

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1958

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(See pages 10-13)





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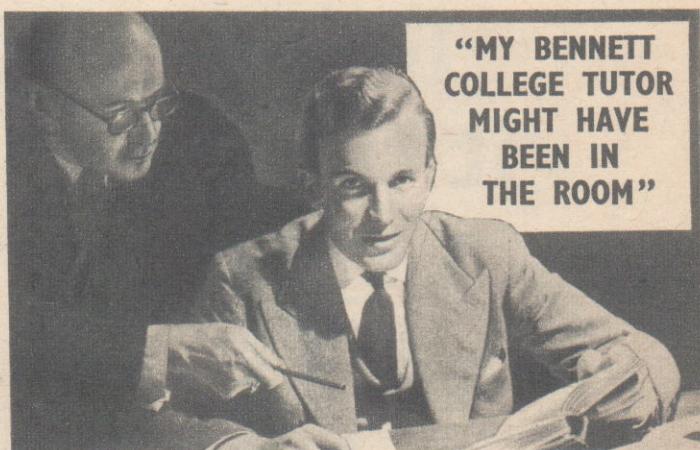
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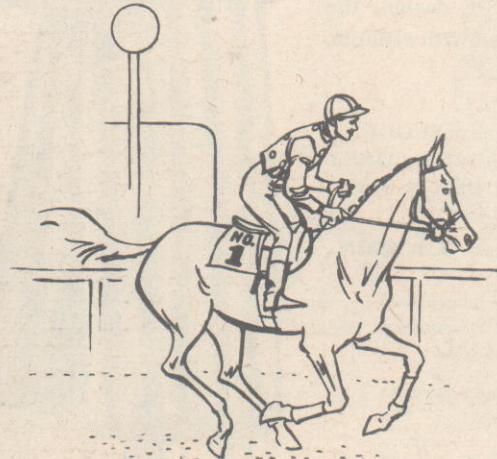
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A hundred and one headaches are in store for the Infantry battalions which are to amalgamate in the next few years, but two famous regiments have already gone a long way towards proving that . . .

TWO INTO ONE WILL GO

IMAGINE a unit with two names, two badges, two sets of regimental customs, six inter-company football trophies and more officers' mess silver than the mess can afford to insure, let alone keep polished.

That, just now, is part of the problem facing the 30 Infantry battalions which are to amalgamate in pairs over the next few years.

The surplus riches, both in tradition and in silverware, have been painstakingly acquired. Those six football trophies, for example. It has been a matter of pride, and perhaps some sacrifice, that the 1st and 2nd Battalions and the depot of a regiment should each have its own.

A few years ago, the battalions

amalgamated and one trophy went into store, in the hope that one day the 2nd Battalion would rise again to claim it. Now the remaining battalion and the depot are to amalgamate, respectively, with one battalion and up to six other depots. Both regiments contributing to the amalgamated battalion will thus each have three trophies, but the new battalion can use only one of the

six. If seven existing regiments make up the new four-regiment brigade, there is roughly a 16 to one chance that the new brigade depot will take one of the surplus five. What happens to the remainder?

To find out how this, and similar problems of amalgamation, are being tackled, SOLDIER went to the King's (Liverpool) and the Manchester Regiments, which are to be fused by the end of 1959, for a progress report.

Historically, the justification for the amalgamation is admirable. The Manchesters started life in 1756 as the second bat-

lion of the King's, and are thus returning to the fold. As cities, Manchester and Liverpool have long pursued a vigorous rivalry, usually healthy but sometimes rancorous. The regiments' local interests are separated by some 30 miles of other regiments' territory. The Manchesters and the King's have always been good friends, and when the amalgamation was announced the 1st Battalion of the Manchesters was amicably sharing Harington Barracks, Formby, with the depot of the King's. The colonels of the two regiments were the

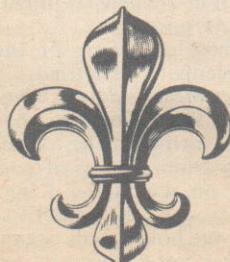
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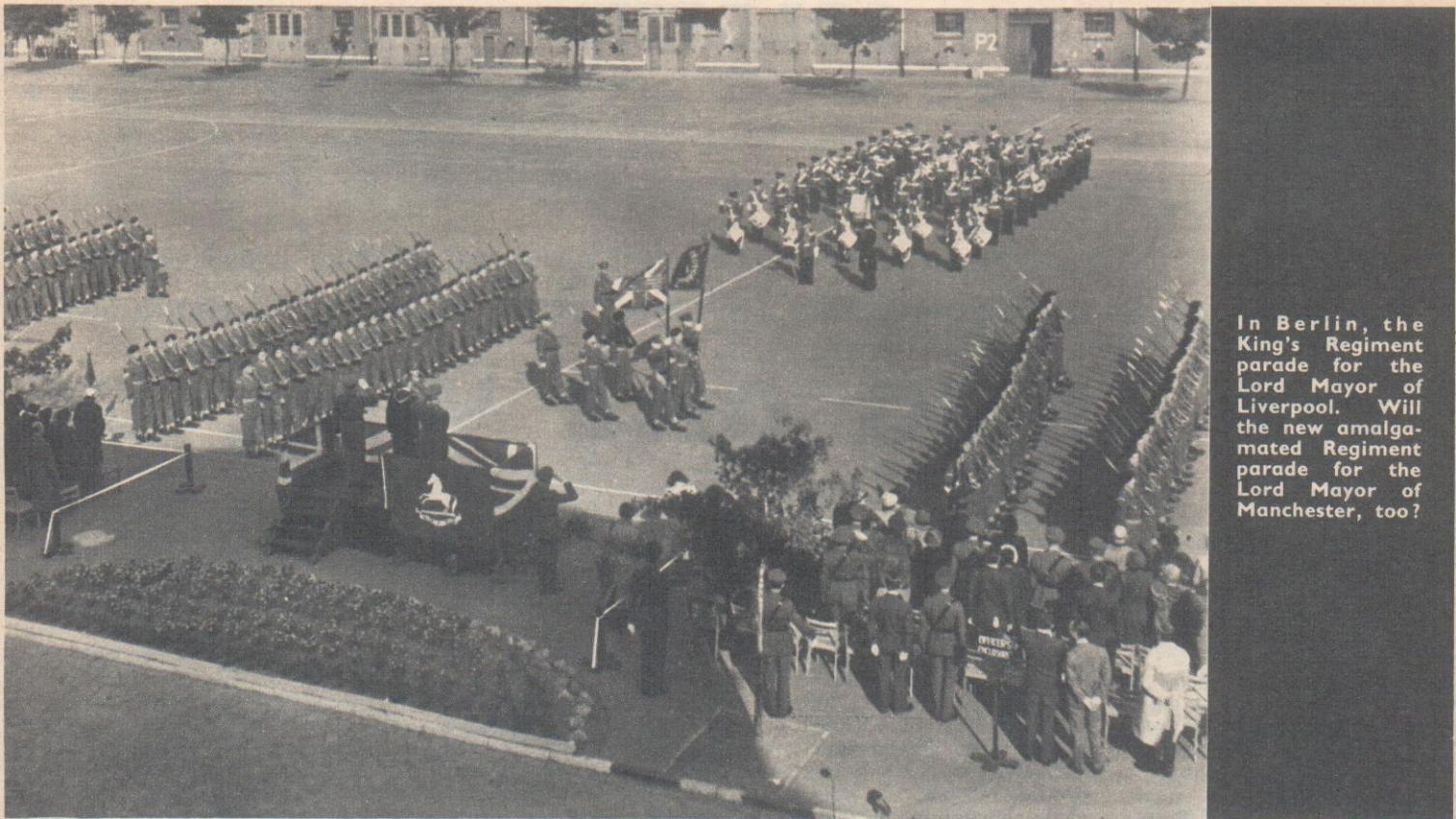


The King's Regiment (Liverpool) was raised in 1685 and its cap badge is the prancing White Horse of Hanover. Right: The Kingsmen march through the City of Liverpool with Colours flying, bayonets fixed and drums beating.



Below: The silver Fleur-de-Lis has been the cap badge of the Manchesters only since 1923. Before that the badge was the arms of the city of Manchester. Right: The Manchesters march through Manchester, the freedom of which was granted to them in 1946.





In Berlin, the King's Regiment parade for the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Will the new amalgamated Regiment parade for the Lord Mayor of Manchester, too?

TWO INTO ONE WILL GO continued

first to announce that they were determined to "make a go of it."

It is on the two colonels, Major-General T. B. L. Churchill, of the Manchesters, and Brigadier R. N. M. Jones, of the King's, that the burden of amalgamation work falls. They are negotiators for their regimental committees, and they meet frequently to discuss problems, in addition to sitting on the council of colonels of the Lancastrian Brigade, to discuss matters affecting all seven regiments in the new Brigade.

Both are busy men. General

Churchill is Vice Quartermaster-General and Brigadier Jones is Deputy Commander, Salisbury Plain District. So where possible, they delegate some of the work to the depot commanders, Major G. E. Beard, of the King's and Major M. P. E. Evans, of the Manchesters.

The first problem was the name of the new regiment. A Manchester newspaper tried to help by offering a prize for the best suggestion from a reader. The winning effort was The Merwell Regiment, a name derived from the rivers on which

Liverpool and Manchester stand, the Mersey and Irwell. The regiments thought of their first common name, Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment (Princess Anne later became England's Queen Anne) and other suggestions were The Manchester and Liverpool Regiment and The King's and Manchester Regiment.

The King's, however, is one of the few regiments to have been known by the same name since 1716 and is understandably proud of the fact. The Manchesters (who after all, shared the name just over two centuries ago), were understanding about it and so, with a common viewpoint, the regiments decided on a name to submit to the Queen.

In the same amicable way, the problems of the regimental collar badge (to be worn with the brigade cap badge), regimental button and lanyard were all solved and recommendations have been put forward.

Thus the trickiest problems were solved. It was also rapidly agreed that, in the matter of silver-topped canes, the new regiment should have the smooth one of the Manchesters rather than the knobbly one of the King's, with, of course, the new regimental badge on it. Another point agreed, at least for the time being, was that of the "small regimental headquarters" promised in the reorganisation plan: a strongly worded plea has gone to the War Office for two headquarters, one in Manchester and one in Liverpool, to maintain the relations of the regiment with both cities and the old comrades' associations.

There remain plenty of other problems, however. Each regi-

ment cherishes a set of silver drums and silver bugles. Talk in both regiments at the moment is of an equal number from each being used in the amalgamated corps of drums. What will happen to the remainder?

The matter of officers' mess silver also looms large. Loans and gifts to other messes and sales to officers are all possible ways of disposing of the surplus. Both regiments, however, are jealous of their centre-pieces, and talk is of using them alternately. The King's have a spare centre-piece, from the amalgamation of the 1st and 2nd battalions. The Manchesters' spare centre-piece has been presented to their city.

Each regimental mess also has a treasure and a custom in connection with snuff-taking. In the King's, the commanding officer's snuff-box (taken from the body of a French officer in Martinique) lies in front of him at dinner and is passed round with his permission. In the Manchesters, a snuff-horn is passed round with elaborate ceremony which includes taking a pinch with a silver spoon, stirring it with a silver rake, cleaning the hand with a hare's pad, tapping the lid of the horn with a silver hammer to settle the contents, and cleaning the cairngorm on the lid with the sleeve. How snuff will be taken in the new regiment is anybody's guess.

These are some of the other problems to be settled:

Regimental days. The King's troop the Colour on the Sovereign's birthday. The Manchesters' main celebration is of Ladysmith Day on which the King's, who share the Ladysmith battle-honour, hold a ball organised by the warrant officers and sergeants.



The men on whom the success of the amalgamation will largely depend are the Colonels of the Regiments: Major-General T. B. L. Churchill, of the Manchester Regiment (left) and Brigadier R. N. M. Jones, of the King's Regiment (Liverpool). They were the first to say their regiments would "make a go of it."

Officers' dress. The Manchesters wear whipcord service dress and caps. The King's wear barathea and caps with drooped peaks. The King's wear brass buttons and badges of rank on battle-dress. The Manchesters do not.

Regimental tie. The King's are circulating several designs among members of both regiments. The one which receives most votes will be adopted.

Old Comrades' Associations. There is no prospect of members agreeing to an early merger, so in a few years there may have to be a third association for men leaving the new regiment.

Regimental museums. Only parts will go into the brigade museum. The rest will be displayed in Liverpool and Manchester.

Memorials. The Manchesters have a regimental chapel in Manchester Cathedral. The King's have a Book of Remembrance in Liverpool Cathedral.

Regimental funds. These are in trust under the control of the Charity Commissioners.

There is one problem which will have to be settled by the corporations of the two cities from which the regiments stem: The Manchesters have the freedom of Manchester, and the King's have the right to march through Liverpool with bands playing, Colours flying and bayonets fixed. Will these privileges be extended to the new regiment, or will they be reserved for



Which officers' mess centre-piece will the new regiment use, that of the Manchesters' (above, left) or the King's? The answer may be both, alternately. Snuff-taking will also be a problem. The Manchesters have a snuff horn (above, right) and the King's a French snuff box captured in Martinique.

the Territorial battalions which will keep the old names?

Keeping a watchful eye on the three amalgamations which are going on in the Lancastrian Brigade is the Brigade Colonel, Colonel A. A. Agar, and on his desk is what he calls his "wedding presents list." This is a case, however, of the happy couples giving instead of receiving. The list details the things which the new brigade depot will want from regimental surpluses to set itself up in business and in comfort.

Along with his council of regimental colonels, Colonel Agar has made useful progress in planning the new brigade. The main thing is a recommendation (now being considered by War Office) about the location of the brigade depot. They have also decided on a brigade button, to be worn by the brigade band. They have whittled the designs for the brigade cap-badge down from 21 to three. They are making progress on the design for a brigade mess-kit and considering

a suggestion that each regiment should have its own waistcoat to be worn with the dress.

They have also decided that the brigade colour shall be the red of the Rose of Lancaster. Unfortunately, nobody can pin down any particular shade of red as being the traditional one and it looks as if the colonels will have to pick their own. This is one problem which will not face their opposite numbers on the other side of the Pennines in white-rosed Yorkshire.

SOLDIER to Soldier

SOME 9000 soldiers—Regulars and National Servicemen from most units of all Arms at home and overseas—have been called in to help the War Office decide the best way to attract recruits.

How? By the revolutionary idea of inviting them to say honestly, and without fear of punishment, exactly what they think of the Army and how it can be improved.

The survey aims to find out from the troops themselves (and who better qualified to give the answers?) what influences young men for or against becoming Regulars, why they do not seek to enlist their friends and relations and why so many soldiers leave the Army as soon as they legally can.

There were more than 50 searching questions and the soldiers were given free rein to express their opinions. One section wanted to know what they thought were the most attractive features of Army life: pay, promotion, companionship, security, adventure, travel or sport? Married men were asked what their wives (and single men what their girl friends and parents) thought of the Army.

From the answers the men give (along with those obtained from a parallel investigation among some 5000 families who have soldier husbands, sons and boy friends) the Army will largely

decide how to shape its future recruiting programme. The results, which will be assessed by March, may also be applied to recruiting in the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

To judge from some ill-tempered letters to the press after "Operation Grumble" was announced, some people are horrified at the idea of troops being asked for their opinions, presumably because they think that once a man is in the Army he should cease to have views of his own. It has always been the soldier's privilege to grumble but not until now has it been officially recognised as a duty. SOLDIER regards it as a happy augury for the future well-being of the Army that the War Office is prepared to set store by what the man in the ranks thinks.

* * *

IT will surprise most people, including military historians, to learn that the last duel fought by a British Army

officer took place as recently as 1910.

The story began in Egypt in 1909 when Captain Norman Leslie, of the Rifle Brigade, an officer on the staff of General John Maxwell, fell in love with the beautiful wife of his Egyptian friend, Ysoury Pasha. The Pasha intercepted a love letter to his wife from Captain Leslie, who to avoid trouble, was sent to London at 24 hours notice. But the Pasha followed and challenged him to a duel.

The War Office told Captain Leslie that if he fought the duel he would lose his commission, but later said they would turn a blind eye if no report was published in the Press. For six weeks Captain Leslie took lessons in swordsmanship and in May 1910 travelled to Paris to meet the outraged Pasha. All the witnesses were sworn to secrecy.

The duel lasted for 75 minutes, both protagonists drawing blood. Honour was satisfied and the Pasha returned to Egypt. But this was not the end of the affair. In reply to a secret note telling of the duel the Pasha's wife wrote to Captain Leslie vowing her undying love for him.

This hitherto untold tale was

revealed recently by Captain Leslie's brother, Sir Shane Leslie, when he presented to the Rifle Brigade Museum the rapier the captain had used in the duel.

