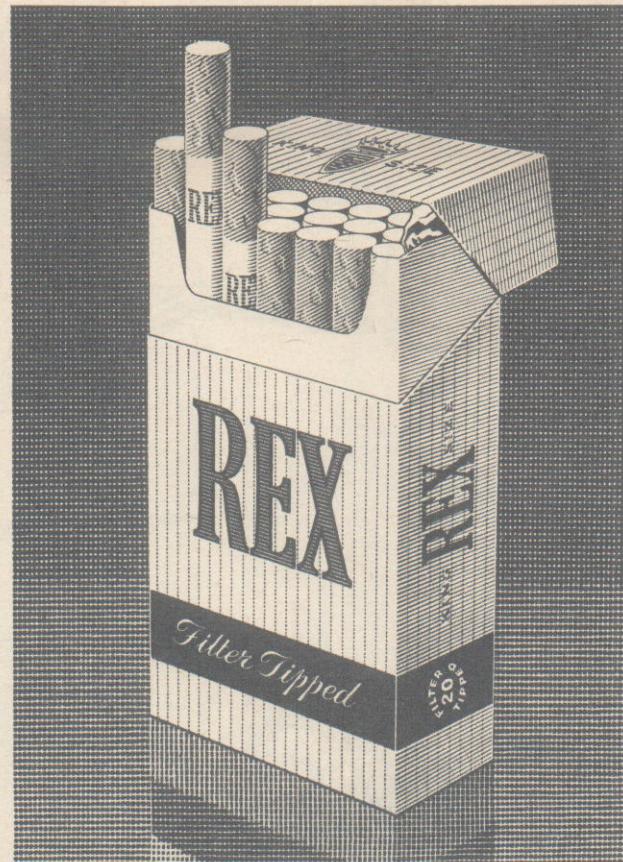


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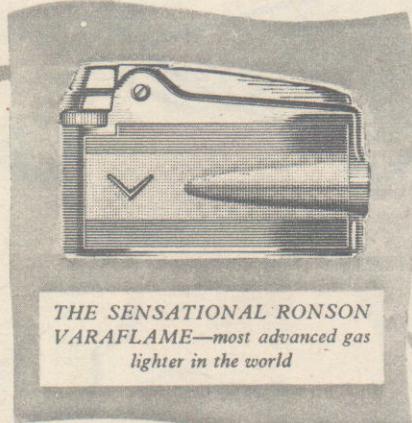
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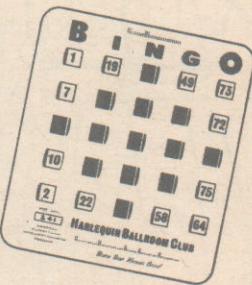
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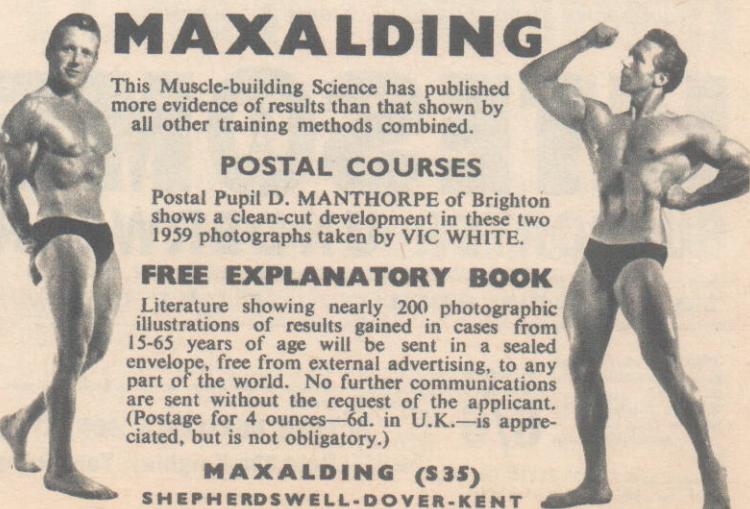
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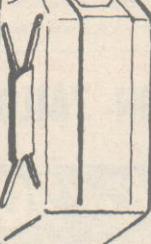
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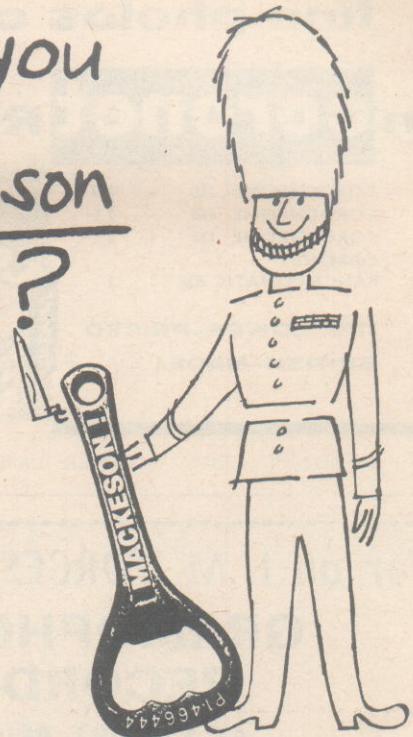
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CONTINUING THEIR TOUR OF THE MIDDLE EAST, SOLDIER STAFF WRITER PETER N. WOOD AND CAMERAMAN FRANK TOMPSETT VISITED THE BRITISH ARMY'S OLDEST AND HOTTEST STATION—THE COLONY AND PROTECTORATE OF ADEN. HERE AN AIRMAN COMMANDS SOLDIERS—THE TROOPS WHO KEEP AN EYE ON DISSIDENT TRIBESMEN AND MARAUDERS FROM THE YEMEN

MIDDLE
EAST
REPORT



From a rock sangar a British patrol, guarded by flanking Ferrets (ringed), keeps watch on Yemen positions across the border.

WATCH ON THE YEMEN BORDER

IT was eleven o'clock at night, 7000 feet up on the Dahir Plateau. The throb of the camps' electric generators died away and only the howling of the "pi" dogs in the village disturbed the cool air.

But the lights in the tents had barely faded when the sharp crack of rifles rang out from the hills between the Mukeiras air strip and the border a mile or two beyond.

A second volley chased the echo of the first and as the bullets whined harmlessly over Rest House Camp, mortars and machine-guns of the Prince of Wales' Own Regiment of Yorkshire opened up from Airfield Camp nearby. Long bursts from the British machine-guns, mounted in a commanding sangar, and fire from the Aden Protectorate Levies' guns on the Rest House roof, sped into the hills, lit momentarily by the phosphorous glare of smoke bombs.

As suddenly, the firing ceased. But the gun and mortar teams stood to. For half an hour the dogs and a disturbed child howled. Then the snipers fired again, from a different spot. This time the response was immediate: for a few minutes the crunch of mortars and rattle of

machine-guns reverberated from hill to hill. Then all was quiet again.

In the morning check-up, bullets were found in the sandbags of Airfield Camp sangars and empty cartridge cases on the hills. A group of dissidents, probably strengthened by a few Yemeni Regulars, had been in action.

It was just another incident, unnoticed by the Press and the outside world, in the life of British troops on the Yemen border.

Trouble is brewing again along the frontier. As the Protectorate's rulers move towards federation, the Yemen is intensifying its activities, politically and militarily, seeking to drive a wedge between the Protectorate states.

In the three active areas of the frontier, where travel across it is possible, British and Yemeni forces watch each other closely, for signs that the pot nears boiling point have become apparent. Arab "outpatients" of the Army doctors have fallen off in number; sniping increases; families leave their homes for the hills.

OVER...

PAGE 5

YEMEN BORDER continued

And all the time the Yemenis build up their border garrisons, bring in field guns and try to train pilots and crews for their Communist-supplied fighters and tanks.

In the north of the Protectorate the Beihan sector has been fairly quiet. There, ten miles from the frontier and opposing the Yemen town of Harib, the 2nd Battalion of the Aden Protectorate Levies, with supporting British troops, keeps order.

On the Dahir Plateau, where Mukeiras and the Yemen garrison town of Beidha are only a few miles apart, there has been much more activity. There, a platoon from the Prince of Wales' Own Regiment of Yorkshire, with Ferret armoured cars of the Life Guards and a detachment of 5 (Gibraltar) Field Battery, Royal Artillery, supported by the 3rd Battalion of the Levies have made weekly patrols to observation posts and to a "GIGI" fort.

The posts, on Hoare Hill, overlooking the Yemen village of Am Sharaf and its stone fort, and on Soames Hill, in front of Beidha, were always "taken" and occupied as an operation, for the Yemeni too have a habit of moving forward into them. At Hoare Hill (named after a Gunner officer) the Ferrets, and the Yorkshire Infantrymen, moved first up to White Sangar Ridge (white-washed stones there indicate to aircraft the proximity of the border) then, covered from the ridge by machine-guns, the Infantry moved in open order, with Ferrets guarding their flanks, down into the saddle and up the ridge to the sangar on Hoare Hill.

Recently this patrol came under fire from 50 Yemeni Regulars and dissidents positioned in sangars on three hills and in the village of Am Sharaf. Without casualties, the Protectorate Forces killed two enemy Regulars and wounded two dissidents.

Eight days later another patrol fought a minor battle while protecting an ammunition convoy driving to the area's only "GIGI" fort at Merta'a, 20 miles from Mukeiras. The fort gets its rations by donkey but ammunition goes in by a rough road running at one point in open view from the Yemen garrison village of Am Soma. The patrol, of two Infantry

continued on page 8



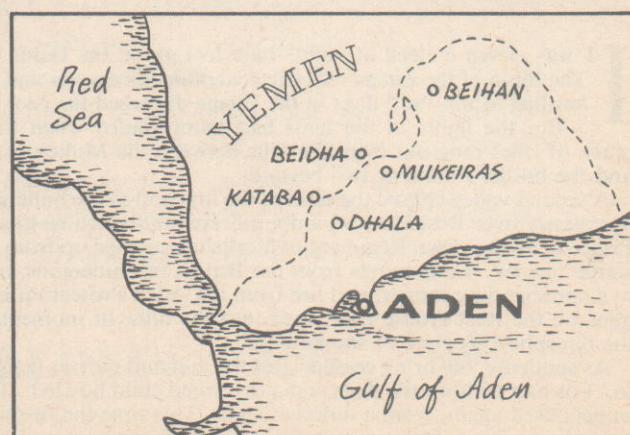
Up rugged crags edging the fertile Dhala plain a patrol climbs 1500 ft to a company position on the plateau's brink.



Left: Men of the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire ranging their mortars from Airfield Camp at Mukeiras. The bombs are bursting across on Imphal Ridge.



Below: In the frontier towns of the Western Protectorate, British and Arab troops guard Yemen invasion routes.





Above: In country reminiscent of India's North-West Frontier, a routine patrol approaches the Government Guards' "Beau Geste" fort of Kersh.

Below: Firing across a landing strip, Gunners range their 75-mm pack-howitzers on hills from which tribesmen snipe at British and Arab camps.



ADEN

A Land of Contrasts

A CURIOUS country of strange contrasts—of power stations and sleek modern cars, of bullock-operated wells and age-old camel carts. This is Aden Colony and Protectorate, where British units serve for only a year in a climate which saps the strength and in circumstances where local politics and treaties govern military operations.

From the hilltops of the peninsula Air Vice-Marshal M. L. Heath and his integrated staff of Army and Royal Air Force control British Forces in a command that stretches from Somaliland across the Gulf of Aden to the oil territory of the Persian Gulf. Staff officers and clerks work an early shift then switch off the fans and air-conditioning plants and enjoy the leisure amenities of a Western civilisation. Up in the mountains, in primitive country reminiscent of India's North-West Frontier, British and Arab troops patrol the disputed border, skirmish with Yemeni Regulars and from tented, wired camps stand guard against the long-range sniping of tribesmen.

Aden is a valuable and strategic port and for its defence the Protectorate, an area largely of desert, rugged mountains and plateaux, must not fall into unfriendly hands. The Crown Colony, the territory immediately around Aden and Little Aden, is administered by a Governor. The Protectorate, divided into Eastern and Western sections, comprises some 24 states, each ruled autonomously by powerful sharifs, sultans or amirs, of varying degrees of loyalty to the British Crown.

The Yemen, a state wooed by the United Arab Republic and by Russia, does not quibble over the demarcation of its vague border with the Western Protectorate. It makes one simple claim—to the whole of the Protectorate and to the Colony.

Along the border, defence is in the hands of the rulers' Tribal Guards (the "TIGI"), the Government Guards ("GIGI") and the Aden Protectorate Levies. The "GIGI," uniformed and armed with rifles, man small frontier forts. The Levies, three battalions of Arab soldiers and armoured cars led by British officers, are stationed at strategic points along the frontier.

British troops—infantry companies, Royal Artillery detachments and troops of armoured cars—operate under command of the Levies and support them in operations. Life up country offers a healthier climate than in Aden, a training ground with few restrictions and an atmosphere of realism. But for the British Army it is a "grace and favour" existence in the Protectorate. It is there only at the request of the local rulers and by their permission.

YEMEN BORDER concluded

platoons, a full troop of armoured cars, reinforced by howitzers, mortars and anti-tank guns, occupied an observation post to cover the convoy on its last two miles and came under heavy machine-gun fire from houses in Am Soma and from sangars.

The British force replied with machine-guns, and "Venoms," called up by the patrol's air liaison officer, scrambled from Khor-maksar Royal Air Force station in Aden, flew over 80 miles and made a rocket-strike within seven minutes of receiving the call.

Well west of Mukeiras, among Arabs much less friendly disposed towards the British, the Levies' 1st Battalion, armoured cars, howitzers and a company of the Northamptonshire Regiment, protect Dhala' and the Jebel Jihaf feature from which Yemeni invaders were evicted a year ago.

At Dhala', 5000 feet above sea level, the villages, once fortified, dominate from the crests of hills the plain through which runs one of the few roads into the Yemen. Above, like Conan Doyle's "Lost World," rises the steep wall of the Jebel Jihaf, from which bold Yemeni troops fired down on

Dhala's two camps. A company of the Levies' Battalion, supported by a company of the Royal West Kent Regiment (The Buffs), fought their way up the track to the 6500 feet high ridge and drove the invaders back to the border.

From Dhala' a patrol regularly visits the "GIGI" fort of Sana, ten miles away and close by the border, and the Yemeni barracks at Kataba. A considerable number of Yemeni Regulars and Irregulars, equipped with anti-aircraft, anti-tank and heavy guns, man the barracks and town but 40 Government Guards and a few hundred British and Arab troops keep them at bay.

As the skirmishing goes on, the blue-and-white trucks of the Yemen roll unmolested across the border and down the rough roads, taking their country's produce to the port of Aden. On market days the tribesmen freely cross the frontier from the Protectorate to Yemen and from Yemen to the Protectorate. And at intervals opposing sheikhs and naibs exchange courtesy visits.

For this is Aden Colony and Protectorate.

PETER N. WOOD

Below the "GIGI" fort of Sana, the Life Guards train their Ferrets' guns on Yemeni sangars and the barracks at Kataba across the plain.



Through an interpreter, Government Guards in the sandbagged fort at Kersh chat with British Infantrymen making one of their twice-weekly visits.

Below: A Royal Air Force "Valetta" which wrecked its tail when landing at Mukeiras, makes a very cosy club for the corporals of Airfield Camp.



The Yemen border has its own rules of war. British forces may not open fire until fired on, but the Arab, friendly or unfriendly, is liable to fire at anyone, any time and anywhere. The border Arab, a ferocious-looking figure with an elaborate belt bulging with ammunition and a *jambia*, the curved Arab knife, at his waist, is not a real man unless he owns a rifle (more valuable than a wife or camel). For him, shooting at people is just sport.

British camps never remain silent even when a single sniper attacks. Not to retaliate would anger not only the dissident or Yemeni, but also the local ruler. On one occasion last year when a position declined to return fire, the enemy complained bitterly that it was not playing the game!



AFRICAN ALERT

As rioting broke out in Nyasaland, Africa's latest trouble spot, Territorials and the King's African Rifles went into action while troops in Kenya stood to, ready to fly in

WHEN rioting broke out in Nyasaland, in Africa's most serious crisis since the Mau Mau insurrection in Kenya, British troops were ready again to hunt down African bandits in bush and tropical jungle.

As the crisis neared its peak the British Ministry of Defence placed the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Royal Regiment at six hours' notice and put it at the disposal of the Central African Federal Government. Aircraft of the Royal Air Force stood by to fly the battalion into Nyasaland from its base at Gilgil, 70 miles northwest of Nairobi.

This was a new commitment for the King's Own and its parent 24 Independent Infantry Brigade, the "Fly Anywhere" force which has been based in Kenya as the strategic reserve for the Middle East and Far East.

But as SOLDIER went to press it seemed unlikely that British troops would be deployed in Central Africa. The Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, declined the British offer of

military aid on the grounds that there were sufficient Federal soldiers in Nyasaland to deal with the rioters. At the start of the rioting, in a territory with a predominantly African population who look on their federation with Northern and Southern Rhodesia as the prelude to domination by the white settlers of Southern Rhodesia, the Federal Government took rapid and firm action.

Regular forces were flown into Nyasaland; Southern Rhodesia declared a state of emergency, calling up its Territorial soldiers, illegalising Nationalist organisations and arresting leaders of the African National Congress movement.

