

SOLDIER

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Canal Zone and Libya 4 piastres; Cyprus 7 piastres; Malaya 30 cents;
Hong-Kong 60 cents; East Africa 75 cents; West Africa 9d.



"MIND MY BIKE!"

(See Page 17)

Naafi Sports Showroom

KENNINGS WAY



A comprehensive display of a complete range of sports equipment, sports clothing, trophies and prizes can be seen at Naafi Sports Showroom at Kennings Way, London, S. E. 11 (one minute from Kennington Tube Station). One of the many spectacular stands on view is illustrated.

This display should prove of particular interest to Commanding Officers and Sports Officers to whom we extend a cordial invitation. A sample of practically every article listed in the range of Naafi sports catalogues is on show and our staff are available to advise on all matters relating to sports equipment.

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A message to Commanding Officers

from Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A., Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee



Today, of all Forces personnel, 30% wisely save through National Savings, and the method chosen by 93% of all Forces savers is deductions from pay into Service Series Post Office Savings Bank Accounts.

My Committee provides for each Service a special leaflet telling all about this Scheme by means of 20 simple questions and answers. It is our aim that every serving man and woman — and particularly every new recruit — should have his or her own copy of "20 Questions."

We are indebted to many Units for their co-operation in making a complete distribution of the leaflet to personnel and especially to each new intake of recruits.

One of the ways in which all Commanding Officers can help us to further this important welfare work for Savings in the Services is by seeing that a copy of "20 Questions" is issued to every Rating or Other Rank who has not already received one.

Supplies will gladly be sent to any Unit, at home or overseas, on application (*stating quantity desired*) to:—

H.M. FORCES SAVINGS COMMITTEE, 1 PRINCES GATE, LONDON, S.W.7

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a glass of good
wholesome
beer'**



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Genial, wholesome beer. How could it be otherwise? Brewed with the skill and care of long experience from good malt and ripened hops, beer is best—and best enjoyed among friends at The Local.

**beer
is
best**

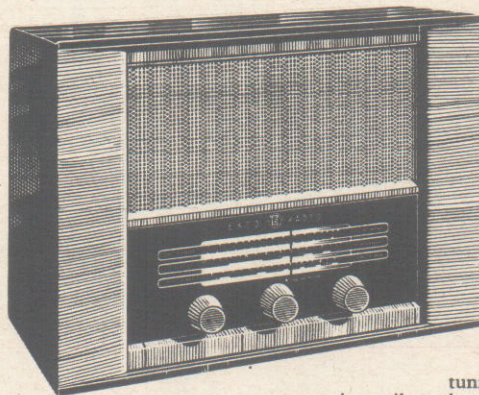
Let's have one at The Local

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY · 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.



One of the boys of the new brigade!

Maybe he is lucky! Maybe he is doing the kind of job where he can use a set like this. But then, that's soldiering all over—it might be barracks, billets, huts or tents. But if you've got the chance to settle down for a bit, especially abroad, this fully tropicalised Ekco 5-valve Superhet is just the job. It's neat, handy, powerful—very reliable, very good quality!



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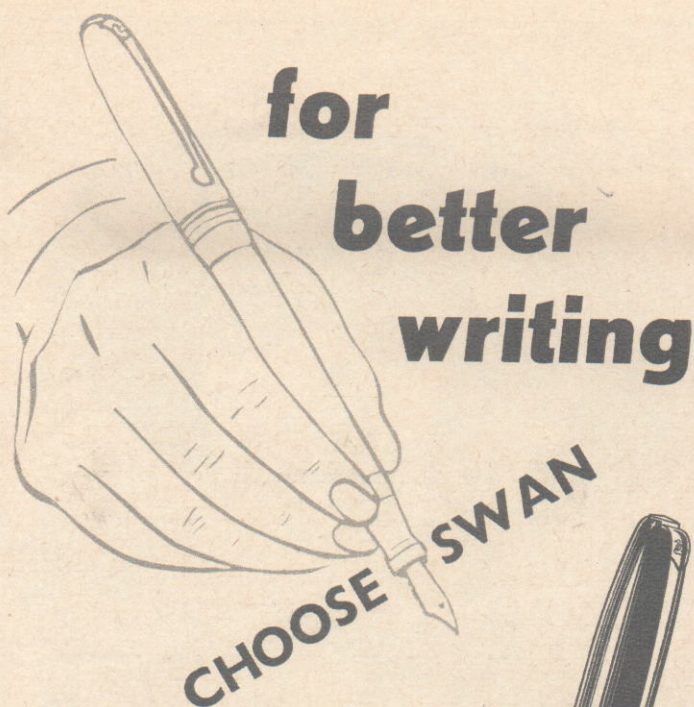
Operates on A.C. mains of 100/135 volts or 200/250 volts, 40/100 c/s. Wave Ranges: 150/310 Kc/s (1000-2000 metres); 525-1600 Kc/s (190-570 metres); 5.7-19 Mc/s (16-52 metres).

● The Ekco range includes mains and battery operated receivers suitable for every purpose. These, and the A194 featured here, can be obtained overseas, through the N.A.A.F.I.

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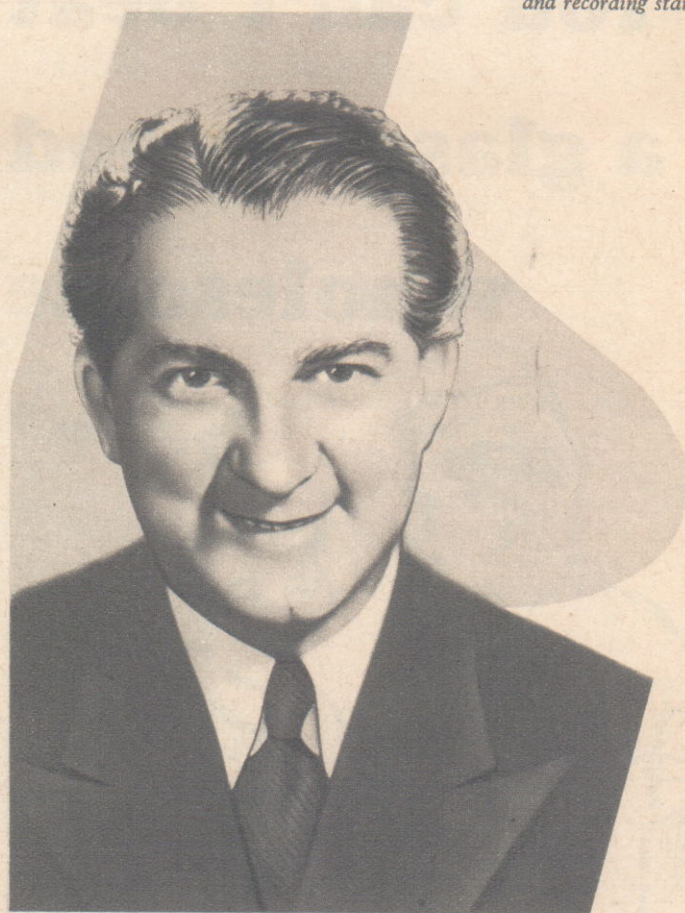
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famous radio singer
and recording star



**"The high notes are there
to be hit"**

says **Donald Peers**

When you start out in a job, getting to the top seems a mighty hard task. I know I felt that way. But if you put everything you've got into your work and take the chances that come your way, then you'll make the grade. It means using initiative and enterprise. It also means hard work. But it's well worth it.

WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

Whatever your job is—while there's Free Enterprise there's opportunity. So make the most of it yourself, and encourage the spirit of Free Enterprise in others all you can.

**Free Enterprise gives everyone
a chance and a choice**

The Free Enterprise Campaign, 51, Palace Street, Westminster, S.W.1
v6A



MALAYA SPECIAL

Though hard jungle-bashing is still the Infantryman's lot in Malaya, new short-cut techniques are sharpening the war on terrorists. The sky is now the jungle-fighter's third dimension. He is learning the trick of jumping into trees. The Royal Navy ferries him into the secret fastnesses by helicopter. And now, from the skies, voice aircraft urge the enemy to surrender. This six-page feature is from D. H. de T. READE, with photographs by Army Public Relations, Malaya.

JUMPING INTO TREES

DURING the past eighteen months an audacious new technique of parachuting into trees — likely to be adopted as standard for the British Army — has been evolved by 22 Special Air Service Regiment in Malaya.

Bad weather encountered during Malaya's first parachute operation influenced the decision to work out a system of deliberately parachuting on to the roof of jungle trees.

In that jump, which took place in February last year a few miles from the Siam Border in Perak State, the dropping zone was a paddy field in a narrow valley surrounded by jungle. Of the 54 parachutists who jumped, only four were able to land in the paddy, the remainder falling in the trees.

In the planning stages of that operation it was realised that men might not be able to land on the narrow paddy field, and so they carried 100-foot ropes to assist their descent from the tree tops.

As a result of that drop, it was decided that in future it might be possible deliberately to parachute troops into thick jungle.

Until then the use of paratroops in Malaya had been limited as dropping zones were so scarce, and never situated where they were wanted.

So the Regiment experimented by parachuting men into rubber trees, at the same time evolving special equipment for helping them to descend the trees. An officer at the time said: "Jumping into rubber trees is like jumping on to a feather bed." From rubber the technique was extended to jumping on to jungle trees.

In recent months there have been several tree-jumping operations. So far more than 350 jumps have been made on to trees, without any serious casualties. In the words of the Regiment's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. M. Sloane: "Not one casualty from tree operations was serious enough to warrant evacuation before the end of the operation." **OVER**



Up to now, trees have been the parachutist's bogey. But the Special Air Service Regiment are not scared of bogeys: they leap right in.



Loading for the drop, with pistol on leg, and bag containing emergency webbing. Gen. Sir Charles Keightley, commanding Far East Land Forces, looks on.



Left: Showing the webbing — 50 yards of it — which tree-jumping parachutists carry.

Right: These two parachutists are about to drop into jungle trees.

JUMPING INTO TREES (Continued)

Some men slither through the trees to the undergrowth. Others become hooked in the trees but can generally lower themselves in a matter of minutes. When men have been really stuck in trees they have sat still with their weapons ready, until their comrades released them.

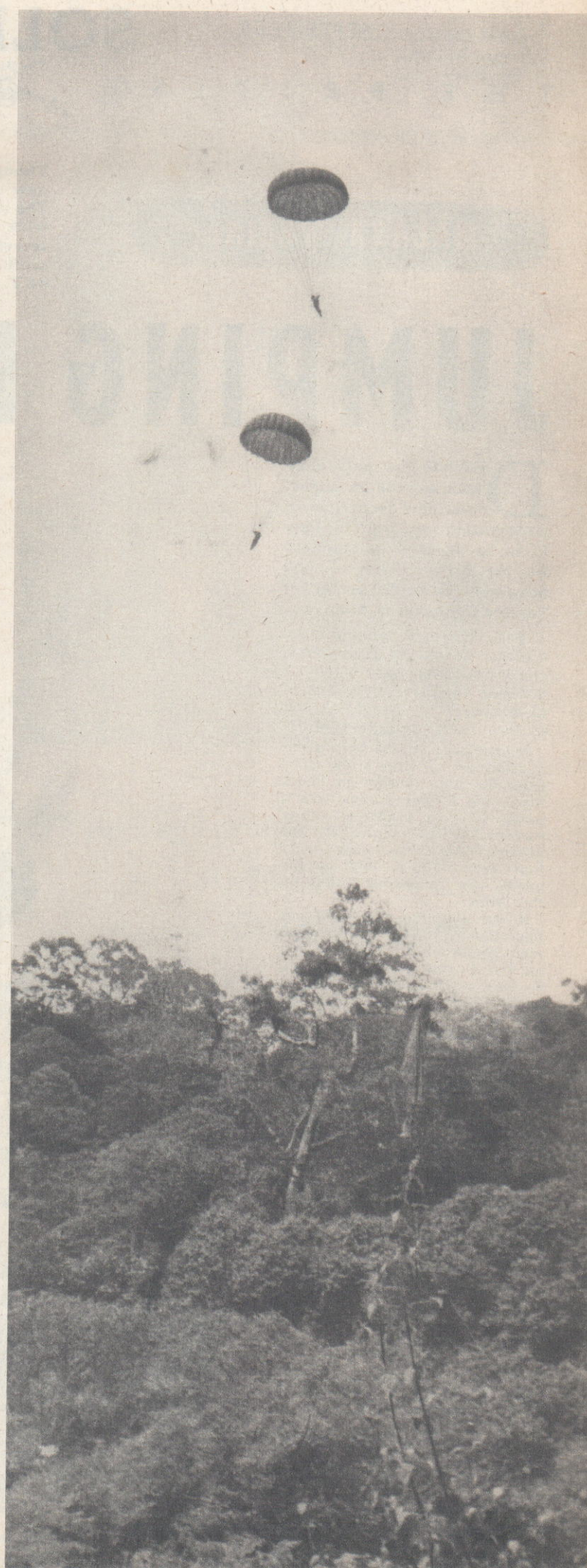
A lance-corporal landed on an ant's nest in a tree, and his descent was probably quicker than the quickest yet made. Another soldier became lodged in a tree in such a way that he was unable to get at his weapon. He saw a terrorist armed with a carbine coming his way. "I thought my number was up," he says, "when the terrorist from 80 yards took up a firing position. Then a second stick of men came floating to earth and he fled."

Serjeant-Major Ronald Hannaway, of Canterbury, treated his

first tree-jump just like any other one. "It is so warm in a plane wearing parachute harness that I was glad to be out. In three descents I have always gone through the branches to the ground."

The 22 Special Air Service Regiment has four squadrons. Its parachutists — other than those already fully qualified — are trained at the Royal Air Force Far East Basic Parachute School, Changi. So far, men of the Regiment have made more than 3000 jumps at this school, which is run by Flight-Lieutenant S. R. Kellaway.

The Regiment has carried out many jungle patrols, especially deep penetrations. It is playing a major part in the establishment of deep jungle "forts," or police posts, designed to deny aboriginal territory to the terrorists and to protect local inhabitants.

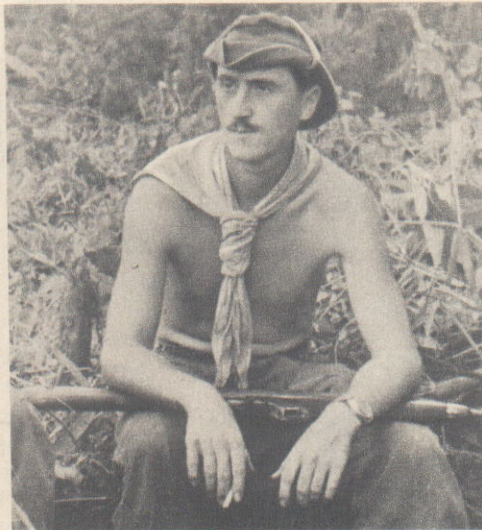




These men of the Special Air Service Regiment are 50 miles from a motor road. To reach this spot would mean a ten-day ground trek. They came by helicopter in half an hour.



Serjeant-Major "Crash" Hannaway helped to pioneer tree-jumping. In three descents he went straight through the branches to the ground. Right: This pirate type is watching an area where reinforcements are expected.



Why be uncomfortable in the jungle when beds can be improvised like this?





Enter the Navy... a helicopter descends into a well-prepared clearing.

MALAYA SPECIAL

It's a queer war, where sailors serve on dry land and do the duties of airmen. The Army owes them a big debt

NOW EVEN THE DOGS DROP IN...

THE recent four-battalion sweep in the forests of Pahang — in which 35 terrorist camps, 70 cultivation areas and four supply dumps were found — was one of many operations in which helicopters have lent a "third dimension" to jungle fighting.

During this sweep, African and Gurkha troops were lowered from hovering aircraft into areas rough-cleared by men of the Special Air Service Regiment.

In six months the Army in Malaya has had some 4000 soldiers ferried into the jungle by pilots of 848 Royal Naval Helicopter Squadron, serving far from its normal element.

Use of these versatile machines has given a new impetus to the jungle war, and saved the Infantryman a tremendous amount of crude jungle-bashing. A difficult trek which last year took a ground party four days was completed by helicopter in fifteen minutes.

It is an impressive sight to see well-armed troops shinning down rope ladders from the bellies of monster dragon-flies hovering in a steamy clearing. A British brigadier, watching such a descent, said: "All they need to look like real pirates are cutlasses between their teeth."

But the real surprise comes when war dogs are winched down, in their special canvas harnesses.

Showing the harness worn by war dogs when winched from helicopters. The handler is a soldier of the Somerset Light Infantry.





