

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

MAY 1956



NINEPENCE



THE CORPORAL SEE PAGE 5



As the official caterers to Her Majesty's Forces Naafi meets many of the daily needs of Service men and women the world over. To supply their requirements through its clubs, canteens and restaurants, Naafi must necessarily maintain a large buying organisation; but equally important is the maintenance of a consistently high standard of quality in its supplies. In Naafi laboratories, therefore, scientific analysis by experts is a daily task. It is one that involves not only stringent laboratory tests of purchases, but also constant research into improved methods of food production, storage and preservation.

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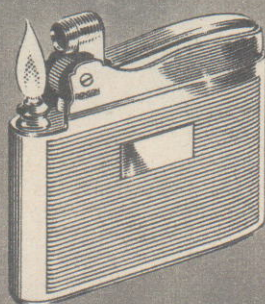
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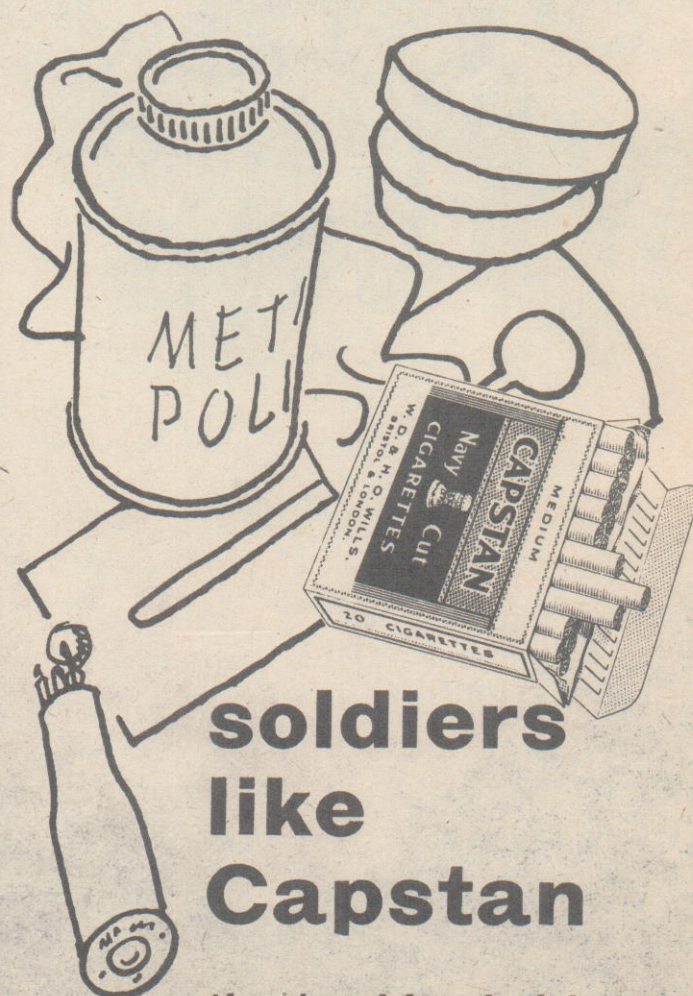
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Cheering "News for those Thin on Top"

THERE never was less reason for despondency over thinning hair and profuse hair-fall than there is today. True, hair troubles are many, and more people of both sexes suffer from them than ever before. This is largely due to modern civilised conditions such as the dust stirred up by constant traffic, metal dust from factories and so forth, which has an extremely harmful effect on the hair. Then there is the never-ending nervous tension associated with the wear and tear of modern life.

The harmful effects however of these conditions are largely **PREVENTABLE**, more particularly of course in the earlier stages of hair trouble, when the hair roots still remain readily responsive to corrective treatment.

MODERN SCIENCE UNVEILS NEW RESOURCES

Modern science has happily placed in the hands of the skilled research worker resources undreamed of in all the ages of the past. One has only to mention one single fact, the development of X-ray photography, by means of which the reactions of the human hair to all kinds of remedies can be minutely studied, to realise how greatly modern science has helped to improve, and in some cases revolutionise, the treatment of hair disorders.

NEW ADVANCES IN TREATMENT

It is by taking advantage of this new knowledge and these advanced methods that the Consulting Hair Specialist, Mr. Arthur J. Pye, of Blackpool, has been able to evolve a series of treatments for hair disorders which are achieving unprecedented successes. The

Glimpse of the Laboratory where the Arthur J. Pye treatments are specially prepared for each of the different types of hair disorders.

extracts below from reports reaching Mr. Pye from all parts of the country give some indication of the extraordinarily beneficial results following treatment in cases of such troubles as profuse hairfall, obstinate dandruff, brittle, breaking hair, and premature loss of hair.

In some cases thinning hair commences at temples, and reaches the crown only by slow stages of advance across the scalp.



REMARKABLE SUCCESSES ACHIEVED BY MODERN METHODS OF HAIR TREATMENT

Based on researches of Consulting Hair Specialist

REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT

"I have now completed my first course of hair treatment. My hair has shown remarkable improvement."—A.D., Kensington, London, W.14.

WOULD RECOMMEND YOU TO ANYONE

"I have just completed your hair treatment and I would recommend you to anyone. You can publish my letter and address if you wish.—J. Watson, 7 Wheelwright Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

THRILLED EVERY TIME SHE LOOKS AT HER HAIR

"I cannot tell you how thrilled I am every time I look at my hair. I cannot believe it is three months since I was so depressed because it had fallen out and gone so thin and lifeless. Now it is soft and silky and getting lovely and thick. I am more than delighted."—(Miss) M. Jones, 47 Donkin Hill, Caversham, Reading, Berks.

I WAS IN THE GREATEST DESPAIR

"I am very pleased to tell you that all trace of scurf has completely disappeared, and the hair has thickened up wonderfully well. I would like to thank you for your kind help and attention at a time when I was in the greatest despair.—H.E.S., Great Yarmouth.

Full particulars of Mr. Pye's treatments are contained in illustrated literature, obtainable free and post-free on application. Post the coupon or write to Arthur J. Pye, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool, S.58.



These photographs show progressive thinning at the crown, scalp skin showing through. As long as the hair roots are still alive, corrective treatment can do much in helping to bring about those healthy scalp conditions inseparable from a good head of hair. Weakened hair sheaths, now shedding hair all too readily, will be strengthened. Dandruff, now choking the sheaths, damming back nutrition and arresting mature growth, will be dissolved away. In fact, a variety of conditions unfavourable to hair growth can be successfully treated by modern methods in a large number of cases.

To ARTHUR J. PYE, 5 Queen St., Blackpool, S.58. Send free literature and particulars of treatments.

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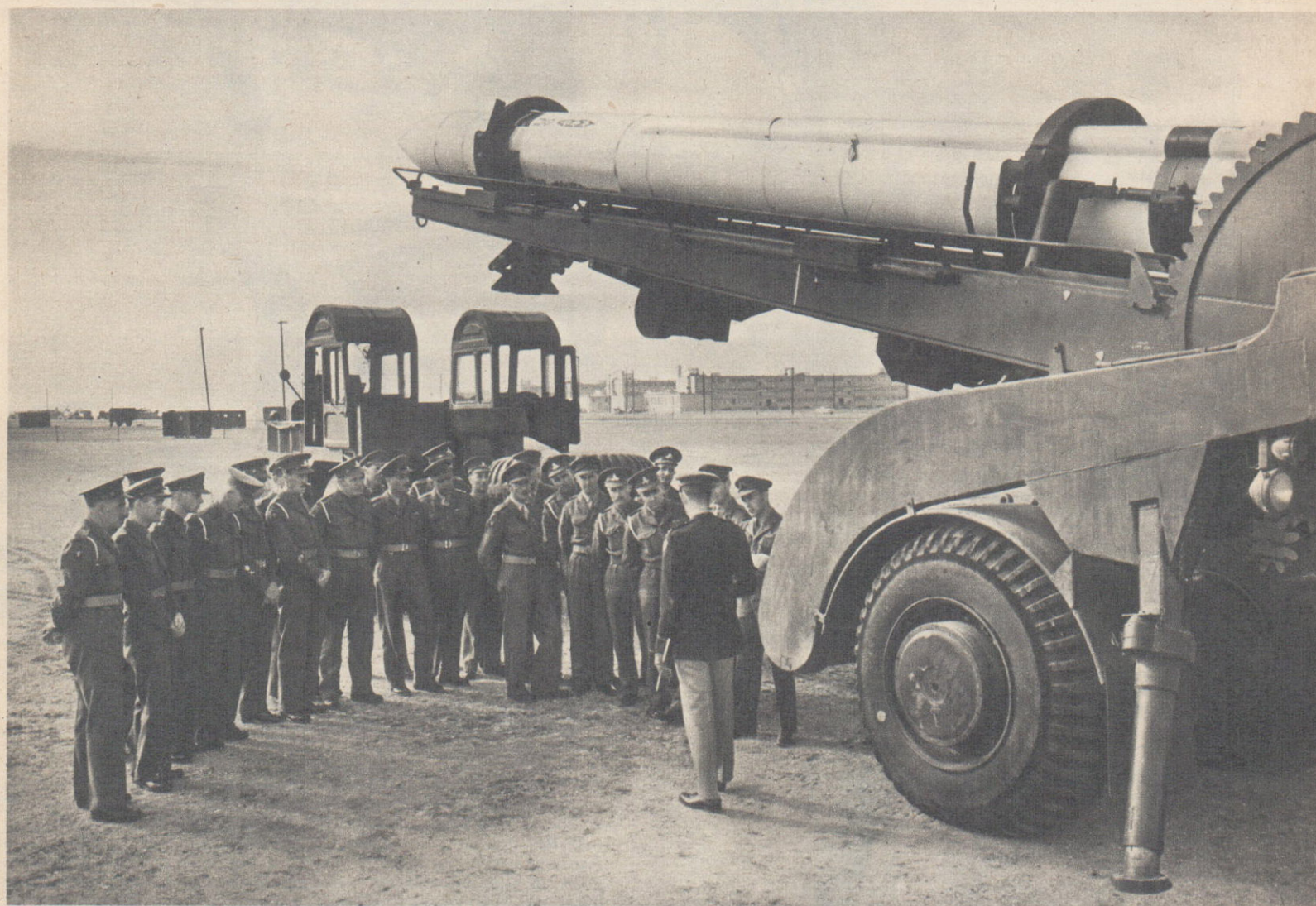
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At Fort Bliss, Texas, Captain T. G. Ellis of the Guided Missile School introduces British Gunners to the Corporal.

"THIS IS THE CORPORAL"

DEEP in the heart of Texas, in New Mexico and in Alabama British Army teams are learning how to operate their first guided missile: the radio-controlled, surface-to-surface Corporal, which is expected to be in service with the British Army shortly.

The teams are drawn from the Royal Artillery and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

During their stay in the United States, the Gunner team of officers and warrant officers are spending some of their time at Fort Bliss in Texas and the rest at the White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico. The REME team of officers and warrant officers are

being trained at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama, but towards the end of their course they will go to White Sands and join the Gunners in firing their missiles in the New Mexico desert.

This autumn, after the first Corporal equipments have been handed over to the Royal Artillery, the teams will return to Britain to train other instructors and detachments who will man the Royal Artillery's first Corporal Regiment. Training will take place at the new Guided Weapons Wing of the School of Artillery at Larkhill and the REME Training Depot at Arborfield, where preparations are well under way to receive equipment and start training.

The introduction of the Corporal into the British Army will bring more big changes in the employment of the Royal Artillery, which has already lost many of its anti-aircraft regiments and is about to lose its coast guns.

The Corporal's range—more than three times that of a medium gun—and its nuclear capacity will enable targets to be engaged at greater distances and at an earlier

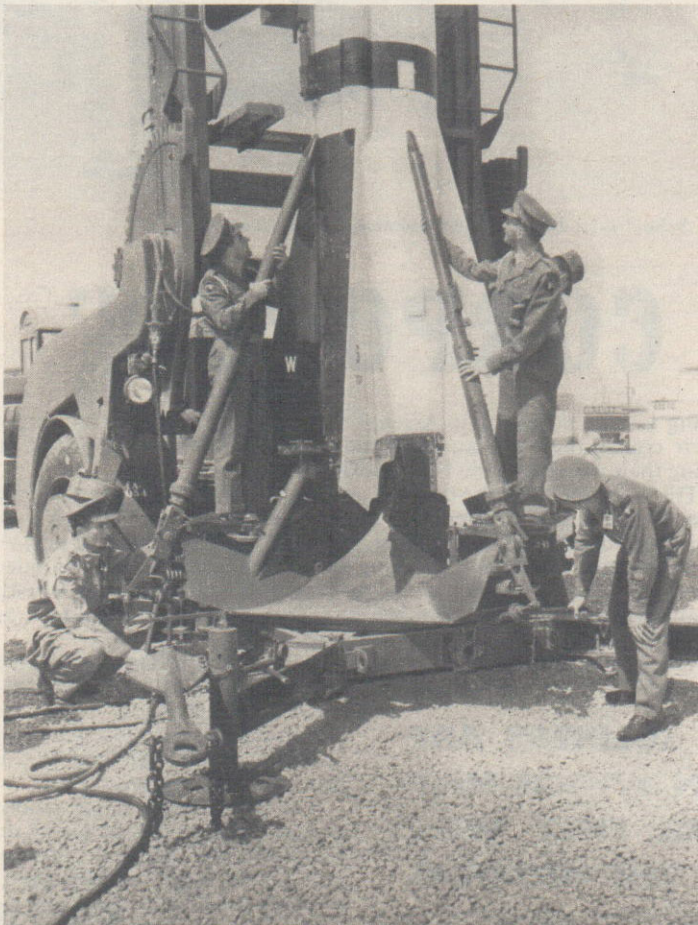
OVER

IN AMERICA AND IN GERMANY BRITISH SOLDIERS ARE LEARNING HOW TO OPERATE A WEAPON WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONISE LAND WARFARE. LATER THEY WILL FIRE IT ON A RANGE AT SOUTH UIST IN THE HEBRIDES



Bringing down the boom to pick up the missile is WO II Edward Felton (with control box). Assisting him is WO II M. Hanley, with SFC E. J. Barras instructing. Below: Placing the missile on the launcher.

Photographs: Sgt. J. B. Lasater, U.S. Army.



"THIS IS THE CORPORAL"

Cont'd

stage in a battle than the heaviest guns could hope to do. It can also be used in the role of a tactical air force to blast positions too heavily defended or obscured by bad weather to justify aerial attack.

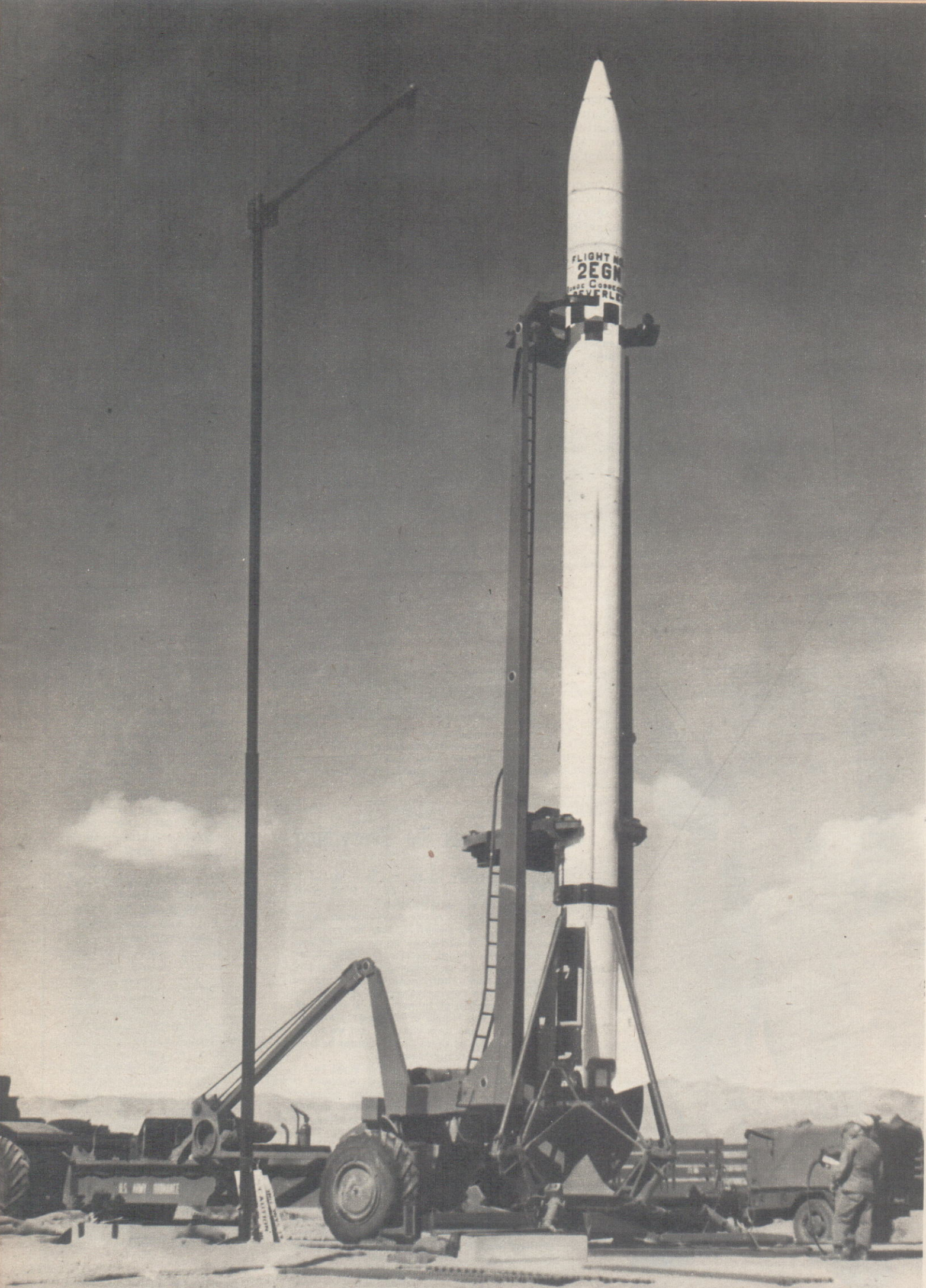
It has not yet been decided how many Corporal regiments the Army will have but the first may go to Rhine Army. It will be composed of Gunners and will have permanently attached a Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers workshop, a Royal Army Ordnance section and a troop from the Royal Signals to look after long-range communications. The Regiment will also have its own bulldozers for use in levelling launching sites. It will be the most expensively equipped unit in the British Army, but the firepower of its equipment will be more than equal to that of the largest artillery concentration fired in World War Two.