The 1st Battalion of the King's

African Rifles was immediately moved from its normal station in Northern Rhodesia to join its sister unit, the 2nd Battalion, in Nyasaland. Later, elements of the 1st Battalion, The Rhodesian African Rifles, were flown in to reinforce the other two Regular units.

In the northern province, the 2nd Battalion, the King's African Rifles and armed police went into action against the Tambuca tribesmen, many of whom are descendants of the famous Matabele warriors, trying to winkle them out of the dense bush and forest over an area of 500 square miles. As convoys were unable to reach isolated units, Dakotas of the Royal Rhodesian Air Force flew in to drop food, vehicle parts and medical supplies.

Throughout Nyasaland, Africans hindered troop movements by setting up road blocks, destroying culverts and, in one

case, littering an airstrip with barrels and tree trunks. Tropical storms, followed by severe flooding added to the difficulties of the security forces.

The Central African Federation has a military force of four Regular and three Territorial battalions grouped under Central Africa Command, a headquarters formed in Salisbury at the time of federation six years ago.

The four Regular units—the Rhodesian African Rifles, Northern Rhodesia Regiment and the two Nyasaland battalions of the King's African Rifles—are entirely officered by Europeans, although commissioned rank is not barred to Africans. Only a few officers seconded from the British Army remain with the battalions, but many of the Europeans have seen war service, some with the British Army, Indian Army or South Africa's Union Defence Force. **OVER...**

AFRICAN ALERT

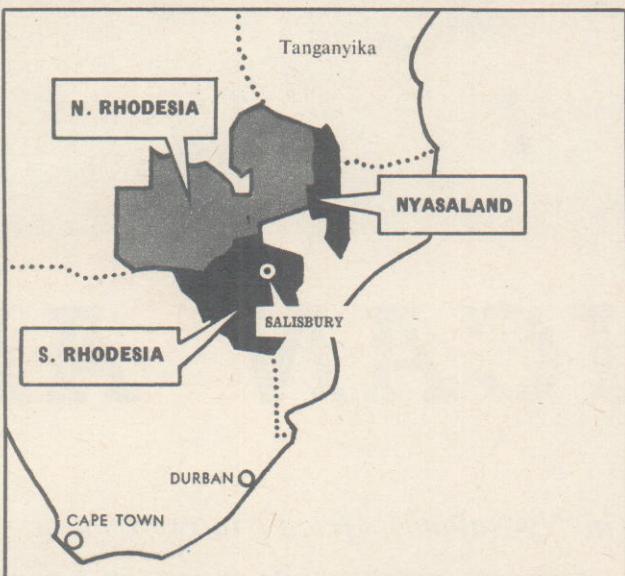
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Wearing the jungle hats which have replaced the slouch hats of the Central African Force, Southern Rhodesian troops walk in single file through the thick elephant grass in Nyasaland.

Smallest of the three partners in the Federation of Central Africa, Nyasaland, lying on the western shore of Lake Nyasa, is nevertheless a thousand miles in length. There are only about 7000 Europeans and 10,000 Asians in the population of two-and-a-half millions.

Below: African troops form a road block with their lorries to isolate an area where rioting occurred. Two other Regular battalions were moved to reinforce the Nyasaland troops.



Europeans also hold the warrant officer and senior non-commissioned officer technical appointments in battalions, each of which also has an African regimental sergeant-major, company sergeant-major and warrant officer platoon commanders. African other ranks undergo seven months training in the Central African Training Depot (African) at Inkomo, near Salisbury, and are then posted to a holding wing from which the majority return to the battalion which originally recruited them in the native reserves.

The Central African Training School at Gwelo, half-way between Bulawayo and Salisbury, provides specialist courses for African and European other ranks and company commander, Cadet Corps and young officer courses. Until this year potential officers went through a selection board and then on to Sandhurst. Of 24 who passed out at Sandhurst up to December last year 16, a high percentage, were under-officers. Now the Central Africa Command has started to produce its own officers. A board visits every Regular and Territorial unit and selected men from the ranks who are now taking a potential officers' course at the Training School.

The Territorial Force, which was started in Southern Rhodesia has, since the passing of the First Federal Defence Act, been on a national service basis. All Europeans, Asians, Eur-Africans and coloureds between the ages of 18 and 30 are liable for four years' service with the Territorials and subsequent Reserve service until the age of 50.

Youths called up into the Territorial Army do four-and-a-half months' depot training after which the "urbans" (those living in or near towns) are posted to a unit, with the liability of annual drills and a fortnight's camp for four years. Because of travelling difficulties the "rurals" go straight on to the Reserve. Territorial officers are all European volunteers and most of them have had war experience.

At an early stage in the recent emergency the whole of the Territorial Force, including those doing their primary training, was embodied. The Force comprises three battalions of the Royal Rhodesia Regiment—the 1st Battalion at Salisbury and the 2nd at Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia and the 3rd Battalion in Northern Rhodesia. Each Infantry battalion has an armoured car platoon and an engineer platoon added to its headquarters company. The only Gunners are in the Governor-General's Troop, a ceremonial unit which has recently been re-formed.

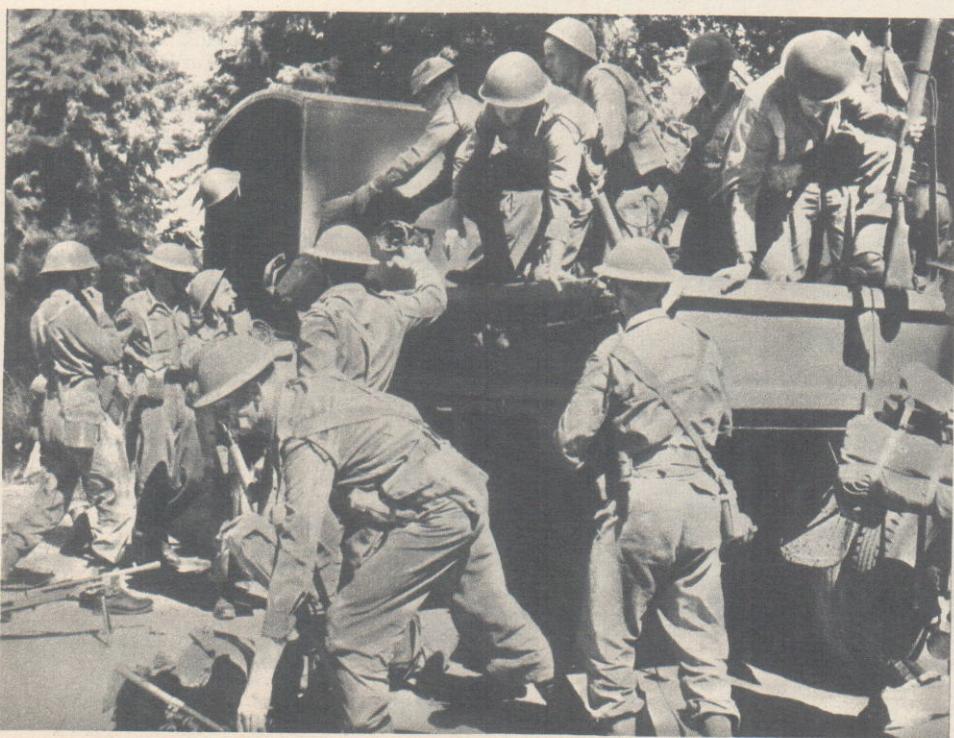
In normal times only one Regular battalion is stationed in Nyasaland, which is one of the four military areas within Central

Africa Command. But for the recent emergency, Nyasaland was divided into two military districts under the command of Brigadier R. E. B. Long, the Chief-of-Staff.

Brigadier Long, a Rhodesian, served in the Middle East as a staff officer at Headquarters 13 Corps and Headquarters Eighth Army in the Western Desert and in Sicily. After a year as instructor at Quetta he went to Headquarters Fourteenth Army in Burma, returning to Africa after the war as GSO I at Southern Rhodesia Defence Headquarters. He became Chief-of-Staff in 1948 and last month was due to take over from Major-General S. Garlake as General Officer Commanding, Central Africa Command.

Two other Rhodesians, Colonel J. Anderson and Colonel R. R. J. Putterill, were put in command of the southern province of Nyasaland and the northern and central provinces respectively. Colonel Anderson, Mashonaland Area Commander and Chief-of-Staff designate, also served in the Middle East, with the Black Watch, and from 1956 to 1958 commanded the Rhodesian African Rifles in Malaya. Colonel Putterill was due to succeed Colonel Anderson in the Mashonaland command in April.

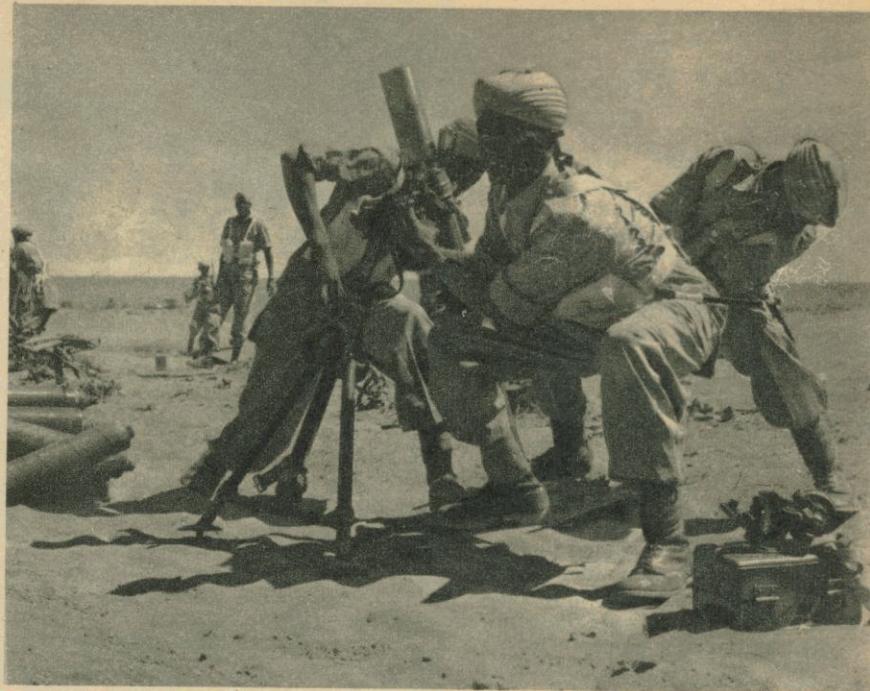
Territorials of the Royal Rhodesia Regiment's three battalions were all called up as an emergency measure. Right: "Terriers" walk along a river bank in typical country, and (below) preparing to patrol a disturbed area.



"This is what comes of sweeping the dirt through the knot-hole."

Left: In traditional British Army style an NCO bellows an order. All drill commands are in English.

Right: A three-inch mortar detachment goes into action at Hargeisa. The askaris are fearless soldiers and quick to learn.



THE SCOUTS OF SOMALILAND

IF the pattern of recent events in Nyasaland is repeated in the Protectorate of British Somaliland, would-be rioters and trouble-makers will find themselves up against the Somaliland Scouts, a small but highly-trained Infantry force of loyal askaris led by British officers. The Scouts have recently been experienced internal security duties—a company has recently been temporarily stationed at Berbera, the Protectorate's old capital on the coast, to counter political unrest there—and the force may well become increasingly important as a means of maintaining order in the Horn of Africa.

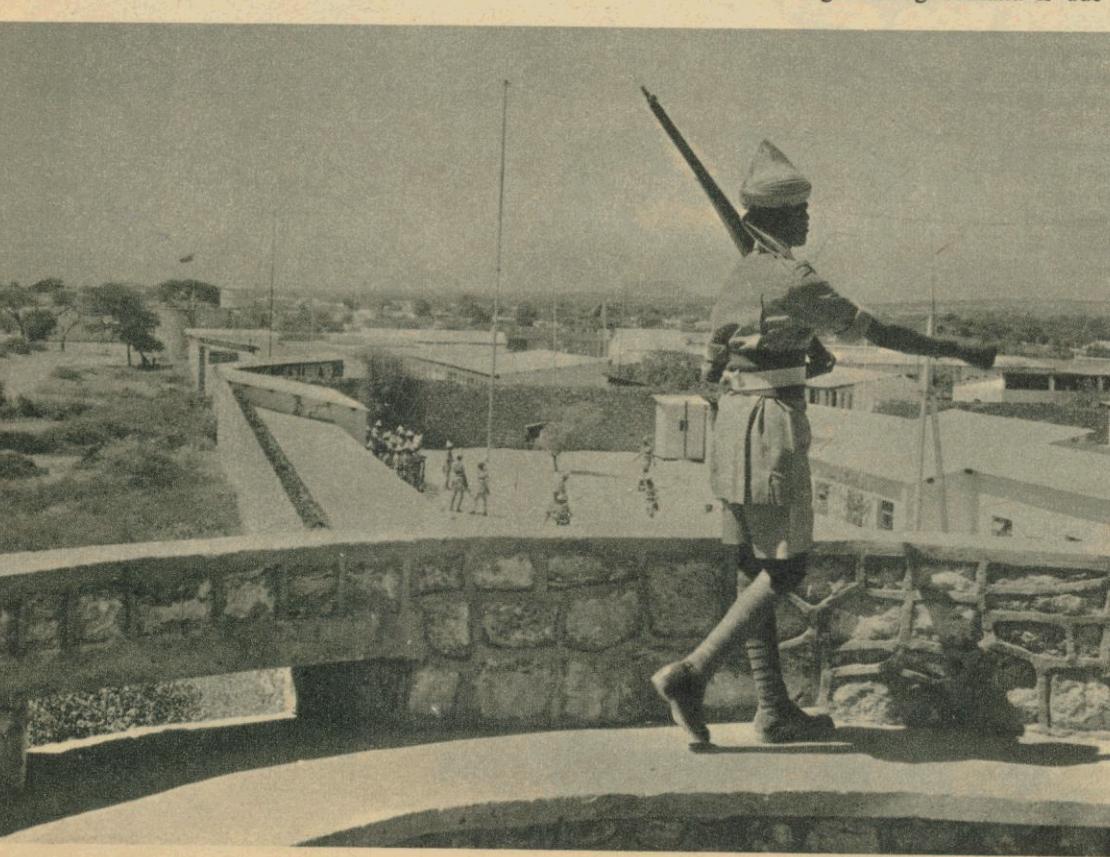
Thinly-populated, impoverished and largely arid, British Somaliland's position on the Gulf of Aden and Indian Ocean gives the Protectorate a strategic value which has been heightened by the rapid reduction of facilities for over-flying in the gateway to the Far East. Neighbouring Somalia is due to become independent of its Italian trusteeship at the end of next year and accordingly the British Protectorate's progress towards self-government has been accelerated.

Already there is a movement towards federation of the territories, including French Somaliland and the "Reserved Area" handed back from the Protectorate to Ethiopia in 1955; in the background lies the threat of inclusion within the United Arab Republic.

Thus today the Scouts, successors to the old Somaliland Camel Corps, face the dual challenge of helping to pave an untroubled path towards their country's independence and of belatedly (although there are now four Somali cadets at Sandhurst) becoming an entirely indigenous force.

The Protectorate's need for exercising economy limits the size of the force to battalion strength and weapons. But, self-administered and supplied and capable of living off the land, the Scouts efficiently keep the peace in the 68,000 square miles of British

From the ramparts of the Scouts' headquarters, the sentry looks over Hargeisa Fort to the scrub-covered country which provides an admirable field training ground.



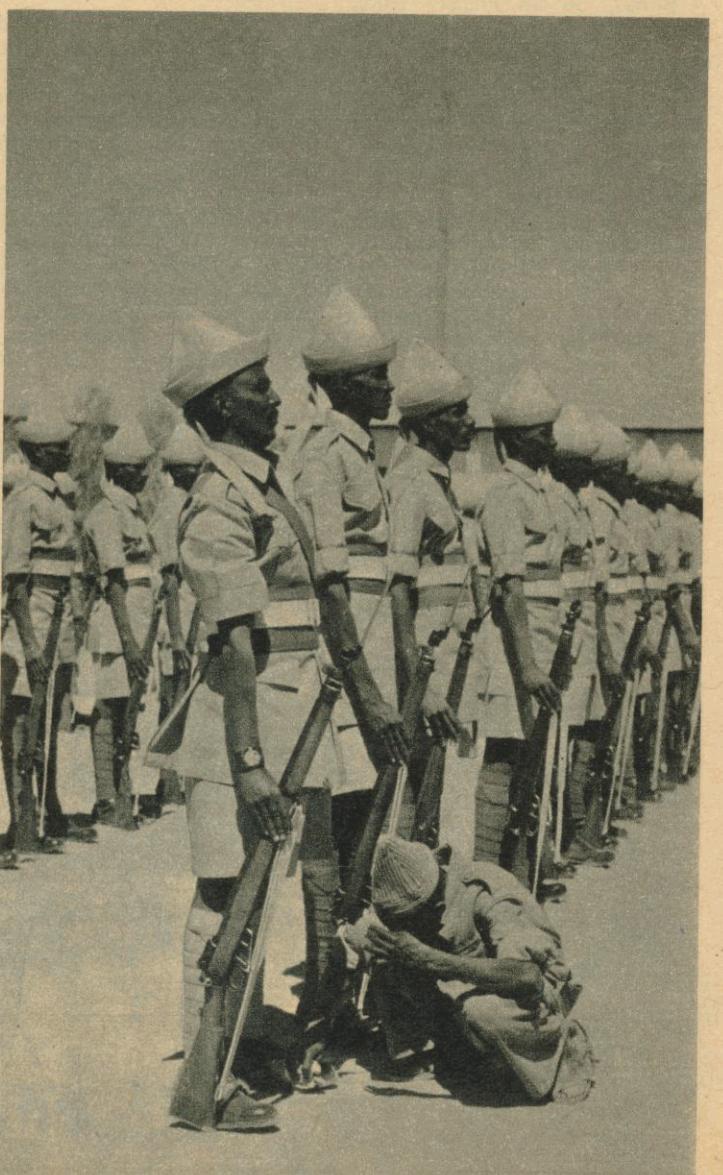
In the Horn of Africa, a small, British-led force—the Somaliland Scouts—preserves the Queen's peace as the Protectorate moves towards federation. The Somalis are fearless fighters and expert marksmen



In a section attack near Burao Fort, two askaris dash for the cover of thorn bushes. The Somali soldier has a natural instinct for concealment and camouflage.