A Gurkha soldier is lowered from a helicopter over a terrorist camp in the jungle. The first men out rough-clear a patch on which the aircraft can alight.



An unusual glimpse of the machine which is revolutionising the jungle war: the S55 helicopter. It is supplied by America under Mutual Defence Assistance.

The Royal Navy pilots look on jungle flying as just a normal duty. They use a combination of map-reading and "old fashioned naval navigation." Fitters and riggers do a fine job, but one of them sighed: "I would rather be at sea than on an inland aerodrome when the sun beats down." The two mechanics who service the Squadron's radios both served in Korea and are from HMS Theseus.

SOLDIER'S representative flew on test with Lieutenant G. C. J. Knight. On one hop the aircraft flew backwards from start to finish. On another, as the pilot put the helicopter through its many paces, the sensation was that of flying the "Skaters' Waltz."

Like other aircraft in Malaya's tropical climate, helicopters carry a lesser load than usual; but what they do carry is giving the bandits a considerable headache.

Malaya's High Commissioner, General Sir Gerald Templer, has travelled to many otherwise inaccessible parts of Malaya by S55 helicopter. *The Times* correspondent in Kuala Lumpur has written: "The psychological effect of General Sir Gerald Templer descending upon a recalcitrant village like some avenging archangel is tremendous."

Note. Small Westland Sikorski helicopters were being used to evacuate jungle casualties in 1950.

THIS DOG IS ON DETACHMENT...

A war dog with brains and character is King, at present on detachment as body-guard to Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, General Officer Commanding Malaya.

King rarely leaves the General's presence. Even on some parades he has trotted alertly behind his master. He lives in Flagstaff House and scrutinises all the General's visitors.

Serjeant Donald Hill, the General's driver, says: "King knows he is a VIP dog and does not condescend to mix with lesser fry. If I should take an unfamiliar road he at once stands up and looks out of the window."



MALAYA SPECIAL

(Concluded)



THE VOICE FROM THE SKY

Under the belly of this Valetta aircraft are mounted loud-speakers with a range of one mile from 1500 feet.

It's Been a Long Time Coming —

A JUNGLE-BASHING BOOK

WHEN the Suffolks were ordered from Greece to Malaya, in 1949, an Athens bookseller received a sudden, welcome order for a large number of copies of Spencer Chapman's "The Jungle is Neutral." It was made compulsory reading for all officers and NCOs of the Regiment.

Now it is likely that a new jungle book "Jungle Green" by Arthur Campbell (*Allen and Unwin 12s 6d*) will become, if not compulsory, at least strongly recommended, reading.

The author, who was awarded the Military Cross in Burma during World War Two, served as a company commander with the Suffolks in Malaya.

Although the Malayan emergency has been running for five years, this is believed to be the first book about it.

To write a strict, factual account of jungle warfare, or of any kind of warfare, is a difficult feat. The modern tendency is to fictionise (as Robert Holles did in his Korea book *Now Thrive the Armourers*), changing names, borrowing incidents from here and there, but still keeping the authentic atmosphere. Sometimes a fiction-

ised account can give a truer picture than a conscientiously factual one.

The author of "Jungle Green" writes in the first person, as a company commander, but he makes it clear that all the exploits of the narrator are not necessarily those of Major Campbell MC. The chief enemy in the book appears as "Liew Kim Bok" (the Suffolks' most notorious opponent was Liew Kon Kim). In spite of these modifications, General Sir Gerald Templer, who read the proofs, reported: "This book is authentic."

It is a tale of jungle-bashing, with all that it involves in fatigue, hunger and deadly monotony suddenly relieved by furious action. Memorable incidents include: bandaging the dead terrorists' faces, so that ants shall not make them unidentifiable; a shot bandit in a death dance, with all the cartridges exploding like fireworks in his belt; the amiable Sakai, Silvo and Brasso, teaching civilised men to be savages; the relaying of the chimes of St. Paul's in the camp on Christmas Day; and the embarrassed officer being cross-examined in court by a skilful Chinese lawyer, defending a terrorist.



The author, now Lieut-Col. A. Campbell MC, an instructor at the Staff College, Camberley.

It's an old advertising idea, adapted to jungle war. This time they try to sell the idea of surrender

THE Voice is the latest weapon to be used against terrorists in Malaya's jungles.

It booms down from a Royal Air Force Valetta which is equipped with loud-speakers 40 times as powerful as an ordinary public address system.

Into the terrorists' jungle hide-outs the Voice penetrates suddenly, disconcertingly, urging surrender. Headquarters Malaya report that a number of terrorists have given themselves up after hearing messages from the sky.

The grouped loudspeakers under the aircraft are aimed in one direction only. They give a range of one mile from a height of 1500 feet above the trees. Under ideal conditions, the aircraft can cover 100 square miles with messages in an hour. Clouds, winds, convection currents and other air turbulence may reduce audibility.

The address apparatus had some curious teething troubles. Hakka, one of the Chinese dialects it is designed to broadcast, has some words which "explode." To pronounce them, the speaker has to emulate a man drawing his tongue back and then suddenly shooting an orange-pip from his mouth. This process was too much for the loudspeaker and burned out the controls, until adjustments were made.

The effect of the voice from the skies can be startling at first. "The first time I heard it," says an officer of the Somerset Light Infantry, "we were patrolling a thickly-wooded area. I wondered who on earth was talking, until

a change of direction of the voice, and the sound of the aircraft gave the answer."

Before the voice aircraft was devised, the only way to invite terrorists to surrender was by dropping leaflets on jungle tracks the Communists were likely to use. Some terrorists picked up the leaflets and waited until they could come out of the jungle and surrender. For the rank and file to be seen reading a leaflet meant instant death.

Terrorists are not the only "targets" for the voice aircraft. When the pilot of a jet aircraft baled out into the jungle, the voice gave him instructions while ground forces went to his rescue.

The idea of speaking from aircraft is not new. Between the wars, "sky-shouting" was tried as an advertising medium in some countries, but caused many protests. In North Africa, General Mark Clark used to fly low over his headquarters, before landing, and shout for his car to be ready at the airport. In war-time Burma a marching company of British troops once heard a cry "Keep in step there!" from a loudspeaker in a Piper cub. There was even a report of a light aircraft pilot shutting off his engine and shouting a message, with unaided voice, as he glided past.

A Step Forward for SOLDIER

Next month will be an important occasion in the history of **SOLDIER**.

For the first time the magazine will be on sale to the general public. For the first time, too, it will be printed in Britain.

Hitherto, with some exceptions, the sale of **SOLDIER** has been confined to the Army; but for a long time it has been clear that its popularity would justify placing it on open sale.

Many readers have suggested that **SOLDIER** could do good service to the Army on the bookstalls, but for technical and financial reasons it has not been possible to take this step until now.

Today there is hardly a family in Britain which has not a direct personal interest in the Army. Parents of soldiers, ex-soldiers of both world wars (and even of earlier wars), all who are interested in Army tradition will be glad of this opportunity to obtain the British Army's own magazine.

SOLDIER began its career in Brussels early in 1945. When the war ended it moved up to Hamburg where it

has been printed ever since. During that time it grew from a magazine serving the British Army of the Rhine to one circulating in all commands, from the West Indies to Korea.

SOLDIER's aim has been to show the Army to the Army, to let one soldier see what the other soldier is doing, to encourage pride in the Army and comradeship in arms. It records outstanding Army exploits and enterprises. It announces (and explains) new conditions of service. It describes new weapons and equipment. It undertakes to answer those knotty problems which defeat the Orderly Room. And in doing all this it strives to retain a sense of humour.

The policy of **SOLDIER** will not alter. It will still remain, first and last, the magazine of the British Army. But it welcomes this new opportunity to show the Army to a wider public and to convince them that they have an Army in which they can take the highest pride.

Tell your friends and relatives that, from next month, they too can buy **SOLDIER**!

SOLDIER to Soldier

A readiness to believe truce rumours is not one of the weaknesses of the British soldier.

He believes in an armistice only when it happens, and even then, like the old lady looking at her first giraffe, he is not sure that he believes his eyes. It may not occur to him spontaneously to throw his steel helmet in the air; though if a photographer asks him to do so he will probably oblige, being anxious not to hurt anybody's feelings.

The lessons of the Korea war (stilled at the moment of writing) have been enumerated before in **SOLDIER**. Not the least important of them is that you find the strongest comradeship — as in 1st Commonwealth Division — in the face of a shared danger, and shared hardships.

No doubt many of the soldiers who served in Korea worried little about the larger issues; they saw it simply as a personal war between the Blankshires and the enemy. No matter what the other troops of the United Nations did — and it was agreed that there were some fine troops among them — the first requirement of the campaign was that the Blankshires should keep their end up. That is no doubt the way it will be in the next United Nations operation, if Korea proves not to be a sufficient deterrent to aggressors.

On **SOLDIER**'s desk is a duplicated sheet entitled "Korean Operations — Casualty List No. 145." Under the titles of various regiments are listed painfully familiar classifications: Killed, Died of Wounds, Wounded and Missing. Not all these lists are in yet. When they are all put together they will represent a memorable tale of bravery and tragedy. Yet the British toll is small indeed in comparison with

those of the United States and the South Koreans.

It is also worth remembering that the total British toll in three years of war in Korea represents only the equivalent of a couple of hours execution at Passchendaele. This is said, not to belittle the feats of the young men who fought courageously in Korea, but to heighten respect for the older men who, from time to time, march through the streets of home, carrying banners and wearing the ribbons known as "Pip," "Squeak" and "Wilfred"; the men who formed such a big part of that 70,000 parade of ex-Servicemen reviewed by the Queen recently in Hyde Park, London.

*

WHAT is a good way to take a rise out of a soldier? Try calling him a hero.

It is a word which has been falling steadily into disrepute. What is a hero today? According to the newspapers, he is a man who scores a goal in the last five minutes of a football match. He is a man who drives a damaged car at sixty miles an hour over icy roads in a motor rally.

A pekingese dog which yaps at a burglar is also a hero. Hero should be a proud word, a *heroic* word. But nowadays it means next to nothing.

there are no real heroes any more. The trouble is that when they crop up there is no decent word left by which to describe them.

Let's rest the word hero for 20 years, then think again.

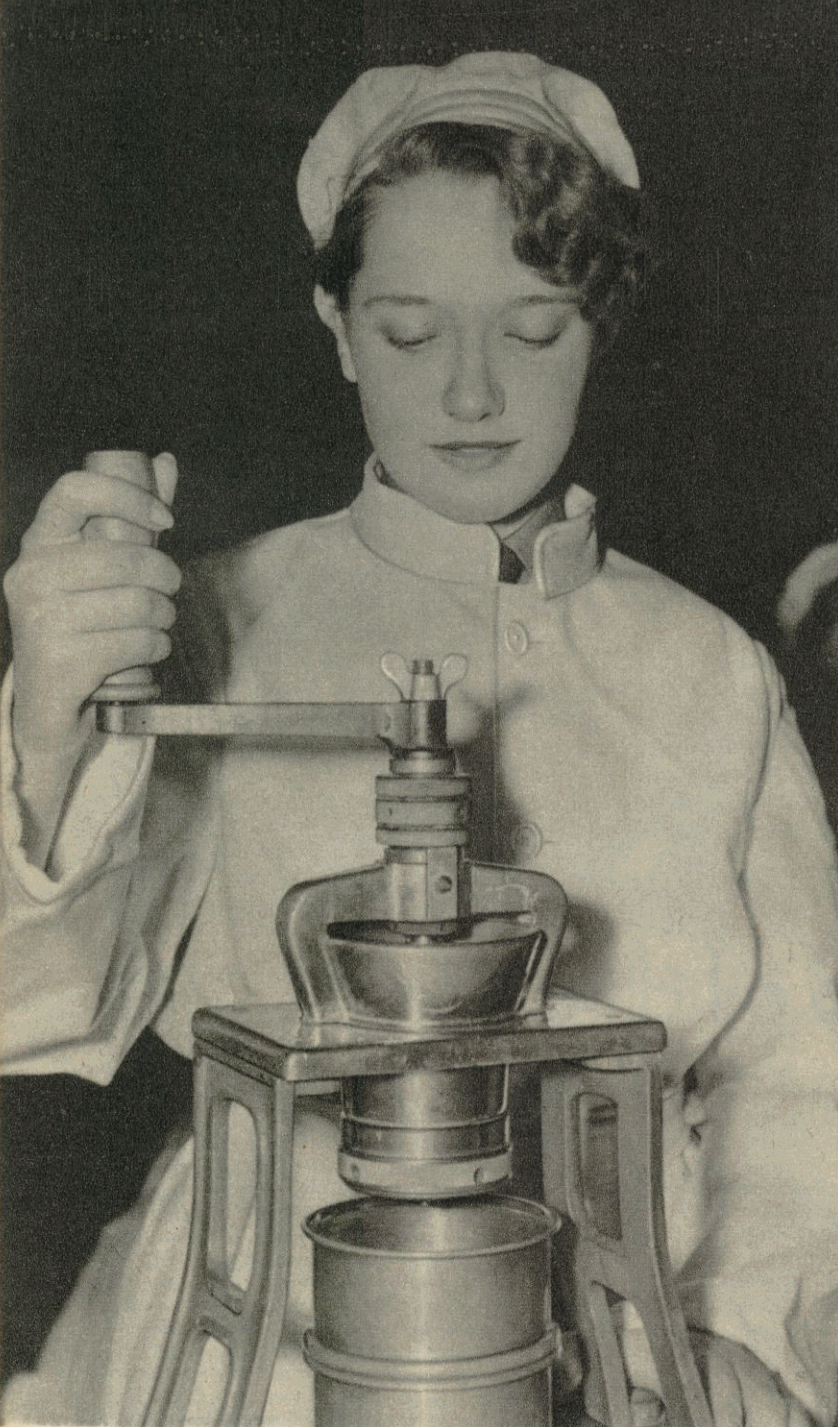
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THAT recent story about the soldier's wife, under orders to leave her quarters, who wrote a letter reading: "Dear Sir, I remain, Yours faithfully," is a reminder of another in similar vein.

During World War One parents of soldiers killed in action received a variety of forms to fill up. One of these contained a much-resented question: "Was he born in wedlock?" An indignant mother scrawled against this "Was you?" and returned the form.



An idea (not highly recommended) from Korea: Communist troops used powerful catapults like this for projecting grenades at United Nations troops. The Canadian soldier demonstrating can afford to smile—he has not removed the pin.



The girl at the "mincer" is grinding cordite—for a heat test. She is Private Dorothy Lloyd. (Pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman A.C. BLUNDELL)



Top student of the first course, Lance-Corporal Irene Dable, now teaches girls on the second course.



Gauging the exterior of a repainted round: Private Marina Cowley.

The Army Finds A

For nine months they learn about explosives, fuzes and detonators. Then they qualify as Ammunition Examiners

ON a Sunday afternoon in 1642 the Cavaliers of Charles I and the Roundheads of Cromwell blazed at each other with muskets and artillery at Edgehill near Kineton, Warwickshire.

Today on the site of the battle are stocks of shells that would have made both sides sigh with envy. Kineton Central Ammunition Depot covers 3500 acres, harbouring thousands of tons of high explosives in widely dispersed buildings.

The task of sorting out and inspecting all this ammunition is

organised by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, helped by the Royal Pioneer Corps, the Women's Royal Army Corps and civilian technicians.

Kineton Depot is the first military establishment in peacetime to train Servicewomen in the trade of Ammunition Examiner. Seven women recently qualified after a nine months course — the longest course any girl undertakes except as an officer cadet.

During the war, members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service were selected for this work. Today, with smaller numbers to choose from it is harder to find women with the right qualifications.

The girl who came out on top of the first course, 23-year-old Lance-Corporal Irene Dable, had been a bus conductress in Yorkshire. She is now helping to teach the new batch of students, who include children's nurses, shop assistants, a land girl and a chemist's assistant.

A student must have concentration and staying power. Explained Lance-Corporal Dable: "After the first month you begin to feel overwhelmed with graphs, diagrams and statistics. Then it all begins to make sense — and to become interesting. But it means a good deal of spare-time study."