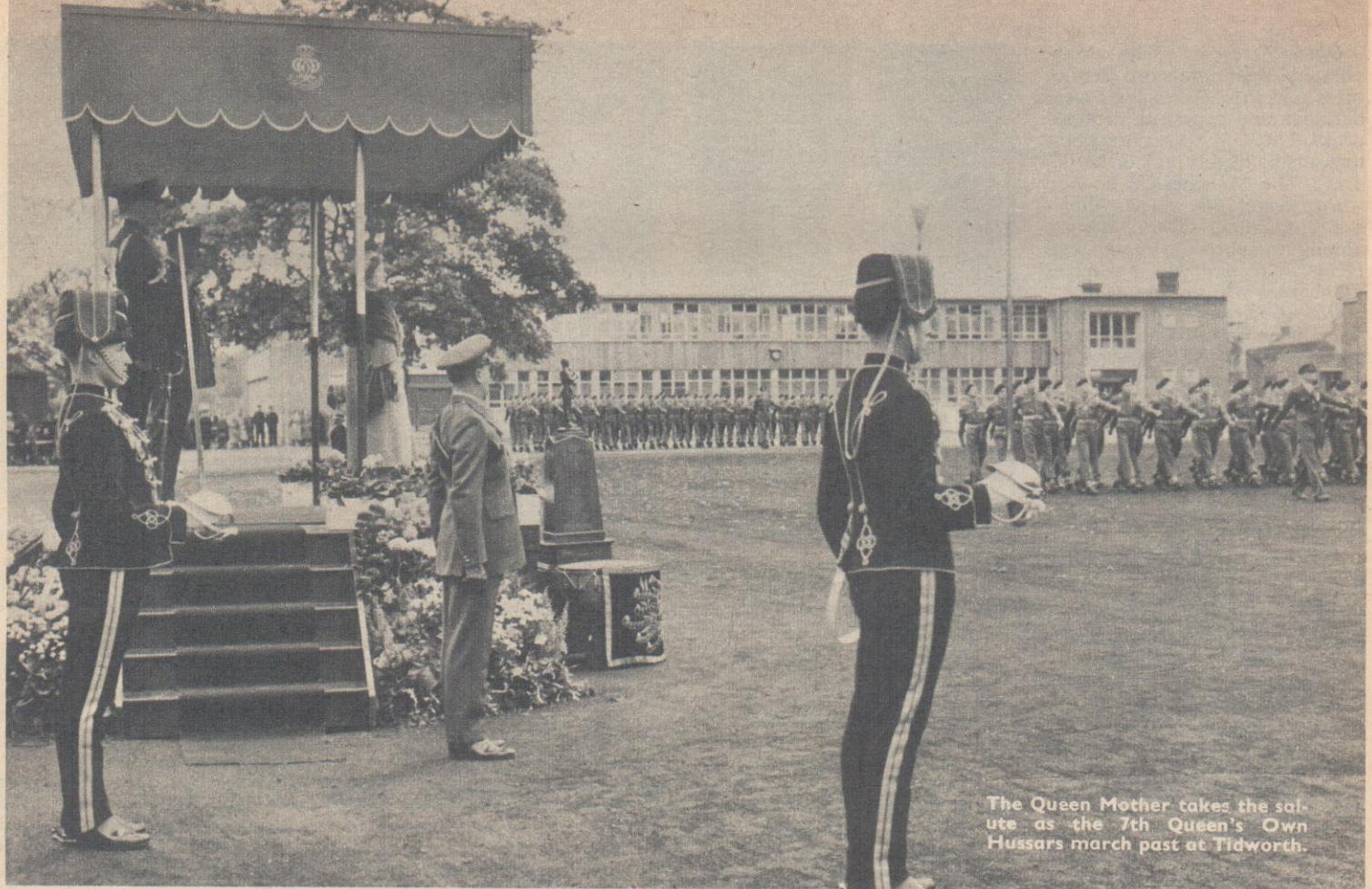
Captain Norman Leslie, the last Army officer to fight a duel, was killed in France in 1914.

* * *

BIG changes, foreshadowed last summer, are soon to take place in military dispositions and commands in the Middle East.

By April, a new integrated command will be set up in Aden, controlling all land and air forces in the Arabian Peninsula and British Somaliland and naval forces in the Persian Gulf. At the same time, part of the Army's Strategic Reserve (probably two battalions) will be stationed in Kenya, ready to fly at short notice to Aden or to Singapore where their heavy equipment will be kept. Aden and East African Command will be removed from Middle East Command and become directly responsible to London.

Middle East Command in Cyprus will eventually be reduced to an integrated Army and Air Command which will bring about considerable savings in staff and base organisations. But this will take place only when the present "emergency" situation in Cyprus ceases to exist.



The Queen Mother takes the salute as the 7th Queen's Own Hussars march past at Tidworth.

The First and Last Parade



Accompanied by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Llewellyn Palmer MC, the Queen Mother inspects "B" Squadron.

ALTHOUGH Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has been Colonel-in-Chief of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars for ten years she has only once had the opportunity of visiting her regiment. This first visit, at Kandahar Barracks, Tidworth, may also be the last, for the 7th Hussars are to be amalgamated with

Imperial Horse Guards. It also played a prominent part in the Battle of Waterloo.

In World War One (when a former 7th Hussar, Field-Marshal Earl Haig, commanded the British Armies in France) the Regiment fought in Mesopotamia on horseback. In light tanks, in World War Two, it formed the spearhead of Wavell's Western Desert Force which conquered Libya and annihilated the Italian Army. It also fought in Burma and Italy in support of the Polish Corps whose crest the 7th Hussars now wear on their battle-dress sleeves.

The 7th Hussars went to Hong Kong in 1954, the first cavalry regiment to be stationed there.

The Regiment claims to have invented the sport of steeplechasing. At Norwich in 1807 a party of officers extolling the virtues of their horses decided that the argument could be solved only by holding a four-mile cross-country race. They put nightshirts over their mess dress and, at midnight, set out to prove which horse and rider were best. This wild escapade was the first steeplechase on record and is commemorated by Alken's famous set of paintings "The Midnight Steeplechase."

As the Queen Mother arrived, a trumpeter of the Quarter Guard sounded the Royal Salute and Her Majesty then inspected the squadrons drawn up on the barrack square and presented awards of the Meritorious Service Medal and the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. The Regiment marched past in review order.

In her address to the 7th Hussars the Queen Mother said that the merging of the two famous regiments will call for a great degree of tolerance and understanding. "But from the amalgamation will emerge one regiment, new in name but seasoned in character, embodying the great traditions of both."

The traditions of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars go back more than 260 years. The Regiment was raised in Edinburgh in 1689 for operations against the Jacobite rebels and was then known as "Cunningham's Dragoons," after the first commanding officer.

In 1808 the Regiment acted as rearguard to Sir John Moore's Army at Corunna and routed Napoleon's hitherto invincible

As SOLDIER went to press, an announcement was expected on a new walking-out uniform for the Army designed to attract more Regular recruits.



This provocative article by JOHN TAYLOR, Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* and *Man About Town*, and a famous authority on men's clothing styles, tells how he would like to see the soldier dressed when out of barracks. The opinions of the author are not necessarily those of SOLDIER

SCARLET JACKETS AND CLOAKS

ONE of the troubles at the War Office is that they won't face up to sex. Few will deny that most preferences are concerned in some way with sex—and in this fact lies the key to the correct decision on the Army's walking-out dress.

At an age when the Army is trying to persuade him to join up, a young man's fancy naturally turns to thoughts of girls; so one of the main incentives to recruitment must be to give him a walking-out dress in which he will be proud to be seen.

What should it look like? First of all, the design should be based on offering to young men an attractive uniform which they cannot wear other than by joining the Army. Many people would like to wear bright clothing but will not because there is no apparent excuse. Provide a bright uniform and young men might well turn to the Army as a way of releasing their sartorial ambitions.

I am all for an immediate return to scarlet. Scarlet is the traditional colour for soldiers. Blues and bottle greens have no

called khaki. Khaki—quite the least attractive shade ever invented—looks horrible even before it gets dirty.

The cloths in Army uniforms are too heavy and coarse. I agree that use of finer materials will send up costs—but a walking-out uniform should be regarded as a "living condition." With lighter cloths far more styling can be introduced and the sleeves and trousers are more likely to "hang" attractively in a decently tailored fashion. Currently, the ordinary soldier, walking out in the shapeless, blobby, blanket cloth of current design, looks just like a sack with legs.

Battledress is quite brilliant in its hideousness. It must have taken years of thought to produce



Mr. John Taylor's idea of a walking-out dress the soldier would be proud to wear, drawn by SOLDIER artist FRANK FINCH.

the authorities surrendered and agreed to trousers being cut wider. It was exactly at this time that the fashion for narrow trousers began to appear in civilian clothing!

I'd like to see an official Fashion Adviser to the War Office who would keep uniforms in line with current civilian trends. I do not suggest that excesses of fashion should be repeated in Army uniforms, but I maintain that if the whole country is wearing 16-inch trouser bottoms a soldier is going to feel "a right Charlie" if his trouser bottoms are flapping around the 22-inch mark.

Shoulder widths and slopes are another facet of clothes susceptible to changing taste. Soldiers should be allowed scope in following the current fashion silhouette and only by being personally fitted for their suits are they going to be allowed to do so. The soldier nowadays is regarded as a "professional" man. One of the badges of the "professional" man is that he has always had his clothes made to measure. I can see no practical obstacles to a soldier being given the same privilege.

In the past too much attention has been paid to the literal translation of the word "uniform" and not nearly enough to the basic idea behind it. A uniform should not be worn so that the wearer will be convinced of the fact that he is the same as the rest. It should be worn to indicate that he is different from those not privileged to wear it.

Nothing gives a man greater interest in anything than the opportunity to use his own initiative, so let the soldier fiddle with the relatively unnoticeable details of trouser width, shoulder slope, cloth quality, hat shape, shoe point and so on. By giving him that right you will awaken in him that sense of responsibility you wish him to cultivate.



"Examine him at the barrack gate"

soldiering traditions and are more akin to the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. Let young men be proud of the Army's history and reflect it in the clothes they wear. Let the Army hang on to a wonderful colour that is both traditional and easily the most attractive.

It has been said that scarlet is difficult to keep clean, but this is no argument against it. The average young man wears light grey flannels and a light fawn sports coat. Are they any less liable to dirt than a bright scarlet? Of course not. Anyway, the responsibility for keeping a walking-out dress clean is one that can be quite safely handed to the young man who has to wear it. Examine him at the barrack gate and if he doesn't look good enough to do the Army credit, send him back to his quarters again. I cannot believe that scarlet will get very much dirtier very much quicker than that hideous mucky brown

what must be the ultimate in making a man look a Lump. Retain it if you must for functions where the soldier is hidden from the gaze of his girl friend or the general public. But never let a soldier out in it in view of eyes untrained to its practical virtues.

So, let's have a scarlet jacket. With a bright red there are two colours (or non-colours) that best set it off—black and white. I suggest black trousers with a narrow scarlet stripe down the side, black shoes, a black leather belt, a black narrow and straight tie, a black hat, and a white shirt.

I'd like to see larger cap badges, in black and offset by a scarlet band background. Buttons and badges of rank should also be black.

I should like to dispense with the heavy, intricate breast pockets which only tend visually to narrow the shoulders, and I'd like a pointed, more civilian-style, lapel to the jacket.

The cap should be designed on the style of the officer's cap—and all berets (those woolly omelettes) should be burned. The nonsensical side-cap ought to be abolished, too.

The only other garment rivaling the hideous genius of battle-dress is the Army greatcoat. This, I think, could very happily be replaced by a cloak.

I'd also like the Army to adopt the Navy habit of giving a dress allowance and making men responsible for the upkeep of their own walking-out dress. No stringent standards are laid down in the Navy and various cloths, badges, hats, shoes and socks, all of differing quality, are acceptable so long as the result is smart and orthodox in colour and shape.

The opportunity should be given to soldiers to buy fine quality cloths for their walking-out uniforms if they wish. There should be a minimum standard insisted upon, but not necessarily a maximum. If a soldier wants to show off, he ought to be encouraged to. Every really sharp dresser is a free advertisement for recruitment.

Fashion should be allowed to play a definite part in the uniform policy. For many years before the last war, soldiers agitated for wider trousers. Finally, but not until the end of World War Two,



"... functions where the soldier is hidden ..."

This is the first of a new series of SOLDIER articles recounting the exploits by which famous regiments won everlasting fame and glory on the field of battle. It tells the story of the South Wales Borderers' heroic stand against overwhelming forces of ferocious Zulus at Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift

THE 24th

THIS month The South Wales Borderers, formerly the 24th Foot, commemorate a day of horror and heroism with few parallels in British regimental history. On that day—22 January, 1879—at Isandhlwana and at Rorke's Drift, in Zululand, South Africa, the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 24th Foot together lost 21 officers and 590 other ranks killed or died of wounds. But by grim, disciplined fighting they killed more than 1400 of the overwhelming hosts of Zulu warriors who attacked them.

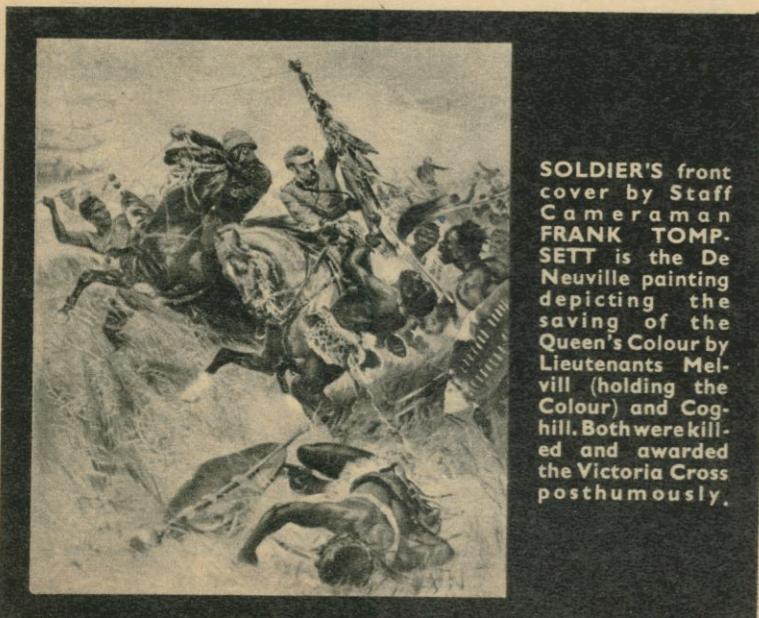
The battle of Isandhlwana ended in the massacre of almost the whole of the British force

engaged, but the defence of Rorke's Drift afterwards, by one detached company of the 2nd Battalion, was a complete success and probably saved the border districts of Natal, south of Zululand, from the horrors of a ferocious Zulu invasion.

Isandhlwana ("Little Hand")



The 24th stand firm at Rorke's Drift. This picture which hangs in the officers' mess was painted by De Neuville.



SOLDIER'S front cover by Staff Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT is the De Neuville painting depicting the saving of the Queen's Colour by Lieutenants Melville (holding the Colour) and Coghill. Both were killed and awarded the Victoria Cross posthumously.



Regimental Sergeant-Major R. F. Hitch is the grandson of Private Frederick Hitch, one of the seven members of the Regiment who won the Victoria Cross at Rorke's Drift.

was a hill, on which one of the three columns of Lord Chelmsford's field force advancing from Natal into Zululand had pitched camp. In the column were the 1st and 2nd Battalions of what was then the 24th (2nd Warwickshire) Regiment, a field battery, some mounted Infantry, Natal Carbineers and two units of the Natal Native Contingent.

Early on 22 January Lord Chelmsford left camp with a large part of the column to give battle to the Zulus. Left in camp were headquarters and five companies of the 1st Battalion of the 24th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, and "G" Company of the 2nd Battalion, with part of the Native Contingent. In the camp also were the Queen's Colour of the 1st Battalion and both Colours of the 2nd Battalion.

Nothing had been done about

WERE MASSACRED—

BUT THEY SAVED NATAL

the defence of the camp. Even the transport ox-wagons had not been formed into the customary "laager." When the first mass of Zulus appeared—"like a great black cloud," as one of the few white survivors said, "the prancing, plumed but otherwise naked warriors shaking their assegais and black-and-white shields in the sunlight"—most of the troops

were having their mid-day dinner, and the rest, in formed groups, had pushed out beyond the camp in different directions. The men leapt at once to arms but it was too late to make any proper defensive arrangements.

The Zulus came on in a wide crescent formation—a central mass with two forward-curving "horns"—designed for a frontal

assault with simultaneous attacks by the "horns" on the flanks. For a time, accurate shooting by the British and native riflemen kept them back (if the ammunition supply could have been maintained the attack might have been broken completely). But the main firing line was in the open, 400 yards from the camp, and there was dire trouble in getting

ammunition boxes off the frightened, plunging mules, sent up by non-combatant bandsmen and clerks in the camp. And the boxes then had screwed-down lids.

Inevitably, the deadly fire of the Martini-Henry rifles slackened. A horde of Zulus saw their chance and rushed forward

OVER...



At Isandhlwana the 24th fought back to back against an overwhelming horde of Zulus. This Charles Fripp painting also hangs in the officers' mess. Below (left): With Roman numerals on their helmets, men of the South Wales Borderers cordon off a riot area in Singapore in 1956. Right: In the Regimental Museum at Brecon, Lieut-Colonel E. N. Earle dresses a dummy in the uniform of Kwok Fui, the first Communist terrorist killed by the South Wales Borderers in Malaya two years ago. The German flags bearing the swastika were captured in World War Two.



