to water.

Another RASC recruit romps up one of the obstacles on an assault course. The Fijians shin up trees like lightning—but not in boots!

DOUGHTY JUNGLE FIGHTERS

During World War Two the Fijians earned world-wide fame as tough and daring jungle fighters.

The only Victoria Cross awarded in the Pacific and the only such award to a Colonial soldier in the war was won by Corporal Sefanaia Sukanivalu, of the 3rd Battalion, The Fiji Infantry Regiment, for his heroic self-sacrifice to save his comrades during the struggle for the Japanese-held island of Bougainville. Corporal Sukanivalu (his name, ironically, meant "returned from the war") was given a field officer's funeral.

The Fijian Brigade Group, which included three Infantry battalions and two Commandos, was trained and partly officered by New Zealanders and, under American command, also fought on Guadalcanal and in the New Georgia landings.

The Fiji Military Forces were reconstituted in early 1950 and the 1st Battalion, The Fiji Regiment, fought for three years in Malaya—where its Rugby players were undisputed champions. A construction troop of the Fiji Engineers worked on the Christmas Island project during 1958 and 1959.

Then the Forces were reduced in strength once more. Now there are only a headquarters, a Regular Infantry company and Territorial Infantry battalion and small service sub-units.

The link between The Fiji Infantry Regiment and The King's Royal Rifle Corps, consolidated by an official alliance in 1950, dates back to World War One when about 250 Fijians served with the Riflemen in Flanders, winning five Military Crosses, two Distinguished Conduct Medals and five Military Medals.

ence, allotted 32 men each to the Royal Signals and Royal Army Service Corps, 20 each to the Royal Armoured Corps, Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, 15 each to the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and Royal Army Ordnance Corps and 46 to Infantry. The Infantrymen went to the Lancastrian, Forester, Wessex, Light Infantry, Yorkshire, Mercian, Welsh, North Irish and Green Jackets Brigades.

Those in the Royal Signals are training to be operators, with a few as technicians, while most of the Fijians in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers will become electronic technicians. Of those serving in the Royal Army Service Corps, half will be drivers and the others clerks, seamen, petrol fitters and marine engineers. In the Sappers and the Ordnance Corps, too, the Fijians will

be trained in a variety of trades.

Rifleman Yasa is to join the 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps. He became adamant on this as soon as he learned, in the Regimental museum at Winchester, of the affiliation between the Rifle Corps and The Fiji Infantry Regiment.

The Fijians have a great respect for tradition. At home they take a keen and active interest in *meke*, their traditional dancing, the music for which is provided by striking a *lali* (a wooden drum), and they thoroughly enjoy their festivals, ceremonies and merrymaking. Now there is a breath of the South Seas in many a barrack room for the recruits have brought with them their Fijian dress—brightly coloured cotton shirts, *sulu* (a distinctive saw-tooth edged skirt) and leather sandals—and their ukuleles.





A trio who have joined The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry get ready for their favourite game of Rugby during training at Victoria Barracks, Bodmin. The Fijians are redoubtable sportsmen.

Basic training—with its foot and arms drill, weapon training, barrack square discipline and physical training—holds no terrors for the Fijians. They are keen to soldier, happy to laugh at each other's mistakes, quick to put them right and unresentfully amenable to discipline. In the gymnasium, even with unfamiliar equipments, and on the playing fields they have soon showed their sporting versatility and physical fitness.

At home their game is Rugby—they start playing at the age of five—and within a few weeks of settling down in their training depots scratch Fijian teams, made up of men who had not even met before, were beating team-trained British soldiers. Besides Rugby the Fijians play soccer, hockey, cricket and tennis and are enthusiastic athletes and swimmers.

None of the Fijians resembles the once popular image of the South Sea Islander as a woolly-haired savage. Of the men recruits, 145 are Fijian, 24 are of Indian extraction

and 31 are part-European or of other races. They have no race complexes—they are all just British and proud to be British.

The Fijian soldier, says a senior Fijian officer who served both in the Solomon Islands and in Malaya, is "well-mannered, cheerful, physically strong, clean, honest and a good sportsman. He has considerable self-respect and is usually an enthusiastic church-goer. He shows initiative and great determination in carrying out a task which has been clearly explained to him and which he believes is necessary. He likes to be trusted and is loyal to those whom he trusts. He does not object to strict discipline and fair punishment and works extremely well in a team. Well led, he is an excellent soldier."

All the Fijian recruits have joined on a six-year engagement, but some have extended to nine years—and will get home leave after five years' service—and a few have signed on for 22 years. By Fijian wage standards their Army pay is good.

The recruits are all happy—but they miss the sunshine, home cooking, family and friends, festivals and dances and their traditional drink, *yaqona*, a non-intoxicating but refreshing brew made from water and a powder obtained from the crushed stem of a plant root. At home they also drink Australian beer—British beer they find too sweet.

Leaving Fiji the recruits crossed a new frontier in their experience, entering a world which impressed them most with its television and double-deck buses. Trains were no novelty for Fiji boasts the only free passenger railway in the world—the two-feet gauge lines of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company covering 380 miles of the two main islands and carrying once or twice weekly passenger trains as well as the goods trains hauling sugar cane from fields to mills.

Television made an early impact on the first batch of recruits. They stayed for a night in a New York hotel where each room had its own set with the dazzling offer of 12 channels. The Fijians were fascinated and so that they would be fit for an early start to a sight-seeing tour, Captain Hardcastle had personally to go into every room switching off the television—at three o'clock in the morning!

It was perhaps unfortunate that the Fijians

OVER...



RASC recruits learning to salute. Below: Green Jackets recruits, in the KRRC regimental museum at Winchester, are shown gifts of a *taoia* and a whale's tooth from the affiliated Fiji Regiment.



SOLDIER to Soldier

PICKING up his paper and reading about troops boycotting the dining hall, of the up-to-the-minute amenities of the latest barracks and even of a soldier who sues the War Office for alleged false imprisonment, the old sweat sighs, grunts and mutters. "In my day," he says...

He need have no fears that the Army is becoming "soft." Out in the Congo, serving with the United Nations' Nigerian Brigade, Major Richard Lawson throws himself from a light aircraft as it touches down on a runway and takes off again and finds himself alone and facing 800 Congolese troops.

As they level their weapons against him, Major Lawson strides on, unperturbed and armed with only a stick—and a very useful punch. His mission is to rescue a Belgian priest, the only survivor of a massacre. He brings the priest safely out and a week later heads back to the trouble area on a similar mission, this time suffering a beating-up before making his getaway.

Gallantry awards pinpoint from time to time the heroic exploits of British soldiers who, like Major Lawson, are serving on secondment with other military forces and who, if they are given a thought at all, are sometimes slightly believed to be leading little more than a jolly, carefree life.

While Major Lawson faces the Congolese, the small winter detachment on St. Kilda battles, unsung, with a very different enemy—the weather. Winds of over 130 miles an hour batter the island group and when the relief vessel arrives the detachment's tiny dory is overturned three times by six-foot waves in the usually calm Village Bay. But the dory's crew and passengers struggle ashore and try again until the relief is completed.

The old soldier can rest assured that today's Army is by no means "soft."

★

THE call of "clickety-click" on the foredeck of a trooper may soon be but a memory of the good old days of sea trooping. The troopship fleet has quickly run down to only two vessels whose withdrawal is now foreshadowed.

Flying has proved to be far cheaper and the enormous saving in time, with only a day to normal destinations as far as Singapore against four days to Malta and 23 to Singapore by sea, gives a further economy in man-hours.

There are many, particularly families, who still prefer the long sea voyage out East, with its gradual acclimatisation, to the intensive 24-hour flight, and they would be the first to criticise the delays before take-off and after landing that sometimes make a mockery of rapid air travel.

The Army's air trooping machinery runs smoothly and these irksome delays are rarely of the Army's own making. But it would be more satisfying to Service passengers if they could all be given some explanation of any delay and not—as sometimes happens—be left standing impatiently in airport lounges, wondering what's gone wrong.

should have arrived in the depth of winter and been so quickly confronted with the chilling new experiences of heavy frost and thick snow—the effect must have been akin to pitching a British recruit straight into a steaming Malayan jungle—but they seemed to enjoy the novelty and even, for the benefit of Press photographers, danced barefoot in the snow! There had to be some restraint to their exuberance, however, when, back indoors, the Fijians, who have never heard of chilblains, put their bare feet on top of stoves!

While the men come mainly from the villages where they lead a communal life in thatched houses made from bamboo and palm tree or coconut leaves, the 12 girls now serving in the Women's Royal Army Corps are well-educated and sophisticated city types. As one girl said, in impeccable English—while Fijian is the main language, the younger generation all speak English, a compulsory subject for the Senior Cambridge Certificate—"We do not live in trees, you know."

Ten of the girls come from Suva, the Fijian capital and seat of Government, where four of them lived in the same street, and two from Lautoka, on the opposite side of the same island. They had been shorthand-typists or machine operators and after their basic training at the Corps Depot and Training Centre at Lingfield, Surrey, they hoped to become clerks, shorthand-typists or work with the Royal Signals.

The girls, who have signed for three years in the Women's Royal Army Corps, all want to see the world. Only one had previously been outside the islands, at school in New Zealand. Like the men they are keen on sport, playing basketball, hockey, tennis and table tennis, and they have brought with them their national dress and a couple of ukuleles.

They, too, miss the Fijian food and sunshine. The girls heartily dislike snow and to the list of new sights add the squirrels, swans and donkeys they have seen in the countryside around Hobbs Barracks.

Mikaele Kilinio Yasa has known no prouder moment than when he added the title of Rifleman to his name. **SOLDIER** hopes that he, his fellowmen and their countrywomen, enjoy their new life in the Army as much as the Army is glad to have them.

P. N. W.



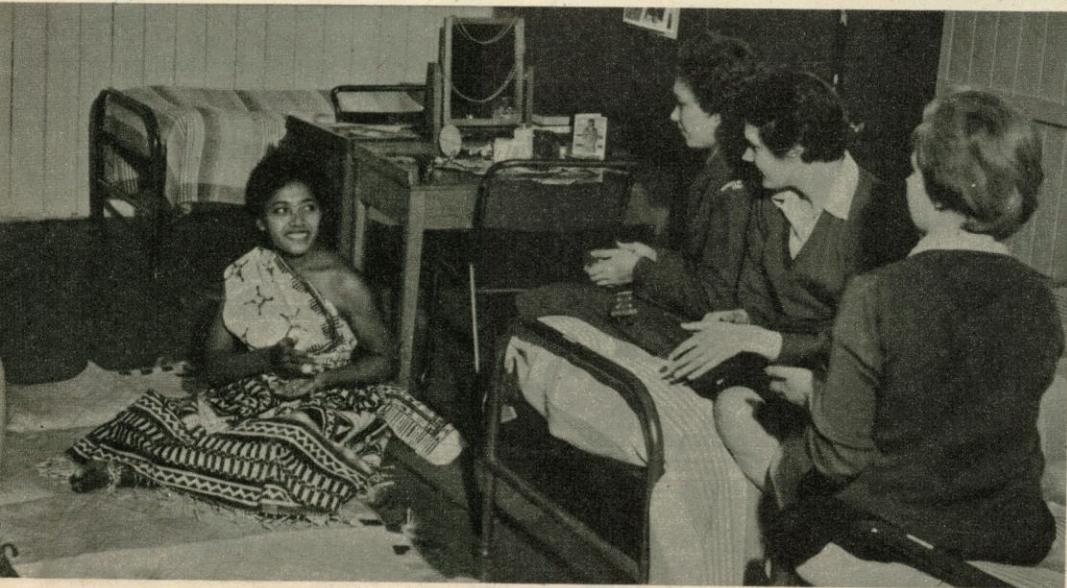
The Fijian girls serving in the WRAC are, as one would expect, adept *hula-hoopers*. At home the girls' sports are hockey, tennis, table tennis, basketball and competition marching.



After their festival rehearsal the Fijians, for the benefit of the Press, did an impromptu dance in the snow—they were barefooted!



Private Munivai Aisake has a trim in the WRAC Depot's own hairdressing shop. In the foreground is Private Vicki Grant. The assistants are also in the WRAC.



Sappers who called at Suva, the Fijian capital, on their way to Christmas Island, received a tremendous welcome from the Fijians, for the Royal Engineers are the only British troops to have been stationed in Fiji.

A company of Sappers went out to Fiji in 1874 and, it was said, was "lost" by the War Office for about 12 years. Several streets in the Colony were named after this "Lost Legion" which left more tangible reminders of its stay in a sea wall, the old wharf, and a highway which the Sappers built.

Teaching methods vary. This instructor uses simple experiments to give an insight into everyday science and assist students with oral and written English.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN

IN a classroom on Salisbury Plain a pupil laboriously scrawls a simple sentence. Another struggles with an elementary sum. Their teacher does not hurry the pupils. He knows it is difficult work for them. He explains in simple words. He is patient. He understands them.

These pupils are not children. They are grown men, some of them husbands and some of them fathers. At the Army's School of Preliminary Education they are back in the classroom again, learning their "Three Rs" and perhaps for the first time acquiring a degree of self-respect.

Most of them, often through no fault of their own, have never had this grounding. After the School's 12-week course the majority become efficient soldiers, some learn a trade and some earn a rank. And, above all, they can lift their heads among their fellows.

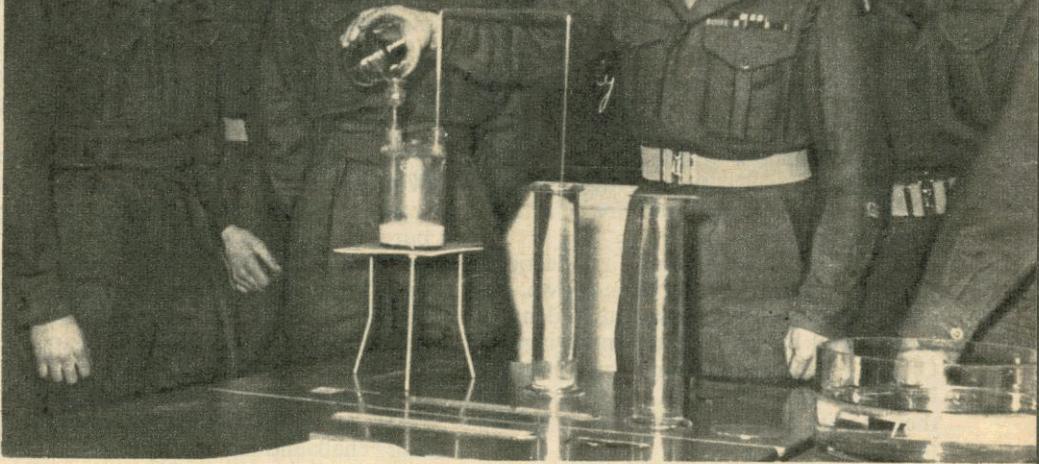
They come to the School, which is commanded and staffed by the Royal Army Educational Corps, not necessarily because they are unintelligent—many have a good intelligence quotient—but because they are semi-literate. Few people in Britain today are completely illiterate, and those few are in the older age groups. But every year 9,000 fifteen-year-olds officially classed as semi-literates leave the secondary schools of England and Wales; many thousands more find reading and writing a struggle.

There is nothing new in this problem of semi-illiteracy. Neither a welfare state nor compulsory education has been able to eradicate it. The causes are ferreted out at the School of Preliminary Education by instructors and, in the most difficult cases, by the Testing and Diagnostic Officer, to

CARBON-DI-OXIDE

CO_2 is a gas with no taste.
 CO_2 is present in the atmosphere in small quantities.

It does not



At the RAEC-staffed School of Preliminary Education, backward soldiers can catch up with the "Three Rs"

Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN.

determine the remedial training required.

One man, as the child of a broken marriage—a frequent factor in illiteracy—travelled with his mother in a circus. Another, from Southern Ireland, ran away from his first school and finally left school at ten to help his parents. A third was absent for long periods through illness.

Some, lazy or slow-witted, dragged behind their classmates without benefit of extra attention. Many blame over-large classes—and among this group are those, keen to improve their lot, who volunteer for the School's courses. And most are the victims of environment—broken, large or semi-literate homes.

Apart from the odd volunteer the School's students come from depots. Since July last

OVER ...

Left: Simple sums seem difficult—but ahead lie the certificate of education, trade qualification and promotion.

Right: "You've got £22 to share among the 36 men in your platoon," says Capt David Baker. He uses school money.



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN

continuing

year they have mainly been recruits who have completed their basic training but who need the course before they can assimilate subsequent training and education. Some are sent during basic training if their depot commanders consider it necessary.

To join the Army a recruit must pass a simple, 15-minute intelligence test set at the Army Information Office. Once enlisted he is put through a three-hour examination by a personnel selection officer and given an SSG (Summed Selection Group) rating. Those with the two lowest of the six ratings, SSG 4 (below average) or SSG 5 (well below average), or of low arithmetical attainment, are eligible for a course at the School of Preliminary Education and are selected by their depot commanders.

On arrival at the School—a collection of wooden "spiders" on Perham Down, near Tidworth—the most backward students are interviewed by the Testing and Diagnostic Officer, who is as much concerned with their background and personal problems as with their ability to learn, and given brief tests to assess their standard.

The students are taught arithmetic and English, but there is no hard and fast syllabus.

bus. Classes are deliberately small so that the Royal Army Educational Corps instructors—officers, warrant and non-commissioned officers—can give individual tuition. The ratio of staff to students is about one to ten, far higher than in civilian schools.

The instructors—most of them have degrees and are qualified teachers—are dedicated men, driven by the tremendous challenge of their work. Their reward is in the knowledge that they are pioneers—the School has no equivalent in civilian life—who are not only helping the Army but are also carrying out a social service. For academic education of the backward soldier is by no means all; he must be rehabilitated, his self-confidence restored and his morale enhanced.

Each instructor uses his own methods. Warrant Officer H. M. Burton, for instance, teaches English from behind an array of burettes, pipettes and a bunsen burner. His aim is to give his pupils an insight into the basic principles of science and their application in everyday life and, through this, to help self-expression in oral and written English.

His colleagues adopt similar methods to create an active interest and get away from dull "chalk and talk" lessons. Some students may be playing the old paper and pencil game of "Battleships" or the School's own

version of the "Battle" game. Questions based on articles from SOLDIER and on newspaper cuttings help comprehension, and general knowledge questions on a series of cards lead the student to research in the School library where there is as catholic a selection of books as you could find anywhere.

Every student is encouraged to read and no one worries whether a man has his nose in a classic, a Western or the most lurid of paper-backs as long as he reads—and keeps on reading.

A soldier backward in arithmetic may know his tables off pat but be unable to apply them. Or he can subtract readily in his head when playing darts but boggle at a simple sum on paper. One soldier is asked to divide £22 by 36. He can't. So his instructor, counting out into his hand 22 one-pound notes of school money, says: "Your platoon has 36 men. You have £22 to split between them. How are you going to do it?" And the student quickly grasps the solution: "Make it into shillings."

It all seems very simple but it really is hard work for the backward and the amount of tuition in English and arithmetic they can properly assimilate in a week has accordingly to be strictly rationed. In the remaining time they do normal military training under Infantry instructors who are as sym-

pathetic and fatherly as their class teachers, pursue hobbies of their own choice and spend a good deal of time in physical education where again the accent is on providing students with opportunities for personal achievement.

In most units hobbies are a leisure occupation but at the School of Preliminary Education the students spend one afternoon a week on activities. Subjects include photography, pottery, art, woodwork, modelling and motor maintenance.

Since last July, when the School began accepting intakes at the end of their depot course, its staff has largely been relieved of two chores—giving a basic military training and sorting out personal complications arising from enlistment. But there are still problems to be solved and a keen watch has to be kept on those who have not learned the value of money.

The ease with which youngsters get themselves into hire purchase tangles, particularly over motor-cycles, is astonishing. Salesmen have long been anathema to the staff. When they are allowed to visit the School, every proposed transaction is vetted. Even so, the School cannot prevent a soldier from buying a £10 Bible on the instalment plan, as happened recently.