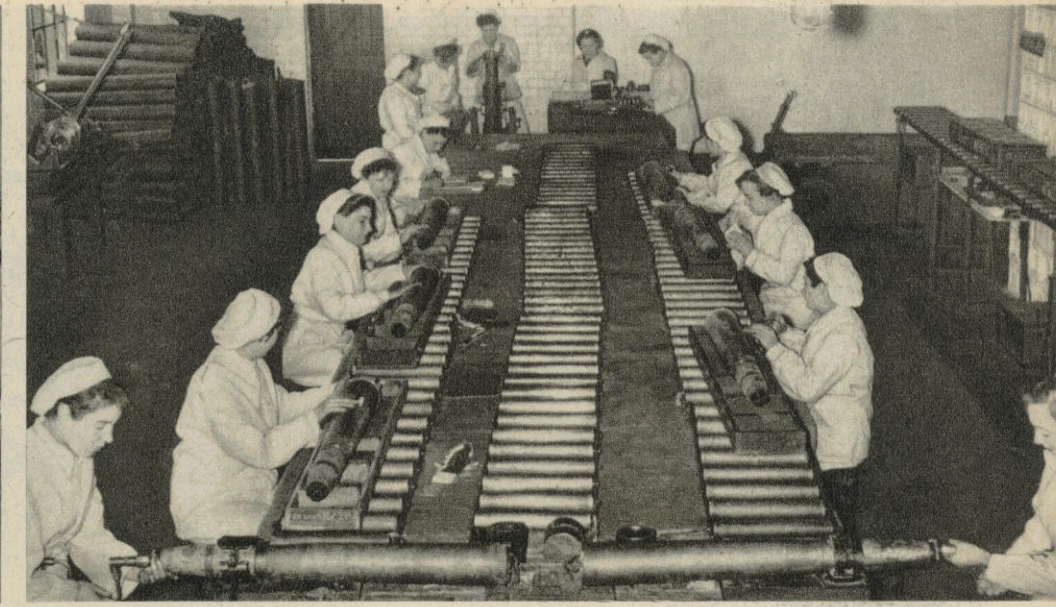
To the new arrival, the Depot is a little overpowering at first. At the high gates leading to the



This sleeve flash of the Ammunition Examiner.



With a hand-operated vacuum cleaner, Private Cowley extracts fragments of a broken exploder. Note the protective uniform.



Rounds for 3-7 anti-aircraft guns are overhauled in the repair shop.

New Job For Girls

factory area, she surrenders cigarettes and matches. Here stand the massive ammunition storehouses, fed by 70 miles of the Army's own railway line criss-crossing from building to building.

Inside the long buildings the new girl dons white magazine clothing, including rubber or leather shoes free of any metal parts. The floor of the room in which she works is spotless. Walls glisten with new paint.

She is introduced to some 60 varieties of the Army's popular weapons: shells, grenades, bombs, mines and booby-traps. She handles the explosives that go into them, the detonators that set them off, and the fuzes that set off the detonators. When she has qualified she will put up her lance-corporal's stripe, and receive the five-star pay of a Group "A" tradesman.

She will take her place with the men examiners in the workshops where, on a never-ending

"belt" of rollers, shells of varying sizes travel a roundabout journey. At one stage the rounds pass through little openings in blast walls, on the other side of which examiners deftly remove the fuzes and other parts for scrutiny.

The spectacle of an 18-year-old girl armed with a large fuze key working at the sharp end of a shell nearly as tall as herself always makes the visitor pause. In Kineton it is an everyday sight.

The examiners are in charge of the scores of women who clean up the shells before they go on to the paint shop for spraying and marking. Sometimes the ammunition being examined is new from the factories; often it has been lying about in dumps since early in World War Two. More than 600 men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps handle it, aided by 600 from the Royal Pioneer Corps. Of the 200 civilians many are refugees from the Continent.

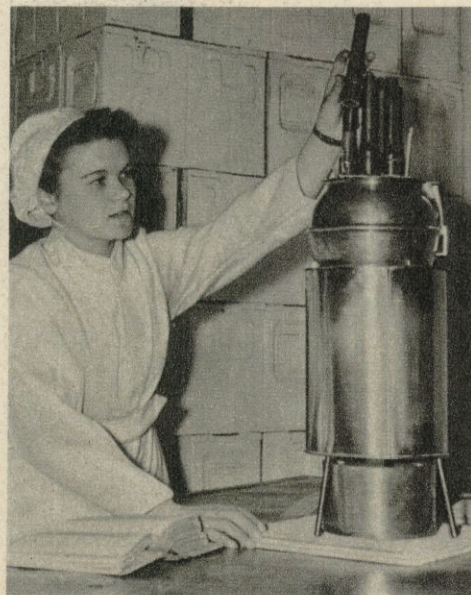
At the end of the day the girls pass out through the tall gates, collecting their matches and cigarettes. In the peace of their quarters they can enjoy a smoke, and a little quiet reading. Or talk about ammunition.

Colonel R. H. A. P. Finney, Commandant of Central Ammunition Depot, said "We give our ammunition examiners, both men and women, a very thorough training. We even send them to the School of Artillery at Larkhill, to see the ammunition being fired."

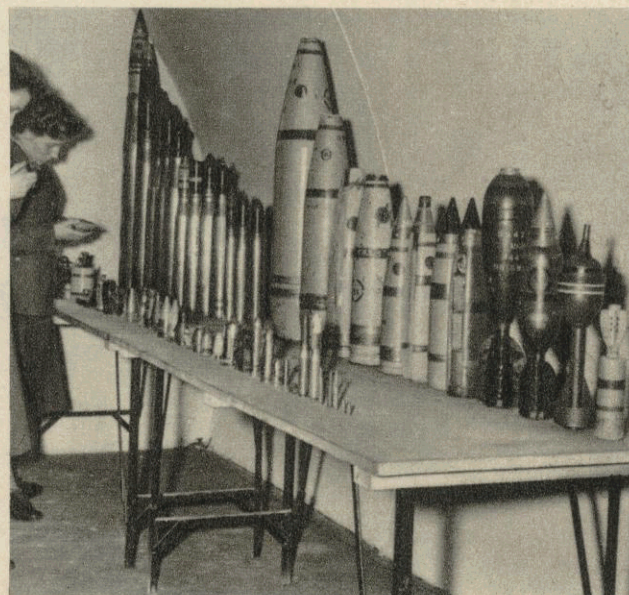


Girl with a train of high explosive is Private Alison Fraser. She is towing five tons of 5.5 rounds from the scrape and repaint shop.

It's not entirely a woman's world. Here Private Elizabeth McCullough is given a few tips by a former Jugo-Slav officer, Svetislav Trifunovic, proud owner of a 13-inch moustache.



Left: Another stage in the heat test for cordite: Lance-Corporal Rose Rigby replaces a hood over a test tube. Right: Students must learn the characteristics of all these rounds, with their fuzes and detonators.



GIRL SORTERS TOO

IN a quiet back street off Knightsbridge, London, with rows of brightly painted front doors and gay window boxes, lives a unit without a bugler. If it did have one, his most appropriate call would be "A Letter from Lousy Lou."

For in a former sports club is housed the Army's "Mount Pleasant" — or Home Postal Depot. Here is sorted and despatched mail from home to soldiers in all commands abroad.

Until recently the Home Postal Depot — the only one in Britain — was an all-male unit. Now the Women's Royal Army Corps is lending a hand. Seventy-seven girls are on the strength, working in three shifts throughout the day and night. They travel in by coach from their camp at Kingston-on-Thames.

Training of women postal workers started in January. Each one went for four weeks to the Army's Postal Training School at Mill Hill (a sub-unit of the Depot) and then completed another eight weeks at Knightsbridge. The girls spend five weeks on night duty, five on early day shift and then five on afternoon and evening work. They prefer the night turn. Said one, 18-year-old Private Lilian Ford-Hutchings, of Torquay: "There is always a heavier mail at night and the time

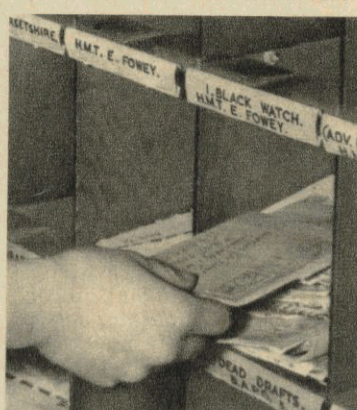
passes quicker than by day. For the first four hours of a night shift we each sort about 1000 letters an hour. Then the rush eases up."

The first half of the week is the busier, mainly because most people write their letters on Sundays. On Tuesdays there are thousands of Sunday and local newspapers which parents and wives send to their menfolk abroad. One table is used exclusively for repacking badly wrapped parcels, which contain anything from baby clothing to comics. Thousands of comics go through the mail.

Registered mail is sorted in a room with large grill windows. The Sappers and girls who work in here lock themselves in. Twice a week Customs officers arrive to check through parcels and registered letters.



Left: If the parcel is like this when it reaches London, what would it be like at Hong-Kong? It must be repacked. Below: Girls fill the pigeon-holes at the rate of 1000 letters an hour. "Dead" drafts are drafts which have reached their destination.



Early in the week, the Depot handles thousands of hometown newspapers — and comics — sent to troops overseas.



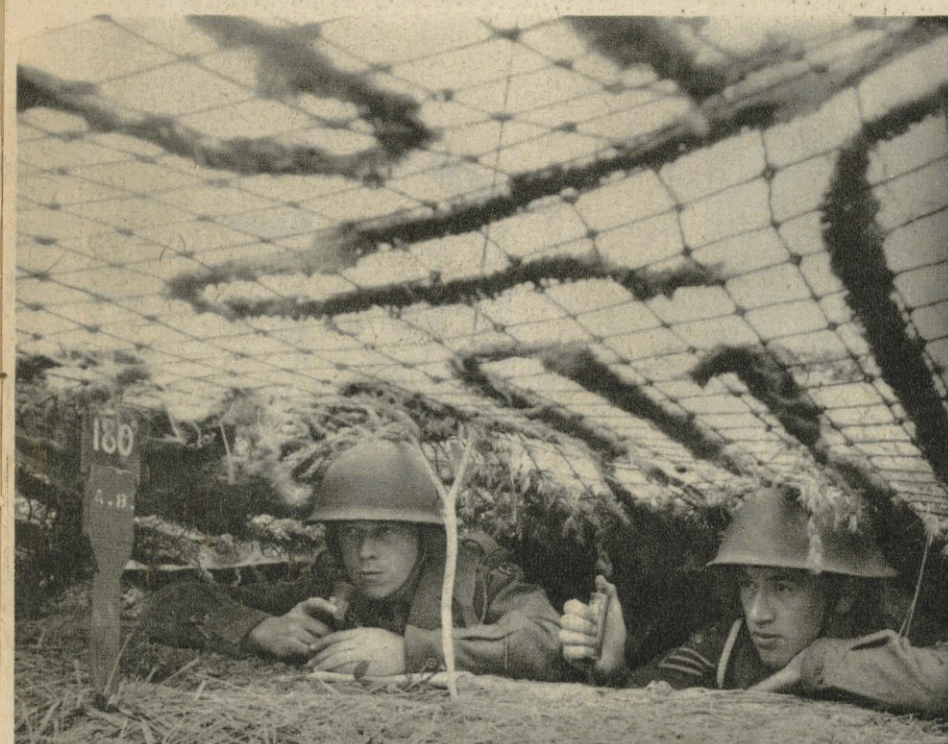
The microphone—looking like a small metal hat-box—is lowered into the ground. It is covered with a hessian net to eliminate wind interference.

SOUNDING

How do *our* guns and mortars find *their* guns and mortars? The Gunners of the locating batteries, Royal Artillery, know the secret



With the aid of lead "mice" on nylon threads Bombardier A. J. Sanders marks the location of the enemy position.



In the listening post Serjeant J. A. Chambers waits for the sound of a mortar firing and then presses a button which brings the microphones into play. Gunner K. R. Barker is ready to transmit the rough direction of the firing.



On the sensitized paper in this recorder four electrical pens, linked to the microphones, scratch tell-tale marks.

OUT THE ENEMY (it's quite an art nowadays)

THE art of locating the enemy's guns and mortars — like that of locating his raiding aircraft — has come a long way in recent years.

Sound location had its origin in World War One (the war in which, at one time, blind men with supposedly ultra-sensitive hearing were employed to listen for Zeppelins).

The British Expeditionary Force which went to France in 1939 had its sound-ranging and flash-spotting elements. Later, Gunners began to use radar for locating in the field.

Today each division has its Royal Artillery locating battery. Gunners say that locating technique is so improved that enemy positions can be engaged in half the time it took during World War Two.

In Korea locating batteries, in close co-operation with mortar batteries, were conspicuously successful in disposing of troublesome Communist mortars.

Normally the locating battery sets up an advanced listening post in the forward Infantry positions. Behind it are four microphones, dug into the ground in a line at fixed intervals. When the sound of an enemy mortar or gun is heard the serjeant in charge of the post presses a button which alerts the microphones along with a recording machine in the command post. At the same time he transmits a message giving the approximate bearing of the sound.

Each microphone in turn picks up the sound in the form of pressure waves which are registered in the recording machine through electric pens, each of which leaves a "kick" on a reel of sensitized paper. The interval in time between the appearance

of each of the four "kicks" is computed, and from this the distance of the enemy position can be calculated for plotting on a plan of the battle-front. As soon as the position of the enemy is determined, the information is wirelessly to the counter bombardment officer, who orders fire to be laid down on that area.

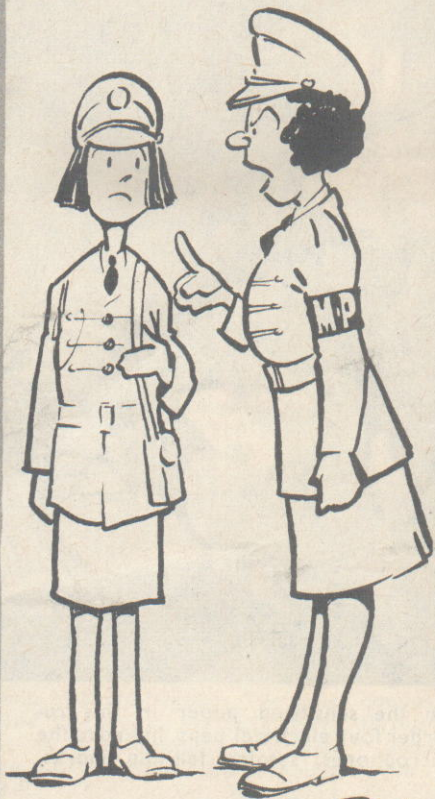
The microphones are specially tuned to pick up only the sound of mortars or guns firing, and will not relay speech or a rifle shot. They can register the sound of heavy mortars up to four miles; weapons producing a louder noise can be located up to seven miles away.

Although the microphones can cover a wide area in front of the listening post, there are gaps which have to be scanned by radar operators, who form part of the battery. On the cathode ray tube can be followed the actual flight of a mortar bomb as it leaves the barrel. Shells travel too quickly to be traced. It has been known for a large flight of birds to be picked up and cause momentary confusion.

When SOLDIER visited the 2nd Division's Locating Battery in Germany (where the pictures on these pages were taken) the Gunners were at exercise and in the absence of mortars were using charges of explosive which make a similar "crump" to that of a mortar.

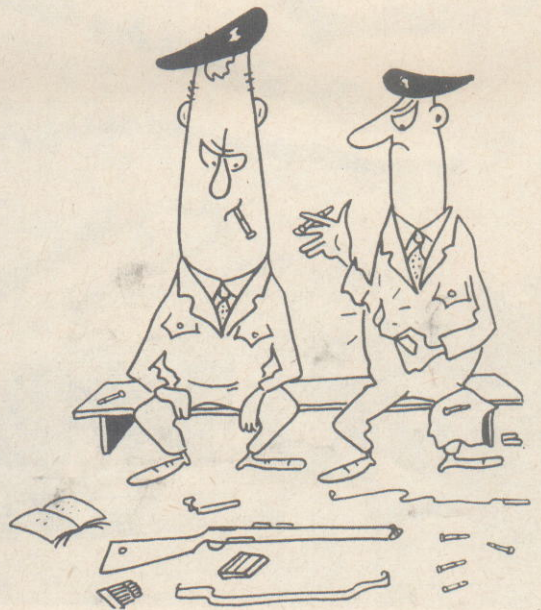


Radar sets scan the gaps which cannot be covered by the hidden microphones. A mortar shell can be traced in flight.



SOLDIER humour

Shep. "Only the uniform is supposed to be green, not the buttons."

