

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1955

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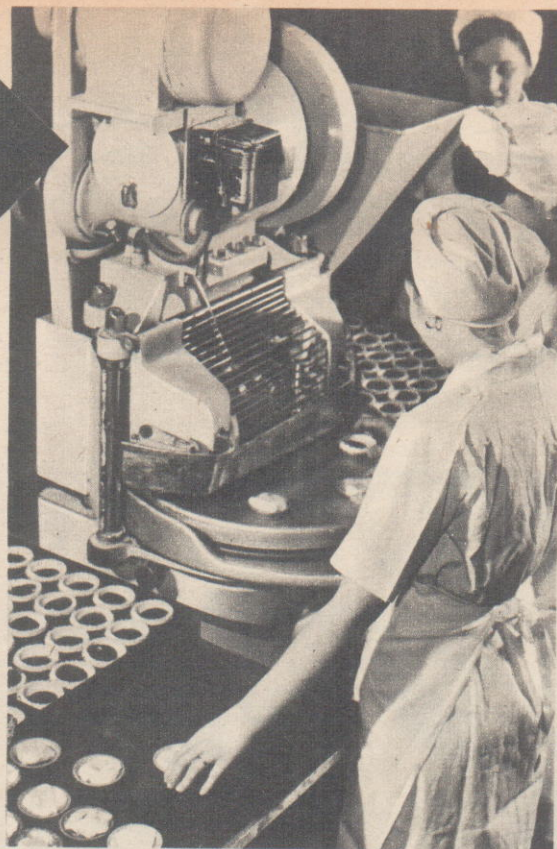
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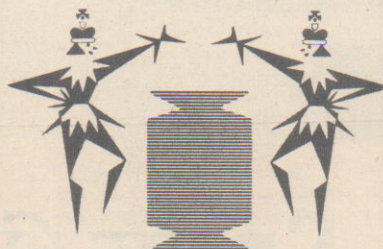
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Seaforth Highlanders search the slopes above Cape Wrath Lighthouse.

SOLDIER goes on a**HIGHLAND MAN-HUNT**

Britain should present a hedgehog's back to invaders, says Sir Winston Churchill. Commandos who "invaded" Scotland from the sea had a prickly reception

THE North-West Highlands were astir. Troops were quartered in village halls. On lochs and kyles, bens and peat-bogs, soldiers, shepherds, schoolchildren and housewives were alert. They had heard that Royal Marine Commandos would be making raids along the coast from submarines, as part of a naval exercise.

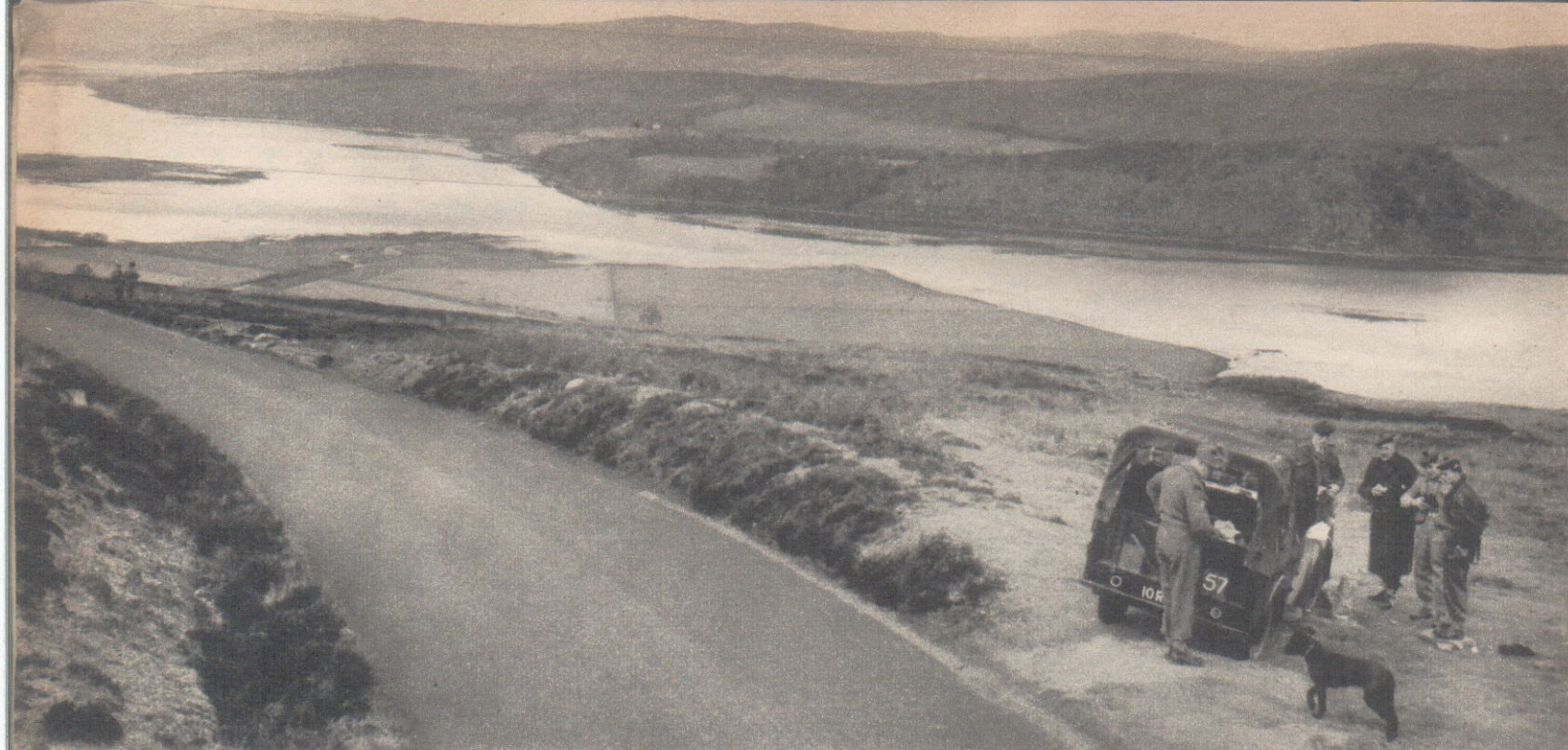
As a "hedgehog" exercise, troops in the area undertook to provide opposition for the Commandos. In charge of the defence were the headquarters of 152nd Highland Brigade (Territorial Army) under Brigadier G. W. L. Andrews. The force he commanded included Territorials, Home Guard and Regular troops from Fort George (the Depot of the Highland Brigade and the Seaforth Highlanders) and from the depot of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Inverness.

But it was more than just a military exercise. Schoolmasters urged their pupils to keep an eye open for submarines and Commandos (who, they were told, would probably be wearing cap-comforters). Anybody on the telephone was asked to report suspicious movements.

One woman shop-keeper, knocked up by a Commando seeking fresh milk, slammed the door in his face

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From a pinnacle of rock, a sentry watches the Cape Wrath beaches.



On the hills above Dornoch Firth, troops from Fort George stop for a rest and a picnic lunch.

HIGHLAND MAN-HUNT continued

and passed the news on to a friend with a telephone as soon as possible. Every policeman in the area was co-operating.

The cards were stacked against the Commandos—at week-ends, anyway. On week-days the Territorials and Home Guard were back at their civilian jobs, the Regulars returned to Fort George and Inverness for normal training.

The most remote outpost on the exercise was at Cape Wrath, which tourist literature describes as the "Land's End of Scotland." Cape Wrath, the north-west corner of Scotland,

is, in fact, far more distant from towns, and far more savage than Land's End. It is a damp desert of rocky hills and peat-bogs culminating in a light-house, whose staff at times have to cling to solidly-embedded handrails, so that they shall not be blown away by the fierce winds.

To reach Cape Wrath from Inverness, troops had to travel more than a hundred miles over roads, most of which are so narrow that two vehicles can pass only at specially-built and signed passing-places. They are roads which are normally deserted in winter, but now carry the heavy

lorries of the contractors working on the Highlands hydro-electric schemes.

These "main" roads lead to Durness, and the next stage is a ferry across the Kyle of Durness, a shallow strip of water more than half a mile wide, impassable sometimes for days on end when gales are blowing. Mr. Donald Morrison, the ferryman, has two boats, neither of them built to carry vehicles. Across one of these, the Royal Navy lashed two planks on which they put a jeep and, with a minimum of freeboard, Mr. Morrison navigated this through

the sandbanks of the Kyle.

On the 12 miles of road which separates the Kyle from the lighthouse, there were only two modern vehicles the jeep might meet: a Land-Rover belonging to the lighthouse, and one civilian truck. There were also one or two rusting skeletons—obviously it would be uneconomic to ship an old lorry away from Cape Wrath for scrap.

Luckily for troops taking part in the exercise, the weather at both week-ends was good. It was cold—there was snow on the nearby hills—and sometimes wet, but there were spells when



Left: Mouth-organ moment for a Highlander waiting to start a patrol on Cape Wrath. Below: The sign indicates a passing place on a narrow Highland road.



the sun shone, and there were no gales.

The troops were quartered in an abandoned signal station with broken windows. "It's not so bad," said a sergeant of the Seaforth Highlanders, from Fort George. "We might have been out in slit trenches." Sentries were posted where they could observe likely landing beaches, and patrols went out day and night. But no Commandos were sighted.

All the excitement was farther south. At Point of Stoer, a miniature Cape Wrath with another lighthouse, four Commandos were reported. All one day troops from Fort George searched the Point without success, and a night watch was kept. Next morning, the search-party was to be doubled by the arrival of troops from another sector. The

The 2nd Ross-shire (West) Home Guard Battalion confer. They "marooned" eight Commando raiders.

The shallow Kyle of Durness, impassable in high winds, was calm when troops went by ferry to Cape Wrath.



Below: On the bleak Point of Stoer, troops from Fort George escort Commandos into "captivity."

search had scarcely begun when a breathless private stopped SOLDIER'S car to report that his patrol had discovered four Commandos in a ruined cottage by the seashore. They had been lying-up, when one of the patrol glanced through a window and spotted a pair of binoculars.

The Commando party, headed by an officer, included Corporal J. Fair of the Royal Signals, who was serving on attachment to the Commandos under an exchange scheme. Corporal Fair had had previous experience of this sort of warfare: in World War Two he served in the Long Range Desert Group and the Special Air Service.

The Commandos were reticent about their recent activities, except to admit they had been in the area for several days, and reluctant to be photographed in what they considered

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ignominious circumstances. They were consoled, however, by the prospect of a hot meal, a bath and a shave. Capture meant that they would go home in a train instead of the belly of a submarine.

That night, the men from Fort George were still keeping watch on Point of Stoer. A submarine put into the bay on the shores of which the four Commandos had been captured. Three more Commandos landed, intending to relieve the first party. Within a couple of hours they, too, were captured.

Still farther south, men of the 2nd Ross-shire (West) Battalion, Home Guard, had had an exciting exercise. The Battalion, which includes fishermen, postmen, ghillies, stalkers and foresters, had kept watch from the start of the exercise. They had provided themselves with information about tides and moon-times, so that they could anticipate landings. They knew all the likely places.

On the first Sunday a civilian saw two Commandos repairing a folding boat in Gruinard Bay and reported the matter. The Home Guard searched and found four folding boats and other clues, including a piece of rope with a blue thread (which indicated it had been issued by the Royal Navy at Portsmouth), a ration tin label, the wrapper of a ration sweet and a piece torn from a London newspaper.

At 4.30 on the Monday morning, the Home Guard began to search the area, watching the movements of sheep and birds on the hill-sides for indications of the presence of men. By breakfast-time they had to give up and go to work, but they were near the Commandos and it was generally conceded that the invaders would have been captured had the search continued. As it was, the Home Guard had left notes in the folding boats saying they were destroyed, and so the Commandos—who numbered eight—were marooned. They finally gave themselves up.

But the soldiers did not have it all their own way. Headquarters of 152nd Brigade "re-activated" the eight men who had surrendered. The Commandos then successfully ambushed a Territorial platoon which was on the move. Regular troops following the Territorials saw what had happened, left their vehicles on the road and deployed to attack the Commandos from both sides. The eight men, however, were alert, slipped through their would-be attackers under cover, seized a Land-Rover and its driver and drove merrily off.

From the Army's point of view, it was a very satisfactory exercise. It showed that the Highland hedgehog had plenty of prickles. **RICHARD ELLEY**

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE decision to break up Anti-Aircraft Command (see page 26) means a major convulsion for the Territorial Army.

The link between Territorials and gunsites dates from before World War Two. In the cheeseparing days of the 1930s one Territorial battery commander personally defrayed the cost of anti-aircraft ammunition fired by his battery at practice camp.

Soon after World War Two dozens of old-established rifle and yeomanry units were confirmed in an anti-aircraft rôle. Only too well these part-time Gunners knew that science was outstripping them, but it was judged necessary to keep orthodox defences manned during the dangerous post-war years. The Territorials of Anti-Aircraft Command buckled down to an exacting, unexciting job, knowing that there was little or no future in it. For that they have earned Britain's thanks.

Now they look forward with the liveliest curiosity to a new deal. No less curious about the future will be the National Servicemen shortly due for part-time service. All sorts of shocks may be in store for them.

During World War Two hundreds of thousands of men and women who served in Anti-Aircraft Command never fired a shot in anger. They trained; they polished; they learned new techniques; they listened to talks on the British Way and Purpose; they went to classes on leathercraft and mothercraft—an enormous, patient army which earned no campaign star

mount to strengthen Fortress Britain against a sudden knock-out blow.