Although the Corporal will be one of the most elaborate weapons the Army has yet used, the Gunners and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are not worried about finding men sufficiently qualified to handle it.

To the Gunners the Corporal is just another round of ammunition which presents very different but not much more complex problems than those already involved in firing heavy anti-aircraft guns. The commander and other key men will have to be specialists with a considerable knowledge of electronics and survey, but launcher detachments are already largely available among men in existing Gunner units. However, only the most efficient will be considered fit for transfer to the new Corporal regiment.

The problem facing the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers will be greater. The electronic equipment in the Corporal is of an advanced type and at present there are only a limited number of men in the Corps sufficiently experienced to maintain and repair it. But,

At bottom right of picture one man with a control box has reared the Corporal to its vertical position on the launcher. The transporter-erector has released the missile with its upper clasp but is still grasping it by the lower one.



"THIS IS THE CORPORAL" *Concluded*

by a series of advanced training courses and by attracting qualified technicians into the Army, REME hope to find the right men.

Initially, the men of the new regiment will be trained at Larkhill and Arborfield and will then be sent to the Hebrides, where on the island of South Uist it is proposed to build an Inter-Services Guided Weapons Range so that the Corporal can be fired, with

inert warheads, out to sea.

The United States Army has already introduced the Corporal to the Gunners. Many British officers and warrant officers have visited the American Corporal battalion in Germany to study their training methods and the commanding officer of the American battalion has lectured students at the School of Artillery in Larkhill. The Gunners hope to return the compliment

by inviting the Americans to fire their Corporals on the Guided Weapons Range in the Hebrides.

SOLDIER understands that other guided missiles of British design are being planned.

E. J. GROVE

The photographs of the Corporal in this issue were supplied by the United States Army, to which SOLDIER is much indebted.

**STOP
PRESS**

more exclusive pictures of The Corporal on page 26

In his protective clothing: a member of a Corporal unit.



Lieutenant-Colonel Glenn P. Elliott, US Army, commands a Corporal battalion in Germany. His unit has been demonstrating the Corporal and its equipment to British troops.

But It Can't Do Everything

MR. ANTONY HEAD, the War Minister, recently had this to say in Parliament about the new weapon:

"The Corporal is really equivalent to a very long-range, very powerful, very heavy artillery weapon. It can break up concentrations. It can make things extremely difficult for any force which is massive, but it is really fatuous to think that the Corporal or atomic artillery alone can prevent gradual infiltration and penetration by men. It is as though we were in the House of Commons, without the benches, and ants came in and we threw hand-grenades at them. Men cannot be held up purely by atomic weapons.

"The atomic weapon is not in sight so far as its introduction to intimate weapons is concerned. There is no immediate prospect of atomic field artillery, atomic rifles, atomic mortars, atomic grenades and atomic support weapons of the close Infantry kind. I am not saying that they may not come in 20, 30, 40 or 50 years but they are not in sight at the moment.

"Despite the immense power of the long-range weapons for Infantry—I am talking in Army terms of the Corporal—ground can be held only by stopping the enemy getting too close. This is done by bullets, tanks, artillery and mortar and machine-gun fire. There is no substitute for that yet."

IT CALLS FOR TEAMWORK

HOW do you get a 45-foot rocket into the air and direct it on to a far-distant target.

It is a complicated and highly technical business but the Army's guided weapons experts are learning a launching drill based on the experience of the United States Corporal battalions.

When the order to go into action is given a team of REME technicians set to work checking electronic equipment before handing the Corporal over to the Gunners. It is then loaded on to a 50-foot long transporter-erector and taken to the firing-point where it is charged with propellants and the warhead fitted. The men who fill the propellant chambers wear protective clothing, for the liquids are highly toxic and corrosive. A Royal Army Service Corps fire tender stands by.

The Corporal is then raised on to a launcher platform, the missile is disconnected from the transporter-erector and all the vehicles drive off. Only the men of the firing detachment are now left and they take shelter in previously prepared trenches some hundred yards away. From now on every action is carried out by remote control.

The firing team begins its complicated system of fire orders during the "count-down" period. By the time the Corporal takes off, its course is pre-set.

Curiously, the Corporal begins its supersonic flight in lazy fashion. As compressed air forces the propellant fuel into the rocket motor flames gush from the aperture and the Corporal rises very slowly. For some seconds it climbs, almost unwillingly, and then accelerates rapidly. As it reaches the outer atmosphere it is travelling at several times the speed of sound.



A Goliath is attacked: the Reverend R. Roe shakes off his tacklers and makes a perfect pass in the Army match against Oxford University.
 Photograph: SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL

THE PADRE HAS 17 RUGBY CAPS

IRELAND'S FIRST CHOICE TO LEAD THE FRONT-ROW FORWARDS IS A BURLY ARMY CHAPLAIN WITH 44-INCH CHEST

WHEN Robin Roe was a Dublin schoolboy he had two ambitions—to take Holy Orders and to play rugby for Ireland. He has achieved both.

Today the Reverend Robin Roe, Chaplain to the Forces, is Ireland's number one "hooker" and has played for his country 17 times. He is also the Army's "hooker" and the first padre to play rugby for the Army since the present Chaplain-General turned out against the Royal Air Force in 1935.

Weighing nearly 15 stone, one inch short of six feet and built on massive lines (his chest measures 44 inches unexpanded and his neck 19½ against the normal 16 inches), the Padre plays an aggressive

game in the most physically exhausting position on the field. Not for nothing have sporting journalists dubbed him "the turbulent priest" and "the battling bishop."

When International and Army commitments permit, the Padre plays for London Irish and his own unit, 9 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, at Cove, near Aldershot. He has always been a "hooker." He first played for King's Hospital School, Dublin, at the age of 12 and was soon

selected for Leinster Juniors and later for the senior team. At Dublin University, where he was also a member of the cricket and table tennis teams, he played in most representative matches and in 1952, while still a student there, earned his first cap for Ireland. Since then he has played for Ireland in every International except one—the 1954 game against New Zealand, when he had to cry off because of injuries.

Before joining the Army last year the Padre was a Church of Ireland priest in Dublin. He was given special leave to accompany the British Isles team to South Africa where he played in most matches but not in the tests.

His love for rugby is equalled



Ireland's hooker is the first padre to play rugby for the Army since 1935. He is also a keen cricketer.

THEY'RE CHAPLAIN INTERNATIONALS TOO

THE Chaplain-General, the Reverend Canon V. J. Pike (left) also played for Ireland as "hooker" and won 13 International caps between 1931 and 1934. He, too, turned out for the Army. The Reverend J. G. W. Murphy (right), who was capped for Ireland as full-back five times between 1952 and 1954, is now serving in Korea as a chaplain.



only by his dislike for soccer and he will quote, with a twinkle, "Rugby is a barbaric game played by gentlemen. Soccer is a gentleman's game played by barbarians."

The Padre may soon retire from International Rugby. He would like to devote his leisure to building up a really first-class Army unit fifteen abroad. The reason? "Rugby has given me so much that I feel I want to put something into the game before I get too old."



Anything may lurk in this kind of bush, where a man's life depends on being quick on the draw.

SINCE a State of Emergency was declared three-and-a-half years ago in Kenya, the *askari* of the King's African Rifles have been in action against Mau Mau terrorists with little or no respite.

Yet in recent forest operations on the slopes of Mount Kenya they patrolled with undiminished zeal, accounting for 75 terrorists in 26 days.

These men, recruited from humble villages in remote parts of East Africa, and representing 20 different tribes, some of which once warred against each other, have a great flair for soldiering. Trackers by instinct, with an acute sense of hearing, sight and smell, they move through Kenya's tangled forest with an uncanny skill.

Biscuits and sweet tea at first light are enough to set them up for 12 hours of intensive patrolling, often to heights of 14,000 feet. Only at nightfall do they eat a full meal, and then, relaxing, talk over their adventures of the day, or perhaps exchange reminiscences of life on their maize and banana plantations

MEN OF THE FORESTS

Recognise the weapon?
It's the new FN, now
issued to *askari* in Kenya.

Photograph: Sergeant W. R. Hawes,
Military Photographer

At first light they eat biscuits and drink sweet tea—then stealthily patrol the tangled mountain slopes of Kenya for 12 hours on end





The self-styled Field-Marshal Kanji, who surrendered during operations mentioned in this article.

Left: Death awaits in the undergrowth: an askari ambush. Below: This picture was taken by flash. No sunlight penetrates the deep forest.

in the far-off native reserves.

It is round the camp fire—lit to keep off wild animals, and to combat the bitter cold that descends on Mount Kenya after dark—that the other side of the *askari* reveals itself. Although trained as a man of action, he loves to gossip. Sitting with his British officer, he plies countless questions about the world in general, and frequently inquires after the health of Her Majesty "the Queenie," of whom he is a loyal and devoted subject.

The *askari* is versatile. Besides being a good Infantryman he is—

if well trained—an excellent driver, particularly on mountain tracks, when the gradient and the mud combine to make jeeping a heart-in-the-mouth experience. He is also a good signaller. He talks over radio networks with fluency, using the normal call signs, and can send messages in morse at 24/26 groups a minute. When transmitting by morse, he uses a special rhythm of his own, which, it is not too far-fetched to suggest, possibly derives from his forefathers, who beat out messages on *tom-toms*.

A battalion of

OVER

A warrant officer platoon commander, Kitur arap Marta, who won the Military Medal in Malaya and a bar to it in Kenya, discusses a patrol with Major Roy Stockwell, of 3rd King's African Rifles. Kitur is a Kipsigis.



continuing **MEN OF THE FORESTS**

the King's African Rifles is organised like an ordinary British Infantry battalion, except that it does not have a support company, although it has a complement of 3-inch mortars. The British officer strength is normally 22, though at present in Kenya the figure is considerably higher, and includes a number of National Service officers.

The British senior NCO appointments are doubled by Africans holding equivalent rank and acting as a direct link with the *askari*. A number of Africans, with the rank of warrant officer, act as platoon commanders.

All British officers and NCOs

attend a course of instruction in Swahili, the common language in the King's African Rifles. Many of the *askari* speak good English, but prefer to be addressed by their *Bwana* in Swahili.

To have been an *askari* stands an African in good stead when, his service days over, he returns to his village. Many of them, particularly ex-NCOs, become chiefs and headmen.

An *askari* regimental sergeant-major, retiring after 19 years' service, was invited to state his preference for a farewell gift from the battalion. He asked if he might have a shooting stick like the one owned by his com-

Captain Mike O'Connor, of 5th King's African Rifles, watches his *askari* radio operator at his work.

The *askari* like living rough in the forest, but they put on a very smart ceremonial parade. Here the Commander-in-Chief, East Africa, Lieutenant-General Gerald W. Lathbury is inspecting.



manding officer. This, he explained, would maintain him in a position of dignified elevation, in keeping with his *askari* rank, while his friends sat on the ground and listened to his tales.

The King's African Rifles battalions are recruited from Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. Serving with the 70th (East Africa) Infantry Brigade, commanded by Brigadier T. H. Birkbeck, are the 3rd, 5th, 7th, 23rd and 26th King's African Rifles.

In Nairobi recently Lieut.-General Gerald W. Lathbury, Commander-in-Chief in East Africa, said: "The King's African Rifles and the Kenya Regiment (a Territorial force) bore the brunt of the Emergency in the early days. Without their great efforts in '53 and '54, while units from Britain were being trained and acclimatised, Kenya would have been in a sorry state. The loyalty, cheerfulness and devotion to duty of the *askari* has been remarkable."—Report by Captain N. S. Horne, Military Observer.

FROM FOREST TO JUNGLE



Wading into the swamp: Cpl. Jim Goode, Rifle Brigade.

FROM the forests and plains of Kenya the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade is moving to the jungles and swamps of Malaya. The task of the Battalion remains the same: to eliminate terrorists.

The Riflemen are well accustomed to long-range patrols, and to operating at high altitudes. They have had valuable experience of engaging fleeting targets. In the Malayan jungles their hard-gained knowledge of bushcraft should stand them in good stead.

One of their recent actions took place in a leech-ridden papyrus swamp on the edge of Lake Naivasha. A gang of terrorists had taken refuge in the swamp, which covers an area of many square miles, and the Regiment, with other units of the Security Forces, was given the task of ferreting them out. Riflemen found themselves not only waist-high but neck-high in water, pulling themselves along by means of reeds as thick as a man's arm and 10 feet high. The rate of advance averaged 200 yards an hour, which—as a Rifleman pointed out—"gave the leeches ample time to bite."



"Fall out for a smoke"—but it's a prickly business in a papyrus swamp in Kenya, as the Rifle Brigade discover.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS

NOT even generals can be in two places at once, but in Malaya Lieutenant-General Sir Geoffrey K. Bourne does the next best thing.

General Bourne has two jobs. When he reaches his office in Headquarters, Malaya Command in the morning, he starts work as General Officer Commanding. For an hour or so he is busy with his staff. Then, as his orders are being executed, he climbs into a staff car and sets off on a 15 or 20 minutes ride across Kuala Lumpur to another office. Here, as Director of Operations in the Malayan Emergency, he sets to work with a completely independent staff—with one exception. The only man who travels with the General from one headquarters to another is his Military Assistant, Major G. I. Harper.

Although he has two offices, nobody could call General Bourne office-bound. There are few generals who are more often airborne than he is.

"I average 30 take-offs a month," General Bourne told SOLDIER. "When I came back from a trip some time ago, my son asked me what kind of aircraft I had travelled in. I thought about it and discovered I had been in six kinds in two days."

The son, at that time, was on holiday from his public school in England. Now, as his father explains with a laugh, after being waited on by fags he is being chased around by a corporal at Carlisle. Soon he expects to be serving under his father's command, with the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars.

When he does, he had better watch his appearance. Out of the jungle, General Bourne is a stickler for correct dress. When an Australian stepped up to receive a shooting prize from the General, amid the usual applause, he found himself being questioned about certain of his flashes, which belonged to another command. It was only when he had ordered the man to take down the incorrect flashes that the General got down to the customary congratulations.

But General Bourne can find little fault with his command in the serious matter of terrorist-hunting. Running through a list of units with SOLDIER, the General punctuated his remarks with, "Fine battalion that," or "Best battalion in Malaya," or "They're doing a good job," or "They haven't made any kills yet—but they will."

When fresh units arrive in Malaya, General Bourne gives the men four pieces of advice: "You have a worthwhile job for your country. Put your heart and soul into it."

"Keep out of hospital."

"Get all the sport you can in your spare time."

"Save money."

"If they do the first three, they will probably do the fourth," General Bourne told SOLDIER. "Every soldier can save £50 to £100 while he is here."

Everybody in Malaya knows that the one-armed General sets an example in keeping the first three mottoes—most obviously the third. Not long ago, he won a local golf championship and a local tennis championship in the same week-end.

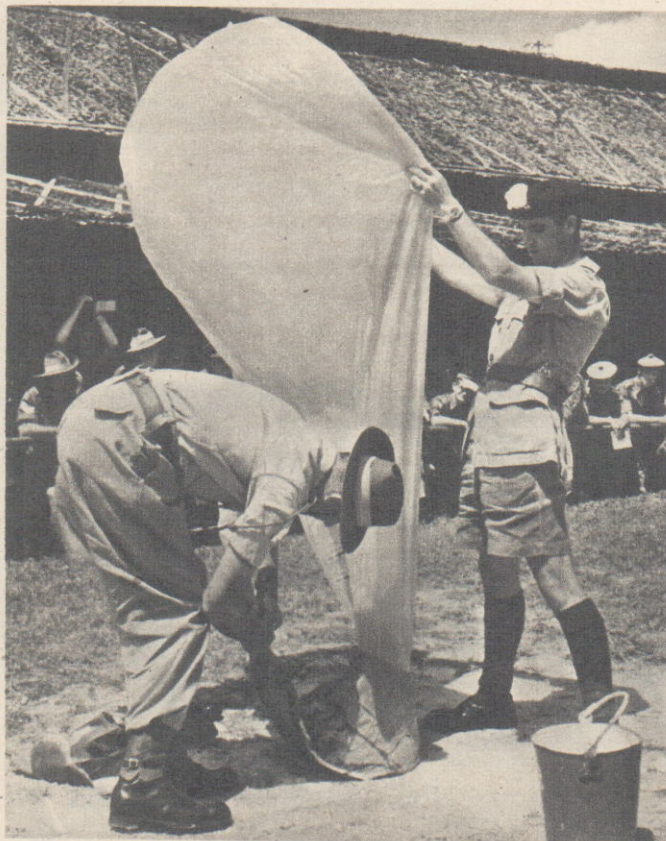
As a young Gunner officer, General Bourne played rugby for the Army. Then, in Switzerland, he had an accident while riding a luge down a bobsleigh run. For a year he was on sick-leave, and then had the arm amputated.