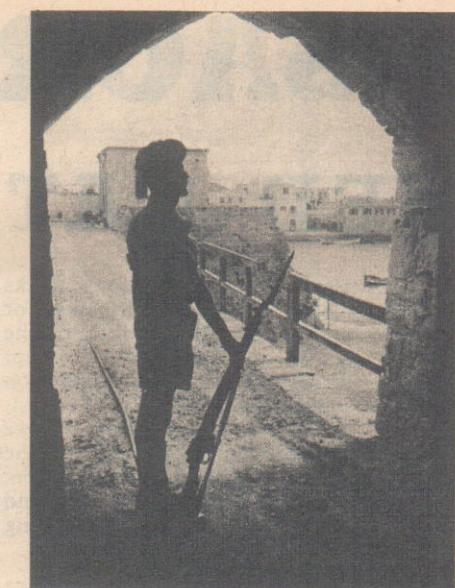
THE 24th WERE MASSACRED

continued

with triumphant yells. Most of the Native Contingent fled, and through the gap poured a black flood of raging, thrusting savages. Soon all was over. The men of the 24th were found afterwards lying in groups, back-to-back as they had stood to fight it out with bullet and bayonet and clubbed rifle. Around every group lay a ring of dead Zulus, more than 1000 in all.

When Colonel Pulleine saw all was lost he ordered Lieutenant Melvill to try to get away with the Queen's Colour of the 1st Battalion. Melvill and Lieutenant Coghill, whose knee was injured, mounted horses and rode off westward to the Buffalo River and after them ran some tireless Zulus who stayed close behind in the six-mile race over the broken ground. At the river were more Zulus, but the two officers fought through and pushed their horses into the flooded stream.

Coghill got across but Melvill was washed out of his saddle and, still grasping the Colour, was swept downstream until stopped by a rock, to which Lieutenant Higgenson, of the Natal Native Contingent, was clinging. Higgenson tried to take over the Colour, but failed. The rushing water tore both men from the rock and the Colour from Melvill's grasp. By this time Zulu riflemen were sniping from the bank and Coghill, who might have saved himself, rode back into the river in an effort at



At the entrance to Kyrenia Castle in Cyprus a South Wales Borderer stands guard with fixed bayonet. The year was 1948.

rescue. Almost at once his horse was shot under him, but the three officers somehow struggled to the Natal bank. It was too steep for Coghill, with his injured knee, to climb, and Melvill who in his turn might have saved himself, stayed with him. A little later the two devoted brother officers went down under the stabbing Zulu assegais.

To Rorke's Drift in the afternoon of 22 January fugitives from Isandlwana, ten miles away, brought news of the disaster. Lieutenant John Chard, Royal Engineers, was the senior officer at the Drift, and under his command were Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead with 80 men of "B" Company, 2nd/24th and some details of the 1st Battalion and the Commissariat, with 100 men of the Natal Native Con-

tingent. The post consisted of two stone buildings 40 yards apart, one used as a storehouse and the other as a hospital, in which were about 30 sick men.

Chard set the garrison to work, loopholing and barricading the buildings and connecting them with walls of mealie bags from the storehouse. Soon word came that the Zulus were approaching in great force, and the Native Contingent bolted. To contract his defences Lieutenant Chard had a breastwork of biscuit boxes put up across a corner of the enclosure between the buildings.

The leading body of Zulus, about 500 strong, was headed by a chief on a grey horse, according to one account. "They halted for a moment, and then advanced at a run. It seemed as if they expected to surprise the

camp." But the defenders opened fire at once, Private Dunbar picking off the mounted chief at about 500 yards. Zulus then fell fast, but the mass of them came on, taking advantage of the broken ground and the bushes behind the post and a ridge behind it. A few with rifles got to a ridge and kept up a constant though inaccurate fire. But most relied on their assegais, working forward through the cover of bushes and long grass until close enough to try a rush.

The 24th fired steadily, making every shot tell. Time after time Zulus swarmed up to bayonet point, utterly disregarding their losses. "They stalked out of their concealment," says one account, "pranced up with a high-stepping motion and, caring nothing for the slaughter, endeavoured to get over the barricade and into the end room of the hospital." Seven or eight times Lieutenant Bromhead collected a few men and drove the Zulus off with bayonet charges.

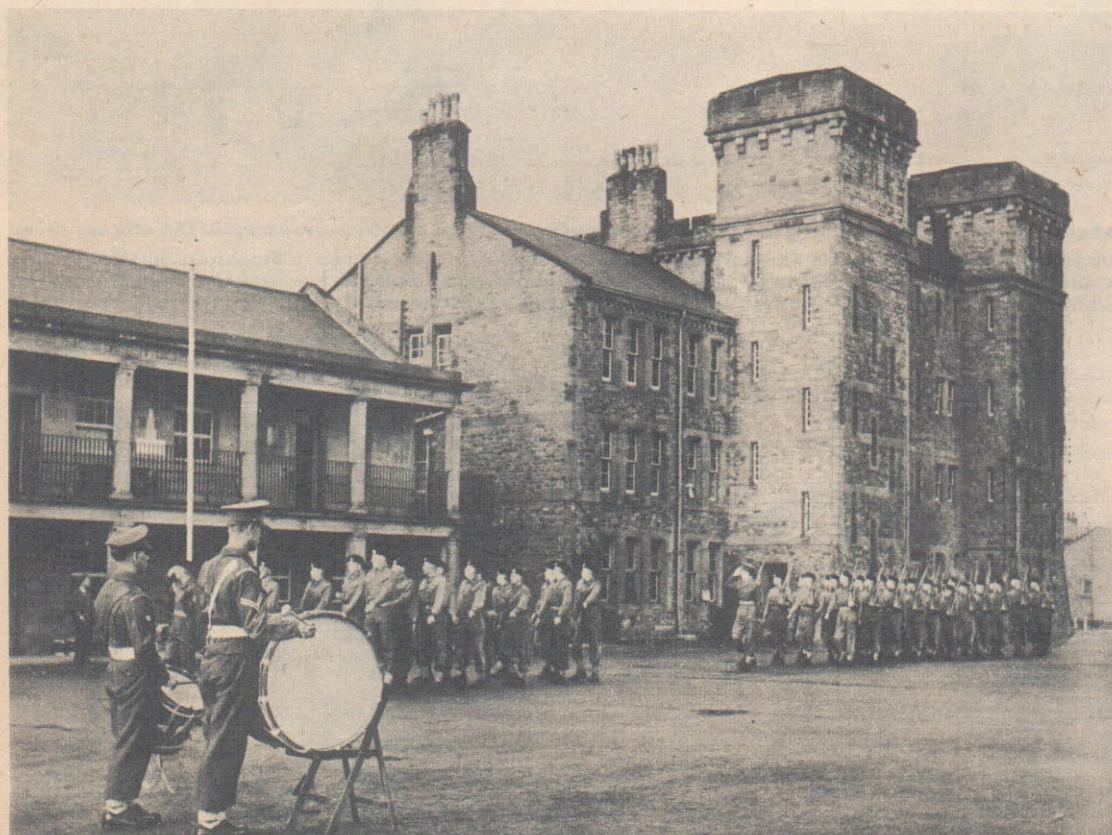
The Zulus set fire to the thatched room of the hospital, which had to be evacuated. Keeping them off while getting away the more helpless patients (several of the others had joined in the fight) was a herculean and heroic business. In one room Privates Joseph and John Williams were cut off but kept the enemy out as long as their ammunition lasted. When it failed and the Zulus closed in, Joseph held the entrance with his bayonet, while John with an axe hacked a hole in the partition, through which the patients and he himself got into the next room. Joseph was killed before he could follow.

In the next room Private Hook helped John Williams to cover the escape of the sick men. Turn and turn about, one holding off the enemy, the other hacking holes in the three successive walls, they enabled many of the sick to reach the storehouse.

When the hospital was clear, the defenders concentrated behind a breastwork of biscuit boxes. The storehouse gave some protection from the mainly wild shooting in their rear; the flames from the hospital lighted up their targets, and they had plenty of ammunition. Some of the wounded, unable to use rifles, served out the ammunition.

The stubborn attacks and the stern resistance went on, hour after hour until, towards midnight, the Zulus withdrew. At first light next morning the weary British soldiers saw that most of them were gone. Patrols were sent out and the rest of the garrison looked to its battered defences. At breakfast-time Lord Chelmsford's column was seen coming to their relief. The gallant company at Rorke's Drift had lost 20 killed or died of wounds and nine wounded; but they had beaten off all attacks and killed about 450 of the flower of King Cetewayo's army.

The Queen's Colour of the



In the Regimental Depot at Brecon recruits drill to time beaten out on drums.



The Duke of Wellington looks down from his plinth as the South Wales Borderers march through Brecon after returning from Eritrea.

1st Battalion was in due course found among rocks in the Buffalo River, and remnants of one of the Colours of the 2nd Battalion were also found near the Isandlwana battlefield. When the 24th returned to England the recovered Colour was taken to Osborne, where Queen Victoria placed upon it a Wreath of Immortelles, directing that it should remain there always in honour of the two officers who had died to save it. Later the Queen commanded that a silver wreath should be borne around the pike of the Queen's Colour of both battalions, to commemorate the devotion of Melville and Coghill and the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift.

The Victoria Cross was awarded posthumously to Lieutenants Melville and Coghill and, for gallantry at Rorke's Drift, to Lieutenant Chard, Royal Engineers, Lieutenant Bromhead, Corporal William Allen and Privates F. Hitch, Hook, R. Jones, W. Jones, and J. Williams of the 2nd/24th Regiment. Surgeon-Major J. H. Reynolds, Assistant Commissary Dalton and Corporal F. C. Schiess Natal Native Contingent, were also granted the award.

The title of the Regiment was changed to The South Wales Borderers in 1881. In World War One the Regiment (always "The Twenty-fourth" to those who have served in it) nobly upheld the traditions of the men who had gone before. In addition to the two Regular battalions eight new Service battalions, with three Territorial battalions of the affiliated Monmouthshire Regiment fought overseas, while the Brecknock Territorial Battalion helped to hold Aden and also sent drafts to the North-West Frontier of India. The South Wales Borderers lost altogether 5777 officers and other ranks, killed or died of wounds or disease, in France, Gallipoli,

Salonica, Mesopotamia, and in China. Six Victoria Crosses were added to the regimental roll, making the total number 22, the second highest for any single regiment in the Army.

In the early stages of World War Two the 1st Battalion served in Iraq and in Libya, and the 2nd Battalion in Norway. The 1st Battalion lost so many men in the British retirement in Libya in 1942 that it was disbanded, but before the end of the year was re-formed by its absorption of the 4th Monmouthshire.

The 2nd Battalion landed in Normandy with the first assault troops on D-Day, 6 June, 1944; the 3rd Monmouthshire followed on the 13th, and the 2nd Mon-

mouthshire on the 26th. Other battalions in the Corps of The South Wales Borderers served elsewhere overseas, as Infantry or anti-aircraft units.

From 1945 to 1948 the 1st Battalion served in Palestine and Cyprus, and then in the Sudan and in Eritrea, where it was involved in operations against the Shifita bandits. The 24th were the last British regiment to leave Eritrea. After a tour of duty in Germany the Battalion went to Malaya to fight more bandits and at present is stationed at Singapore.

ERIC PHILLIPS

NEXT MONTH: The Cheshire Regiment at Meeane.



W. KIRKWOOD

In a famous Gunner fortress, the Army's first all-Regular unit

since World War Two is shaping the way for the future

Pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

THE REGIMENT WITH NO

IN the Royal Citadel of Plymouth, the historic fortress beside the famous Hoe, the Army is experimenting with its first all Regular unit since World War Two.

Appropriately—for the Citadel is one of the Royal Artillery's traditional homes—the guinea pigs are the Gunners of 42 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, a regiment with a history going back to 1794. If the experiment is successful it will set the future standard pattern for all field artillery regiments in the British Army.

Since last April, when it moved from Wales to Plymouth, 42 Field Regiment has been composed entirely of Regular soldiers, about

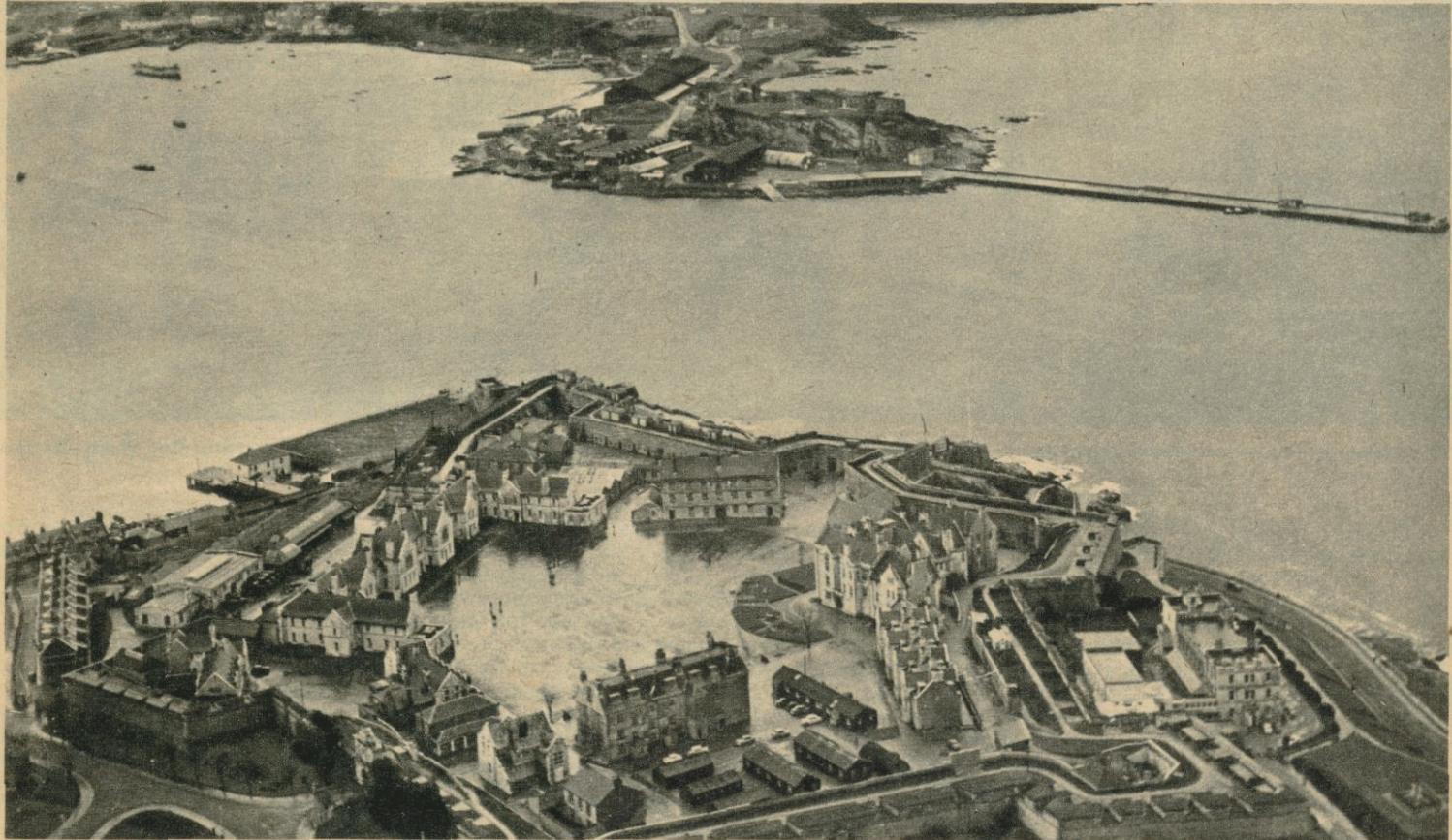
each of the three batteries (there is also a headquarters battery) has been reduced from three to two and the new regiment now has only twelve 25-pounder guns instead of the usual 18. The Light Aid Detachment remains unchanged.

SOLDIER recently visited Plymouth to see how the regiment with no National Servicemen is settling down and found considerable enthusiasm among all ranks for the new organisation.

"Although this new lower establishment poses many man-

power problems we can at long last make long-term plans for training," says the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Webster. "Because we know that we shall have our men for at least three years we can build up gun teams and sports teams in the certainty that they will not be broken up every two or three weeks. In this way the family spirit of the pre-war Army can perhaps be revived. This, in turn, could lead to an increase in recruiting."

To help promote the family



The Royal Citadel, home of the only regiment with no National Servicemen.

Left: The Gunners in Plymouth drill to the sound of "canned" music recorded by the band of the Royal Marines. Disc jockey is Sgt. J. Fellowes.

Right: Lieut-Colonel F. R. Webster, with his battery commanders (right to left) Majors D. O'Flaherty DSO, A. Howard MC, P. McBoyd MC, C. Lind and RSM Kent.



NATIONAL SERVICEMEN

spirit the Regiment publishes its own newspaper.

Battery Sergeant-Major H. M. Condon, who has served with the Regiment for 22 years believes that the new establishment makes for greater efficiency as everybody has to be able to do more than one job and there is a much greater sense of comradeship.

But the new Regiment has its worries. Restricted manpower means that men go on guard and act as mess orderlies as often as, and sometimes more often than, before, so that only rarely can

more than two or three guns be taken out on exercise at one time. At present the Regiment employs only five civilians; "a minimum of 20 to do most of the general duties is required," says the commanding officer.