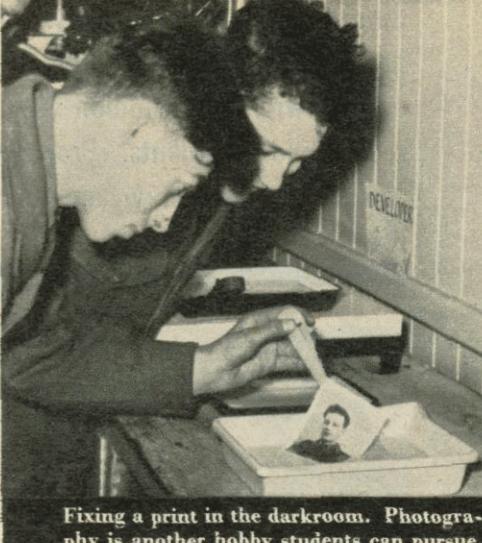
Whether book salesmen should ever be permitted within the camp is a moot point

and one of those "shop" arguments that go on every night in the officers' and sergeants' messes. The Army has a moral obligation to protect its soldiers against smooth-talking salesmen and against themselves, but these are grown men who must learn to take knocks in a hard outside world. Each case must be treated on its merits, of course, and often the Army must step in firmly.

The resolving of social problems is one of the instructors' rewards. Less satisfying from their point of view is the fact that they cannot always be assured that their work is being carried on after a student leaves the School. There is a drill whereby his report follows a student to his new commander and education officer, but it is not always practicable for them to give that direct and individual encouragement to continue his studies without which the backward soldier can very quickly lapse.

But from time to time there is indication of how the School's products are faring. A survey of 1959 shows that 37 per cent of that year's pupils subsequently gained an Army certificate of education, 22 per cent a trade qualification and seven per cent a rank.

The School of Preliminary Education should perhaps never have been. But if, from its often unlikely material, the School can continue to turn out even a small pro-



Fixing a print in the darkroom. Photography is another hobby students can pursue.

portion of men fit to take their place in the Army and later in civilian life, then its work is well worthwhile on that score alone.

As citizens we should be ashamed that there should ever be a need for a primary education of grown men. As soldiers we can take pride in the School's achievement and its pioneer work in this sad field of the educational world.

PETER N. WOOD



Left: Warrant Officer R. F. Shergold is not a philumensist. He uses the matchboxes, glued together, for counting.



Right: The art teacher, Mrs. Ambrose, wife of an RAEC officer, helping a student with his painting of a bonfire.



Right: Carpentry, in a well-equipped workshop, is a popular activity. And some useful things are turned out.

ment for 7 or 8 well I lernt a lot sins I cam in the arme. Redin the orders as help me." The last sentence reveals a good deal of tact!

In another test students were asked to mark London, Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh on a map of Britain and put in any railway lines they knew. One lad put London well north of Birmingham, gratuitously added Exeter in the Scottish Highlands and Borstal in the Welsh mountains, and marked one railway line—running from his own home to that of his girl friend!

"Redin The Orders As Help Me"

ONE of the tests given to students on joining the School of Preliminary Education is "free" writing. A private soldier wrote: "The cat sat on the mat." Asked if he could not do more than this, he added the sentence backwards—"mat the on sat cat the."

More verbose, though a little less happy in its spelling, was the following essay: "I did not lick skool mene time the techers sent for muther beckoss I was spolt and coont get my hown way so my hedykashan wet bad hutil I was footen then I tried to help my self I began to read book that were



And others enjoy messing about in the pottery class. The instructress, Miss Sally Brignall, helps two students to knead clay.



A NEW task for the School of Preliminary Education has been the coaching of soldiers recruited from overseas. Most of them are intelligent men—creamed from hundreds of applicants—and their shortcoming is only an unfamiliarity with the English language.

Until recently there was no other establishment which could give them the necessary tuition so they were sent to Perham Down to be taught in separate classes and with a different syllabus from the backward soldiers. Since January this year, however, they have been sent to the Army School of Education in Beaconsfield for an eight-weeks' course in its Language Wing.

In an English class during SOLDIER's visit to the School of Preliminary Education were six of these recruits, mustering between them a relationship with eight countries. There were two Seychellois, in the Army Catering Corps and Royal Army Service Corps, and a Turkish Cypriot, Craftsman K. Houssein, a vehicle mechanic who went

to a Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' school in Cyprus.

Private V. Mizzi, a Maltese, could not join the Royal Malta Artillery because he had "not enough schooling" so he came to Yorkshire to work as a welder, joined the British Army and was put into The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Private S. Singh, a Malayan Sikh who can speak Malay, Hockin, Sikh and English, but can write only a little English, comes from Ipoh where he met The Loyal Regiment. He has joined the Loyals and hopes to serve with them in the East.

An Iraqi sheet metal worker, Sapper W. K. Bann, was evacuated to Cyprus with his parents after the revolution in Iraq where his father was a Civil Servant employed by the Air Ministry. When his father died the family came to England.

Teaching English to men of so many nationalities and educating them in our way of life is another challenge which the Royal Army Educational Corps' instructors take in their stride.

Since man first conquered the skies, sheets of paper in their thousands of millions have showered down from balloon and bomber on enemies, rebels and dissidents. Propaganda leaflets have become the sharpest weapon of psychological warfare



Here they come, drifting down from the sky to join the debris of war. Their message is lost on this British soldier—he looks for pin-ups.

Chinese Nationalist soldiers on Quemoy Island prepare a flight of balloons to carry propaganda messages across the mile of water to China.

THE WAR OF WORDS ON THE WIND

ACROSS a narrow strait only 2,000 yards wide, Communists on the Chinese mainland and Nationalists on the island fortress of Quemoy, stepping-stone to Formosa, periodically hurl shells at each other.

Many of these shells carry only harmless leaflets, for the Chinese are fighting the latest battle in psychological warfare, an ancient art of war as old as China herself.

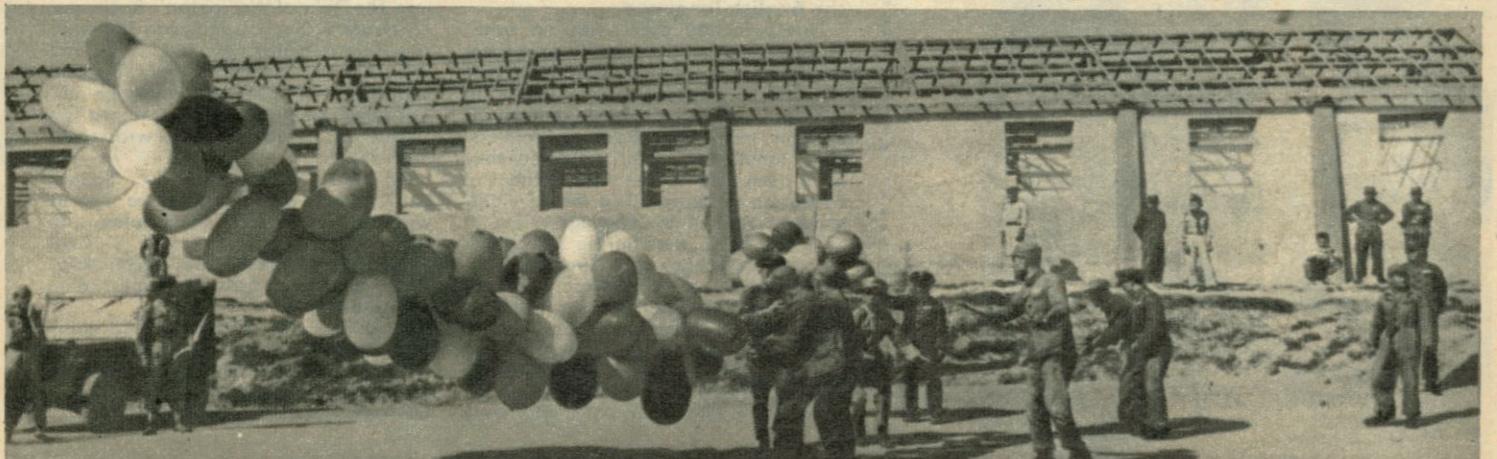
Psychological warfare was practised by Gengis Khan in the first exploitation of the Fifth Column and, in its earliest application, 1245 years before the birth of Christ, by Gideon in the Biblical story of his use of torches and their concealing pitchers in his battle against the Midianites.

The conquest of the air offered a new opportunity for direct mass assault on the individual soldier and civilian which France quickly seized and exploited in the Franco-Prussian War. During the siege of Paris, in 1870, the French used balloons to drop on Berlin a message by Victor Hugo. This was the start of the leaflet dropping which has become a universal modern weapon.

Today the Chinese Nationalists launch from Quemoy, to float gaily towards the mainland, balloons containing leaflets or with banners and toys attached to them. Retaliatory Communist leaflets, fired across the strait call on the Nationalists to surrender.

Aircraft were first used for leaflet distribution in World War One and during the first air raid on Berlin, in 1916, a leaflet signed by France's Marshal Joffre was dropped on the German capital. Twenty-odd years later the paper war began again and by plane, balloon and shell the Allies showered thousands of millions of leaflets on Europe.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



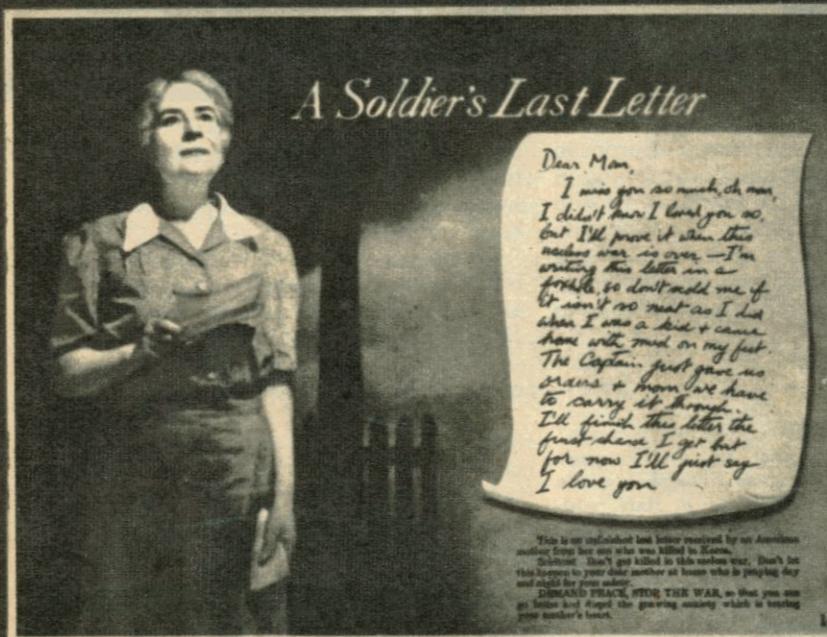
This was the cover of a 1944 German folder directed at Americans—hence "P.D.Q." ("Pretty damn quick").



"Tell me, Mummy, why has Daddy died?" This German leaflet of World War Two, aimed at French soldiers, is one emphasizing the futility of war.



"Soldier! Don't get killed in this useless war. Don't let this happen to your dear mother," said this Communist leaflet in Korea.



This is an unfeigned last letter received by an American soldier from his son who was killed in Korea.

Dear Mom, I miss you so much, oh mom, I didn't know I loved you so, but I'll prove it when this soldier over me goes— I'm writing this letter in a foxhole, so don't mind me if it isn't so neat as I had when I am a kid + cause home with road on my feet. The Captain just gave me orders + from now we have to carry it. The Captain I'll find the letter the first chance I get but for now I'll just say I love you.

DEAR MAM, WITH THE WAR, we are going to have to give up the growing cause which is helping your mother's heart.



Both sides encouraged desertion or surrender. Eighth Army "mortared" this "Safe Conduct" leaflet in Italy. The other is Italian.

Safe Conduct..

On the reverse side is an appeal addressed to Russians serving in the German Army.

THE SOLDIER carrying this SAFE CONDUCT is probably Russian and is using it as a sign of his wish to desert to us. He is to be disarmed, well looked after and removed from the danger area as soon as possible.

ENGLISHMEN EGYPTIANS AND ARABS OF THE WESTERN DESERT!

France surrenders arms, and stops fighting against the Powers of the Axis. The hour of England and her allies is struck of lost.

Italy and Germany will fall on you and punish the obstinate continuators of a ruthless struggle which shall forever mark the decline of Democracy. Photo-crocodiles.

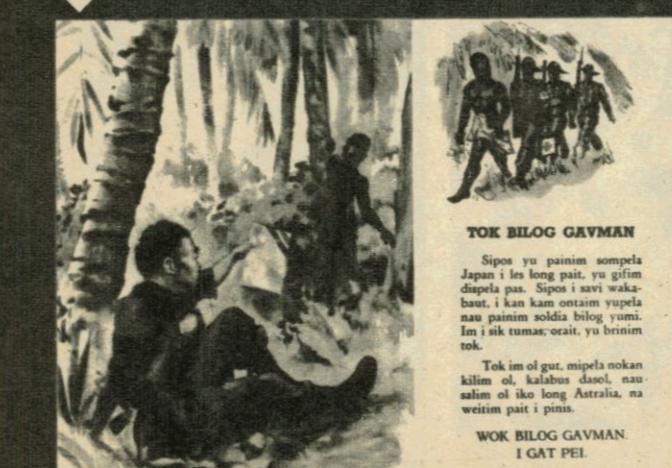
Englishmen, Egyptians and Arabs of the Western Desert, you slaves of the criminal Government of London, lay down arms, because we will allow no respite to those who will resist.

Both sides encouraged desertion or surrender. Eighth Army "mortared" this "Safe Conduct" leaflet in Italy. The other is Italian.

The Nazis brightened the severity of winter in Italy with leaflets such as this. British soldiers collected them for their pin-up value.

As a variation on pin-ups the Germans dropped to British troops in Italy this grim reminder of V1 bombs on London.

Australia encouraged natives to lead them to Japanese in hiding.



TOK BILOG GAVMAN

Sipos yu painim sompela
Japan i les long pait, yu gifim
dispelea pas. Sipos i xavi waka-
baut, i kan kam ontain vupela
nau painim soldin bilog yumi.
Im i sik tumas; orait, yu brimik
tok.

Tok im ol gut, mipela nokan
kilim ol, kalabus dasol, nau-
salim ol, iko long Astralia, na
weitim pait i pins.

WOK BILOG GAVMAN.
I GAT PEI.



Psychological warfare links a small but world-wide group of enthusiasts who are members of the Psych-war Society, an international association of historians and collectors of aerial propaganda leaflets.

Captain P. H. Robbs, of Barton Seagrave, Kettering, the Society's general secretary, has in 20 years collected over 5000 different items from forged ration books and money to faked prisoner-of-war letters. During World War Two he served with anti-aircraft and search-light batteries.

Aero-tractology, his own name for the collection of leaflets, is the speciality of Mr. R. G. Auckland, postmaster at Sandridge, near St. Albans. In seven years Mr. Auckland, an ex-Naval signaller, has accumulated about 4000 leaflets.

He was co-founder, with Captain Robbs, of the Society and edits the quarterly bulletins listing and discussing aerial leaflets.

from page 12

In World War Two the development of psychological warfare advanced to such an extent that General Eisenhower said: "It can today be regarded as a special and most effective weapon of war." Towards the end

of the war 4600 men in the European theatre alone were handling propaganda in a special psychological warfare division under the direct command of Supreme Headquarters and two squadrons of Flying Fortresses were allotted to leaflet dropping.

World War One aerial propaganda began

lightheartedly with "greetings full of affection and gunpowder" written on signal pads by German aviators and dropped with their bombs on France.

The first British leaflet—"An explanation for German soldiers"—appeared in October, 1914. Six months later Special Intelligence established a paper, *Le Courier de l'Air*, which was dropped on German-occupied French and Belgian territory.

Subsequent Allied leaflets—the war's total was 26 million—dwelt on German responsibility for the war, emphasised the failure of the submarine blockade and the increasing power of American aid, and pointed out the hopelessness of Germany's economic and military position.

One successful British leaflet series took

A PUZZLE-GAME

Now that the Italian fall is approaching with endless rain and impenetrable fog and the offensive is likely to get stuck in the mud of the plains around the river Po, you will sometimes feel bored stiff. Try to amuse yourself then with our puzzle-game and when you have found the answers to the questions, ask the other guys what they have got to say about them—thus you may banish boredom and possibly you might be able to see clearer in spite of the darkness of the weeks in November.

1. When have you last been home on furlough?
2. What is the distance between this damned place in Italy and your place back home, expressed in km?
3. When have you last had a real Manhattan cocktail at a swell Bar?
4. When have you last held a really sweet girl in your arms? (I mean of course a real American girl, and not one of these dirty Italian girls where you can't get her to have you without having to see the doctor after three days.)

To all these questions you may easily find the answers, although they may not be very pleasing. But here are another two questions which you surely will not be able to answer. Perhaps your officers might tell you—try and ask them.

1. When will the war be over for you?

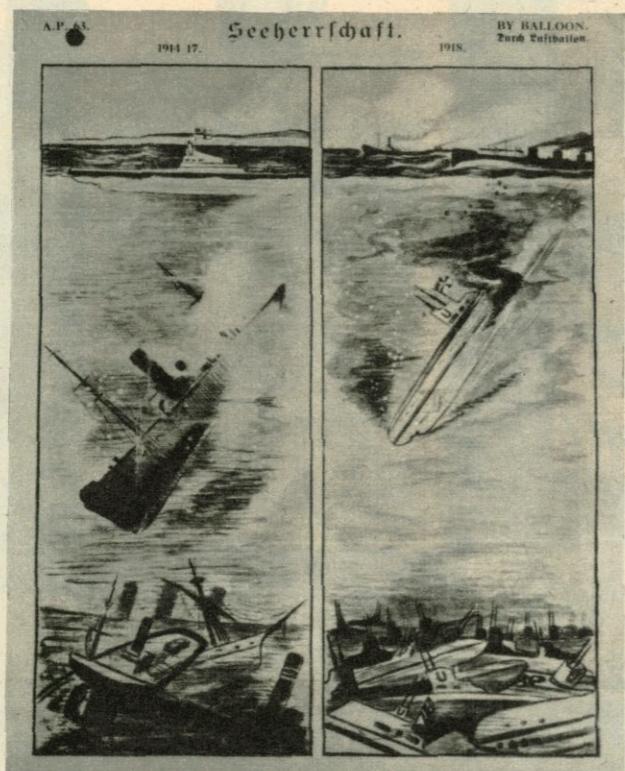
(Don't forget that after the end of the European war the jungle war is waiting for you and that according to a declaration made by Roosevelt "it may take years until the present U.S. Army peak may be reduced owing to the numerous jobs for which U.S. soldiers are needed in the 'inhabited' countries".)

2. Why are you fighting in Italy?

(But this you will have to ask the Jewish jobbers in Wall-street; they can surely tell you why!)

Georgia series comprising 6 pictures. Have you got the others?

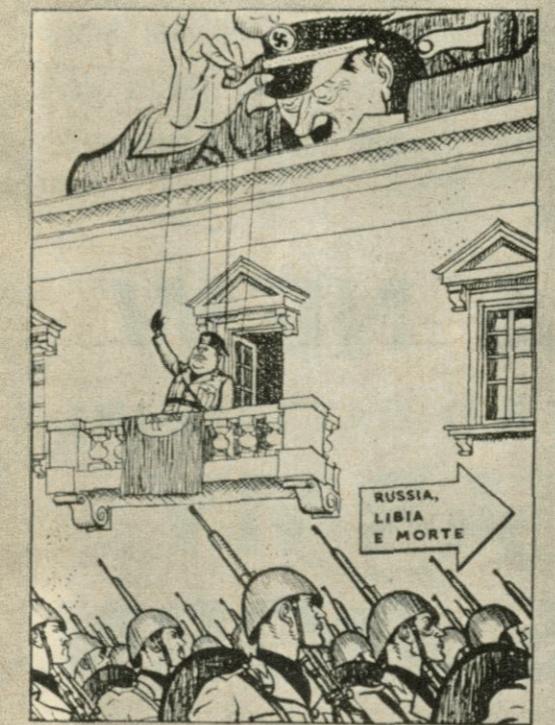
THREE BRITISH LEAFLETS . . .