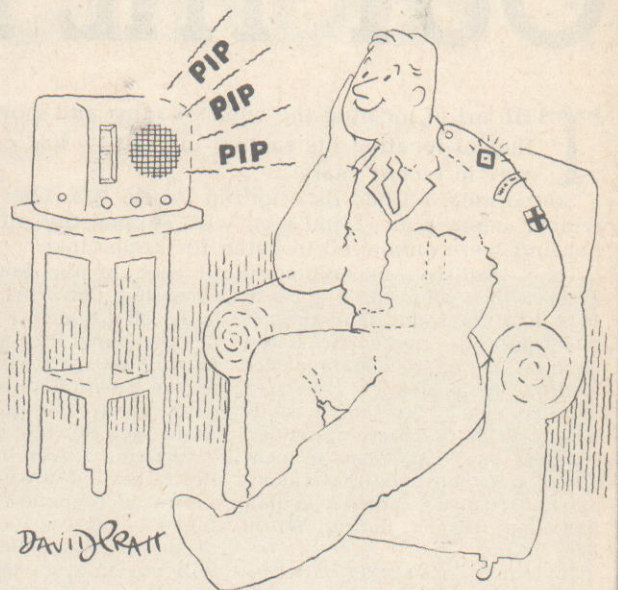


"Ten minutes break for a smoke. Anyone without fags, go through the motions."

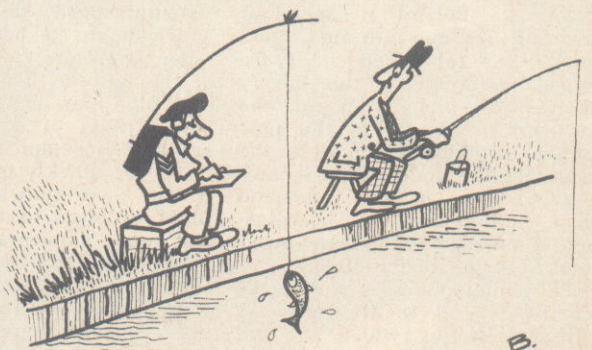


Ritchie.

"It's all right for you — I signed for it."



DAVID RATT





Not a gun out of place: the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery in the White City Tattoo.

Below: Baptism of fire for the boys from Bordon. They're never happier than when burning petrol.

TATTOO

1 IN LONDON

It was right that Coronation year should see the staging of spectacular tattoos by the Army.

There is now a good chance that the searchlight tattoo at London's White City may become an annual event, like the Royal Tournament. (Between the world wars annual tattoos were held at Rushmoor and Tidworth).

This second White City tattoo, organised to help the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, featured the Sea Era, under Queen Elizabeth I; the Land Epoch, under Queen Victoria; and the Air Age, under Queen Elizabeth II.

One of the big scenes was a reconstruction of the Bruneval raid (a favourite theme for such occasions: it will also be staged in the film "The Red Beret.") There was pipe music by massed Scottish and Gurkha bands.

In Belfast, another searchlight tattoo — perhaps the biggest staged in Ulster — was mounted in honour of the Queen's visit to Northern Ireland (see next pages). This, too, was in aid of the same Services organisation.

The battle reconstructed was the capture of Bourbon, in the Indian Ocean, in 1810 by the 86th Foot (now the Royal Ulster Rifles).

SOLDIER'S FRONT COVER shows riders from the Army Mechanical Transport School, Bordon, at the White City, administering punishment to one of their BSA machines. You cannot see them all, but there are 18 men on board (one-and-a-half tons of humanity). All the members of the display team are volunteers, and (like the famous Royal Signals display team) full of hair-raising tricks.





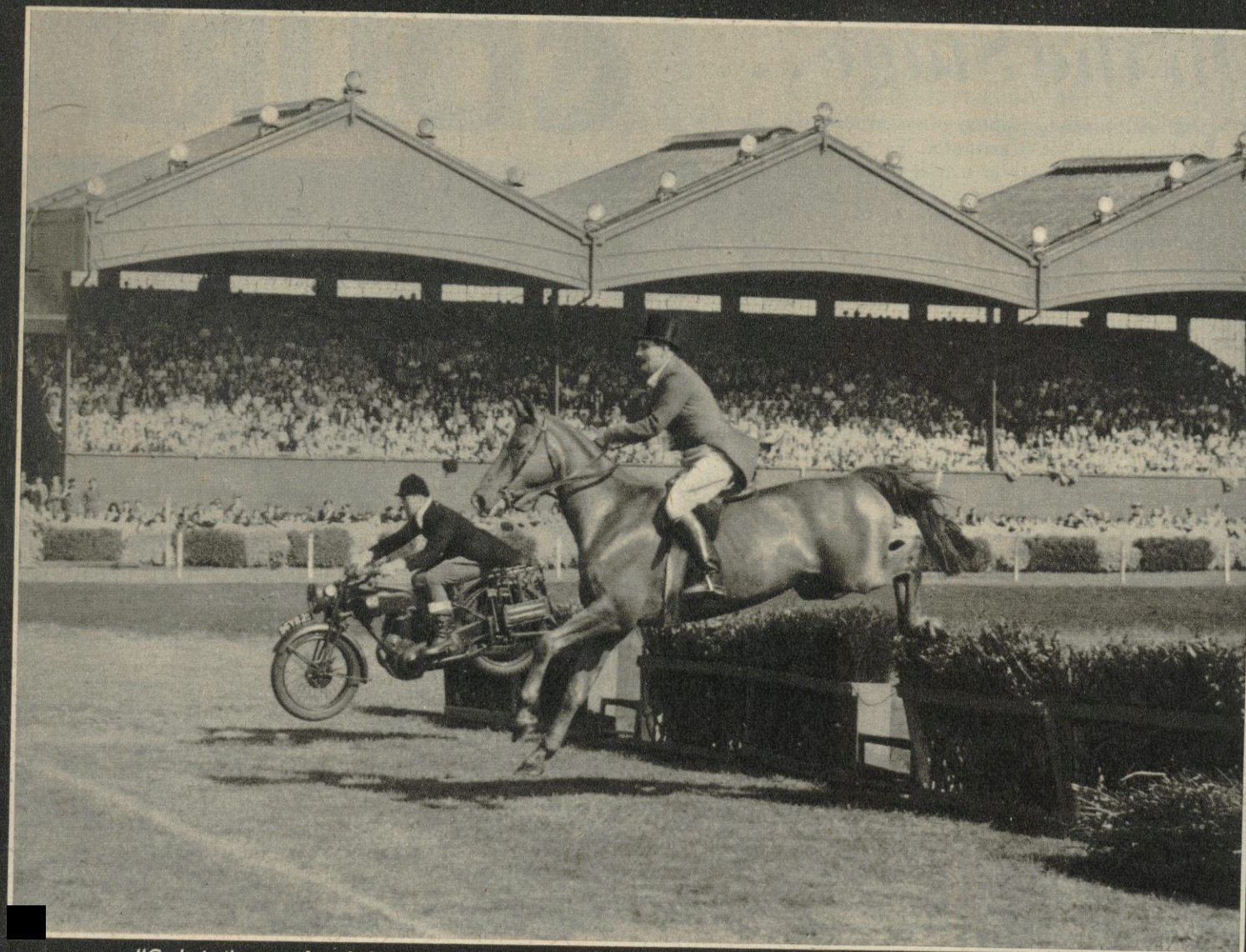
Sunset and searchlights: massed pipe bands make a brave show in the searchlight tattoo at the Balmoral ground, Belfast.

Below: From HMS *Sirius* the invaders of Bourbon leap ashore. The Territorial Battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles took part in this dashing combined operation.

TATTOO

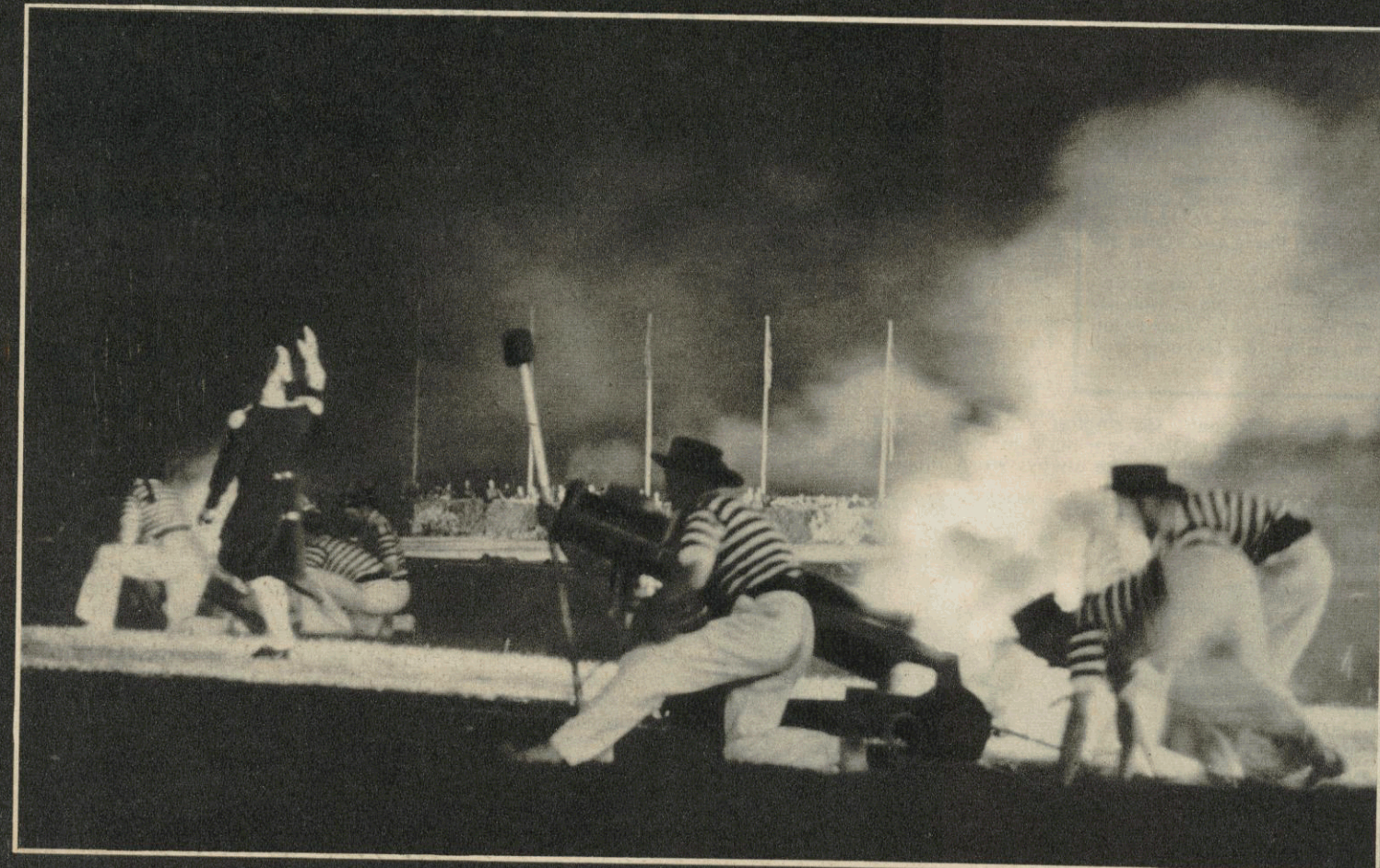
2 IN BELFAST

The siege of Bourbon by daytime: men of the 86th storm the redoubt.



"Gad, sir, those confounded motor-cycles are everywhere." There was a jeep in the steeplechase at one stage.

Below: The Royal Navy gets down to some Hornblower stuff.



On the Stage...

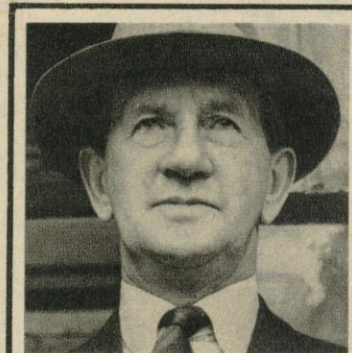
ONE of the most gripping plays produced in London for a long time — "Carrington VC", at the Westminster — consists wholly of a trial by court-martial.

Not only does the audience see the cut-and-thrust in open court, but it hears the deliberations of the tribunal in recess, and watches the comings and goings — some of them a trifle irregular — in the Accused's Lobby and the Prosecutor's Lobby.

Major "Copper" Carrington VC, is miscast in a technical arm DSO (admirably played by Alec Clunes) under a commanding officer who is a ballistical genius but definitely not "a good man with troops," or with battery commanders. Perhaps that purple ribbon has something to do with his resentment of Carrington.

To reveal the outcome of the play would be unfair. It presents a deft pattern of conflicting loyalties — and personalities. Hardly has the trial begun before the brigadier presiding orders a sudden adjournment. What has gone wrong? The wigged and gowned judge-advocate has been usurping the privileges of the president, who now makes it ice-clear where each stands. Throughout, the performance of the brigadier (Arnold Bell) is an excellent example of authority drily but cogently wielded, and always perfectly timed. At the end he has to rally his fellow officers for tending to judge on personalities, not on evidence.

Major Carrington, who earned his VC as a field gunner, is "a good man with troops," but he



THE co-author of "Carrington VC" has himself presided over many courts-martial. He is Major-General C. M. Christie MC, a retired Gunner. In 1942 he went to Malta to command the island's gun defences.

With his wife he has written other successful plays, notably "His Excellency." Their credit line reads "By Dorothy and Campbell Christie."

Major "Copper" Carrington VC (Alec Clunes) tries to extract an admission from his commanding officer (Allan Cuthbertson). Medals are always worn at courts-martial.



COURT-MARTIAL

Here is a description of the new London play featuring a court-martial — along with an impression by a SOLDIER writer of a court-martial in real life



Court-martial in progress: the stage version. The accused officer, conducting his own defence, has been allowed to sit at the defending officer's table. His escort sits beside him. At the opposite table is the prosecuting officer. Army blankets clothe the "bench."

In Real Life...

ALTHOUGH the court-martial in "Carrington VC" is closely patterned on the real thing, it contains one important difference, but for which the audience might walk out yawning in the first act.

The difference is that in a run-of-the-mill court-martial almost every word of evidence is written down in longhand by the president or judge-advocate. Nothing more calculated to diminish the drama of a situation can be conceived.

Quite rightly, the authors of "Carrington VC" omit this tedious process (or perhaps the audience is expected to assume the presence of a shorthand writer).

The reason for recording the evidence is so that it may be read back to the witness for approval, and also so that the confirming authority may have all the facts.

Occasionally, even the hum-drum process of taking down the evidence may have its light relief. This kind of dialogue may occur:

Prosecuting officer: What did you say to Private Smith, when you suspected he had taken your postal order?

Witness (nervously): The exact words, sir?

Prosecuting officer: Yes.

Witness: I said he was a — and ought to be — y well — ed.

President: Wait a minute, while I get all that down.

The president then laboriously

writes down the words which ordinarily never find their way on to paper, except in the most modern novels, and when the evidence is finished he reads them back to the witness in cold precise tones, while the other members of the court-martial stare hard at the ceiling, or at their finger nails.

The slow tempo of the proceedings is possibly the first impression gained by anyone visiting his first court-martial. Along with it comes the impression that everybody is falling over backwards trying to be considerate to everybody else, and especially to the accused. There is no bluster. Neither the prosecuting officer nor the defending officer moves one foot from his place. When the accused man says the reason why he took the postal order from his neighbour's wallet was "to teach him not to leave it lying about" — the sort of plea

which would be received with derision in a barrack-room — no one in the court raises an eyebrow. The prosecuting officer merely says, without raising his voice: "I put it to you that you are not telling the truth?"

SOLDIER visited a court-martial which had to be adjourned for three-quarters of an hour because a lance-corporal witness was late arriving. This witness, surely, was in for a "rocket." Nothing was said until after he had taken off his cap to recite the oath, then put it on again to give evidence. All that happened was this:

President: You know that you are three-quarters of an hour late, corporal?

Corporal: Yes, sir.

President: No doubt you will hear more of that in another quarter.

Corporal: Yes, sir.

And no doubt he did.

If sharp words are passed, the chances are that they will be directed against some witness who offends by his manner — by slouching in the witness-box or otherwise showing disrespect to the court. If laughter occurs — and the feeblest witticism always sounds excruciatingly funny in court — it will not be directed against the accused. But there is unlikely to be laughter.

Many soldiers are bad witnesses, in the sense that the importance of the occasion, and perhaps the embarrassing nature of the evidence, reduces them to mumbling. If the witness is the kind who uses hardly any consonants in his speech, the court is in for a difficult time. Not everyone finds it easy to give evidence a few words at a time, then stop for ten seconds or so, then start again; though, in some instances, it can give a man useful time to marshal his thoughts. A further complication is that although the prosecuting officer asks the questions, the answers must be addressed to the president.