Two places where National Servicemen are most missed are the Orderly Room and the Quartermaster's stores. But when the Regiment has finally settled down and there is less documentation, the problem should sort itself out.

The men of 42 Field Regiment

enjoy being stationed in the Royal Citadel and appreciate living near a large city where they can vie with sailors and Royal Marines in showing off the walking-out dress with which most of the Regiment have recently been issued. Plymouth offers many facilities and amenities in off-duty hours, including sailing in the summer months.

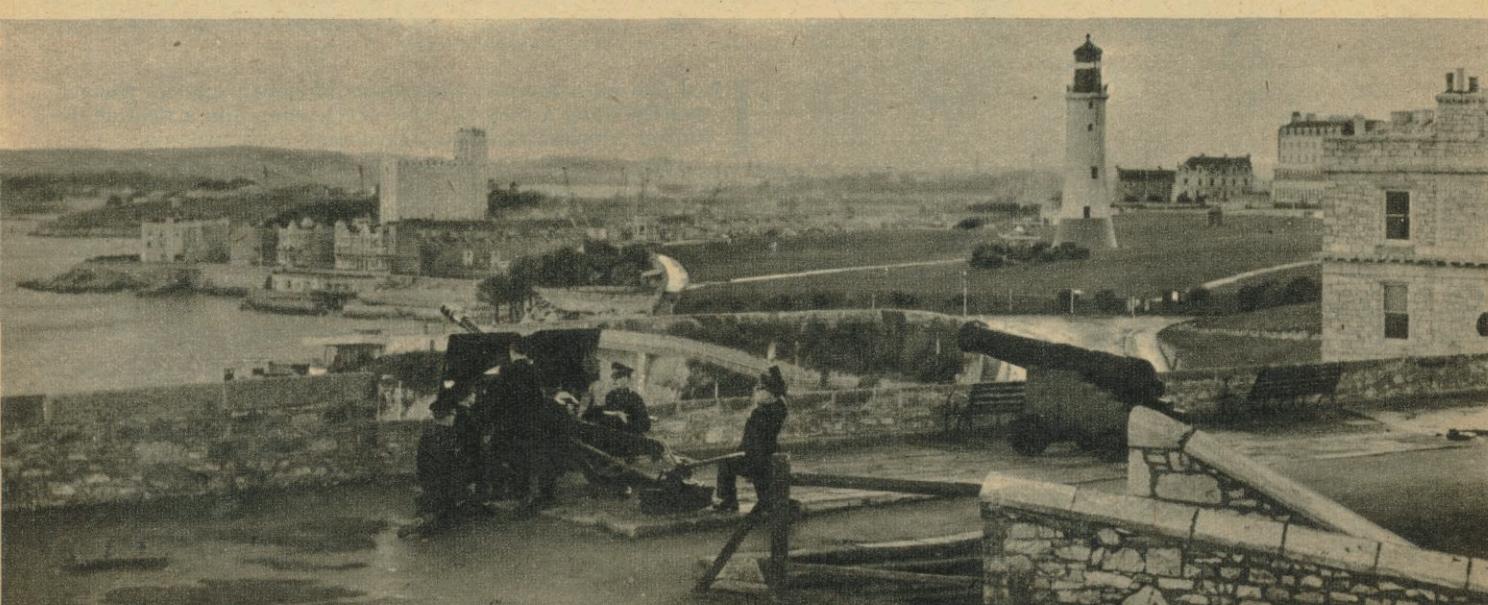
The barracks, built inside the granite walls of the ancient fortress that Sir Francis Drake persuaded Queen Elizabeth to erect, are old-fashioned but comfort-



Battery Sergeant-Major H. Condon, 22 years a Gunner, explains the workings of an old siege gun to Gunner M. Blackmore, youngest member of the Regiment.

Left: Nearly all the men in the Regiment have walking-out dress. Gunner F. Clarke, tallest man in the unit, is fitted by the tailoress, Miss B. Down. Right: The Guard, dressed in "Blues," marching through the Citadel gates.

From the Citadel the Regiment fires all the Royal Salutes in Plymouth. The Hoe is in the background.





LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. M. T. F. CHURCHILL DSO, MC (above) the Commandant of the Army Outward Bound School, is one of Britain's most experienced archers. During the "phony war" period of 1939-40 he went on patrol behind the Siegfried Line armed with a bow and arrow and loosed a shaft at a German working party.

As it was night time, he was unable to discover whether he had scored a bull, but the commotion that arose in the German lines suggested that he had.

On hearing of this exploit the War Office experimented with a crossbow type of weapon for use on Commando raids but the idea was dropped. When Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill (then a major) joined the Commandos he took a bow and arrow on raids in the Aegean. When the Commandos raided the island of Maaloy, Norway, in 1941, he played his troop into action on the bagpipes.

Boy on the rocks: roped to an instructor, a student scales a crag in Snowdonia.

"Character Through Adventure" is the motto of the Army Outward Bound School which grooms the Army's younger generation in leadership and self-reliance

YOUNG MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

IN a driving rainstorm, the patrols of young soldiers trudged wearily along a rock-strewn track leading into a field at the foot of Moelwyn Hydd, a jagged peak in Snowdonia.

Five minutes later they were inside their two-man tents brewing up tea (made with water from a nearby stream) and cooking a thick brown stew for supper.

Half-an-hour after the meal they were all sound asleep—which was not surprising. Since nine o'clock that morning they had made their way across 15 miles of some of the toughest countryside in Britain, carrying on their backs rucksacks filled with 35 lbs of equipment, including tents and sleeping bags, rations and a spirit stove.

These young soldiers—90 in all from the junior leaders units and apprentices schools—were students at the Army Outward Bound School in Trawsfynydd in North Wales. With them were six volunteers from the Army Cadet Force which has recently begun to send boys there as part of its tougher training policy. They were all learning the hard way to live up to the School's motto—Character Through Adventure.

The Army Outward Bound School, whose Commandant is the

wartime Commando leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Jack Churchill DSO, MC, of the Seaforth Highlanders, aims at producing potential officers and NCOs at an early age by teaching the boys, who are between 15½ and 18 years, self-reliance and team work.

"A boy who gets a first-class report from this school should be an NCO soon after he begins man's service," Colonel Churchill told *SOLDIER*. "Two years later he ought to be at least a sergeant."

From the moment they arrive at the School the boys have to learn how to look after themselves, not only as individuals but as members of a team. That is why many of the tasks they are called upon to perform (from taking cold baths in a static water tank at 7 a.m. to rock climbing and mountain rescue) are a challenge to their initiative, courage and sense of comradeship. There is only one parade—on the first morning when the boys meet the Commandant. Thereafter, for a fortnight, they have to fend for themselves.

After two days' classroom instruction on first-aid, map-reading, cooking, hill-walking and knots used in mountaineering, the boys get their first taste of rock climbing on the nearby "nursery" slopes. The course begins in real earnest on the fourth day when they go on a 36-hour scheme, putting into practice what they have learned at the lectures and getting the "feel" of the mountains. On this scheme the boys sleep out (the first of five nights spent in tents during the course) no matter how bad the weather.

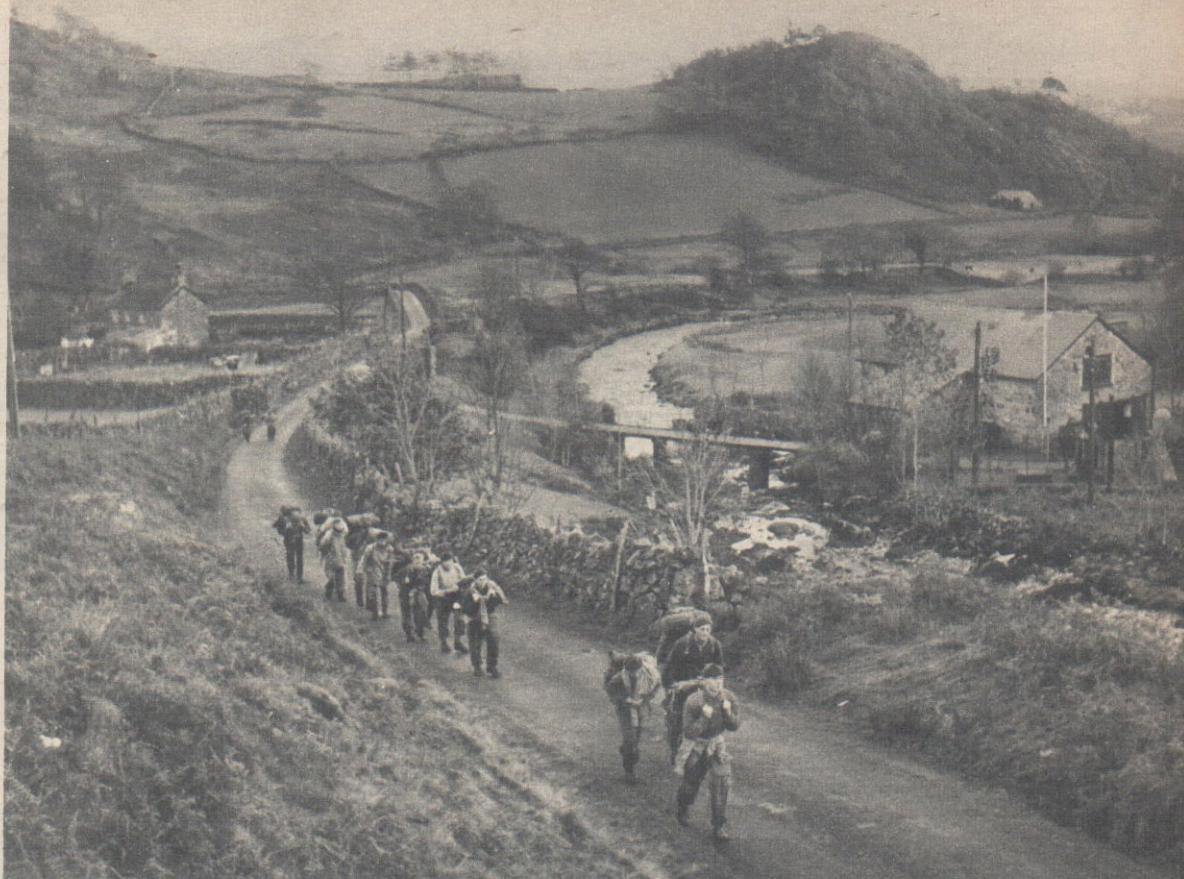
Before the first of the two three-day exercises the students are shown how to rescue a wounded or injured man from an apparently inaccessible crag or crevasse and carry him to safety on a stretcher. Then they practise it themselves.

On the first three-day scheme the boys go climbing, roped in pairs to a sure-footed instructor, up almost perpendicular rock faces with drops of several hundred feet below. Then they set off by patrols across the open countryside, marching by map and compass, crossing rivers by rope bridges and carrying out initiative tests on the way.

On the second three-day exercise groups of five are despatched without their instructors to cross 30 miles of mountainous countryside, picking up route clues for each leg of the course from tins hidden on hilltops.

But the instructors are never far away. It is a tribute to their skill and watchfulness that there have been no accidents at the School during its 14-month existence.

Next month the Army Outward Bound School moves to Towyn, near Aberdovey, and future courses will include swimming and sailing and last for three weeks.



With 35 lbs of kit in each boy's rucksack, a patrol nears the end of a 15-mile hike in North Wales. The lads slept out on five of the 14 nights they spent at the School.

Photographs: *SOLDIER* Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT



The boys soon learn how to make themselves comfortable. This one packs handfuls of bracken into his tent to make a softer bed and for extra warmth.



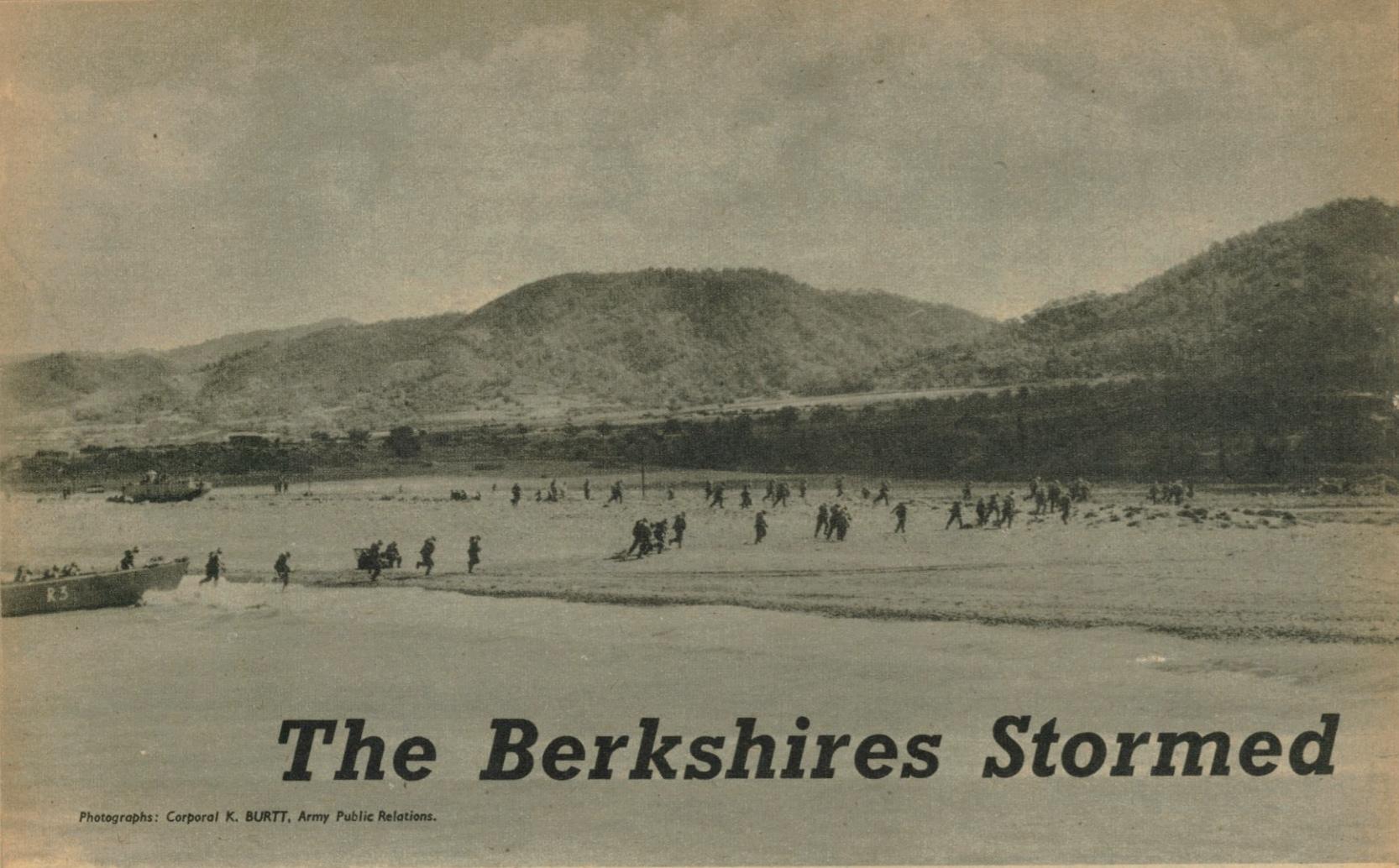
There's no fancy cooking on schemes: Apprentice Chef C. Winter, Army Catering Corps, prepares a tinned meal.

Below: Private Roger King (left) of the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, and Boy P. Nagle (Irish Guards) team up to cook their supper. It's stew.



Below: Marching over rough country produces plenty of blisters. S/Sgt. R. Pomfret, an instructor, does running repairs.





The Berkshires Stormed

Photographs: Corporal K. BURTT, Army Public Relations.

The assault force of the Berkshires charges up the beaches at dawn.

WITH NO TERRORISTS TO HUNT, TROOPS IN CYPRUS CAN NOW GET DOWN TO TRAINING. INFANTRYMEN, TANKS, SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT TOOK PART IN THE FIRST COMBINED EXERCISE IN CYPRUS FOR THREE YEARS.

A HELL of an amount of sweating and slogging"—in the words of Brigadier J. A. Hopwood DSO, Commander of 3rd Independent Infantry Brigade—was the lot of the men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment when they took part in Exercise "Kestrel" the first combined Services manoeuvre to be held in Cyprus for three years.

Supported by Centurion tanks, Hunter jet aircraft and fire from the heavy guns of Royal Navy ships, the Berkshires' task, after leaping from landing craft, was

to destroy an artillery battery on a 3000-ft. hilltop some eight miles away.

The gunfire was imaginary, but the marching—eight miles uphill in the heat and dust of

The follow-up platoon races over the sand to do battle with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry



Infantry and the Royal Horse Guards—the beach erupted as explosive charges were detonated to simulate the fall of shells.

The vehicles had to reach land through nearly five feet of water, easy enough for machines with elevated breathing devices but not so easy for the drivers. It says much for the ability of both that only one vehicle had to be towed ashore.

As the Centurions of 6 Royal Tank Regiment took up positions to blast the "enemy" in armoured cars on a hillside across a dry river bed, the Berkshires deployed in fields of dusty stubble and prepared to advance. By the time the sun was well up, they had climbed to a height from which they could look down on the ships in the bay and troops still on the beach. But there were miles of rough dust and rock to cover before the final objective was reached.