World War One British leaflets dropped by balloon on Germany. Left: British naval supremacy and (above) the United States enters the battle.

This British cartoon of 1942 showed the Italians how they were being made puppets of the Germans.

AVE CAESAR!



Morituri te salutant

the form of facsimile prisoner-of-war letter sheets or cards, printed in imitation handwriting with genuine addresses. They were distributed by balloon and were all strategic in purpose, directed at the whole of the German population on a long-term basis. But others, giving up-to-date news, provided a tactical weapon aimed at a specific target and supporting a local operation. For example, German soldiers might be told that they were practically surrounded and thereby encouraged to surrender.

Towards the end of World War One the Allies pursued their aerial leaflet campaign with increasing vigour and the dropping figures for the last six months of the war totalled 18,295,351. But in World War Two, in Europe alone, the Royal Air Force dropped 6000 million leaflets and the United States Tactical Air Force another 8000 million.

The first British leaflets—a warning to the German people—were dropped by the Royal Air Force on the first night of the war. This use of bombers and their crews brought criticism but the assault continued, concentrating on up-to-the-minute news which the German soldiers were compelled to accept as the truth.

Techniques of leaflet writing and distribution rapidly improved and expanded but the basic object remained the same—to undermine the enemy soldier's morale and persuade him to surrender, playing on man's principal thought in battle, the desire to survive.

The effect of the insidious and relentless paper bombardment showed itself in the response to the Allied "Safe Conduct" passes which promised food, medical attention and removal from the battle zone to

a surrendering enemy soldier. Most of the World War One leaflets were openly produced and their source clearly indicated. While, therefore, carrying more weight, they had to be issued with some dignity and an eye to the future. The "Safe Conduct" pass issued by SHAEF and bearing General Eisenhower's signature as Supreme Commander was an example of the "white" leaflet in World War Two.

But much use was made of "grey" leaflets, in which the source was not clearly identified, and of "black" propaganda which purported to emanate from other than its true source.

German leaflets, sometimes mis-spelled and using demodified phraseology, were regarded by British troops with tolerant amusement. Attempts to divide the Allies by suggesting to the British and French, and later to the Americans, that each was being "let down" by the other, were a prominent but clumsy mainspring of Goebbels' attack.

Then came leaflets suggesting that at-home civilian workers were cavorting with soldiers' wives, while the "gold bricks" (a Goebbels' word for munition kings) were enjoying a booming world of entertainment.

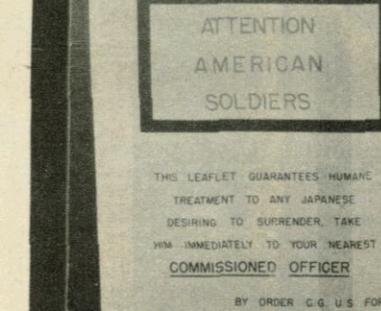
In Italy, as a variation on stressing the handicaps of mountainous terrain and severe winters, the Germans enlarged on the "good-time-at-home" theme. In the "Georgia" leaflets they provided pin-ups, backed by suggestive poems and exhortations to "pack it in." These were keenly collected—but only for their pin-up value.

The Korean War brought another spate of paper bombardment with a strong enemy accent on the remoteness of the conflict from the United States—"Mr. Moneybags is in Florida this Christmas" and "Big Business is scared of peace." There were, too, alleged letters signed by American soldiers.

From Korea to Kenya and the Mau-Mau, from the emergency in Cyprus to the Suez crisis, and in revolts and rebellions in Hungary, Brazil, Greece, Algeria and the Far East, the aerial leaflet war has been carried on unabated.

PETER N. WOOD

I SURRENDER



These United States leaflets were dropped on the Japanese. When "I surrender" changed to an honourable "I cease resistance," results were better.

Euer Gefreiter kann nicht weiter!

"Wenn unsere Feldsage eine Signatur und ein Gepräge tragen, dann fragen sie allein die Signatur und das Gepräge des Feldherrenkönig Adolf Hitler." (Aus Görings Rede im Berliner Sportpalast am 5.10.1942.)

Nach dem Schlag der Russen in Ostpreußen



This Russian cartoon for German consumption depicts Adolf Hitler with more than his nose twisted.

Leaflet canisters dropped from aircraft in World War Two were eventually fitted with small fused charges which scattered the paper over a wide area. Before this, distribution was somewhat cruder.

A British plane, on its way to Occupied France, discharged its entire load over the Bay of Biscay when the bomb jettison switch was accidentally tripped. Several tons of pamphlets plummeted straight down to score a direct hit on a German lighter which promptly sank. Or so the story goes!

The best-known leaflet of World War Two was that bearing the famous picture of Sir Winston Churchill, cigar firmly in place, trying out a sub-machine gun. This leaflet, dropped by the Germans in Southern England at the time of their threatened invasion, bore the caption "Wanted for Incitement to Murder."

Many leaflets were fired from guns and mortars, and some were sent over Britain with the first V1 German rockets. Rockets directed at Yorkshire and Lancashire on Christmas Eve, 1944, carried special "V1 POW Post" leaflets.

These contained replicas of letters from prisoners-of-war to their relatives and asked their finders to re-address them. Because it was thought German spies might approach addressees to find out where their letters had been posted and hence where the rockets had landed, a heavy censorship was imposed and the leaflets destroyed.

The smallest number of leaflets dropped from an aircraft is three. Handwritten by a scientist after the atomic bomb explosion at Hiroshima, they were dropped over Japan and urged their finders to convey a stop-the-war appeal to the Japanese Government. The single remaining leaflet of the three is now in a state library of the United States.



On top of Africa's tallest mountain, in Tanganyika, the first African to be commissioned at Sandhurst into The King's African Rifles raises his country's flag and 300 miles away...

A NEW (TWO BATTALION) ARMY IS BORN

On the summit of Kilimanjaro Lieut Nyirenda unfurls Tanganyika's flag, at the end of a ten-day expedition.

Below: The Colour party of the old guard hands over the Colours to the new guard of the newly-raised Regiment.

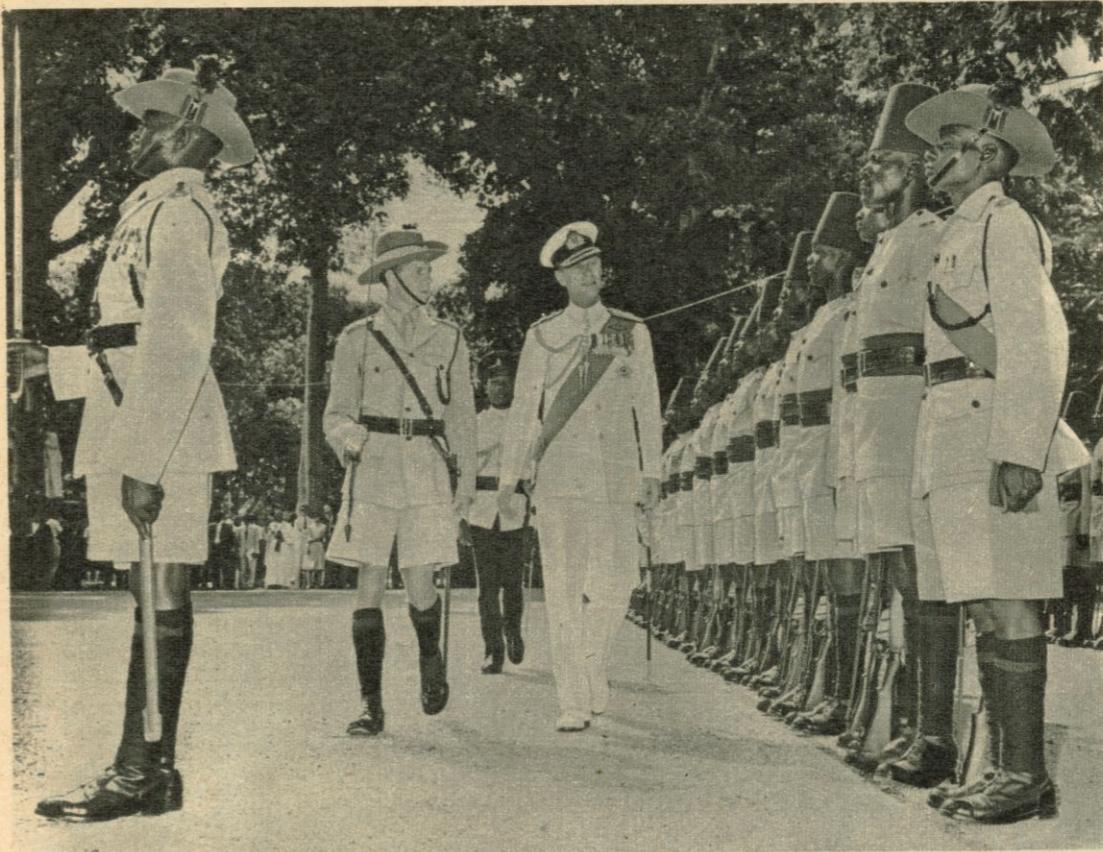
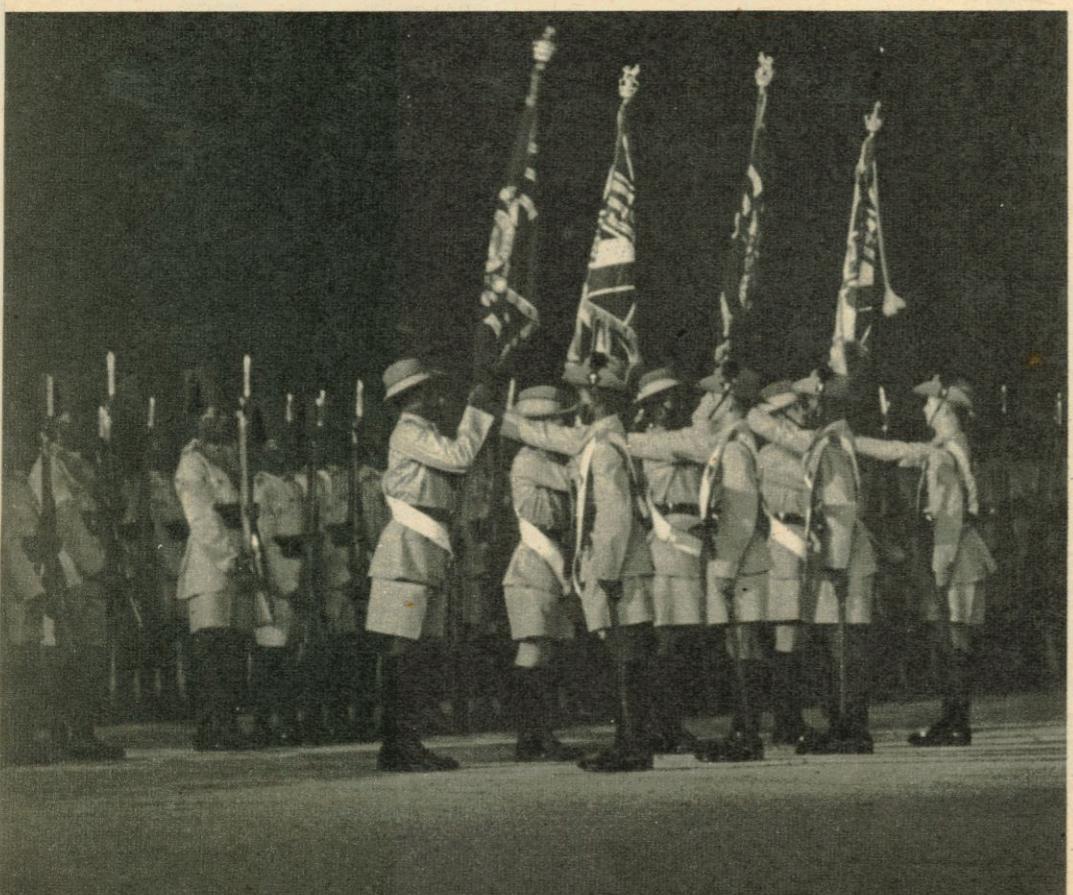
In a howling blizzard a Tanganyikan officer of The King's African Rifles fought his way to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro—Africa's highest mountain—and, as midnight struck and the storm died, lit a symbolic torch of freedom and planted the green, black and gold flag of the world's youngest nation on the snow-covered summit.

Simultaneously, as a radio message flashed from the mountain top, a gigantic electric torch lit up in Dar-es-Salaam, 300 miles away, and 75,000 people gathered in the new National Stadium there cheered themselves hoarse.

Tanganyika, a British trust territory since 1918, had achieved independence and at the same time a new Commonwealth Army was born—the Tanganyikan Military Forces. As the torch blazed on Kilimanjaro the 6th and 2nd/6th Battalions, The King's African Rifles, became the 1st and 2nd Battalions, The Tanganyika Rifles.

Appropriately, the man who raised Tanganyika's national flag on Kilimanjaro was Lieutenant Alexander Nyirenda, the first African to be commissioned from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, into The King's African Rifles. He was one of a party of British and African soldiers from 1 Signal Squadron, The King's African Rifles, who, led by the unit Commanding Officer, Major Patrick Stephens, Royal Signals, climbed the mountain in bitter weather, living during their ten-day expedition mainly on cheese and biscuits and hot orange juice made by heating the snow.

In Dar-es-Salaam, too, British soldiers played a big part in Tanganyika's independence celebrations, providing a guard of honour for the Duke of Edinburgh, who had come to represent the Queen, and organising a military tattoo. The climax came just before

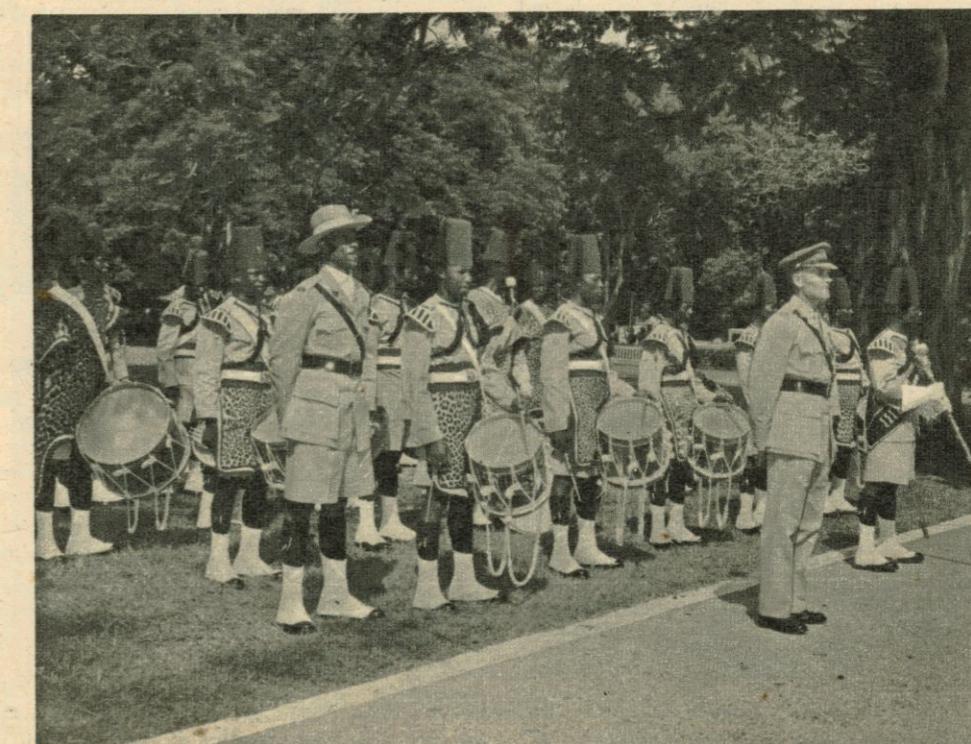


The Duke of Edinburgh inspects The Tanganyika Rifles at their first guard duty at the opening of Parliament.



Right: Brig P. Sholto Douglas MC and Bar, is the first Commander of the new Tanganyikan Military Forces.

Below: The Band of the new Army—formerly of The King's African Rifles—parades under Bandmaster G. White.



THE 6th Battalion, of The King's African Rifles was formed in 1902 when the Regiment was raised from the local forces of charter companies in East and Central Africa and in its early days took part in the operations against the Mad Mullah in Somaliland. The 2nd/6th Battalion was raised in 1917.

The King's African Rifles have always been led by British officers, one of whom, in the old Central Africa Regiment, was Captain F. D. Lugard, who later became Lord Lugard, the famous British coloniser in Africa.

During World War Two The King's African Rifles had more than 3000 British non-commissioned officers serving in the Regiment's 43 battalions.

Three battalions took part in the Abyssinian campaign and entered Addis Ababa after marching 1687 miles in 14 weeks, and in Madagascar The King's African Rifles landed with Commandos in their first combined operation.

The Regiment's most outstanding feat was when, in 1944, at the height of the monsoon, they led the 11th (East African) Division through the typhus- and malaria-infested teak forests of the Kabaw Valley and opened the way to the final rout of the Japanese in Burma.

FIRST WITH THE MOST ON TOP



The first objective has been achieved and the Coldstreamers, in Indian file, make their way down Mount Kenya from Point Lenana (16,355ft).

MOUNT Kilimanjaro—the world's largest single mountain—has long been the target for climbers, including many soldiers, to see who can get to the top the fastest. Now, the Coldstream Guards have set up a new record—for the mostest.

Early one morning recently 72 officers and men of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, from Gilgil, in Kenya, clambered to the top of the highest peak, Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, at the end of a five-day mass assault. No more than 36 are believed to have reached the peak in one party before.

The conquering of Kilimanjaro was the climax of Exercise "Kenya Climber" in

which 130 volunteers from the Battalion set out to climb both Mount Kenya and Mount Kilimanjaro. Very few had ever climbed before and the only training the party received was a daily session of physical training and a trial climb up the 9110ft Mount Longonot, near Nairobi.

The first assault, on Mount Kenya—the aim was to reach the snow-covered Point Lenana (16,355ft), which lies only 700ft from the summit—was made by 100 Coldstreamers. Only 92 reached the top but this was more than ever before in one party. Seven Guardsmen had to stay behind with another who had collapsed at 13,000ft with pneumonia and had a temperature of 107

degrees. As the nearest hospital was seven hours away he was nursed by Sergeant Jagula, of 19 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, and carried down the mountain the next morning.

The attack on Kilimanjaro was not so simple and required a five-day expedition during which stores and water were dumped at three intermediate camps up to 15,000ft by ponies and mules of 67 Animal Transport Company of the King's African Rifles.

After three days' strenuous climbing the Coldstreamers reached the last camp, ready for the final assault, and slept until midnight in bivouacs with the thermometer registering 12 degrees of frost.

An hour after the midnight reveille more than 120 Coldstreamers, in single file, set off for the summit, painfully dragging themselves over the frozen rocks and loose scree while icy winds buffeted them. Several Guardsmen at the rear of the column had to drop out, overcome with cold, and one man was unconscious for ninety minutes before his comrades were able to massage him back to life. Five hours later 114 Coldstreamers had reached Gilman's Point on the crater rim and from there 72 of them battled their way to the top of Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, 19,340ft above sea level.

During the expeditions the Coldstreamers wore web equipment, carried about 45lbs each, slept in sleeping bags inside bivouacs and fed off 24-hour compo rations for the final assaults. At the end of the exercise they had climbed for 47 hours and had been up and down a total of 48,000ft—equal to six times up and down Ben Nevis!—From a report by Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Paget, Coldstream Guards.