There was a terrific—and in retrospect, silly—row in the Army over the abolition of the horse. Mr. Harvey believes that much greater sacrifices than this have to be faced. They must be made, he says, not in a spirit of resentment, not in the spirit of "When can we get back to some real soldiering?" The atomic age means a new kind of real soldiering, and it is no use anyone blinking the fact.

Mr. Harvey makes a good point when he urges the abolition of "that silly word 'boffin'." Use of this word "is a clear sign that 'military men' regard scientists in the same way as business men regard artists." The Army must take—and talk about—science seriously. SOLDIER is reminded that the present Secretary for War, Mr. Antony Head, said not so long ago that he would like to see every British general on Christian name terms with at least two professors.

THE Royal Artillery may, or may not, resent losing some tens of thousands from its Territorial strength.

More poignant, perhaps, will be the feeling of those eight Infantry regiments faced with disbanding the second battalions which, as a reward for good recruiting, they were allowed to raise in 1951. It seems only yesterday that the melancholy ceremony of merging two battalions into one was being staged on the parade-grounds. Now it is to happen again.

In this field, virtue is its own reward, and that's how it always was.

FROM all this to pig-sticking.

In the latest exhibition of the Army Art Society, in London, was a painting entitled "The Forgotten Sport" (reproduced on page 34). When SOLDIER toured the exhibition this picture had a red "Sold" label, suggesting that the painting must have struck a chord in an ex-Indian Army visitor.

This sport, of course, is not so much "forgotten" as out of reach. It used to inspire fine raptures in its devotees, who ranged from Lord Baden-Powell to Lieutenant-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart VC ("the finest and most exciting sport in the world"). The author of "Bengal Lancer" (Major Francis Yeats-Brown) had a memorable passage beginning: "God, how glorious! The plain is black with pig, and amongst them there are at least half a dozen rideable boar."

It would almost be worth an artist's while to turn out pig-sticking pictures (as Peter Scott turns out wild geese pictures) for the nostalgia trade.

Judging by this year's exhibition, the principal obsession of Army artists is not field sports, however, but small boats. Scratch a soldier and find a sailor...

One kind of picture rarely to be found in this annual exhibition is the war painting. Notoriously, it takes a civilian to find inspiration in a battle-field.

There ought to be far more paintings entered by men in the ranks. Let nobody say that artistic talent is lacking among National Servicemen. Again, let nobody say that the hanging committee is prejudiced in favour of the commissioned ranks—for Staff-Sergeant P. J. Golding had six pictures hung. Two corporals and a company sergeant-major were represented, but if there was a private soldier among the exhibitors he did not disclose his rank.



(The War Minister has said that he would like to see, in five or ten years' time, most of our generals on Christian name terms with at least two professors.)

"Hullo—er, Jimmy! Hello—ah, Stan!"

and not much praise. Their job was technical in the extreme yet the man in the pub always knew it better than they did. Householders complained when they did not fire and sometimes when they did. Their epitaph is Milton's line: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

ONE who urged the abolition of Anti-Aircraft Command was Mr. Ian Harvey, a Member of Parliament and ex-commanding officer of a Territorial anti-aircraft regiment. He did so in a challenging book* published just before the disbandment was announced.

Since one of Mr. Harvey's ideas has come off, what of his others? He wants to convert the Home Guard and Royal Observer Corps into mobile Civil Defence columns. Indeed, he would put National Servicemen into Civil Defence, too (which would need a new Act of Parliament). His argument is that it is para-

*Arms and Tomorrow (Clowes, 10s. 6d.)

The military policeman who stops an erring soldier in the street learned his technique of tact and firmness in a quiet road in Inkerman Barracks, Woking

Nobody Stands a Chance in "Red-Cap Alley"

RED-CAP ALLEY," they call it, adding with a laugh, "or the Soldier's Nightmare."

It is, in fact, a normal road inside Inkerman Barracks, Woking, the Depot and Training Centre of the Royal Military Police. But once a fortnight it is thickly studded with pairs of probationer military policemen, gingerly trying out their first policeman's walk, and wearing their red cap-covers for the first time.

Any old soldier would recognise them for what they are, because most lack lance-corporals' stripes and none wears the "MP" arm-band which comes with the warrant-card of the fully-fledged military policeman. For the first time they are practising how to halt the wrongdoer in his tracks—with a phrase like "Soldier, come here." They may be urged by their company commander to put a little more spirit into it.

The soldiers who obey the command are their own comrades, who marched beside them to Red-Cap Alley and halted there until they heard the order: "Scruffs, fall out." The scruffs never have a chance; they are outnumbered three to two by military police. The variety of offences they perpetrate depends on their ingenuity. Some are content with buttons undone or a belt under a shoulder-strap. One wears an old school tie and a buttonhole with his battle-dress. Another carries a crumpled newspaper from which he pretends to eat fish and chips.

Two or three toddlers emerge from nearby married quarters and fraternise with the scruffs. This helps to add realism to the scene and calls for a little more of that tact on which the Royal Military Police pride themselves. Tact is, indeed, one of the things Red-Cap Alley is designed to develop.

"Much of our training is devoted to avoiding



"Scruffs" abound in Red-Cap Alley. One eats fish and chips from a newspaper, another as yet unchallenged walks capless, swinging his belt. Below: a chance to practise being "helpful, good-tempered, firm but tolerant" . . . or perhaps to be tough?



making arrests," says the Commandant of the Depot, Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Read. "The military policeman is trained to handle soldiers with tact, to try to get them on his side, so that they will stop doing whatever they are doing wrong and go on their way quietly. It is the simplest thing in the world to get a soldier into trouble. We try to show the soldier that the military policeman is there to keep him out of trouble."

So in the training of military policemen at Woking stress is laid on the need to be "helpful, good-tempered, firm but tolerant, full of common-sense" and, in emergencies, "decisive and able to deal quickly with trouble." Like civilian police cadets, the probationers are taught: "A police force should be judged by the absence of disorder, not the visible means of its repression."

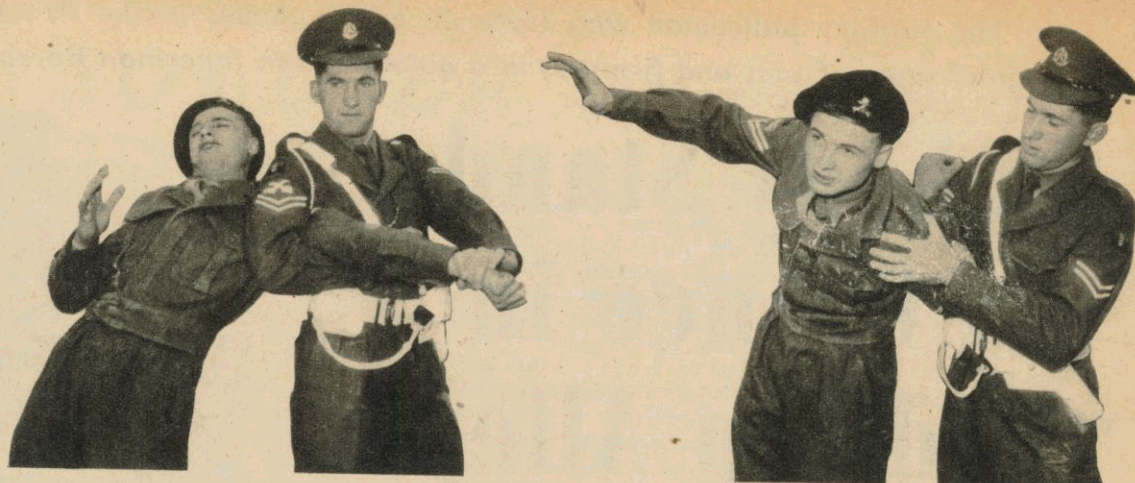
They learn that much depends on their bearing and example. These obviously have an important effect on the military policeman's influence with the troops among whom he works, but there is more to it than that.

OVER →

They Graduate in "Red-Cap Alley"

How to handle difficult customers: instructors are taught useful tips by the Metropolitan Police.

Photographs: SOLDIER cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL.



Not a Royal Tournament stunt, but "confidence riding" by motorcyclists of three days' experience.

If the British soldier is Britain's best ambassador, the military policeman is more of an ambassador than any other British soldier. Wherever troops are stationed he is the soldier most prominently in the public eye, from the Hook of Holland to Seoul. In the cold war he is always at the sharp end, whether discreetly patrolling Berlin's touchy Potsdammer Platz or ceremonially touring Vienna with the military police of America, France and Russia.

Seoul and Berlin may seem far away from Woking, but all through their training the recruits learn of the responsibility that will be theirs when they proudly receive their stripes. As they study traffic control and map-reading, for example, they are reminded of the words of the 164-page booklet which each recruit receives as an introduction to the Corps: "The motorist who is misdirected by a civil policeman might be late for an appointment or miss his dinner; a similar mistake by a military policeman might mean an armoured division being too late for a battle, or battle-weary troops missing not only their rations but much-needed petrol and ammunition as well."

The recruits arrive fortnightly,

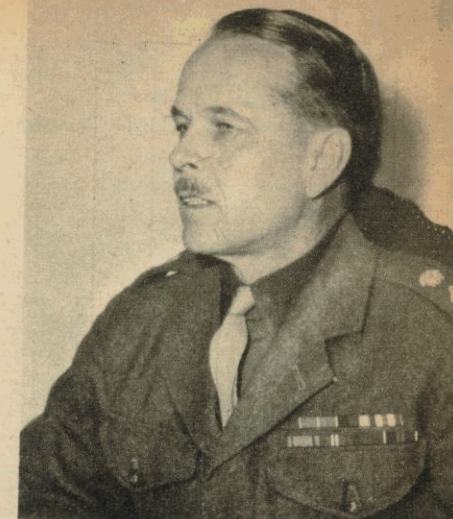
in batches of about 85. Some two-thirds of them are National Servicemen and one-third volunteers who have enlisted directly into the Corps. There are also a handful who have transferred from other corps and one or two from overseas forces (when SOLDIER visited the Depot, there were two Gurkhas and one West African). Many of the men have been police cadets in civilian life. They spend 18 weeks at the Depot, during which they learn to be both soldiers and policemen. Subjects include military and civil law, military road movement, the handling of refugees and prisoners-of-war, first-aid, dealing with accidents, searching for goods and persons, and "police holds" which the instructors have acquired at the Metropolitan Police College.

After eight weeks of basic training, the probationers learn to ride a motor-cycle or drive a truck. Within three days, the learner motor-cyclists are circling on a sports field with one foot on the saddle and the other in the air, not as a show-ring trick but to give them confidence in their control of the machines. Then they go back to the class-rooms.

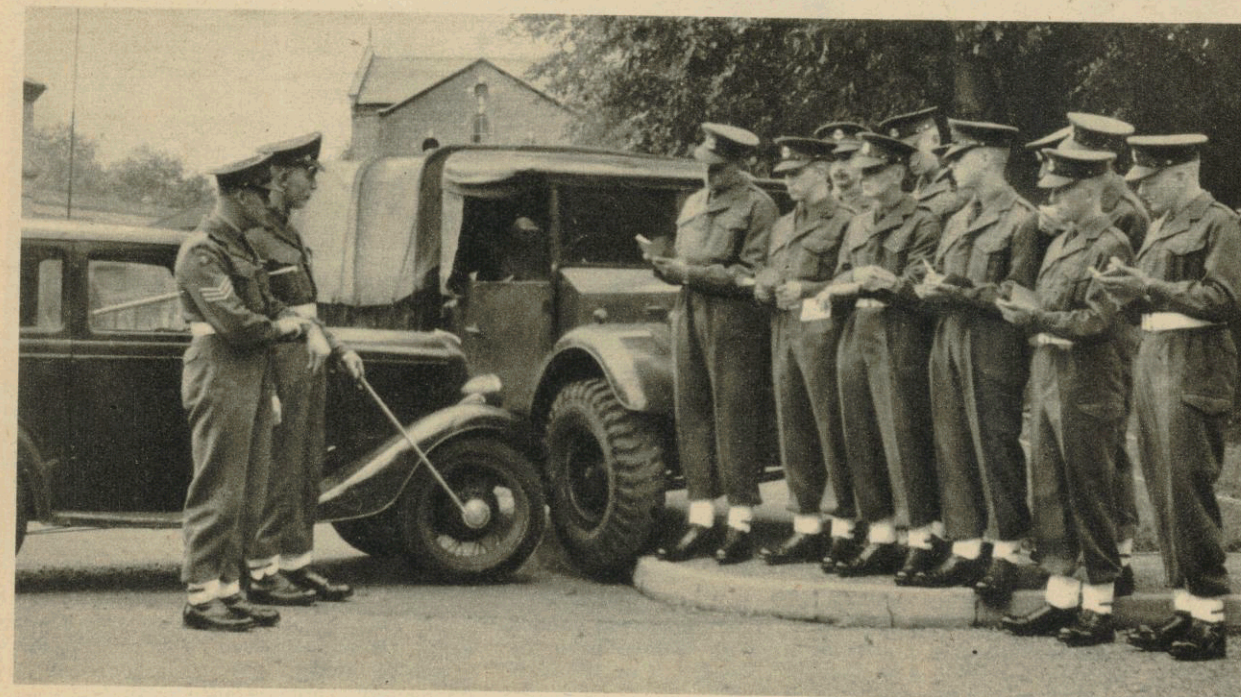
In his fifteenth week the probationer sews on his lance-corporal's stripe and in the last week

takes part in a passing-out parade which the Depot has turned into a more-than-ordinary occasion. The men's relatives gather in London and travel to the Depot by coach. After the parade, tea and a look round, the relatives and the men who have passed out travel to London together by coach for an evening out.

For some of the young military policemen there may be a further spell at the Depot. Some become signallers, for the Royal Military Police now have their own Signals companies. Others, selected for cadet training, may return



Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Read, Commandant of the Royal Military Police Depot.