For nearly seven hours they foot-slogged over fields, roads and dry river beds, always upwards, fighting skirmishes with the retreating "enemy" while jet aircraft screamed overhead and noisy, but harmless, explosions rent the air. Finally they reached the "enemy" stronghold and charged headlong up the last slopes, through barbed wire and into the fortified area, routing the defenders at bayonet point. The Berkshires had had a good day.—From a report by Lance-Corporal B. C. Farrant, Military Observer.



Left: In a hurriedly scooped out hole, Private A. Aldridge, of the Royal Berkshires, sets up his beach signals post. Right: There's nothing like a rocket launcher for knocking out an armoured car: Private P. Carthy (left) and Private Brian Smith go into action.



The Beaches

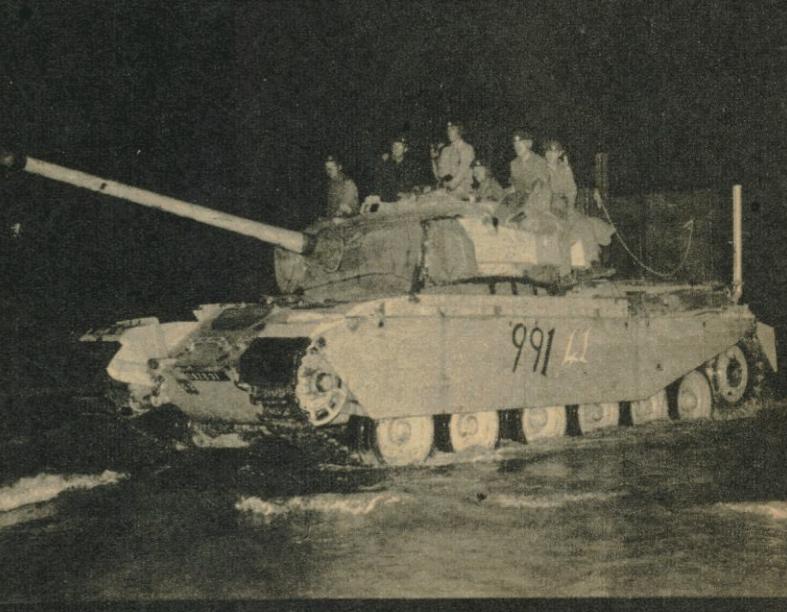
... And Commandos 'Invaded' Sardinia

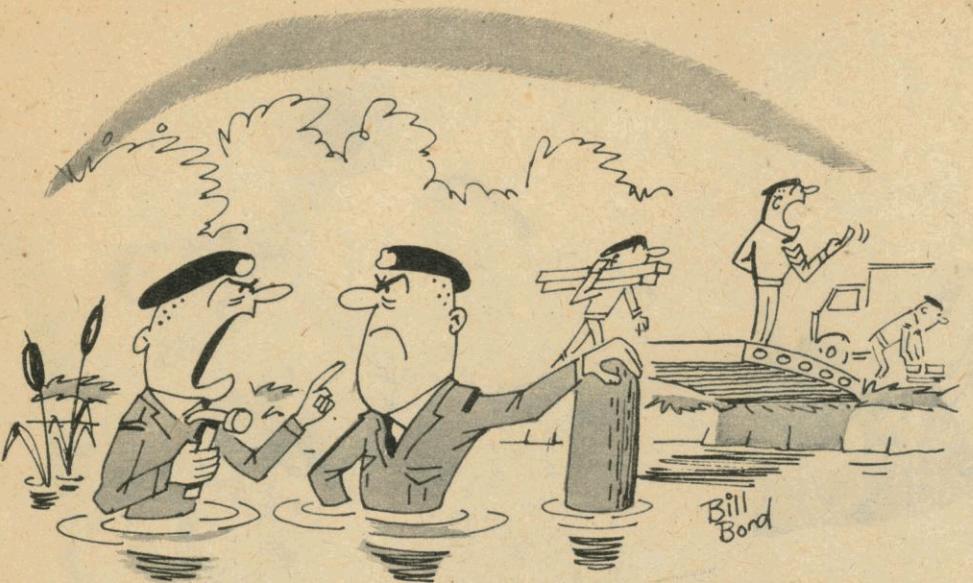
of 6 Royal Tank Regiment (from Cyrenaica) followed in support.

The objective was an enemy headquarters in a derelict farmhouse five miles inland across rugged country. As the Commandos fought their way to the farmhouse against strong opposition provided by men of 37 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery (based in Malta), the Military Police and Sappers secured the beach-head, removing mines and obstacles, setting up prisoner-of-war compounds and digging defensive positions. Previously Royal Marine frogmen had reconnoitred the beach and shallows.

The exercise, called "Eagle," was mounted in Malta, some 300 miles away, and entailed a four-day voyage in rough seas to the southern coast of Sardinia. In the small hours, men of 45 Royal Marine Commando, with Sappers of 17 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers (from Tripoli) and a beach section of Military Police, waded ashore. Tanks

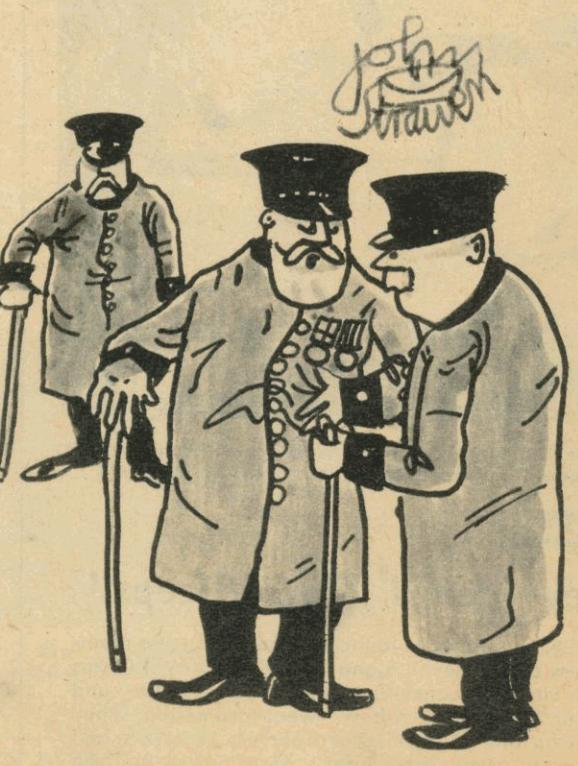
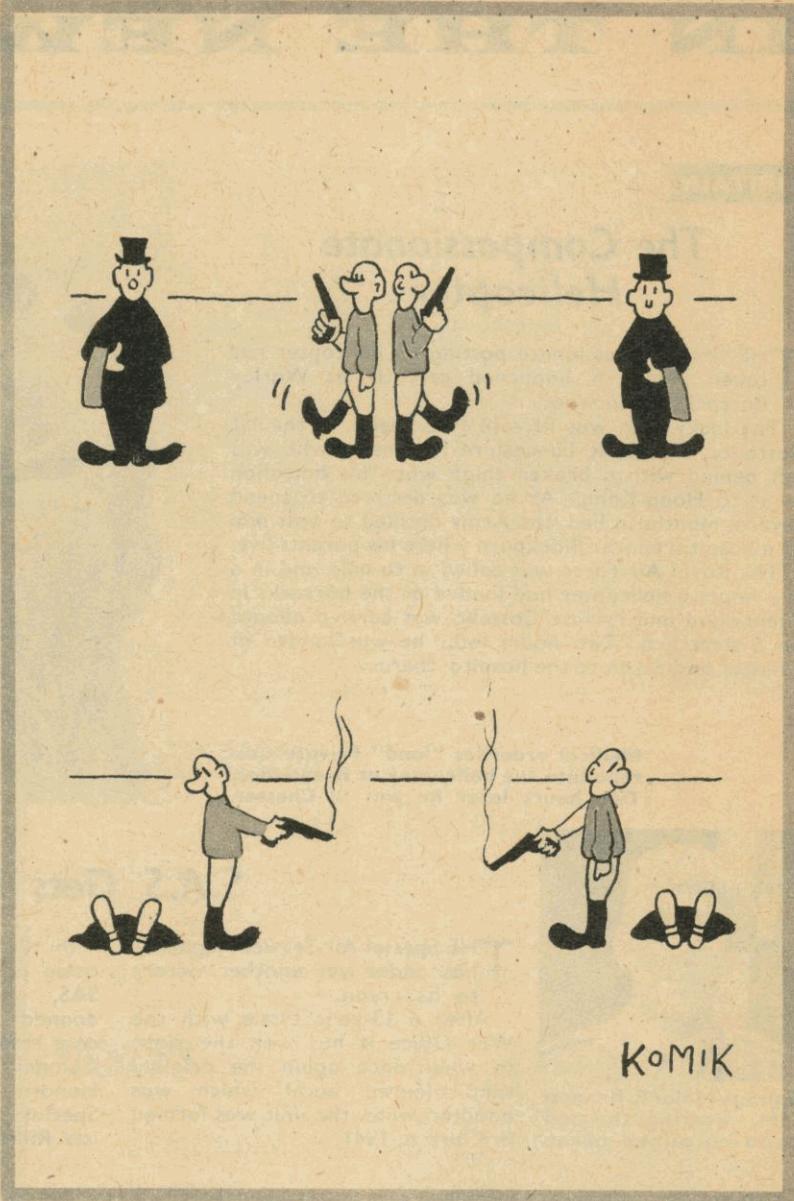
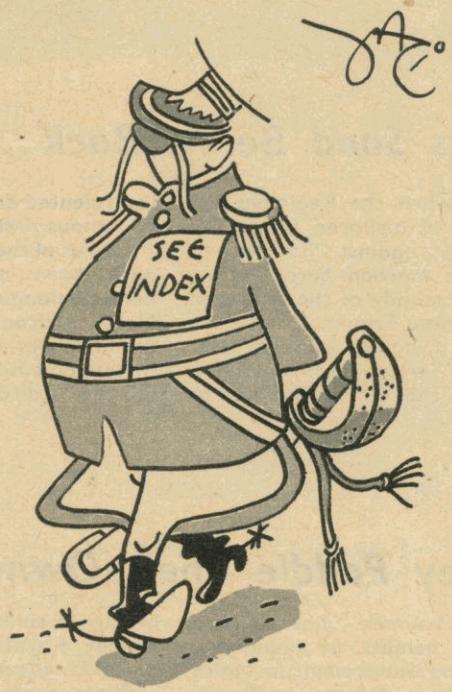
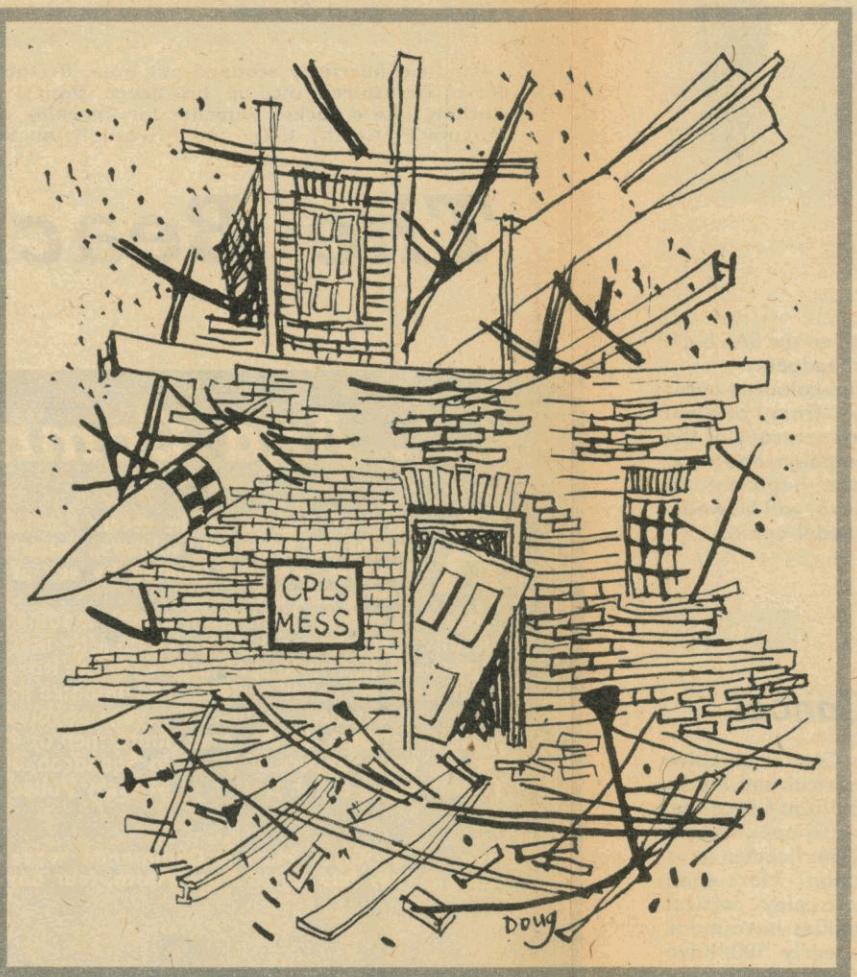
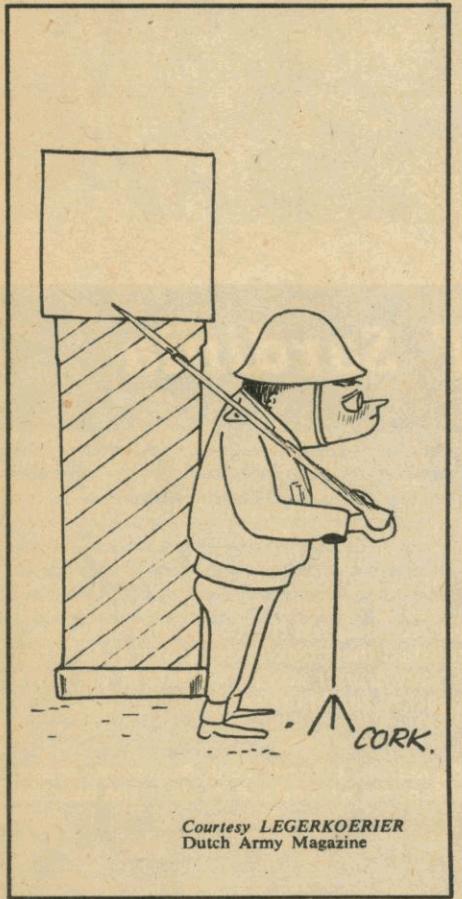
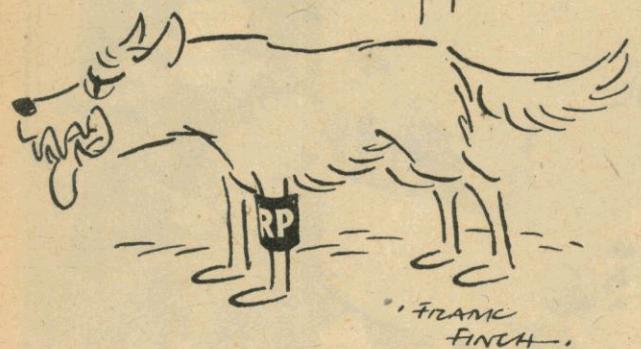
A Centurion tank of "B" Squadron, 6 Royal Tank Regiment, makes landfall. Also on board are Sappers who helped to clear the beaches.





SOLDIER HUMOUR

WAR DOGS
TRAINING CENTRE



IN THE NEWS

BRITAIN

The Compassionate Helicopter

THE first compassionate posting by helicopter has taken place. It happened recently at Warley Barracks, Brentwood.

The lucky man was Private F. Costello, of the 1st Battalion, The East Lancashire Regiment, who was left behind with a broken thigh when his battalion went to Hong-Kong. As he was destined to spend several months in bed, the Army decided to post him to a hospital nearer Blackburn where his parents live.

The Royal Air Force was called in to help and in a few hours a helicopter had landed at the barracks in Brentwood and Private Costello was carried aboard on a stretcher. Two hours later he was landed at Chester and taken to the hospital there.

Medical orderlies "load" Private Costello into the helicopter at Brentwood. Two hours later he was in Chester.



Sqn Sgt-Major R. Bennett MM, wearing the new sand-coloured beret.

THE Special Air Service Regiment has added yet another victory to its credit.

After a 13-year tussle with the War Office it has won the right to wear once again the original sand-coloured beret which was adopted when the unit was formed in Cairo in 1941.

S.A.S Gets Its Sand Berets Back

In 1944 when the Regiment became part of airborne forces the SAS, much against its wishes, donned the maroon beret. Now, as a result mainly of the efforts of Colonel Brian Franks DSO, MC, Honorary Colonel of the 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists Rifles), the War Office has at

last relented and given the SAS back its famous desert headgear.

Copies of the sand-coloured beret have been made from original berets belonging to veterans of the North African campaign and soon all members of the Regiment, in Britain and in Malaya, will be wearing the "Cairo" model again.

MALTA

They Paddle Their Own Canoes

"Do It Yourself" has reached new heights of popularity among Servicemen in Malta where 69 Army Education Centre has more than doubled its attendance figures in the past few months.