Terrorists are his target: Lt-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Bourne.

"Then I started getting on a horse again," he says. "I had to give up the harder sports, like cricket and rugby, and take up the easy ones. Now, whenever I can, I play golf or tennis every day and swim once a week."

In his command, General Bourne encourages sport at company level. "The best battalions don't necessarily win football cups," he says. "They are too much in the jungle. I want companies to play local teams. The Army makes friends like that."

This marker balloon is used by jungle patrols to signal aircraft. It is blown up by adding water to a chemical in a container attached to the envelope. Then it is allowed to rise above the trees, where its orange plastic skin is easily seen. Its job done, it is cut loose.



General Bourne came into the public eye when he was commanding British Troops, Berlin, from 1949 to 1951. It was a time of frequent "incidents" with the Russians. What General Bourne learned then about Communist mentality, over the conference table, was an asset when he came to fight the Communists in Malaya.

Under General Bourne's direction, operations against the terrorists have entered a new phase. In earlier stages, all but a few of the security forces were busy on jungle fringes and around towns and villages. Their object was to cut off supplies to the terrorists and force them to come out of the jungle in search of food, and so to fight. It was a successful policy which reduced the numbers of terrorists from 8000 or 9000 at the height of the emergency to an estimated 5000 when General Bourne took over, and the same policy is still being carried out.

More than half Malaya is now "white," no longer menaced by terrorists, and General Bourne has been able to withdraw troops from "white" areas to increase the security forces' penetration into deep jungle. Here, besides smoking out terrorist hideaways, the troops have made contact with aboriginal tribes which, through ignorance or fear, have been helping the Communists. Their leaders have been flown out, taught the objects of the Government, shown the sights of one or two big cities and the strength of the security forces, and sent home ready to co-operate.

In figures, General Bourne's tenure has shown a reduction of terrorist numbers from about 5000 to about 3000. There is still a lot to do, and General Bourne ("I never sit down until after dinner") is not the man to rest while it is his job to do it.

GUNNERS

IN THE CLOUDS

THE Army's most highly-placed Gunners are the men of two troops in Malaya, who fire often from above the clouds, and look down on flying aircraft. They are sited in the Cameron Highlands.

The troops belong to 25 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, which is scattered throughout Malaya and covers the country with a radio network unique in Royal Artillery practice.

The task of the Gunners is to fire in support of Infantry, and deny to the terrorists areas in which there are no Infantry. By making life in the jungle unhealthy, the guns drive the terrorists nearer the villages, where they are more accessible to ground troops.

In the middle of the Boh tea estate, 4800 feet above sea level, are two 25-pounders of "B" Troop, 35 Battery. They are perched on the top of a hill, surrounded by several hundred acres of tea-gardens. Their tents are pitched by the tea estate buildings and when they want to add to their tea ration they just help themselves—by the bowl.

Below: A field-gun fires and the shell streaks over the tea-gardens to the jungle-clad hills where terrorists have been reported.

Up this valley of tea plantations in Malaya's Cameron Highlands fly supply aircraft and helicopters—below the level of the guns.

From 5000 feet above sea-level, field and medium guns of the Royal Artillery are firing at terrorists in the Malaya jungle

The 25-pounders are fired every day—normally about 100 rounds a day but anything up to 600 when things warm up. These rounds are mostly high-explosive, but smoke is fired for observation purposes and some airburst is also sent over. Firing is mostly done at night, or early in the morning. In the day-time the troop may receive a call from the Royal Air Force asking them not to fire, since their hill-top overlooks a valley used regularly by supply aircraft. From their eyrie, the Gunners are quite used to looking down on the air-drop Valettas and the helicopters going about their supply business.

About three-and-a-half miles away as the crow flies, but ten miles as the road winds, are medium guns of "C" Troop of 54 (Maharajpore) Battery. They are on another hill-top, 400 feet higher and 5200 feet above sea level. This troop has the only medium guns in Malaya, three of which were on the hill when SOLDIER visited the site. One of them was due to leave and to join a fourth elsewhere.

The medium Gunners call their hill-top Muddy Hill Camp, and muddy it was when they first went there. It took them an hour-and-a-half to get a gun round one corner of the steep and liquid track which winds up to the posi-

tion. When the guns were up, it took the Gunners between two and three hours to turn one, the trail of which had been deeply dug into the mud by recoil, so that they could take advantage of the 360-degrees arc of fire their hill-top gives them.

Now things are better. The Gunners procured 150 three-tonner loads of rubble and have paved the gun-position so that the trails no longer dig in during firing.

From a garrison engineer they obtained a stock of unserviceable sheets of corrugated iron. Then they went into the jungle and cut wood. With the two, they built a two-storey building. The ground-floor was paved with empty ammunition boxes. The upper floor they made of corrugated iron and over part of this they fixed boards from packing-cases. Windows were made of scrounged plastic and fixed in such a way that they would fall inward when the guns fired. The building was painted to match the guns.

In this unorthodox headquarters, the troop installed its command post, signals, troop office and stores and the signallers have made themselves a bedroom.

While all this was going on, the guns were firing nearly every day, averaging 400 to 500 rounds a week. With their all-round arc

of fire and 18,100 yards range, the medium guns cover something like 350 square miles of Malaya.

Both medium and 25-pounder guns are often in cloud or above it—the mediums more often than the others. The medium gunners estimate they have rain, mostly thin, misty rain, 29 days out of 31. For Malaya, the climate is cold.

Because terrorists do not usually move in the dark, the Gunners do most of their firing at night, on areas where terrorist camps have been located. One pointer to the way in which the terrorists have been harassed by their fire is that they have been found to be digging slit-trenches in which to spend wet, uncomfortable nights, instead of sleeping in dry, comfortable bashes.

Reports of this kind are encouraging to the Gunners. So was a report to the medium troop that shells fired at a track being used by terrorists had straddled and landed on the track. If they have killed or wounded any terrorists, the Gunners are not likely to hear about it, at any rate for a long time. The terrorists remove their dead.

Both Captain A. W. Woodford, in command of the 25-pounders, and Lieutenant P. D. Williams, the medium-gun commander, are eager for any news of results. Although their Gunners are pleased to be firing frequently, and from altitudes which are not "in the book," they find it unrewarding gunnery because they never see what their fire has done.

One advantage of living on a tea-plantation is that tea never runs short.

All done with oil-drums: this improvised boiler furnishes hot showers.

The building is made of scrap. Only the windows fall down when the guns fire—and those according to plan.

THE GUN ON ITS OWN

FORT ISKANDAR is no imposing pile surmounted by battlements bristling with cannon. Bashas and barbed wire hung with tin cans are its outstanding features. But it does have a gun.

Fort Iskandar was the first of a number of jungle forts established by the Army in Malaya and then handed over, complete with light aircraft strip, to the police. It is the only one to have a gun, a 25-pounder of 93 (Le Cateau) Battery of 25 Field Regiment. The gun reached Fort Iskandar in pieces, in several helicopter-loads.

Unlike the guns of the old fortress artillery, this one has an exclusively offensive role. Its target area is the vast space of swamp and jungle which surrounds the fort. Its role is to harass the Communist terrorists in the area, and to support operations launched by police from the Fort or by other troops. It has a normal allocation of 40 shells a day, and orders to the

FAR EAST SPECIAL *continued*

In aboriginal country, a solitary field-gun pounds targets in jungle and swamp

detachment are to fire at irregular intervals no fewer than five rounds at any one target. Most of the firing is at night.

The five men of the normal detachment are supplemented by one officer and one signaller. Each month, the seven are changed. Fort Iskandar is a pleasant enough place, and a good one in which to save money, but a month there is long enough for men whose duties do not take them away from the Fort. The police garrison have patrols to break the monotony.

For the Gunners, the most in-

teresting events of the week are their two airdrops of ammunition and rations, and the arrival of Royal Air Force Pioneer aircraft which are the Fort's main link with the outside world. The nearest road is a day's hard march away and the only motor-vehicle in the district is the mower which cuts the airstrip.

Occasionally, an Air Observation Post Auster drops in for the pilot to observe one of the gun's shoots. Pilots of light aircraft are always happy to visit the jungle forts, for the lonely garrisons are very hospitable.

One result of air supply is that the Fort has built up a stock of ammunition boxes which it would not be economical to fly out. From these, a high watch-tower has been constructed and on top of it a police Bren-gun commands the entrance to the Fort through the tin-hung barbed wire. Ammunition boxes also provide hard-standing for the gun and blast-proof walls to shelter some of the *bashas*. The top layer, with lids removed and filled with earth, grow flowers.

When they are not firing or maintaining their gun, the Gunners may join the police at badminton or volley-ball, go boating or fishing in aborigine *prahus* (dug-out canoes), or hunting with the aborigines. Second-Lieutenant M. J. Albrecht, who was in charge of the detachment when SOLDIER visited the Fort, had been on such a hunt and reported that the bag was two pigeon, a monkey, an iguana and a woodpecker, all of which would go into the aborigines' cooking-pots. Jungle-fowl, wild pig and small deer are also among the local game. Farther away there are elephant, crocodile (which can be caught when conditions are suitable) and tiger. (An aborigine, attacked by a tiger, fired at it with a shot-gun and wounded it. The tiger sprang at the aborigine's *prahu*, in which was his wife, bit a thick lump of wood off it, then went off and died.)

The Gunners soon make friends with the Semelai aborigines who come into the Fort to buy at the Government shop set up for their benefit. They are very different from the primitive Semelai of three or four years ago. Many have seen the big towns, others have been influenced by contact with the police and troops on their home ground.

Looking after five *kampongs* in the area is Mr. M. Savarimuthu, known to all the Europeans in the Fort as Francis. He is a Tamil from Kuala Lumpur and a field assistant in the Government Department of Aborigines which, in the Iskandar area, has provided not only the shop but a dispensary and a school.



Fort Iskandar from a Pioneer: the gun (in circle) arrived in pieces by helicopter.

The lonely gun behind the barbed wire—with tins which rattle when the barbed wire is disturbed.



Next month SOLDIER will publish more articles and pictures in this Far East series.



Left: the watch-tower is built of ammunition boxes. Above: a Gunner sees a paddle being carved by a Semelai boy. Below, left: "Francis" explains how a native canoe is fashioned.

"They are very civilised here," says Francis, who is married to a Semelai woman. "They brush their teeth every day and sweep their *kampong* every night."

Indeed the Gau *kampong*, which adjoins the Fort, is notably clean for Malaya, in spite of the pigs wandering freely about. Contact with civilisation has also made trousers fashionable among the men and brassières (worn as a sole upper garment) among the women. In the shop, along with tinned food and clothing, may be bought soap, scent, brilliantine and home-perms. There are one or two wireless sets in the *kampongs* and the shot-gun has displaced the traditional blow-pipe. A Semelai who was recently asked to produce a blow-pipe for a demonstration indignantly denied that his people either possessed one or even remembered how to make one.

For all that, there is still much traditional industry to be seen in a Semelai *kampong*. In a short walk round Gau, SOLDIER saw a *prahu* in process of being carved from a log, a boy carving a paddle, an ingenious rice-pounder, a house being built with walls of bark, a tree with a hole scooped in it, in which was a fire to draw the sap the Semelai use as lamp-fuel, a man making a fish-trap and girls weaving mats and baskets.

As SOLDIER left, the European population of the Fort turned out to wave good-bye to the aircraft. The sophisticated aborigines showed no interest in the machine. Had it been something novel, like a bicycle, they would have been thrilled.



This skull, found near the Fort with the bones of two Communist terrorists, is the gun detachment's mascot.



In Gau *kampong*, a Gunner watches a Semelai girl busy at work on a mat.

SOLDIER to Soldier

A GOOD deal of "bull" has been written about "bull" in the last few weeks, since the War Office directed that the more futile manifestations of it should be cut out.

Until the word "bull" was mentioned this year in Parliament, most newspapers had been too squeamish to employ it. Latterly they have been using it on every possible occasion, as they used that magic word "cosh" when it first became fashionable.

Some of them have described as "bull" those perfectly sensible, if tiresome, tasks which are necessary for the cleanliness and, indeed, maintenance of a camp, like sweeping up litter.

It is not "bull" to keep a camp or a barrack-room clean. It is "bull" to paint grass green, to lay clean white snow over trampled snow or to paint boot studs red, white and blue. It MAY be "bull" to whitewash coal, but it may also be a device to detect theft; a point which has been overlooked.

The diatribes of some of the newspapers against what they suppose to be "bull" have encouraged certain writers to rush to the other extreme. For instance, a diarist in the *Daily Telegraph* writes:

"A fire bucket is no more efficient polished than unpolished; white coal burns no better than black. Why polish and whitewash, then? Because you are ordered to. It is an exercise in pure discipline."

But as every soldier knows, "bull" is ordered, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, with the sole intention of smartening up the place, usually for a high level inspection; it is not ordered as a means of inculcating discipline, otherwise the War Office would never have demanded that it should be played down.

A soldier who is ordered to carry out manifestly silly tasks is likely to conclude that all orders are silly.

GERALD KERSH, the author of that celebrated book about the Guards, *They Die With Their Boots Clean*, once wrote: "A soldier should keep himself and his hut clean because he prefers to be that way, and not

because a general is going to pay him a visit.

"The soldier who scrubs his hands and tidies his bedroom in anticipation of an inspection is no better than a woman who wears clean underclothes in case she happens to be knocked down by a car in the street and examined by a strange doctor."

That makes sense. Unfortunately the British nation has untidy habits; foreigners are shocked to see us throw so much

DIER missed when it came out last year—Lord Belhaven tells what happens to a man who joins the Army:

"You do not become part of a machine—no word could less describe a British fighting service. A machine must be driven, its parts have no minds, they are dead pieces ground to useful shapes, unaware of what is to be done and of why they have been assembled. Take one away and everything grinds to a stop until it is replaced. An army is fiercely alive, in its parts and in its whole. No man, no weapon, is indispensable, however vital their function and situation may appear. Strike off its limbs, destroy

THE smaller illustration on this page has a familiar—and yet unfamiliar—look. It is a **SOLDIER** cover illustration borrowed by the Belgian Army magazine **VICI** for an excellent special issue about Britain and the British Army.

"Twice," says **VICI**, "in 1914 and in 1940, the British were at our sides to defend our rights and our civilisation. Their sacrifice? To appreciate it, it is only necessary to visit the memorial of Ypres or the numerous British cemeteries scattered through our country."

In the event of another conflict, as the magazine says, Belgium and Britain will again be "dans la même bagarre," which means "in the mess together."

There is probably no country (with the possible exception of



An outbreak of "bull" exactly 100 years ago: these soldiers were detailed to paint parched grass green. Their efforts were said to be so successful that horses had to be restrained from nibbling the lush-looking sward.

litter about, with so little shame. Young men with slovenly tendencies come into the Army and have to change their ideas. They have never had to pick up paper before and they resent it. They call it "bull." If it was, Civvy Street would be the better for some of it; but it isn't "bull," it is just cleanliness. If everybody had tidy habits these periodic "blitzes" to smarten up camps would be unnecessary, and we should all hear less about "bull."

As a matter of interest, "bull" usually starts at the bottom, not at the top. Who was the first man to polish his boot-polish tin? Probably a soldier who was dead-keen to get a coveted pass. Then Authority, possibly in the form of a lance-corporal, rather fancied the idea and the rest of the hut, cursing copiously, had to polish their tins too.

SOLDIER from time to time has referred to "the military machine." According to Lord Belhaven, late Royal Scots Fusiliers, this is not a good metaphor; and he is right.

In his book "The Uneven Road" (Murray)—which **SOL-**

its head—new limbs grow with an immortal speed, a new head appears, for that is its vital nature, the way it was made. It lives in the life of the last individual, dying physically at his death, while spiritually it still endures."

That is a passage which deserves to be quoted in the military anthologies.

Lord Belhaven's book is an absorbing story of soldiering between the world wars. He was a junior officer with his regiment on Clydeside in the 1920s, at a time of industrial depression. The doubters feared what would happen if the Royal Scots Fusiliers marched out of Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, with Colours flying and bands playing, through the mean, poverty-stricken streets of tenements. But the commanding officer had no doubts. The Battalion marched—and its martial music stirred, not hostility, but pride in hearts which had little other cause for pride. When the Colours passed, heads were bared in homage and the sullen Clydeside warmed to the memory of more glorious days.