Snow-capped Mount Kilimanjaro towers above them as a group of climbers, with men, mules and ponies of 67 Animal Transport Company, KAR, pause for a well-earned breather at nearly 13,000ft.

FOR VALOUR

2

CSM STANLEY ELTON HOLLIS,
The Green Howards



The First VC on D-Day

THAT his courage saved the lives of others is the highest commendation a man can win.

Such a man was Company Sergeant-Major Stanley Elton Hollis, of 6th Battalion, The Green Howards, to whose heroism and selfless devotion in Normandy on D-Day, 6 June, 1944, many of his comrades owed their lives. He was the first to win the Victoria Cross on that fateful day.

When "D" Company waded ashore at La Riviere they were met by withering mortar and machine-gun fire but CSM Hollis and his Company Commander, Major R. Lofthouse, rallied the survivors and led them up the beach, destroying German emplacements as they went.

Suddenly, from a pillbox which had been by-passed, a German machine-gun opened up. CSM Hollis turned and, firing his Sten

gun, rushed at the pillbox, jumped on top of it, threw a grenade through the door and fired a burst into the room, killing two Germans and taking several more prisoner. Then, leaping from the pillbox, he rushed a nearby trench in which more Germans were hiding, and took them prisoner. By this action CSM Hollis saved his Company being fired on from the rear and enabled them to open the main beach

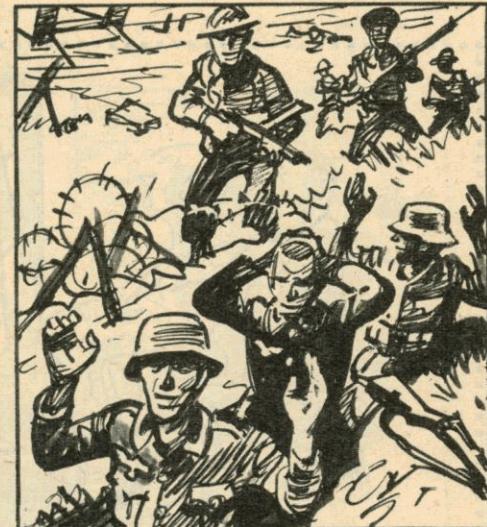
the field gun fired at point-blank range into the house.

Later that day, in the village of Crepon, CSM Hollis was ordered to command a group of men covering an attack on a German field gun which was protected by a crew armed with Spandau machine-guns.

When the attack was held up the Sergeant-Major, carrying a PIAT, led his men into a house only 50 yards from the gun. As he was taking aim a sniper fired, the bullet grazing Hollis's right cheek, and at the same moment

Rapidly, CSM Hollis moved his party to another position and then discovered that two of his men had been left behind in the ruined house. Grabbing a Bren gun, he ran into full view of the enemy and, firing from the hip, drew the Germans' attention away from the house. Under cover of this diversion the two men made their way back to safety, to be joined a few seconds later by a miraculously unharmed Sergeant-Major.

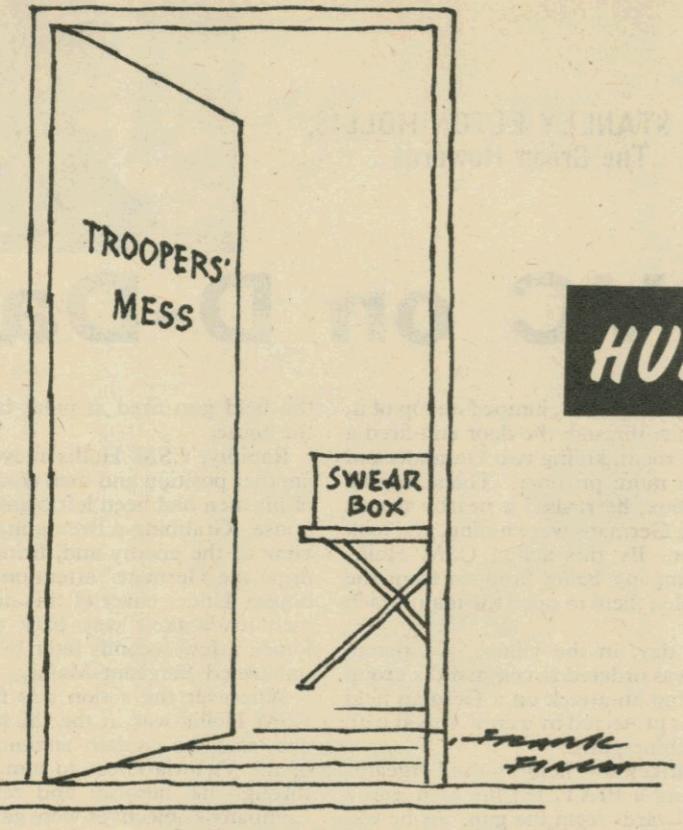
Wherever the action was fiercest that day CSM Hollis was in the thick of the fighting and, said the citation announcing the award of the Victoria Cross to him, "it was largely through his heroism and resource that the Company's objectives were gained and casualties were not heavier. By his own bravery he saved the lives of many of his men."



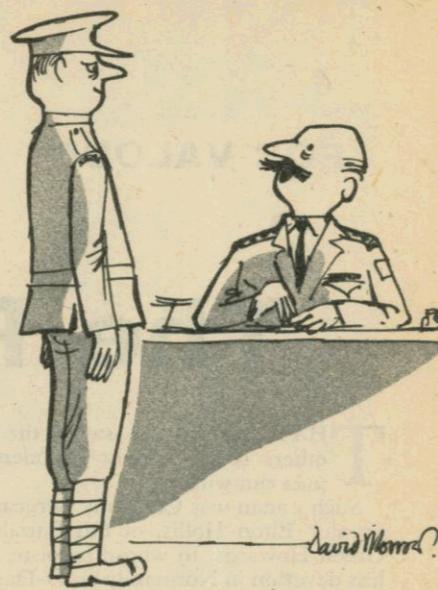
CSM HOLLIS RUSHED THE PILLBOX, THREW IN A GRENADE AND CLEARED A TRENCH . . .



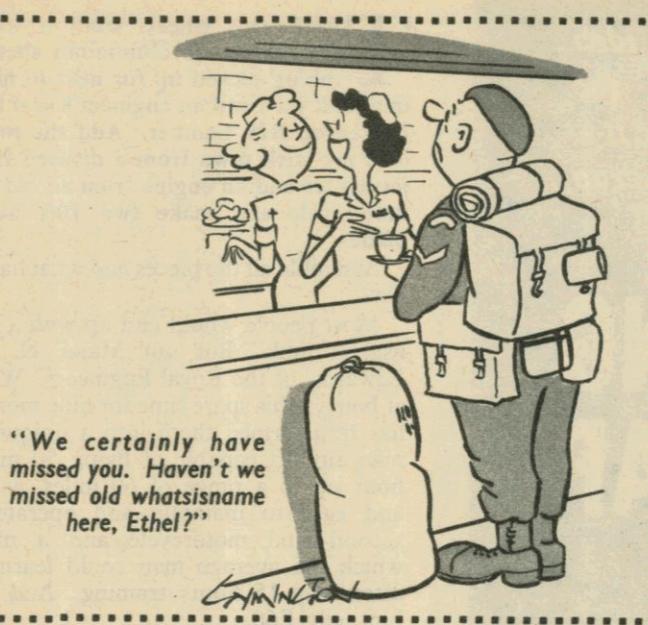
HIT BY A SNIPER'S BULLET, HE COVERED TWO OF HIS MEN WHILE THEY ESCAPED



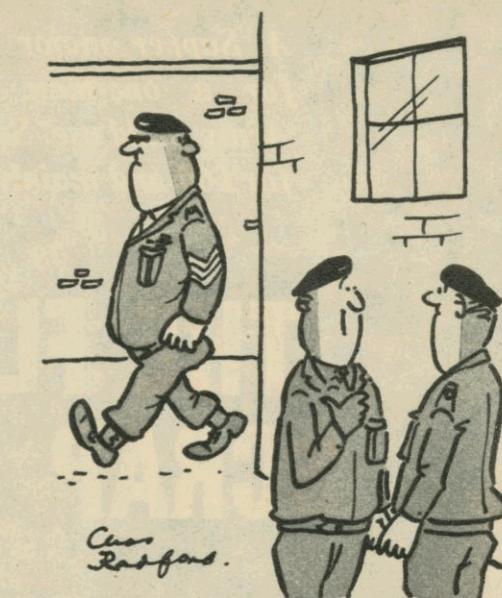
HUMOUR



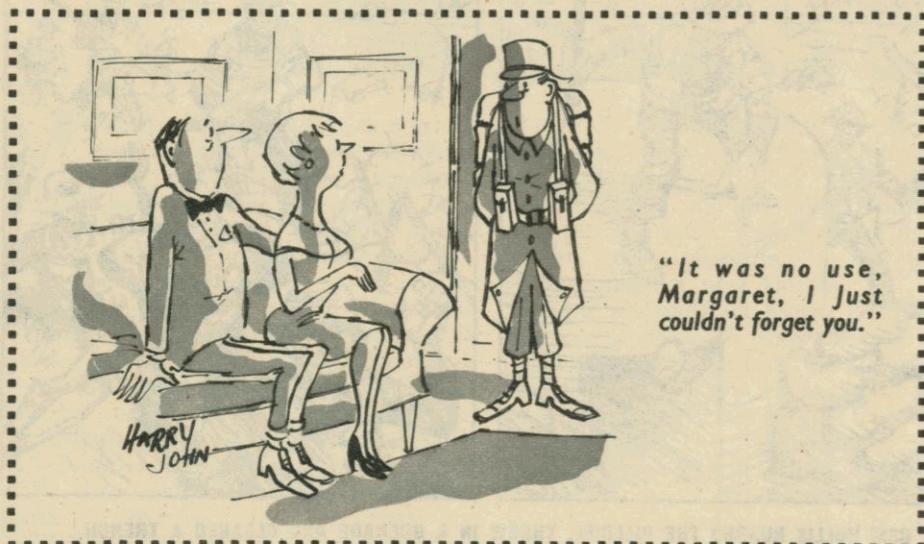
"Didn't it occur to you that 21 years on your leave pass might have been a clerical error, Simkins?"



"We certainly have missed you. Haven't we missed old whatsisname here, Ethel?"



"You might not like him at first, but eventually you get to hate him."



CUSTOMS



Hurray For Nellie Dean!

EVERY British Legion bar in the country has resounded with the argument at one time or another, and it is astonishing how many misguided people still think that the song *Lilli Marlene* went a long way to winning the last war. This, of course, is utterly ridiculous. *Nellie Dean* won the last war. The Desert Army was not concerned with the war so much as getting away from Alamein, Montgomery and sand; but most of all from *Lilli Marlene*. The British soldier is very conservative when it comes to songs. A favourite remains a favourite. *Lilli Marlene* was a novelty, and every Tommy loves a novelty—for a while. But war correspondents wanted a gimmick for the Desert War and that was that. Poor old Tommy had *Lilli Marlene* forced down his throat, and he was stuck with it.

Nellie Dean, on the other hand, needed no pushing, and never has. It has been sung with enthusiasm wherever Army boots have been worn. I have been in canteens where the piano will automatically play *Nellie Dean* as soon as the cover is raised from the keys.

I bumped into some little Ghurka soldiers once in the middle of a Malayan jungle. Not one word of English could they understand, but they knew every word of *Nellie Dean*. If anybody had tried to teach them *Lilli Marlene* they would have been asking for a quick haircut, short back and sides, from one of those bent toothpicks of theirs.

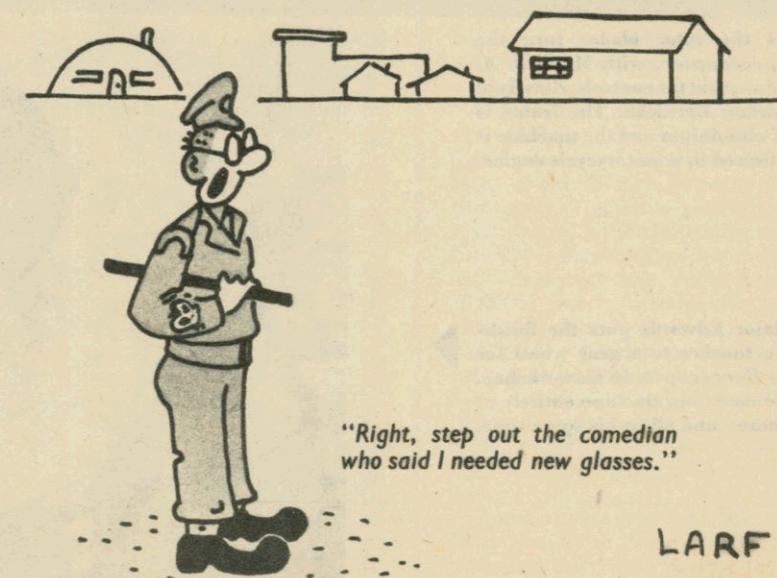
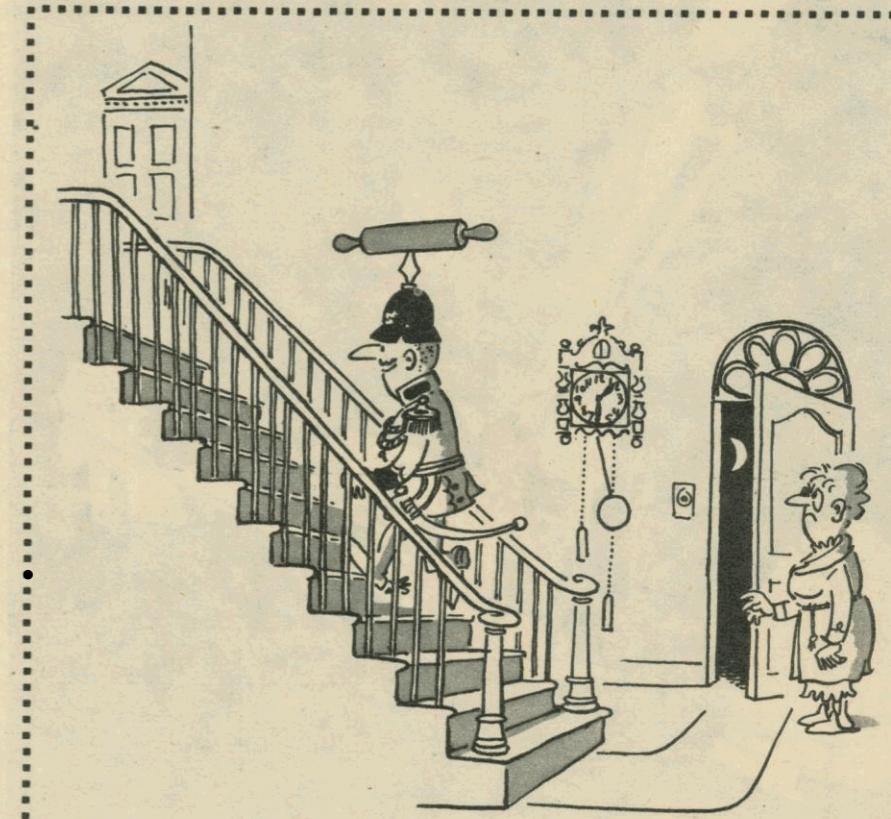
So suppose we forget *Lilli* and find out what we can about *Nellie*. Surprisingly, there is not much we know about her. In all the years that the song has been sung nobody has shown much interest in the beauty who inspired the song. There must be one. All masterpieces in song or prose, however fictional, arise from some inspiration or dream in the author's mind. *Nellie* was a very real person to some one. The words are sentimental and maudlin but they reek of sincerity.

Whoever she was, she is now immortal—the poor soldiers' *Annie Laurie*—and the similarity between the two songs is astonishing. Both are put in a watery setting, the millstream and the loch. Which is perhaps why they are such ideal songs for other liquid settings.

They each sing the praises of a girl who is the soldier's dream of what a girl should be, and a soldier's dreams are very precious a long way from home. There, I think you have it! The millstream and the loch, together with *Nellie* and *Annie*, reach out across the world, to the jungle, sand and mountain, touching every soldier's heart through his wide open mouth.

When *Lilli Marlene* is a very faint memory the young soldier of the future, after finishing the polishing of his atom-bomb buttons, will stand his rocket at ease and head for the canteen for a pint of beer and *Nellie Dean*.

OSCAR KETTLE



"Right, step out the comedian who said I needed new glasses."

LARF

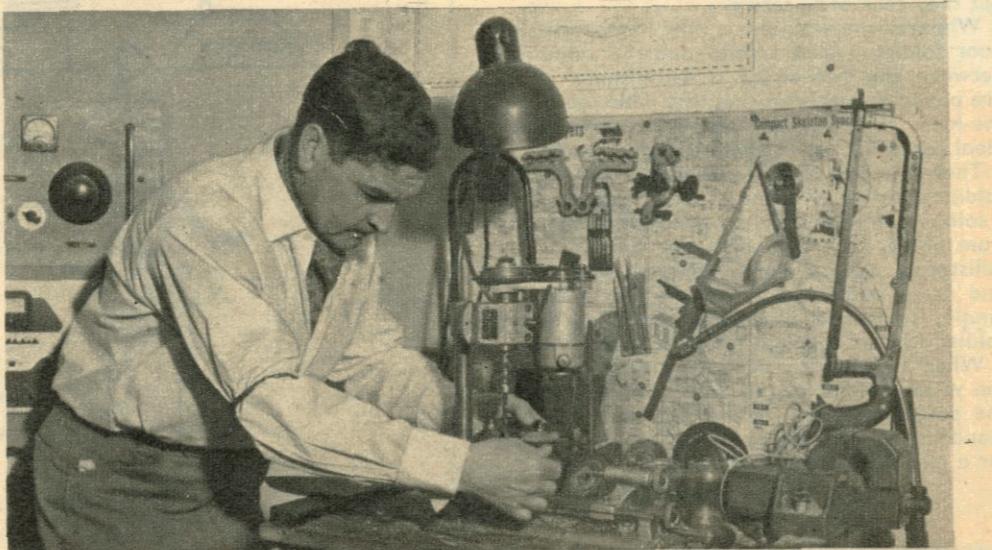
A Sapper major had an idea for a one-man aircraft the Army could use. So he made it—for £60 and mainly out of scrap

THE FLYING SCRAP HEAP!



As the rotor blades turn the Reccecopter, with Major N. A. Edwards at the controls, rises from Gordon Barracks. The frame is of aluminium and the machine is powered by a motor-cycle engine.

Major Edwards puts the finishing touches to a gear wheel for his Reccecopter in his workshop. He made his machine entirely at home—and all in his spare time.



TAKE two wheels from a wrecked Go-kart, some aluminium sheet and tubing picked up for next to nothing in a junk yard and an engineer's seat from a broken-up B29 bomber. Add the top half of a joy stick sown from a disused Meteor jet fighter and an engine from an old police motorcycle and make two 10ft 6in-long blades.

Assemble all the pieces and what have you got?

Most people would end up with a pile of useless junk. But not Major N. A. F. Edwards, of the Royal Engineers. Working at home in his spare time for nine months he has transformed them into a unique, one-man aircraft capable of flying 50 miles an hour up to a range of 60 miles, as cheap and easy to maintain and operate as a second-hand motorcycle and a machine which the average man could learn to fly after only 15 hours training. And it cost him only £60.

Highly-maneuvrable, simple to fly and able to be driven along roads when its rotor blades are removed or folded, this remarkable machine is a gyrocopter—a cross between a helicopter and an autogyro. Major Edwards claims that it is virtually crash proof. Should the engine fail in flight the rotor blades would continue automatically to revolve and bring the machine to earth like a giant sycamore seed.

Major Edwards, who is Trials Officer at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, had the idea for his revolutionary type of aircraft, which he calls a *Reccecopter*, after concluding that the Army does not make enough use of light aircraft, largely because of the high cost of machines and pilot training. What was wanted was a cheap, easy-to-make and easy-to-handle machine which could be used for reconnaissance and communications duties at regimental and squadron levels.