The most popular activity at present is canoe-building and since last August nearly 60 craft, including many 12-ft dinghies, have been built by soldiers and their families in their spare time. For an outlay

of only 15 shillings Craftsman Clive Hadley, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, built a 14-ft canoe.

Photography is also popular and in the past year 350 Servicemen have undergone instruction. More than 50 have learned to play musical instruments, 32 families have made beach tents and nearly 100 have learned Italian. Soon the Centre plans to start classes in car-radio making and motor maintenance.



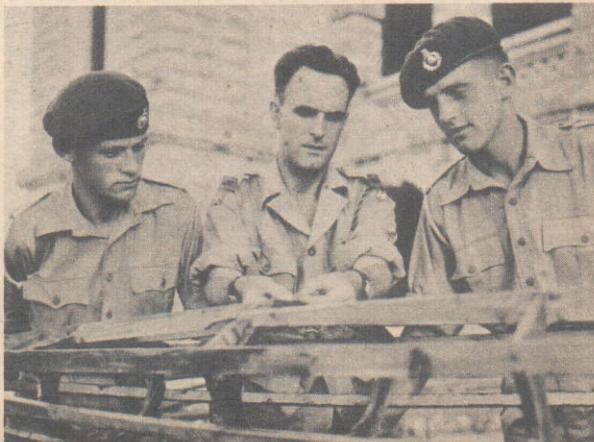
At the Berlin Signal Centre Lance-Corporal Walker (left) and Signalman Earnshaw listen in to Sputnik 1.

GERMANY

They Heard The "Bleeps"

WHEN the Russians launched Sputnik 1, two members of the Berlin Signal Squadron, Royal Corps of Signals—Lance-Corporal Bryan Walker and Signalman Kenneth Earnshaw—went into action. They tuned in on one of the Signal Centre's receivers and twice during their first night's vigil picked up the "beeps" from the satellite. In all they heard the Sputnik's signals for 40 minutes.

Warrant Officer P. Padwick, RAEC instructs two pupils in the art of making a canoe.



CYPRUS

The Colonel's Third D.S.O.

ONE of the men most feared by EOKA terrorists in Cyprus was Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey Bredin, of the Parachute Regiment, who was recently awarded the second bar to his Distinguished Service Order for gallantry and leadership in many operations against them in the Troodos mountains.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bredin, who now joins the select band of officers who have won three DSOs, commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Parachute Regiment which, in January last year, in operation "Black Mac" broke up four organised gangs of terrorists, captured a large number of automatic weapons, shot guns and explosives and discovered a quantity of documents. He personally conducted two raids and organised the rest.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bredin, who was commissioned in the Royal Ulster Rifles, won his first DSO in Italy in May 1944. His battalion was given the task of leading a division through the Gustav Line and it was mainly due to his bravery and example that the operation was a complete success.

He won the first bar to the DSO during a series of actions in Italy in April, 1945, when the

MALAYA

FOR gallantry in the Malayan jungle Second-Lieutenant Jonothan Peel, of the Rifle Brigade, has been awarded the Military Cross.

In July this officer set out with a small party of men, with reduced rations and equipment, to find a deserted camp which terrorists were believed to be using again. When their guide lost the way in the mountains, Lieutenant Peel led his fatigued men to the camp and they lay in wait for four days, living almost entirely on rice. On the fourth day a terrorist appeared and was killed. Another escaped.

In August Lieutenant Peel went back into the jungle with two platoons and for three weeks combed the countryside for terrorists. They killed an important bandit leader and two other terrorists, and captured a number of weapons, ammunition and documents.

CYPRUS

The Terror of the Terrorists

FEW battalions have lately had more experience of fighting terrorists than the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry which recently returned to Britain for a well-earned rest after a three-year spell of bandit hunting in Kenya, Aden and Cyprus.

In 1954 the Battalion went to Kenya, where, for a year, it fought the fanatical Mau Mau in the Aberdare Mountains and on the slopes of Mount Kenya.

Then, in 1955, it moved to Aden to keep an eye on the dissident, sharp-shooting tribesmen among the barren rocks and sandy wastes of the Protectorate. A punitive expedition against the Dhala tribe to avenge the murder of a regent was carried out without loss and the Battalion also played a notable part in quelling riots in the oil refinery districts.

In Cyprus, the Battalion was soon involved in yet another type

Lieut-Col. H. Bredin has won two DSOs in Italy, a third in Cyprus.

**UNITED STATES**

Up The Pole

PERCHED on telegraph poles 30 feet high, American soldiers throw basketballs to each other as part of their training to become communications linesmen at the United States Army's Signal Corps School at Fort Gordon, Georgia. Instructors say that high altitude basketball gives the men confidence.

BRITAIN

Bearskin and Beard

EVER seen a Guards sergeant with a beard? Well, now you have. He is Pioneer Sergeant R. Ryves, of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards.

This picture was taken when the Scots Guards were inspected at Chelsea Barracks by Major-General J. N. R. Moore, General Officer Commanding the Household Brigade.



The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry set up a defence post in a recent exercise in Cyprus. It made a nice change from bandit-chasing.

of terrorist fighting—this time in the forests and vineyards and behind street barricades. It took part in many large-scale sweeps in the dense Paphos forest area,

capturing a notorious EOKA leader with a price of £5000 on his head, in the Kyrenia and Troodos mountains and in the plains in the south of the island.

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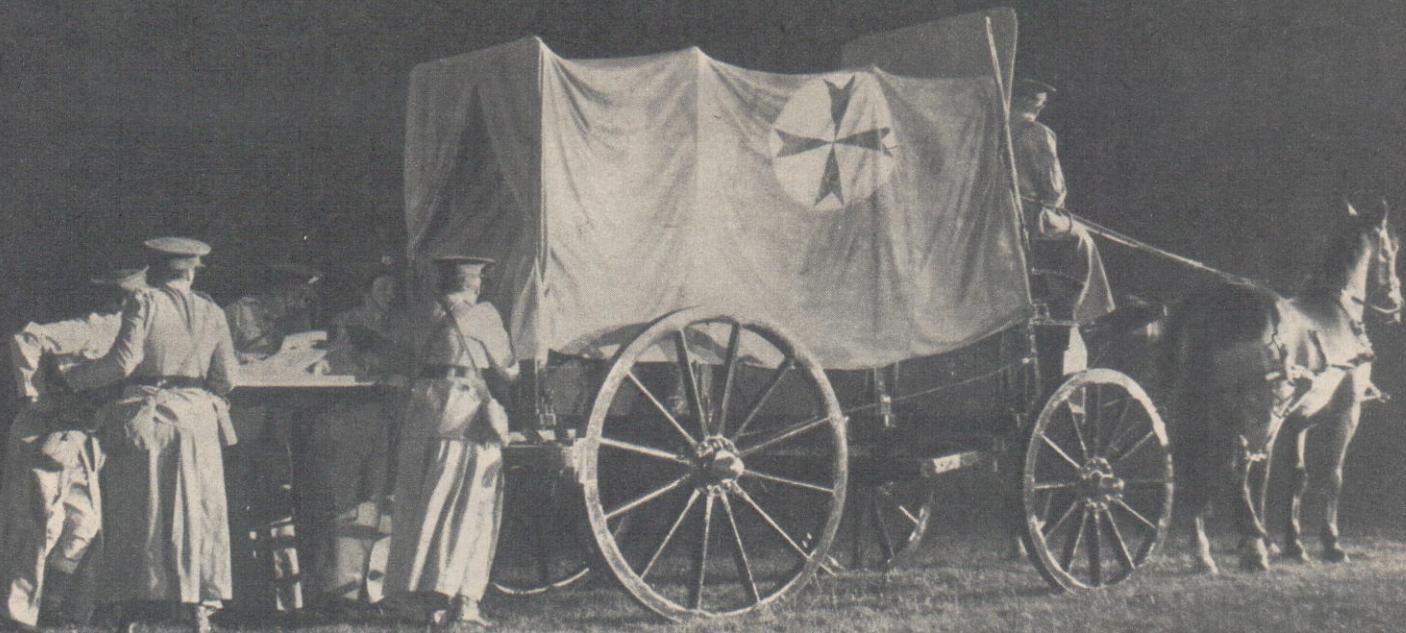
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FROM ALL LEADING OUTFITTERS
AND N.A.A.F.I.



At the Aldershot Show, "Fannies" in the dress of 50 years ago rescue a wounded man from the battlefield

The "Fannies" Are 50 Years Old

WOMEN on horseback galloping to rescue the wounded was a British soldier's colourful conception 60 years ago of the kind of role for which they would best be fitted in war.

But it never came about. Although for a long time women of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry trained assiduously on horseback they found themselves handling motor ambulances when World War One broke out. The Corps is now 50 years old.

The idea of a nursing yeomanry occurred to a Regimental-Sergeant-Major Baker while he was lying wounded on a Sudan battlefield in 1898. Nine years went by before he was able to perfect it. By then he had risen to the rank of captain and had become the first commandant of the pioneer women's voluntary corps in Britain. He sought to enrol women who not only had a good "seat" for a horse, but who were also keen to learn signalling and camping. Many high-spirited young women joined and within a year the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry had drawn up its charter.

Although 30 years later—in 1937—the title was changed to the Women's Transport Service (FANY) its members never lost their voluntary status. Their path to the fulfilment of 50 years' service was not always a smooth one, however.

When World War One broke out the British Army spurned the "Fannies," who, not to be so easily outdone, joined the Belgian Army. But in 1915 "Fannies" were driving convoys of ambulances for the British and French

were being formed throughout Britain and in some areas overseas. By the outbreak of World War Two the Corps had ten fully-manned motor transport companies ready for action and later supplied instructors for the Auxiliary Territorial Service driving school at Camberley, where the present Queen learned to drive.

Not all the "Fannies" in World War Two were drivers. Many, who wore their uniform only during training in Britain, were parachuted into occupied Europe as couriers for the Special Operations Executive. Among them

were heroines like Odette Churchill and Violet Szabo and others who died in the gas chambers of concentration camps or were shot by the Gestapo.

Today, the spirit of the "Fannies" lives on. Although the Women's Transport Service has no place in the Army list, there are now 700 "Fannies" in Britain, ready for duty at a moment's notice. They train at week-ends and each year hold a fortnightly camp. Recruits receive basic training to equip them for the special service wing which handles communications.

The "Fannies" parade on horseback—but they never went to war like this. Instead, they drove ambulances.



THE

EYES

AND

EARS

OF

THE

JUNGLE



An Iban of the Sarawak Rangers in traditional warrior's dress, with feathered helmet and skin cape. Note the intricate tattoo marks with which most of his body is covered.

The little men from Sarawak play a vital role in the fight against Malaya's terrorists. The best trackers in the world, their keen eyes and ears miss nothing

ONCE, the Dyaks of Borneo were a warlike and predatory race with a sinister reputation. Now, they lead a peaceful life, earning their living by hunting, fishing, trading and cultivation. They are overwhelmingly hospitable and fond of feasts and celebrations.

But for all their peaceful inclination, they can and do produce soldiers—very good soldiers, too, who are doing their share in the fight against Communist terrorists in Malaya.

The Ibans, or Sea Dyaks as they are somewhat curiously called, since they dwell on land, live on the upper reaches of Sarawak's numerous rivers. Used from early childhood to hunting in and finding their way through dense jungle undergrowth, they have no difficulty in coping with similar conditions in Malaya.

It was their superb tracking sense which led to their employment in Malaya, to help British and Australian battalions to hunt out terrorists who lurk in the jungle. At this, the Iban has no



Above: At the Sarawak Rangers depot in Port Dickson new recruits are measured for a jungle-green uniform. **Right:** Recruits on training at the Far East Land Forces' Training Centre leap from a lorry which has run into ambush.

master. Where the Commonwealth Forces, long experienced in "jungle-bashing" see much, the Iban sees everything. At a glance he can tell whether leaves and blades of grass and undergrowth have been bent and bruised by passing man, wild pig or possibly tiger. What is more, he can tell very accurately how long it is since the man or animal passed that way.

When the Ibans first went to Malaya, they were used in small groups as trackers attached to units in the jungle. Since 1953, they have served with the Sarawak Rangers, whose headquarters while the Regiment is in Malaya, is at Port Dickson. Here, the Iban is equipped with uniform and weapons, and then sent to the Far East Land Forces' Training Centre at Kota Tinggi, where he undergoes basic military training and learns something of the tactics of jungle warfare.

Within two to three weeks he is posted to a British Infantry battalion where he receives more advanced training, finally equipping himself for his first venture into the jungle.

The Iban is a cheerful soul with a ready smile and popular with his fellow officers and soldiers. In his jungle-green uniform he is not easily distinguishable from other soldiers, except for the tattoo marks which form a broad band of intricate design from under his chin to the base of the throat. His shoulders, back, thighs and legs



are also covered with tattoo marks.

All the regiments with which the Sarawak Rangers have served and are still serving speak highly of the Iban's courage and sense of duty and of the invaluable part he has played in many successful operations against Communist terrorists. He has come to be looked upon by his British comrades as the "eyes and ears" of jungle warfare.—Report by Major R. A. KNIGHT and Corporal B. PARVIN, Military Observers.

Left: Two Ibans attached to the King's Own Scottish Borderers check their position on the map. They wear the Regiment's flash on their hats.

Right: Regimental Sergeant Major of the Sarawak Rangers is Gon Penghulu Samada from Kapit.



SOME SHOOTING!

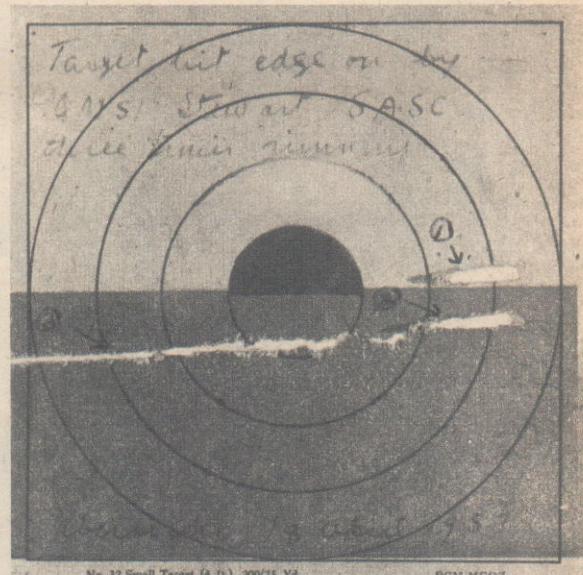


QMSI Ronald Stewart demonstrating the FN rifle to Army Cadet Force officers at Aberdeen.

This is the target which QMSI Stewart hit on edge three times in three shots from a .22 rifle.



This line, only one-thirty-second of an inch thick, was all the target area QMSI Stewart could see from the firing point.



No. 32 Small Target (4 in.), 200/25 Yds.

BCM/MCQZ

NEWS has just reached **SOLDIER** of a remarkable shooting feat performed by Quartermaster Sergeant Instructor Ronald Stewart, of the Small Arms School Corps.

While carrying out a demonstration for Army Cadets at Aberdeen, QMSI Stewart placed a No. 32 Target (seven inches high and six and a half inches wide) edgeways into the sand of the stop pit on the .22 range and retired to the firing point. He then claimed that in three shots he could hit the target, only one-thirty-second of an inch thick, at least once.

Using a standard No. 8 rifle, QMSI Stewart fired three times and the last shot tore the target almost in half. When the target was examined, however, it was seen that the first and second shots had also hit the target, tearing grooves about one inch long but too far back to cut it in two.

SOLDIER has heard of a target being hit edgeways on a .22 range before but never three times in three shots.

QMSI Stewart is at present serving with Headquarters Highland Brigade at Ford George in Inverness-shire.

• HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



These two pictures look the same, but they vary in ten minor details. Study them carefully. If you cannot detect the differences turn to page 37 for the answers.



Dawn on a Sicilian beach in 1943. Immediately after the assault force has swarmed ashore British soldiers unload ammunition and stores and start work on the first beach road.

SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO



On the road to Lombardy. A 4.5-inch howitzer in action against an enemy-occupied village.

Even His Enemies Wept

THE British Army once went into mourning for Major John André, a young officer who ended a life of unusual promise at the end of a rope.

Son of a Genevese merchant settled in London, André broke away from clerking and, in 1771, became a soldier. He served, successively, in the 23rd (Royal Welch Fusiliers), the 7th (Royal Fusiliers) and the 26th (The Cameronians). When the American colonies were in revolt, Sir Henry Clinton made him—still in his twenties—adjutant-general of his army.

In that capacity he had the distasteful task of negotiating with the turncoat Benedict Arnold, who was preparing to betray the fort of West Point to the British. Their correspondence was carried out under false names. Arnold was "Gustavus" and André was "John Anderson." Arnold tried to lure André to a rendezvous behind his lines, but André, aware of the risks, declined.

In the end, however, he was trapped by Arnold, who moved his outposts forward. The warship from which André landed for the meeting had to move to escape gunfire and he was left with little option but to try to regain his own lines in disguise. On the last lap he was seized. Arnold fled to the protection of the British Army, which never ceased to cold-shoulder him.

Though André appealed to be allowed to die by shooting, George Washington would not modify the sentence of hanging; to have done so would have been to admit doubts about the rights of André's conviction as a spy. André died with the proud dignity which later characterised the French aristocrats. His enemies wept for him.