Nobody called it "bull."

France) in which more British blood has been spilt than in Belgium—much of it centuries before Belgium, as such, existed. Hardly a town or village has not been the scene of a battle, a siege, or at least a skirmish. The British holidaymakers who pour into Ostend have forgotten—if they ever knew—the part played by the "fighting Veres" in the three-year siege of 1601-04, when all the chivalry of Europe looked in to see how a battle should be fought. Marlborough won two of his most famous battles in what is now Belgium: Ramillies and Oudenarde. There was the famous "bagarre" of Fontenoy, and the even more famous one of Waterloo. And in the first world war there were the long-drawn, bitter battles of Mons, Ypres, Messines, Passchendaele and a score of other grim names.

Now British soldiers are stationed on Belgian soil in peace-time; which is something new in the history of Belgium.

Next month the *entente* will be strengthened by a visit of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards to Bruges—the birthplace of the Regiment in 1656.



A **SOLDIER** cover on the Belgian Army's magazine.

"WE COOKED OUR HORSES WHOLE"



Major George BurrIDGE survived the Siege of Ladysmith . . . collected taxes on horseback . . . attended the Duke of Cambridge . . . drank Lieut. Winston Churchill's champagne . . . has been pensioned 33 years

Left: Major BurrIDGE points to a drawing of the charge at Elands Laagte, in which he rode with the 5th Lancers. Right: as an NCO.



THE Duke of Cambridge? I remember him well. I was his mounted orderly when I was a sergeant with the 5th Royal Irish Lancers more than 60 years ago. A fine man but not such a good horseman as General Sir Evelyn Wood who won the VC in the Crimean War. I ought to know because once I was his mounted orderly, too."

Eighty-seven-year-old Major George BurrIDGE, who has been drawing an Army pension for longer than most Regulars serve with the Colours—33 years, sat in his home at Charlton, near Woolwich, digging into a well-filled store of memories. He joined the Army 68 years ago when Crimean veterans were still serving.

"I joined because of a flighty girl I was in love with. We had been to a display by the 9th Lancers at Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebrations in 1887 and she promised that if I could look as grand as they did she would marry me."

A few days later he took the Queen's Shilling and was sent home to await call-up. Early in 1888 the recruiting sergeant came to fetch him but by that time the girl had found another suitor.

It was a heart-broken young recruit who arrived in Aldershot to join the 5th Lancers and by the end of the first day a penniless one—thanks to the corporal who met him at the station and inveigled him into a public-house with promises of preferential treatment.

For the first few weeks Trooper BurrIDGE walked around in a grubby uniform which had belonged to a veteran of the Egyptian campaign.

"The Regiment never issued new uniforms to recruits until they were sure they would stay. They had been caught too often by men who deserted and sold their clothing."

In those days troopers in the 5th Lancers, and in many other regiments, received their pay daily instead of once a week, collecting their ninepence when they drew their horses' rations.

"Aldershot was a dreadful place for drink and women and the Regiment thought it wiser to give a soldier his wages in dribs and drabs so that he never had

enough to get too drunk."

At the end of a year Trooper BurrIDGE joined a draft for India for a ten-years tour. Two years later, however, he was back in England, having been selected to attend the first course at the Small Arms School, Hythe, on the then new Lee-Metford rifle, the first rifle in the British Army to be fitted with a magazine. After the course he was posted to the Cavalry Depot at Canterbury and promoted sergeant. It was here, in 1893, that he was detailed to act as mounted orderly to the Duke of Cambridge and General Sir Evelyn

Major BurrIDGE in the full dress of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers.



Wood on their visits of inspection.

"The duty was not very onerous. The orderly had to put on full dress and follow the inspecting officer wherever he went, his lance at the trail. But it was an honour to be selected as the duty always went to the smartest sergeant."

In 1894, now married, Sergeant BurrIDGE rejoined his regiment in India and was soon appointed unit schoolmaster. "The wife of the sergeant schoolmaster had died from cholera and the schoolmaster himself became ill. As I was the only NCO in the regiment who had passed his first-class certificate of education the colonel gave me the job. It was hard work trying to drum sense into some of the soldiers, many of whom could barely read or write. The children were much more intelligent."

When a new schoolmaster joined, Sergeant BurrIDGE was sent to a convalescent depot near Meerut to help the Adjutant (who was also Cantonment Magistrate). One of the sergeant's tasks was to collect taxes from British residents living on War Department land, riding from house to house on horseback and carrying the money in a large sack slung across the saddle. He was also put in charge of the depot canteen after an Irish regiment smashed it up one night.

"They never got drunk again—although the beer was only threepence a pint and of very good quality," says Major BurrIDGE. "Why? Well, I don't mind admitting now that I put water in the beer to take some of the sting out. Nobody ever knew."

In 1898 the 5th Lancers left for South Africa and when war broke out they set off for Ladysmith, taking part on the way in the famous charge at Elands Laagte. Major BurrIDGE, then a squadron sergeant-major, rode at the head of his men.

He was one of the lucky few to come out of Ladysmith alive. For nearly four months the British force there was shelled and harassed by rifle fire.

"We soon ran out of rations and then, one by one, had to slaughter our horses and mules," says Major BurrIDGE. "We cooked them whole in huge

water tanks. Each man was rationed to a few ounces of horseflesh and a quarter of a biscuit a day, but it was not enough to keep men alive and soon they began to die like flies. We had no medical supplies. When at last we were relieved those who were still alive were so weak they could hardly raise a cheer."

The survivors were sent to a convalescent camp outside Ladysmith and for a week were fed on nothing but porridge.

It was at this camp that Sergeant-Major BurrIDGE met Lieutenant Winston Churchill, then a war correspondent. While Lieutenant Churchill was lunching and collecting information in the officers' mess, Sergeant-Major BurrIDGE made friends with the future Prime Minister's servant and sampled some of the champagne and sandwiches which had been prepared for the visitor's mid-day meal.

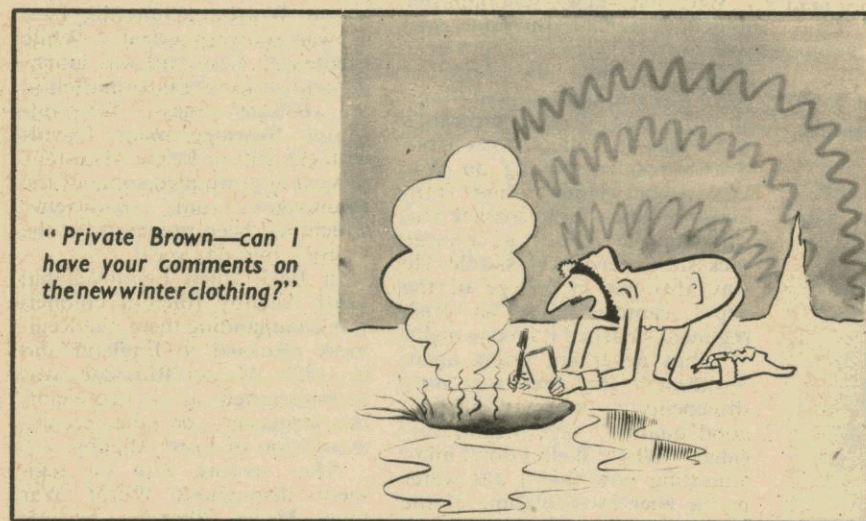
In 1903, when Field-Marshal Lord Allenby (then a colonel) was commanding them, the Regiment returned to England and in 1909 Major BurrIDGE was commissioned as a lieutenant-quartermaster, on the recommendation of Lord Allenby.

After serving with his regiment throughout World War One, Major BurrIDGE became commandant of Shrapnel Barracks at Woolwich, then a Lancers depot, and retired in 1923. Retirement did not appeal, so he found a job with a firm of brewers in charge of sales representatives. He held it until he was 80 when, for the second time, he was pensioned off.

Major BurrIDGE, a founder member of the Charlton Branch of the British Legion, of which he is now president, holds every honour the Legion can bestow. He has been a member of the Defenders of Ladysmith Association—still 200-strong—since its formation.



"Stop—that's the soup!"

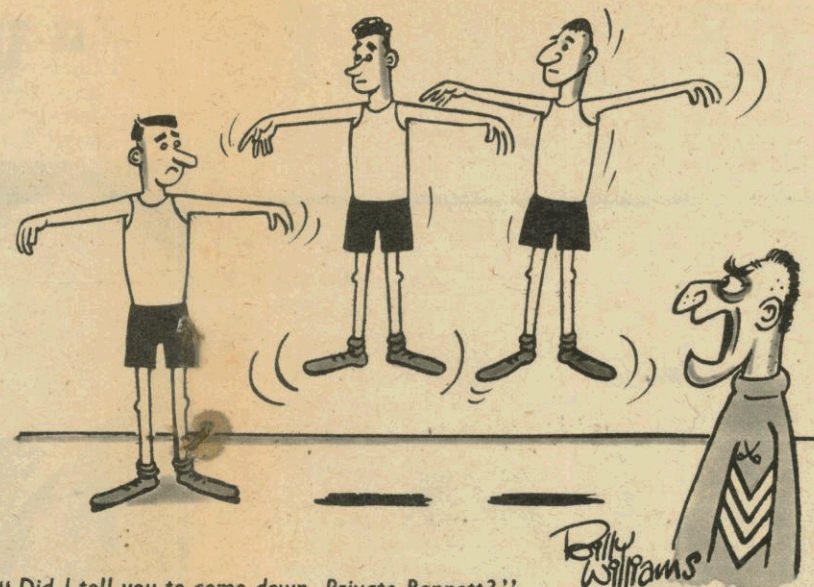


"Private Brown—can I have your comments on the new winter clothing?"



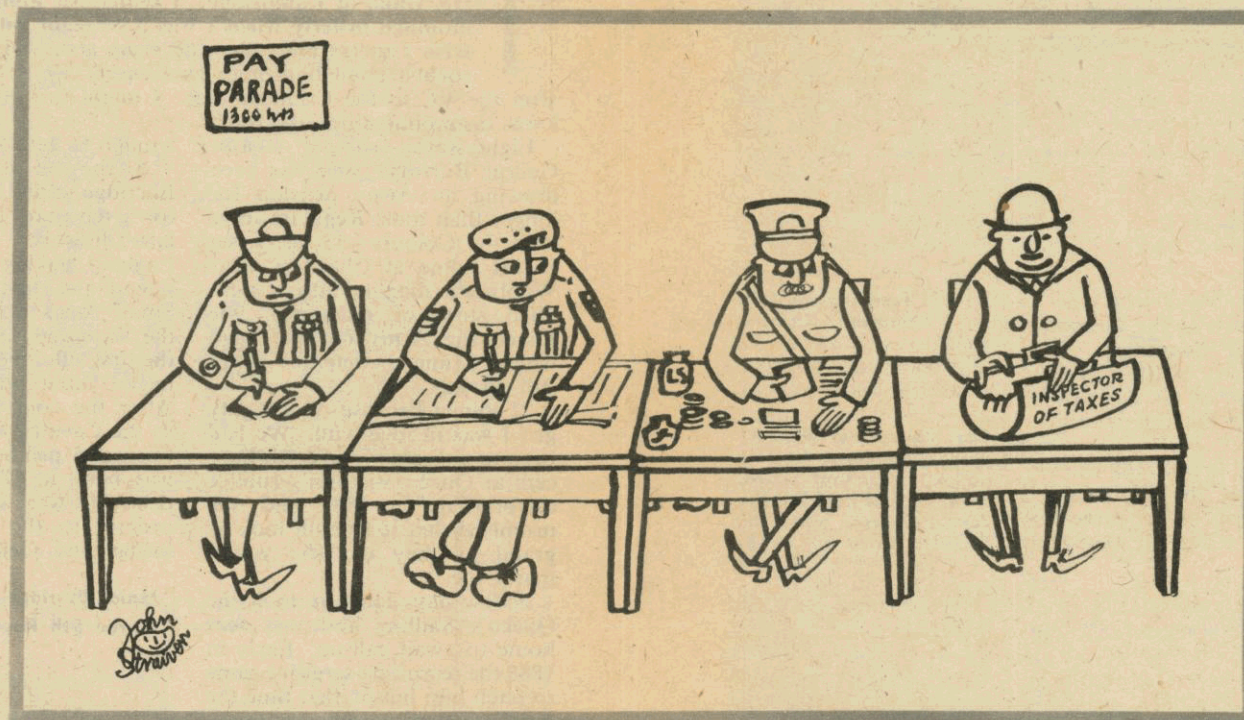
"This is going to be rather a ticklish operation"

George Daly



"Did I tell you to come down, Private Bennett?"

Billy Williams



"You have just heard the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards playing 'Baa baa boogie' followed by 'You can't chop your momma up in Massachusetts.'"

Ray Evans



"Not 'Get your filthy boots clean' to this one but 'Give me the name of your batman, sir, and I'll see he looks after you better.'"

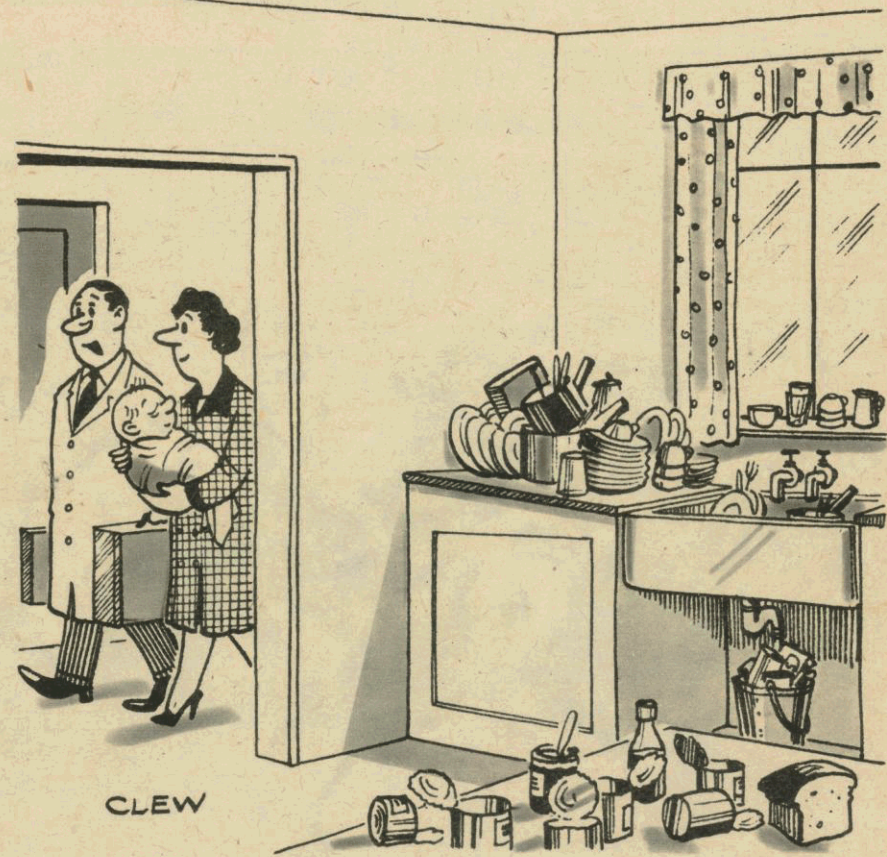


Postall



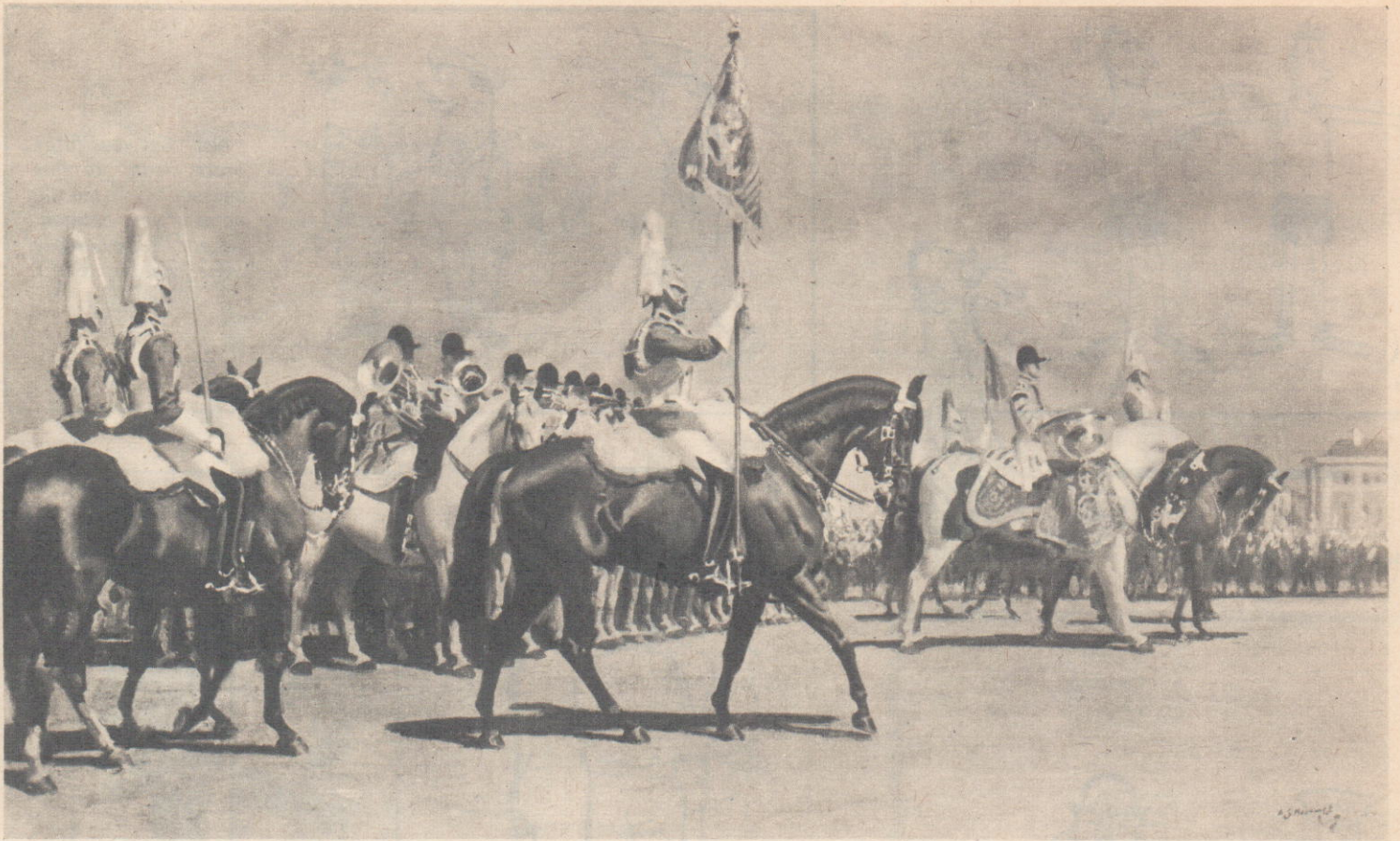
"Now listen to these proud Territorials as they go marching by."