Few accidents in real life attract so many policemen with notebooks as a training accident at Woking.

A student in the Special Investigation Branch wing shows how to take a plaster cast of a footprint.

as officers. The officers' courses at Woking have taken on a new importance recently, since the Royal Military Police have begun to build a corps of Regular officers.

After at least six months uniformed work, some of the young military policemen may return to Woking to train for the Special Investigation Branch—the plain-clothes detectives of the Corps. This training leads to immediate promotion to sergeant.

The Special Investigation Branch wing is one of the most interesting parts of the Depot. Here are finger-prints and plaster-casts of footprints, relics and photographs of past crimes. With an ultra-violet ray machine, the instructors demonstrate how forgeries can be discovered and traces of invisible powder revealed on clothes. They may also, when they have visitors, use the machine to detect who has false front teeth.

Most of the Special Investigation Branch training consists of learning military and civil law, but there are exciting items in the training programme like "Exercise—Larceny" and "Action to take in homicide investigation."

Inkerman Barracks were once a prison, but though prison buildings remain there is no

gloomy atmosphere. The main block has been converted into barrack-rooms and faces on to a fine square where the regimental sergeant-major supervises drill. At the entrance to the square stands a memorial arch to members of the Corps who died in World War Two. In the chapel—a legacy of the prison which other depots may envy—is a book of remembrance from which a probationer, selected as the best of the week, reads a page of names at each Sunday's service.

Every other year, the Royal Military Police Association holds its reunion at Woking. In alternate years it is held in the North or Midlands.

As the only place in the world where a large number of Royal Military Police may be found gathered together, Inkerman Barracks is a popular visiting place for those whose duties are linked with the Corps. It also attracts officers from civilian police forces who come to address men about to leave the Army. A trained and experienced military policeman is a valuable recruit to a civilian force, and many a man has settled on a career in a blue uniform before discarding khaki.

RICHARD ELLY



ONE PLATOON IN THE



Men of the Queen's handle a native dug-out on the Tasek Bara, deep in aborigine country in South Pahang.

MEN of The Queen's Royal Regiment lined the rails of the "Georgic" as she entered Singapore. They had come to take over a sizeable tract of Malaya from the Gordon Highlanders. On the quayside a pipe band played. "Cor Blimey!" exclaimed a voice at the rails. "Ain't them Gordons brahn!"

Since then the young men of West Surrey and South-west London, who make up the bulk of the Battalion, have learned many things about Malaya, including the fact that the Gurkha makes an excellent piper. (In the realm of music, too, the Queen's band has discovered that insects attracted by floodlights can almost put a trombone section out of action.)

The Queen's—England's oldest Line regiment—are back in Malaya after only seven years' absence. They took over operational responsibility for a large area of Negri Sembilan and part of Malacca Settlement. Two hours after assuming control the first Communist terrorist surrendered to "B" Company.

One company and the mortar platoon soon found themselves at Fort Iskander, deep in the jungle swamp of South Pahang. It is one of a chain of forts stretching through aborigine country. There is no moat, tower or portcullis—only some 15 large *bashas*, or huts, surrounded by barbed wire. It is permanently garrisoned by police and the aborigines live in villages around it.

Patrols of the Queen's began to take toll of the enemy on Mount Ophir, highest peak in South Malaya. The story of an adventure of 10 Platoon is worth telling at length. Those who took part in it would not pretend that it was the operation of the year, but it is a timely reminder of the kind of war being fought in the jungle—a war in which the British soldier is still very much concerned for the care of a wounded adversary.

It was midnight when the platoon left the company base. By dawn they were inside the jungle and had started to climb—through thick tangled undergrowth, up rock faces and slippery jungle slopes. By mid-afternoon

As a reminder of what still goes on in the Malayan jungle, here is the story of a platoon of the Queen's

they reached about 2500 feet before dropping down some 200 feet into the valley they had set out to search.

While most of the platoon were preparing a secure base for the night, their guide (a surrendered terrorist) noticed that shoots, which he said the terrorists used for food, had been cut recently from a nearby bush. A local patrol also reported signs of enemy. Excitement ran high as the platoon settled for the night. Undoubtedly, the enemy were near at hand and battle seemed certain on the morrow.

In the morning, the Platoon Commander, Second-Lieutenant John Davidson, left six men to guard the base camp and led the remaining 14 men down to the nearby stream to search for tracks—the likeliest place to find them.

The patrol soon found what they wanted and, moving very cautiously, set off on a course parallel to the tracks in the hope of penetrating the enemy camp (if there was one) without being spotted by the sentry. They had covered about 300 yards in two

hours when suddenly they came into a small camp. It was deserted. After a thorough search of the area, another larger camp was discovered a short distance away.

While the patrol was searching the second camp, Second-Lieutenant Michael Foster (on his first patrol) went back to investigate a noise from the direction of the first camp. As he was climbing up a rock, a terrorist put his head over the top. Lieutenant Foster let go his grip on the rock face with both hands and shot the enemy instantly through the head. As he did so the officer fell backwards into the stream.

Three terrorists had come into the camp and the other two decided to make a fight of it. One opened up with a rifle, but his aim was poor. The other, who had a Tommy gun, aimed at the prostrate officer (none the worse for his fall) who was only seven yards away. Fortunately, his gun jammed. Then the two men dived into the jungle.

The whole action had taken only seconds and the rest of the patrol had no idea what was going on. Suddenly Private (now Lance-Corporal) Tony Vowles, saw something moving in the jungle on a steep slope above him. He fired but could not tell whether he had hit anything or not.

To find out what was going on, Lieutenant Davidson ordered a cease fire and returned to the first camp where the body of the terrorist shot by Lieutenant Foster and two packs were found. It appeared that the enemy had entered the camp just after the patrol had left and were about to cook their lunch.

A small patrol set off at once to investigate the movement Private Vowles had seen. First they found a footprint and then a blood trail. This they followed for about 150 yards, when they heard a Chinese voice calling from the jungle just in front. The patrol charged in

JUNGLE

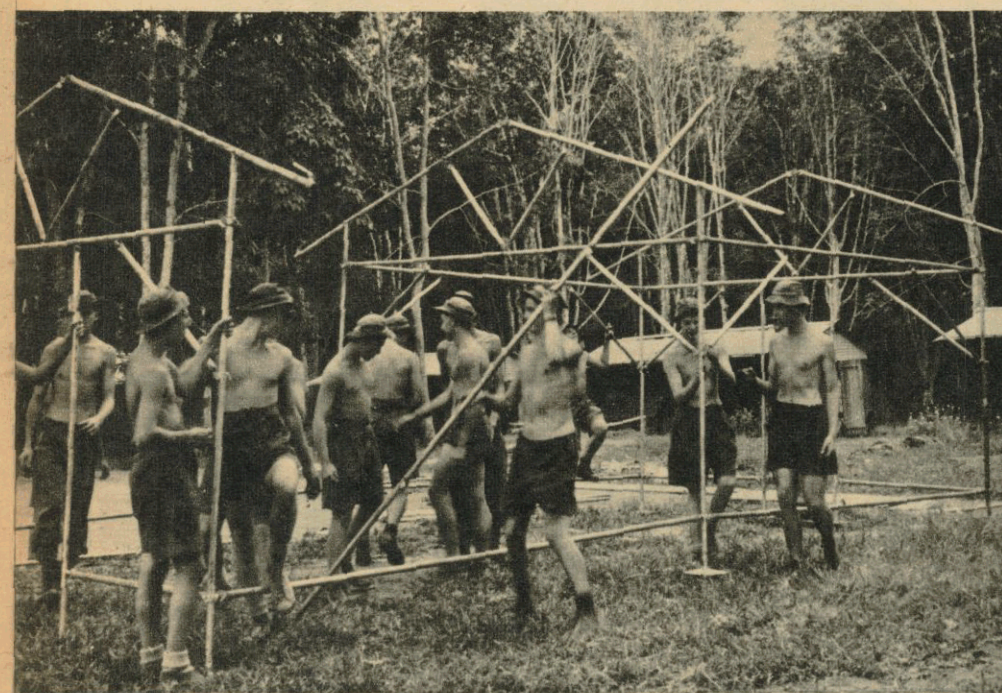
and Private Vowles dived for the man's Tommy gun and grenade in case he should try to use them, but he was too badly wounded. Now the concern of the patrol was to move the wounded adversary off the mountain as quickly as possible. It took them an hour-and-a-half to get him patched up and on to a stretcher. In the meantime, the wireless operator had asked for a helicopter to evacuate the wounded man, but an Auster pilot flying over told them they were too high up the mountain for helicopter evacuation. There was nothing for it but to carry out the stretcher, the body of the dead man, the captured weapons and kit.

By this time, there were but one-and-a-half hours of daylight left and over 1100 yards of precipitous jungle to traverse. When darkness came, they had gone only 250 yards and until morning further movement was impossible. The platoon spent a miserable night. It rained heavily and was very cold. Only with the greatest difficulty could they keep the wounded man dry. He was, by now, in a very bad state and receiving regular morphine injections. Indeed, it was a near miracle that he was alive in the morning.

At dawn, the lads were glad to be on the



To think he gets paid for doing it... Band Sergeant Joseph Jameson demonstrates on his xylophone.



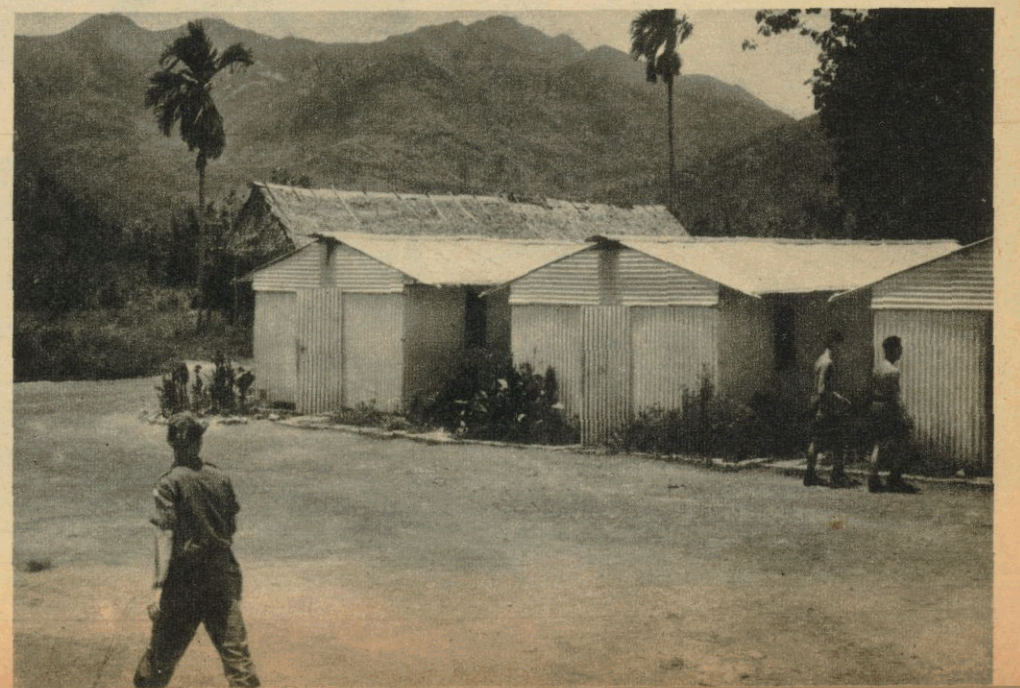
The intruder at the window of the Port Dickson NAAFI is a British Member of Parliament, Sir Robert Boothby. These lads are on local leave.

Left: On a rubber estate in North Johore troops throw up the framework of a Godolphin shelter. These quickly erected tubes are covered with sheet iron (see below). The roofs can be defended from fierce sunlight by laying branches on top.

move again, to stretch cramped limbs and to get their blood circulating. In four hours they had cleared the jungle, although they were still some 200 feet up the mountain in elephant grass. Their captive had taken a turn for the worse, so Lieutenant Davidson decided to ask for a helicopter again. But it was too late. The prisoner died before the helicopter landed and a mere ten minutes before the arrival of a relief party.

The platoon had kept the man alive for 26 hours in the most trying conditions and all had worked to the last ounce of their energy to get him out. Before he died, he told them that the man who had been killed was a State Committee member of the terrorist organisation who had been sent recently to reorganise the area and take over command.

He was the most important Communist terrorist killed in the area for over three years. His documents were of considerable value to the police. The other man had been his bodyguard.—From a report by Captain F. S. Napier.



SOLDIER hails THE MOST POPULAR

The King's Royal Rifle Corps has recruited more Regular soldiers from civil life than any other Infantry unit in the past two years

AT a time when the Army urgently needs Regular recruits from civil life, one regiment—the King's Royal Rifle Corps—is having to turn them away because it has recruited too many.

Sixteen times, over a span of 20 months in 1953 and 1954, the King's Royal Rifle Corps attracted more Regular recruits from civil life than any other Line regiment. Once it was second and twice third.

Now, with nearly 500 Regular soldiers in each of its two battalions, the Regiment has had to slow down its recruiting campaign. Recently a letter went

out from the Green Jackets' Depot at Winchester to all recruiting offices, saying that in future Regular recruits could be accepted only from Greater London—the Regiment's traditional recruiting area—and from other areas only if they had special reasons, like family con-

nections, for wanting to join.

Recruits who cannot be taken into the Regiment will be passed to the Green Jackets' other regiment—the Rifle Brigade—or to other Infantry regiments.

Since the end of World War Two the King's Royal Rifle Corps has always been among the leading regiments in recruiting Regulars. In 1950 it was one of the few to be allowed to raise its second battalion, which unhappily, will have to be disbanded again (see page eight).