The court-room is often a room with few, if any, pretensions to distinction. One which SOLDIER knows well stands on the edge of a famous parade-ground, and looks like a former guard-room redecorated with more enthusiasm than taste (the walls are buff and green, the fire-place blue and orange). The members of the court sit on a platform, at ordinary trestle tables, blanket-topped. If the accused man is represented by counsel, then learned counsel in his wig and gown will also sit at a blanket-covered table, instead of the polished mahogany to which he is accustomed.

A routine district court martial is likely to have a major as pre-

sident, supported by a captain and a lieutenant, with perhaps another lieutenant under instruction. At the outset the three members all take Bible in hand and swear that they will "well and truly" try the case, "without partiality, favour or affection"; and all four undertake that in no circumstances, save as required by law, will they "disclose or discover the vote or opinion" of any member of the court-martial. Whatever they talk about in the mess that night, it will not be the rights and wrongs of the case.

A court-martial is as good a place as any for a psychologist to sit watching his fellow men. The president, a middle-aged major, is as wise a fish as ever came out of the presidents' pool; if he has a secret sorrow it is that he lacks a shorthand writer. He is as firm with learned counsel as he is with young subalterns.

Just now, anyone who watches carefully can see that he is growing restive with the captain on his right, who is drumming the table distractingly with his pen, and who seems oblivious to the president's sideways glances. Will the president say something? If so, what? On the president's left is a young lieutenant with the blue-and-white Korea ribbon on his chest. He is following everything with scrupulous attention, but you have the feeling

that he wishes he were in Korea at this moment.

The prisoner sits there stiffly and solidly, his neck well shaved, his trousers well creased. He is without cap and belt, which he had to shed before he was marched in. But if he gives evidence, he will have to put his cap on, like the others. Behind him, sitting at attention, is his escort, learning a thing or two but no doubt also thinking about the NAAFI break he is missing.

Outside, from time to time, the bugles blow. A voice is heard crying "Hey, Charlie!" and the court-room orderly, a red-sashed serjeant, tip-toes out (insofar as anyone can tip-toe in ammunition boots) and his cry of "Quiet!" is about four times louder than the original disturbance.

The newspaper reporters, two spectacled young men, are debating in whispers whether to abandon the case. There is nothing juicy in it. Nobody hit the serjeant-major. But one reporter does not care to leave without the other. After all, you never know. There *might* be a scene...

The nearest approach to a scene is when the president is finally stung to request the captain not to drum on the table. The captain apologises. The president smiles, and the captain smiles. So much for that. It might have been different a couple of hundred years ago, when so many officers "heated with wine" served on courts-martial that a rule had to be passed stipulating that courts should be convened before dinner.

The accused soldier goes into the box.

"Why did you not return the postal order after a day or two, as you say you intended?" — "I don't know, sir."

"Why did you tell the military police corporal that you had never seen it before?" — "I don't know, sir."

The prosecuting officer sits down, and the defending officer takes over. Though he wears the 1939 Star, this is the first court-martial he has ever attended. He said so when the court was called, and asked the indulgence of the president if he put a foot wrong. But he has put no foot wrong, and in fact he is doing uncommonly well.

He asks his "client":

"No matter what the outcome of this case, you still wish to make the Army your career?" — "Yes, sir."

The soldier is found guilty. Then an officer from the accused man's unit gives evidence about character, still in those short phrases. "... always regarded him as trustworthy... a willing man... but rather easily led astray..."

Stiff and stolid as ever, the accused is marched out to start his spell of detention, subject to confirmation. The reporters score through the meagre notes they have made; perhaps the next case will contain the stuff of headlines.

The Army

THE trainloads of holiday-makers now chugging up into the Welsh hills from the seaside at Towyn, on the narrow gauge Tal-y-llyn railway, owe their ride in part to the Territorial Army.

The Tal-y-llyn railway needed repairs, and the enthusiasts who operate the line as a hobby asked a Territorial regiment for help. In July 127 Construction Regiment, Royal Engineers, was authorised to work on the line as part of its summer camp.

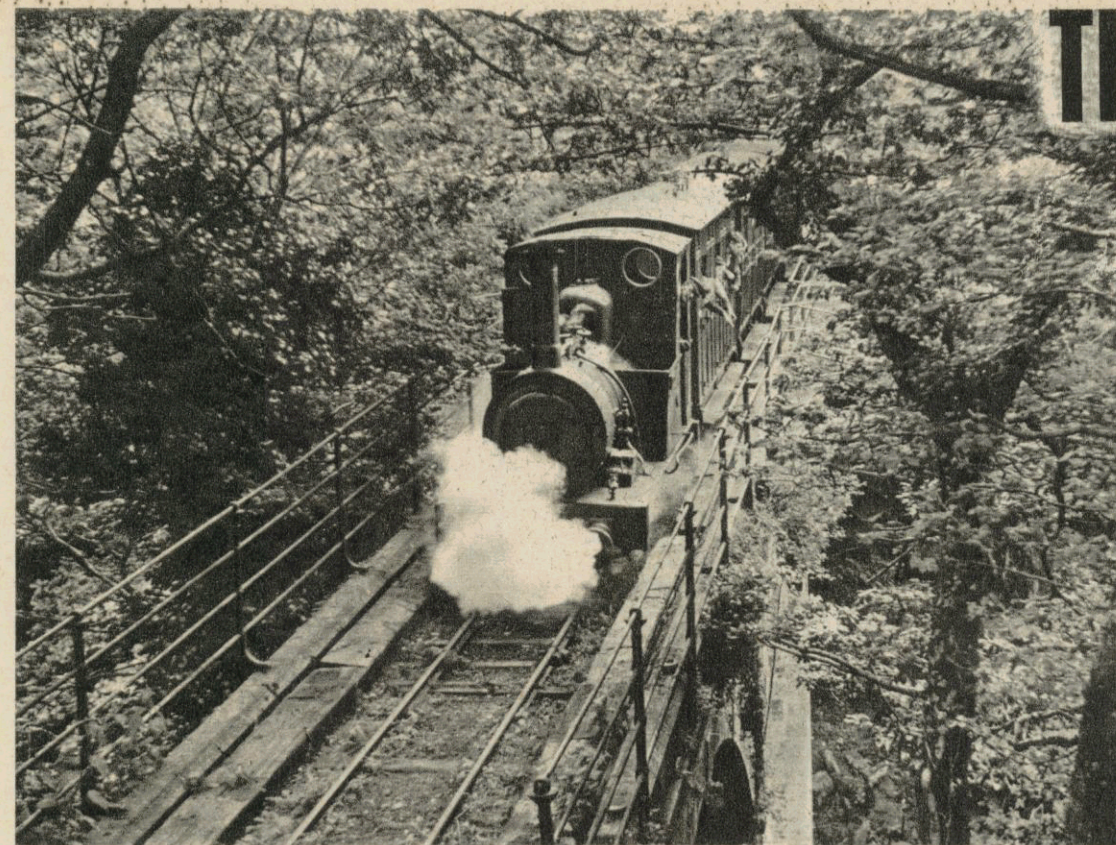
It was not the first time 127 Regiment had left its mark on a grateful Wales. At Trawsfynydd camp, a permanent site for Territorial units of the Royal Engineers, the Regiment can point to culverts and roads it has put down. When the local authorities wanted to rebuild the Maentwrog bridge, in the Vale of Festiniog, 127 Regiment erected a Bailey bridge to carry traffic during the operation.

The Regiment hails from an industrial area. Its headquarters and one squadron are at Smethwick, near Birmingham, and the other squadrons come from Erdington, Coventry and Rowley Regis. When the Erdington Squadron, Number 225, was raised, between World Wars, the Dunlop Rubber Company provided many of its recruits and much other help. Many of today's senior NCO's are Dunlop employees.

A Tal-y-llyn train puffs along with a full load. It is crossing the Dolgoch viaduct. (Photograph: J. C. Flemons).

Left: Closed for repairs. The Dolgoch viaduct again, with the scaffolding erected by the Sappers.

Below: To re-lay a railway line, first pull it up — hard work when sleepers have sunk into the ground.



Repairs a Famous Railway

It was good training for Territorials and kept the Tal-y-llyn line open for holidaymakers

The Tal-y-llyn railway was built in 1865, principally to carry slate from the Bryn Eglwys slate quarries (the line stops about three miles short of Tal-y-llyn lake). It has carried passengers since its second year.

The slate quarries closed in 1946, but the owner, Sir Haydn Jones, maintained the passenger service at a financial loss. When he died, in 1950, a group of railway enthusiasts met to consider how to keep the railway going.

It was now the oldest surviving narrow-gauge, passenger-carrying steam railway in the world and was one British railway which had not been nationalised.

So the Tal-y-llyn Railway Preservation Society was formed to run the railway on a non-profit basis. The members help not only financially but by working on the railway during their holidays and other spare time. That is why at any time the footplate may be manned by an earl, an undergraduate or a retired driver of crack Great Western expresses.

The Society is not without its own Sapper members. One of the committee is Colonel E. Woodhouse, a former commandant of the Railway Training Centre, predecessor of the Transportation Centre at Longmoor. The general manager of the line is Mr. K. C. Marrian, a retired British railways official who was a captain in a railway construction company, Royal Engineers, in World War One.

Equally, 127 Regiment has its railwaymen, although most civilian railwaymen join the Army Emergency Reserve rather than the Territorial Army. Senior among them is Serjeant C. Burton, who is outside superintendent on the Western Region at Hockley, near Birmingham. SOLDIER found him in charge of his squadron's mobile workshop, where he had improvised a method of getting rails to the lathe for drilling, and

New sleepers are laid. The gauge is used to ensure that the rails are the correct distance apart: 2ft 3 in.

giving expert advice about a sick locomotive.

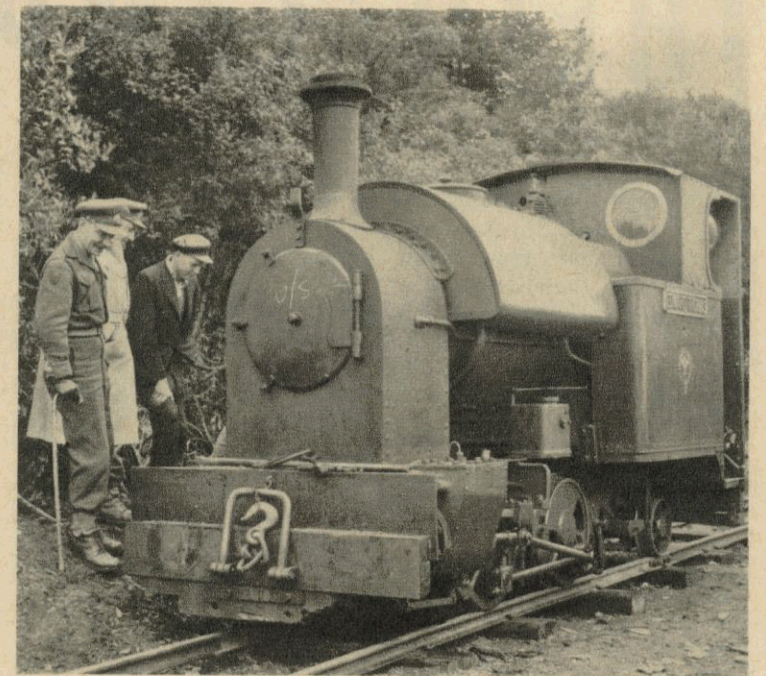
The task 127 Regiment undertook was to relay about two and a half miles of track, and to repair the 60-foot high viaduct near Dolgoch Falls. It was hard work. New sleepers were at Towyn. They had originally been cut for the standard 4ft 8½ ins gauge of British railways; now they had to be cut in halves, for the 2ft 3 in gauge of the Tal-y-llyn.

They also had to be carried to the site, and locomotives were not always available. In places the Sappers manhandled sleepers from lorries to the track. Some sleepers were pushed in slate-wagons up part of the track, which is so consistently sloping that at one time parties of holiday-makers would hire a slate wagon, hitch on to a train from Towyn to the upper terminus at Abergynolwyn and then ride all the six and three-quarter miles back under gravity-power. Safety regulations have now banned this form of travel.

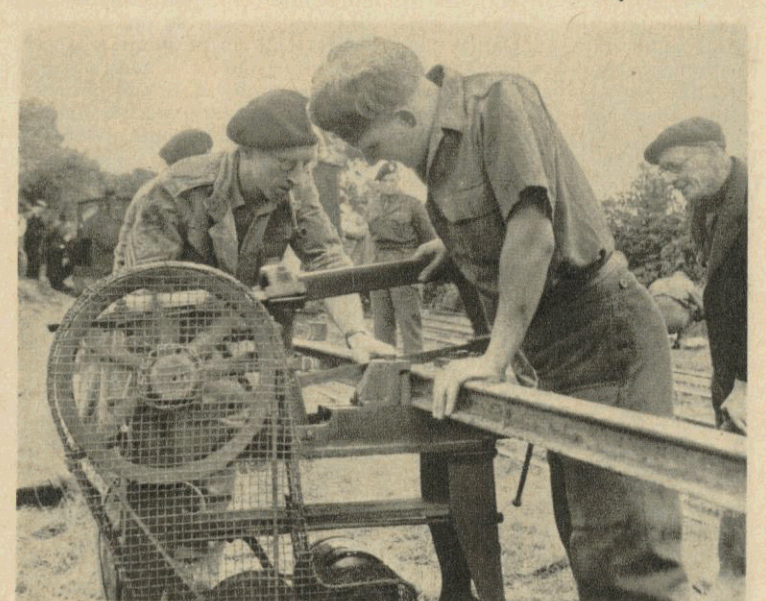
The line was closed from Bryn Glas, about half-way along, to Abergynolwyn while the Sappers were working, but the men had an opportunity to see the little trains with their well-preserved wooden coaches and the combined brake-van, refreshment-car and booking office. On occasions, the train brought their NAAFI supplies.

The Regiment's main camp was at Trawsfynydd and the squadrons took turns, one at a time, to move into a camp on the upper section of the railway and work on the line. They put in long hours, and Serjeant Burton's workshop provided flood-lighting for night shifts.

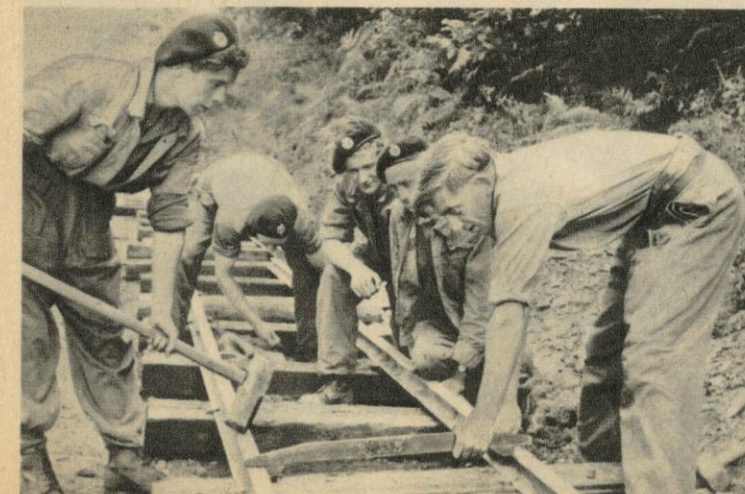
Both the Tal-y-llyn railway — which already basked in the glory of having inspired the film, "The Tittfield Thunderbolt" — and the Regiment received a good deal of very satisfactory publicity from the operation. The Sappers had some useful training and the railway had its repairs done.



The Edward Thomas, born 1920, is the youngest locomotive on the Tal-y-llyn. She formerly hauled slate on another railway at Corris.



Cutting a length of rail. Man with pipe is Serjeant C. Burton, in civilian life a railway superintendent. Below: One of the heaviest jobs in railway construction is shovelling ballast.



In a field on the bank of the Thames, Territorial and Army Emergency Reservists become operational troops. They are clearing up a legacy from the Battle of Britain

THEIR "CAMP" IS A BOMB

FEW Territorials can spend their summer training period on operations, since most operational theatres are rather more than a week-end journey from their drill halls.

For the Sappers of Bomb Disposal units, however, there are still live Battle-of-Britain bombs to be dug up from English meadows.

When these were dropped, the Bomb Disposal authorities — too busy with clearing houses, factories, public buildings and roads to spare time for fields — plotted all available information on their maps. Today they are getting round to some of the rural UXBs (for unexploded bombs).

These bombs have lain undisturbed for 12 or 13 years. Cattle have grazed over them. They have hurt nobody. Why not let sleeping bombs lie and rot away underground? The answer is that they could still be dangerous. Machines cutting drains might set one off. Explosives may deteriorate and go off without provocation. In any event, removing live bombs is the finest possible training for Bomb Disposal units, Regular, Territorial or Army Emergency Reserve.