Micky



"You needn't have worried about me, Doris. When a chap's been in the Army he knows how to take care of himself."

CLEW



Trooping the Life
Guards Colour.

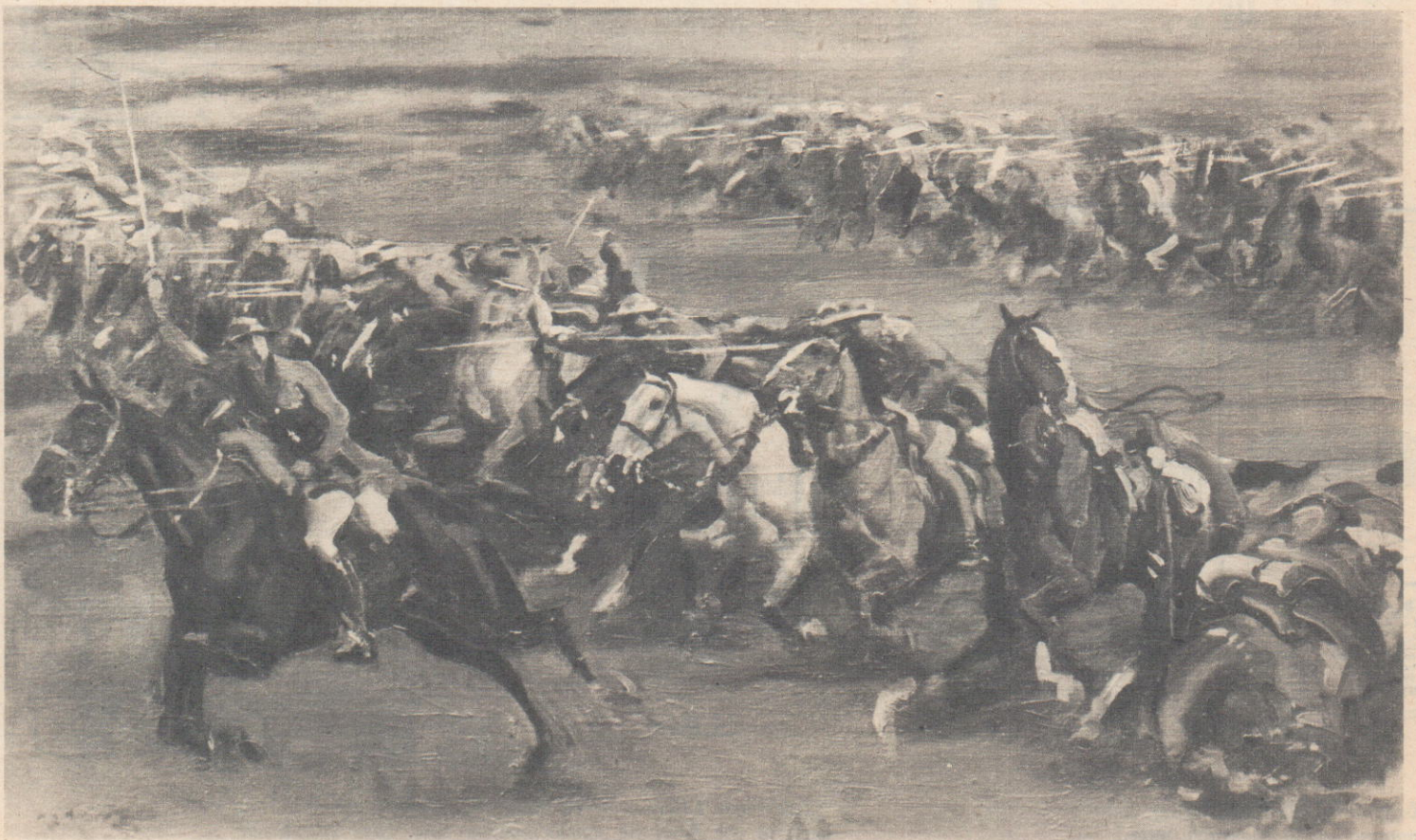
The Signature is **MUNNINGS**

TRY drawing a horse. After fifty years or so of trial and error you may be able to draw one as well as the Grand Old Man of English painting: Sir Alfred Munnings.

These two pictures are reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Academy, which recently staged an exhibition of Sir Alfred's works. They show him in two different moods: one is a picture of ceremonial, the other of action.

The lower picture was painted during the first world war, when the success of Sir Alfred's studies of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in France changed the course of his career. By 1919 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

The Charge of Flowerdew's Squadron. In this action Lieutenant G. M. Flowerdew of Lord Strathcona's Horse won the Victoria Cross in 1918.



THE ASIAN BEAST—BUT WHAT A GENERAL!

Genghis Khan conquered half the world's population. In his army nobody got a second chance

TEMUJIN was born into the Borjigin Clan about the year 1151, but he never wore a kilt. His knobby knees were covered in the felts of the high deserts of Mongolia.

When his father, the Clan chief, was poisoned by a friendly tribe, Temujin's Clan broke up until only his mother and three brothers were left. Might was right, and Temujin decided to take things on the run—a life (a brother's), a wife, a few horses and sundry other liberties.

By cunning and ability he allied himself with one clan after another to smash his enemies, and in the process he acquired that which all good soldiers possess, an "eye for country." This was the real beginning of the Asian beast who was to become one of the world's greatest generals and call himself Genghis Khan. When he died he held half the world's population in his grasp. He could have ruled countless thousands more if he had not preferred to massacre them.

Success came late to Genghis. He was 50 by the time he had welded the nomad clans of Mongolia into a nation and made them the greatest and most brutal fighting force in the world.

To control this unruly mob and keep them together—they owed allegiance to him for purposes of war only—he launched a programme of training and organisation not unlike that of a modern army.

He gathered round himself the most efficient and ruthless clan chiefs to constitute an Army Council. They made him king and he made them princes. Together they produced their own Army Council Instructions and King's Regulations. The result was the formation of a highly mobile army of cavalry controlled by ferocious discipline.

"Jankers" for offenders? Yes. But "jankers" of a severity that appeals us today. If a man dropped a weapon in the heat of battle the following trooper had to retrieve it "on pain of death." Genghis's bodyguard was picked for its bravery and absolute loyalty and took commands only from him or from a delegate who carried his seal of authority. This loyalty was such that if the delegate was sent to kill one of the bodyguard, that trooper would allow his life to be taken.

There were no sick parades cluttered up with malingerers and dismal jimmies. The weak were cast out and became shepherds or herders of horses—the

slaves of the soldiers. Booty and rewards never came their way.

The princes were not allowed to air their grievances to one another but had to take them direct to Genghis. Any breach of this rule was punishable by death. When they made a mistake in battle he went over the ground with them afterwards and pointed out where they had gone wrong. He never excused that mistake again.

Genghis built an Intelligence service based on the merchant caravans travelling through his territory between East and West. In return he guaranteed their safety, which was something they had never enjoyed before. He also used the merchants as agents of propaganda.

His princes were responsible to him for supplying, whenever called upon, a certain number of trained men, and training was carried out to the standard laid down.

To organise Supplies and Transport he appointed camp commandants and quartermasters who controlled the central dumps of fodder and equipment.

In his first major war Genghis engaged the Kins of North China who were vastly superior in numbers. He first made contact with the enemy by patrols who brought in prisoners for questioning, and then parties of skirmishers went out to harry the flanks and provide additional information. Then the main body of troops advanced, heavy cavalry leading, followed by light cavalry. The heavy were armoured with overlapping plates of hide and carried lance and sword, whereas the light, who were used to cause confusion by lightning charges at the enemy's centre, were armed with javelins, two bows and three quivers containing different calibre arrows, one of which was armour-piercing.

Using surprise tactics and the shock power of his highly mobile troops, Genghis pinned the main body of the enemy on their strong points while his mobile columns, roaming far and wide, prevented reinforcements and supplies from reaching the main army, which was then mopped-up piecemeal.

In his war against the Persians he used engineering novelties



John Wayne as Genghis Khan in the American film, "The Conqueror."

borrowed from the Kins. After turning the flank of Khwarizm-Shah's prepared line of defence near Bokhara with feints and a long forced march which brought him up in the rear of the enemy—a feat which even today is considered one of the most brilliantly executed—his horde poured down into the plains to destroy all communications and sack cities. At one siege, where a favourite grandson of Genghis was killed, every living thing was massacred. Then the city was taken apart stone by stone and obliterated.

In his advance towards the West he had to make increasing use of his engineers. Roads were made for his catapults, rivers were diverted, bridges were built, and, on one occasion, a causeway was built out to an island fortress which refused to surrender. The fort was then reduced by flaming oil and catapulted stones.

By this time all Europe was in terror of Genghis Khan but the conqueror was ageing quickly and he left the West to return to his favourite desert resort at Karakorum. From here he controlled a great empire which stretched from Eastern Europe to China.

It is said that his mail travelled about 400 miles a day over new post roads, using quick relays of horses and a band of the toughest riders, who stayed long hours in the saddle by binding themselves with leather thongs.

When he died in his seventies Genghis left his sons, grandsons and princes to extend the empire, but eventually the Mongol influence weakened through failure of the central direction and a lack of loyalty to Genghis's successor. But the impact of Temujin on the peoples he ruled still shows in their countries today.

T. J. AITCHISON



THAT
An emergency platoon of the Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire) is called out once a month to put down a riot in the barracks at Barnard Castle.

A few miles away the Durham Light Infantry and the South Lancashire Regiment have to quell similar uprisings.

Insurrection in the Army? No, it's all part of the training of the new brigade which will soon be ready to fly at short notice to any part of the world to protect British lives and property.

The Loyals stage a riot. The mob attack the police and overthrow them. The "batons" are made of paper.



Hitherto, time has often been wasted training troops for the kind of task they face when called out to support the civil power. Now, for the first time, they are learning their duties in advance in Britain and held ready to go into action at a few hours notice. A flight of Royal Air Force light aircraft is being earmarked to support them.

The men of 24th Independent Infantry Brigade, which has been

The magistrate (played by an officer) reads the Riot Act and is stoned. The "stones" are rag-filled hessian.

chosen for this role, are liable to be sent to subdue riots or to hunt out terrorists in any kind of country and climate. They must be uncommonly fit and attain a high standard of weapon training. Above all, because they may often operate in small parties, they must be self-reliant.

Training is therefore tough and varied, with emphasis on riot drill and jungle warfare.

The "riots" in barracks are as

Another dead terrorist: men of the East Yorks demonstrate jungle fighting in a wood near Barnard Castle.

near the real thing as possible. A platoon of men with blackened faces and wearing flowing robes play the part of "rebels." Yelling slogans, they beat up the local "police" and are preparing to rush the British Consulate when an emergency platoon of troops arrives. Barbed wire barricades are quickly thrown up and the soldiers take up position, rifles at the ready.

These silent preparations, designed to overawe the mob, fail, and two marksmen are forced to fire when a few fanatics rush the wire. Stretcher bearers rush forward to pick up the "dead" and "wounded"; a photographer in the platoon takes pictures of the scene and an observer makes notes (this is to protect the officer



"FLY ANYWHERE" BRIGADE

It is a special force ready at short notice to go anywhere in the world to subdue riots or hunt down terrorists

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman Arthur Blundell

in command if false allegations are made at a subsequent inquiry). Muttering, the mob disperses and the local police take over again.

In a thick wood not far from Barnard Castle the men of the fly-anywhere brigade learn something of the art of jungle fighting. Their instructors are veterans of the East Yorkshire Regiment who recently returned from Malaya. For added realism, the "enemy" are dressed in captured

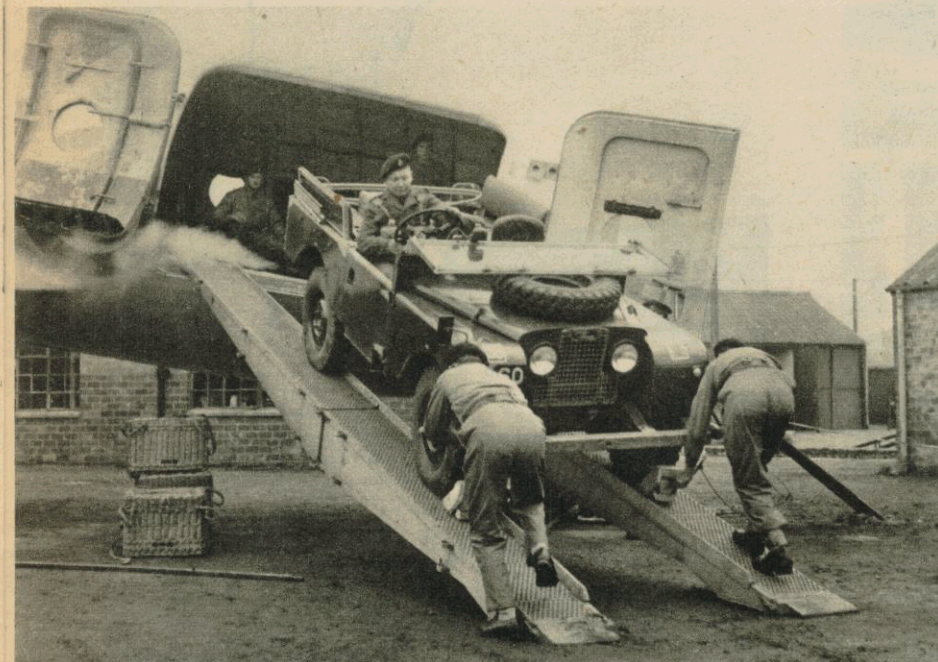
Communist terrorist uniforms and *bashas* are hidden among the trees.

Once a fortnight every man marches ten miles in two hours, then digs himself a foxhole and fires his rifle on the range. Every three weeks he goes on a three-day exercise, sleeping out under whatever cover he can find and generally fending for himself as a member of a small detachment.

He fires his weapons more than most Infantrymen and

spends much of his time on the assault course at Barnard Castle, building up his agility and gaining self-confidence.

He also learns how to load light vehicles and trailers on an aircraft, using the fuselage of an old RAF Hastings on the Loyals' barrack square. Occasionally his platoon marches in full kit to a nearby airfield and embarks in a transport plane just to get the feel of things. If he is lucky he may be taken for a short flight.



Riot squads of the future will have a note-taker (top right) and a photographer to record "incidents."



Left: The Loyals learn how to load light vehicles in an aircraft with the aid of an old fuselage on the square.



Below: During baton practice soldiers are taught how to strike a rioter's arm—not his head—to force him to drop his weapons.



Brigadier P. Gleadell DSO commands "Fly Anywhere" Brigade.



Right: The 16-ft. wall on Barnard Castle's assault course helps a man to gain self-confidence and teaches him the value of team work.