First, he drew up a rough sketch, decided on the parts he required and bought them from Government surplus stores, second-hand shops and a scrap yard.

Then, with a home-made lathe, a drill and elementary tools, he set up a workshop at his home in Gordon Barracks, Gillingham, and made the aluminium keel to which he bolted the engine mounting and other main parts, improving the design as he went along. Often he had to strip the machine and start again. The most difficult part of

the entire operation was making the two 10ft 6in rotor blades—plywood spars screwed to tapered steel spars and covered with thin plywood skins—and the main rotor bearing.

At last came the big day when Major Edwards towed the machine behind his car to a sports field at Gordon Barracks and, anxiously watched by his wife and four small daughters, made his first flight in the *Reccecopter*—unassisted by the engine. Tethering the aircraft to a 100ft-long cable staked to the ground, he turned it into the wind, spun the rotor blades by hand at 20 revolutions a minute and tilted them back with the joy stick. As the wind beat beneath the rotor blades the machine rose gently to a height of 50ft, exactly like a kite. It worked!

Later, Major Edwards flew the *Reccecopter* without the engine for nearly an hour at some ten feet off the ground and made several powered flights. As SOLDIER went to press he was preparing to demonstrate the machine to high-ranking officers from the War Office and the Army Air Corps.

One outstanding feature of the *Reccecopter* is that the rotor blades are powered by the engine only during take-off. Once airborne, the machine is kept in flight by the horizontal thrust of a pusher propeller placed behind the pilot's seat and powered by a chain-driven, 35 brake horsepower Triumph motorcycle engine, and the rotor blades become disengaged and revolve with the wind.

There are only two main controls—the rudder, which is operated by a foot pedal, and the cyclic joy stick, which changes the axis of the rotor blades. On the joy stick are two switches which operate an altimeter and a dual purpose revolution counter. The machine is also fitted with two electric generators (one on the engine, the other on the main rotor axle), a World War Two radio set, a 35mm camera and an elementary reconnaissance sight which enables the pilot to read ground measurements.

Although the *Reccecopter* is an unusual machine it is no aerial freak. It is sturdy, speedy, safe, manoeuvrable and cheap to make and may well have a place in the Army of the future and bring flying within the reach of millions.

Rotor blades secured, Major Edwards demonstrates how his aircraft can be driven along the roads.



THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

3 FIRST INDIA MEDAL 1799-1826

BRITISH veterans of the many fierce and historic actions in India between 1799 and 1826 went unrewarded until 1851, when, following a suggestion by the Honourable East India Company, a medal was given to survivors.

Oddly, the East India Company had rewarded its native troops with medals for many years, but only once did the distribution include British troops. This was the medal for the capture of Seringapatam, Ceylon, in 1799. After 1826 the Government issued campaign medals.

The medal issued in 1851 to cover 21 famous battles was known as the East India Company's General Service Medal, but it became the Army of India Medal and is generally referred to as the First India Medal.



Reverse and obverse sides of the First India Medal. The ribbon is sky blue and 1½ in wide.

The bars are: Allighur; Battle of Delhi; Assye (so spelled on the bar); Asseerghur; Laswarree; Argauum; Gawilghur—all in 1803; Defence of Delhi; Battle of Deig; Capture of Deig, 1804; Nepal, 1814-16; Kirkee; Poona; Kirkee and Poona; Seetabuldee; Nagpore; Seetabuldee and Nagpore; Maheidpoor, 1817; Corygaum, 1818; Ava, 1824-26; Bhurpoor, 1826.

The Duke of Wellington had three of these bars: Assye, his first victory, Argauum and Gawilghur.

Many soldiers did not survive the bloody battles, let alone the 48 years between the first of the battles and the issue of the medal.

The capture of the "impregnable" fortress of Bhurpoor, with its five miles of fortifications resulted in 2280 casualties. Most of the forlorn hopes which stormed the position were wiped out. At Assye, Wellington, with 6400 Infantry and 1600 Cavalry—only 1500 of his men were English—defeated the Mahratta Army of 30,000. But he lost a third of his own army killed or wounded.

A soldier needed to be something of a superman to survive many Indian battles. Sergeant W. Colston, of the 15th and 31st Native Infantry, must have been such a man. He won seven bars. Three officers each had six bars and eight men won five bars.

Some combinations are extremely rare. Only two Englishmen, for instance, were awarded bars for Poona and Corygaum.

Driving their bayonets home at Lucknow, strong-hold of the Indian Mutiny, British soldiers avenged their countrywomen's massacre at Cawnpore

THE HIGHLANDERS FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS

ON a blazing July day in 1857, over 200 British women and children imprisoned in a small building in Cawnpore were hacked to death by five native ruffians armed with butcher's knives. Next morning the bodies were thrown into a nearby well. British troops entered the city just too late to prevent the massacre, but there was not a soldier among the thousands who visited the blood-stained scene of the murders in the next few weeks who did not swear to avenge his country-women.

There was cold fury in the heart of every man, from the Commander-in-Chief to the humblest private, when Sir Colin Campbell led an army of nearly 30,000—the biggest British force ever seen in India—out of Cawnpore on the Lucknow road at the end of February, 1858.

This was a crusade, a supreme bid for revenge against the fanatics who had swept through British India leaving a trail of murder, pillage and destruction in their wake. In Lucknow, 60 miles to the north, 120,000 well-armed rebels were massed, the Hindus having sworn on the Ganges, the Mohammedans on the Koran, to kill every British man, woman and child in India.

Thousands of these rebels were destined to die in the city and the last word the majority of them were to hear on earth was "Cawnpore!" shouted in anger by British soldiers as they drove their bayonets home. Meerut, Delhi and Cawnpore had fallen in the early days of the Indian Mutiny. Regiment after regiment had murdered its officers and dispersed in lawless gangs, and

for a hundred miles along the Ganges, from Allahabad to Delhi, the British faced a solid block of fanatical hostility.

In Lucknow, 800 British civilians and a handful of troops held out for 12 weeks in the Residency against repeated attacks by 50,000 rebel sepoys. To surrender meant death, as Brigadier Henry Havelock, on his way from Cawnpore with a relief force, well knew when he signalled: "Do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand."

The stirring sound of bagpipes heralded the arrival on 25 September of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders at the head of the column, but the joy of the defenders was short-lived. Having broken into the city, Havelock found himself too weak to fight his way out again and the "relief" force could do no more than join the besieged. On 17 November, Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, led a 5000-strong force into the city but, outnumbered by ten to one, decided against attempting to hold the place. Instead, he skilfully extricated the garrison and the women and children and retired with his unwieldy convoy to Cawnpore.

Sir James Outram, with 4000 men and 35 guns, was left in the Alambagh, a fort about two miles east of Lucknow, with the formidable task of checking the vast army of rebels. Outram's defence of the Alambagh was an epic achievement. Outnumbered by 30 to one, his men held out for more than three months, smashed seven major attacks, and marched jauntily out to join Campbell's assault on Lucknow in March.

Garrisoning the fort were the 5th (Northumberland Fusiliers), 75th (1st

Gordon Highlanders, who were relieved after a short spell), 78th (2nd Seaforth Highlanders), 84th (2nd York and Lancaster), 90th (2nd Cameronians) and a native regiment. Throughout December and January, rebel chiefs led their gangs into Lucknow for the last great struggle against the hated British, until finally 120,000 of them, with 100 guns and vast stocks of ammunition, were massed in the city.

Knowing that Campbell was raising a powerful army in Cawnpore, Ahmad Alla, ablest of the rebel leaders in Lucknow, planned to annihilate the Alambagh without delay. But Outram's isolated group, though sick, weary, overworked and entirely without transport, showed their contempt for the mutineers. In mid-January they shattered an assault by 30,000 enemy, killing 400 at a cost of six wounded.

On 21 February the rebels swore a solemn oath to destroy the British or perish in the attempt. More than 20,000 screaming warriors descended on the Alambagh, but the withering power of the Enfield rifle in the hands of disciplined troops proved stronger than the oath. In one of the most fantastic actions in British history 120 men with four guns routed 13,000 enemy. The rebels lost more than 500 men that day while British casualties were again only six wounded.

Four days later the rebels' fiery Queen—the Begum Huzrut Mehal—emerged from the city on a state elephant at the head of a huge mass of sepoys. From a vantage point she watched her army surge round the Alambagh and assault it from the rear. One



Lieutenant Francis C. H. Farquharson, of the 42nd Regiment (The Black Watch), winning the Victoria Cross before Lucknow on 9 March, 1858. Leading a part of his company he stormed an enemy bastion and spiked two guns which were threatening the British troops massed in front of the city. Lieutenant Farquharson was severely wounded on the following morning while he was holding an advanced position.



As the British troops swept through Lucknow the rebels—10,000 of them—made their last stand in the Musa Bagh. But as Outram's soldiers attacked, the garrison fired just one volley and fled. Lucknow had fallen to the valour of British arms.

shattering volley halted them and a second started a retreat that turned into a rout, the Queen's elephant joining the frenzied rush back into Lucknow. Thereafter the rebels devoted their energy to fortifying the city and left Outram's heroic band in peace.

On 2 March, Campbell appeared before Lucknow with 17 Infantry battalions, 28 Cavalry squadrons and 134 guns. Jung Bahadur's 9000 Gurkhas were on the march from Nepal to join him. As he came within sight of the domes and minarets of Lucknow, Campbell realised fully the formidable

nature of his task. The city stretched seven miles along the south bank of the wide Gomti. A canal cut across his line of approach and behind it were three powerful defence lines. Every street was barricaded, every building loopholed and fortified—and the 300,000 inhabitants and 120,000 troops had been convinced by their leaders that the British would kill every man, woman and child.

Campbell quickly spotted that the rebels had neglected to fortify the north bank and on 6 March Outram was sent across the river

.....

THE Highland regiments, who played a major part in the Lucknow campaign and for whom Sir Colin Campbell had a marked affection, terrified the mutineers with their shrill battlecries and sheer ferocity. The story was current among the rebels that the "men in petticoats" had been sent out, dressed as women, by the Queen, especially to avenge the slaughter of British women and children. One rebel chief recorded that the Highlanders "wore petticoats like women and fought like tigers," and added that "compared with them the Gurkhas were like mice."

Yet the Highland "tigers" could be as gentle as lambs, as is indicated in a letter from one of the British women besieged in the Residency for 12 weeks. On the night the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders came in at the head of Havelock's relief column, she wrote: "The big, rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God that they had come in time to save us from the fate of those at Cawnpore."

with 6,000 men. In two days he advanced six miles and seized the bridge opposite the Residency. On the south side the first defence line was turned on the 9th in a sweeping attack by the 42nd (1st Black Watch), 53rd (1st Shropshire Light Infantry) and 90th (2nd Cameronians).

As Campbell pressed forward, Outram asked permission to cross the river and cut off the enemy's retreat westward. Campbell's absurd reply, amounting to a flat refusal, was: "Only if you can do it without the loss of a single life." On the 11th, Campbell moved against the next major obstacle, the Begum's Palace, awarding the honour of leading the assault to the 93rd (2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders). Artillery hammered a breach in the wall, and into it rushed Captain Clarke, waving his sword aloft and bellowing: "Come on, 93rd!" With a tremendous cheer, the Battalion rushed forward, followed by the 4th Punjab Infantry.

The Highlanders swept aside the 5000-strong garrison at the breach, hunted them through the rooms, corridors and alleys, smashed down barrier after barrier, and took the palace after two hours of the fiercest fighting of the campaign. In the central courtyard alone 800 rebels lay dead.

On the 14th the 10th (Lincolns) and Sikhs took the massive Imambara fortress in a brilliant dash while the 2nd Cameronians turned the second defence line. Here Campbell wanted to halt for the night, but there was no holding the three battalions. Inflamed by success, they rushed together at the Kaiserbagh, the rebel's main citadel and key to the last defence line. Though the Kaiserbagh was strongly fortified and mined in all directions, the garrison fled before the Infantry's impetuous assault.

With the Kaiserbagh's fall the rebels lost heart, thousands streaming out of the city that night. Outram finally crossed the river on the 16th and took the Residency in a brisk assault spearheaded by the 23rd (Royal Welch Fusiliers) and 79th (Cameron Highlanders). The Residency's 20,000 garrison escaped to continue the war. As Campbell moved west through the city, palace after palace echoed to the tread of the avenging troops. By the 18th only the Musa Bagh, a huge building on the western outskirts in which 10,000 rebels had taken refuge, remained, but when Outram's men rushed the place the garrison fired one volley and took to their heels.

Lucknow had finally bowed to the valour of British arms, and vultures soared over a once beautiful, now ruined city in which more than 3000 rebels and 722 British soldiers lay dead. Lucknow was a triumph for the British soldier. Wasted by constant action, fatigue, disease and extreme heat, he fought implacably, never losing heart nor energy.

K. E. HENLY

JOIN THE ARMY—

The soldier's haunting fear of not being able to find a home when he retires has gone for ever. Now, he can make sure of a home of his own—in the place he wants to live—by saving while he is still serving

One of the first soldiers to join the Army scheme is Staff-Sergeant J. Nicholson here seen discussing the details with his unit paymaster.

WHEN Trooper John Flowers, of the Royal Horse Guards, leaves the Army in 1970 after nine years' service he will have saved £750 to put down as a deposit on a home of his own in the place he chooses to live.

And all it will have cost is slightly less than the price of a packet of 20 cigarettes a day.

Trooper Flowers is one of the rapidly-



You, too, can have a home of your own! One of the illustrations from the leaflet which is being issued to all units.

increasing number of Regulars who have joined the Army's attractive new scheme which enables a soldier to start buying a home while he is still serving, thus solving one of the major problems that Regular soldiers have to face when they become civilians again.

In the past, the nature of Army service has prevented most soldiers maintaining their own home or arranging for one when they retire, and lamentably few councils have given special consideration to the ex-Serviceman. Many have found it well-nigh impossible to obtain a home in the area where their new employment is and have had to wait several years before they have reached the top of the list for council house accommodation.

But now, any Regular soldier—officer or other rank—can make sure of having his own home in the place of his choice when he retires.

The "Save While You Serve" scheme works simply and painlessly. All a soldier has to do to join is to fill up a form authorising payment of a monthly sum of money from his pay account directly to the head office of one of the 155 building societies—all officially recognised as suitable for trustee investment—which have joined the scheme.

For their part, the building societies will accept soldiers as regular savers, paying them the shareholder's rate of interest on savings (at present it is normally £3 15s. in every £100, after tax has been paid). They

will also give soldiers special consideration when they apply for a loan, offer guidance and advice on home purchase and accept a firm promise of employment as one of the conditions for a loan instead of requiring him already to have a civilian job.

The special consideration afforded to members of the Army scheme is doubly important since many civilians these days either cannot obtain loans at all or have to be satisfied with much less than they had hoped.

When joining the scheme a soldier may invest, in some cases, in either ordinary or special shares. In an ordinary share account any sum may be invested at any time and if the soldier falls behind with his payments or decreases them he is not liable to penalty. Special shares offer a slightly higher rate of interest but certain conditions must be met and the subscriber has to make regular monthly payments over a number of years, which may be increased but not decreased, without penalty, below a stated minimum.

At any time the soldier may withdraw all or part of his savings from ordinary shares without any deductions, but in many types of special share accounts a charge is levied if the shares have not matured.

It is not necessary for a soldier to decide where he wants to live after leaving the Army as soon as he joins the scheme. If he later wishes to buy a house in an area not covered by the building society in which he has been investing any other society in the scheme which does operate in that area will help him.

AND BUY A HOME!

HINTS FOR WOULD-BE HOME OWNERS

Here are some useful facts and figures about the Army scheme:

1. You will have to find a deposit—normally between 15-20 per cent of the value of the house—from your savings. The rest of the purchase price is borrowed from a building society on a mortgage.
2. The mortgage loan (including interest) is paid back by monthly instalments over 20 or 25 years, so long as it is completely repaid by the time you are 65.
3. The more you put down as a deposit the less you have to pay back—in loan and interest.
4. A minimum of £500—£400 deposit and £100 for legal expenses—is needed to buy a £2000 house. For a £3000 house a deposit of £730 would normally be required.
5. If you saved only 5s a week this would produce in six years £87 4s 5d and in 12 years £196 0s 8d. If you saved £1 a week you would have £349 1s at the end of six years and £786 5s 1d after 12 years. £2 10s a week would swell to £874 5s 1d in six years and to £1965 1s 1d in 12 years.
6. You should invest in a special share account only when you are sure you can pay regularly for a period of at least five years. Otherwise invest in ordinary shares.
7. Those already holding an account with a building society in the scheme may transfer it to the Army Scheme.
8. Before buying a house employ a surveyor to look over it and a solicitor to attend to the legal details.
9. If in doubt on any point see your unit RAEC officer who is briefed to answer all problems.



You're still in the Army—but, if you're wise, you have your hand on a house, like this smart soldier who adorns the front page of the leaflet.

Launching the scheme at the War Office recently, the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, said that the modern soldier must know that he has a right not only to a good married quarter while serving but to a house he can own when he leaves. "I commend the scheme," he added, "as a contribution to the security of the Regular Army of the future . . . and I hope every soldier will respond."

In SOLDIER's view this latest move to improve even further the soldier's lot is one of the most human projects ever introduced into the Army and finally destroys the centuries-old belief that the Army doesn't care what happens to the soldier when he leaves. The scheme may induce more forward-looking young men to join the Army but it is more than a new recruiting appeal. It is a big step forward in the campaign to give the soldier what he deserves and has a right to expect.

A NEW SHIP FOR THE SAPPERS

WHEN the freighter Benarty dropped anchor in Singapore recently she had a present aboard for the Sappers of 10 Port Squadron. It was the ramped powered lighter Avon, the first of the new cargo vessels replacing the old "Z" craft of the Royal Engineers' (Transportation) Fleet.

The "Z" craft, which have taken part in many amphibious assaults, have been the Royal Engineers' main cargo and vehicle carrying vessels since 1942. They could carry tanks, vehicles or stores but could not move from one theatre to another under their own power without considerable risk.

Built to a basic design of the Royal Engineers' (Transportation) Technical

Policy Wing, the ramped powered lighters have good sea-keeping qualities but are small enough and light enough to be handled as deck cargo on merchant ships. They can carry a 50-ton tank, four three-ton lorries, 50 tons of stores or 50 tons of fresh water in ships' tanks. Their primary job is to handle cargo from ship to shore over beaches.

Two marine diesel engines power the new lighters which are being named alphabetically after rivers. The bow ramp is hydraulically operated and there is accommodation for master and engineer in a double cabin and four crew in a general mess room.

The second of the new ramped, powered lighters, the Bude, is being fitted with a river radar.

A second three-ton lorry goes abroad the ramped powered lighter which can carry four of the vehicles. These craft will replace the "Z" craft and will be used for ship to shore cargo duties.





Captain Oates painfully limps out into the fury of the blizzard to his death.—From a Dollman drawing.

“A GALLANT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN”

IN all the Army's history no act of self-sacrifice ranks higher than that of Captain Lawrence Oates who, 50 years ago—on St. Patrick's Day, 1912—deliberately walked to his death in an Antarctic blizzard to improve his comrades' chances of survival. Half a century later his inspiring gallantry still stirs the hearts of men.

Captain Oates, commissioned into The Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment) in 1898 and transferred two years later to the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, was

the only soldier in Captain Robert Falcon Scott's ill-fated and predominantly naval expedition to the South Pole. His ceaseless devotion in training the sledge ponies paid high dividends, for it was mainly with their help, and that of the dog teams, that the heavy haul across 420 miles of the Great Ice Barrier was achieved.

On 4 January, 1912, Captain Scott, with Captain Oates, Dr. E. A. Wilson, Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, Royal Indian Marines, and Petty Officer E. Evans, Royal Navy, began the final 150-mile long haul to the South Pole which they reached—the first Englishmen to set foot there—14 days later, only to find that the Norwegian, Amundsen, had beaten them to it.