Onward the Sixtieth!

Print by courtesy of the Parker Gallery



INFANTRY REGIMENT

The Regiment's recent recruiting campaign began two years ago—about the time that one of its officers, Colonel (now Brigadier Sir) John Hunt, was preparing to lead his party to the summit of Everest. The success of the campaign is largely due to the appointment of voluntary sponsors—most of them former officers of the Regiment—all over the country. It was their job to "sell the Regiment" to recruiting officers and to young men living in their areas. In their spare time and at their own expense, they visited boys' clubs and sometimes factories to talk to prospective recruits.

At the same time the Regiment had 10,000 recruiting posters printed and sent to recruiting offices and Army Cadet Force units, along with scores of photographs depicting life in the battalions in Germany. Emphasis was placed on the Regiment's long and unusual history and the fact that in its present rôle as motor battalions almost every man is taught to drive.

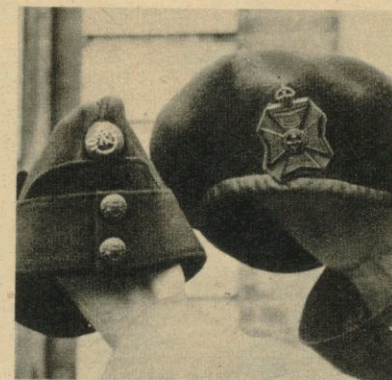
The campaign soon produced a rise in recruiting figures. In March 1953 the King's Royal Rifle Corps topped the Infantry recruiting list. Since then it has failed to head the lists only four times. Most of the recruits have come from the London area, but many were from the Channel Isles, and others from South Wales and Tyneside—areas which already have strong territorial connections with their own county regiments.

"The secret has been good publicity and the work of our voluntary sponsoring officers," said Major A. G. D. Palmer MC, the Green Jackets' brigade adjutant, who controlled the campaign.

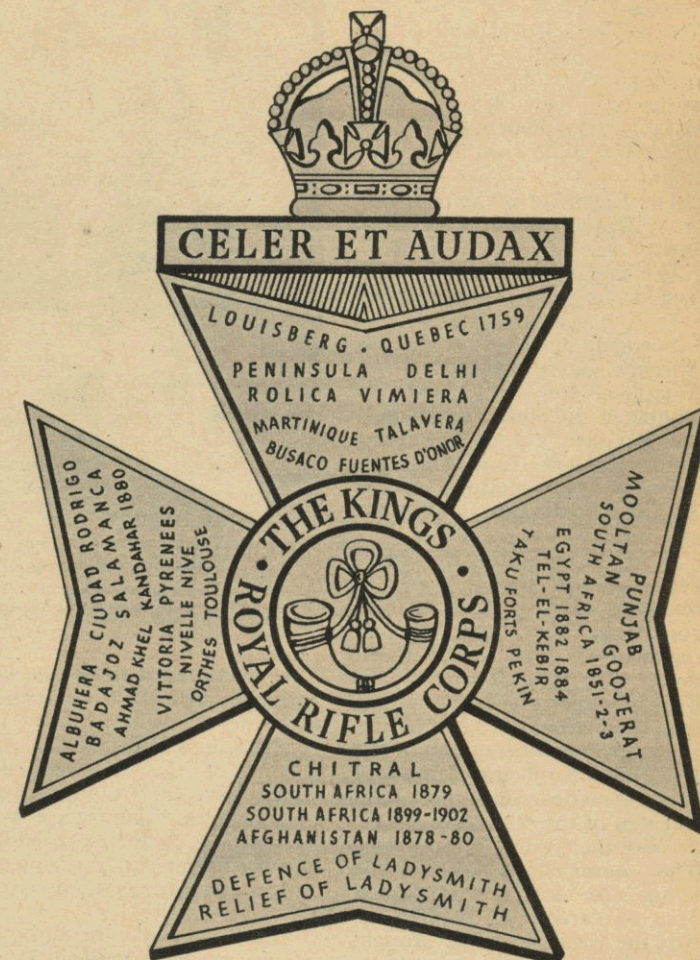
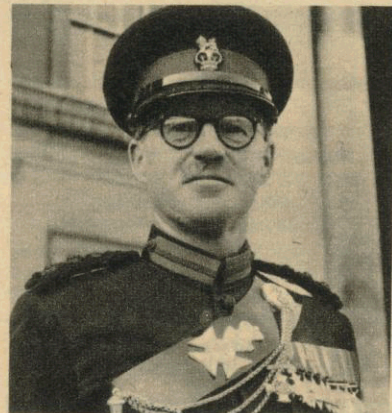
Recruiting Regulars from civil life is only part of Major Palmer's work. Once a month he visits over a dozen public schools, including Eton, Winchester, Rugby and Charterhouse, to interview potential officers for the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Rifle Brigade. Students who measure up to the standards required by the rifle regiments are earmarked before they leave school and state their choice when they go to Sandhurst or Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps takes a personal interest in lads of the Infantry Boys' Battalion who are likely to make good Regular NCOs. Those marked down for the Regiment are sent to the Green Jackets' Depot when they have completed their service with the Boys' Battalion.

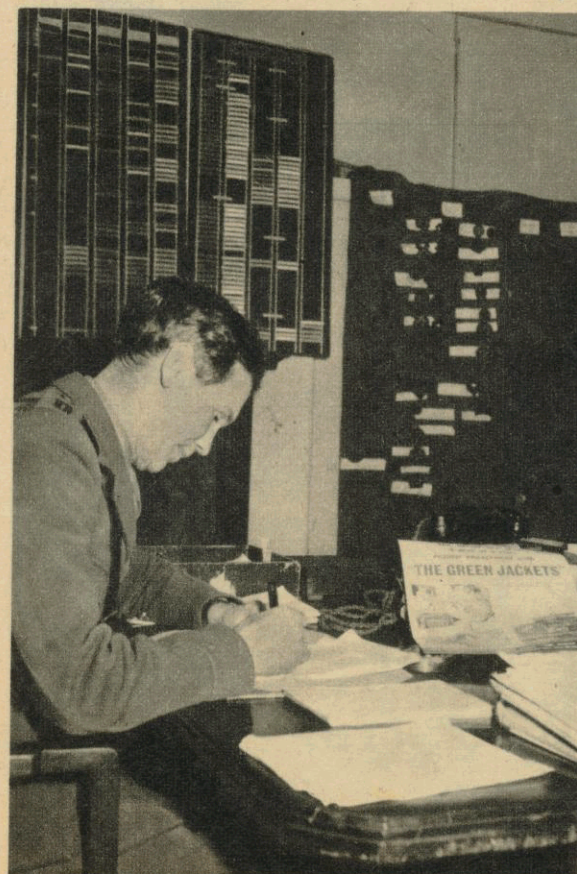
OVER



Above: The 60th is one of the few regiments in which officers wear different cap badges from the men. The officers' badge is a red "cherry" which bears a bugle horn. Below: Colonel the Hon. M. F. Douglas-Pennant DSO, of the 60th is Commandant of the Green Jackets Depot.



As the 60th has no Colours its battle honours are worn on the men's cap badges. The Rifle Brigade has the same distinction.



Left: Major A. G. D. Palmer MC, who conducted the Green Jackets' successful recruiting campaign. Above: A new Regular recruit from the Channel Isles reports to his platoon sergeant.

MOST POPULAR REGIMENT continued

There they are trained in junior NCO duties until they are old enough to join the battalions overseas.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps—often known as "The 60th," although this title was officially withdrawn in 1858—is now making arrangements to celebrate its 200th birthday next July.

The Regiment is the only one in the British Army to be designated a "corps," just as its sister Green Jacket regiment, the Rifle Brigade, is the only one to be called a brigade.

Formed in 1755 in North America as the 62nd Royal American Regiment (and re-numbered the 60th a year later), the Regiment's four battalions were recruited from American colonists. Its motto *Celer et Audax* ("Swift and Bold") was awarded by General Wolfe.

It has a reputation for independence of thought and a readiness to adapt itself to new conditions. Thus, it was the first regiment to forsake the traditional scarlet uniform of the British soldier and to adopt the then revolutionary rôle of skirmishing troops when fighting the Red Indians in the forests of North America. Since those days riflemen of the 60th have always carried their rifles at the trail. They never slope arms. Rifle slings are always worn loose, even on ceremonial parades, so that the weapon can be brought into action at a moment's notice.



Only the Green Jackets march at ease with rifle butts over the shoulder, muzzles pointing down. They never slope arms and rifle slings are always worn loose.



On sentry-go riflemen of the 60th hold their rifles at the support position, their middle finger through the trigger guard and the rifle resting on the forearm.

The simplified drill of the rifle regiments also dates from those early days.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps is one of the few regiments which have no Colours. Regimental battle honours are worn by the men on their cap badges and by officers on a regimental badge attached to their No. 1 Dress cross-belt.

The Regiment's 5th Battalion, which was raised in 1797, was

the first rifle battalion in the British Army, being equipped with muzzle-loading rifles of foreign manufacture. In 1800 it was armed with the new Baker rifle and a sword adapted to fit it when all other regiments had the smooth-bore musket and bayonet. Hence, the bayonet is always called a sword in the King's Royal Rifle Corps and is never fixed on ceremonial parades. On drill parades the com-

mand is always given as "Fix Swords."

The present dark-green No. 1 Dress of the 60th has its origin in the green uniform worn by the 5th Battalion, whose rôle in the Peninsular War was as scouts, skirmishers, sharpshooters and snipers. Riflemen operated in small groups and sometimes singly, hence there was no occasion for Colours to be carried into battle. By 1815 none of the Regiment's eight battalions carried Colours and they have not been borne since.

The Regiment was also the first to have officers' mess kit. This was introduced by the 1st Battalion in 1842 when serving in the Ionian Islands and was not adopted for the rest of the Army until 1876.

In the past 200 years the 60th has taken part in all the major wars—and many of the minor ones. It distinguished itself at the Battle of Delhi in 1857, during the Indian Mutiny. In this battle it fought alongside a regiment of Gurkha Rifles, whose admiration for the 60th was so great that their commanding officer asked permission for his men to wear the same dark-green uniform with red facings. Permission was granted and the men of the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, which is affiliated to the 60th, have worn the distinctive dark-green uniform as a walking-out dress ever since.

It was appropriate that just before World War Two the King's Royal Rifle Corps should have been called on to provide the first of the motor battalions, with a traditional flank protection rôle to perform. These battalions acted as highly-mobile protective Infantry to armoured formations. Eventually, the



In the Regiment's museum a recruit sees part of the map table used by the 60th at the Battle of Delhi. The 2nd Gurkha Rifles have another piece of the same table. The ivory statue of the Kateb Minar in Delhi was given by Brigadier Sir John Hunt, leader of the Everest Expedition, who is a 60th officer.



Recover Arms, another drill movement exclusive to the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Rifle Brigade. It was used 200 years ago when the 60th fought Red Indians.



This is "pokey drill" which the Green Jackets claim does as much as anything to improve a soldier's rifle shooting. Exercises like these are carried out every day to strengthen hand, arm and shoulder muscles.



Regiment had eight motor battalions, which served in North Africa, Crete, Italy, France and Germany.

In the early days of World War Two another link with the 60th's earliest history was forged. Seventeen Americans joined the Regiment before the United States entered the war. All became officers and four were killed in action.

The Green Jackets' Depot at Winchester, where recruits of the King's Rifle Corps and the Rifle Brigade receive their first ten-weeks training, was once a palace built for King Charles II and designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It was burned down in 1895 and rebuilt. At its entrance stand two guns captured by the

60th from the Dervishes at the Battle of Omdurman.

Today, as in the past, the emphasis in training is to make every soldier an expert rifle shot. For this reason a period is set aside every day for "pokey drill"—a series of rifle exercises designed to strengthen hand, arm and shoulder muscles. To this, as much as anything, the Green Jackets attribute their success in Army shooting competitions and at Bisley.

One record of which they are justly proud is that they have won the Small Arms Cup at Bisley every year since 1949 and that since 1925 they have provided seven of the Army's 22 rifle champions.

E. J. GROVE



A modern Oliver Twist: Rifleman Ewen Fergusson, burly Scottish rugby international, a 60th recruit, has permission to draw double rations. He is 6 ft. 4 ins. and weighs 16 stone. When asking for a second helping he produces a medical officer's authority.



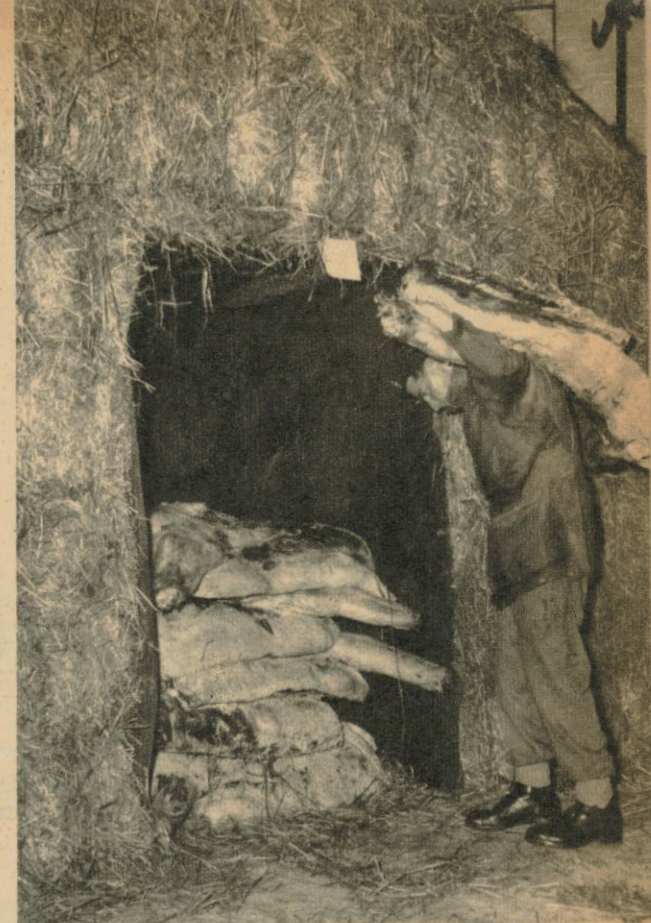
A bunch of cattle are driven to the slaughter—with a trainee lairage-man bringing up the rear.