Elizabeth D'Oyley gives a novelized account of André's life in "Why, Soldiers, Why?" (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.). She begins with his childhood, describes his poetical aspirations (making him talk a little preciously at times), his unlucky love affair, his brief attachments to the armies of Frederick the Great and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. She knows her period well, and brings out all the poignancy of André's life.

His memorial is in Westminster Abbey.

Churchill and the Corporal

LATE one night in 1941 the telephone rang in the office of MO 5, the War Office branch responsible for operations in the Middle East. It was Winston Churchill calling.

"How do you think the operations are going in Syria?" he asked.

"Oh, I think everything is all right," was the reply.

"What about that turning movement the French are trying to make?"—"Oh, that seems to be all right."

Then the Prime Minister asked, "Who are you?" The answer was "Corporal Jones, Duty Clerk, MO 5." The conversation finished abruptly.

The story is told by Major-General Sir John Kennedy in "The Business of War" (Hutchinson, 25s.).

Knighthoods are not often given to major-generals, but most readers of this candid chronicle will agree that General Kennedy earned his the hard way. He was Director of Military Operations from 1940 to 1943 and then Assistant Chief of the Imperial General Staff (Operations) until the end of 1944. As a planner he served, successively, under Lord Gort, Lord Ironside, Sir John Dill and Lord Alanbrooke. Some of his liveliest pages deal with the clash of personalities under Mr. (later Lord) Hore-Belisha the War Minister.

As will have been gathered from press reviews, General Kennedy was often driven to exasperation and sometimes to anger by the importunities of the Prime Minister, who liked to be

his own Director of Military Operations. Those who have read the Alanbrooke diaries will find here parallel accounts of many rumpuses with which they are already familiar. But General Kennedy says of Sir Winston:

"Neither his stature nor his place in our annals can be diminished by glimpses of his petulance, or revelations of how difficult it was to chase all the butterflies conjured up and released by his limitless fancy. His glory remains."

"Director of Military Operations" is an impressive-sounding title. If a major-general held this appointment, what (the innocent may ask) were the lieutenant-generals, generals and field-marshals at the War Office doing? The task of the Director of Military Operations was to collect and submit the military evidence which would be weighed along with evidence supplied from other sources in the Defence Committee or War Cabinet. He had to keep in his hands the threads of all military operations, proposed or actual, all over the world. And he had to be ready to say where he thought commanders had gone wrong, even if it meant criticising a Wavell for trying to do too much with inadequate resources.

At any time of day or night the Prime Minister might say to General Kennedy, "Well, DMO, give us your appreciation of the situation." The General had to be ready with a balanced and lucid answer.

There are some amusing glimpses of sessions at which Sir Winston held the floor. Once, somebody covertly circulated a paper which said, "15 minutes gone and no work done." The "15" became altered every five minutes until it reached 45. There is also a pleasant story of the day when Sir Winston found himself without a handkerchief and informed his secretary of the fact. "After a short delay, his detective came in with one, and handed it to him in an OHMS envelope. Churchill extracted it, blew his nose, and looked round again while we sat in silence."

Sir John Kennedy was a Gunner in World War One, serving latterly with Denikin's army in the Bolshevik campaign. During World War Two he met Russian delegates who had fought against him.

Apart from a short period in 1940 when he commanded the artillery in 52nd (Lowland) Division and another spell in hospital after being knocked down by the car of a distinguished sailor, General Kennedy's war was all grind. At the end he sent in his papers. In 1946 he was appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia and remained there until 1954.

Soldiers Who Served At Sea

HERE were many unsung heroes of World War Two—men who, from the very nature of their monotonous but dangerous jobs, earned few medals and little kudos. Not the least of these were the crews of the colliers plying their hazardous trade between Newcastle and the south-east ports.

In "The Coal-Scuttle Brigade" (Longmans, 18s.) Alexander McKee, a BBC documentary writer who formerly worked on British Forces Network in Germany, has written a factual and very moving account of the men and ships who performed a remarkable service to the country.

These colliers with their precious loads were sitting targets every time they entered the Straits of Dover. On every trip they ran the gauntlet of Stukas, shore batteries and E-boats. The author paints a lasting picture of the tough, uncompromising and fatalistic men who sailed in these ships. Their attitude to the war is best summed up by the ordinary seaman who, on hearing that the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had escaped through the English Channel, said: "That's nothing—we do it twice a week."

The author pays a well

Maritime Gunners at air action stations on an escort craft in the English Channel.



deserved tribute to the Gunners who protected these ships. Early in 1940, 300 Infantrymen were "borrowed" from Army units for the anti-aircraft defence of the colliers. The instructions for these founder members of the Maritime Royal Artillery Regiment were simple: "You're posted," snapped a Sergeant. "Get over to the stores, collect one Bren and an A.A. mounting. Clear?"

But before long the Maritime Gunners acquired an *esprit de corps* which was all their own. In May 1941 they were taken over by the Royal Artillery and rapidly expanded. By the end of the war there were six regiments, each of about 2500 men. They

served in every merchant ship, from colliers to "Queens" on every ocean in the world. The memorial to one regiment alone contains the names of more than 400 killed or drowned at sea.

It has been said that every Englishman is at heart a sailor. The Maritime Royal Artillery Regiment proved the truth of this dictum times without number.

SATHERLEY WHITEHAND sounds like a pen-name and an unusually artificial one at that.

It turns out to be a composite disguise for David Satherley and James Whitehand, who between

continued at foot of col. 1, page 31

One in Four Were Doomed To Die

If further indictments of Japanese brutality to Allied prisoners of war are required, they are to be found in full measure in "The Rising Sunset," by Ken Attiwill (Robert Hale, 15s.), the story of what befell men captured in Java in 1942 and subsequently transported to Japan.

March 1942 found the author as an artillery officer in Java. Further resistance to the overwhelming Japanese forces was hopeless, escape was virtually impossible. Attiwill, together with the rest of his Light Anti-Aircraft regiment had no choice but to surrender.

After a period of soul destroying misery in Java they were transferred to Japan in a creaking, leaking tramp steamer, the "S.S. Singapore Maru." This infamous tub carried 2000 prisoners, most of whom were suffering from dysentery, malaria or beri-beri. One in four of these passengers were destined to die.

The remainder went to slavery in the coal mines of Honshu and

The author, a
Gunner officer,
slaved in
Japanese mines.



Kyushu and the author faithfully conveys the extraordinary fortitude of men who, with few exceptions, never lost faith. Two Welshmen, both miners, took this unpaid quest for coal in their stride and sang as they went to work.

"The Rising Sunset" is a factual diary and is told with little attempt at literary finesse. But it is enormously moving and told without bitterness.

Nine-man Army In The Arctic

THE Greenland Army was undoubtedly the smallest to take the field against the Germans in World War Two. Its combatant strength was exactly nine. Yet it guarded—and fought over—a "front" of 700 miles.

Its one campaign is chronicled in "The Sledge Patrol" (Collins, 15s.) by David Howarth. In all the east coast of Greenland's 1600 miles there are two villages, inhabited by some 2000 Eskimos. In the 700 miles beyond the more northerly of the villages dwelt 26 men and one woman, Danes and Norwegians. Twelve of the men

were hunters; the others manned weather stations.

After the occupation of Denmark, the stations continued to broadcast weather reports in clear, to the benefit of both the Germans and the Allies. Then

reports were coded, to be of service to the Allies only, and the Governor of Greenland foresaw that the Germans might move in.

He had no troops, so the hunters and weathermen were called in, and 15 volunteers formed the sledge patrol, to watch the 700 miles of coast and keep up the weather reports. Each had a sledge and rifle.

When the ice thawed, in the
OVER . . .

Continued from page 30

they have written a novel about the men of the war-time tank landing craft: "The Tin Armada" (Cassell, 15s.). David Satherley himself served in these unlovely, uncomfortable vessels, James Whitehead in aircraft carriers.

A good deal of unpleasantness befalls the two principal landing craft of the story—the first a beach protection vessel bristling with Oerlikons, pom-poms and Royal Marines, which takes part in the defence of Liverpool during the blitz, the second a craft which is shot up while disgorging its contents on the beaches at Dieppe. In between, the scene ranges from Portsmouth to Troon, from Loch Fyne to the North Sea.

This messy, stomach-turning war is seen through the eyes of the lower deck. The authors have a good ear for the kind of banter and abuse, the cynicism and crude philosophy which Servicemen—whether sailors, soldiers or airmen—sling about among themselves; but when they come to describe the way of a man with a maid they are by no means so successful.

Seasick tank soldiers thanked their stars that their acquaintance with landing craft was brief. For their part the men of the landing craft were grateful that "after a night of torrential rain and bitter north-east winds they did not have to wade ashore like Commandos or Guards Brigades or then indulge in a day's marching and digging and mock attacks." They took an obstinate pride in the fact that they were a new, if unglamorous, branch of an old service.

2300 Years of War

In the introduction to his "Men At War" (Arco Publications, 16s.) Fred Urquhart writes: "I hate war, and I don't like reading most of the books about it . . . but war in literature is as inescapable as war in life."

To illustrate this thesis Mr. Urquhart has delved deep into stories about war from 413 B.C. up to the epic last stand of the Gloucesters in Korea. In this impressive anthology, 615 pages long, there is something for everyone—of Alexander's expedition against Darius, of the relief of Lucknow, of the Spanish Civil War, of the bombing of Pearl Harbour and of D-Day in Normandy.

There are tales of brave men and cowards; generals and privates; flight sergeants and Yugo-Slav guerillas; bow-men and the London blitz. All the attributes of war—bloodshed, comradeship, treachery, incompetence, bravado, escape, trench

warfare, humour and tragedy—are to be found abundantly in these absorbing pages. The battles of Hastings and Gloucester Hill are described with the same compulsive strength.

The list of authors whose work has been drawn upon reads like a literary "Who's Who": Winston Churchill, T. E. Lawrence, Ernest Hemingway, Duff Cooper, Sir Walter Scott, Irwin Shaw.

This book should be on the shelf of every soldier, sailor and airman who has experienced war and of every young man who is willing to be inspired by example.

Have you your own opinion?

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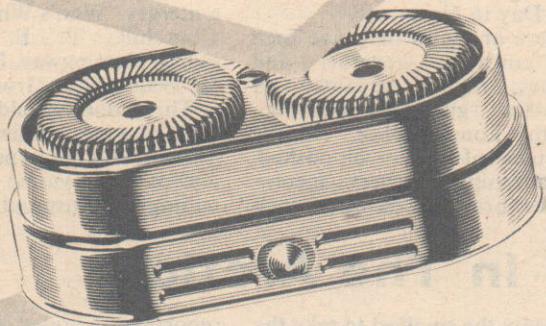
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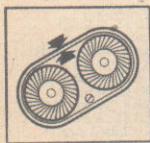
The 'Philishave' is the dry shaver with Rotary Action — 12 high-speed blades that rotate to remove the hairs right down close. These diagrams show why only the 'Philishave' can shave so close so comfortably:



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2 These are the slots in the 'Philishave's' skin-guards—set in all directions to catch hairs growing in all directions.

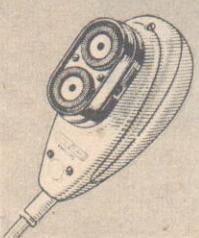


3 At the same time, the raised rim of the shaving head gently stretches the skin so that...



4 ... those rotating blades can get right down to really close shaving. You really must try it for yourself!

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BOOKS *continued*

summer of 1942, a German trawler sailed to one of the islands on the coast, and her crew set up a weather station. For six months the German transmitter sent out its weather reports undetected. Then a patrol of one Dane and two Eskimos sighted some Germans. There was a pursuit and an attack by night, and the patrol lost their sledges and dogs, but got away to give the news.

The Governor decided to turn the men of the sledge patrol into soldiers. Thus the Greenland Army was formed, with two officers, one sergeant and six corporals. Six Eskimos were enrolled as non-combatant sledge-drivers.

Fewer bullets were fired in their campaign than in a full-length Wild West film. Only one man, a member of the Greenland Army, was killed—the first in the recorded history of north-east Greenland to die by the hand of another man. The scattered handful of Danes and one Norwegian were able to do little against the machine-guns of the invaders. They lost their base, their sledges and dogs and two prisoners, and some of them survived great hardship. But the prisoners escaped and one captured the German Commander.

The Greenlanders even went over to the offensive, but by that time the Americans had joined in and a bombing raid put paid to the German weather station.

If the Greenland fighting was a storm in a teacup, the thing which impresses the author most is that there should have been any fighting at all. In the Arctic, except where civilisation has arrived, there is no struggle between men. There is nothing to struggle for, except survival, and in that battle all men are allies.

BRIEFLY . . .

THE Score at Teatime" (*Peter Davies, 15s.*) is a novel by Michael Ellis about a sadly mixed-up Army Public Relations officer serving with the 1st Commonwealth Division in Korea, whose Communist sympathies lead him into becoming a traitor. Dramatically told, with Tokio as a background, the story ends with a macabre gun battle in a fugitive aeroplane.

World War Two escape stories figure prominently in the latest batch of Digit paper-backs (*Brown and Watson, Ltd.*). Among them are "The Way Out" by Malcolm Watson (2s.), which tells of the initiative and courage of a New Zealander on the run in Italy; "Digger's War" by Peter Moresby (2s.), about the Japanese invasion of New Guinea; "Breakthrough" by Macgregor Urquhart (2s.) a tale of a Commando soldier's adventures in France; and "Nor Iron Bars a Cage" by W. H. Aston (2s.), the story of three British soldiers who outwitted the Germans and escaped to England.

This was Rifleman Jones's War

THE Unter den Linden, in Berlin, was not the place where you would have expected to see a couple of smart British soldiers, with knife-edge creases in their trousers, in the autumn of 1942.

But the two soldiers were in no position to look in shop windows. They were prisoners of war, under escort from Lamsdorf camp, and they were on their way to a German people's court. There they were asked to identify a Polish woman who was supposed to have befriended them. They had never seen her and said so, for which they were called liars and sent back to camp (if they had known her, they would have denied it just the same).

One of the two soldiers, Ewart Jones, describes this curious episode in "Germans Under My Bed" (*Arthur Barker, 15s.*). He was a rifleman in the King's Royal Rifle Corps and was captured at the fall of Calais (his description of the fighting as seen by a bewildered recruit is excellent).

As a prisoner of war, first in Poland and then in Silesia, Rifleman Jones seems to have been lucky. He escaped more than once, only to be recaptured; but punitive confinement, for one reason or another, was never so punitive as it might have been. After the first escape, during which he and his mate wandered about occupied Poland, the two were sent to a French prison camp for solitary confinement on bread and water. Thanks to sympathetic French and Belgian prisoners, they "fed like fighting cocks" (on butter, honey, soup and ox-tongue) and put on quite a bit of weight.

The author and his companions made excellent scroungers. When they were not relieving the Germans of fruit or coal, they were lifting hens and rabbits. Once, on a working party, they smuggled away huge quantities of sugar, stuffed in drawers, woollen, winter, long, modified. One disagreeable experience was when they were sent (against the rules) to work in the coalmines near Gleiwitz; but perhaps the toughest part of Rifleman Jones's war was the long, dysentery-racked march from Gorlitz to Göttingen, as Germany faced defeat.

The author offers many piquant side-lights on prison camp life and is good-tempered even when describing the "to hell with you, Jack" attitude of certain privileged prisoners.

For good measure he gives a splendid description of improvised fire boxes which, working on a forced draught, could boil a pint of water on no more fuel than an empty cigarette packet.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR SET A TRAP

OUTSIDE the watchman's roadside hut near Borden in Hampshire, the inevitable coke brazier was burning brightly. Inside sat the watchman, sleeves rolled up, cap pulled over his eyes and cigarette dangling from his mouth.

But he was no ordinary watchman. He was Battery Sergeant-Major R. Wright, Royal Artillery, of the Army Mechanical Transport School, operating a speed check on a tempting stretch of road near the end of a 78-mile test during the Army's inter-command Safe and Skilled Driving Contest.

Concealed in the hut was a wireless set with which he kept in contact with another soldier, hidden behind trees half a mile away.

In his little wooden hut, Battery Sergeant-Major Wright operates his speed trap. One unsuspecting driver stopped and asked "What's the time, mate?"



Several unsuspecting drivers were caught in the trap.

Teams from the five Home Commands (each team consisting of three three-ton lorries, a one-tonner and a Champ) were competing for the trophy awarded by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. It was won by Scottish Command with 862½ points out of a possible 1000.

The best individual performance was that of Corporal B. Lyon, Corps of Royal Military Police, Scottish Command, in a Champ. He lost only 13 out of 150 points in the road test and only one out of 50 in the performance test.

Of the 25 contestants only one had had driving experience before joining the Army. He was a former bus driver. One had been a sheet-metal worker, another a chef and a third a piano tuner. The average age of one team was only 19 years.

The road run, over the main roads and narrow twisting lanes of Hampshire and Surrey was to test drivers in their knowledge and application of the Highway Code, their standards of safety and courtesy to other road users. In all there were 22 hazards, each one closely watched by judges, many of them disguised as spectators or hidden from the drivers' view.