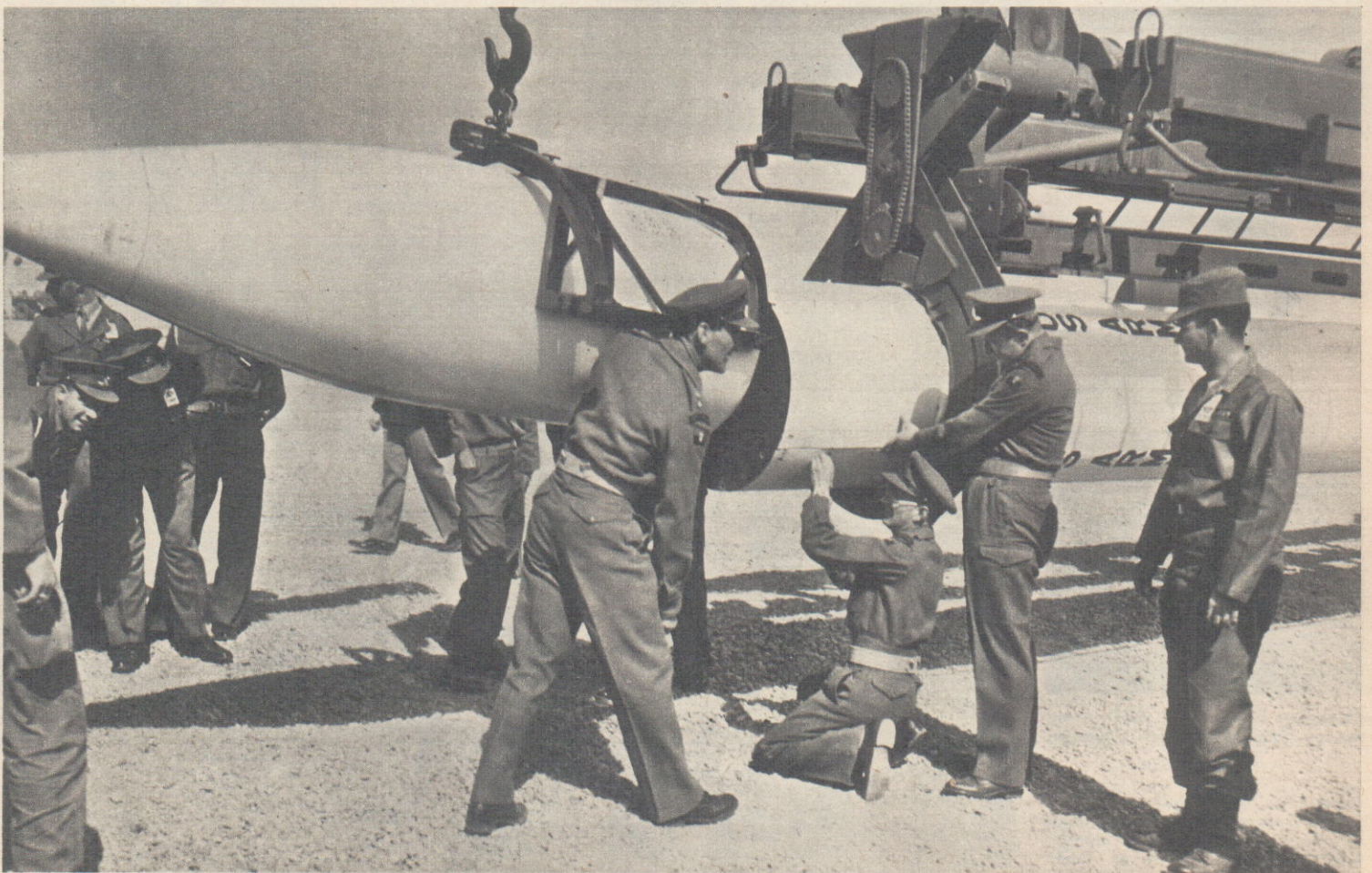


"THIS IS THE CORPORAL" *concluded*



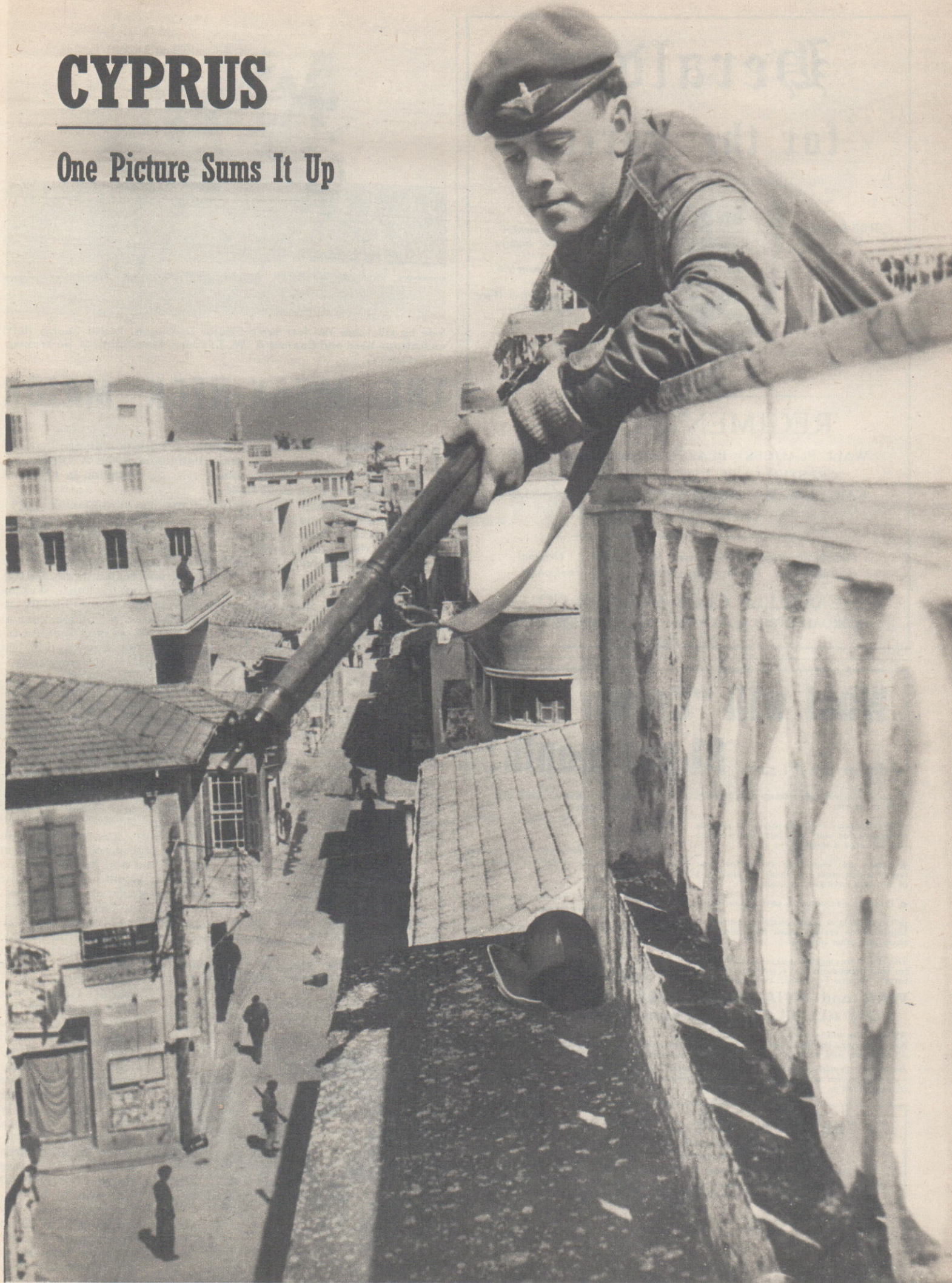
Left: Preparing to fuel the Corporal. Above: Fitting graphite rudders on to the missile are (left to right) Warrant Officers G. R. Whalley, J. A. Webb and C. S. Sandison. Below: Fastening the warhead on to the missile: Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Palmer, Major B. F. Peckham MC, WO II N. Richardson and SFC Barras.

Photographs: Sergeant J. B. Lasater, US Army.



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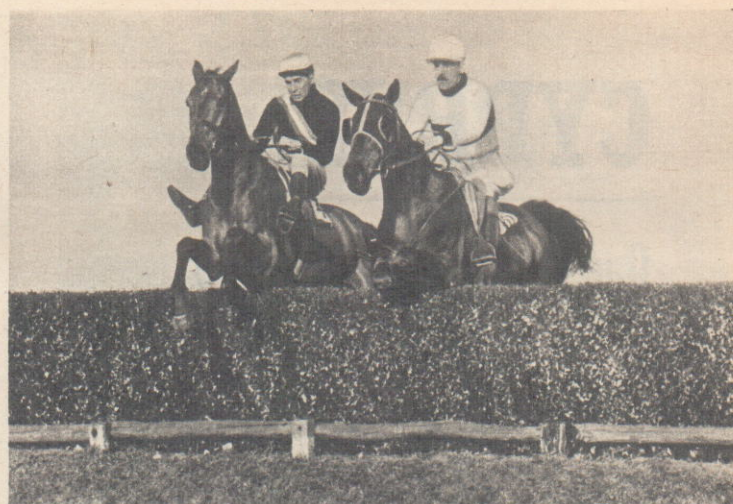
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Side by side over the last jump: Major D. Gibson, Welsh Guards (left) on Cottage Lace and Captain A. W. C. Pearn, Royal Marines, on Waking.

THE BREAK-NECK MAJOR

IN the members' enclosure at Sandown Park is a plaque "erected to commemorate the years when battalions of the Welsh Guards were stationed on the racecourse . . . 1st Battalion in 1915 and Training Battalion in 1940-46."

Since then an officer of the Welsh Guards has been making history of another kind at Sandown. He is Major David Gibson, who this year won the Grand Military Gold Cup steeplechase for the fourth time.

His mount was Cottage Lace, an eight-year-old of unquestioned stamina yet apt to court disaster by getting too close to the jumps, particularly the last one at Sandown.

When Major Gibson, a robust nine-and-a-half-stone rider of no mean ability, faced the three miles 125 yards of the Grand Military course at Sandown Park for the fourth time in six years, it was his first public ride on Cottage Lace since he broke his neck last year. And what a ride! Four times he was lifted out of the saddle—twice he finished up on the horse's neck—and each time he recovered his seat.

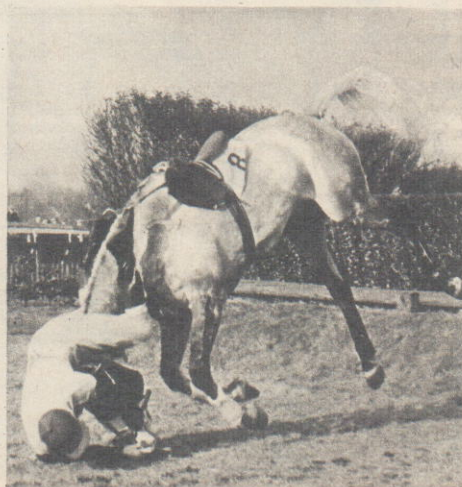
Cottage Lace was closely challenged for a long time by a large grey called Easter Breeze, ridden by Major R. P. G. Murray, 8th Hussars. Behind them came Waking, ridden by Captain

A. W. C. Pearn, Royal Marines, and the other seven horses. When strong-galloping Easter Breeze was beaten three-quarters of a mile from the finish, Waking came on the scene rapidly to draw level with Cottage Lace at the crucial last fence. Would Cottage Lace go through (as last year) or over? He went over—and won by two lengths.

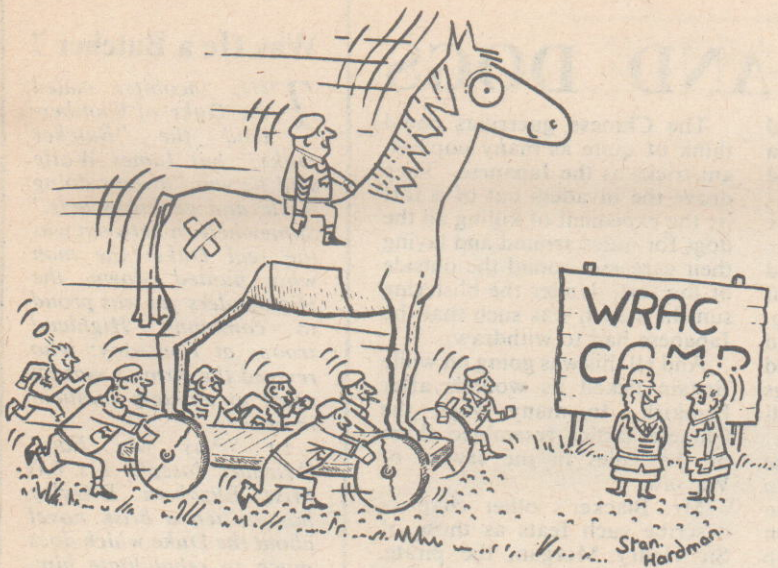
As the Queen Mother handed him the cup Major Gibson remarked laughingly, "I must have given everybody a few frights." Replied the Queen Mother: "You certainly did."

Major Gibson's first three Military Gold Cup successes in 1950-52 were on Klaxton. The following year he had a bad fall and his entry was withdrawn. In 1954 he considered that Klaxton was too old and had been given too much weight to carry and the horse was declared a non-runner. Major Gibson then acquired Cottage Lace for £1700, but a broken neck kept him out of the saddle.

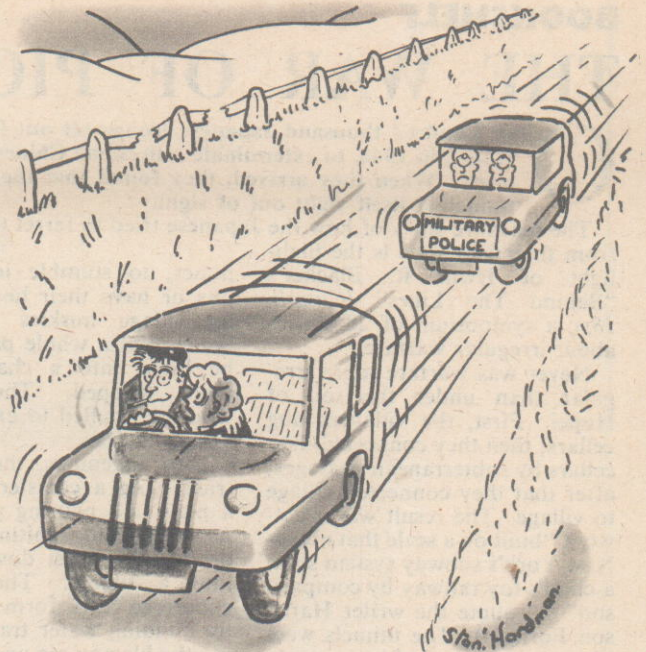
Like a rodeo scene: Major R. P. G. Murray, 8th Hussars, parts company with Easter Breeze.



When his regiment was in the Middle East from 1953 Major Gibson was able to indulge his passion for race riding under National Hunt rules in England only by accumulating leave due to him overseas. He came back finally with the advance party of the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards a few weeks before the race for the Gold Cup was to be run. So there were few fellow Welsh Guardsmen present to cheer him on to his fourth Cup victory.



"They say it's a present for us."



"Are you sure your commanding officer doesn't mind us borrowing this vehicle?"

STAN HARDMAN—His Page



A MILITARY policeman joins SOLDIER's gallery of cartoonists: 20-year-old Lance-Corporal Stanley Hardman, a "Geordie" who serves in London District. For six months he was on provost duty in Berlin, where he took part in border patrols. His three-years engagement ends in September.

Lance-Corporal Hardman has only one hobby: drawing. On leave it keeps him up until two o'clock in the morning.

The biggest surprise of his life, he says, was when he heard SOLDIER was proposing to give him a page to himself.



"I told that joke last week and nobody laughed then."



"Excuse me, can you tell me where the NAAFI is?"



"We don't have inspections here—it's left to your sense of pride."

THE WAR OF PIGS AND DOGS

ONE hundred thousand Japanese troops set out for Central Hopei, in 1940, to exterminate a tiresome Chinese guerrilla army. When they arrived, they found that the army had tunnelled itself right out of sight.

The macabre story of how the Japanese tried to ferret the Chinese from their hide-outs is the highlight of Irwin R. Blacker's "Behind The Lines" (Cassell, 18s), a symposium of 28 stories about irregular warfare.

Never was warfare more irregular than under the soil of Hopei. First, the villagers dug cellars; then they connected their cellars by subterranean passages; after that they connected village to village. The result was a network "built on a scale that makes New York's subway system seem a child's toy railway by comparison" (to quote the writer Harrison Forman). The tunnels were big enough to hold livestock, food and water for a long siege.

When the Japanese found that the tunnels led direct from one village to another they dug lateral trenches to cut through and expose the passages. Once they sectioned off a half-mile of burrow and pumped gas into both ends, asphyxiating 800 villagers. After this tunnels were built zig-zag, up and down, and all had simple anti-gas devices.

When the Japanese crawled down into the honeycomb they were liable to set off hidden

mines, to stumble into spiked pits or have their heads cut off by village huskies in hiding. Sometimes a whole party would be lured into a chamber and there trapped. Then strings would be pulled to explode hidden grenades.

Ever ingenious, the Japanese tried tying a canister of gas to a pig's tail, pouring paraffin on its back and igniting it, then driving the beast down a ramp into a tunnel. The villagers countered this form of attack by building water traps, drowning the blazing pig and neutralising the gas.

The Chinese guerrillas could think of quite as many unpleasant tricks as the Japanese. They drove the invaders out of a fort by the expedient of killing all the dogs for miles around and laying their carcasses round the outside of the fort. Under the blistering sun the stench was such that the Japanese had to withdraw.

And all this was going on while Britain licked its wounds after Dunkirk. In many ways, the Chinese tactics resembled those of the Poles in the sewers of Warsaw.