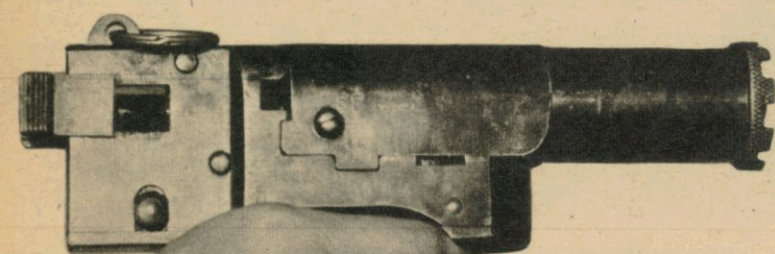
Private J. Stackpoole skins a sheep. Note knives in hip rack.



Good carving is not learned overnight. An unusually well-cut side of beef earns the award of a rosette. Here sharpening his skill is Private R. Wadley.



Soldier-butchers are shown how frozen meat is stored in the tropics—under a straw roof.



One of the Army's less familiar weapons: the Cash captive-bolt pistol for slaughterers.

They Learn the Whole Trade in **THE**

The old-fashioned master-butcher is vanishing in civil life. But the Army still teaches the meat trade from A to Z at Aldershot

WHEN Herbert Taylor walked into the barracks at Aldershot twenty years ago, to become a butcher, he did so only after seriously considering the possibilities of the Army as a career, as opposed to the one he had just left.

He made this decision at the very right moment, for his natural ability, plus the knowledge he had acquired outside, enabled him in the short space of five years to reach the top in his class. Before the outbreak of World War Two he had been graded "Master Butcher," which represented a faster rise in his trade than he could have hoped to achieve elsewhere.

Today, Staff Sergeant-Major Taylor is back at the Command Supply Depot, Aldershot. He has arrived at his starting-point via slaughter-houses, butchers' shops and cold storage depots stretching from Bathurst in Gambia, via Rangoon and Chittagong, to Port Said.

Returning to Aldershot is like coming home again—with a long interval between—and SSM Taylor finds that, superficially, things have not altered much. Still there in the RASC lines is the old barber to whom he was once sent to have his drooping moustache trimmed.

The Master Butcher of today now finds himself chopping shoulders with the new generation of National Servicemen. And the differences are worth noting.

Take, for instance, Sergeant Trevor Senior, one of the handful of NCOs and men who help to keep the Command Supply Depot one of the Army's showpieces in Southern Command. He was only a babe when his present mentor, SSM Taylor, enlisted twenty years ago. They have this in common—both started in the civilian trade.

Sergeant Senior did three years with his father, a butcher, at Lower Cumberworth in Yorkshire before attending technical college. Since coming under the wing of SSM Taylor he has acquired a pretty sound knowledge of animal anatomy—even to the intricacies of extracting pharmaceutical glands.

This is a little-known side of the trade, to the layman at least, and many and varied are the by-products. The pituitary gland, for instance, taken from a small recess near the brain, is used in the manufacture of a drug which aids painless child-birth. Every scrap of the animal is put to some use.

Sergeant Senior worked his way right through the Depot,

from lairage-man (a kind of personal batman to the condemned animals on the eve of execution) to the slaughter-house, the cutting block in the butcher's shop (he did months of this), scales and issues and, finally, he found himself in charge of the cold storage chamber.

The sum total of this is: in 20 months, under the guidance of SSM Taylor, he has learned a tremendous amount about his job—far more, he feels, than would have been possible outside the Army.

What is his next step? Will he

go on to follow in the footsteps of his tutor and reach the rank of Master Butcher? There are never more than twenty-five of these in the British Army at any one time.

The answer is, "No." In less than three months from now Sergeant Senior will have taken off his blue overalls (Army pattern) and substituted for them the white outfit of the civilian butcher. The civilian meat trade in Britain, now flourishing, wants men of his type.

Such losses the Army must accept philosophically—after all, it advertises "Join the Army and

learn a trade." The processes that change cattle on the hoof to joints for the oven will continue to be taught under one roof at Aldershot. This is the only place in England, not excepting Smithfield, where that happens.

Each day in the Aldershot area 40,000 troops have to be fed. The demand, which is met in part with frozen imported carcasses, necessitates the slaughtering each week of 30 cattle and from 10 to 20 lambs.

In the "shop" anything up to 20,000 pounds of best beef in whole carcasses and joints is displayed. A rosette on a side of

beef means that a trainee has been rewarded for a prize-worthy job.

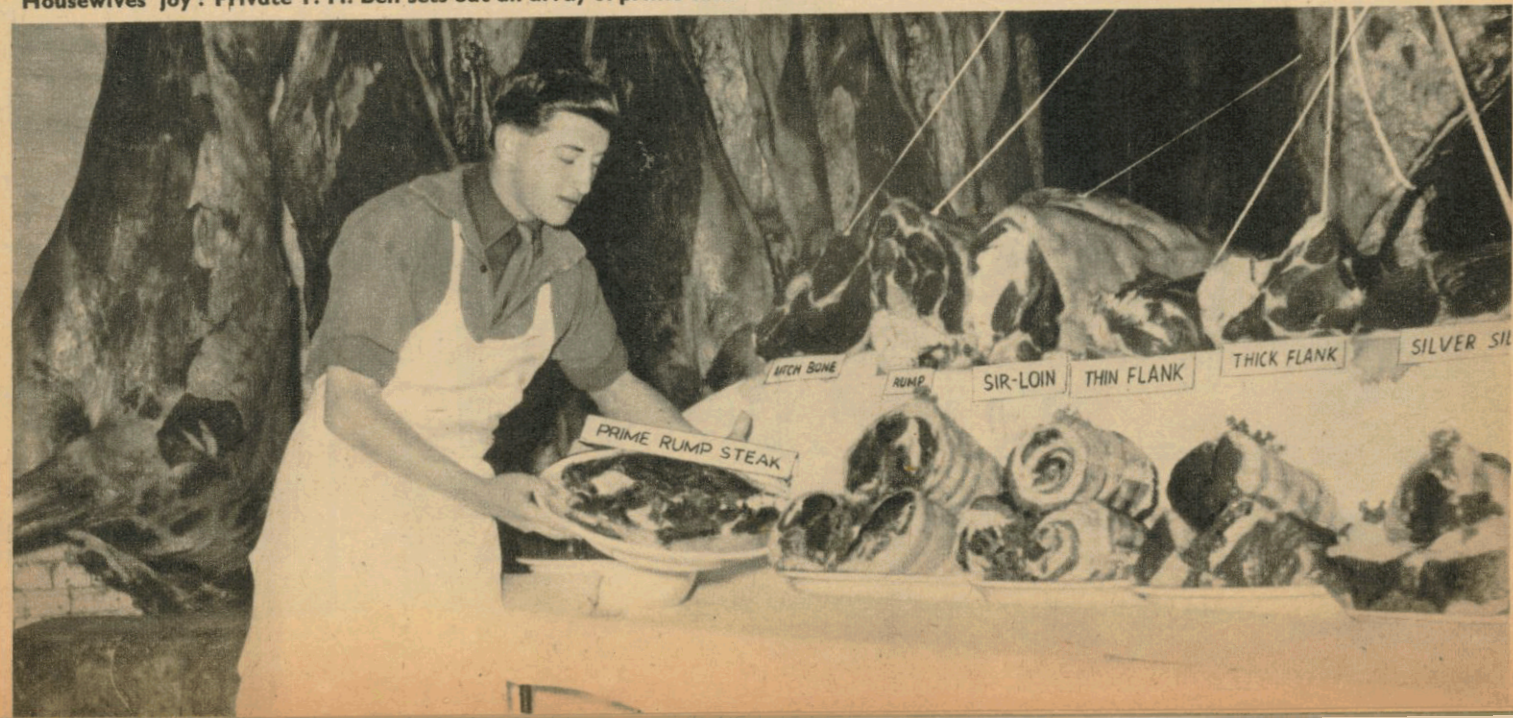
Incidentally, a huge elm chopping block has been in daily use since 1908.

Learners are taught to improvise cold-storage systems by means of hay or straw for use in ships and trains, even in the jungle.

Said one of them to SOLDIER: "The 20 months I have spent at the Command Supply Depot have been of more value to me than anything that Civvy Street could have offered."

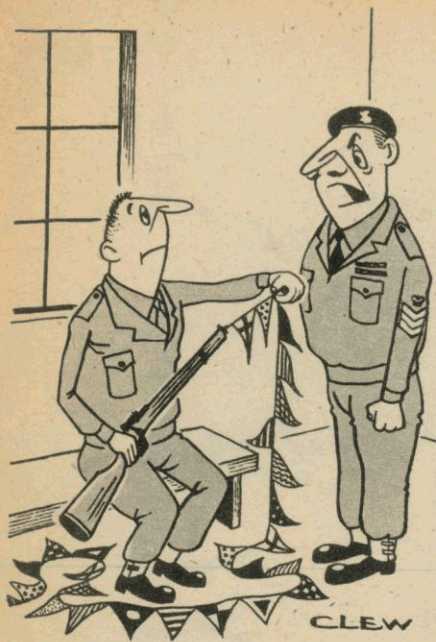
BILL COUSINS

Housewives' joy: Private T. H. Bell sets out an array of prime cuts.

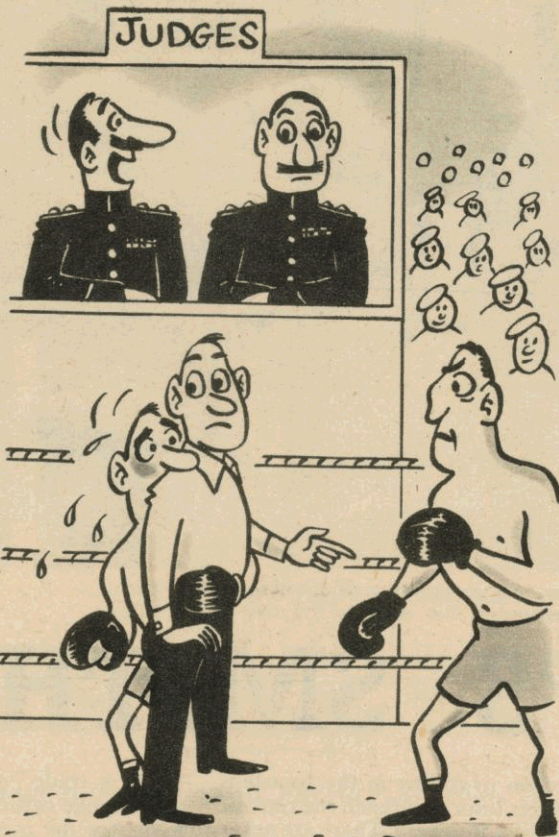


Right: There are never more than 25 master butchers in the Army. Staff Sergeant-Major Herbert Taylor has been one since before World War Two.

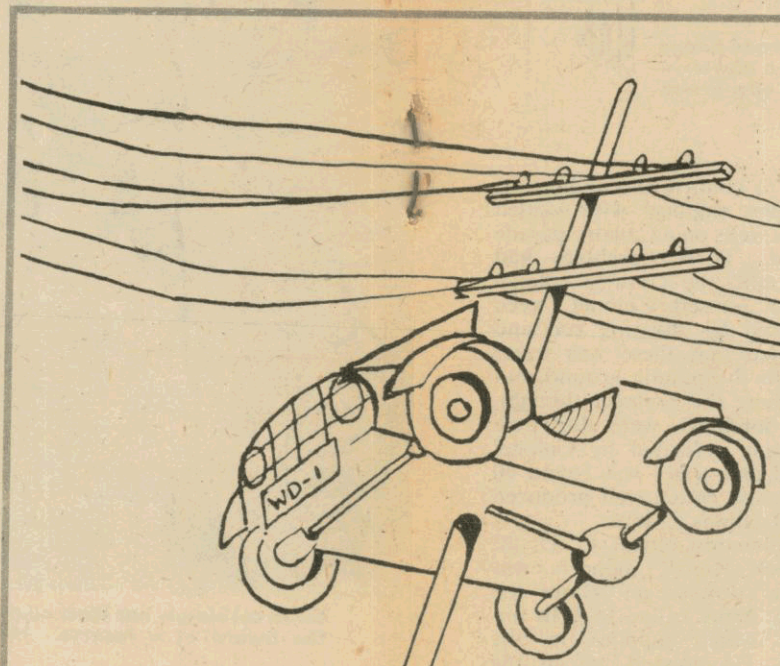
SOLDIER HUMOUR



"Forget what you did at the camp concert—just use a pull-through."



"I like the way this man makes use of every scrap of cover."