This year, both Territorials and Emergency Reservists have been in action against unexploded bombs on the north bank of the Thames at Marlow, Buckinghamshire. In that area, Heinkels jet-tisoned some 200 bombs of var-



Canvas hose snake from the shaft to the Thames.

ious sizes. Some went off, some did not. Suspicious-looking holes among the explosion craters were noted and labelled "Incident 1," "Incident 2" and so on.

Last autumn Serjeant A. F. W. Kearney and German civilian employees of 2 Bomb Disposal Troop, Royal Engineers, a Regular unit from Portsmouth, went to Marlow and began seeking out the bombs. The method they use is "jetting." A non-magnetic duralumin pipe, fitted with a special head, is linked by hose to a trailer-pump. High-pressure jets of water from the head remove the soil below the pipe, which is gently worked down into the ground. Inside it goes a delicate locator apparatus which soon

reveals whether there is a bomb near.

By summer, four bombs had been located in the Thames-side field. Territorial and Emergency Reserve units, which 2 Troop has the responsibility of training, arrived to help, and the honour of excavating the first bomb fell to 348 Bomb Disposal Squadron, Army Emergency Reserve.

When SOLDIER visited the site, members of two Territorial Bomb Disposal squadrons, 272 from Shipley, near Bradford, Yorkshire, and 572 from Camborne, Cornwall, were working on the second bomb. Co-operating were the Germans of 2 Troop.

It was an incongruous setting for an operation which, inevitably, has an element of danger. Half the field had been wired off, to keep livestock away. In the other half cows and horses were grazing peacefully.

Not more than 50 yards from the bomb shaft, yachts were sailing on the Thames, and hikers were passing along the tow-path. Across the river, several tennis courts in the pleasant grounds of a physical training school were fully occupied.

The shaft itself, shaft 381, was ten feet square, about 15 feet deep and lined with timber. Motor-pumps — of which there were eleven of different kinds scattered around the site — were pumping water out into pipes which led to the river. Almost as fast as it was pumped out — about 160,000 gallons an hour — water

was spurting in between the timbers again. The bottom of the shaft is below the level of the river.

"Every inch has had to be won," said Captain B. A. Lipscombe, who is in command of the Marlow detachment. After passing through four feet of clay, the shaft had gone into sand and shingle, which made work the more difficult because it was washed about so easily. The timber lining had to be sunk ahead of the excavation, to hold the sand and shingle in check. Captain Lipscombe estimated progress on the shaft at ten inches a day.

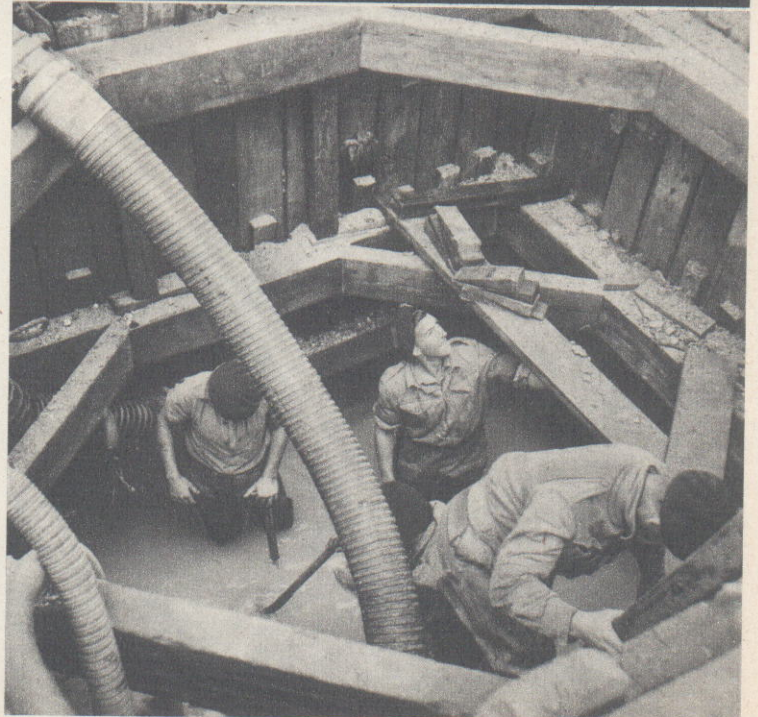
The Cornishmen and Yorkshiremen had been encouraged by finding the tail-fin of the bomb on the Wednesday of the second week of their training. They had hoped to reach the bomb itself on the Friday morning — and they were to finish work and pack up to go home in the afternoon.

An hour before work was due to finish, SOLDIER asked Captain Lipscombe how far he estimated they were from the bomb. He held his hands about two feet apart, and said, "That's a lot of work. If they could work on continuously for 48 hours, then perhaps —"

So the Territorials went back to Yorkshire and Cornwall, leaving shaft 381 to 2 Troop. And in a fortnight's time there would be more Territorials to work on the site. If the job was finished by then, well there were more UXBs to be excavated and more "incidents" to be investigated.



Left: First find your bomb... Jets of water passing down the duralumin pipe wash away the soil and allow it to sink. Below: Digging for the bomb. Progress on this shaft was about 10 inches a day.





Boy bandmen play outside the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane.

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman W. J. STIRLING.

SCHOOL WHERE NO BELL RINGS

(IT'S ALL DONE BY BUGLES)

ON any term-time Sunday morning, a parade of boys of the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, marches to and from the School Chapel.

The boys are in uniform — Glengarry, khaki tunic, Hunting Stewart tartan kilt, and sporran; but on each sporran gleams a different button. The boys are the sons of Scottish Servicemen, and their sporran buttons are the same as those their fathers wore or wear: a regimental button for the soldiers' sons, a Royal Navy or Royal Air Force button for the sons of sailors or airmen.

The uniform sums up the School, an exclusively Scottish institu-

tion, run in the military tradition, fostering the boys' pride in their fathers' Services, helping them, if they wish, to serve too. It was built as a Scottish national memorial to Queen Victoria, and as a memorial to the Scottish soldiers and sailors who died in the South African War. Today the Army maintains it and gives free education, board and clothing to the boys.

Every boy is a Scottish Serviceman's son — and every boy must learn a musical instrument

"As their fathers served the State, so also I pray that the children may grow up under the shelter of this building to be useful in their station and calling," said King Edward VII, when he opened the School in 1908. More than 2500 boys have joined the School since then. Six out of ten of those who have left have served in the armed forces.

In a less formal moment on the

same day, King Edward is reported to have frowned at the austere lines of the main building and suggested that creeper might help, though not much. Creeper has since softened the grey stone walls; trees and rhododendron bushes have grown up to break the building's dour silhouette. Today the School has a comfortable look as it towers, roughly in

OVER →

THE SCHOOL WHERE NO BELL RINGS (Cont'd)



the geographical centre of Scotland, over the main road from Stirling to Perth.

The School can hold 250 boys. They must be the sons of men who have had service below commissioned rank, and they must have no physical defect which would prevent them joining the Services. They enter the School between nine and eleven years of age (they may be registered at seven) and stay until they are 15 — later if studying for certain examinations. Soon there will be a special class for boys who want to enter Army, Royal Navy or Royal Air Force Apprentices' Schools. Others may stay to take entrance examinations for Sandhurst, Dartmouth or Cranwell. Two boys have already filed applications to join the new Welbeck College.

To the outside world, the School is probably best known for its three bands, military, pipe and bugle, and its Highland dancers. They appear at all kinds of functions, from solemn parades to international football matches. A party of 32 Highland dancers was in the programme of this year's Royal Tournament. Every boy learns to play a musical instrument, and this makes the School an attractive recruiting ground for the bands of Scottish regiments which play there from time to time, nearly always with some Old Victorians among the instrumentalists.

The School is governed by Commissioners, most of whom are distinguished Scottish officers of the Services. Its commandant is a retired field officer of a Scottish regiment — at present he is Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Nason, Seaforth Highlanders — and the line of commandants has included a holder of the Victoria Cross. The commandant has an administrative officer, a quartermaster seconded from a Scottish regiment, at present Captain S. H. Cooper, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The teaching staff is led by the headmaster, Major E. K. Morrison. He has six captains of the Royal Army Educational Corps and six

The pipe band marches. Members wear Hunting Stewart tartan kilts.

Left: Commandant of the School is Lieut-Colonel R. F. Nason, Seaforth Highlanders.

Right: Major E. K. Morrison, the Headmaster.

Below: Now you didn't expect four boys to pass a weir without inspecting it, did you?



Boy C. Murray sounds the start of a lesson.

civilians, all qualified teachers, on his staff. There are also a company serjeant-major for physical training, a bandmaster, drum-major and pipe-major, all of whom have retired from similar appointments in Scottish regiments.

Instead of the usual boarding-school "houses," the School is divided into four companies, each commanded by one of the Royal Army Educational Corps officers. Boys who show leadership become NCOs, and there is a system of good conduct stripes. Each company has its own retired company serjeant-major to look after the welfare of the boys and supervise them. Over all watches Regimental Serjeant-Major G. Lowdon, formerly of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, whose duties include coping with cases of homesickness and teaching elementary drill. The boys salute their officers (or stand to attention when passing them in school), and parade with their Colours — a Queen's Colour and a School Colour — on ceremonial occasions.

The School matron is Miss M. Wilson who was teased, when she first arrived five years ago, by boys putting field-mice on the stairs leading to her rooms. Miss Wilson watches over the maids and kitchen-workers, the School sewing-room and the laundry (which long ago became reconciled to the inevitability of boys coming into contact with wet paint and fresh tar).

Across the School square, behind the chapel, another matron, Miss K. C. Macpherson, runs the School hospital.

Queen Victoria School is one school in which no bell is heard — except as a fire-alarm. The day's routine, from Reveille to Lights Out, is punctuated by bugle-calls, and a single note signals the beginning and end of teaching periods.

After prayers (the school has a resident chaplain) the day is taken up with normal class-room work until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then, for an hour, the

boys are either at their "trades" — music or Highland dancing — or games. The steady games training has brought the School good results in Scottish schoolboy boxing, athletics, rugby, association football and cricket. On a sunny afternoon, SOLDIER found the military band filling its practice-room, several groups of boys training at athletics and cricket, a company in possession of the swimming-bath.

"Prep" takes up part of the evening. For the boys' spare time there are handicrafts and games. The School has its own cinema and a large-screen television set on order.



Walking out, in the grey-stone town of Dunblane. Six out of ten Queen Victoria boys enter the armed Services.



Above: Every boarding-school has its matron: Miss M. Wilson is mother to nearly 250 boys.



Left: Like bagpipes, bugles sometimes sound better at a distance. These boys practise on the edge of a wood.



Right: The School has a good sports record. Here one of the boys throws a javelin.

YOU WANT THE BEST SHOTS?

REME has them

The youngest of the big corps continues to put up a good show at Bisley

Right: Winner of the Queen's Prize in the National meeting: Major N. McCaw, of the London Rifle Brigade.

Below: The new Regular Army champion, chair-borne: Captain B. Walker, of 6th Training Battalion REME, who won the Queen's Medal.



THIS year's Army Rifle Association meeting at Bisley was a triumph for the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

It was a REME officer, Captain B. Walker of 6th Training Battalion, who won the Queen's Medal and became the Regular Army champion.

Experimental Serjeant-major R. E. Malpas of the Small Arms School Corps (who was champion in 1947 and third for the last three years) was second and Captain H. Viney, REME, third. There were 1000 entries for the championship.

Another important victory for REME was in the Methuen Cup, competed for by all Services, and the Corps won this with the unusually high score of 1346. A REME unit, 18 Command Workshop, took the Brooke Bond Cup and the Parachute Regiment Cup. Individual REME winners included Private E. Rhodes (Young Soldiers' Cup), Armourer Quartermaster-Serjeant E. Mitchell (Revolver Thirty, Walking Man and Coronation Individual). Captain Viney won the Revolver Silhouettes.

In team events, the King's Royal Rifle Corps Cup — the unit championship — went to the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade who also won the Small Arms and Northamptonshire Cups. The Britannia Trophy was won by 17 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, the Worcestershire Cup by the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, and the Coronation team prize by the Small Arms Wing, School of Infantry.

Winners of the three competitions which make up the individual championship were: Henry Whitehead Cup, Second-Lieutenant P. Welsh, King's Royal Rifle Corps; Roberts Cup, Major R. Wilson, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers; Army Hundred Cup, Major W. H. Baudains, Royal Ulster Rifles. Officer-Cadet J. Symons, from Sandhurst, took the Manchester Regiment Cup and Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Worsdell, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, the Sniper Aggregate award. Experimental Serjeant-major Malpas won the Rouppel Cup.

In the National Rifle Association Meeting, which follows the Army Meeting, Major N. W. McCaw, an Army Emergency Reserve officer of the London Rifle Brigade, won the Queen's Prize. Serjeant J. E. White, of 535 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, Colchester, won the Queen's Medal for the championship of the Territorial Army. For the eighth year in succession, the Royal Air Force won the Burdwan cup, awarded to the Service with the highest aggregate in three competitions. The RAF scored 4735 and the Regular Army was second with a score of 4696.



THE KAISER'S CUP

ONE of the junior Army sailing clubs, the Army Sailing Association, is also one of the few to admit soldiers below commissioned rank.

In its short life (it was formed in 1946) it has now signed up some 400 members, with 20 groups in Britain. This year it has just won one of the largest trophies in the sailing world: the Gold Cup presented by the late German Kaiser.

The cup which is really made of silver gilt, was presented before World War One to the Royal Yacht Squadron. In some ways it is reminiscent of the Kaiser himself: ornate and just a bit too impressive. The race for which it was awarded having become obsolete, its owners handed it over to the Association of Service Yacht Clubs.

Its present holder, Major Thomas Hunt, Royal Artillery, of the Ministry of Defence, poured in ten bottles of beer for a celebration drink. "It hardly seemed to cover the bottom," he said.

He won the inter-club race out of 20 competitors (five from the Royal Navy, seven from the Army and eight from the Royal Air Force), staged off Seaview, Isle of Wight. His crew were Captain J. A. Houghton of 71 Water Transport Company, Royal Army Service Corps and Second-Lieutenant Alastair Shufflebotham of 76 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery. The 20 boats — 22ft with fore and main sails — all belonged to the Seaview Mermaid Class and were provided by the Seaview Yacht Club.



Major T. Hunt, Royal Artillery, with the Gold Cup won by the Army Sailing Association.

The runner-up was Lieutenant-Colonel T. V. Somers of the Royal Artillery Yacht Club. Third came a Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve entry, and fourth, Brigadier W. J. Fryer, Chief Engineer of Southern Command.

This was not the first time the Army has taken the Gold Cup. It has been won twice by the Royal Artillery, once by the Ironsides (Royal Tank Regiment) and once by the Household Brigade.

The Army Sailing Association have about 60 craft of their own, owned by groups in London, Sheerness, Dover, Portsmouth, Torbay, Fremington, Isle of Wight, Nottingham, York, Tuxford, Tonfanau, Tenby, Rhyl, Ellesmere, Wirral, Llangorse, Holywood (County Down) and Perth.

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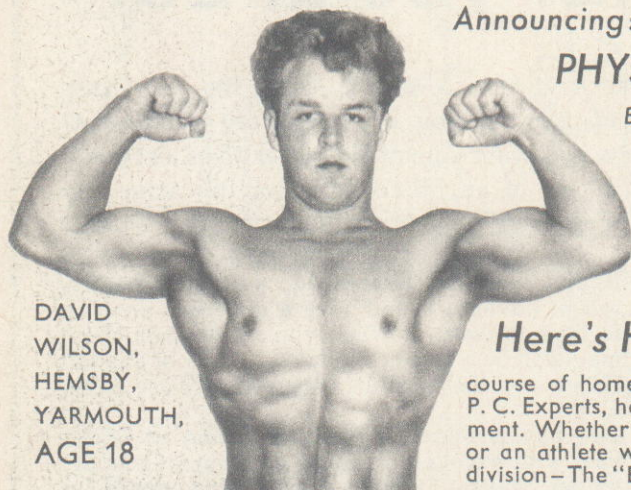
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'Highway Decorators' Were Unrepentant!

FROM Alamein to Bremerhaven there stretched a trail of "HD" signs, sometimes on telegraph poles and walls, sometimes over doorways and on brewed-up tanks.

They brought forth acid comments from troops who did not belong to the 51st Highland Division, and they earned this famous Territorial formation the nickname "Highway Decorators."

But the signs were more than mere advertisement. Major-General D. N. Wimberley, the first commander of the reformed Division — the 51st had been forced to surrender at St. Valery in 1940 — had decided his men should have "a guid conceit o' themselves," says Professor J. B. Salmond in "The History of the 51st Highland Division, 1939—1945" (Blackwood, 15s).