Mr. Blacker's other chapters describe such feats as those of Sir Henry Morgan, the pirate, against the Spanish; of Reitz and Smuts against the British; of Lawrence of Arabia against the Turks; and of many of the irregular leaders in World War Two.

Was He a Butcher ?

THE Jacobites called the Duke of Cumberland the "Butcher Duke," but James Wolfe said he was "always doing noble and generous acts." Somewhere in between was the real Duke: the man who hunted down the Highlanders yet was proud to command Highland troops at Fontenoy: who revived the Army's martial spirit at an ugly moment in history.

In "Play Me Fair" (Michael Joseph, 12s 6d) Miss Elizabeth D'Oyley has written a brisk novel about the Duke which does much to rehabilitate him, and recreates skilfully the atmosphere of mid-eighteenth century.

WHO KNOWS WHERE HALLAMSHIRE IS ?



THERE are many people who imagine that the Hallamshires are in the same class as the Loamshires. They think that because there was no Hallamshire in the list of English counties they learned at school, the regiment must needs be a fictitious one.

How wrong they are!

The Hallamshires are a Territorial battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment. An account of their activities in

World War Two appears in "The York and Lancaster Regiment, 1919-1953" (Gale and Polden, 35s) by Major O. F. Sheffield.

It was a soldier of the Hallamshires who won a posthumous Victoria Cross for the Regiment in Belgium in 1944: Corporal J. W. Harper, a former peat cutter. He showed rare courage in an attack on a defended workhouse which was holding up the Polish Armoured Division on its thrust to Holland.

Hallamshire is the old name of Sheffield, and it is from that city that the York and Lancaster Regiment is traditionally recruited. When Sheffield in 1943 granted the Regiment the right to march through its streets with bayonets fixed, the display of "cold steel" was felt to be peculiarly appropriate.

In World War Two, the Regiment raised ten battalions, whose achievements are chronicled in this large volume. To the 2nd Battalion fell the distinction of considerable fighting against all three enemies: Germans, Italian and Japanese. The 9th Battalion had possibly the most exotic war: it took part in those curious amphibious operations in the chaungs of Arakan. Its transport platoon, which had already abandoned motor vehicles for mules, discarded mules for slow-moving Fleming boats, sampans and anything that would float. One of the Battalion's fleet was the *Arakan Castle*, an iron lifeboat propelled by manipulating levers which turned a screw.

In the Kalapanzin River the first two islands captured by the Battalion were named, needless to say, "York" and "Lancaster."



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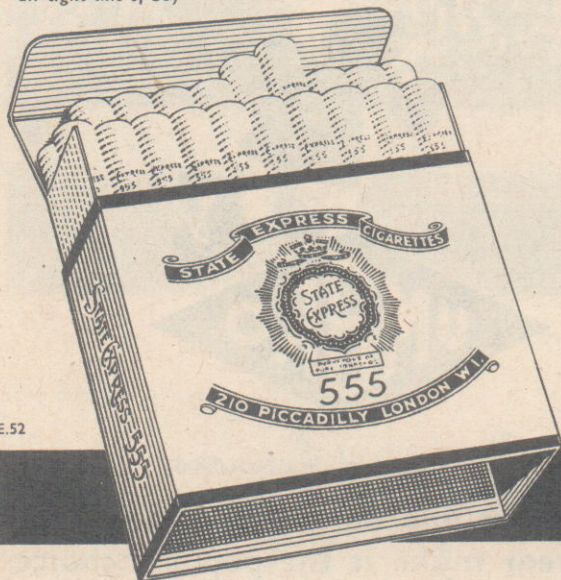
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Left: A competitor in difficulties in the Army *langlauf* competition at Winterberg.

Above: Rounding a corner at speed in 2nd Infantry Division's ski championships.

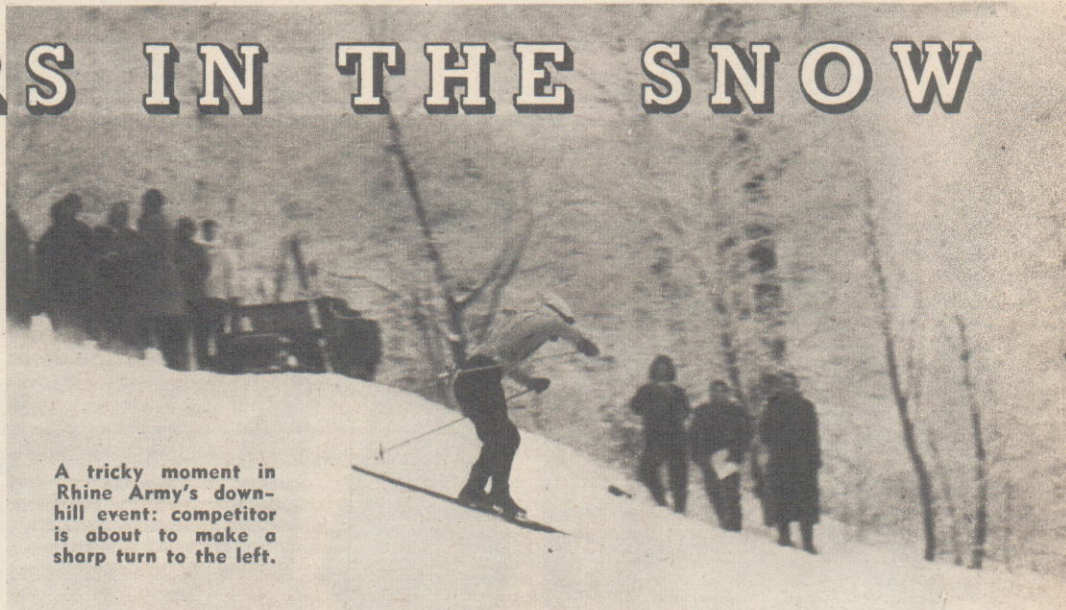
SOLDIERS IN THE SNOW

WHEN British troops left Austria last year not the least of the Army's worries was where to train its soldiers in ski-ing.

Rhine Army came to the rescue.

Last November "B" Company of the 1st Battalion The Worcestershire Regiment were sent into the hills overlooking the smoky Ruhr and told to build a winter warfare school at Winterberg. Here, 3000 feet up, exposed to blizzards which sometimes flattened their tents, and working in extreme cold (once there were 47 degrees of frost) the Worcesters set to work.

In a few weeks they had the camp ready to receive the first students. A Swedish Army officer and two German civilian ski experts joined the British training staff.



A tricky moment in Rhine Army's downhill event: competitor is about to make a sharp turn to the left.

Throughout the winter most units in Rhine Army sent officers and men to the school. Many were National Servicemen who had never skied before; others were brushing up their skill first acquired in Austria a year or two ago. Even in the coldest weather all lived in tents.

Many students later returned to Winterberg for the 2nd Infantry Division's ski championships. One of them, Private R. Walker, of the Worcesters, competing against several near-experts, won the downhill race. The high standard of the ski-ing was a tribute to the school's training.

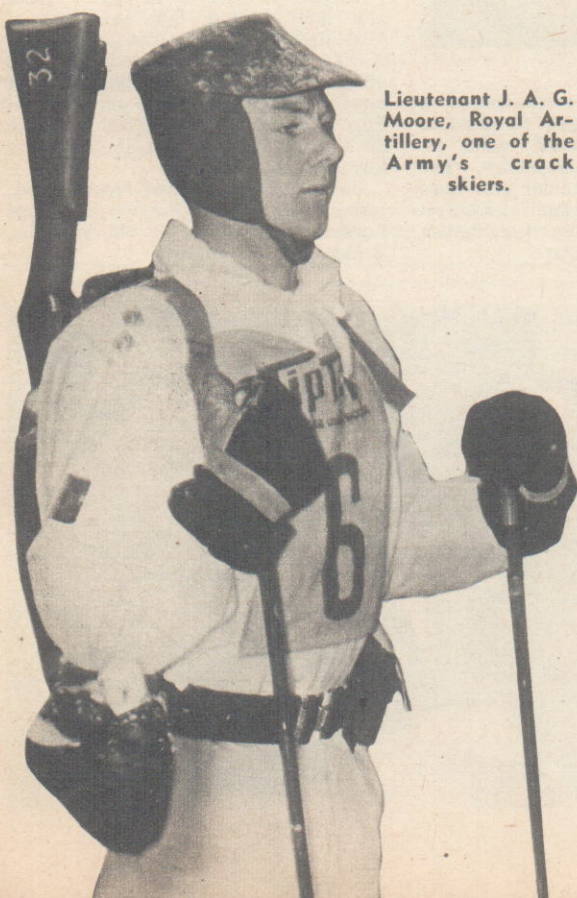
For the first time, two Army championship races—the *langlauf* and patrol—were held at Winterberg this year in conjunction with Rhine Army's championships. The Austrians allowed the other events to take place at Bad Gastein.

Last year's best Army all-rounder, Captain J. Spencer, Royal Artillery, retained his title for 1956. Other outstanding skiers were Lieutenant J. A. G. Moore, Royal Artillery, who won both the Army and Rhine Army *langlauf* and patrol races; and Lieutenant C. R. D. Mackintosh, Scots Guards, who won the Army downhill and slalom titles.

The champion Army unit team was the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards.

Two NCOs who took up ski-ing only four years ago distinguished themselves at Rhine Army's championships. They were Sergeant M. Gover, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, best all-rounder, and Staff-Sergeant S. L. Blight, Army Physical Training Corps, who won the slalom.

This has been a notable year for Army skiers. The first British cross-country team to compete in the Olympic Games was made up entirely of serving soldiers or Territorials. And at St. Moritz the Army won the British Services Ski Championships for the seventh time. The Royal Navy were second.



Lieutenant J. A. G. Moore, Royal Artillery, one of the Army's crack skiers.



Rhine Army's Best All-Rounder: Sergeant M. Gover, a member of the British Olympic cross-country team.

Photographs: Captain F. P. C. Feilmann, Military Observer.



BEEFEATERS IN HONG KONG

DON'T think the Tower of London has a monopoly of Beefeaters. Those in the photograph on left are warrant officers and sergeants of the 1st Battalion The King's Own Royal Regiment. They provided the escort to the Governor of Hong Kong and the President of the Society of St. George, Hong Kong at the Society's 1956 dinner.

The Regiment regards St. George as its patron saint and St. George's Day as its regimental day. So the link between Regiment and Society was apt.



FIRST, HE WAS A BRITISH OFFICER

NOT many men have held commissions in both the British and American armies.

One of them is Captain John C. Rennie, of 3rd Battalion 39th Infantry Regiment, United States Army, now in Germany. He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, of British parents and after nine years in America went to school in England.

Then, in 1939, aged 19, he was commissioned into the British Army. When he was 21 he had the choice of which country he should serve, for he possessed dual nationality. As he was already in British uniform, and liking it, he decided to stay on. He served with his regiment—the 1st King George V's Own Gurkha Rifles—in North Africa and later in Burma. For diving into the Swali river and rescuing one of his men he received a Humane Society award.

After the war he saw service in Indo-China and then in India, quelling Moslem-Hindu riots.

Captain Rennie held the rank of major at the end of his British Army service. In 1948 he was demobilised and returned to the United States, applying for a second lieutenant's commission in the United States Army. Before it came through he underwent six months "indoctrination" in the ranks.

Soon afterwards he served in Korea and later became an instructor at Fort Benning, where misleading press stories about him brought in 300 offers of marriage—though he was already married with two children. At Fort Benning he kept up kennels with 30 thoroughbred boxers, for he is a keen dog breeder.

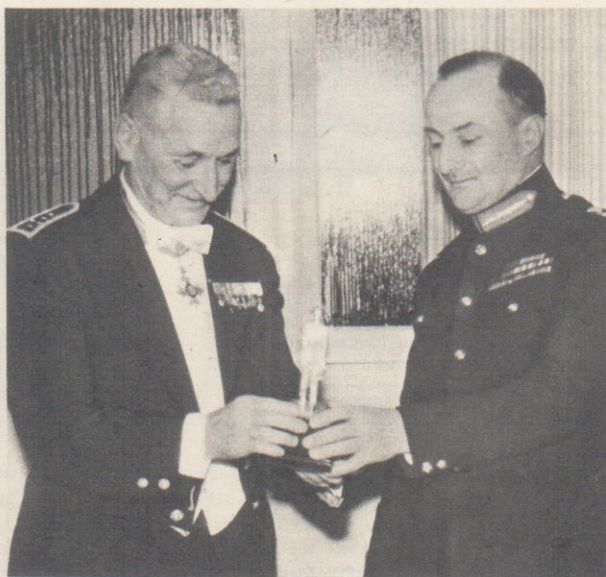
Captain Rennie's great-great-grandfather, Sir John Rennie, designed London Bridge and the old Waterloo Bridge over the Thames.

IN THE NEWS



A NEW UNIFORM

FIRST to wear the "new look" dark blue uniform of the Chaplains' Assistants to the Women's Royal Army Corps, is Miss Joyce Wakely, a Methodist deaconess attached to the WRAC camp at Guildford. Previously the Assistants were in khaki.



GIFT OF A SOLDIER

A silver statuette of a British soldier in battle order was presented to Général d'Armée Marcel Carpentier (wearing the CBE) when he retired from the French Army after 43 years service. The General has had a part of the British Army under him since 1953 as Commander of Allied Land Forces in Central Europe. Major-General J. R. Cochrane, commanding the British Element at Fontainebleau, made the presentation.

SAME NAME

MAJOR Robert W. Pomeroy, Welsh Guards and Captain Robert M. Pomeroy, United States Air Force met for the first time at NATO's Southern Europe headquarters at Naples—and found that they were related through a common ancestor who lived in seventeenth century England. Until they met in Italy neither knew the other existed.

Major Pomeroy, a son of Viscount Harborton, is a graduate of Eton and Sandhurst and served with the Guards Armoured Division. Captain Pomeroy, a West Pointer, flew 64 fighter missions in Korea.



Douglas Bader edits

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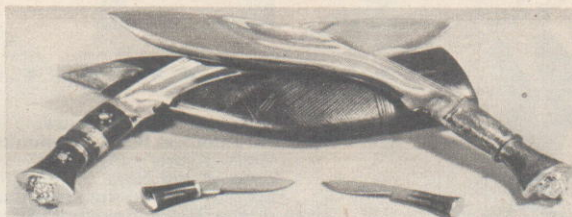
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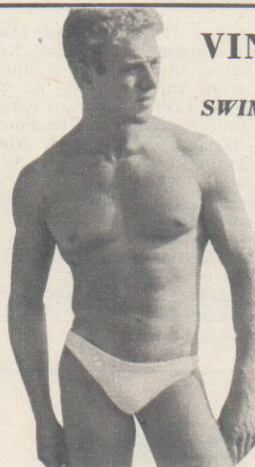
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LETTERS



WHY NOT?

There is a "retired officer category" employed throughout the Army and it is a fitting reward for meritorious service. For the same reason I would like to see a "retired warrant officer category" filling civilian vacancies in Army establishments, other than instructional. It would add a little more to recruiting inducements.

Hand-picked ex-warrant officers should be employed with Boys Training Regiments in clerical and general duties. The right civilian staff would be a great asset to the permanent Regular staff and, possibly, a safeguard against indiscipline.

Incidentally, this recruiting advertisement in *The Dundee Courier* of 2 March, 1956, is quite out of the ordinary and reminded me of the old-time recruiting posters at the Central London Depot in Whitehall.

Wanted

Officers and Warrant Officers for the

Fife Cadet Battalion (Black Watch) which is commanded by

Lieut-Col The Lord Bruce

The voluntary training of youth is carried out by men who rank amongst the highest public-spirited men in the county. If you have leanings towards this please write or get in touch with...

Congratulations to those who have brought the recent "glad tidings of great joy" to the Regular soldier. May the recruiting staffs work overtime!—"Army Enthusiast" (name and address supplied).

1854-1914

In support of your statement that an officer aged 78 in 1914 could have taken part in the Charge of the Light Brigade ("SOLDIER to Soldier,"

March) I offer the following facts: In 1936 Colonel Bell Crompton of Thruplands, Kensington, was 91. A young cadet in the Navy in the Crimea, he became, first an Infantry soldier and then a Royal Engineer. He had the unique record of having been employed in France during World War One and held the Crimean and Great War Medals.—J. Diviney (late Duke of Wellington's Regiment), 7 Barrett Street, Oldham.

VICTORIA CROSS

Has the Victoria Cross ever been awarded to an American? If so, could you state whether he was enlisted in a Commonwealth unit of the Navy, Army or Air Force, or as an American Serviceman of an American unit.

Has the Victoria Cross ever been awarded to men serving with units other than units of the Commonwealth or Empire at the time of the award?

May I add how much all members of the Fiji Military Forces enjoy your magazine, which is such a source of pleasure and fund of information.—Colonel T. C. Campbell, commanding Fiji Military Forces, Suva, Fiji.

★Captain Bellenden Seymour Hutchison won the Victoria Cross at Queant-Dreccourt, France, on 2 September, 1918, serving as medical officer to the Canadian 75th Battalion, 1st Central Ontario Regiment. He was born of American parentage at Mount Carmel, Illinois, and graduated in medicine at North-Western University, Chicago.