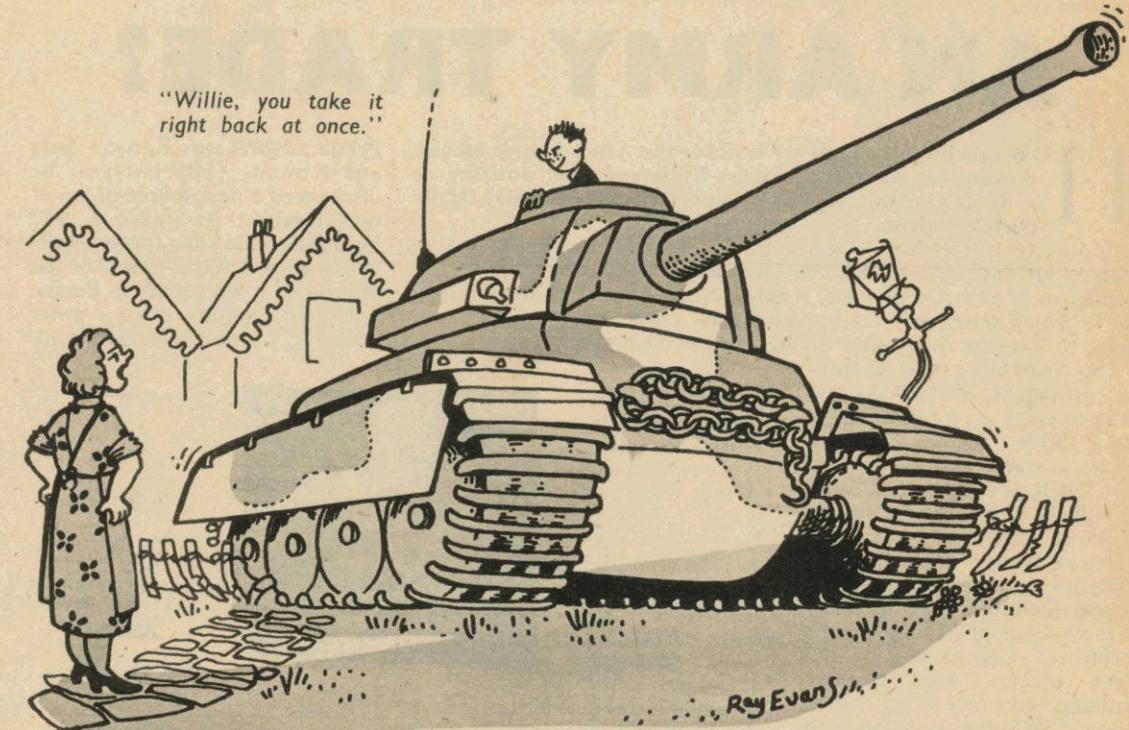


JAYCEE

"We aren't going to put you on a charge, mate—we just want to know how you did it."

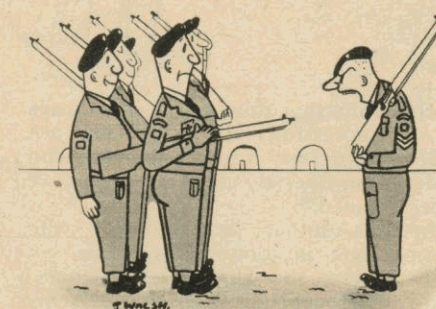


"You're not a bit like Norman said—you look just like a normal human being."



"Willie, you take it right back at once."

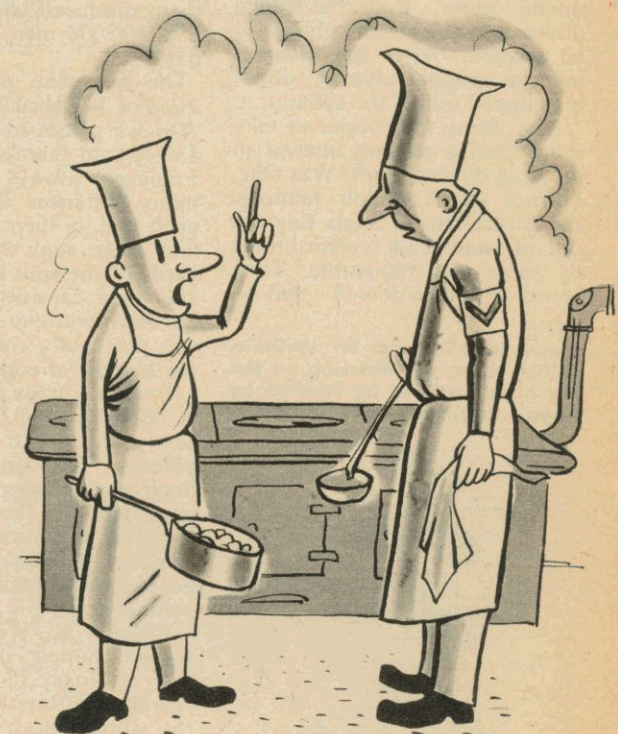
ROY EVANS



"Who's going grouse-shooting?"

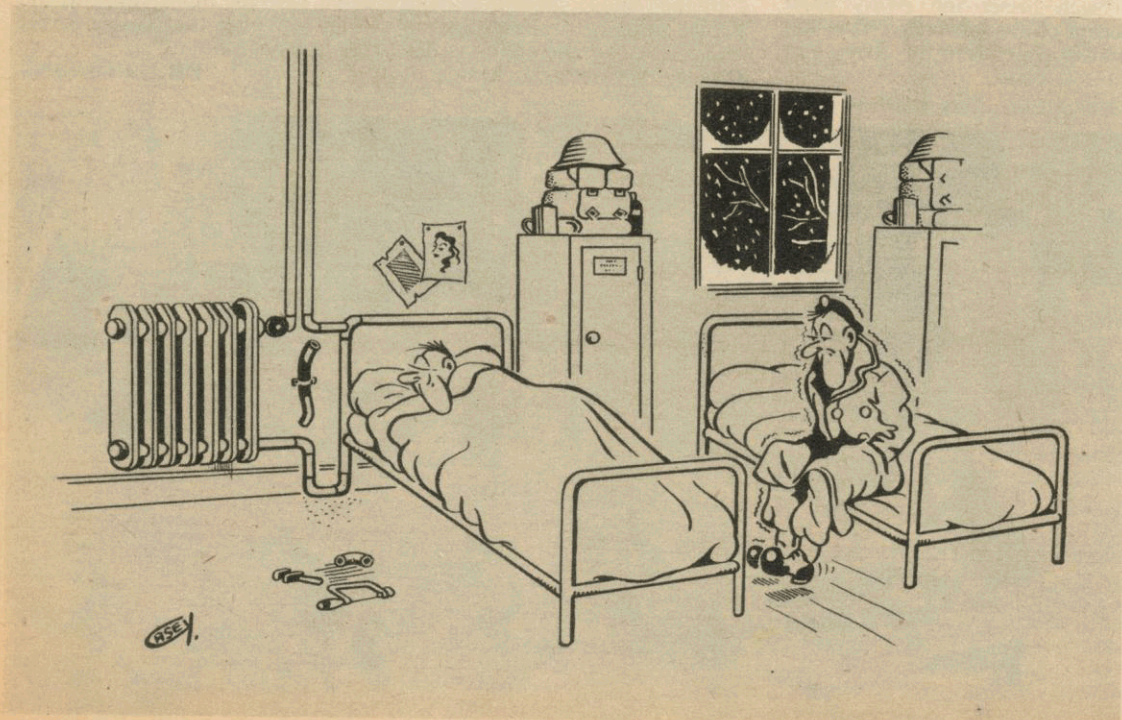


"You been shooting dice with those Yanks again, Perkins?"



EDWARDS

"So I said to her, 'It's all right for you, but I've been slaving over a hot stove all day'."



WEE

THE COLONEL'S TWIG SAVED £14,000 A YEAR

A Sapper colonel's ability to discover water by the ancient art of dowsing will save the Army, and the taxpayer, £14,000 a year. Last year, Colonel Harry Grattan, Chief Engineer in charge of the...

A notable feat of water-divining by a colonel in Rhine Army has re-kindled an old controversy. Not for the first time, the question is asked:

SHOULD DOWSING BE AN ARMY TRADE?

HOW much longer must we wait for the Army to give official recognition to water diviners by introducing dowsing as a trade in the Royal Engineers?" asks a **SOLDIER** correspondent.

"Your story (October 1954) of how Colonel Harry Grattan discovered an underground lake in Germany by dowsing (despite the scepticism of expert geologists) is yet another instance of the military use to which water diviners have put their craft. Every Sapper unit ought to have its own water diviner on establishment."

The Army, like most scientists and geologists, has always tried to keep an open mind on dowsing. Often it has benefited from dowsers' discoveries; but, **SOLDIER** is informed, dowsing is unlikely to be added to the list of Army trades.

There was a time, however, when water divining was part of the curriculum for young officers at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. In 1935 three officers who practised dowsing were asked to demonstrate. So impressed was the Commandant, Lieut-General Sir William Dobbie (later Governor of Malta), when it was found that 17 out of the class of 22 could divine water, that he added dowsing to the list of subjects to be studied. After the General left the School, however, dowsing slipped out of the syllabus.

The Army first began to take more than a passing interest in dowsing during World War One. During the Gallipoli landings the Australians at Suvla Bay ran out of water and replenishment by barge was impossible. Then someone remembered that a

Sapper S. Kelley of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade, Australian Army, was a water diviner. He was ordered to dowsing the area. Within a few hours he had located water near the site of the divisional headquarters and when the Sappers sank a well there it produced more than 2000 gallons an hour. In a week Sapper Kelley had sited inside the beachhead 32 other wells which between them produced enough water to give 100,000 men a gallon each day.

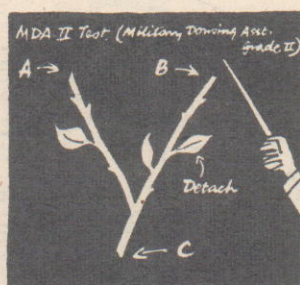
The magazine *British-Australian* of 24 February, 1916, said: "On every occasion when Sapper Kelley said there was water, the Engineers always found it. In many instances they (the Sappers) had, in their endeavours to find water, sunk shafts within 50 yards of the spot he had located and gone considerably lower in the earth without success. Kelley was personally congratulated by the highest in command."

It was an Army officer, Colonel A. H. Bell DSO, Royal Engineers, who, with other Army officers, founded the British Society of Dowisers in 1933. Today many of the Society's 600 members are former or serving Regular officers, including a general, six brigadiers, and 17 colonels.

Colonel K. W. Merrylees, a former Sapper, discovered he had the knack of dowsing when serving in Rawalpindi between the world wars. By this means he was able to find, in the grounds of a hospital, underground water lying 50 feet from boreholes which had been abandoned as "dry". A well built on the spot is still in use today. Colonel Merrylees has sited wells by dowsing in India, Pakistan,

Persia, Northern Kenya, Iraq and Kuwait. Only last year he discovered a new source of water on Gibraltar. At Shiraz in 1952 he dowsed the sites for six wells which provided the water for the first piped town supply in Persia.

Unlike some other water diviners, Colonel Merrylees ad-



FRANC FERRER



mits that dowsing is not always successful. He says there are very few, if any, dowsers who can honestly claim never to have failed.

Another Army officer who took up dowsing in India between the wars was Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Davis, Royal Army Service Corps. In 1936 at Mersah Matruh he was called in to help find the source of an underground stream used to supply British forces. This he did successfully by dowsing. Later, in England, he was sent to Suffolk where the Army was faced with a dried-up well. If another source could not be found water would have to be brought by road or the camp would have to be moved. Colonel Davis found indications of water more than 100 feet below the surface. A well was sunk which yielded 2000 gallons of water an hour.

Colonel J. R. H. Tweed MC, late Indian Army, has had 25 years experience of dowsing in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. When the Indian Army in Rawalpindi wanted to improve the water supply to encampments, he dowsed the sites for three successful wells.

At Kohat on the North-West Frontier in the 1930s he was

asked to confirm the findings of an expert engineer who wanted to sink wells on a Cavalry parade ground. Three boreholes had failed and the Cavalry colonel was not amused. Colonel Tweed produced his divining rod and indicated that there was water beneath the parade ground, but not where the engineer thought. New boreholes were dug over the spots indicated by Colonel Tweed and water was found 60 feet below. Each well produced 10,000 gallons an hour.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. A. Fenwick, Royal Engineers, was another dowser on whom the Indian Army called to help improve water supplies in the 1930s. He dowsed ten of the wells which were used in a 1,000,000 gallon water supply scheme started in 1938. During World War Two he was in charge of a Royal Engineers well-boring unit in Britain and used his knowledge of dowsing to site wells in Army camps in Wiltshire, Dorset and Hampshire.

One of the Army's most famous dowsers was Major C. A. Pogson, Royal Engineers, who was seconded from the Indian Army for five years in 1925 as official Water Diviner to the Bombay Government. When he was released in 1930 Major Pogson had the remarkable record of having dowsed water correctly at 465 sites.

NOTE: *Chambers' Encyclopedia* concedes that the ancient art of dowsing, though inexplicable, has "a long and honourable career of practical application." One theory is that "earth currents" generated by the flow or presence of water create corresponding changes in the dowser's muscles. Another is that the dowser has "telepathic precognition of the result of sinking a well"—meaning, presumably, that he can picture the finished well in a certain spot before he begins to use his twig.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica* likens the mystery of dowsing to that of the homing instinct in birds. The secret may lie "below the level of conscious perception," the twig acting as "an index of some material or other mental disturbance within the dowser which otherwise he could not interpret."

But scientists admit these theories to be thin—and anybody's explanation is as good as anybody else's.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Dobbie once put dowsing on the list of subjects to be studied by Royal Engineers at Chatham.