The same day, Scott and his comrades began their return journey, for limited rations and fuel allowed no delay. As if resenting man's success, the Polar winter clamped down early and with unprecedented fury, bringing searing blizzards which confined the five men to their tent for days on end. Often without hot food and sometimes starving before reaching the next food depot, they were beset by illness, frost-bite, snow blindness and exhaustion and on 17 February Petty Officer Evans died.

Captain Oates' feet were severely frost-bitten but with tremendous courage he carried on until his lion heart could no longer will his feet forward. Knowing that he was delaying his comrades when every minute was precious, he implored them to

leave him behind. They refused and pulled him in turn on the single sledge.

On the morning of 17 March—his 32nd birthday—Captain Oates made up his mind to die so that his comrades could travel faster. “I am just going outside and may be some time,” he told Captain Scott. Quietly he turned and painfully limped out into the fury of the angry blizzard and never returned. “We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death,” wrote Captain Scott, “but though we tried to dissuade him we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman.”

Inspired by Captain Oates' sacrifice the three survivors got to within eleven miles of safety when a blizzard blew up and imprisoned them in their tent. Their rations gone and with no fuel left, they died, composedly, two weeks after Captain Oates. Eight months later a search party found Scott, Wilson and Bowers in their tent but there was no trace of Captain Oates' body.

One of Captain Oates' last wishes was that his Regiment should think well of the manner of his death. He had no cause to fear. The Regiment, now the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, erected a memorial to him in the parish church at Gestingthorpe, in Essex, and each year on the Sunday nearest St. Patrick's Day have honoured his memory by observing this Sunday as “Oates Sunday.”

A. A. MCLOUGHLIN



On board the *Terra Nova* Captain Oates tends two of the 15 ponies which he trained for their 450-mile journey across the Great Ice Barrier.

Quick Crossword

£20

MUST BE WON

RIght, pencils out, thinking caps on and have a crack at this simple crossword. Your efforts could win you a gift voucher.

All you have to do is solve the crossword and send it to SOLDIER to reach the Editor by Tuesday, 24 April.

The senders of the first six correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive prizes as follows:

1. A £10 gift voucher.
2. A £6 gift voucher.
3. A £4 gift voucher.
4. Two recently published books.
5. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal photographic negatives.
6. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

NORIS SCORES
CROSSES

RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:

The Editor (Comp. 46),
SOLDIER,

433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.

2 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.

3 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 46" panel.

4 Any Serviceman or woman and Services' sponsored civilian may compete.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in the June issue of SOLDIER.

ACROSS

1. This servant is obviously in the Infantry. (7)
5. A warrant officer and his squad get together to make these females. (5)
8. Fit enough for surgical treatment and ready for war. (11)
10. Strict, as found on board ship. (5)
11. A reversed note encloses the Sappers to make a gun. (4)
12. "Fairest ____" and it's partly misleading. (4)
14. Join about here—then got stuck. (7)
16. Politely a canine female. (3, 3)
18. In collision, I join up with one of the Government, then act. (6)
20. You might find this emplacement in an MI room. (4, 3)
22. Shortened smokes, militarily at the top. (4)
23. Nothing and a pound around the Gunners is spoken. (4)
24. One of the smallest weights. (5)
26. NOR IS SCORES—for brave Germans (anag.). (4, 7)
28. Stuffing, the Sappers found in a garrison church. (5)
29. Break into pieces, partly on the head. (7)

DOWN

1. Paper headwear for a clot! (8)
2. Nothing to exist in this order. (3)
3. Resting place for a fakir. (4, 3)
4. Soldiers are always found in this dance. (7)
5. Every soldier has a farm for one. (4)
6. A handy weapon for a factory riot. (5, 4)
7. Five cents' worth of metal. (6)
9. Contrary to rule, a sailor conforms to type. (8)
13. Prosperous. (4, 2, 2)
15. A watchdog force of 1940. (4, 5)
17. Tenor with sex to straighten out the body. (8)
19. A sailor on Gibraltar for a young kittiwake. (7)
20. A friend with top cards holds kings and queens. (7)
21. Headgear for a frozen soldier? (3, 3)
25. An inflammable military order? (4)
27. "I don't want to — the Thames on fire." (3)

Name.....

Address.....



COMPETITION 46

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

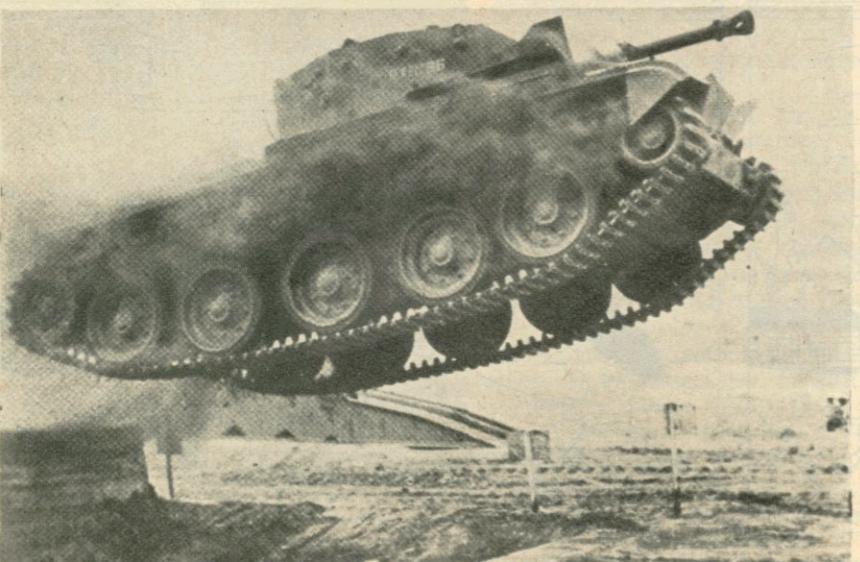
OLAR

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 38.





BOOKS



THE GENERAL WHO

FOR him, the war had been harder, bloodier than for any other general on any front anywhere."

Henry Maule makes this claim for General Sir Frank Messervy in "Spearhead General" (Odhams, 30s). Others may contest it, but the author certainly makes out a good case for General Messervy.

This is a story of the General's campaigns, taken up by others who took part in them, from private to field-marshall. It gives an unsatisfying picture of an able and colourful commander and his generalship, in part probably because General Messervy kept no private papers, yet it makes interesting and exciting reading.

One side of the general's character that does emerge is his schoolboy taste for practical jokes. When he and other officers were sleeping on beds carefully positioned to avoid drips from a leaking roof, the general put a lump of ice on the mosquito net of one of his companions who, half-asleep, dragged his bed from place to place to avoid the drips he was shifting about with him.

On another occasion, during an exercise on a desolate plain in India, the artillerymen found a solitary tree on which they did all their preliminary ranging. The night before the final test exercise, General Messervy and another officer crept out to the tree, dug it up and replanted it 50 yards

away—with bewildering results for the Gunners.

General Messervy is also shown as a commander of relentless energy. His first front-line command in World War Two was Gazelle Force, a mixed bunch of Sudanese, Indian and British troops, whose mission was to harry the great hordes the Italians deployed in overwhelming strength on the Sudanese border in 1940.

"Terrify the enemy," he told his officers, and history records that they did. The Italians went over to the defensive and Colonel Messervy was able to take his commander-in-chief, General Wavell, on an unescorted truck ride six miles behind the enemy lines.

Gazelle Force was the spearhead of the little army which drove from the Sudan into Eritrea, with its colonel racing up and down the column in his truck, exhorting his men to get on. In front of the Italian stronghold at Keren, Brigadier Messervy's brigade captured the key Dologorodoc Fort and held it for 12 days under tremendous fire and repeated counter-attacks, to enable the assault on Keren to go in.

In the Western Desert he commanded the already-famous 4th Indian Division and with them captured the Axis bastions known as the Omars, and held on to them amidst the disasters and confusion of Operation

WAS ALWAYS UP FRONT

Crusader. The 4th Indian Division's stand the author describes as the turning-point of the battle.

As commander of the equally-famous 7th Armoured Division, General Messervy saw more desert fighting and impressed his mess staff by his taste for desert snails on toast. When his headquarters were overrun in the Cauldron battle, General Messervy whipped off his insignia of rank and posed as batman to one of his staff officers. A few hours later his party escaped and walked back to the British lines. Lieutenant-General Neil Ritchie, commanding Eighth Army, coined the word "messervated" to describe units totally engulfed by German armour.

From the Desert, General Messervy went to GHQ at Delhi, where he reversed the previous doctrine that any but light tanks would be useless in Burma. As a fighting commander he was to make excellent use of medium tanks to winkle the Japs from their jungle strongholds.

Sent to command the 7th Indian Division, General Messervy introduced himself to his officers thus: "I can claim to come to you with an unrivalled reputation. It has been said of me, and I feel sure it is true, that I have the distinction of having lost more tanks in one afternoon than any other general on either side throughout the war so far."

Marston Moor was a pitched battle which lasted less than two hours—though

tougher than usual, blasted away at the Japanese with a carbine.

With the Japanese on the run, and his division resting after ten months' continuous contact with the enemy, General Messervy took command of 4 Corps. After the Irrawadi crossing, his men thrust a corridor for 250 miles through Japanese territory. It was an astounding piece of boldness that resulted in Rangoon's falling to a sea-borne force with almost no opposition.

A TRIO OF CROMWELLIAN VICTORIES

THE latest addition to the "British Battles" series of books is "Battles of the English Civil War" (Batsford, 21s), by Austin Woolrych.

Like other books in the series, this one is remarkably well produced for the money, and the illustrations are excellent.

The author has picked three Parliamentary victories for his subject—Marston Moor, Naseby and Preston. They were all major engagements in the Civil War, but small by continental standards. Marston Moor was the only battle of the war in which an army of more than 20,000 was mustered, so perhaps it is not too surprising that a local husbandman, warned to keep off the Moor as the armies of King and Parliament were about to fight, asked, "What, has them two fallen out, then?"

Marston Moor was a pitched battle which lasted less than two hours—though

Cromwell's Cavalry continued the pursuit of the defeated Royalists by moonlight. Naseby was also a set-piece battle, with the two sides carefully drawn up in battle array. It saw the bleeding of the New Model Army, and the unequalled discipline of Cromwell's Cavalry enabled it not only to win on its own wing, but to go and pull someone else's coals out of the fire on the other side of the battlefield.

Preston was quite a different engagement. The Duke of Hamilton's Royalist forces, largely consisting of a Scots rabble, ill-found, ill-disciplined and ill-led, was tactically strung out when the numerically inferior forces of Cromwell came into the attack. The Royalists were beaten piece by piece in a running fight which stretched all the way from Preston 30 miles south to Warrington, and lasted three days. It was the signal for the final collapse of the Royalist cause.

MORE BOOKS OVERLEAF

THE TALE OF

Infantrymen toil to dig out a Mark II tank bogged down in a captured enemy trench during the 1917 Arras offensive. Like its predecessors, the Mark II had a top speed of only 3.7 mph and carried two six-pr guns and four machine-guns. About 60 of these tanks went into action at Arras.

For all that, he writes of them with obvious affection and admiration in what his publishers claim is the first popular history of the tank. The author, as a Royal Flying Corps gunner, saw from on high the early tanks go into action in World War One, and was a war correspondent in Normandy in World War Two.

Inevitably at this stage in the tank's history, the chapters on the early days are the most interesting. The Mark I, with its crew of eight (of whom four were required for driving and steering), and lumbering into action at a top speed of 3.7 miles an hour, is still the hero of the tank story.

Less well known than the Mark I is the German reply to it. This was the A7V, a 33-ton monster designed for a crew of 18 (more commonly it carried 23-26). But as it was mechanically unreliable and a late starter, it saw little action.

At the end of World War One, the Germans had almost completed two "super-tanks," each

THE TANK

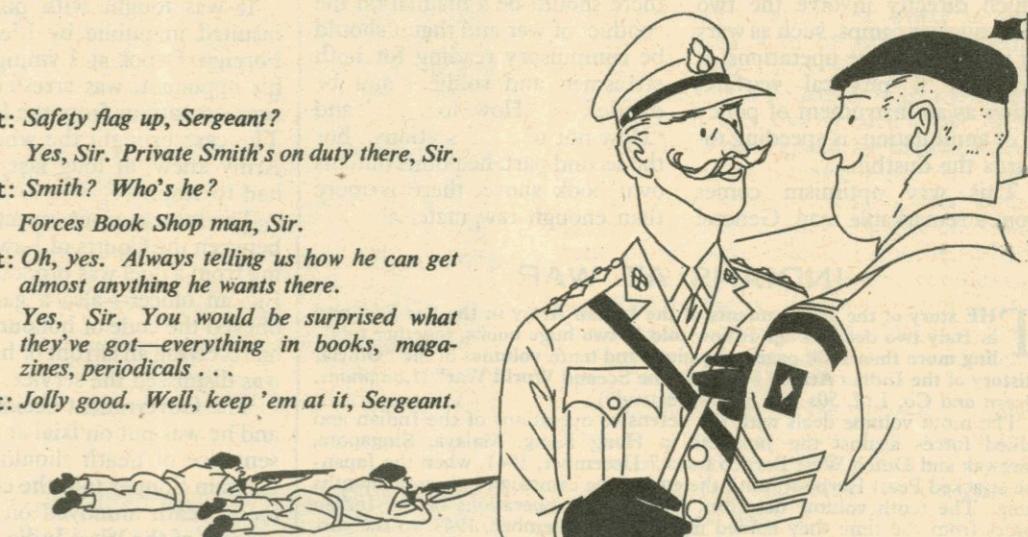
weighing 165 tons. They were designed for crews of 22 and each was to have four 77-mm guns and six heavy machine-guns. The Allies destroyed the prototypes before they had had even a trial run.

(The author seems to have missed the story of the *Mouse* (SOLDIER, 24 Nov, 1945) which was Hitler's idea of a super-tank. It weighed 180 tons, had a crew of five and a 12.5-cm and a 7.5-cm gun, mounted coaxially. Two prototypes were made and tested and are believed to have been destroyed before the Allies could get them.)

In Britain, at the end of World War One, work was going on to develop what a later generation was to call "funnies." There was an amphibious tank, which went to the bottom of the Thames on its maiden voyage. A Mark V was fitted with a roller for exploding land-mines. Another carried trench-digging apparatus and a cable-burying drag for laying 30 cables at once. There were two Royal Engineers' tanks for carrying and laying bridges. Some of these had to be re-invented in World War Two.

The author covers the activities of tanks in World War Two with an American eye. Veterans of British armoured units will feel he has neglected them badly.

Capt: Safety flag up, Sergeant?
Sgt: Yes, Sir. Private Smith's on duty there, Sir.
Capt: Smith? Who's he?
Sgt: Forces Book Shop man, Sir.
Capt: Oh, yes. Always telling us how he can get almost anything he wants there.
Sgt: Yes, Sir. You would be surprised what they've got—everything in books, magazines, periodicals...
Capt: Jolly good. Well, keep 'em at it, Sergeant.



For BOOKS, MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS & STATIONERY of all kinds, visit your Forces Bookshop or write to:

SERVICES CENTRAL BOOK DEPOT

(W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.)
195-201 PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.1

FORCES BOOKSHOPS AT S.A.O.R.

HUBBELRATH (Y.M.C.A.)
ISERLOHN (Y.M.C.A.)
KREFELD (Y.M.C.A.)
LIPPSTADT (Church Army)
MINDEN (Salvation Army)
MOENCHEN-GLADBACH—
Mainz (Y.W.C.A.)
MUNSTER (Church of Scotland
and Toc H)
OSNABRUCK (Church Army)
PADERBORN (Toc H)
SENNELAGER (Church Army)
VERDEN (Toc H)
WOLFBENBUTTEL (Church of
Scotland)

GIBRALTAR
WESLEY HOUSE (M.U.B.C.)

CYPRUS
AKROTIRI (Y.W.C.A.)
BERENGARIA (Y.W.C.A.)
DHEKELIA (C of E Club)
EPISKOPI (Y.M.C.A.)
FAMAGUSTA (M.U.G.)
NICOSIA (Y.W.C.A.)
Nicosia (Hibbert Houses)
POLEMEDHIA (M.M.G.)
MIDDLE EAST
ADEN (M.M.G.)

NORTH AFRICA
BENGHAZI (Salvation Army)
HOMS (Church of Scotland)
TOBRUK (Salvation Army)
TRIPOLI (Y.M.C.A.)
EAST AFRICA
GILGIL, KENYA (M.M.G.)
FAR EAST
HONG KONG (European
Y.M.C.A.)
SINGAPORE (Union Jack Club)
SEK KONG (Church of Scotland)
TAIPEI (Church of Scotland)

and other main centres

IS WAR ON THE WAY OUT?

IS war heading for the dustbin of obsolete things?

Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, in "The Conduct of War" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s) sees signs that it may be.

In civilised war, he writes, there is always a relationship between force and aim. "The first must be sufficient to attain the second, but not so excessive that it cancels it out. This is the crux of nuclear warfare." Since "common sense is the rarest of the senses in war" the means would not be apportioned to the aim, and destruction would be such that "from the point of view of any sane political aim, all-out nuclear warfare is nonsense."

With nuclear weapons multiplying in both camps, and both sides afraid to use them, there is a stalemate which makes nuclear war highly improbable. Similarly, with tactical nuclear deterrents on both sides (and the fear of tactical nuclear war leading to all-out nuclear war) there is stalemate in the field of limited war. "Except for wars other than those which directly involve the two great nuclear camps, such as wars by proxy or police operations, it looks as if physical warfare, either as an instrument of policy or of annihilation, is speeding towards the dustbin"

This wry optimism comes from a remarkable man. General



Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, a provocative writer on military affairs.

Fuller, now aged 83, first became a provocative writer on military subjects when he wrote unorthodox essays at Staff College before World War One, and was told it was not a student's duty to amend Field Service Regulations. He wrote the first manual on tank training, and in the 1920s was a vigorous propagandist for the new arm. As a prophet of the tank he "upheaved" (his own word) the War Office, but tanks did not materialise, so General Fuller retired to write.

"The Conduct of War" is a study of the impact of the French, the Industrial and the Russian revolutions on warfare. It gives a terse analysis of the way wars have been run since 1789, quotes many military thinkers and gives a critical chapter to Clausewitz, that theorist who is more often quoted than read.

General Fuller suggests that there should be a manual on the conduct of war and that it should be compulsory reading for both statesmen and soldiers and be divided in "How to . . ." and "How not to . . ." sections. For the second part, he points out, his own book shows there is more than enough raw material.

INDIANS AT WAR

THE story of the achievements of the Indian Army in the Far East and in Italy two decades ago is now told in two huge books, together totalling more than 1100 pages: the ninth and tenth volumes of the "Official History of the Indian Armed Forces in the Second World War" (Longmans, Green and Co, Ltd, 50s and 55s respectively).

The ninth volume deals with the defensive operations of the Indian and Allied forces against the Japanese in Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and Dutch West Borneo from 7 December, 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, until the end of the campaign only four months later. The tenth volume describes in detail the operations of the Indian forces from the time they landed in Italy in September, 1943, to the surrender of Italy in April, 1945, having fought gallantly in nearly all the big battles, notably at Cassino and the Gothic Line.

Both books, which are edited by Bisheshwar Prasad, are well illustrated with photographs and maps.

A SUBALTERN AT GALLIPOLI

WHEN Arthur Behrend was an Infantry subaltern in World War One his great joy and inseparable companion was a diary in which, each day, he recorded the war as he saw it.

Now, more than 40 years later, Mr. Behrend draws upon his notes and comments to tell the story—in "Make Me a Soldier" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s)—of the disastrous campaign at Gallipoli in World War One. It is a grim tale told as only a man who has lived cheek by jowl with death can tell it, but with humour and refreshingly free from bitterness.