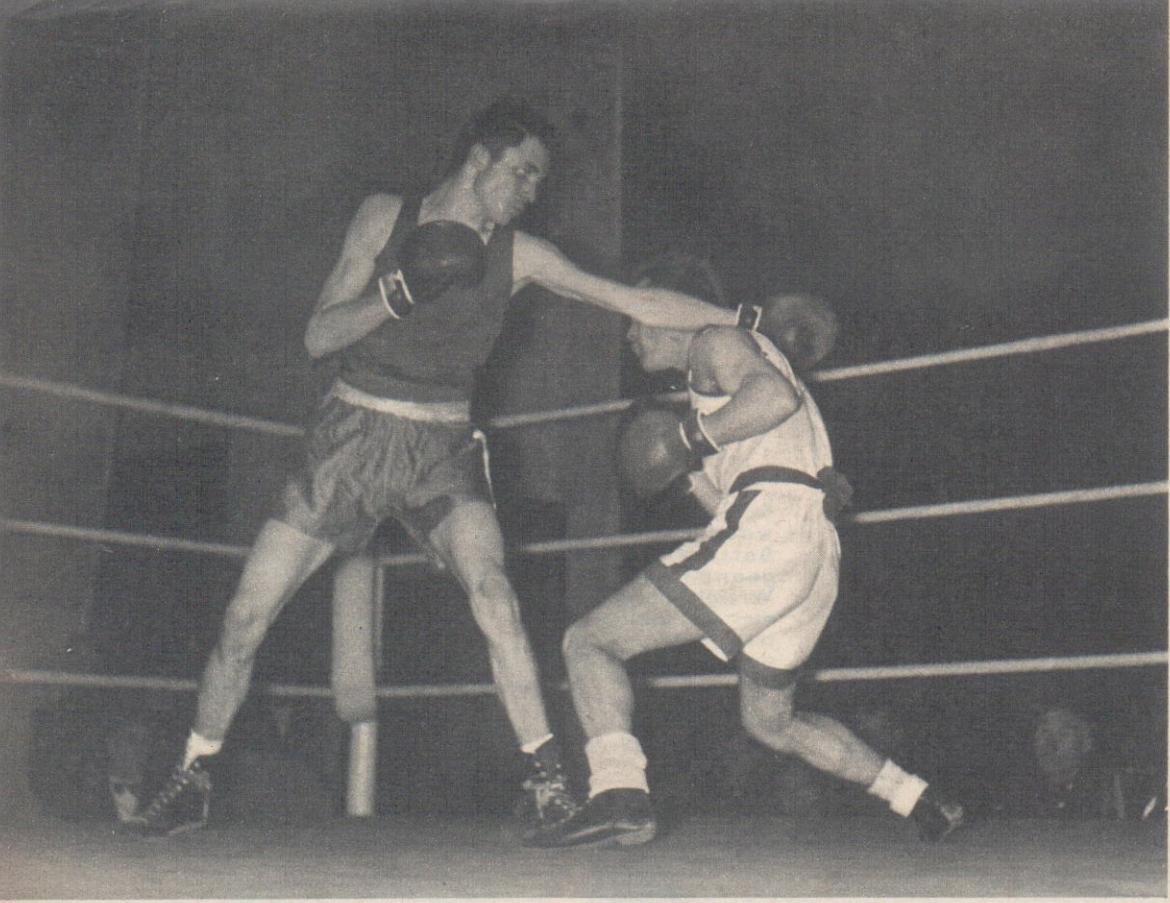
The performance test, carried out on a barrack square, involved steering through a maze of wooden blocks and barrels without touching them, backing down a narrow alleyway and coming to a stop on a given line and parking in confined spaces.

Above: On the road to Petersfield a competitor takes a dangerous bend. The "spectator" on the seat was a judge.



Right: A tricky moment during the performance test. Drivers had to guide their off-side wheels through narrowly spaced wooden blocks.





ARMY TAME THE "TERRIERS"

For the fifth successive year the Territorial Army were beaten by the Regular Army in their annual boxing tournament

Heavy-weights mix it in the toughest bout of the meeting: Gunner G. Page, RA (right), won on points against Trooper F. James, North Somerset Yeomanry (TA).



BOXING

Lance-Corporal R. English, REME, cleverly slips a left lead from Private T. Burgoyne, 7th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (TA), who won on points.

IT was an historic occasion for the Territorial Army when their boxing team met the Regular Army at the Royal Artillery Theatre in Woolwich. For the first time since World War Two the team was composed entirely of volunteer Territorials, including two flown over from Belfast.

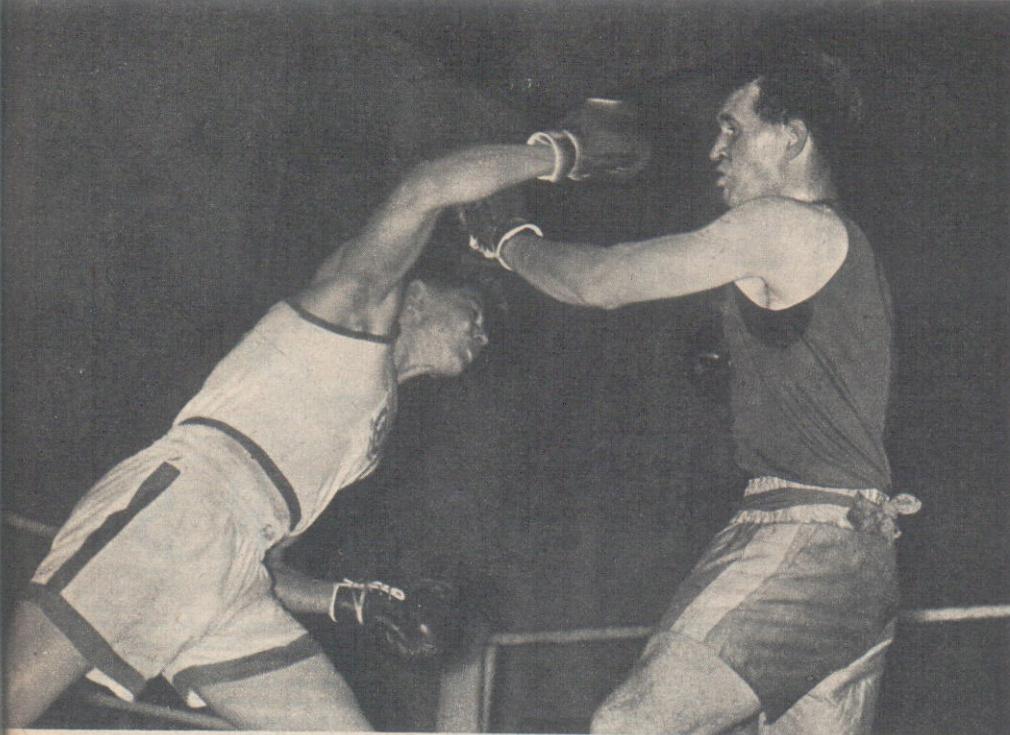
The result was less pleasing for them. The Army, although resting several first-string boxers, won by 11 bouts to two. But it was by no means a "walk-over." The Army boxers were fitter, otherwise several close bouts could have gone the other way. Territorial Army sympathisers claimed the score should have been 8-5.

The Territorials won the first contest when Private T. Burgoyne, 7th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a fly-weight from Stirlingshire outpointed Lance-Corporal R. English, 8th Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Burgoyne, who was inclined to hit with the open glove, won narrowly. He is coached in Scotland by Frankie Jones, the British professional fly-weight champion.

Seven contests went by before the Territorial Army got their

Tied up: Pte A. Paisley, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, (left), beat Fus. J. McKeogh, 5th Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (TA), on points.





Above: Driver E. Elderfield, aims a right swing to the chin of Private D. Finlay, 7th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (TA), who lost a rousing middle-weight fight on points.

Rifleman B. Penn, of the Rifle Brigade, the Army welter-weight gets advice from the Army coach, CSMI Reg Marks. Penn won his fight.

only other win. Private R. Barker, 4th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment, a light-weight from Hull, outpointed Driver Brian Jago, 15th Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, in what turned out to be the best bout of the evening. Jago was the heavier hitter but he failed to slow up his elusive, quick-punching opponent. Barker was a British schoolboy champion in 1951 and Amateur Boxing Association Youth champion from 1954-7. This is his first year as a senior and he should do well.

Most impressive Army winner was Rifleman Bruce Penn, 1st Battalion, the Rifle Brigade, a scrub-headed Londoner and former London boy champion, who outpointed Trooper H. W. Mees, North Somerset Yeomanry, of Bristol, a West Country ABA finalist for three seasons. Rifleman Penn recently boxed for England against Poland.

Another boxer chosen for England against Poland, Driver E. Elderfield, 15th Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, had a tougher battle beating Private Drew Finlay, 7th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who has boxed for Scotland as a middle-weight against Italy and Soviet Russia.

The goriest fight of all was between heavy-weights Gunner G. Page, 38 Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, and Trooper F. J. James, North Somerset Yeomanry. James, bleeding freely from the nose and mouth from the start, made a gallant last-round rally. He took a count of

seven in the second round but had Page reeling for most of the final round.

Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Reg Marks can take the credit for turning out such a fit Army side. It was no mean feat to win so impressively without some of his best men. The spectators certainly got their money's worth in bright boxing.

The Army versus the Territorial Army fixture was instituted in 1953 to bring the two organisations closer together, especially where National Servicemen were concerned. The Army have won all five contests but when National Service ends the Territorials are likely to be in a much stronger position to challenge the Regular Army's present supremacy. This was the trend just

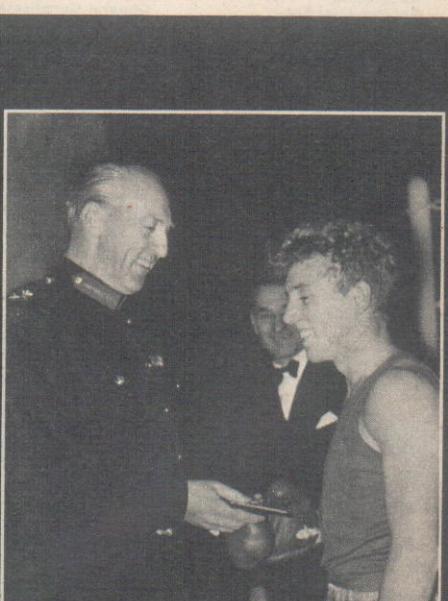
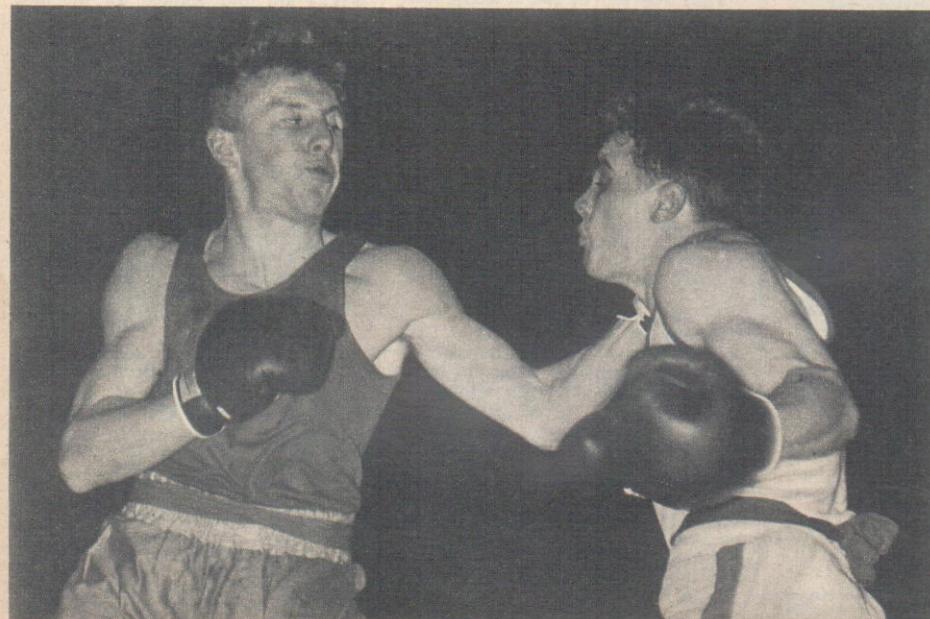
before the war. From 1932, when the Territorial Army first took part in the Imperial Services championships, until 1939 they showed steady improvement each year. They were last in 1932 but finished first, equal with the Royal Air Force, in 1939, with the Regular Army second.

At present, during the transitional period back to an all-volunteer basis, there is little likelihood of the Territorial Army taking part in the Imperial Services tournament, although they may do so a few years hence.

The Army versus Territorial Army fixture is likely to become an important annual affair in amateur boxing, and some matches in future may be held in the provinces.

PATRICK GARROW

Private R. Barker, 4th Battalion, the East Yorkshire Regiment (TA), lands a solid left hook on Driver B. Jago, RASC, in a light-weight bout. Private Barker won on points.



Major-General M.M.A.R. West, Director of the Territorial Army, presents Private R. Barker, one of the two Territorial Army winners, with his victor's plaque.



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LETTERS

SILENT DRILL

There has been some correspondence in the daily press recently from readers who dislike the shouting of orders at the Cenotaph in Whitehall during the two minutes' silence on Armistice Day.

May I add my plea that the Services think seriously about adopting a silent drill for this special occasion? It is ludicrous that we should gather to revere our dead in silence only to have the air shattered by raucous shouts.

I have seen African guards of honour and American negro troops show astonishing skill at silent rifle drill. No orders were given; each man took his time from the leader. The result was impressive. Surely it is not beyond the ingenuity of the three Armed Services in Britain to work out something similar on dignified and solemn occasions like the Armistice Day ceremony.—"Ear Drum."

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

in the American army were of Irish descent—Private Thomas A. Eaton, Mainz Detachment, United States Army Europe.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

Thanks for the article on Oman (SOLDIER, October). Major Jasper Coates, however, is an officer of the Muscat Armed Forces and not of the Trucial Oman Scouts, as you say.

The Muscat Armed Forces serve His Highness Sayed Said bin Taimur, Sultan of Muscat and Oman, and not the British Government. The British officers in the Muscat Forces are not seconded to Muscat service, but are soldiers of fortune.

The sketch map used with the article appears to show the peninsula of Qatar as being included in the Trucial States. This is a mistake which would prove costly if made in the independent state of Qatar.—N. Ayliffe-Jones, Police Department, Qatar.

YEOMANRY COIN

This old coin now in my possession was, I am told, minted for the first troop of Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry in 1794. Does anyone know if it was used only by them or was it a form of currency in general use at that time?—Sergeant G. Dudleston (Kent Yeomanry), Astley House, Hastings Road, Maidstone.



Both sides of the coin minted for the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry.

MONTED CAVALRY

I claim that the North Somerset Yeomanry were the last complete mounted cavalry regiment on active service in World War Two. We lost our horses, swords, spurs and so forth in February 1942, after having served as mounted cavalry in Palestine and Syria since 1940. We then had six weeks training as signallers and went to the Western Desert as 4th Air For-

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in the dining hall to sit down and, again at the end of the meal, to rise for grace. The orderly fifer and drummer went each morning to "Drummy" Guthrie's house to collect fife and drum in order to beat and play the march down from the dormitories. —J. H. Keefe, 78 Watton, Brecon.

QUILTS

I have been confined to a wheel chair for the past 17 years when I lost the use of my legs and right arm. Three years ago I started collecting cap badges, formation signs, flashes and shoulder titles worn in World War Two. I put the badges on plywood and make quilts with the cloth items. My ambition is to make a quilt illustrative of all the British regiments and corps. I need lots more material. Can any of your readers help?—H. M. Dillon, McLeans Court, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

PLAQUES WANTED

Since the formation in 1902 of the 2nd (Nyasaland) Battalion, King's African Rifles, selected British officers, warrant officers and senior NCOs from many—if not most—of the regiments of the line have served with it.

This phase of the Battalion's history is now drawing to a close as British Army personnel are being withdrawn to be replaced by the Federation's own permanent force, the Rhodesia and Nyasaland staff corps.

The European warrant officers and NCOs are anxious to preserve the traditions passed on by the British members of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants mess, and are desirous of obtaining as many wall plaques of

crests of regiments of the line in particular and other regiments and corps generally as possible.

As we are a small mess, the financial burden involved would be a heavy one, and we wondered if regimental and corps depots could consider presenting a wall plaque of their regimental crest for display in the permanent mess for all time.—RSM C. B. Williams, Llewellyn Barracks, Southern Rhodesia.

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP

I was very interested in the article on Shorncliffe Camp (November) as I was born in the village of Sandgate, which is situated below Shorncliffe Heights. I well remember the fine church and King's birthday parades as well as the tattoos. As a point of interest, the library at the camp has on its roof a weathercock which originally was on a church in the Ypres salient during World War One.—J. Hobbs, 33 Redland Road, Malvern.

THAT'S PHAT

That game of Phat (Letters, November) is played by partners as in whist. Each of the four players deals in turn and calls trumps according to his choice. The face value of two trump cards, the nine and the five, is doubled while the Jack, Queen, King, Ace count one, two, three and four points respectively. Every other nine and five in the pack counts seven. Partners reckon up their score from the tricks taken and the points are pegged on a cribbage board. Maximum for each "leg" is 181, a complete game usually consisting of the best of three "legs." —Captain (QM) H. G. Turner, Royal Ulster Rifles, Belfast.

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