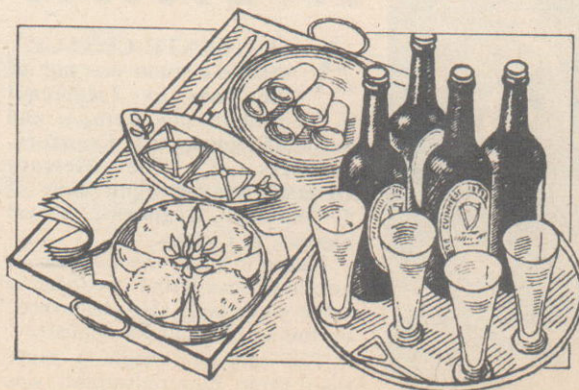


A trade badge for a dowser—by our artist.



“Come and eat—it’s Guinness time!”

GUINNESS TIME! There’s welcome words! The very sound of them’s enough to give you an appetite. Guinness is just the job with food because of its clean bracing taste. It makes you feel chirpier from the very first sip, and you not only do yourself proud — you do yourself good.





THE DAYS

Taking no chances: a Guardsman surveys an Arab village (scene of trouble in the past) as a convoy nears Moascar. Note machine-gun, compass, whistle, all ready.



Just one man's packing problem. These crates in an Egyptian garden are labelled for Stretford, Manchester. Their owner, RQMS A. H. Harris, adds the finishing touches.

ARE NUMBERED

Evacuation of Egypt is well under way. Terrorism has died and British soldiers are being given a cordial send-off. The pull-out will be spread over twenty months.

At Port Said ships' bellies lie open waiting for convoys of weapons and stores trundled from the great desert camps.



A CANNON FROM THE SEA

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY bronze cannon was one of the finds by Lieutenant E. T. Bolt (in photograph) and Second-Lieutenant J. Crawford, members of "The Mercury Divers," the sub-aqua club of 2 Wireless Regiment, Royal Signals, in Cyprus.

Pictured with the cannon is another once-lethal weapon, a stone sling ball, also discovered on the sea bed off Famagusta.

The cannon, weighing more than three hundredweight, was

retrieved from the wreckage of a ship lying in about 15 feet of water. Wearing "schnorkel" masks, the two officers prised the cannon from the sand with garden trowels, then slung it under a rowing boat by means of a rope, to bring it ashore.

The wreck may be that of a Turkish or Venetian galleon which was transporting slaves to Constantinople 400 years ago. There is a theory that the galleon was moored for provisioning (cattle bones have been found

in the wreck), that the slaves mutinied and set it on fire.

"Next year we hope to make even more interesting finds," says Lieutenant Bolt. "We are keeping the exact location a secret." But Second-Lieutenant Crawford will not be taking part. He was a National Serviceman and is now released.—*Report by Captain W. Holmes, Military Observer.*

*See also "The Divers of Salamis" (SOLDIER, December 1954).

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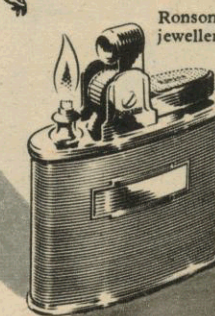


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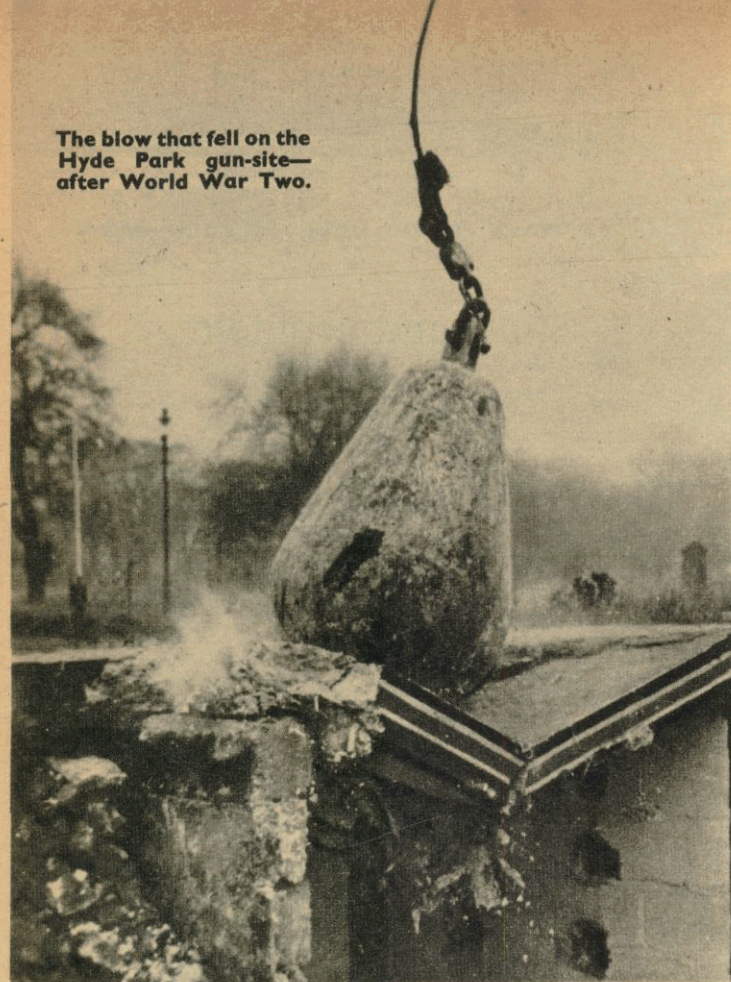
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The blow that fell on the Hyde Park gun-site—after World War Two.



The days of artillery defence against air attack are drawing to a close. A great Command and many a regiment of anti-aircraft Gunners face disbandment

ONE of the best-known flashes in the Army—the black bow and arrow on a red square—is going into the limbo, with the impending disbandment of Anti-Aircraft Command. A million men and women have worn it.

Eleven Regular heavy anti-aircraft regiments in the Command will go out of business. Most will enter a state of "suspended animation." The remainder will undertake other rôles in the Royal Artillery. None of the men will be re-badged.

In the Territorial Army, less than a quarter of the present anti-aircraft units will be kept. Amalgamation and disbanding will be the fate of the rest. Location, strength in volunteers, history and tradition will be among the factors to decide which shall survive.

Those anti-aircraft units which are retained in Britain will be transferred to Home Commands. The rôle of the remaining units, at home and overseas, will be local defence of vital targets on which low or medium level precision bombing attacks would be

likely. When reorganisation is complete, there will be no mixed regiments.

Anti-Aircraft Command headquarters will remain in being during the reorganisation, as will those of its Groups, but their strengths will be reduced as the number of units dwindles. Until decisions have been made about which units are to survive, training for Territorials in anti-aircraft units will be entirely voluntary. It will count towards a bounty.

National Service officers and men in Territorial anti-aircraft units which are to be disbanded will be posted to other Gunner units if possible, or otherwise absorbed into the Reserve Army. Men coming to the end of their full-time National Service, who would ordinarily have been posted to Territorial anti-aircraft units, will go into the Army Emergency Reserve until the



Ack-Ack Command flash was copied from a plaque below its Commander-in-Chief's window at Stanmore.

units to be disbanded have been named.

To the women Territorials in Anti-Aircraft Command new appointments in mixed or women's units will be offered. Regular members of the Women's Royal Army Corps in anti-aircraft units will be posted elsewhere. New fields are likely to be opened to women, and it is expected that the change will give them a greater variety of posts.

More details of the reorganisation will come this Spring, when the War Minister, Mr. Antony Head, presents the Army Estimates in the House of Commons.

Anti-Aircraft Command was born on an inauspicious date: April 1, 1939. A year before, Britain's anti-aircraft defences had consisted of only two divisions and two independent brigades. By the outbreak of war there

were seven divisions—of a sort. All the anti-aircraft defences were manned by Territorial Army units. They had 695 heavy and 253 light guns, many on loan from the Royal Navy (in 1944, they had 7000 guns). In command was General Sir Frederick Pile, who held that post right through the war. In his autobiography "Ack Ack" he said of those early months: "There can be no doubt that we were extremely fortunate that no attack did develop."

For the first year, the Command had only equipment designed for shooting at seen targets. Not until October 1940 was radar first used to control anti-aircraft fire. In 1941 came another milestone in the Command's history: new regulations made women eligible for operational duties and the first mixed anti-aircraft units came into being. Another big moment was in June 1944, when the Command set up a coastal belt of guns to tackle the flying bomb, freeing fighters to operate over the sea. In four days, the Command moved 23,000 men and women and 60,000 tons of stores and ammunition to the coast.

The Command headquarters were—and still are—in a house at Stanmore, Middlesex, adjoining

OVER

On a war-time London site, a 4.5 inch gun is loaded.

THE BLOW FALLS ON

ANTI-AIRCRAFT

COMMAND



English sky-line, 1940. Anti-Aircraft Gunners accounted for more than 300 aircraft in the Battle of Britain.



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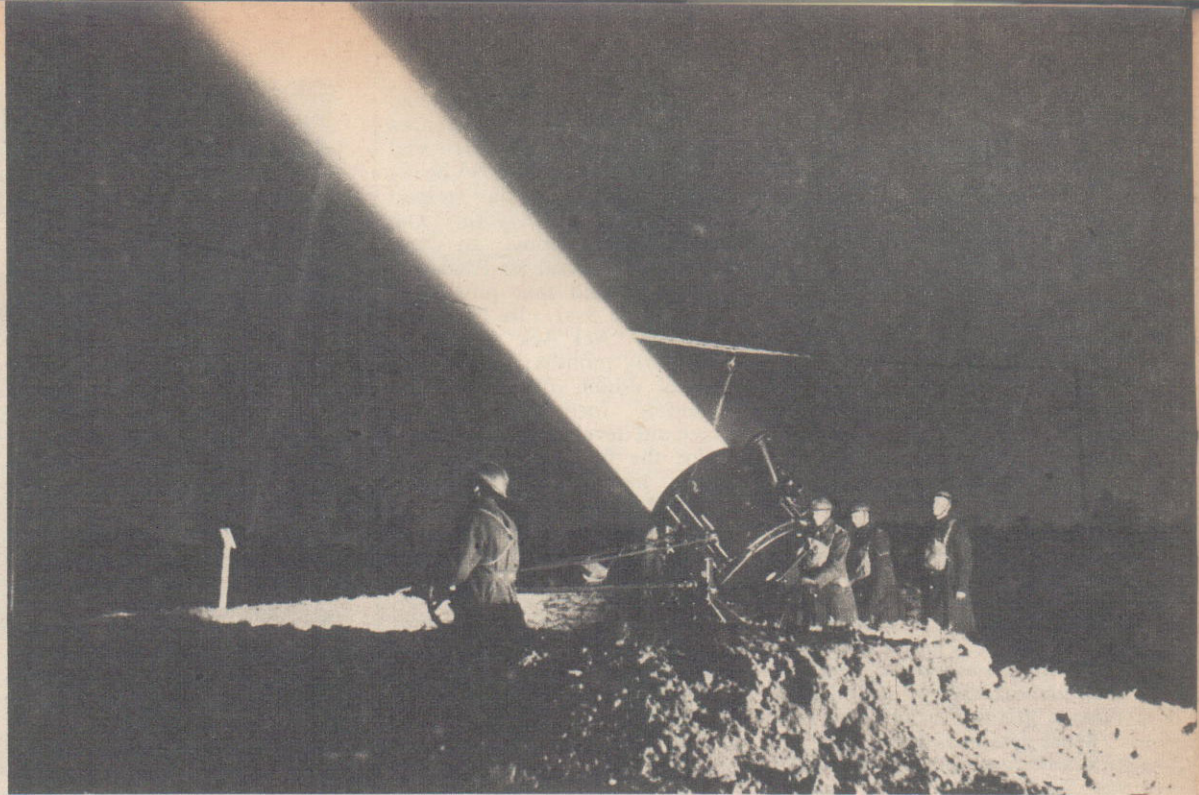
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ANTI-AIRCRAFT COMMAND continued

the Royal Air Force's Fighter Command, which controls the air defences of Britain. From here came the orders for the men and women who operated the guns and predictors, radar sets, searchlights and rocket projectors. The establishment of the Command at one time was 500,000. Frequently it was combed out, and—in an industrial phrase—diluted. Especially in the early days the Gunners and searchlight operators lived a withdrawn life on lonely, muddy sites, with the most rudimentary of amenities. For their diversion the BBC ran a programme "Ack, Ack, Beer, Beer."

Some batteries never fired except on the annual pilgrimage to practice camp. Others fired as many as one thousand rounds in a night, during the various blitzes. After the war the Command scoreboard showed that 822 enemy aircraft had been destroyed, another 237 had prob-



Before radar, the searchlight was essential for a night engagement.

ably been destroyed, 422 had been damaged, and 1972 flying-bombs had been destroyed. What no scoreboard can tell is what those figures mean in terms of lives saved and damage avoided.

The war over, Anti-Aircraft Command dwindled. Many gun-sites, like the show site in Hyde Park, were uprooted; some were put in a state of "sterilisation"; others were kept operational. Despite this whittling down, it was obvious that the hard-pressed Regular Army could provide only a nucleus for Britain's anti-aircraft defence. In 1947, when the Territorial Army was reconstituted, Anti-Aircraft Command had a major claim on its services.

Throughout its career, Anti-Aircraft Command—"the most technical army that ever wore khaki," as General Pile called it—fostered the scientific battle against weapons from the air. It never stood still; new weapons, new ammunition, new instruments, new drills were always forthcoming. As the world moved into the jet age the scientists knew, and the Gunners suspected, that the problem of interception would have to be solved by other means than artillery. But the scientists kept on at the task of screwing the utmost performance out of the hardy 3.7s and 40.mms. with which Britain started World War Two. They increased muzzle velocity. They cut down the human element and made the guns all but automatic. Today the men who served on the 3.7s during the Munich crisis would hardly recognise them.