The author gave up his job as a trainee with the London and North Eastern Railway in August, 1914, to join the 4th Battalion, The East Lancashire Regiment. A month later he was on his way with his unit to Suez and thence, in May, 1915, to Gallipoli as part of the first wave of reinforcements. From then until he was invalidated home with dysentery, Mr. Behrend fought as a platoon commander, finding time each day to write of fighting and of life in the front line trenches.

Mr. Behrend's moving story throws no new light on the strategy and tactics at Gallipoli. Its value lies in its vivid portrayal of men in battle.



The tombstone in Lymington churchyard erected to the memory of Lieutenant John Dieterich, the last officer in the British Army to lose his life in a duel. His executioner was acquitted of murder and freed.

THE LAST DUEL

ADUEL that changed the code of honour in the Army and emphasised the severity of criminal law of England took place at Lymington, in Hampshire, on 15 April, 1814.

It was fought with pistols by Captain Souper, who had been insulted in public by Lieutenant John Dieterich, Adjutant of the Foreign Depot at Lymington. Captain Souper mortally wounded his opponent, was arrested and convicted of murder. Only strong representations from the Horse Guards saved him from the gallows. The case brought the whole code of honour into the open and the Army knew, at long last, that the murderous practice of duelling had to stop.

The most curious aspect of the history of duelling was the conflict between the Courts of Law and the Horse Guards. Any death resulting from a duel was pronounced by the Court of Justice to be murder. But an officer—also a gentleman by Military Law—who had not obeyed the code of honour, and had omitted to call out his adversary on receiving an affront or had not accepted a challenge properly given, was dismissed the service.

The Government decided to make an example of Captain Souper and he was put on trial at the Winchester Assizes. When asked why sentence of death should not be passed on him according to law Captain Souper told the court that he was not afraid to die. He had faced death unmoved on the field of battle, and in the more fatal climate of the West Indies. But he had a wife and children to whom he could bequeath his only fortune—the unstained character of a soldier and a man of honour. He regretted that he was to die like a felon and to leave his children the infamy of a murderer.

His adversary, he said, was the aggressor and had publicly offered him an insult. He had been willing to accept an apology but could get none so he had no alternative but send a challenge or *lose his commission*. If he had not sent a challenge to vindicate his honour, and the honour of the Army, the next post would have brought an intimation from the Horse Guards that the King had no further use for his services.

The Judge was visibly affected and many in the Court were in tears. Captain Souper was eventually reprieved and the Army took heed of public opinion. Duelling was banned.

The Foreign Depot has long since gone but in Lymington Churchyard is the grim reminder of the Army's last duel—a stone erected to the memory of Lieutenant John Dieterich, late Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Foreign Depot, "who unfortunately fell in a duel on the 15th day of April, 1814."

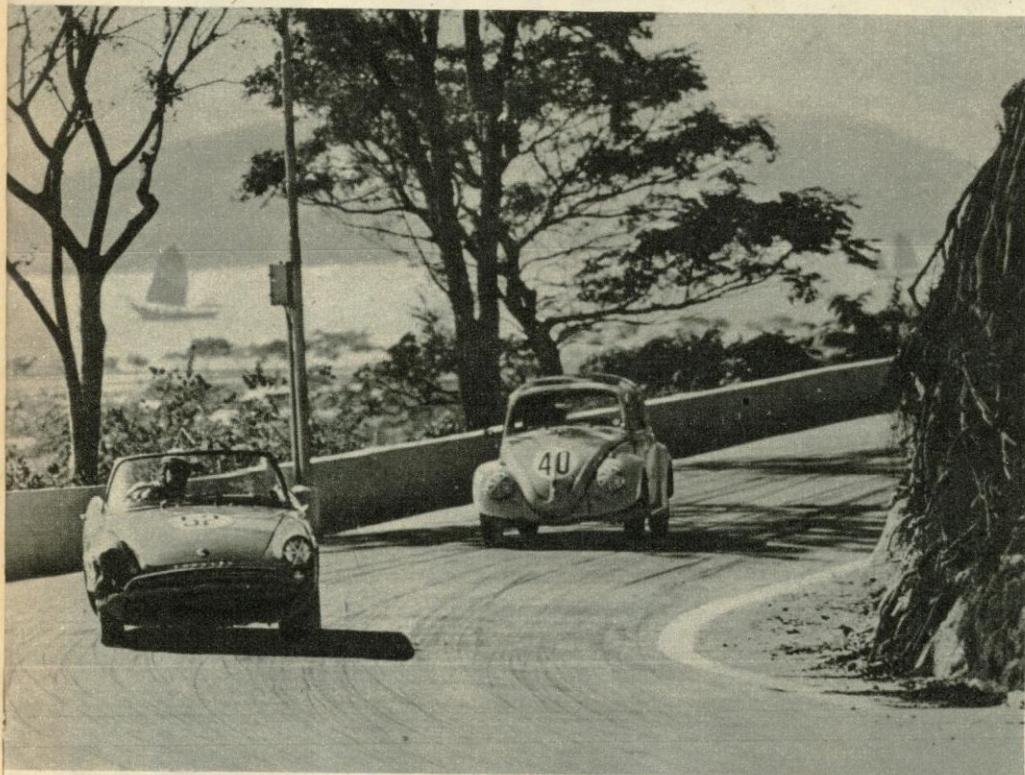
Lieutenant-Colonel The O'Doneven

For the first time a team of Army drivers—and an Army wife—competed in the Macao race meeting and scored several successes. REME fitters were on hand, too, to keep the cars in good order



Captain H. R. Higginbottom, Royal Army Dental Corps, at the wheel of his TR3 as it flashes past the pits during the 15-lap Senior Marque race.

DRAGONS AT THE WHEEL



Above: Captain B. N. F. Fox screams round a corner ahead of a Volkswagen to take third prize in the junior event. The hills of Communist China loom in the background.



Right: REME fitters at work on Major MacKinnon's TR3 after it had developed engine and water pump trouble during a practice run.

COMPETING against some of the finest drivers in the Far East, an Army team from Hong Kong, styling themselves The Dragons, captured two third places and one fifth in the recent Macao motor racing meeting held over a tough and tricky 3.8-mile circuit in the 400-year-old Portuguese province in China.

Bad luck dogged the Army team from the start. In practice both Major N. R. F. MacKinnon, Royal Signals, driving a *Triumph TR3*, and Captain B. N. F. Fox, Royal Artillery, sharing the wheel of his *Sunbeam Alpine* with his wife, Elizabeth, ran into trouble. After several good laps, Major MacKinnon pulled up with a cracked cylinder head and shortly afterwards Mrs. Fox overshot a bend into some sandbags and smashed a headlamp and a wing.

The *Alpine* was soon on the road again but the *TR3* needed a new cylinder head and water pump gasket which had to be rushed over from Hong Kong. With the spares came two REME fitters, Lance-Corporal J. A. Green and Craftsman W. Donald, who worked through the night to have the car ready for its first race.

In the first race of the day—the Junior Marque Trophy—Captain Fox was third, two minor mishaps robbing him of second place. Then came the Senior Marque. Major MacKinnon got away to a good start but after completing six of the 15 laps he was forced to retire through engine overheating. Captain H. Higginbottom, Royal Army Dental Corps, also driving a *TR3* and competing in his first motor race, showed very fine judgment and skill to take third place.

Two Army cars lined up for the start of the Automovel Club de Portugal Trophy—Mrs. Fox in the *Alpine* and Captain Higginbottom in his *TR3*. Lap after lap Captain Higginbottom hung on to the leaders as the field swept round the course and crossed the finishing line a close fifth to the leader. Mrs. Fox was unplaced.

Major MacKinnon was the only Army competitor in the Grand Prix but after two laps he pulled into the pits with big-end trouble and had to retire.

MORE SPORT OVERLEAF

BETTER PROSPECTS FOR

After a disastrous start to the season the Army's boxers have gone a long way towards retrieving their fortunes, thrashing the Royal Air Force by eight bouts to three. It was an impressive victory and a happy augury for the future for nine of the team were Regulars—the nucleus of the future all-Regular Army side.

The Army's ABA champions—middle-weight Trooper Jim Caiger, 15/19th King's Royal Hussars, and lightweight Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier, Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment—both chalked up good wins against doughty opponents. Caiger had to pull out his best to beat Corporal J. Walker, who took a fearful pasting and then came back for more. Brazier, too, had a very hard fight with Senior Aircraftsman Vince O'Brien and was only fractionally ahead at the final gong.

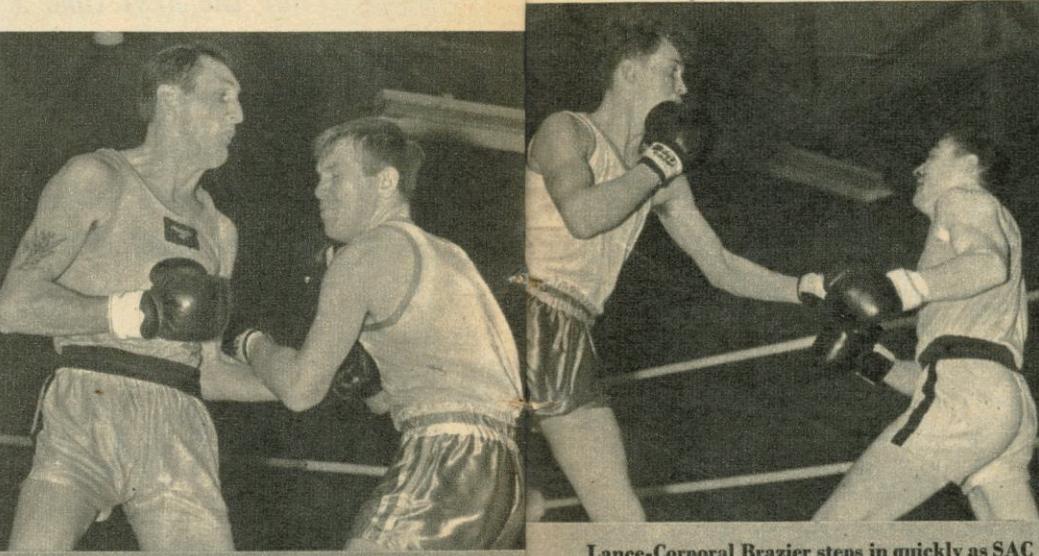
The three other soldier ISBA title-holders—bantamweight Corporal Bobby

Mills and featherweight Trooper R. Taylor, both of the 15/19th Hussars, and light-heavyweight Private Tom Menzies, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—all won comfortably on points and Lance-Corporal P. Johnson, 44 Signal Regiment scored a fine second-round knock-out. Unexpectedly, Trooper C. Marsden, the fourth 15/19th Hussar in the team, lost his welterweight fight against Corporal B. Chillery and Sergeant N. McDuff (flyweight), Gordon Highlanders, was also beaten on points, but Guardsman T. Lynch (light middle), Irish Guards, had no difficulty disposing of Aircraftsman W. Brown. The RAF won the heavyweight fight, Senior Aircraftsman O. Miller outpointing Corporal J. Simisker, CRMP.

The final fight of the evening, a second-string welterweight contest, ended explosively, Sapper R. Boomer, knocking out Leading Aircraftsman W. Hazell in the first round with a tremendous right hook.



Trooper J. Caiger winces as Corporal Walker gets in a vicious left—but the soldier won.



Lance-Corporal Brazier steps in quickly as SAC O'Brien drops his guard, and lets go with a left.



The grace of a boxer's movements are graphically illustrated in this picture of Trooper Taylor (right) and LAC Winter. Taylor, an Army ISBA title-holder, won a skilful contest on points.

BOXING



It's shoulders and hands to the ball and shove as the Pioneers fight to force the giant ball down field for a goal.

PIONEERS REVIVE AN OLD GAME

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN COWLEY, Master General of the Ordnance, walked up to a six-foot high ball, gave it a shove and made sporting history.

For the first time since before World War Two the rough, tough game of Push-Ball was being played in Britain—by two ten-men teams from the Royal Pioneer Corps Depot at Wootton, in Northamptonshire.

For 20 minutes the players heaved and struggled, each side forcing the ball across their opponent's goal line once. When it was

over they sank gratefully to the ground—exhausted by their efforts.

The idea for reviving Push-Ball belongs to Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. C. Archer, Commandant of the Royal Pioneer Corps Depot, who decided that it was just the thing for keeping his men fit. He bought a ball for £75 from a national newspaper, which also produced the rules, and the game is now a regular feature of the Depot's sporting activities.

The Pioneers are hoping that other units will take up the sport so that competitions can be organised.



Mons cadets prepare three of the new 14ft dinghies for an afternoon's sail on Frensham Ponds.

SAILS AT MONS

FOR the first time in its history the Mons Officer Cadet School in Aldershot has its own sailing club, news that will gladden the hearts of all soldier sailing enthusiasts.

A few months ago the School received a grant from the Lord Nuffield Trust and bought four 14ft sailing dinghies which were named *Mons Star*, *Mons Minx*, *Mons Angel* and *Mons Pride*. Then they joined the Frensham Ponds Sailing Club and for weeks Cadets and members of the Demonstration Platoon of the 1st Green Jackets

laboured in their recreational periods at clearing a large area of scrub and trees, improving the existing hard and slipways and building a bridge across a stream so that the School's boats could be handled there.

Now, many of the School's permanent staff and cadets have become proficient enough to take the boats out themselves and at week-ends have competed in races organised by the Frensham Club. This summer the School hopes to take part in many more competitions and sail its dinghies on the Solent and at Hamble.

SPORTS SHORTS

THE Army successfully defended its inter-Services squash rackets title at the Naval and Military Club, beating both the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force by four matches to one. This was the Army's 20th win in the 28 occasions the event has been played.

CAPTAIN JOHN MOORE, Royal Artillery, the British Olympic skier, won the 15-kilometre *langlauf* event in the Commonwealth Winter Games at St. Moritz, outclassing his 12 rivals with a fine time of 55 mins. 8 sec. Second was Lieutenant R. Dent, RA, in 59 mins 6 sec.

A Royal Military Academy Sandhurst team won the two-day British Services colleges ski championship, Officer Cadet J. Black completing the one-kilometre giant slalom in 69.3 sec, with Flight Cadet P. Miller (Cranwell) second, in 72.2 sec.

THE 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders have won both the Singapore Base District Football League championship and the Cup competition and are the first Infantry unit to capture the Cup for 14 years. The achievement was all the more remarkable since the team had to build almost from scratch after the amalgamation of the Seaforths and Camerons to form the new regiment early in 1961.

SAVE WHILE YOU SERVE

Saving regularly with the Halifax Building Society is simple and rewarding. Your money will earn a good rate of interest and will be safeguarded by the resources of the world's largest Building Society.

By an arrangement with the War Office regular deductions can be made from your pay. Ask your Unit Paymaster for an application form and full details today.

HOUSE PURCHASE

The Halifax Building Society, has undertaken that those who save with the Society while they serve, will be given all possible assistance towards home-ownership when the time comes for them to leave the Army.



HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE · HALIFAX · YORKSHIRE

Branches and Agencies throughout the country



LETTERS

RESPONSIBILITY

Sergeant Eaton's letter (SOLDIER, December, 1961) concerning the discouragement of responsibility and initiative in the Army today was both constructive and perceptive. It voices only too well the oft-spoken opinions of those NCOs described in *Military Security Instructions*, 1956, as being selected for their "integrity, tact, intelligence and ability to work without supervision."

After working hard to pass courses and trade tests with a view to promotion and in the interests of increased efficiency, enthusiasm becomes blunted when a man finds himself employed in humdrum routine duties, without any real responsibility despite his hard-earned qualifications.

Sergeant Eaton has put his finger squarely on a weakness which has been tolerated far too long.—D. Ward (Int. Corps), All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment, Tonfanau Camp, Merioneth, North Wales.

The main fault today, I believe, is the lack of training and subsequent support of the junior regimental NCO. There has always been a friendly war between the regimental and trade sections, stemming from the fact that the latter obtain promotion through trade qualifications rather than by disciplinary prowess. Provided the tradesman passes a cadre course annually, obtains his trade and educational qualifications and keeps out of trouble he has no worries. Command of men and regimental responsibility are regarded as the concern of others.

There is no special treatment for the junior non-commissioned officer (his accommodation and messing, for instance, are communal with the private soldier) so that he cannot become entirely divorced from his subordinates. Inevitably, the tradesman's lack of responsibility has an effect on the non-tradesman and leads to a lowering of disciplinary standards.

Lack of discipline frustrates the regimental soldier because he cannot know how his superiors will react to certain actions. The days when a lance-corporal was a man of authority and influence must return, and the tradesman must realise that his stripes are not only for knowing his trade but also for the ability to command and make decisions.

One remedy is to give the junior NCO more responsibility and stop regarding him as a private with stripes.—Staff-Sergeant L. W. Cant, RAOC, Western Command Ammunition Inspectorate (S), RAOC, c/o 9 Bn RAOC, Parsons Barracks, Donnington, Salop.

CAP BADGES

One of the many invaluable services your excellent magazine performs is in enabling regiments to regain touch with old comrades who have become "lost." The letter from Mr. Stanley S. Cooke, of Ontario (SOLDIER, December, 1961), is a case in point, and having found him again we shall not lose him.

Mr. Cooke's comments on the change of cap badge in my regiment lead me to say that when The Lancastrian Brigade was formed it was essential to have some visible mark of unity among the regiments and the cap badge was the obvious choice. No regiment wanted to change its cap badge. Indeed, other Lancashire regiments had to make further sacrifices because of amalgamation—a fate which The Loyals were spared. Loyalty demanded that we should accept this

change without demur. After all, the Regiment's motto is "*Loyaute M'Oblige*."

The War Office Dress Committee has recently approved a request for our old cap badge to be worn by all ranks as a collar badge. So the Red Rose of Lancashire, surmounted by the Royal Crest and surrounded by its distinctive scroll will continue to form part of the uniform of the Regiment.—Brigadier G. A. Rimbault DSO, MC, Colonel, The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), RHQ, The Loyal Regiment, Fulwood Barracks, Preston, Lancs.

The present brigade badges are a poor lot and bear no comparison with the fine old regimental cap badges.

Mr. Cooke is wrong, however, in saying that The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment won the title "Loyal" at Quebec. The 47th, or 1st Battalion, was at Quebec, but the 81st, or 2nd Battalion, though not at Quebec was, in fact, the "Loyal" Regiment.

The 81st was raised in 1759 as the 81st (Invalids) Regiment, being dispersed as Independent Companies in 1763. From 1778 to 1783 the Regiment was the 81st (Aberdeen Highlanders) which was disbanded. In 1793 the title "Loyal" appears for the first time in the 81st (Loyal Lincoln Volunteers) Regiment. In 1881 the 47th and the 81st were combined to become The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

The title "Loyal," of which the Regiment has long had the monopoly, was assigned to several other corps at the period, all of which, the "Loyal Lincolns" excepted, were very short-lived. The 103rd (Loyal Bristol Volunteers), the 111th (Loyal Birmingham Volunteers), the 125th (Loyal Waterford) and the 135th (Loyal Limerick) were all raised and dispersed between 1793 and 1796.—H. N. Peyton, 11 Rodney Avenue, Tonbridge, Kent.

FRIENDLY DRAGON

I heartily endorse the views expressed by Mr. Cooke (SOLDIER, December, 1961) when he says that had the old regimental cap badges been retained much heart-burning would have been avoided.

In July, 1914, I joined The Buffs, and in 1916 some 300 of us were transferred to the 18th London Irish, then under strength. Though none of us liked doing so, we had to replace our Dragon badge with a Harp. I refused to return my Dragon to stores and when, some time later, I was transferred to The

MINISTRY OF AVIATION

THE ROYAL RADAR ESTABLISHMENT PERSHORE AIRFIELD WORCESTERSHIRE

Are you fully skilled in the maintenance of GROUND RADAR equipment?

Would you like an interesting job in pleasant rural surroundings?