Anti-riot drill is an important feature in the Scouts' training. Behind a mock barricade, a sergeant warns an imaginary mob as his men get ready for action.

The Somaliland Scout is intensely proud of his appearance. So, in the last minutes before parade an orderly gives dusty boots a final polishing.



Somaliland. Caucasian in origin and claiming Arab ancestry, the Somalis make tough, fearless and independent soldiers, with a tremendous zeal for learning, particularly trades which will help them on their return to civilian life.

Such is their intensive pride in their impeccable turn-out—the stiffly starched khaki of their Number One dress is highlighted by a white belt over a broad green cummerbund, long puttees, highly-polished boots and the *kula* (a pointed cap around which is neatly folded a *pugri* ending in a pigtail)—that they are reluctant to be photographed in any form of working rig.

Many of the askaris wear campaign ribbons and decorations earned with the Camel Corps in World War Two. All are remarkably good shots for the Somali is gifted with exceptional eyesight, particularly at long ranges. The Scouts have, in fact, won the Africa Cup for shooting eight times in the past 12 years.

At the Borama Depot, in the west of the territory, recruits undergo a six-months training under British weapon and arms drill instructors, and take their Third Class Certificate of Education. From a natural interest, and to enable them to obtain good jobs when they leave the Scouts, many recruits seek to join the Scouts' transport and signal platoons or the light repair section.

For the 28 British officers and a similar number of other ranks (the lowest is corporal) seconded to the Scouts, Somaliland is a pleasant overseas station with good allowances, comfortable quarters and a challenging job in a climate

OVER...

THE SCOUTS OF SOMALILAND *continued*

are no metalled roads in Somaliland and to counter possible breakdowns or mishaps on long journeys the Scouts always signal movements to their destination. Search parties are sent out if vehicles do not arrive within an hour of the expected time.

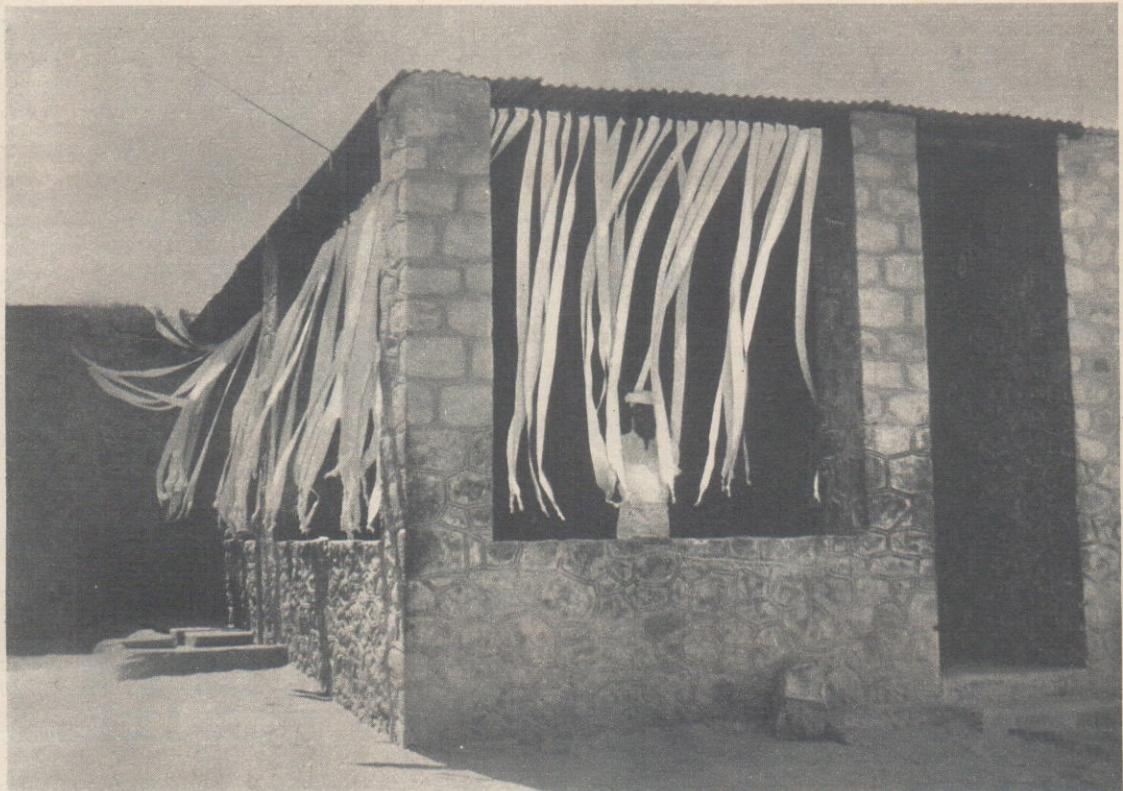
Headquarters and companies also maintain communication on a 19-set wireless link at 7.30 am daily, when officers, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers discuss administrative matters with their opposite numbers. All other messages are sent in Morse, for which the Somali signaller has a more than average aptitude.

Burao—the name means "The Town of Dust"—suffers from strong winds which whip up the fine sand, but unlike the remainder of Somaliland has an abundant water supply. Daily, thousands of camels are brought in to drink at the wells overlooked by the picturesque white-walled and green-roofed fort. One company normally lives in the fort, built in 1913, and the other in nearby accommodation which includes a sergeants' mess, married quarters and single officers' bungalows with heavy scented jasmine entwining the porches.

Burao, on an ancient trade route from Berbera to Ethiopia, was once the headquarters of the old Camel Corps. The officers' mess, in which seven holders of the Victoria Cross are said to have dined during World War One, may soon be the home of the Scouts' first Somali officers.

The Somaliland Scouts came into being in 1941 as prisoner-of-war guards. Outnumbered by seven to one, Somaliland's defenders evacuated the Protectorate in 1940 but within a year the Italian invaders were swept back and British administration was re-established, with the main lines of communication of the Abyssinian campaign crossing British Somaliland.

Down this route flowed more Italian prisoners than could be embarked at Berbera so to assist in guarding 20,000 Italians in and



To keep flies out of the cookhouse, long strips of white cloth which flap in the breeze are hung in the windows.

near the town Brigadier (later Major-General) A. R. Chater DSO, the Military Commander and Governor, formed two companies of Somali Illalo, led by two lieutenants of the South Staffordshire Regiment.

In August 1941, after only a fortnight's training, the first "Somali PW Guards" took up duty. A further 300 guards were quickly raised and the four companies became an integrated unit under Major Victor Ross, a British officer experienced in commanding native troops.

Relieved at the end of the year by the King's African Rifles, the Somali PW Guards, now reduced once more to two companies, took over the task of enforcing the landward blockade of Vichy-held French Somaliland. The Somalis did their job so well that four new

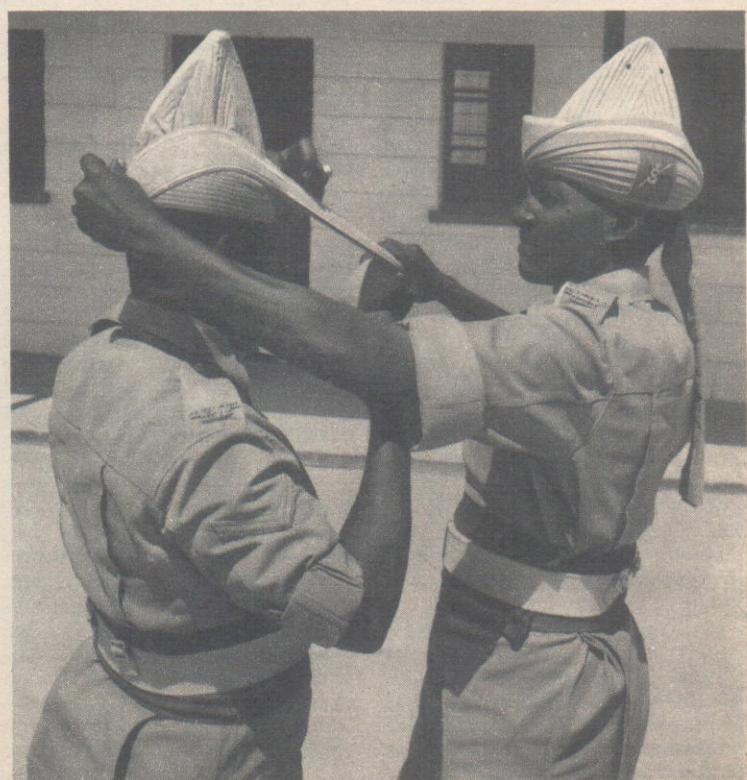
companies were formed and on 1 May, 1942 the newly-named Somali Companies became a unit of the British Army. The present title of Somaliland Scouts dates from 1 July, 1943.

The Scouts are at present commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel M. E. MacG. William DSO MC (their ninth commanding officer), assisted by British officers and non-commissioned officers on three-year voluntary tours.

FOOTNOTE: Major-General Arthur Chater DSO, founder of

the Somaliland Scouts, was their Colonel Commandant for 10 years until retiring in October last year. He took over command of the Somaliland Camel Corps in 1937, later commanded all troops in the Protectorate and was Military Governor for two years.

Making the Scouts' headdress is a job for two men. The pugri (seven yards of cloth) is wound round a kula (a conical cap) leaving a pigtail hanging. The flash completes the hat.



Shortage of water is a big problem in Somaliland. Adadle camp relies on a water hole, protected by thorn from animals, in a dried-up river bed.



Most of the Army's technical stores, from watches and compasses to a radar control system the size of a bungalow, are supplied by a gigantic shop in Shropshire which issues 75,000 items to its 3000 customers every month

Looking like gigantic snails, these 25-pounder guns covered in protective plastic are stored in open-air parks at Donnington.



Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN

IF IT'S TECHNICAL—THEY'VE GOT IT

WANT A diving suit? A Corporal guided missile? A brass check-valve adjusting screw for a generator? A watch? A 25-pounder gun? Or a fuse for a wireless set? If you need it for official Service purposes, one of the biggest shops in the world will supply it—the Technical Stores Organisation of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

From this mammoth store you can demand any one of 230,000 items in its catalogue (better known to the Army as its Vocabulary) and the "shop-keepers" will not be stumped. And if you happen to need a 230,001st item, they will get it for you. Anything technical, except motor transport and motor transport spares, is the Organisation's scope.

The core of this vast organisation is the Central Ordnance Depot at Donnington, in Shropshire. Once it was at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, but in 1936 the Army began to think of moving it to more up-to-date accommodation less conveniently placed for Hitler's bombers.

Donnington was less vulnerable than Woolwich, not too far away from the main military centres, well served by railways and near a potential labour force and the west coast ports.

The first bricks were laid three months before World War Two broke out, and in 1940 air raids on Woolwich hastened progress. Donnington became operational with only two storehouses completed.

Things have been improving ever since. Huts succeeded the

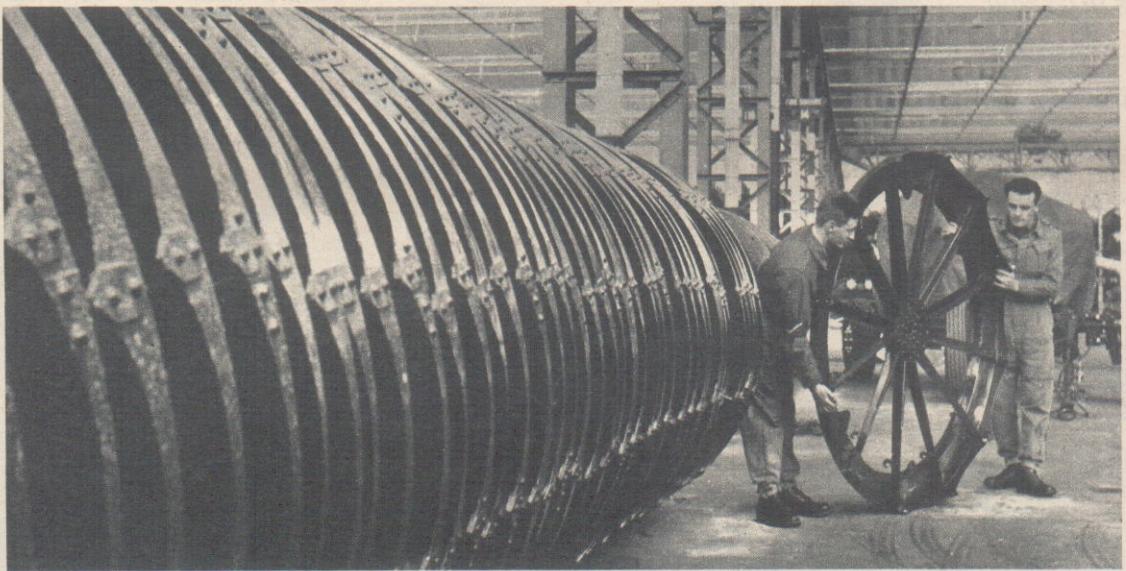
Don't forget the diver! Stored in air-conditioned rooms, the Army's diving suits are regularly inspected to make sure that they are in good condition.



OVER ...

IF IT'S TECHNICAL—THEY'VE GOT IT

continued



Above: In one of Donnington's many store sheds, two soldiers check a 25-pounder turn table for issue to a unit overseas.



Left: Preservation is a major industry at Donnington and all weapons are dipped in wax and then covered in plastic.

Below: Fork-lift trucks operated by members of the Women's Royal Army Corps make light work of manhandling stores.



3000 civilians, has eleven satellite depots scattered about Britain.

The stores they look after are valued at £48,000,000 and the Organisation's commander, Brigadier C. J. Kinna, quotes that figure to anybody who asks why smoking is banned inside the perimeter. In fact, the ban is not absolute. Scattered about Donnington's 313 acres are "smoking areas," little gardens provided with shelters and seats, where the tobacco-hungry can puff away during their tea-breaks and lunch-hour.

Every month, the Organisation supplies 75,000 items to its 3000 "customers" (an item may be anything from a dozen wheel-nuts for a gun to a complete gun), but it buys only about 2200 items a month. This is because the Organisation takes back surplus stores from units and depots overseas, and because the Army has been "living on its fat" of some items since World War Two. For this reason, the Organisation's annual bill for purchases is modest compared with the volume of stores issued—only £1,250,000 in the 1958-9 financial year—and that £48,000,000 was higher a year or two ago.

"It is our job to spend the taxpayer's money and to spend it well," says Brigadier Kinna. "It is also our job to look after the taxpayer's property and to see that the Army gets what it needs, where it needs it, when it needs it and in a serviceable condition."

A task of this size involves an enormous amount of paper work. Buying, accounting and approving issues employs more than 700 people (all but 80 of them civilians) in one vast office. The methods of accounting have recently been modernised and mechanised with the aid of £60,000 worth of office machinery. More machines are being brought in, and the Organisation has a determined eye fixed on an electronic "brain."

The physical work of dealing with the stores offers plenty of variety. Big items, like guns, arrive on special trains; small items may come by parcel post. However they come, they must be unloaded, unpacked, checked, preserved if they are likely to stay long, stored, cleaned and preserved again if they have been there a long time, perhaps modified to bring them up to date, checked before issue, packed (perhaps with special protection against tropical climates) and despatched. Checking, repairs and modifications are the task of 34 Base Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, which are housed in the Depot.

Preservation is a major industry at Donnington. In the "heavy lift" store of the Armaments Depot, you can see gun-barrels being dipped in wax by cranes, before being covered with plastic, or complete guns being sprayed with plastic cocooning materials before being towed out to the open-air gun-parks.

In the Engineer and Radar

Stores Depot, you may see a group of soldiers wrapping generator exhaust-hoses in wax-paper, to protect the asbestos sections, while others are painting pneumatic drills or dipping gearwheels in plastic which will set into an airtight coat that a technician, in some far-off desert or jungle workshop will remove with a few strokes of a knife. Some items like electronic equipment and divers' and frogmen's suits are stored in air-conditioned rooms.