"They were the 'Highway Decorators' in more ways than that of plastering the Divisional sign wherever they went," says the author. "Whenever and wherever possible, guards and pipe-bands had to be turned out spick and span and, when kilts were available, kilts were worn."

General Wimberley had won his Military Cross in the 51st Highland Division which fought



in World War One. In that war, it has been written, "regimental loyalty was to a large extent replaced by greater pride in the Division." He was to make those words true again.

The General's enthusiasm for everything Scottish made him unpopular with Staff officers at the War Office. He visited divisions and battalions in England to extract from them Scots to serve with the 51st.

He was no believer in training to cries of "Hate! Hate!" or of smearing men with blood at battle-schools. "He believed — and rightly," says the author, "that the strong religious background of his Scots, with their national and traditional sense of freedom and justice, with their immense pride of regiment and their inherent belief in a worthy cause, made the inculcation of synthetic 'hate' entirely unnecessary."

The "Jocks" leave their mark on Tripoli. All those "HDs" were good for morale, said the divisional commander.

Under General Wimberley, the Division fought as one great, cocksure unit. This very readable history may remind one of the story, current about 1940, of the man who asked a Scotsman, "What'll

happen if the English surrender?" and received the reply, "Mon, it'll be a long, dour war."

Only once did the morale of the Jocks falter. That was in Normandy when, for the first time in two years of fighting, the Division was required for weeks on end to play a defensive role; also, for the first time it fought not as a division but with its battalions under different commands, and suffered misfortunes and near-disaster.

"Hi! That's Our Bear!"

The serjeant-major was going T away on leave. He left instructions that if anything happened to the regimental mascot, he was to be informed at once.

Something did happen to it. So they sent the serjeant-major a message: "Monkey died shall we get another or wait till you come back."

With the break-out from the beach-head, however, the Division was its old self again. It had now another commander steeped in the Highland Division tradition, Major-General T. G. Rennie of the Black Watch. As a major, he had been captured at St. Valery, but escaped to command a battalion and then a brigade in the 51st. He left it to command the 3rd Division in the Normandy assault. Later he launched the 51st across the Rhine, but was killed in the hour of victory.

The Division was as Scottish as ever. An officer found a telephone connected to a German headquarters and told those at the other end to come out with their hands up since the "English swine" had arrived. There were those in the Division who objected to his phrase. If General Wimberley had still been in command, they said, he would have been severely reprimanded for not saying "Scottish swine."

Major T. J. Edwards, the military historian, tells this story in "Mascots and Pets of the Services" (Gale and Polden 15s).

What kind of animal makes the best mascot? Bears go rummaging through soldier's kitbags, baboons wreck canteens, goats eat clothing, lions need too much meat. Dogs are perhaps the safest bet.

Some unlikely beasts have done duty as mascots at one time or other. Two cows, Bella and Bertha, marched with the Scots Guards past King George V in the 1919 victory parade in London. In India the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers had a black pig called Muriel which occasionally had to be hunted out of church.

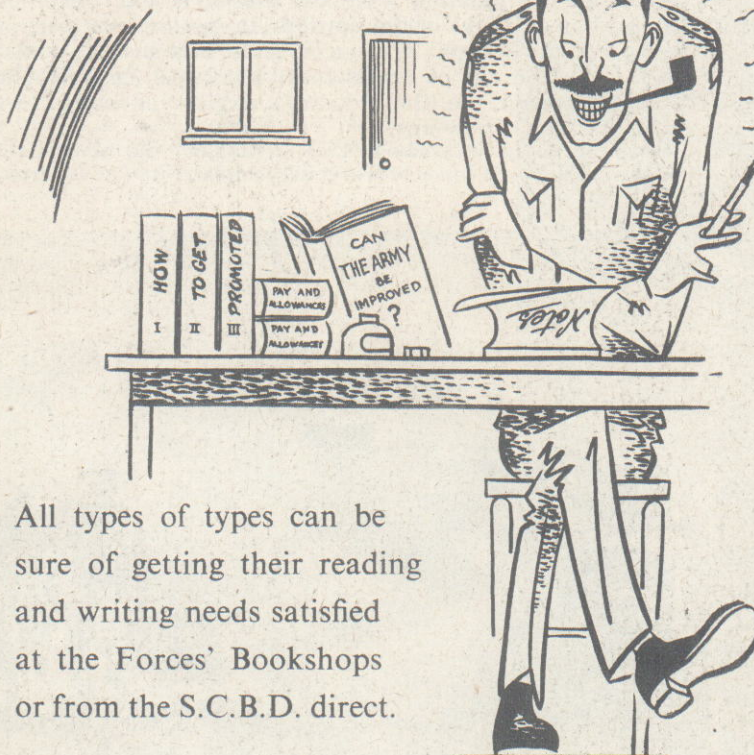
One of the more engaging mascot stories in this book is about "Lizzie," the big bear of the 17th Lancers, which the soldiers taught to perform various tricks. In India Lizzie was stolen. Eighteen months later a troop of Hindu jugglers visited the town where the Regiment was stationed, bringing with them a performing bear. This was Lizzie, and she was "at once restored" to the 17th Lancers.

Some mascots are buried and forgotten; others are stuffed or are remembered by their mounted hooves, or even in the form of drummers' aprons or hearthrugs. Scout, the Irish terrier of the Royal Dragoons, was buried, then resurrected after two days and given to a taxidermist. The man made such a hideous job of her that the Dragoons abandoned the idea.

Rather incongruously, a human mascot appears in the book: Jimmy Durham, the Sudanese boy who was adopted by the Durham Light Infantry. A waif of battle, he was brought up by the Regiment and later was enlisted, by special War Office authority, in the band.

In the Korean war, British battalions have adopted waifs as "mascots" — but have had to leave them behind.

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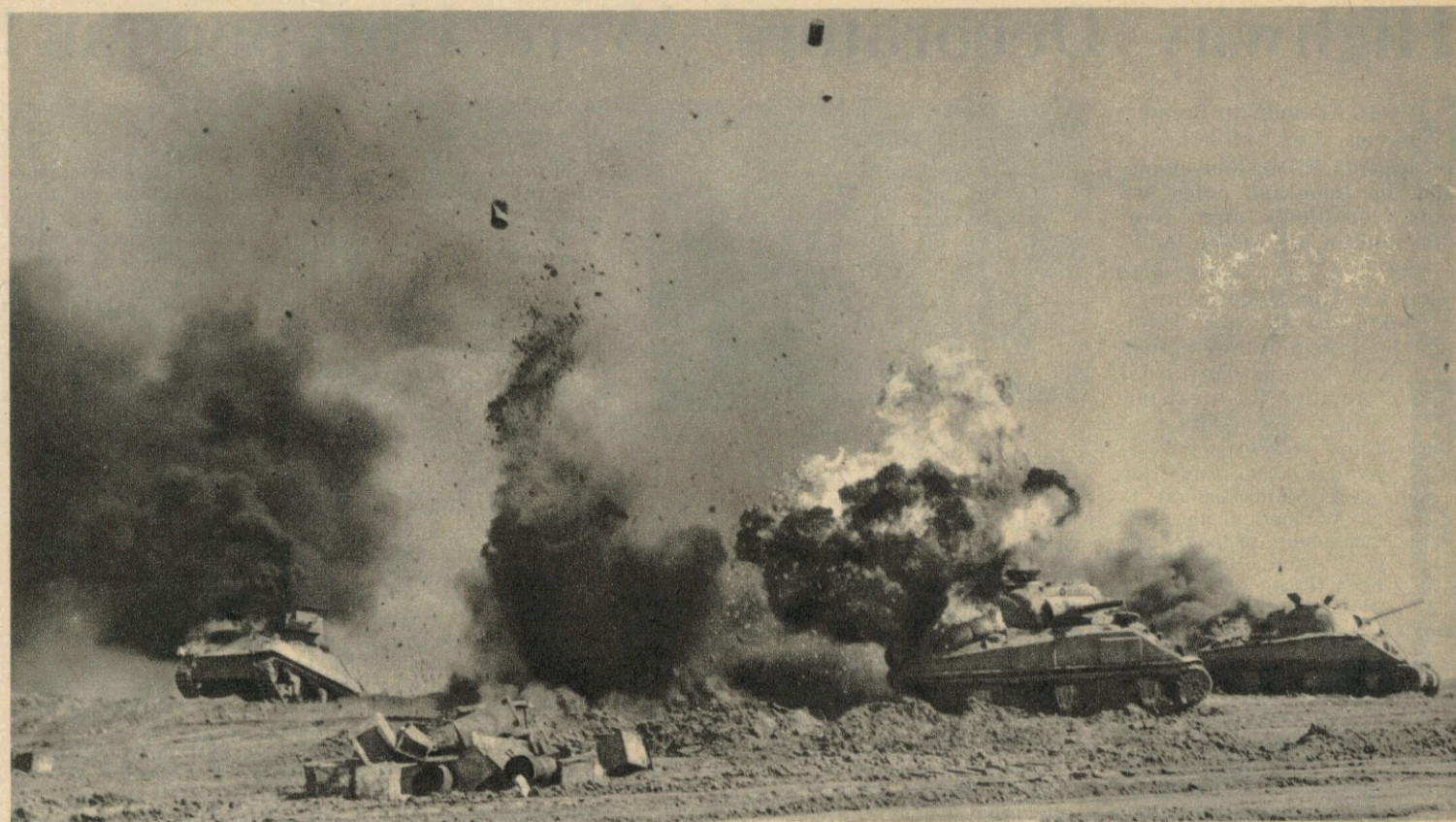
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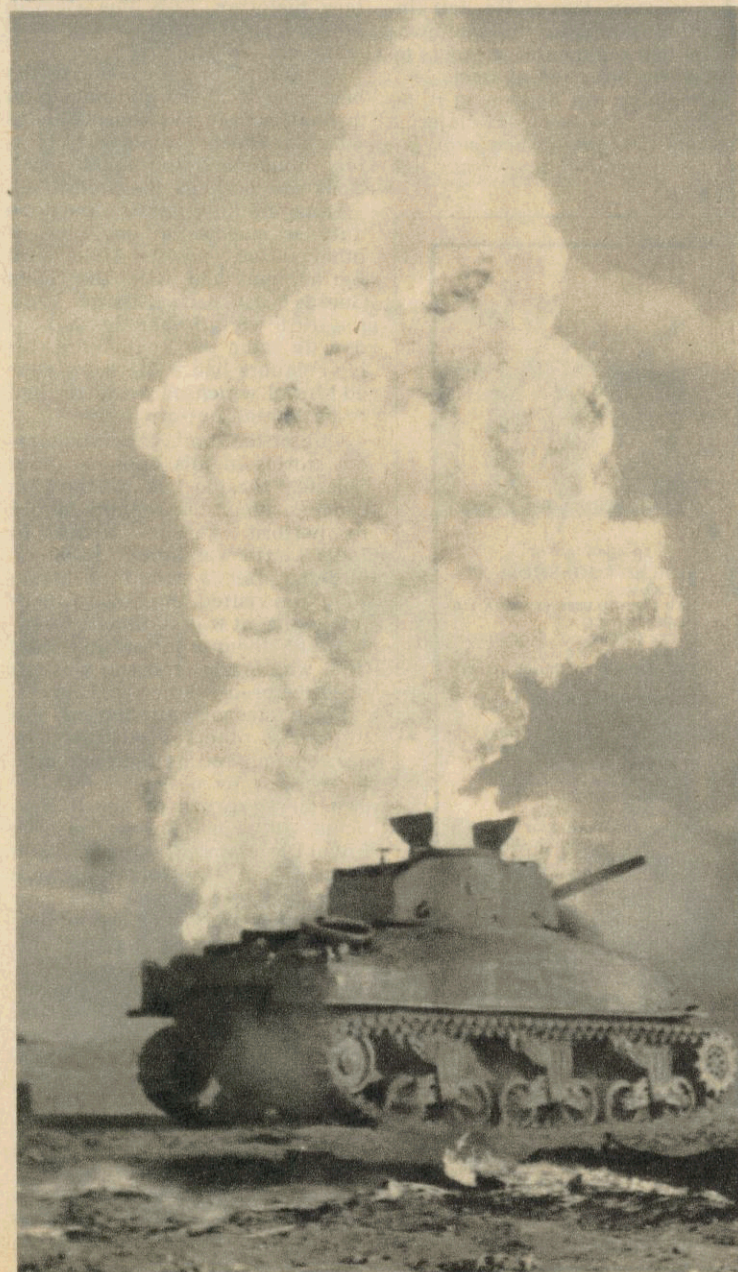
Five-gallon oil-drums fly skywards during a multiple "brew-up" for "The Intruder," a new British film featuring tank battles. This scene was staged at Chobham, Surrey.

BOX-OFFICE

TANK battles in the Western Desert are excitingly reconstructed in a British film nearing completion: "The Intruder."

At Chobham, Surrey, on the dusty, much-churned testing ground of the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment, tanks of the appropriate period took part in the Battle of Sidi Rezegh. A Caen episode was shot on Salisbury Plain, with the aid of crews from 4th Royal Tank Regiment. Cliff Richardson, the film industry's explosives expert, staged some startling "brew-ups."

Based on Robin Maugham's "Line on Ginger," the film tells of an ex-colonel's search for a brave young soldier who "goes wrong" in civil life.



Through a bombardment run an officer and a sergeant (Jack Hawkins and Duncan Lamont). Left: Another impressive "brew-up."



Some are Redcoats and some Highland clansmen — but they are all Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Right: The clansmen charge.

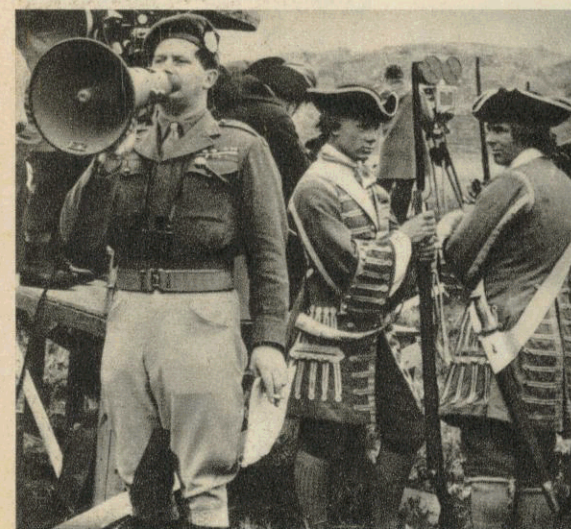
BATTLES

WHEN the battle of Sheriffmuir (1715) was fought out again in 1953, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders took part — on both sides.

There were more than 400 of them, on location for the Walt Disney film "Rob Roy." Some were hairy Highlanders, fighting in the Jacobite cause.

The Redcoats were commanded by Lieutenant J. D. Slim, son of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim. Lieutenant Slim was promoted for the occasion to an 18th-century general.

The Highlanders found themselves attacking and defending a lath-and-plaster fort. To help in its construction an ex-Army officer, who lived nearby, produced four pack-horses, which carried 82 tons of stores to the summit.



No sergeant-major's voice was needed on location. This electric megaphone is said to carry three miles. Right: Red-coats use a walkie-talkie to speak to (film) unit headquarters.



SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THEIR DRESS



1 WHISTLES ARE WORN

THE two serjeants of the 2nd Battalion The Durham Light Infantry, pictured above, are wearing silver whistles and chains.

Regimental tradition has it that this ornament was awarded after the Battle of Inkerman, when a serjeant took the whistle from a dead officer and rallied his men.

Regimental Standing Orders say: "Red sashes and whistles and chains of regimental pattern will be worn by all warrant officers and serjeants in ceremonial order and when walking out. The whistle and chain will be attached to a gilt lion's head, which will be fastened on to the tunic or jacket in line with the top button and two inches to the right of it, the socket of the whistle being fastened to the belt four inches in front of the left hip. When the

whistle is worn without the belt, the chain will be twisted round the left shoulder strap."

In the past the tunic fastening was an ogre's head copied from a gargyle on Durham Cathedral. Today the lion's head is silver, not gold, and no longer are chain and whistle worn when walking out.

The new Colours shown in the photograph were presented to the revived 2nd Battalion by Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, himself a Light Infantryman, who flew to Germany at the command of the Queen to carry out the ceremony. The old Colours are laid up in Durham Cathedral.