If so, write for further information to:—

The Senior Labour Manager, (S), R.R.E., St. Andrews Road, Malvern, Worcestershire

• **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.

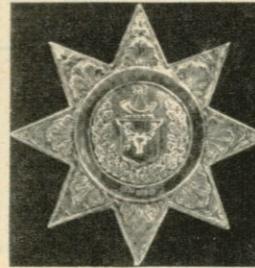
King's Royal Rifle Corps it was still in my pocket. At the end of 1917 I applied for transfer to the photographic branch of the Royal Flying Corps, and was accepted, still accompanied by my Dragon. Taken seriously ill after Christmas in 1918, my Dragon and I spent some time in hospital before returning to "Blighty" for discharge.

In 1938 I became a reserve in Section "E" of the Royal Air Force and was called up in August, 1939, being soon posted overseas on active service, still with my Dragon. In October, 1940, I was invalided out.

As I write my Dragon hangs on the wall of my dining-room, complete with its scarlet cloth background and is one of my most cherished possessions. For 47 years we have never been parted.—V. W. Hewson, "Hillcrest," King's Road, Bury St. Edmunds.

WHAT IS IT?

Can you identify the badge shown in this photograph (below)? It is made of



silver and is 3½ inches in diameter.—J. Borman, 38 Montague Street, Brierfield, Lancs.

★ **SOLDIER** is stumped. Can any reader help?

MACHINE-GUNS

I suggest that a retrograde step is being taken in replacing the Vickers Medium machine-gun with the light, air-cooled General Purpose machine-gun.

It has been stated that the Vickers is too heavy, but this weight gives the gun great stability from which comes high accuracy at ranges far beyond the capability of any air-cooled gun, at least in sustained firing.

It has been suggested that water-cooling presents an additional supply problem, particularly in hot climates, but this has been overcome very well since the introduction of the Maxim in 1887 (or the Gatling before that). Conversely, water-cooling offers a temperature-controlled barrel which is highly desirable in any rapid fire weapon, keeping bullet wear and gas erosion to a minimum and, by limiting metallic expansion, reducing "creep" to negligible proportions.

I believe that new barrel designs permit fairly long periods of sustained firing before a change is necessary. However, the barrel must be heavy for maximum heat dispersion, and wear begins to become excessive when internal temperatures around 5000 degrees Centigrade are reached. The answer would appear to be to produce a like barrel for the Vickers and have a machine-gun with an almost indefinite barrel life.—Flight-Lieutenant P. R. Lewell, Officers' Mess, Royal Air Force, High Wycombe, Bucks.

★ The immense value of the Vickers has always been recognised, but the replacement of old and usually heavy equipments is essential in the modern streamlined Army, where mobility is a prime require-

ment. Although ammunition forms the bulk of the overall weight, the actual load carried by the man cannot be ignored. In the case of the Vickers this is two loads of 47 pounds each whereas the new gun and tripod are approximately half this weight. The problem of stability, using a light gun and tripod, has been overcome by the addition of recoil mechanism in the tripod. This has proved most successful, resulting in accuracy greater than that of the Vickers.

Other advantages of the GPMG are that it is easier to teach, to maintain in action and is cheaper to make than the Vickers. It has been found most successful in the light machine-gun role using a light barrel. In the sustained fire role, it is fitted with a barrel of advanced design which is rather heavier than that used for the LMG role. The gun has a quick change barrel like the Bren, and very high sustained rates of fire can be achieved. The GPMG can do all that the Vickers can do and in addition has a great many advantages and few, if any, disadvantages.

STANDARDISATION

Some years ago, with a view to reducing the types, sizes and makes of vehicles, the Army was promised a standard quarter-ton, one-ton and three-ton vehicle, with more simplified spares lists and technical instructions.

This happy state has not yet come to pass and we still have vehicles produced by every major, and quite a few minor, English vehicle manufacturers, vehicles of foreign origin and, to crown it all, vehicles of World War Two vintage which should have been scrapped years ago. When shall we realise the dream of "one maker for each size range?"—Sgt T. Brown, Station Workshop REME, BFPO 55.

★ The War Office says that the future "B" vehicle fleet will consist of the minimum number of payload ranges compatible with operational efficiency. Within each payload range only one make of vehicle will be supplied.

This policy has already resulted in new vehicles in the quarter, three-quarter, one-, three- and ten-ton ranges, together with a number of tractors for specialised work. The full implementation of this policy has not been possible because of the large surplus of vehicles at the end of World War Two which, for economic reasons, had to be used. Most of these have now finished their useful lives, and field force units are now equipped with vehicles of modern design. Vehicles of foreign manufacture are usually only purchased when

an associated weapons system is bought from that country, for instance, the Corporal missile. Britain sells to foreign governments on a similar basis.

VC COMMEMORATION

On 4 May, the Duke of Gloucester, Patron of the National Army Museum, will receive a memorial book presented by Major Cecil Steward, a retired Indian Army Officer, to commemorate Honourable East India Company and Indian Army Victoria Cross winners. They number 162 and their citations will be handwritten on vellum. Also in the book will be inscribed the names of officers and men who won the supreme award with other armies and who subsequently transferred to the Indian Army. Indian Service winners of the George Cross will also be included in the book.

We want to have the relatives of as many VC holders as possible present at the ceremony and I should be grateful if, through your columns, I may ask them to get in touch with me. Some of your readers may also be able to help by putting me in touch with such relatives.

A special HEIC and Indian Army Victoria Cross and George Cross Exhibition is being held in connection with the presentation and will be open to the public from 5 to 13 May, 10 am to 5 pm. I shall be most grateful for the presentation or loan of suitable exhibits.—Lieut-Col C. B. Appleby DSO, Director, National Army Museum, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

Collectors' Corner

R. C. Fuller, 1397 Twidale Ave, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.—Scottish badges, Artillery items.

G. Seidl, 4141 Verdugo Drive, Los Angeles 65, California, USA.—German cigarette cards, will exchange for other German cards, albums etc.

Irish Lancers, were at Blenheim, as was Hamilton's 18th Foot which became The Royal Irish Regiment.

In 1704, with few exceptions, it was customary to call regiments either by the name of the individual who raised them, or who commanded them in battle. Thus the Scots Greys were known as Lord Hay's Dragoons and the 5th Dragoon Guards as Cadogan's Dragoons. Since 1921, when the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and the 5th Dragoon Guards were amalgamated, the joint battle honours have been combined, and this may well have led

Mr. Dennison to construe that the "Skins" were included in Marlborough's famous march to the Rhine.—L. H. Knapton (late Queen's Bays), 39 Snowdon Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

RIFLE BRIGADE

In your article "Into the Breach at Ciudad Rodrigo" (SOLDIER, January) the present-day title of the 95th Foot is given as the 2nd Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters. This is not so.

In 1812 the 95th was the Rifle Corps and was part of the Light Division with the 43rd and 52nd. In 1816 the 95th was taken out of the line and became The Rifle Brigade, and in 1824 the 95th (Derbyshire) Regiment was raised, and in 1881 became the 2nd Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters.—D. C. Oliver, The Yexley Private Hotel, 9 South Cliff, Eastbourne, Sussex.

MEDALS

Congratulations on your new series of articles on medals (SOLDIER, January).

It is interesting to note that, despite his opposition to the grant of the Military General Service Medal, the Iron Duke's effigy appears on the reverse. This is, I think, the only campaign medal on which a commoner is

OVER...

Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

THE ARMY NEEDS MEN

The Federation is looking for trained personnel with recent Regular Army experience. The Federation offers them a new life in a vigorous young country.

The job is challenging and exciting. There are abundant facilities for sport and recreation in a wonderful climate. Pay is excellent, and the chances of promotion exceptionally good. What's more, leave is generous and offers splendid opportunities to see more of a great continent. Infantry officers and senior N.C.O.s; medical officers; Corps of Signals officers, tradesmen and technicians—the job you seek may well be in the list available. Send brief details of your experience to:

Senior Army Liaison Officer,
Rhodesia House,
429 Strand,
London, W.C.2.

FREE BROCHURE without obligation

LEARN RADIO & T/V SERVICING and ELECTRONICS and how to make and build your own equipment—using an exciting new practical apparatus course. Ideal for starting your own business or as a fascinating hobby.

RADIOSTRUCTOR Dept. G104
READING, BERKS. 3/62

CARAVANS

DEMONSTRATION AT FOUNTAINBLEU AT EASTER

of unique 12ft. 4- or 6-berth "Holivan" at £265 (delivered Dunkirk)
Towable by 1,000 c.c. car. Send stamp for details of the demonstration and of all other makes
of Caravans and MOBILEHOMES

H.P. AND SPECIAL PRICES TO SERVICEMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD
"Caraboats," 66 Gloucester Road, Barnet

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

Executive Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, June 1962 and June 1963 (Basic grade rises to over £1,100); good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, October 1962. Assistant Preventive Officer (Customs and Excise), 19-21, with allowance for Forces service—examination in February 1963.

Write stating age, Forces service, etc., to:

CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
10 STATION PARADE, BALHAM HIGH RD., LONDON S.W.12

IN AFRICA . . .

a Career for Ambitious Young Men. BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE (Southern Rhodesia) offers an active, open-air life to single men, aged 18-25, physically fit (min. height 5 ft. 7 in., perfect vision without glasses) with not less than 4 years' Secondary Education, preferably to G.C.E. Standard. Pay: Constables (under 20) £483; (over 20) £525, rising to £861. Inspectors £1,100-£1,460. Chief Inspectors £1,550-£1,650. ALL PROMOTIONS FROM THE RANKS. Free uniform, quarters, passage.

For information about Service in this renowned Corps, apply:

POLICE RECRUITING OFFICER, Rhodesia House, Strand, London, W.C.2

GESTETNER offer a career to ambitious and intelligent young men in their rapidly expanding Offset Division. From those who have had experience of Offset machines we invite applications to join our Customer Advisory Department in London and branches throughout the country. After comprehensive training, successful applicants will be required to instruct customers in the use of the Gestetner Offset Machine and deal with their queries. From time to time vacancies also arise for Plate Makers and **Manager, Offset Division, Gestetner Duplicators (B.S.O.) Ltd., 210 Euston Road, London, N.W.1 Mechanics.**



GIVE YOUR OWN ORDER!

Serving soldiers can buy **SOLDIER** from their canteens. PRIs should enquire of their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms. Civilians may order **SOLDIER** at any bookstall in the United Kingdom.

If you cannot obtain the magazine through the above channels fill in the order form below.

To Circulation Manager,
SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London, N.7

Please send copies of **SOLDIER** each month for months
beginning with the issue for the month of
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE) TO:
U.K. Cheque or Postal Order value Cheques or P.O.s should be made payable to "Command Cashier" and crossed "a/c **SOLDIER**." **SOLDIER** costs 10s. 6d. for one year (12 copies) including postage and packing. Stamps cannot be accepted.

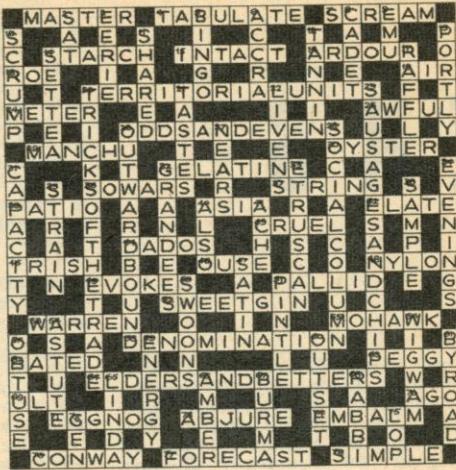
PRIZE WINNERS

CROSSWORD

The winner of **SOLDIER**'s Christmas Crossword was:

Lance-Corporal Johnson, Regimental Police, 6 Bn, RAOC, Chilwell, Beeston, Notts, who receives two recently-published books.

The correct solution is shown at right.



QUIZ

No all-correct entries were received to **SOLDIER**'s December Quiz. Prizes to those with the fewest mistakes are awarded as follows:

1. £20 gift voucher: WO I H. Oldfield, RAEC, 8 Command Library, HQ Nearelf.

2. £12 gift voucher: SQMS Frost, 50, Bowbridge Lane, Stroud, Glos.

3. £8 gift voucher: Sgt T. Atkins, REME, 1/6 Gurkha Rifles, Kluang Johore, Malaya.

4. Four books: Sgt Harris, 79 Coy, WRAC (TA), Finsbury Bks, EC 1.

5. 12 months' free subscription and photographs: Maj R. C. Cole, Rounton Rd, Crookham, Hants.

6. 12 months' free subscription: T. Bugden, c/o Capt G. Bugden, 1 Wksp FEME (AFMC), Port Dickson, Malaya.

The correct answers were:

1. Danny Blanchflower Dave Mackay, both of Tottenham Hotspur.
2. "Gang aft a-gley."
3. (a) Heaven helps those who help themselves; (b) Blood is thicker than water.
4. Hectare is odd man out.
5. (a) Love; (b) King of Sea, God of Horses; (c) Wine; (d) Love; (e) Hunting; (f) Wisdom, War, Liberal Arts.
6. (a) Dove (or lamb); (b) Eel; (c) mud (thieves); (d) a dodo (doornail, mutton); (e) ditchwater (ox); (f) steel (new penny, the morning).
7. (a) Rippin' Pippin; (b) Swiss Miss; (c) Fine Spine; (d) Pottery Lottery; (e) Silly Billy.
8. (a) false; (b) true; (c) false; (d) true; (e) Seven continents; (b) one; (c) seven; (d) 25; (e) fifteen.
10. Gun barrel.
11. (a) Prevail; (b) Betimes; (c) Inmates; (d) Obedient.
12. Triangle, relating, altering, integral.

more letters

so depicted, with the exception of the medal for the Punjab campaign of 1849, which shows Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert receiving the surrender of the Sikhs.

Wellington himself did not receive the Military General Service Medal, having already been awarded the Gold Cross with nine clasps representing 13 actions. He was also presented with a gold collar and cross with these honours and, in addition, that of Waterloo.—G. W. Harris, Orders & Medals Research Society, 4 Rutherford Close, Stoneleigh, Ewell, Surrey.

STRIPPED

Lieutenant-Colonel The O'Donevan's letter on the subject of drumming-out (**SOLDIER**, December, 1961) reminded me of an incident that occurred in South Africa in 1942.

One morning all the 1500 recruits at 100 Air School, Roberts Heights (the depot of the South African Air Force), were formed into a hollow square. Into this square marched a small party consisting of a prisoner, his escort and some

officers. A sentence of reduction to the ranks was read out and the badges of rank were then torn from the prisoner's uniform. The stripes were still lying on the parade ground long after we had returned to normal drill.—M. B. S. Laing, PO Box 513, Bloemfontein, OFS, South Africa.

FASTER STILL

In your "Sports Shorts" feature (**SOLDIER**, January) you say that Sapper Brian Marshall set up a new record by walking 100 miles from Longmoor to London and back in 28 hrs 15 mins.

In December, 1959, CSM Dennis Mustard, then of 6 Training Battalion, RASC, and now a PSI in 559 Coy (Mot Amb) RASC (TA), established "marching records" for both the 100 and 110 miles, completing the former in 26 hrs 51 mins and the latter in 29 hrs 47 mins.

Is it not time that some authority and/or uniformity was introduced before making new marching or walking record claims?—J. M. Nevin, Chief Clerk, 559 Coy (Mot Amb), RASC (TA), Redhill, Surrey.

★ LEARN ★

RADIO & T/V SERVICING for your OWN BUSINESS/HOBBY

● by a new exciting no-maths system, using practical equipment recently introduced to this country.

FREE Brochure from:—

RADIOSTRUCTOR

DEPT. G 76, READING, BERKS.

(3-62)

RE-UNION

The Queen's Own Hussars Reunion dinner, Saturday, 5th May, Church House Restaurant, Gt Smith St, Westminster, SW 1. Officers, dinner jackets; ORs, lounge suits. Tickets 20s from Capt C. Cassie, QOH, Drill Hall, Priory Rd, Warwick.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

The two drawings were different in the following details: 1. Slope of aeroplane wing. 2. Sign on sergeant's arm. 3. Soldiers in lorry. 4. Number of birds near tractor. 5. Sergeant's stick. 6. Position of legs of soldier fourth from right. 7. Flagpole's supporting struts. 8. Sergeant's eyebrow. 9. Intersection of lines at base of mountains. 10. Middle crossbar of "E" in "TIRED."

The Police Service in the Midlands

... offers a career to all ex-Service-men, with security for the future, and opportunities for promotion.

Constable's pay: £600 to £970 per annum. Generous leave and allowances. 44 hour week. Pension after 25 years. Facilities for sport and recreation.



If you are between 19 and 30 years of age, not less than 5' 8" in height without foot-wear, of good health and character, write for full details to:

The Hon. Secretary, No. 4 District Recruiting Board,
Police Headquarters, Newton Street, Birmingham 4

THE LONDON AMBULANCE SERVICE

requires MEN and WOMEN as Driver/Attendants. Basic pay £12/1/0 (42-hour week) including first-aid and running repairs allowances. Shift workers pay range £13/8/0-£14/9/0. Initial training with pay. Uniform provided. Paid holidays. Pension scheme on permanent appointment. Applicants aged 21-45, must be experienced drivers in good health.

Apply to the

Officer-in-Charge (3431/S/3),
London Ambulance Service, 150 Waterloo Road, S.E.1

UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY ATOMIC ENERGY ESTABLISHMENT, WINFRITH

Vacancies exist at the A.E.E. Winfrith for
ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT MECHANICS

Applicants should have experience of electronic equipment and industrial process control instruments, and of work involving fault diagnosis, repair and calibration for a wide range of instruments used in nuclear reactors and associated experiments. The work requires a good knowledge of instruments for measuring and automatically controlling flow pressures and temperatures of liquids and gases, as well as pulse techniques, wide band and D.C. amplifiers, counting circuits and associated test equipment.

Excellent working conditions including sick pay and pension scheme.

Further details and an application form may be obtained on request from the Labour Department, A.E.E. Winfrith, Dorchester, Dorset, quoting ref. IM/NAT/JN.

INSPECTORS OF POLICE—HONG KONG

Applications are invited for the above posts from young men with a University Matriculation Certificate or a General Certificate of Education in at least 5 subjects including 2 or more at advanced level. Candidates must be unmarried, aged 19 to 27, not less than 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of good physique and normal vision without glasses.

Successful applicants will be appointed on probation to the pensionable establishment. Salary scale is £896 rising by 10 annual increments to £1,384 a year.

Candidates with a University Degree will enter at £1,140 a year.

Opportunities for advancement include promotion to Senior Inspector (salary scale £1,654 rising to £1,789 p.a.) after seven years service and to Chief Inspector (salary scale £2,055 rising to £2,505 p.a.) for certain specialist posts, or to Assistant Superintendent (salary scale £2,055 rising to £2,865 p.a.) after three years service as a Senior Inspector. Thereafter there are opportunities for promotion to the higher ranks in the Force. Liberal leave on full pay with free passages after 3½ years service. Low income tax. Accommodation provided at low rental.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference MJA/46672/SBZ.



“If
only
I had
the
money!”

You may have said it yourself. But, consider. You will probably never have a better opportunity than you have now of putting some money aside for the future. You enjoy good pay—with no overheads—and all the facilities of the Post Office Savings Bank scheme are yours for the asking. What could be simpler?

Make saving a good habit. Save as much or as little as you like, but do it regularly. Keep your money in the Savings Bank as long as you possibly can. You will find that it soon mounts up and collects interest—ready to help start you up in the trade you are now learning in the Service, or for furnishing your home when you get married.

All the details of the scheme are in the leaflets illustrated here. Write to me personally, and I will send you a copy of the one that applies to your Service:

**Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh W. L. Saunders,
G.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.M.,
Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
1, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7**

Issued by H.M. Forces Savings Committee

SOLDIER



**DEBBIE
REYNOLDS**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
—in "How The West
Was Won"