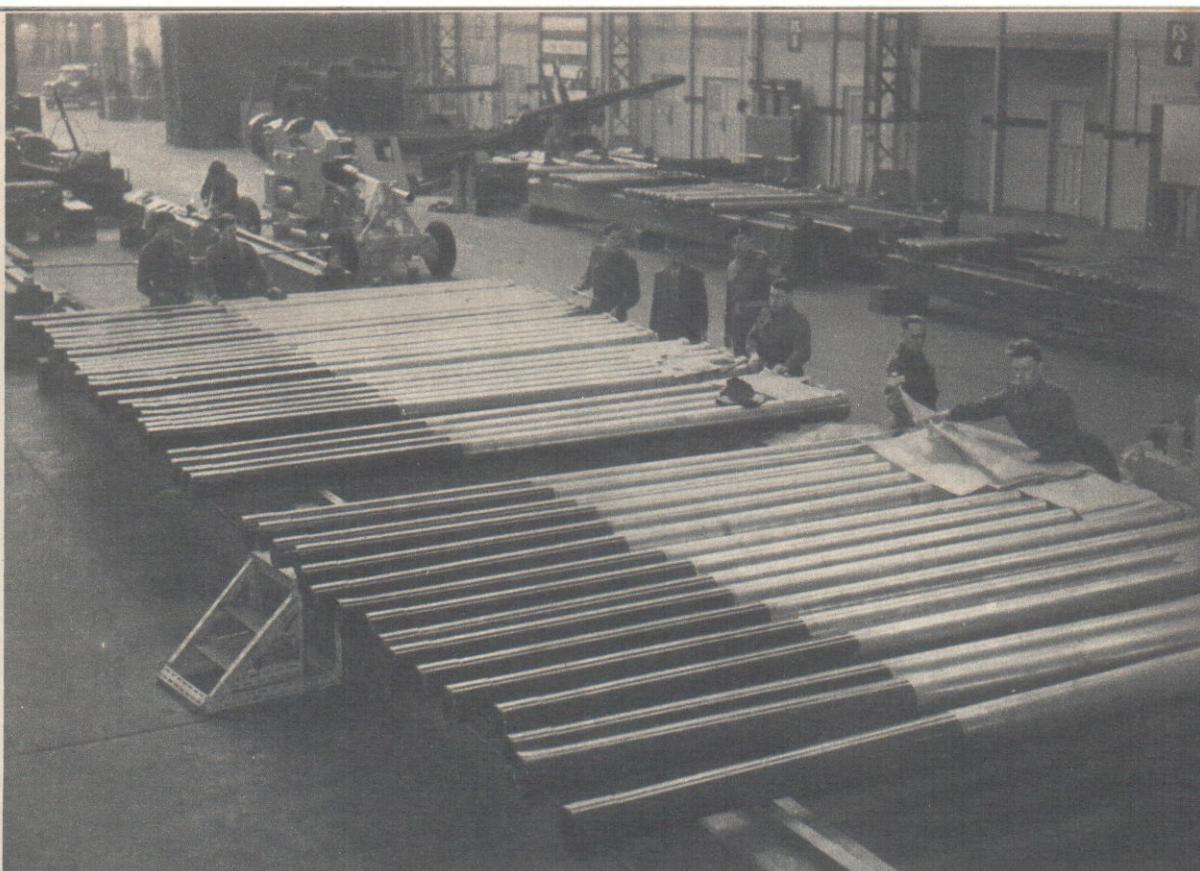
As impressive as anything is the way a storeman of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, on his way to restock or collect an issue, finds his way unerringly among hundreds of yards of small bins to one marked, perhaps, "Washers, fibre, oil cooler pipe unions." A girl of the Women's Royal Army Corps will drive her fork-lift truck just as unhesitatingly through acres of stacked crates and pick out one that contains just the right wireless set. Only an ingenious system of numbering, and a stock and location statement on hinged panels, called a Bizada, makes this possible.

In each storehouse, except the "heavy lift" building, it is strictly one-way traffic; arrivals at one end, storage in the middle and despatch at the other end. By the time they are packed, the goods have arrived within a few feet of a railway platform, ready for loading and shunting to Donnington's private railway station. The Organisation's "customers" include Commonwealth and NATO countries, and every crate that leaves Donnington bears a circular blob of green paint. By this, means, dockers in Rome or Oslo, Khartoum or Karachi, Singapore or Hong Kong, will know that the contents are technical stores and send them off to the right place.

Donnington's boast is that it is never "out" of more than three in every hundred of its 230,000 items—and usually the percentage is much lower. Paper work never delays a demand more than 48 hours and articles in stock are on their way within a week of being demanded. Those are maximum times for peace-time routine and a five-day working week; in an emergency these times are considerably reduced.

Work study has speeded the work and increased efficiency. By regrouping the people who packed goods in cartons, introducing chutes for delivering stores, putting corrugated cardboard on reels at their sides and gravity runways between one process and the next, work study resulted in each packer being able to do half as much work again, and in saving 1300 square feet of working space (and a square foot of working space costs 25s., plus maintenance and heating).

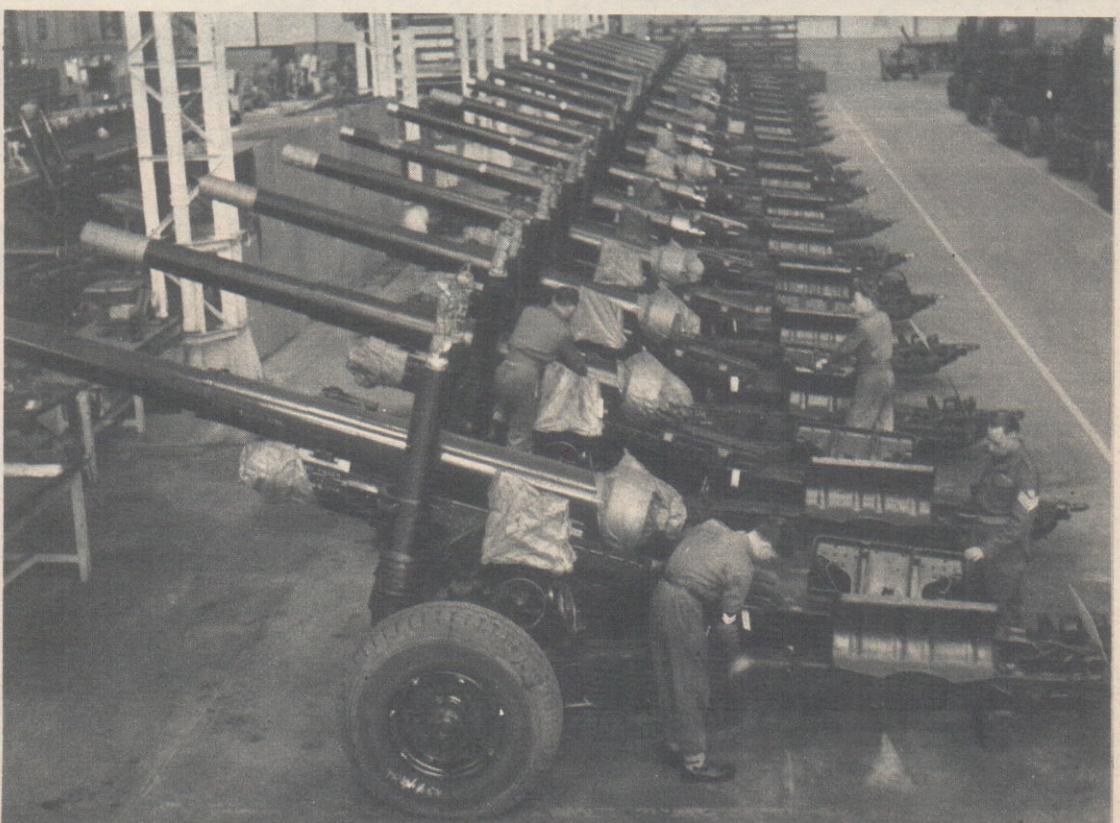
A new way of re-winding cable on to reels, and dusting it with preservative French chalk reduced the number of men on the job from 12 to two and halved the time it took. A winding machine, designed and built in the depot, helped with this one.



Above: In a preserving shed, heavy gun barrels are laid out for treatment. All modifications and repairs are done by men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Right: Victoria Crosses are fashioned from this shapeless, badly-cast piece of metal from a Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol.

Below: In the armaments section, field guns are examined before being cooed in their plastic wax.





This contemporary painting, now in the officers' mess of The Suffolk Regiment, shows Captain Thomas Woodhall, of the 12th, leading the assault on the inner wall at Seringapatam. On that famous day the 12th Foot captured eight colours.

THE 12th TAMED

*This month the Suffolk Regiment
commemorate their famous victory at
Seringapatam 160 years ago when
they led the assault that ended the life
of one of Britain's cruellest enemies*

IGNORING deadly fire from the besieged fortress of Seringapatam, a light company of the 12th Foot (later The Suffolk Regiment) climbed the outer wall on 4 May 1799, fought their way to the inner ramparts and led the way into the fiercely defended town.

Before the sun set, Tippoo the Tiger, the aptly named Sultan of Mysore who had boasted that he would drive the British out of India, was dead and British Colours flew proudly over his palace.

The 12th, nearly 700 strong, formed part of Major-General Harris's Madras Army of 21,000 men who assembled at Vellore at the beginning of 1799 and marched towards Mysore when it became known that Tippoo had asked the French for military aid.

Tippoo, a man of inhuman cruelty who enjoyed watching his

prisoners being put to death by having nails driven into their skulls, got surprisingly little help from the French—they sent him only 100 men from Mauritius. Nevertheless, his army was formidable—about 50,000 strong, well armed with nearly 1000 guns and huge quantities of gunpowder and shot.

The 12th who were in the 1st Brigade, commanded by Major-General David Baird, with the 74th (later the Highland Light

Infantry and now the Royal Highland Fusiliers) and the 94th (The Connaught Rangers), were in action long before the Army arrived at Seringapatam.

Tippoo did not wait to be attacked and from a height near Malleville on 27 March his artillery poured out heavy fire. When the British columns reached the summit of the height a large body of cavalry, formed up in the shape of a wedge and led by two elephants, charged straight at the 12th and 94th.

Not a shot was fired by the British troops as the enemy bore down on them. They held their fire until, at 30 yards, General Harris himself gave the command and a deadly volley thundered into the dense mass of Mysorean cavalry. "Steady 12th, steady old 12th," roared General Harris as men and horses piled up in front of the British line, impeding the advance. Suddenly the elephants, wounded and maddened with pain, turned and made off, and Tippoo's men retreated.

The defeat was complete. Tippoo left 2000 of his men killed and wounded and the British had only 66 casualties.

On 29 March, General Harris crossed the river Cavery and on 5 April encamped two miles from the south-west face of the Sultan's fortress at Seringapatam.

At sunset that evening the 12th, with two battalions of Madras Sepoys, all under Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw of the 12th, attacked an enemy post in a ruined village about a mile from the fort. They had barely cleared the outposts before they were showered by rockets and musketry fire. The 12th did not fire back—they lay down and waited.

Thinking that the British troops had been annihilated, the enemy charged forward, driving the sepoys over the prostrate 12th. "Up 12th and charge" came the order and with bayonets levelled the Regiment caused tremendous havoc among the surprised and panic-stricken foe.

The following day the 12th,

reinforced by the 94th and two battalions of sepoys, took a nullah (watercourse) occupied by thousands of Mysoreans and a small body of French troops. The Mysoreans fought bravely and ferociously but the bayonets of the 12th again took a heavy toll. After 24 hours' hard fighting in which 11 officers and 180 men were killed or wounded the 12th were relieved by the 74th.

The siege of Seringapatam began on 7 April and a few days later the Madras Army was reinforced by 6000 men of the Bombay Army under General Stewart. By 28 April the enemy's last foothold on the western bank was captured and, apart from some cavalry, all the defenders of Seringapatam had been driven into the fortress.

General Harris decided to attack the western face of the fortress and breaching batteries went into action on 1 May. They had only three days to complete their work for the British Army was on the verge of starvation.

By daylight on 4 May, 2500

European and 2000 native troops prepared to attack under Major-General Baird who had an old score to settle as the Sultan's father, Hyder Ali, had kept him prisoner at Seringapatam, chained by the leg to another prisoner for more than three years.

With the 12th in the attack were the 33rd (later The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), the 74th, and flanking companies of the 75th (later The Gordon Highlanders), 77th (later The Middlesex Regiment), 94th and 103rd (Royal Dublin Fusiliers).

General Baird divided his force into two columns which on mounting the breach were to file off to the left and right, the former to attack the north rampart and the latter the south. In less than ten minutes after crossing the Cavery in the face of heavy fire the British Colours were flying on the summit of the breach.

The attack to the north met with severe resistance but a light company of the 12th, led by Captain Thomas Woodhall, found a rough pathway into the ditch between the outer and inner walls and began to scale the second wall. As Woodhall got a hand hold on the summit a scimitar cut the bear-

ward, the right-hand column, led by General Baird, attacked Tippoo's men from the rear.

Tippoo died fighting but his body was not discovered until late that day among the scores of dead in the gateway.

Woodhall's company then set about putting out the flames of houses burning near Tippoo's arsenal. But for them it would have caught fire and destroyed both friend and foe.

In the battle for Seringapatam from 4 April to 4 May the British losses were 22 officers killed and 45 wounded, 181 other ranks killed and 622 wounded.

Of the 11 Colours taken from Tippoo, the 12th captured eight. They were presented to the King at St. James's Palace on 23 January 1800 and six were deposited in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

All those who took part in the storming of Seringapatam were awarded a medal by the East India Company. On one side it showed the storming and on the other the British lion subduing the tiger, the emblem of Tippoo's government.

A proportion of the treasure captured at Seringapatam, estimated at £1,143,216, was distributed to the troops and in 1815 General Harris was raised to the peerage as Baron Harris of Seringapatam and Mysore.

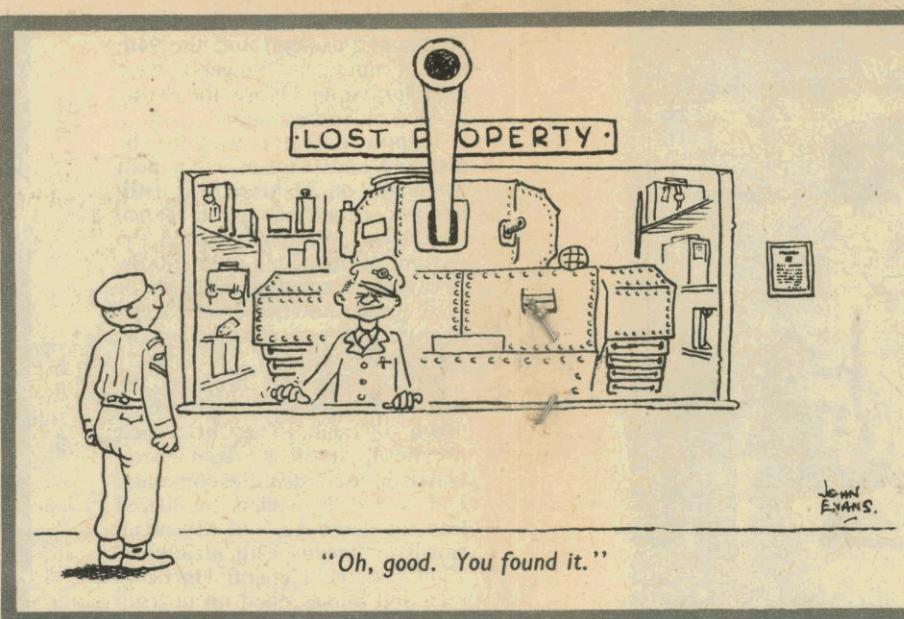
K. J. HANFORD



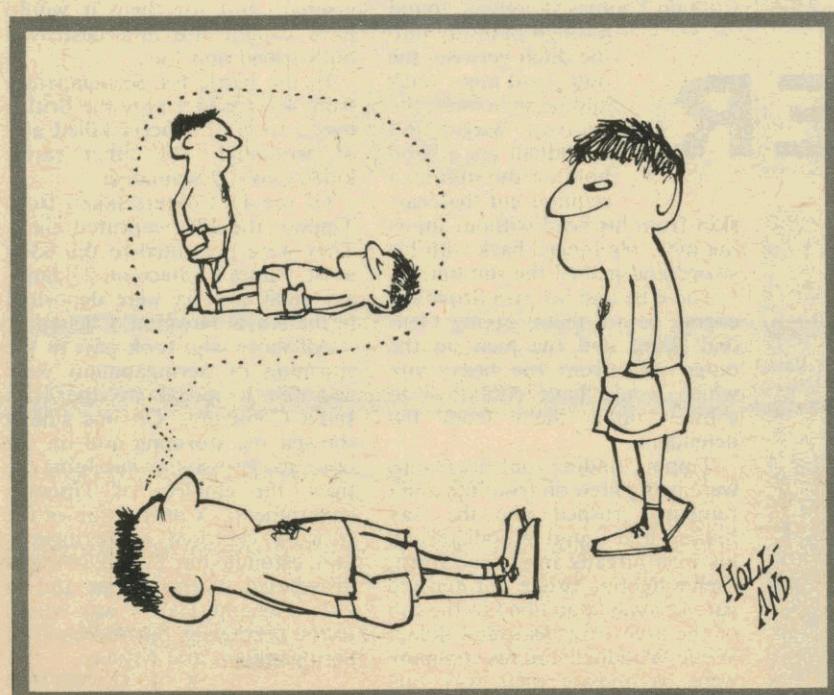
Above: The last moments of the infamous Tippoo who died fighting. His body was found beneath a pile of dead. Below: This medal, depicting the British lion mauling Tippoo's tiger, was given by the East India Company to every man at Seringapatam.