Films

COMING YOUR WAY

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

GENEVIEVE

The film about those veteran motorcars which chug sturdily down from London to Brighton each year to commemorate the day in 1903 they were released from the man with the red flag. In the name part is a venerable juggernaut. John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan play her owners, and Kenneth More is a rival veteran-owner whose passenger seat is filled by Kay Kendall. The climax of the film is an unofficial, no-lactics-barred race between the two drivers.

SALOME

Any film which gives Rita Hayworth the opportunity to perform the dance of the Seven Veils in Technicolor, as this one does, should be worth anyone's money. Whether the story is Biblical or Oscar Wilde, or neither, is something the critics are still wrangling about. Stewart Granger plays Claudius, Salome's lover; Charles Laughton is King Herod and the cast includes Judith Anderson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Alan Badel.

THE SQUARE RING

A British film about boxing. During an evening at the Stadium, "handler" Jack Warner watches his old friends and new ones in the tight game go into the ring and return, to work out their personal problems. The cast includes Robert Beatty, Maxwell Reed, Joan Collins, Kay Kendall and Bernadette O'Farrell.

MALTA STORY

The film of the siege, of which SOLDIER's critic wrote last month, "The Malta Story" stands right out among war pictures." With Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins and Anthony Steel.

2 EXCLUSIVE TARTAN

WHY does this girl of the Women's Royal Army Corps wear a tartan skirt?

Territorial members of the Corps whose platoons are attached to Scottish regiments are authorised to wear skirts (not kilts) of the regiment's tartan, by permission of the Colonel.

The practice originated in 1938. The girl in this picture is from No. 1 Ayrshire Platoon WRAC/TA

— the only unit in the Women's Royal Army Corps entitled to wear the Hunting Erskine of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Women in Regular mixed units permanently stationed in Scottish Command may also wear the appropriate tartan skirt.

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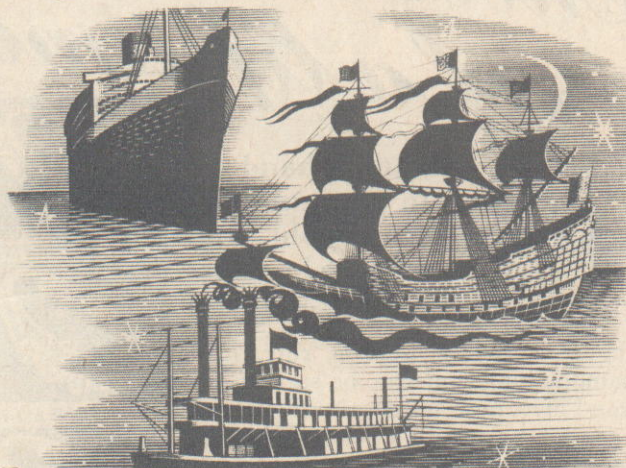
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No. 1 DRESS

How soon before the private soldier is issued with the No. 1 Dress? —

"Happy Larry" (name and address supplied).

★ In Parliament on 14 July 1953 Mr. Antony Head, Secretary for War, said that issues to Regular sergeants were now being completed. "We are starting on issues to Regular corporals," he said, "and I now hope that we may be able to complete them this year. I am most anxious to make progress with lance-corporals and privates, but this must depend on the funds we can make available for this purpose in future years."

ARMY FLAG

This argument cropped up in our canteen recently: has the Army a flag of its own? We know the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force have their own standards, but at Army Flag Stations the Union Jack seems to be flown. What about the flag bearing the crossed swords, lion and crown? — L/Bdr S. Wilde, 313 HAA Regt RA (TA), Worthing.

★ While the other two Services have standards of their own, it is the privilege of the Army to fly the Union Jack. The flag showing crossed swords, lion and crown was designed before the war for use by recruiting offices and for certain Army exhibitions.

FULL DRESS ALLOWANCE

What was the clothing allowance paid to a Guardsman in the years 1920—23, and did he receive an extra allowance with which to buy plain clothes?

Were any Guards battalions stationed in Turkey at that time and did they receive a special medal? — F. R. C. Johnson, Tring, Herts.

★ The allowance paid to a Guardsman in the early 1920's from which he replaced items of full dress was in the region of 15s a month. No extra was given for buying plain clothes. In fact, in those days men below non-commissioned rank could not keep civilian clothing in barracks. In London most of them stored it in lockers at the Union Jack Club.

The Grenadiers, Coldstream and Irish Guards each had a battalion in Turkey in 1922—23. There was no special medal.

BACK FOR A PENSION

As a war-time officer, I am interested in returning to the Army on an extended service commission and eventually earning a pension. I took my release in 1946, having held my emergency commission in the Infantry for five years. I am now 36. If I am accepted for a short-service commission and later transfer to an extended service commission, would I be able to serve on for pension or would I find myself retired after only 19 years (having reached the age of 55) without retired pay? If my war-time service counts towards the 20 years needed for pension, does this mean I could take my retired pay after 15 years? — "War-time Officer" (name and address supplied).

★ An emergency commissioned officer who returns on a short-service commission may apply for an extended service commission after he has completed three years on the active list, and he becomes eligible for pension after a total of 20 years reckonable service. If there has been more than a five-years interval since his former service, it does not count for pension, but any period spent as a member of a Reserve liable for periodical training is not considered to be an interval in service. If, as is probable, this reader was transferred

LETTERS

●SOLDIER welcomes letters.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

to the unemployed list in 1946, he would be able to count his war-time commissioned service should he be accepted for an extended service commission. In this case he would have 24 years reckonable service at the age of 55, and would in fact become eligible for pension 15 years from the date his short-service commission starts.

OVER 40

The average long-serving soldier does not have his roots deep in Britain and is used to travel. I am surprised that more Regulars, on leaving the Colours, do not turn to the Commonwealth, which is in need of immigrants. Recently I saw a letter in a regimental magazine from a former Regular now in Queensland, where he has come across many of his old regiment running their own businesses. Apparently on arrival they found jobs as labourers and with their savings soon had enough to start as vegetable growers. One man, with ten acres, now makes over £2000 a year.

The Australian Government subsidises the passages of migrants so that adults pay only £10 each and nothing for children under the age of 14. — "Under 40" (name and address supplied).

CAR-BUYING SCHEME

Although few will dispute that Service pay has, in general, kept pace with rising costs, I think it fair to say that only those with additional sources of income have been able to save enough for a new car since the war.

To many, like myself, who have been unable to obtain married quarters near their units, a car is a necessity. We have been compelled to invest in second-hand models of pre-war vintage whose maintenance has proved a continuous financial drain.

I notice that out here employees of the Sudan Government, whether civil or military, are able to buy new cars through the Government, paying for them at the rate of £10 a month. Why does not the British Army run a similar scheme for married officers and troops? — Major J. E. P. Sampson, Royal Signals, British Troops, Sudan.

★ One difficulty would appear to be the complications which would ensue as a result of frequent postings.

"HURRAH"

I think "Worried Loyalist" (SOLDIER, July) would find that the Army does make a distinction between shouting "Hurrah" and "Hurrah." I remember a major in the Middlesex Regiment in Hong-Kong saying to the battalion drawn up on the parade-ground: "When his Excellency the Governor arrives, you will not shout 'Hurrah.' You will shout 'Hurrah.'" — Alan Claydon, Cadogan Square, London.

DEATH OF POMPEY

I was shocked to learn through a radio broadcast here that Pompey, the famous drum horse of The Blues, was to be shot and sent to a glue factory. What a disgraceful end for such a noble animal that had served its regiment so faithfully for so long! Surely it should have been allowed



"Pompey" as he appeared on SOLDIER's cover in May of this year.

to retire to green pastures and await its end in a more dignified manner. I am surprised that the officers of such a famous regiment should tolerate so disgraceful a procedure. — Lieut-Commander A. E. Zealley (Rt'd), 10 Ladykirk Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

★ Pompey was not shot. He died of an internal complaint. For space reasons alone it would be impossible for the Army to bury its dead horses. In accordance with regulations, Pompey's body was handed over to the civilian firm which has the contract for the disposal of Army horses. His hooves are being mounted and will be retained by the regiment.

CORONATION FILM

Many of us living in Rhine Army were disappointed that the Army Kinema Corporation showed "Elizabeth is Queen" when the more popular "A Queen is Crowned" was being shown to German audiences throughout the British Zone. Of the two films, the latter appears to be a more complete record of Coronation day. — "Rhine Army Wife" (name and address supplied).

★ The AKC state that bookings had to be made months before either film was made and it was impossible to tell which was likely to be the more popular. Arrangements have since been made for "A Queen is Crowned" to be shown where there is sufficient demand.

PLAYING ROMMEL

I say that James Mason is the only film actor to have played the part of Rommel. He has done so twice. My friend says somebody else beat him to it. Can you shed any light? — "Fan" (name and address supplied). ★ Erich von Stroheim, famous for his impersonations of stiff-backed Prussian officers, played Rommel in "Five Graves to Cairo."

JOHN MOORE

Sir John Moore (about whom you wrote in your August issue) always insisted that it was the duty of older men to keep up the morale of the younger. Thus when his old regiment, the 52nd Light Infantry, were marching through the rain towards Waterloo, they could clearly hear the noise of gunfire coming from Quatre Bras.

A young soldier, not yet tested in battle, turned to a veteran of the Peninsula and nervously asked what it was.

"That," replied the old soldier, "is only Napoleon shaking his blankets." — "Double Past" (name and address supplied).

IRON CROSS

I believe there is a warrant officer in a West African regiment who possesses the Iron Cross. Where did he earn it? — Guardsman H. J. Vickery, Grenadier Guards, Pirbright Camp, Surrey.

★ Battalion Serjeant-Major Chari Maigumeri, Nigeria Regiment, enlisted in the German Army in the Cameroons in 1913 and fought against the British West Africans in 1914. He was captured and later joined the Nigeria Regiment with which he served in East Africa and Burma in World War Two. While with the German Army he is understood to have been awarded the Iron Cross. His present decorations and medals include the Military Medal and British Empire Medal. He came to London for the Coronation.

GEORGE CROSS

To settle an argument: can a serving soldier be awarded the George Cross for gallantry in action? If this is so, has such an award been made in Korea? — Captain F. R. Davies, MM, RA, Westfield Crescent, Brighton. ★ The George Cross cannot be awarded for gallantry in action. Such gallantry might qualify for the Victoria Cross. It is possible for a soldier to perform an act of gallantry behind the lines that has no bearing on a military operation and to be awarded the George Cross. No such award has been made in Korea but there have been awards of the George Medal in that theatre.

MONS STAR

A minor correction to your June issue. You say that Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Baird was at the Battle of Mons and went to France with the London Scottish. This is not possible. Mons was fought on 23 and 24 August 1914, and the London Scottish landed at Le Havre on 16 September 1914. The mistake is probably due to confusion over the so-called Mons Star, awarded to men who landed in France before midnight on 22 November 1914.

I enjoy your magazine very much and my copy goes on to three other readers. — Brigadier E. A. James, Fernwood, Bracebridge Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield.

★ SOLDIER is grateful to Brigadier James and other readers for pointing out this slip, which is regretted.

MASTER GUNNER

The master gunner's course is at least 12 months. His responsibilities are heavy and involved. Why has he lost the tradesman's rate of pay he once received?

A regimental - quartermaster - serjeant, responsible for accommodation stores and clothing, is paid an extra is a day. Not so the master gunner, responsible for the counting and safe custody of valuable technical stores, maintenance and carrying out of modifications.

Many master gunners are still awaiting promotion to warrant officer class one after 12 years. Most candidates were warrant officers class two before applying for the course, and on becoming master gunners lost seniority by going to the bottom of the promotion roll. Many did not mind this when the extra rates of pay were given. — WO1 G. T. Gibson, Falmouth, Cornwall.

★ Those who qualify on a master gunner's course are given accelerated promotion to warrant officer class two on appointment within establishment as third class master gunners. Their subsequent promotion to warrant officer class one depends on vacancies.

The re-instatement of master gunners as tradesmen, Group "B", class one, is under consideration.

Letters Continued Overleaf



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MORE LETTERS

UBIQUE

Regarding your correspondence on "Ubique" (SOLDIER, June), I submit that the General Order of June 1833 made it clear that the word was to replace all previous terms of distinction (Waterloo, Egypt etc) and therefore it is an honour, a great honour. The Royal Canadian Artillery and the Honourable Artillery Company substitute "Canada" and "HAC" for the "Ubique," as they were "not everywhere." — "Has Been" (name and address supplied).

MESS PROFITS

I am sure that in the not too distant past I have seen instructions which state that bar profits in sergeants' messes should not exceed ten per cent. If there is an Army Council Instruction on this, does it indicate whether the ten per cent applies to individual items or only to the overall profit? — "Mess Member" (name and address supplied).

★ There is no rule governing percentage. Queen's Regulations state that "cash will be kept as low as possible consistent with solvency." Notes and Instructions on the Method of Keeping Accounts of Re-

TROOPS IN JAPAN

In the June SOLDIER a letter from a reader in Korea gave the impression that local overseas allowance was paid to all troops in Japan.

SOLDIER is asked to point out that the only British troops in Japan to qualify for this allowance are those stationed in Tokyo, where living costs are considered to be higher than in Britain. Ninety-eight per cent of British troops in this theatre are in Korea or Korea, and they receive no extra allowance.

Troops in Japan are served by Australian canteens in which prices on the average are higher than those charged by NAAFI in Korea.

gimental Funds says: "The wines account should invariably show a profit. If a loss is made there should be an immediate investigation. In the case of a sergeants' mess where definite selling prices of beer etc are fixed, the percentage of profit to sales should be compared quarter by quarter. Normally there should be very little difference in this percentage."

It seems to be a common practice to aim at a ten per cent profit on bar sales of liquor.

GLOBE TROTTER

I am stationed in Britain. If I want to visit the Continent for my leave, must I obtain permission? — "Globe Trotter" (name and address supplied).

★ Every soldier planning to spend his leave outside Britain, or outside his own command overseas, must first ask his commanding officer. Details are given in ACI 272 of 1951.

WINGS

I am ex-Airborne now serving with my parent corps. I am told that I am improperly dressed wearing my parachute wings with shirt-sleeve order. The regulations are very vague about this. Could you explain the position? — "Paraman" (name and address supplied).

★ The parachute badge is not worn with shirt sleeve order by men serving with their parent corps.

FIRST APPEARANCE

In SOLDIER for June you stated in "Signals Lift the Cup" that last year the 7th Training Regiment, Royal Signals made the Corps' first appearance in the cup final. This is incorrect. The 4th Divisional Signals lost 2-1 to the Sherwood Foresters in the 1930/31 cup final. — Captain T. H. Ball, Royal Signals, Catterick.

★ Captain Ball played centre forward in the 1930/31 cup final.

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freely under the slightest pressure, as when you lean back in an easy chair, or restlessly roll your head on the pillow at night. Fortunately, the weak and relaxed sheaths respond most gratifyingly as a rule to suitable treatment.

This subject, and a host of others are fully discussed in a book entitled "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES", by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist of Blackpool, who has embodied the results of his life-long experience in a series of specialised treatments, each prepared for a particular type of hair disorder.

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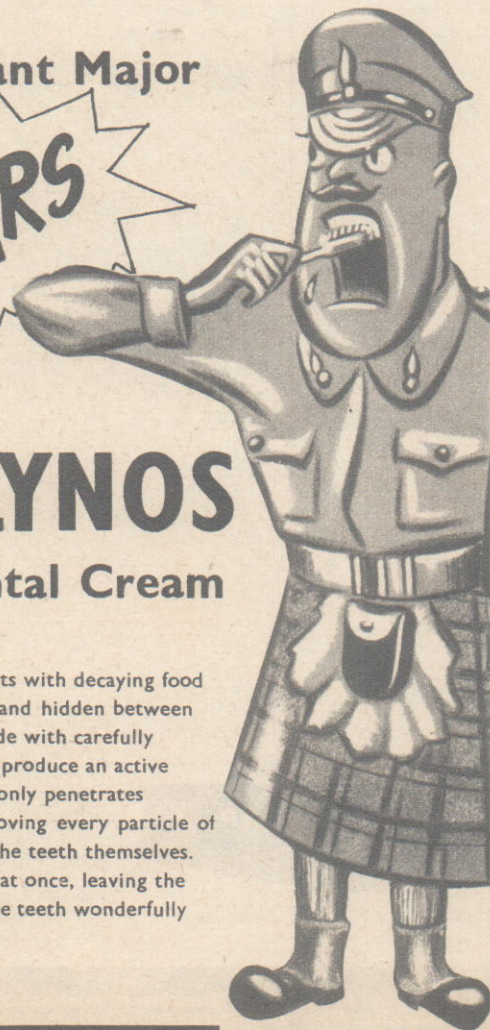
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