The Victoria Cross was also awarded to the United States Unknown Soldier of World War One, but this was not gazetted. It has only been awarded to those serving with units of Commonwealth or Empire.

There is in Harrow Weald, Middlesex, an inn named "The Leefe Robinson." It is situated only a hundred yards from the cemetery in which Captain W. Leefe Robinson is buried and a little farther from the house in which he lived.—Ernest J. Martin, 834 Kenton Lane, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

★Captain Leefe Robinson, when a Lieutenant, was awarded the Victoria Cross for shooting down a Zeppelin over Hertfordshire (near Cuffley) on the night of 2 September, 1916. He was a member of the Worcestershire Regiment, seconded to the Royal Flying Corps.

You list Victoria Crosses won by African regiments under the single heading "South Africa" (SOLDIER, January). This is misleading as it suggests that all the awards were won by members of the Army and Air Force of the Union of South Africa. Some mention ought to have been made of Sergeant N. G. Leakey, King's African Rifles, who won the VC in Abyssinia in 1941. He was the only member of this East African regiment to win the decoration.—Warrant Officer J. H. Jessop, RAEC, Headquarters 70 (East African) Infantry Brigade, Kenya.

★SOLDIER regrets that this award was inadvertently included under the wrong heading.

GOLD

I enjoyed the article on the Victoria Cross (January). My father spent five years in the Free French Navy and was awarded the DSO and DSC.

He once told me what happened to him aboard a French battleship sailing to La Martinique with a shipment of very high value. It was, in fact, the entire reserve fund of gold, in bullion or bars, of the Banque de France. It had been loaded in great haste a few days before the surrender of all French troops in June 1940.

During the journey the ship encountered bad weather and was badly shaken. The gold had been stored in the officers' cabins and many of the jackets containing the precious bars had burst, spilling their contents. One morning, after his night watch, my father found that the door of his cabin, which had been constantly banging, was not moving any more. He did not pay much attention to the matter and went to sleep. He was awakened by a sailor, who said, "You won't have to worry any more about this door, sir. I took one of those pieces of iron and blocked it." The piece of iron was, of course, a bar of gold.—Alain Patou, 257 Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

DOBSON AND YOUNG

I once had the pleasure of attending a Dobson and Young lecture (SOLDIER, March). I have never spent a more amusing and instructive three-quarters of an hour. Their technique is superb. I would not need forcing to attend another lecture given by them. What are the chances of a tour of Germany being arranged?

Many thanks for SOLDIER. It is a most interesting publication and doing a very good job in keeping the Army and its activities in the public eye. In these days, when so many civilians have an interest in the Army, this is an important job being done well.—SQMS F. Blackman, 23 Field Engineering Regiment, BAOR.

RAINCOATS?

As the "New Deal" has started, the subject of raincoats should be revived. I suggest that Other Ranks be allowed to purchase raincoats of an approved pattern and be allowed to wear them when not on parade. A shade of green or khaki would enable rank distinction to be retained. Men of the Royal Navy have been permitted for a number of years to buy raincoats and, I believe, the Royal Air Force have followed suit. Why not let the "Pongos" have a go?—"New Dealist" (name and address supplied).

★Royal Air Force Other Ranks now wear raincoats of blue, loose-fitting gabardine. They are cut in the style of those worn by RAF officers but without the belt. They are not a free issue.

FRENCH MEDAL

Can SOLDIER say whether service in the 30th Field Regiment, RA (Signal Section), 4 Division, British Expeditionary Force 1939/40, which

●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.

was under French command, qualifies for La Croix du Combattant (Letters, January)?

★British soldiers are not permitted to accept commemorative war medals initiated by any other Government when a British medal has been awarded for the same period of service. Permission to accept the French Croix du Combattant in this instance, and in similar ones, would be withheld as service by British troops in France during 1939-40 has been recognised by the award of the 1939-45 Star.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Can SOLDIER settle an argument as to the percentage of Regular soldiers and National Servicemen in the Army?—Bombardier C. McGuire, 30/16 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, RA, BAOR.

★The latest Army Estimates show the proportions to be about equal. Of the Army's total male strength of 400,648, National Service officers account for 4,801 and National Servicemen 179,438.

DOOLALLY TAP

I think Sergeant J. R. Davidson (who said that before 1926 all soldiers entering India spent two weeks at Deolali being acclimatised) is a long way from being correct. Of the batteries in which I served as a clerk up to September 1914 no man, with the exception of one who was invalided, went through Deolali either on entering or leaving India. I first went to India in 1906. Thirteen years later I went there again, this time as a battery sergeant-major. Again, I did not go to Deolali, nor did any man who joined my Battery up to 1925.—J. Acres (late RSM, RA), 130 King Harold's Way, Bexleyheath.

Some drafts for India may have spent two weeks at Deolali but not the Pompadours. In March 1923, when the regiment moved from Constantinople, hundreds of us spent one whole day at Ambala railway sidings unloading baggage. The statement "all soldiers" is much too sweeping.—WO I A. Oakman, RAEC, Blandford Camp, Dorset.

*Pompadours. Essex Regiment.

EGYPT 1911

Had the armoured train of which Mr. Watson wrote (Letters, February) been at Kasr-el-Nil barracks on 10 March, 1911, I surely would have taken refuge in it. On that day the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards left those same barracks en route for home after what was then an unprecedented absence from England of four-and-a-half years. It was the first Guards unit to be so long away from public duties since Marlborough's campaigns. I was handed a roll of the women and children, with orders to check them in the train and report to the Regimental sergeant-major. On reporting 'Families present' I received an order 'Report to me again when they are present in the Tower of London and, remember, whatever happens, I don't want to see you again until then.' The laughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, who was there to wish us goodbye, still rang in my ears as I rejoined the train.—Captain H. Fletcher, Waterlake, Stalbridge.

JOCKS' CAIRN

THIS memorial, recently completed on the north-east side of Gibraltar, on what is locally known as Williams Way, commemorates the wartime service of the 4th Battalion The Black Watch on the "Rock."

The cairn was erected by the Royal Engineers. Its plaque reads: "This cairn is erected as a memorial to the 4th Bn. The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) and their unrelenting work on the defences of the North and East sides of the "Rock" from July 1940 to April 1943, when the Battalion formed part of the Garrison."

In addition to the manning of the defences the Battalion moved hundreds of tons of rock "spoil" from the underground galleries and tunnels, this being used in the construction of the airfield.



TOP OF THE COLUMN

I was glad to see that in your interesting article "Top of the Column" (March) you mentioned that every soldier in the Army subscribed to the column to the Duke of York—"The Soldiers' Friend." The list was left open for two years in order to give soldiers all over the world a chance to subscribe. The sum required was over-subscribed by £2000, and when, 60 years later, the Office of Works took over the column this sum was used "for the reduction of the National Debt."

In contrast, the Nelson Column languished for lack of funds for several years and had eventually to be subsidised by the Government.

The column with the widest range of vision is undoubtedly that of a sailor, Admiral Rodney. It stands perched on top of the Breidden, a Welsh mountain, and is visible with the naked eye from my home in Staffordshire, over 30 miles away.—**Lieut-Colonel A. H. Burne.**

WAITING FOR "BLUES"

How soon may private soldiers expect to receive their blue walking-out uniform? Or does one have to sign on for 22 years to qualify?—**"Alfie" (name and address supplied).**

★The Secretary for War told Parliament on 1 March, 1956 that Regular corporals were now receiving walking-out uniform. He added: "I hope that in due course we may include the nine-year and six-year men and then the ordinary privates."

"L" DRIVER

Due for release after 27 years' service, I applied for a re-settlement course in driving and maintenance, as I want to become a driver. A re-settlement board told me it was almost impossible to obtain such a course, as no unit cares to train drivers just to send them out into civilian life. I feel very sore about this as I am a married man with a family and, having been with the Infantry since I enlisted, I have no trade. Can SOLDIER quote any regulation that will help?—**"Learner Driver" (name and address supplied).**

★Two types of re-settlement courses are provided; at a Higher Education Centre or by attachment to a civilian firm. Motor car maintenance can be taught at the former, but driving courses are not. That is why civilian attachments are arranged, usually during the last month of a man's service, but this can be done only if the applicant holds a driving licence.

HIS TRADE

There is a very strong feeling in the Royal Engineers about the frustrations of ex-Army apprentices (Letters, February) and not without good reason. There are clerks of works courses, but only for a limited number. What happens to the majority who enlisted very young, believing the recruiting circulars? I have been out of an apprentices' school five years and can count on my fingers the days I was employed at my trade of electrician, Royal Engineers. I am due to leave the Service in two years and have no qualifications that would suit the average employer of electricians or wiremen.—**"Moonraker" (name and address supplied).**

★Recruiting officers make no guarantees of employment in a trade, nor do recruiting posters. SOLDIER is assured that the Royal Engineers do need tradesmen and they are now following up ex-apprentices to ensure that they receive an up-grading course and are encouraged to become clerks of works.

VOLUNTEER

Of the six years of a 12-year engagement I have already served, only nine months have been spent abroad. I have submitted two applications for overseas postings since I returned from the Middle East in 1952, but without result. I hold a clean driving licence but I would be prepared to relinquish my trade in order to go abroad again. I feel that I am wasting my time in England. Does the Army no longer require Regulars for overseas service?—**"Fed-up Gunner" (name and address supplied).**

★Owing to the reduction in the number of Royal Artillery regiments fewer volunteers for overseas service have been accepted recently. This Gunner will almost certainly be sent overseas during the next few months and will retain his trade appointment.

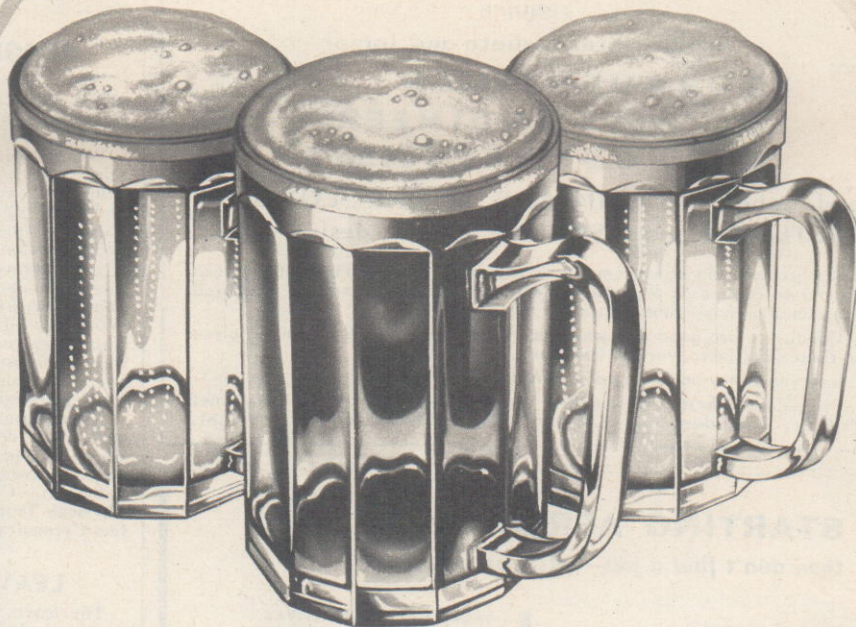
WHITEWASHING COAL

"Bull" is not always as silly as it seems. Take the whitewashing of coal, for instance. It can be a very effective way of guarding a unit's fuel stocks.

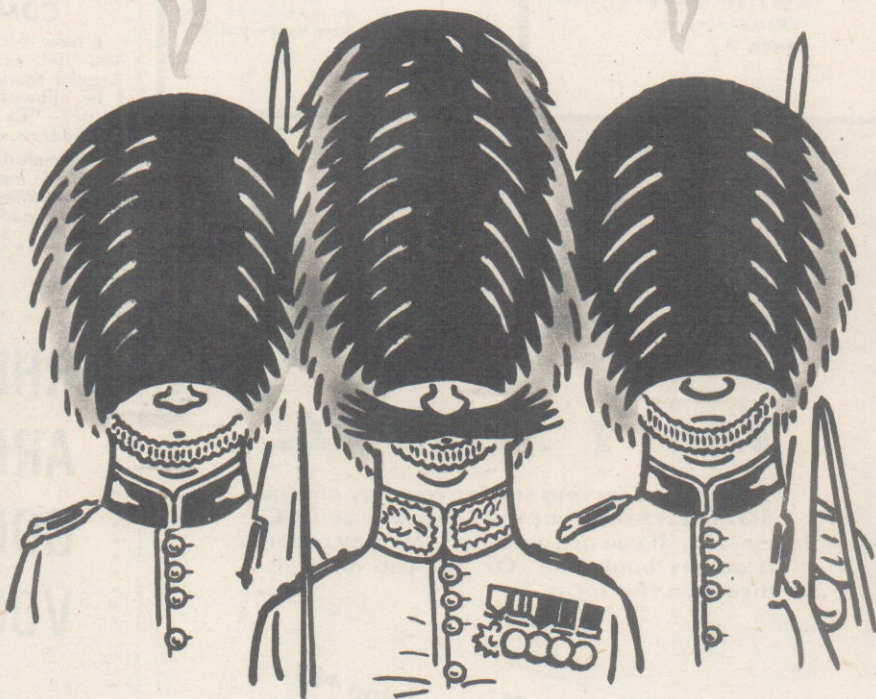
I know of an instance some 20 years ago when a quartermaster, suspecting pilfering, had the coal pile whitewashed. A black hole next day revealed that his suspicions were well-founded. The whitewash on the stolen coal subsequently incriminated the culprit.—**"John Bull" (name and address supplied).**

SO LONG AS IT'S MONEY . . .

Having pondered your pages on the new pay and conditions (April), I am wondering why Other Ranks are given pensions but Officers receive retired pay.—**"Only a Pensioner" (name and address supplied).**



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more letters

BENGHAZI SPORT

"How Many Miles a Day?" (SOLDIER, March) prompts me to tell other readers what goes on in Benghazi in the way of sport.

We organised a 17x1 mile road relay race, the total number of runners being 119. Each man had to run a mile and the winning team, that of 5 Royal Tank Regiment, REME, took 93 minutes. This was a very good time considering the conditions in North Africa, between Benina airport area and Benghazi gymnasium.

Apart from having an under-water club, with compressed air cylinders, we also stage in Benghazi the only modern pentathlon outside the United Kingdom.—CSM L. P. Spencer, Army Physical Training Corps, Headquarters Cyrenaica District.

LEAVE OVERLAP

The leave year is from 1 April to 31 March. If in March a soldier is due more leave than can be completed and it overlaps into April, does the whole of that leave count against the year just ending or must the overlap be deducted from the entitlement for the new leave year?—"Waste Not" (name and address supplied).

★The rule is that leave which overlaps must count against the entitlement for the following year.

COMMUTATION

I have been granted a pension of 43s. 10d. per week after 23 years Regular service. How much of it will I be allowed to commute to buy a house?—"Ex Staff-Sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★Commutation may be approved for the whole amount, with the exception of two shillings per day (three shillings in the case of warrant officers).



FILMS

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

A TOWN LIKE ALICE: Nevil Shute's story of the woman refugee in Japanese-occupied Malaya and the Australian prisoner-of-war. Much of the film was shot in Malaya, with Army co-operation. Stars: Virginia McKenna and Peter Finch.

HELEN OF TROY: Greeks and Trojans fight their battles and enjoy their orgies on the Hollywood scale. Plenty of action, colour and bloodshed. Rosanna Podesta has the name-part and the cast includes Jack Sernas and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

THE COURT JESTER: Danny Kaye plays a key part in a bit of English medieval history that the history-books missed. After crossing swords with knights in armour, being put under a spell by a witch and sorting out his own love-affairs, he restores the rightful king to the throne. Also in the cast: Glynis Johns, Angela Lansbury and Basil Rathbone.

BACKLASH: Richard Widmark and Donna Reed sort out a many-sided mystery in the Wild West. Gun-play and romance.

BLOOD ALLEY: An American sea-captain pilots a ferry-boat full of refugees from Red China through the dangerous Formosa straits to safety in Hong-Kong. Stars: John Wayne and Lauren Bacall.

How to Get SOLDIER

SERVING soldiers may obtain SOLDIER from their units, canteens or AKC cinemas. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should ask their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms. Civilians may buy or order SOLDIER at any bookstall in Britain.

Those unable to obtain the magazine through these channels may subscribe direct to Circulation Department, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London, N.7. The rate is 10s. 6d. a year post-free. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to "Command Cashier" and crossed "a/c SOLDIER."



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RHINE ARMY'S GOLDEN VOICE



A TALKING clock is now in operation at the new Northern Army Group Headquarters at Moenchengladbach. As there cannot be a talking clock without a "golden-voiced" girl to supply the talk, one had to be found. The choice was Corporal Marilyn Ellis, Women's Royal Army Corps, a former telephonist at Bristol.

To make recordings, she went to the United States Southern Area Command Headquarters in Munich. Here she worked with Master Sergeant Bernice Blank, of the American Women's Army Corps, who has served since 1943.

Corporal Ellis found the American telephone language somewhat different from the British. When an American operator asks "Are you through?" she means "Are you finished?" and if the British caller says "Yes," thinking that the operator means "Have you made your connection?" he suddenly finds himself cut off.

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