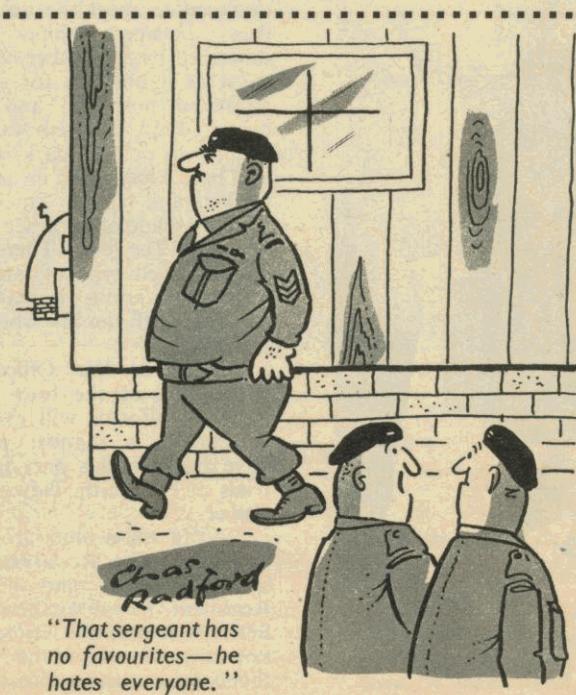
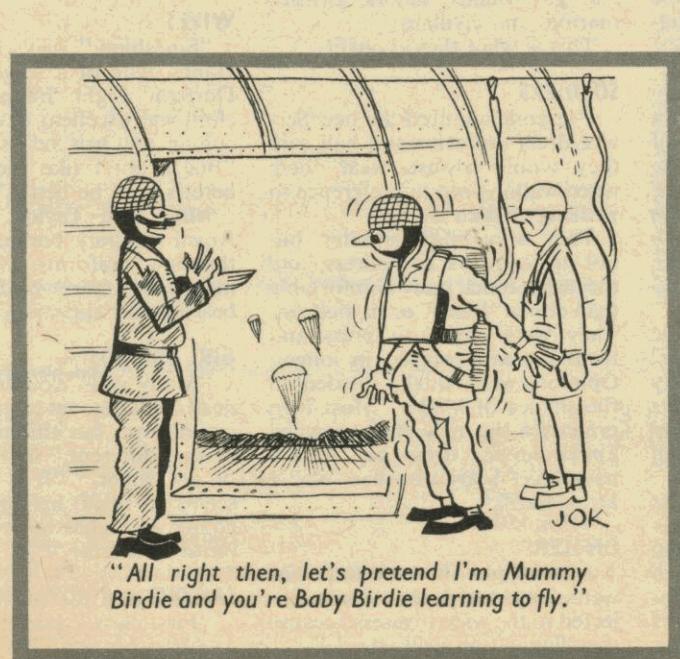
Tippoo, the Tyrant of Mysore, revelled in cruelty—he enjoyed watching his victims being slowly strangled—but the British gave him an honourable burial.



Humour



Courtesy US Army Times





There's something about a soldier, especially in the new walking-out dress. Two pretty Plymouth girls admire the new uniforms. Their verdict: "Very smart, neat and attractive."

WHAT DO THE TROOPS THINK OF THE PROPOSED NEW OFFICER-TYPE WALKING-OUT UNIFORMS? TO FIND OUT, SOLDIER WENT TO PLYMOUTH WHERE SOME OF THE 3000 SOLDIERS WHO ARE TESTING THEM ON TROOP TRIALS GAVE THEIR VERDICT

"THEY'RE FINE," SAY

IF first impressions are anything to go by, the Army's new walking-out uniforms are going to be an outstanding success.

And not only with the men who will wear them. Civilians, too, think they are excellent.

The new uniforms, based on officers' pattern Service dress, are designed to meet the need for a dress between "Blues" (once described by a Member of Parliament as a uniform for a superannuated postman) and battle-dress. Four of them vary only slightly in colour (dark, medium and light khaki) and in the cut of pockets and lapels. Three of the four are made of barathea and the fourth of Terylene. There is also an improved type of battle-dress in barathea and a Highland tunic for wear with the kilt when walking out.

To help the War Office decide which one of the four officers' pattern uniforms will eventually be chosen, a number of units have been taking part in troop trials at Plymouth, Tidworth and Dover.

Two of these units are the 1st Battalion, The Royal Leicestershire Regiment and 42 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, which SOLDIER recently visited to obtain the views of the soldiers themselves, their officers, wives



"Cloth and cut are excellent," says Mrs. A. Hailes, a sergeant's wife. "But a beret would be better."

SOLDIERS

Everyone admired the new Service dress uniforms and half said they would always wear them when walking out in preference to wearing civilian clothes.

This is what they thought:

OFFICERS

Major O. J. Mirylees, of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, commented: "They are very good for morale and many more men have been voluntarily walking out in them since the trials began."

WIVES

"Smashing," said Mrs. Alice Hailes, wife of a sergeant in the Durham Light Infantry. The cloth was excellent in quality and colour, and was very smartly cut. "But I don't like the hats. A beret would be better."

Mrs. Jean Taylor, wife of a Royal Artillery bombardier, said the new uniforms would make men take more pride in their bearing and appearance.

GIRL FRIENDS

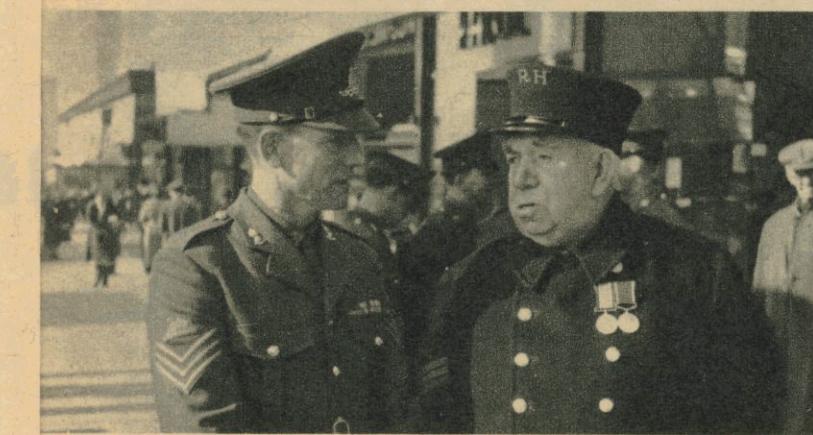
"Many girls wouldn't be seen dead walking out with a soldier in uniform, but this new Service dress is different," said the fiancée of a Gunner. "It is smart and seems to make my boy friend a couple of inches taller and much more handsome."

SAILORS and ROYAL MARINES

"First class," said Petty Officer J. Grimbleton, Royal Navy.



Above: "Absolutely first-class," says Mr. E. Roberts, a World War One soldier, as he examines the new Service dresses on Plymouth's famous Hoe.



"We were pretty smart when I joined up in 1889," says Sergeant C. Kennedy, an 80-year-old Chelsea Pensioner. "But this new dress is the best yet."



Left: "It makes you all look like officers," said the sailor at the bus-stop. He liked the lighter shade of khaki uniform and preferred the khaki Dress cap.

Below: Army mannequins pose against a background of women's fashions for the benefit of Miss M. Spencer, whose boy-friend is a Military Policeman. She prefers the darker uniform and the No. 1 Service Dress hat.



THE TROOPS

"They make all soldiers look like officers."

"Very smart," said Marine P. Leverton. "I prefer the light shade of khaki and the new khaki cap," commented Marine P. Thomas.

AIRMEN

Sergeant J. Hoskin, Royal Air Force, thought the new uniforms were neat and smart, but he preferred the dark shade of khaki. The barathea cloth was not as warm as the thicker RAF tunic.

OLD SOLDIERS

Eighty-year-old Sergeant Charles Kennedy, a Chelsea Pen-

sioner who served for 22 years in the Royal Artillery before retiring in 1920, said, "I wish we had had something like this in my day. It looks very comfortable and neat. I would have been proud to wear it."

"It makes me wish I was back in the Army again," said Mr. D. Cook, a Bristol lorry driver who served with the Royal Engineers in World War One.

CIVILIANS

All the civilians to whom SOLDIER spoke thought the uniform was attractive, but many said it would look even smarter if brown instead of black shoes were worn.

... BUT "SCARLET WOULD BE BETTER"

NOT everyone likes the proposed new walking-out uniforms. One who does not is Mr. John Taylor, editor of "The Tailor and Cutter" and "Man About Town," and an eminent authority on men's clothing styles.

"They are a great improvement on battle-dress," he told SOLDIER, "but they are skimped, except the trousers which should be narrower, and lack colour."

"The shoulder line does not fit well and the jacket could be an inch longer."

"The sleeves seem to be too long and too wide at the cuff and too narrow at the shoulder. Officer-type bellow pockets would be a great improvement, but only if the jacket was lengthened. I would also prefer the jacket to have no belt."

The new uniforms, says Mr. Taylor, lack real elegance probably because they are skimped, and brown shoes would be better than black when the khaki Service Dress cap is worn.

"It is a pity that the only real touch of colour is in the No. 1 head-dress. A scarlet jacket would be much more impressive."

FORESTERS IN THE JUNGLE

THE SEARCH FOR TERRORISTS STILL GOES ON IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLE TEN YEARS AFTER THE EMERGENCY BEGAN. IT IS A HAZARDOUS TASK, AS MEN OF THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS CAN TESTIFY



Above: One man straddles a fallen log and holds the rope fast as his comrades haul themselves across a river.

Two Sherwood Foresters teeter gingerly across a fallen tree. There are easier ways to cross rivers, but in the jungle this is often the only way.

Below: "Sailor," a Sherwood Forester patrol dog, has been responsible for five terrorist "kills." He was inherited from the Royal Lincolnshire Regt.



BRITISH troops in Malaya laugh cynically at newspaper reports that the ten-year-old "Emergency" is over—especially when they are hacking their way through thick jungle in search of bandits or waiting in ambush up to their knees in water for days on end.

It is true that the end is in sight and that of the 10,000 fanatical guerrillas at the height of the fighting only 800 are left.

But they are desperate men, prepared to sell their lives dearly, and must be hunted down—a dangerous hide-and-seek operation that will go on until every terrorist is killed or surrenders.

Certainly, the men of the 1st Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters, have no illusions that the "war" is over. Recently, in the state of Johore, they carried out a three-months drive against a terrorist gang, setting ambushes and probing deep into the jungle. Helicopters were called in to spot terrorist hide-outs and to guide patrols and night after night the Sherwood Foresters kept watch on bandit supply lines and courier routes.

Halfway through the operation, one patrol came across a bandit camp concealed in a glade—but the birds had flown. The patrol pushed on, following tracks into the jungle and two terrorists with a child surrendered.

Other patrols manned ambush positions for ten days on end, tormented by mosquitoes and leeches.

Terrorists are not the only danger in the jungle. On several occasions men of the Sherwood Foresters came face to face with tigers and elephants, and one day a crocodile stalked into the base camp, looked round for a few minutes and then made off. Later, a patrol captured and killed a 15-ft long python which was skinned, cut up and a piece given to each man in the regiment as a souvenir.

Men of the Loyal Regiment have also been active in the Ipoh area, hunting for Sui Ma, Secretary of the Communist Executive for the State of Perak, a bandit with a price of £2,500 on his head.

The Gunners, too, using 25-pounders, 5.5 cm guns and heavy mortars, are playing a vital part in the final stages of the emergency, shelling suspected bandit hide-outs and supply routes, and keeping the terrorists constantly on the move.

Weather data for these men of 2 Field Regiment is supplied by its own team of "Met" men who have been specially trained by the Royal Air Force.

JUNGLE



Above: Gunners, too, are playing a part in rounding up the last of the terrorists. Here, men of 2 Field Regiment loose off a few rounds into a jungle area suspected of harbouring bandits. The regiment is also equipped with mortars.

Below: Sherwood Foresters on patrol set up camp and have a last brew-up before retiring. Often, patrols are away from base for ten days or more.



A MEMBER of Parliament recently complained that because of a preoccupation with nuclear problems, little or nothing has been done to provide the Army with up-to-date conventional weapons.

In SOLDIER's opinion this criticism is very wide of the mark, for never in Britain's peacetime history has the Army kept pace so closely with requirements for modern conventional warfare as in the past few years.

The introduction of new weapons and equipment may not have been as rapid as some would wish, but the list of those that have appeared since the end of World War Two makes impressive reading. Among them have been rocket launchers, the Sterling gun, the BAT anti-tank weapon, and more recently the improved version called MOBAT, a new Bofors gun, the Browning pistol and the FN rifle.

There have been two bigger, better armed and more heavily armoured tanks—the Centurion and Conqueror—and armoured cars—the Saracen, Saladin and Ferret—a large range of motor vehicles, new bridging equipment designed to carry up to 100 tons, improved signal and radar equipment, and a variety of new clothing, including the combat suit.

And what of the future? A new medium tank of revolutionary design will be ready for trials next year. On Salisbury Plain soldiers are now testing a new sustained-fire medium machine-gun which is designed to replace the Vickers and the Bren. By the end of the year the FN rifle will be issued to all soldiers in "teeth" arms and several thousand Bren guns will be converted to fire the same 300 rounds as used for the FN.

The Royal Artillery will also get new field guns (one of which will be air-portable) and trials are now taking place with a new 105 mm howitzer. By the end of this year all armoured car regiments will be equipped with Ferrets and Saladins, and the Royal Corps of Signals will have a new range of wireless sets by 1962.

All units in Rhine Army will be completely equipped with the new three-ton lorries early in 1960, and within the next two years the Army Air Corps will be getting new four- or five-seater fixed-wing aircraft and at least one new helicopter.

In the past, because of a pinching Treasury, the Army has often gone into action with out-of-date weapons. But it is unlikely to happen again.

Today the British Army is one of the best equipped in the world to wage a conventional war.

The rifle is the new American .222 rifle, which weighs only six and a half pounds.

"The Army of today is changing and developing, and to be successful a soldier, whatever his rank, must have an active mind and keen spirit, and the determination to be master of his profession. It is a profession worth mastering."—Her Majesty the Queen, presenting a guidon to the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers at Buckingham Palace recently.

SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

SOUDIER thought that every possible artifice—from cajolery to challenge—had been used to attract recruits into the Army.

But we were wrong, for the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire have thought of a new one: they are inviting likely young men from the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire to spend a day at the Regimental Depot in Beverley and to "try the Army on approval."

During their stay at the Depot the would-be recruits see men of the Regiment at training, sample a midday meal and are shown over the barracks. All their expenses, including their return fare from home, will be paid.

This is a bright idea which other regiments might do well to copy.

ATOMIC AGE SOLDIER



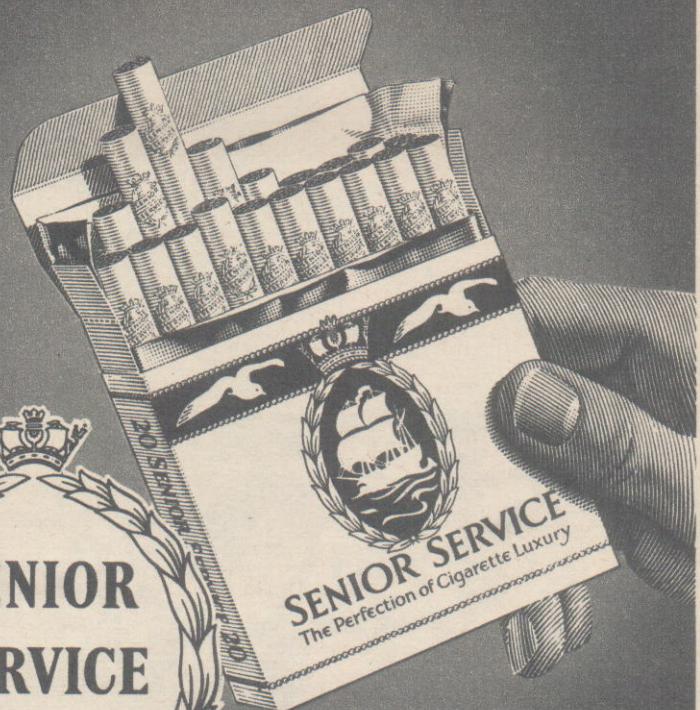
THIS is how the Infantryman will look in any future atomic war, says the United States Army Combat Development Experimental Centre in California.

He will wear (as shown in this photograph) a plastic helmet which contains a radio transmitter and receiver, a respirator which also protects him against nuclear flash, an armoured suit made of 12 layers of spot-welded nylon and a radiation detector slung over his shoulder.

The rifle is the new American .222 rifle, which weighs only six and a half pounds.

The best cigarette

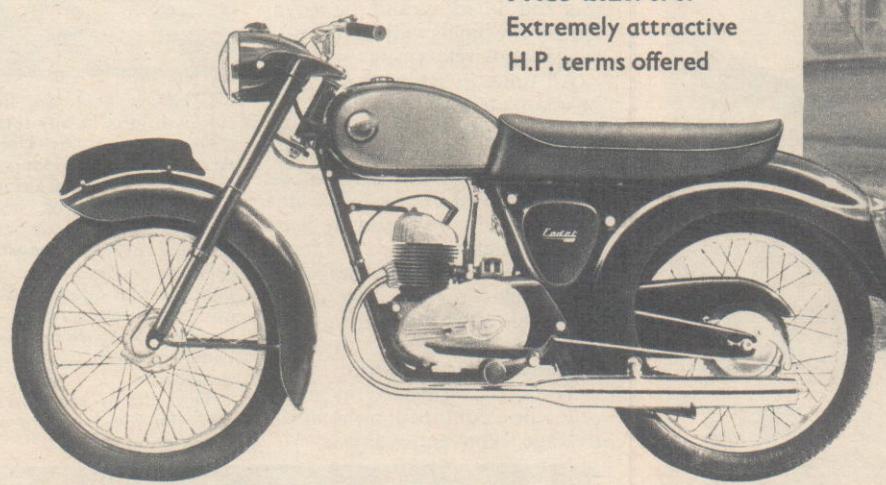
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THE CORPS THAT GAVE MEN HOPE

EIGHT one-armed men—seven old soldiers and a sailor—dressed in black uniforms with black cross-belts, marched into Westminster Abbey to give thanks that at last they had work and no longer needed charity.

The year was 1859, and the eight men, most of them Crimea veterans, were the first members of the Corps of Commissionaires. Today, in its centenary year, the Corps is over 4600 strong, with branches all over Britain.

More than 36,000 men have served in the Corps since it was formed by Captain Edward Walter, of the 8th Hussars, as a protest against the plight of ex-Servicemen in the days when they were treated as outcasts.

Captain Walter believed that if these old soldiers were made soldiers again—given a uniform, a commanding officer and a unit with a reputation to maintain—they would regain their self-respect and become trusted citizens. To prove it, he resigned his commission and recruited wounded men, guaranteeing them jobs in London. They were menial tasks, like delivering messages and parcels and holding horses' heads. But it was a start.

Today, the Commissionaires do a wide variety of jobs—as inquiry and reception clerks, store and gatekeepers, staff supervisors, messengers, timekeepers, bank guards, hall porters and watchmen.

At the beginning, Captain Walter, with the help of his family, financed the Corps which he was to command for 45 years,

and rented an office off the Strand which is still part of the Corps' headquarters. Gradually the Corps grew (by 1865 it was 300 strong) and Captain Walter started an Officers Endowment fund to pay the salaries of the officers. Many former Army officers subscribed to the fund to which present-day employers of the Commissionaires still contribute.

In 1873 a Corps barracks was opened in Maiden Lane, London, for unmarried Commissionaires. In World War Two it was bombed and subsequently sold. Thanks to some astute management by Captain Walter, the Corps also owns the present headquarters at Exchange Court, New Zealand House, and the ground on which a number of shops in the Strand are built.

All pensioners and reservists (but not officers) of the fighting Services may join the Corps on discharge, but they must be in good health and of exemplary character. They must also deposit £10 in the Corps savings bank, to which members may contribute as they wish. They also pay five shillings a month towards the Corps expenses and £1 a month for clothing. Full uniform is



Commissionaire J. Drake, who was with Eighth Army at Alamein, on duty at the entrance to the Corps headquarters. Note the Corps badge above the door.

issued on joining. Greatcoats, cross-belts and caps are renewed every six years.

The Corps is run on regimental lines and wages are arranged between the individual Commissionaire and his employer.

The Corps had a proud record in both world wars. In the first, 2300 members rejoined the Colours, 140 were commissioned and 192 killed in action. In World War Two, 1500 members rejoined the Forces, 100 became officers and 110 were killed. The names

of the 302 men who lost their lives are recorded on the oak-panelled wall of the memorial room at the headquarters.

To celebrate the centenary of the Corps, a contingent of Commissionaires from London and many provincial towns will be inspected by the Queen on 13 May. They will be led by the Commandant, Captain Norman Walter DSO, Royal Navy, a great nephew of the founder and the fourth Walter to command the Corps.



A contemporary sketch of two original members of the Corps of Commissionaires. In the early years only wounded men were allowed to join.

Courtesy: Illustrated London News



Sergeant A. Potter, a Commissionaire for 30 years, reads the names of members who died in World War One. Sgt. Potter served with the Royal Norfolks.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

WOULD you like to win four recently published books, worth together more than £3? All you have to do is to answer the ten questions set out below and send your entry to reach SOLDIER's editorial offices by Monday, 25 May.

The winner will be the sender of the first correct solution opened by the editor. He or she may choose any FOUR of the following books: "Not in the Limelight" (autobiography) by Sir Ronald Wingate; "Reflected Glory" (autobiography) by Peter Noble; "The Lieutenant" (novel about a Royal Engineer officer) by Bernard Glemser; "Tame the Wild Stallion" (a wild Western) by J. R. Williams; "Puppets and Plays" by Marjorie Batchelder and Virginia Lee Comer; "The Vichy Regime, 1940-44" by Robert Aron; "No Love for Johnnie" a novel by Wilfred Fienburgh; "Quick and Easy Dressmaking" by Diana Crutchley; "Macall Gets Curious" (a whodunit) by Gerard Fairlie; "The Boys' Book of Magic" and a bound volume of SOLDIER, 1957-8.

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "WIN FOUR BOOKS—12" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Competitors may submit more than one entry but *each* must be accompanied by the "WIN FOUR BOOKS—12" panel.
4. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

1. These place names have been in the news recently: Blantyre; Kiev; Baghdad; Famagusta; Alice Springs. In which countries are they?

2. What is the name of the recently amalgamated East Lancashire Regiment and the South Lancashire Regiment?

3. Two brothers called D'Arcy play for one of the leading amateur soccer clubs. Which club?

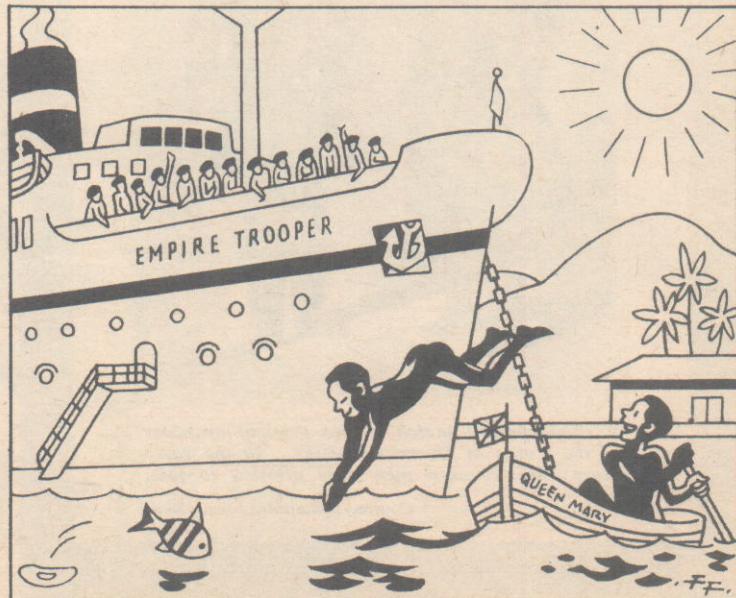
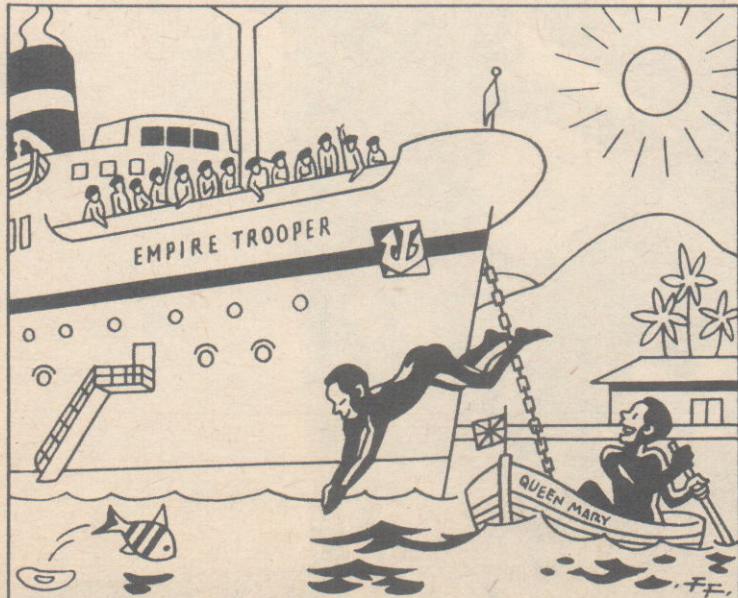
4. Which is the intruder here: Passchendaele, Ypres, Cassino, Somme, Mons?

5. This former Army boxing champion recently won a British title. Who is he?

6. Which of these words is mis-spelled: (a) irresistible; (b) inclement; (c) incognito; (d) pavillion?



HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



★ No correct solution was received for the March "What Do You Know?" Quiz.

The books listed as prizes for that month will therefore be held over until June when the winner will be able to choose SIX books as his prize.

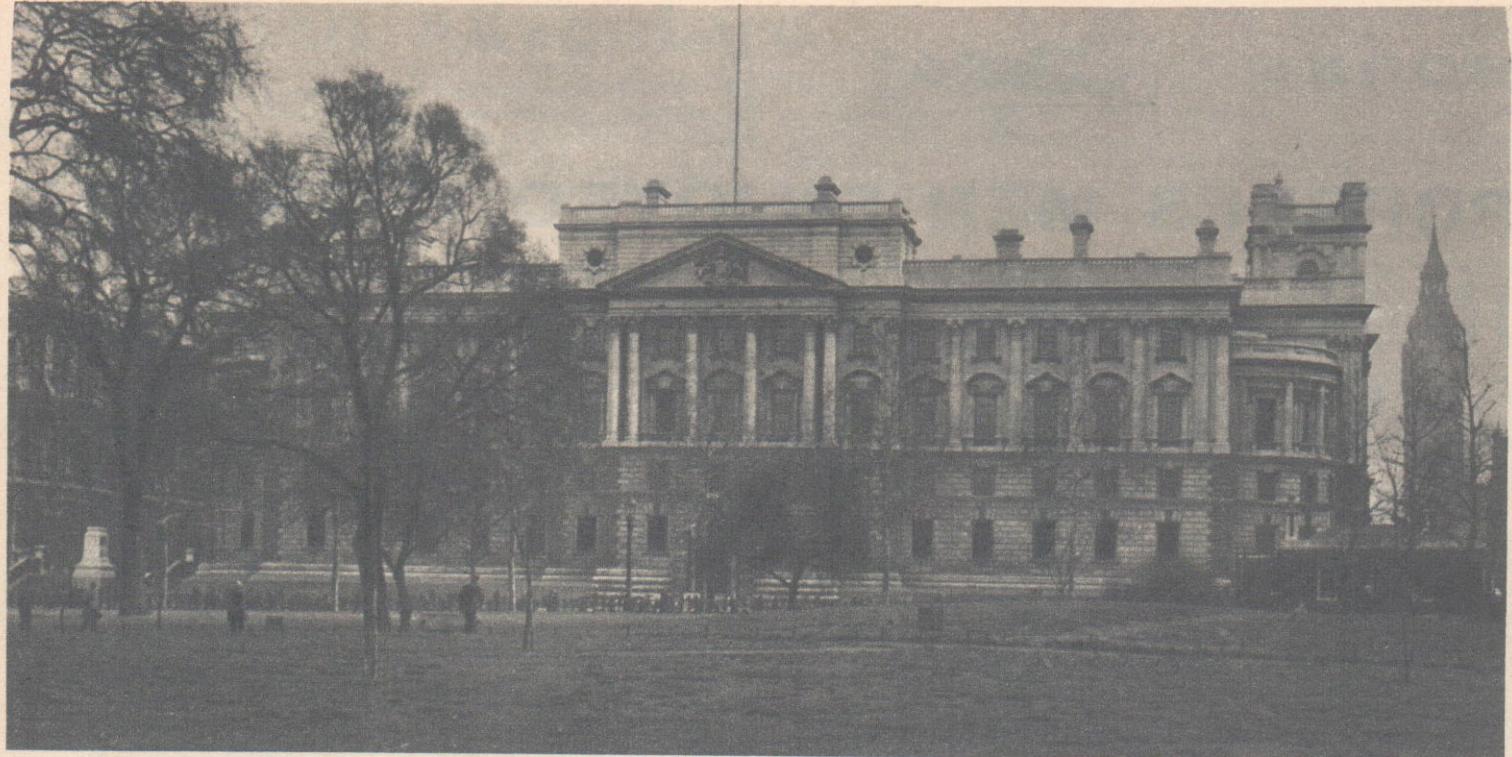
The correct solution to the March competition was:

1. Men like kissing women. 2. (c). 3. Worcester City beat Liverpool, 2—1. 4. Trevor Bailey and Peter Richardson; 30 runs. 5. A lobster pot. 6. 1916. 7. (a) Royal Ulster Rifles; (b) Seaforth Highlanders; (c) King's Shropshire Light Infantry; (d) Sherwood Foresters; (e) The Welch Regiment. 8. W. W. Ellis (rugby); Pasternak (literature); von Braun (rocketry); Fleming (penicillin); Subba Row (cricket); Sir W. Rootes (motor-cars). 9. (a) ice hockey; (b) exhale; (c) cone; (d) Harold. 10. Intruder is acre. The rest are measurements of length.

7. A hoosegow is (a) a horsedrawn carriage; (b) a chalet type of bungalow popular in Italy; (c) a slang American term for a jail; (d) an oriental fruit; (e) a Scottish reel. Which?
8. Complete these proverbs: (a) Ignorance is ____; (b) All's ____ that ____ well; (c) All ____ and no ____ makes ____ a ____ boy; (d) One ____ doesn't make a summer.
9. How many days are there from the tomorrow of the day before yesterday to the yesterday of the day after tomorrow?
10. The answers to the following clues consist of two words which must rhyme with each other (i.e. a "fine set of musicians" would be a "grand band"). Now carry on: (a) an enclosure for chickens; (b) a first-class variety of apple; (c) a not very severe shock; (d) an excellent backbone.

The answers and the name of the winner will appear in SOLDIER, July.

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

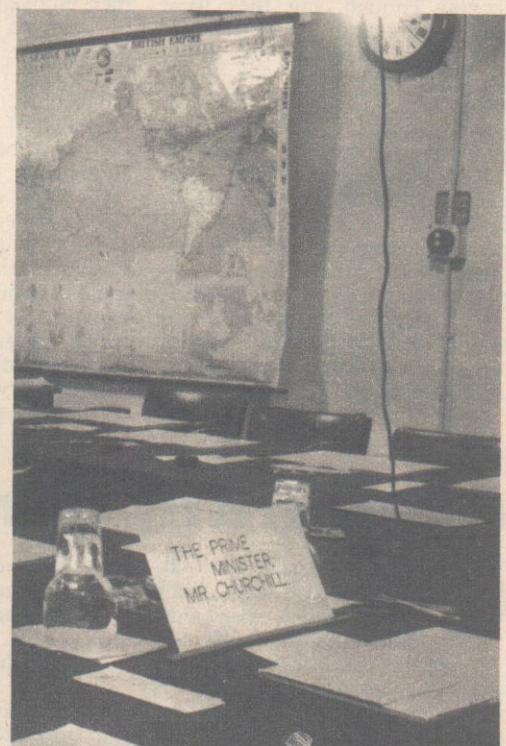


The Hole in the Ground was built beneath this building (now the Ministry of Defence) in Whitehall. Right: Sir Winston Churchill sat at this table to conduct the war. The maps on the wall are still there.

The Hole In The Ground

Below: General Hollis, who chose the wartime headquarters, studying maps in the War Room.

The weather outside was indicated on this board—but “Windy” meant an air raid was on.



ONE evening in May, 1940, when a German invasion was expected hourly, the new Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill walked into a room 150 feet below ground in Whitehall.

“This is the room from which I shall direct the war,” he said. “And if the invasion takes place, that’s where I’ll sit, in that chair. And I’ll sit there until either the Germans are driven back or they carry me out dead.”

This room was Britain’s nerve centre in World War Two, one of 150 rooms in The Hole in the Ground, the secret headquarters below the level of the Thames, from where the War Cabinet and the Chiefs of Staff planned their strategy.

The story of The Hole in the Ground, which was one of Britain’s best kept secrets, is now told in “War At The Top” (Michael Joseph, 21s.) by James Leasor, based on the experiences of General Sir Leslie Hollis, the

wartime Military Secretary to the War Cabinet.

The Hole was largely the creation of General Hollis when, as a major in 1937, he was given the task of finding a suitable wartime headquarters. He chose the large basement beneath the Office of Works—now the site of the Ministry of Defence—at Storey’s Gate overlooking St. James’s Park. The basement was deepened and enlarged and eventually grew until it covered six acres underneath Whitehall.

It was bomb proof and the doors of the rooms were raised on

ledges, like those in a battleship, to allow time for pumps to be brought into action in case of flooding.

The hundreds of men and women who worked in The Hole lived a spartan existence, often working 18 hours a day and only rarely emerging into the open air above. The Hole was sparsely furnished. The bedrooms were like cells and the offices had no plaster on the walls. The dormitories where the secretaries and clerks slept were overrun by gigantic sewer rats—but the air (forced through pipes by a pump near Trafalgar Square) was always fresh and the temperature was constant.

Security was more strict than at any other headquarters in the world. At the main entrance

above ground Home Guards were on duty and inside armed Royal Marines peered through a slit in the wall, covering the entrance hall with their Tommy guns. Behind them Grenadier Guardsmen, similarly armed, patrolled a landing on which was the door leading to the underground headquarters.

Today, 14 years after the end of the war, The Hole in the Ground echoes only to the footsteps of a watchman. The rooms remain as they were on the day the war ended. On the table by Sir Winston Churchill’s blotting pad are some of his famous “Action This Day” slips and on the war maps coloured pins still record the situation on 17 August, 1945, the last day the subterranean headquarters was used.



POPSKI'S MEN ENJOYED THEIR WAR

Wruuuumph.....wheeeeeeee.....drrrrrtttt.....brrrrt..... The noise-effects are not from some boys' adventure magazine. They enliven, and frequently, the pages of "Warriors on Wheels" (Hutchinson, 16s), by Park Yunnie.

The similarity to a boys' adventure story does not end there. This account of the high spots of his war by the second-in-command of Popski's Private Army could fairly be described as packed with action and adventure, and it is gay.

The author unashamedly enjoyed his war, and so did the men around him. They wasted no time dreaming of home. Their lives were centred on their jeeps and guns. Their thoughts, with intervals for food and feminine company, were on the mischief they might invent to discomfort the enemy. Their lives were full.

Their part of the desert war was exciting enough, but they were late starters and the desert was their apprenticeship for Italy. Daring, intuition and sheer luck, combined with great skill in handling their vehicles and weapons, were their stock-in-trade.

Reconnaissance was their main role, and they carried it out with dash. One day Popski discovered a water company's private line which was still connected to pumping stations in enemy territory. By simply telephoning round, he soon had an accurate picture of German dispositions on the Italian front.

Most of the reconnaissance was

done behind the German lines. Having discovered that a German supply officer was pleased to do a little black market trading, Popski rang him up, posed as an Italian quartermaster, negotiated the sale of some non-existent brandy and arranged for a jeep to be passed through a German control post to deliver it. When he arrived, the German was quietly coshed and Popski made off with the complete ration returns for the German troops opposite Taranto.

There was nothing Popski's men enjoyed more than handing the enemy a good beating up. The author gives an ecstatic account of the time the jeeps of his patrol climbed over the edge of a plateau into sight of a large party of naked Germans bathing in a lake or sunbathing on its shores. The only regret of the PPA men was that laughter upset their aim.

They laid some bloody ambushes, with mines disguised as mule-droppings to seal the enemy convoys on stretches of road on which the guns of the jeeps were ready aimed.

Not every operation went according to plan, however. One

morning the author's patrol found itself hemmed in on a steep slope, in full sight of German mortarmen. Their only escape was over the top, but the grass was wet and higher up the jeep tyres would not grip. The patrol had the uncomfortable experience of zig-zagging over the slippery hillside, dodging mortar-bombs, until a wintry sun dried the grass enough for them to get away to safety.

The same patrol had another nasty moment when mortar-bombs began to fall around them as they were driving their jeeps across a stream without fan-belts. Taking off the fan-belts enabled the vehicles to ford more deeply because it stopped the fans spraying the engines with water.

It did not seem such a good idea, however, when there was a prospect of having to drive like

mad for safety on the other bank. But they made it.

They were versatile, these military buccaneers. Since their jeeps would not swim the Mediterranean, they practised carrying them in gliders. In the event, they made the journey by sea. When the floods of Northern Italy brought the jeeps to a halt, they went into action in DUKWs. Once they surprised an enemy outpost by having their jeeps towed through flood-water by oxen in the dark. When all else failed to dislodge the Germans from another flood-surrounded outpost, Popski and the author enlisted the aid of RAF Austers and flew over the place, dropping PIAT bombs and hand-grenades, and ending up, for good measure, by firing revolvers, like the aviators of World War One.

Lieut-Col. Vladimir Peniakoff, better known as Popski, the man who led his private Army in desperate ventures against the enemy in North Africa and Europe.



Armchair Strategist

COULD we have won the war a year earlier by going into Sardinia instead of Sicily? This and many other fascinating questions are propounded in "Stranger Than Fiction," by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson, 25s).

A highly imaginative best-selling world war as a young artillery officer, Mr. Wheatley found himself at the outbreak of World War Two without an official appointment, but desperately anxious to make himself useful.

A chance conversation early in 1940 set in motion a chain of

Dennis Wheatley. He thought up ideas for the war leaders.



events that ultimately brought him an extraordinary assignment—as a writer on projects of grand strategy for a small but highly exclusive circle of readers including King George VI and his Chiefs of Staff.

Such was the impact of his papers that in 1941 Mr. Wheatley achieved the unique distinction of being the only civilian directly commissioned (as a wing commander) to become a member of the Joint Planning Staff.

Shortly after the evacuation at Dunkirk, when a German invasion seemed imminent, it was suggested to Mr. Wheatley that he should write a paper on the subject, imagining himself to be an officer of the German General Staff, charged by Hitler to produce a practical plan for the invasion and conquest of Britain.

In this paper it is remarkable how unerringly Wing-commander Wheatley put his finger on the

only feasible military possibility—a landing on the south-east corner of England, which later proved to be the place chosen by the Germans in their own plan. If his ideas on the airborne side of the operation were somewhat wide of the mark, as Air Marshal Sir Lawrence Darvell says in his foreword, it was only because the Luftwaffe had not sufficient air transport at that time to launch such an enterprise.

Few will agree with Mr. Wheatley's belittling of Gibraltar, and fewer still will approve the suggestion put forward in one paper proposing a bargain with Franco—Gibraltar in exchange for Tangier. On the other hand, the author makes a most convincing case for what was obviously his pet project: the invasion of Sardinia in preference to Sicily.

According to Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, it was only his personal insistence over his colleagues and the Joint Planning Staff that ultimately led to Sicily being chosen. Mr. Wheatley produces a formidable array of facts and figures in support of his

belief that the long slog up the leg of Italy need never have taken place. From Sardinia a relatively quick entry into Austria, Southern Germany and Hungary might have been possible, and the war shortened by even as much as a year.

"Stranger Than Fiction" contains none of Mr. Wheatley's later work as a member of the deception team of the future operations planning section—the group responsible for such fantastic and eminently successful ruses as "Monty's Double" and "The Man Who Never Was," and also for the cover plan for the Allied landings in North Africa, Sicily and Normandy.

That is still another story, and one that the Official Secrets Act may well prevent from ever being told.

Ingenious, unorthodox, but in the main highly practical, Mr. Wheatley proves that the many-sided field of grand strategy is no longer the exclusive preserve of the expert, but can be well served by a fresh and fertile imagination untrammelled by the complexities of a staff college background.

Albanian Adventure

IF German spies were nosing around in the winter of 1939-40 trying to discover where Military Intelligence was training agents, the last place they would have looked would probably have been 110 (Horsed Cavalry) Officer Cadet Training Unit at Weedon.

Yet in Weedon, members of the Troop solemnly fell off their horses in the riding-school, listened to the traditional jokes the instructors made at their expense, heard lectures on Cavalry tactics and a 1913 model light machine-gun.

Unlikely as it may seem, all this was not entirely wasted. In "No Colours or Crest" (Cassell, 25s), Major Peter Kemp, who was one of those Weedon cadets, tells of frequent journeys on horse- or mule-back as he later operated among the mountains of Albania.

Weedon's instruction in riding and horse-mastership must have come in handy at that stage.

The author was already a seasoned campaigner when he went to Weedon. As he has told in an earlier book, he fought in the Spanish Civil War. Unlike most Britons who have written about their experiences in that war, he fought on the winning side.

After Weedon, he suffered a period of frustration, during which he was constantly preparing for or setting off on operations which never materialised. He did, however, as a member of the Small-Scale Raiding Force, have a couple of fruitful nights out singeing Hitler's moustache, first in the Channel Islands and then on the French coast.

In mid-1943, the author parachuted into Albania, as a member of the British military mission to the resistance forces. The trouble with the resistance in Albania was that, like the resistance in other Balkan countries, it was split by politics. The Communist partisans had little intention of fighting the Germans; they were much more concerned with gathering British arms and money and organising their strength to fight the non-Communists when the German occupation ended. The non-Communists, though they resented the German occupation, had their own good reasons—only one of which was the Communists—for not giving too much trouble.

The job of the military mission was not an easy one, and by the time the author left Albania it was doubtful whether he went in more danger from the Germans or the Communists.

His narrow escapes were many. One Partisan reported his death in action, and Special Operations Executive headquarters in Cairo duly signalled the news to his mission. Major Kemp had the pleasure of answering the signal himself: "Still alive please refrain from wishful thinking."

One of the difficulties of the members of the mission was that when they reached populous areas they could not contrive to look or even walk like Albanians. One officer nearly betrayed himself by pulling out a handkerchief to

what was known as the MI Troop

blow his nose—a thing no Albanian peasant would have done.

The author spent six months in Albania. His next job was a mission to Poland, where the Russians, aware that the bulk of the Resistance fighters were anti-Communist, had halted their advance to give the Germans time to wipe out the heroic uprising in Warsaw. For this mission, the author and his companions were

issued with cyanide tablets, for use in circumstances in which suicide would be preferable to capture.

The tablets, however, became mixed up with aspirins, so they threw the lot away!

The author has nothing but praise for the anti-Communist Home Army. The detachment detailed to guard the British mission did so efficiently and self-sacrificingly, holding off a much superior force of Germans so that the Britons could escape.

When the Russians overran Poland, the mission reported to the nearest Red Army unit and

went into captivity. For a month they were kept prisoner by their country's allies. It turned out that the future of Poland was under discussion at the time: the Russians did not want negotiations complicated by British reports.

Release from Russian prisons brings the book to a close, but not the author's adventures. He went parachuting again, in Siam, to help more guerrillas, and after the end of the Japanese war saw service in Indo-China and Indonesia. Another book is promised on his Far East days. Then, during the Hungarian rebellion of 1956 he went to Budapest as a war correspondent and saw the Russians attack the city.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHEN, in August 1862, Colonel Adelbert Ames, late of West Point, went to Portland, Maine, to take command of a newly-formed volunteer Infantry regiment, he was horrified at what he found awaiting him.

Instead of saluting, a man would invariably say, "How d'ye do, Colonel?" At guard mounting the Officer of the Day wore a brown cutaway, striped trousers and a silk hat, and carried a ramrod in lieu of a sword.

Yet within 12 months the 20th Regiment Infantry, Maine Volunteers, though out-numbered two

to one, saved the left flank of the Union line at Gettysburg, and quite possibly, too, the Union itself.

"The Twentieth Maine," by John J. Pullen (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s), tells the enthralling story of this famous regiment from the time of its formation until the Confederate surrender at Appomattox, when it was one of those appointed to receive the surrender of General Lee's infantry.

WAR brings out the best and the worst in men. That is the theme of an unusual novel called "Execution" (Macmillan, 15s),

by Colin McDougall, who won the DSO as an officer in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

The action is set in Sicily and the story poses the human problems involved in the execution of two Italian deserters taken over by the Canadians, problems which affect in very different ways the regimental chaplain, who goes mad, the egotistic but efficient brigadier, the dedicated company commander and the petty criminal who finds his submerged better self at the cost of losing his only friend.

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MINDEN (Salvation Army)

MOENCHEN-GLADBACH—

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TOBRUK (Salvation Army)

TRIPOLI (Y.M.C.A.)

MIDDLE EAST

ADEN (M.M.G.)

CYPRUS

AKROTIRI (Y.W.C.A.)

BERENGARIA (Y.W.C.A.)

DHEKELIA (G. of E. Club)

EPISKOPI (Y.M.C.A.)

FAMAGUSTA (M.M.G.)

KYRENIA (Church of Scotland)

NICOSIA (Y.W.C.A.)

NICOSIA (Ribbert Houses)

POLEMEDHIA (M.M.G.)

FAR EAST

HONG KONG (European Y.M.C.A.)

SINGAPORE (Union Jack Club)

SEK KONG (Church of Scotland and other main centres)

The General Was A Lady

FIERY little Doctor James Barry was a familiar figure in Army stations in South Africa, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, St. Helena, Canada and in London.

Wearing a cocked hat, three-inch false soles and much-padded shoulders to enhance a slight, girlish figure, the doctor paraded the streets in Army uniform, followed by a black servant and a little black dog.

For 46 years the doctor served as an Army surgeon, ending a distinguished, if turbulent, career as Inspector-General of Hospitals, with the equivalent rank of Major-General. Only on Barry's death in 1865 did the secret leak out: the General was a woman.

In a carefully documented little book, "The Strange Story of Dr. James Barry" (Longmans, 13s 6d), Isobel Rae traces the doctor's life.

Dr. Barry's origins are still wrapped in mystery, but certainly she was posing as a boy when she went to study medicine at Edinburgh University. She made hidden history by being the first woman in Britain to graduate as a Doctor of Medicine.

She was a brilliant surgeon, and many a soldier owed her his life and health. She was much concerned with the comforts which lead to health and official records are sprinkled with her demands for better food, accommodation and sanitation for the troops. Unfortunately, the little doctor was not a tactful person and had

a way of annoying senior officers. Once this tendency brought her to a court-martial, by which she was acquitted. Her feminine temperament could not always be stifled, and a bitchy remark about the Governor of Cape Colony led her to fight a duel with pistols. Nobody was hurt.

There were not wanting people who suspected the doctor's secret. Her lack of whiskers in a hairy age, her voice, shrill in later years, and her figure were all indications, but one Army surgeon who knew her well thought she was a hermaphrodite. Doctor Barry took great pains to hide her sex, and one young officer who shared a shipboard cabin with her recalled that he was turned out whenever the doctor was dressing or undressing. Once when she was ill, a subordinate went, against her orders, to visit her with a friend and discovered her secret as she slept. Dr. Barry swore them both to secrecy, and they kept quiet until after her death.

A doctor who treated her for an illness in Canada used to tell his students later that he was in awe

of Dr. Barry's rank and medical attainments and so did not examine her. "Because I did not, and because his—confound it, her—bedroom was always in darkness when I paid my calls, this, ah, crucial point escaped me. Which shows you should never let yourself be too impressed by any colleague to treat him just like any other patient."

The crucial point, however, did not escape the London charwoman who was called to prepare Dr. Barry's body for burial—against the doctor's expressed wish. The charwoman not only knew a woman's body when she



"How on earth do you expect to put out fires with dirty water?"

saw one but (being a mother of nine herself) detected that the doctor had at some time borne a child. What happened to that child has never been discovered.

Waiting for Ivan

IT is the calm before the storm. In the shimmering July heat six despatch runners of a German Infantry battalion await the great attack in White Russia, in 1944.

Old and young, pious and cynical, politically fanatic and bovine indifferent, they have fought in many theatres of war. How they face up to their ultimate crises as fate overtakes them is told in "Soldiers And No General," by Hans Dormann (Angus & Robertson, 12s 6d).

The story depicts a small part of the great encirclement battle at Bobruisk where, despite desperate attempts to break out of the Red Army's iron ring, the German front collapsed along the River Beresina.

The author does not dwell unduly on the hardships and horrors of the campaign, but his characterisation is strong, his dialogue has the ring of authenticity, and his descriptive passages convey a vivid and convincing picture of soldiering on the Russian front. So they should, for Hans Dormann served for three years on the Russian front before being taken prisoner. He survived five years of brutal privation in Siberian slave camps and returned to Western Germany in 1949.

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The Winner Led All The Way

PRIVATE M. CORCORAN, of the Depot, The Cheshire Regiment, chalked up another athletic success when he won the Army Cross-Country championships and led his team to victory at Crookham recently.

Private Corcoran, who is the Army 3000-metres steeplechase champion and the Cheshire County and East Lancashire senior title-holder, took the lead early in the race. He led all the way and finished the six-mile course 100 yards ahead of Private A. Taylor, of the 6th Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, in 31 minutes 31 seconds.

Seven of the Cheshire Regiment's team of ten finished in the first 50 runners to take the team title, beating last year's winners, the Royal Army Pay Corps Training Centre, by four points. Third were the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (they won the championship eight times between the world wars).

In the first mile Private Corcoran and his team-mate Private R. W. Barlow went to the front, closely followed by Private Taylor who then moved into second place only to be overtaken by Lance-Corporal R. G. E. Shergold, of 1 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Taylor and Shergold fought desperately to overtake Corcoran but the latter held on and at the half-way stage began to draw away.

Into the running now came the Rhine Army champion, Fusilier G. E. Ogle, of the Royal Nor-



They're off! The 214 competitors jostle for position as they set off on the gruelling six-mile race. The Cheshire Regiment won the team event.

thumberland Fusiliers, Officer Cadet J. P. Snowdon, of Mons Officer Cadet School (who were running as individuals) and Private B. Birkinshaw, of the Royal Army Pay Corps team. But they could make little impression on the leader.

On the home stretch Lance-Corporal E. Young, Royal Signals (another individual runner) forced his way into third place between Taylor and Shergold but could not hold on and was narrowly beaten into fourth place.

The first six team places were: Depot, The Cheshire Regiment, 181 points; Royal Army Pay Corps Training Depot, 185; Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 222; 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 258; Royal Dragoons, 278; and 17th Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, 480.

The winner strides home 100 yards in front of the field. Private M. Corcoran, of the Cheshire Regiment, ran the six-mile course in 31 minutes 31 seconds.



First home of the 216 starters in the Army Boys' championship over three miles was J/Private R. Kings, of the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, with Apprentice Lance-Corporal J. Strugnell, Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, in second place and Apprentice K. Goddard, of the Royal Army Medical Corps Apprentices School, third.

The Infantry Junior Leaders

Battalion also won the major units team event with 76 points and the minor units race was again won by the Royal Army Medical Corps Apprentices School.

FOOTNOTE: It would seem that cross-country running is more popular with other ranks than with officers. Of the 214 competitors in this year's championships only nine were officers—two captains, one lieutenant and six second-lieutenants.

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Members of the champion unit team, 58 Medium Regiment, RA, tackle a tricky part of the course during the unit patrol race, which was won by 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, RE.

Good For The Gunners

Left: L/Bdr Diggle at speed at the half-way stage of the novices downhill race.

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THE Gunners excelled again at this year's Army and Rhine Army championships, held at Bad Gastein in Austria and at Winterberg in Germany.

For the fourth successive year Captain James Spencer, of 58 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, won the Army Best All-Rounder title and his unit won both the Army and the Rhine Army team championships.

Another Gunner officer, Lieutenant J. A. G. Moore, of 19 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, won the Army and British Cross-Country championship, with Lieutenant J. R. Templer, of 4 Royal Horse Artillery, second and Captain Spencer third. The first three places in the Army Individual Patrol also went to Gunners: Sergeant R. Cunnew, of 45 Field Regiment; Lieutenant J. R. Dent, of 40 Field Regiment, and Captain Spencer third.

In the Rhine Army championships the Royal Artillery "A" team won the Corps championships and a newcomer, Lance-

Bombardier G. Diggle, of 40 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, romped home first in the novices downhill race. He learned to ski only last year.

Lieutenant Moore repeated his Army success by winning the BAOR cross-country race, again beating Lieutenant Templer into second place.

Two notable team successes were recorded by 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, who won the cross-country patrol, and by Headquarters 5 Division, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who, fielding an all-other rank team, won the inter-unit downhill, slalom and Alpine combination race.



The Gunners did not have it all their own way. Here is Lt. Rayner, of the 9th Lancers, who won the Rhine Army individual slalom contest.



Above: Lieutenant D. Allan, one of the Royal Scots forwards, tries to bulldoze his way from a loose maul but is securely held in check by the Signals pack.



The Signals Win Again

Left: Lance-Corporal W. Fiddes gathers the ball for the Signals in a line-out and evades the clutching hands of a Royal Scots forward. Fiddes scored a try.



This is the victorious team which won the Army Rugby Union Challenge Cup for the 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals, for the seventh time since World War Two. Holding the cup aloft is Lieut. J. Taylor, the captain.

SINCE the end of World War Two, the 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals, have made a habit of winning the Army Rugby Union Challenge Cup.

Now they have done it again, for the seventh time, setting up a record which may remain unbeaten for all time. Their nearest rivals are the 1st and 2nd Battalions of The Welch Regiment, who have each won the cup five times.

The Signals did not have an easy win for their opponents, 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, from Berlin, appearing in their first final, played remarkably well to lose narrowly by 12 points to 9. The Signals forwards, who excelled in the scrums and line-outs, paved the way to victory, but they had to fight hard all the way.

The first thrill in an exciting game came a few minutes after the start, when Signaller W. Langton missed a difficult penalty kick.

This was the signal for the Catterick team to dominate play, and in the 20th minute Langton

scored with a brilliant 35-yard penalty kick. Nine minutes later he repeated the effort to score from 45 yards out. But it was not until the 35th minute that the Signals crossed their opponents' line, fly-half Lance-Corporal G. Dalby punting the ball to Lance-Corporal L. Carter, who touched down. Almost immediately afterwards The Royal Scots broke away and Lance-Corporal D. Chisholm kicked a fine penalty goal.

Aided by the wind in the second half, The Royal Scots attacked strongly and Chisholm missed another penalty kick, an error which was rectified when Second-Lieutenant M. Cook made no mistake with a 40-yard kick to make the score 9-6 in favour of the Signals. The Signals rallied, but the Scots defence met the challenge magnificently, especially the full-back, Lance-Corporal M. McDonald, who brought off some superb tackles. But even he could not prevent Lance-Corporal W. Fiddes heaving himself over the line to score another try.

In the final minutes, with The Royal Scots attacking desperately, Second-Lieutenant Cook converted another penalty for the men from Berlin to make the score 12-9.

LETTERS

PENSIONS

With the abandonment of the "Careers to 55" scheme I, like many others, welcome the increased pensions announced recently.

However, the method by which pensions are now assessed (by total service plus final rank), strikes me as unfair and will tend to stifle the initiative of the recruit who strives for quick promotion.

A soldier who has risen to warrant officer, class one, in the shortest possible time finds that he spends most of his remaining service as senior member of his mess, with extra work, social obligations, worry and expense.

I agree that he draws the pay of his rank but income tax, extra quartering charges, boarding school fees and so on are great levellers of final income.

And what about the soldier who carried acting rank for a number of years and now finds himself back at his substantive rank, just at the end of his pensionable service? — "Bewildered ASM."

UNFAIR?

In the major Army sports contests, particularly soccer, rugby and boxing, the finalists generally come from training regiments or from battalions of the Corps.

In any one year, these units have thousands of recruits passing through and so are able to select first-class teams by retaining good sportsmen on

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

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their permanent staffs. It has also been suggested that some of these units deliberately recruit sportsmen to help pack their teams.

Most units never have more than from 350 to 650 men on strength while the training units have at least twice this number.

The solution to the problem is that training units and those over 800-strong should be excluded from Army Cup competitions and have their own competitions.—Captain G. L. Potts, 1 Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Germany.

★ The Army Sports Control Board agree that training units have a numerical advantage but point out that the majority

of units who were asked for their views a short while ago were against a change, although a number were in favour of two competitions. They also state that ordinary units have district cup competitions while the Corps run their own corps competitions.

Of the 30 major Army sports competitions—in soccer, rugby, athletics, boxing, cross-country and hockey—in the past five years the winners on 17 occasions were training units and they were runners-up eight times. Field units of up to lieutenant-colonels commands won 13 times and provided 22 runners-up.

ROGERS' RANGERS

As a member of the Queen's York Rangers I have read with much interest the correspondence on Rogers' Rangers (Letters, January and March). To clarify the confusion that seems to exist I would point out that the Queen's York Rangers (1st American Regiment) carry on from Rogers' Rangers.—Major E. P. Wilson, Queen's York Rangers, Toronto, Ontario.

I shall continue to tie the 60th with Rogers' Rangers, since Rogers was given the commission of major in 1754 to embody provincials into a Regular corps. As such they wore for the first time a recognised uniform—green jacket, glengarry or small hard hat, with the squirrel's tail or boss and the powder flash of crimson on the left shoulder and

the miniature powderhorn and not "bugle," as some historians say.

Other provincial regiments formed after Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela River in 1755 wore, for a time at any rate, deerskin and "homespun." It seems odd then to me that before World War One the 60th wore as full dress the green jacket, small hard hat with boss, black accoutrements and, as collar badges, the powder horn on the red flash.

Rogers was never a captain, but he was captain-commandant of Michilimackinac in 1760. This was a totally different rank in that he was Governor there. Under Rogers' governorship, the garrison was the 60th Royal Americans, which incorporated the Rangers. So, for that period anyway, the Royal Americans and the Rangers were one.

I have traced in my time many historic graves—that of Robert Emmet in Dublin; DuVall the highwayman; Warren Hastings' first wife (in Bengal) and Pocohontas, in the church at Gravesend. I have yet to find, however, in England or anywhere else, the grave of that roistering and remarkable soldier, Robert Rogers of the Rangers.—Lieutenant-Colonel The O'Doneven, Gold Mead, Lymington.

★ In **SOLDIER** (Letters, March) Mr. Ernest J. Martin said Lieutenant-Colonel The O'Doneven was wrong in tracing the ancestry of the 60th Rifles to Rogers' Rangers.

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CHARI MAIGUMERI

HAVING served with the Nigeria Regiment, as it was then known, I was most interested in your article "Nigeria's Fighting Men" (March).

I was surprised, however, to find no mention of Regimental Sergeant-Major Chari Maigumeri, a soldier with an outstanding record of service. He joined the German Colonial Forces in 1913 and during military operations in the Cameroons, in which his officer was killed by a native arrow, he was awarded the Iron Cross. He was captured by British troops at Garua and in 1917 he joined the Nigeria Regiment. He was promoted to sergeant in 1920, to company sergeant-major in 1924 and to regimental sergeant-major in 1929.

Chari Maigumeri served throughout the Abyssinian and East African campaigns in World War Two and was awarded the Military Medal for bravery. Later, when serving in Burma, he was mentioned-in-despatches for his work during a Japanese night attack. For loyal and long service to the crown he was rewarded with the British Empire Medal in 1944.

He represented his battalion at the 1937 Coronation Parade, the



A SOLDIER photograph of RSM Chari Maigumeri who won the Iron Cross in World War One and the Military Medal in 1940.

1946 Victory Parade and again at the Coronation in 1953. He was then 58 years old and that was the last time I heard of him. Does any reader know of the present whereabouts of this fine old warrior, probably the only British soldier ever to be decorated for gallantry by both Britain and Germany?—A. J. Hayes, 18 Laurel Crescent, Ovenden, Halifax.

GIRLS ON THE ISLAND

I was surprised to read in your article "The Army on H-Bomb Island" (March) the statement that there were no English girls there.

In fact, there were two girls there during March — members of the Women's Voluntary Service working with NAAFI. They were my own daughter, Joy, and Miss Doris Backhouse.

There have always been two Women's Voluntary Service girls on Christmas Island since the station was opened and from what I have read their presence is very much appreciated by all ranks. Despite the omission, I still think SOLDIER is a first-rate publication!—Mrs A. O. Sibbald, 54 Eden Way, Beckenham.

SMART SAPPERS

I was pleasantly surprised to read about the "Three Smart Sappers" (March) as the Sappers in question were no doubt members of my party returning to Britain from Christmas Island, emplaning there on 10 December last and staying in San Francisco the following day.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

-AK, -ER or -AR?

With reference to correspondence in your columns (Letters, February) on the subject of the pronunciation of "Perak":

Your contrite answer does you proud, But really cannot be allowed, It's going simply much too far, To call this "silver" State Perak. Nor are you getting any nearer, If you maintain the word is Perak. In fact we're sure it would be fairer, If you pronounced the word as Perak. But notice that the final "k" Is sounded in the oddest way. It is indeed a glottal stop. (We bet that caught you on the hop.) As this is basic to Malay, Our students view it with dismay. And as the glottal stop we lack, The final part best rhymes with rack. P.S. To prove to we really know, We leave our dhoib mark below—

'Che Gu, Malayan School of Language, Singapore.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CHARI MAIGUMERI

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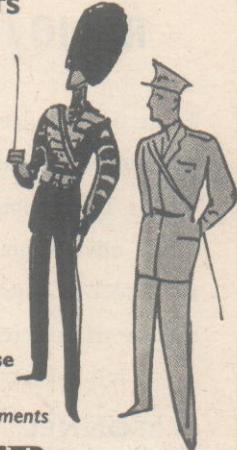
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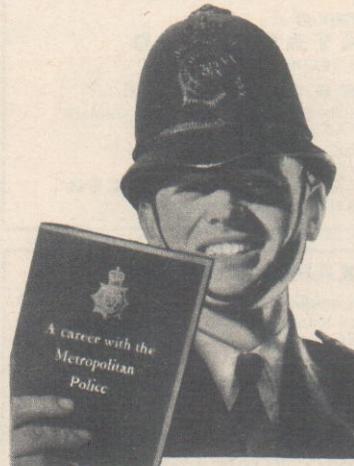


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More Letters

TOO HASTY

I returned to Britain from a three-year tour in the Middle East in March, 1957, and because of a reduction in establishment was posted to fill a vacancy as a staff-sergeant although I was the senior warrant officer, class two, in my corps.

While on leave at that time I heard about the proposed run-down of the Army and understood that those long-service soldiers who volunteered to go would be compensated. I had then completed 24½ years of a 27-year engagement and my written request for discharge was approved. Unfortunately, the job I had meanwhile obtained did not materialise and, faced with the possibility of unemployment, I obtained work as a railway porter.

I received from the Army neither compensation nor the £250 resettlement grant when I was discharged in October, 1957. Is there no way my case can be reviewed?—“Marlborough.”

★ No. This man submitted his application for discharge before Army Council Instruction 385 of 1957 appeared. Had he waited he would have discovered that no redundancy was foreseen for the Corps in which he was serving. By staying to complete his 27-year engagement and taking his discharge in the normal way he would have received the £250 resettlement grant and both pension and terminal grant would have been considerably better, under the new terms recently announced. Most likely he would have received the £998 terminal grant for having been a class two warrant officer for two years during the last five years of his service. By asking for his discharge before it was due he “disqualified” himself for the resettlement grant.

COLLAR BADGE

I wish to “clear the air” concerning the new collar badge (Letters, January) of the 3rd East Anglian Regiment (16th/44th Foot).

The badge consists of the eagle in gold (from 44th Foot), encircled by the silver garter (from 16th Foot). The eagle is exactly as previously worn by 44th Foot except that the number “62” (representing the 62nd French Regiment) which appeared immediately beneath the eagle has been removed.

The eagle was captured by 44th Foot at Salamanca in 1812 when a French officer, in an effort to retain it, broke the eagle from its pole, the top of which, according to custom, would have borne the number “62”. The captured eagle did not therefore bear the number.

These “Terriers” Are 100 Years Old

THIS year many Territorial Army units celebrate their formation a century ago when volunteer forces were formed or re-activated all over England in face of the French threat of invasion.

Among them are four units in the County of London Territorial Association—the London Scottish Regiment, the London Irish Rifles, London Rifle Brigade (Rangers) and the Army Phantom Signal Regiment (Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment).

The London Scottish Regiment will be presented with new Colours by the Queen Mother in July and this month will mount the Guard of Honour at Holyrood Palace during the residence there of the Earl of Wemyss whose grandfather raised the regiment in 1859. In two world wars the Regiment won three Victoria Crosses and 22 DSOs.

The London Irish Rifles was raised in 1859 and Queen Victoria was its first commandant. In World War One the Regiment fought in the heaviest fighting at Ypres, Vimy Ridge and on the Somme and in World War Two gained 40 battle honours.

The London Rifle Brigade (Rangers) was the first regiment to be raised exclusively by the City of London, and one of its privileges today is to supply the guard of honour for the Lord Mayor's banquet.

In 1859 the Army Phantom Signal Regiment was known as the West London Rifle Volunteers and as such took part in the South African War. In 1905 the Royal Borough of Kensington accorded the Regiment the right to wear its arms and in 1913 Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, conferred the honour of her name in the title.

After serving on all fronts in Europe, from Greece to Iceland, in World War Two, the Regiment was reconstituted as a Royal Signals regiment.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 28)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. Ship's flag. 2. Arm of soldier third from left. 3. Shape of gangway door. 4. Top of boat-boy's paddle. 5. Shape of right-hand palm tree. 6. Position of fish. 7. Top of anchor. 8. Tip of wave below gangway. 9. Number of black windows on bridge. 10. Top curve of ship's prow.

Additionally, the number “62” has been omitted from the new badge to lessen the numerical complications which amalgamation has already provided and which sometimes tend to confuse young soldiers.—Major T. R. Stead, Essex Regiment Association, Warley Barracks, Brentwood.

HONOR GUARD

In “News You Might Have Missed” (January) you publish a note which gives the impression that only the 1st Battalion, The Green Howards supplies men from Hong-Kong for the United States 8th Army Honor Guard in Korea.

All major British units in Hong-Kong in turn supply 14 men for a three-months tour of duty. The 49th Field Regiment Royal Artillery carried out this commitment from April-July, 1958, and received a congratulatory letter from the Commander British Forces Hong-Kong.—Captain A. M. Macfarlane, Adjutant, 49th Field Regiment RA, Sek Kong Camp.

★ A similar letter has been received from Sergeant J. Wood, of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers).

EMBASSY GUARDS

I understand that certain people are employed in British Embassies as Embassy guards. As this seems a suitable job for an ex-regular soldier could you tell me where to apply for details? —“SQMS”.

★ Vacancies are notified to the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, 62 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1. A preference is shown for former non-commissioned officers who have the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, are under 50, married but without family commitments. Single men are not eligible.

CAN YOU HELP?

I have every copy of your excellent magazine except Vol. 1 No. 5, dated 27 April, 1946. Can someone help me fill the gap?—J. Wheaton, 114 Dulverton Road, Ruislip Manor, Middx.



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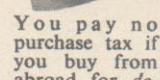
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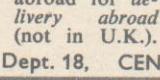
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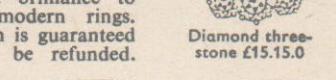
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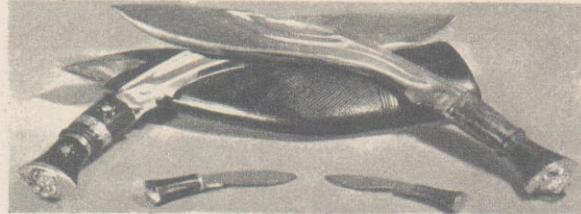
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