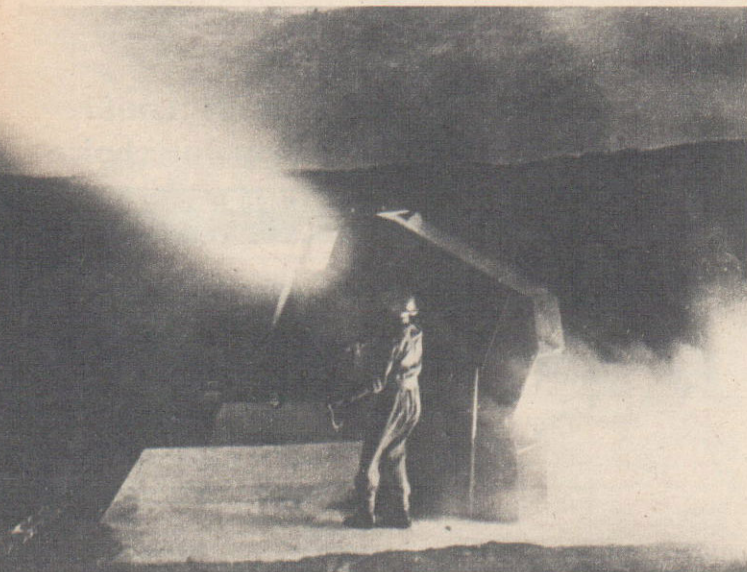
Now Anti-Aircraft Command is a casualty of the science which so ruthlessly forced its growth. It fought a difficult fight and goes down with honours. The first to pay tribute to its "splendid service" was the man who told Members of Parliament the news of its disbanding—Mr. Harold MacMillan, the new Defence Minister.



General Sir Frederick Pile (left), Ack-Ack Command's war-time commander. Right: Lieutenant-General Sir Maurice Chilton, the present commander-in-chief.



In 1944, Sir Winston Churchill went to see the battle against the flying bomb. His daughter Mary wore the bow and arrow flash.



Rocket guns manned by the Home Guard supported orthodox anti-aircraft guns during the war. Below: This was what they did to the sky-scape. It was no fun to stand underneath.



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Over the Edge

"THE main difficulty was to persuade men to walk boldly backwards over the edge of a cliff."

So writes Thomas Paynter, who taught Commandos rock-climbing on Welsh peaks in World War Two. The Commandos, of course, had the benefit of a rope, but even so, as the author admits, "It is hardly surprising that the average man felt uneasy." Some instructors jumped backwards over the cliff.

"If all goes smoothly, roping down is easy," says Mr. Paynter (a former Regular officer) in "The Ski And The Mountain" (Hurst and Blackett, 15s). Sometimes a man loses his nerve and shouts that he is going to fall; but he usually scrambles down somehow. It's useful to know.

Mr. Paynter was one of a team led by F. S. Smythe who taught mountaineering to a party of Lovat Scouts in the Canadian Rockies during the late war—a little outing which was not advertised at the time.

His book is primarily one for ski-ing enthusiasts. Reminiscence and instruction are agreeably blended.

BOOKSHELF

Pulling the Army's Leg—Ouch!

"WHAT is the object of all weapon training? The Object Of All Weapon Training. I'll tell you what is The Object Of All Weapon Training. The Object Of All Weapon Training is to teach the soldier the correct 'andling of his weapons at all times in order to kill the enemy. What is The Object Of All Weapon Training—Travers? Smartly-to-attention, then."

"Sergeant?"

"What is The Object Of All Weapon Training?"

"Killing the enemy, Sergeant."

"You horrible man. Oh, you horrible man. The Object Of All Weapon Training is to teach the soldier the correct 'andling of his weapons at all times in order to kill the enemy. What is The Object Of All Weapon Training?"

Does that ring a bell with anyone? It is an extract from a very funny book about the Army called "Private's Progress" (Gollancz, 10s 6d) by Alan Hackney.

The hero, if that is the right word, is called up during World War Two, after studying at Oxford. He fluffs his War Office Selection Board and tries to reconcile himself to a life in the ranks, where he learns, all too quickly, the arts of spinning out the job, looking busy, extending the lunch break, and wangling a



Alan Hackney: he has an ear for the patter of NCOs.

night out on escort duty.

He finds himself in a depot company full of soldiers so dubiously attached that they find it necessary to burn the nominal rolls from time to time. Many of them slip out of camp to jobs in the town. On weekend pass 109 men buy rail tickets to the first station up the line, but only five get out there.

The hero's chum, an arch dodger, occasionally gets caught up in a job of work, whereupon he comments, "All go, innit, mate?" Under his tutelage, the hero looks for "the longest and cushiest course" in the Army, and eventually finds it. At the end of it he is commissioned and finds himself caught up in much more strenuous and dangerous activities than he could reason-

ably have expected. His service ends, on a note of comical anticlimax, in India.

Mr. Hackney's peculiar talent is an ear, and a memory, for Cockney barrack-room slang and the patter of NCOs.

"Right lads," chirped the PT corporal, in the odd high-pitched voice of his calling. "Running-on-the-spot-with-me, begin! Knees-up-up-up-up-up! Into the changing room, GO!"

It makes the leg muscles ache even to read it.

Mr. Hackney's types are most skilfully observed, though his cloak-and-dagger brigadier is rather hard to swallow. It's not all that difficult to be funny about the Army, but Mr. Hackney brings a fresh talent to the task. The Army will join in the chuckle without resentment—but with, perhaps, an occasional twinge of conscience.

A long novel about yesterday's Army, the "red little, dead little Army" which perished at Ypres is "How Dear Is Life" (Macdonald, 12s 6d). The author, Henry Williamson, paints the background of the period—both military and civilian—in rich detail, nicely calculated to stir the memories of those who lived through 1914-1918.

These were the troops who went into action singing songs like:

*Hoch der Kaiser!
Donner und Blitzen!
Salmon and Gluckstein!
BAA-AA-AH!*

They wore cholera belts—closely knitted woollen bands enclosing kidneys and belly, about three inches wide. These were supposed to guard against chills; in fact, they served as a trap for parasites.

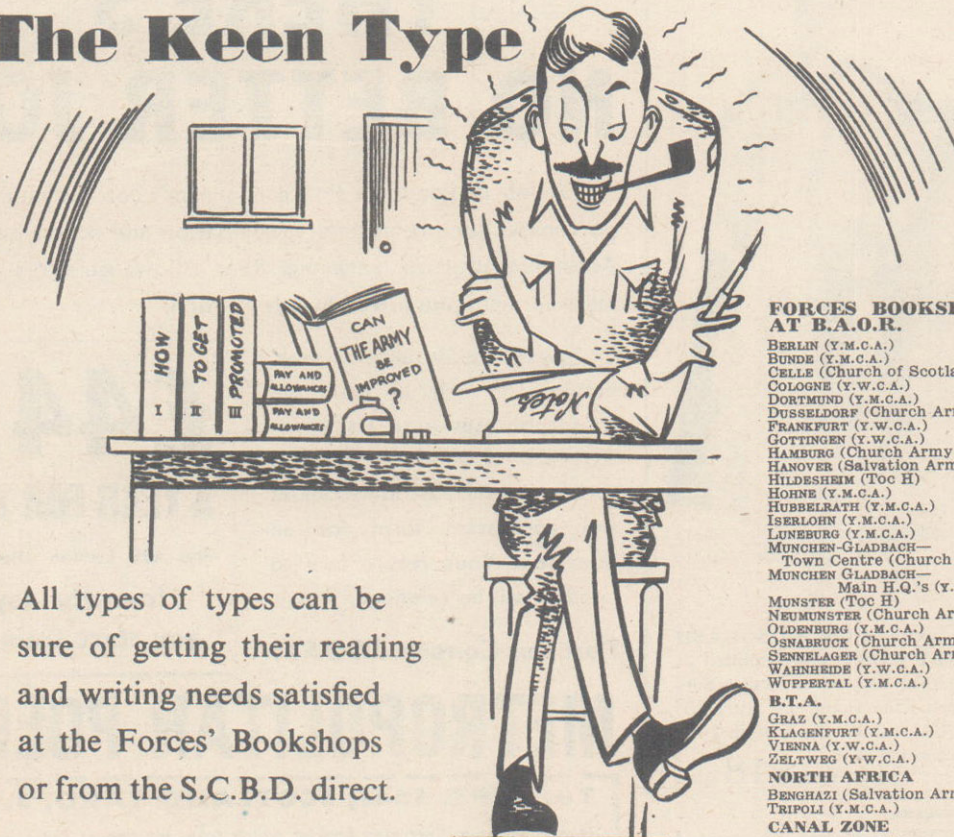
In nightmare landscapes amid trees which, in Mr. Williamson's phrase, looked like chewed penholders, Territorials and Regulars fought and fell. The author's description of the battlefields is vivid and unsparing. Any young soldier who is curious about the type of war his elders fought will do well to read this story.

How can a captured woman agent be made to talk against her will, without descending to the brutalities of the Gestapo?

That is the problem which faces a major and a captain of the Intelligence Corps in Douglas Lyle's novel, "The Inquisitors" (Harrap, 10s 6d). The lady is Italian, determined and attractive—too attractive for the captain, who poses as a sergeant to take up duty as her jailer.

The inquisitors bumble along through various psychological approaches, but finally achieve their aim by an unsubtle trick. There is an exciting moment when the spy's confederates attempt to rescue her.

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HOLY BAPTISM

On the Second Sunday after the Epiphany, 20th January 1952, LEONARD LEVI MOREE, AF 1722 59 65 b. 11th Dec. 1929. Sgt. USAF. was baptised according to the rites of the Church of England in the presence of his witnesses: Henry Xavier Metz, Staff Sgt. USAF and Michael Denis George Conybeare Ryan, Major, the Royal Ulster Rifles. Signed: S. J. Davies (Rev. S. J. Davies) Chaplain, the Royal Army Chaplains' Dept Prisoner-of-War Camp No. 2, Ping-song-ni, North Korea.

This baptismal certificate was written on Chinese cigarette paper in prison camp in Korea.

They Censored "Good King Wenceslas"

THE Glosters' armourer wrote a book. So did the Glosters' adjutant. Now it is the turn of the Glosters' chaplain—and a very worth-while book it is. Its title is "In Spite of Dungeons" (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s 6d).

In a prison camp the chaplain faces perhaps his biggest challenge.

He must struggle to maintain the spiritual values of those around him; he must stop men going to pieces. The enemy may be fighting for the captives' minds—which is just what the padre, in his own way, must do. He must be a man not easily frustrated.

In the Pi-Chong-Ni prison camp in Korea the Reverend S. J. Davies struggled against intransigencies of censorship. Before each service he was forced to submit, in his own handwriting, a copy of every prayer (even the Lord's Prayer and the Creed), every hymn and every Bible reading. If the Chinese detected "subversive propaganda" the offending item was struck from the order of service.

The author was forbidden to organise a play on the theme of "Good King Wenceslas." He was summoned to the Chinese Commandant's office and told: "This has a reactionary attitude to the working people. It is a story of feudal bourgeois philanthropy!"

Once the Glosters' padre was sentenced to three months solitary confinement for organising a religious meeting which had not been approved by the Chinese. For some unaccountable reason he was released after 17 days.

The Chinese refused to allow Red Cross supplies of bibles and prayer books into the camp and the padre was deprived of his religious vessels and vestments. His Army prayer book had been impounded as a military document. The padre and his congregation partly overcame the difficulty by making more than 40 little hymn books of their own, laboriously copying the words of the hymns on to cigarette paper which the Chinese issued once a month.

At every service the congregation gathered round a small stone cross which had been made by a fellow prisoner, Lieut-Colonel J. P. Carne, VC, with a couple of nails and a primitive hammer and rubbed smooth against a

concrete step. The chalice was a Chinese soldier's tin mug marked with a black cross. The Communion paten was carved from a piece of wood by a prisoner using a knife made from the steel stay of an American officer's boot.

Once the inmates of Pi-Chong-Ni organised a "Crazy Week." Some men played at being aeroplanes. One officer went everywhere, for a day, even to the Chinese headquarters, mounted on an imaginary motor-cycle. Another shaved his head and at roll-call wore a feather, explaining that he was "a blood brother to a Red Indian chief." One morning the Chinese guards at reveille found a party of prisoners playing bridge by candlelight, with no cards.

The author was the only United Nations' padre to survive captivity by Chinese Communists in Korea. Three American chaplains died. As a prisoner he walked 600 miles—farther, he claims, than any other captured member of 29 Infantry Brigade.

The Reverend S. J. Davies was the only United Nations padre to survive captivity in Pi-Chong-Ni.



Razor Blade for Scalpel

FEW doctors have practised in such appalling conditions as the captured Army medical officers who spent three years in the infamous Japanese prison camp at Rangoon.

One of them, Colonel K. P. Mackenzie, who served with the 17th Indian Division in Burma, tells the shocking story in "Operation Rangoon Jail" (Christopher Johnson Publishers, Ltd., 15s).

Boy's Eye View

"DADDY, how far can a gun shoot?"

For fathers who are bothered by questions like this, "The Wonder Book of the Army" (Ward, Lock, 12s 6d) will come in useful to give to small sons as a birthday present. An attractive present it is, too, with its eight colour-plates and 230 other illustrations.

Though this is intended primarily as a children's book, father will be in good company if he borrows it for a quiet session. The Danish Military Academy has chosen it as a background educational book for cadets.

It tells the story of the British soldier, "staunch and tenacious in defeat, kind and gentle in victory—a good comrade and a dependable friend," according to Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery in a foreword.

The chapters on the fighting arms are enlivened by stories of gallantry, and there are neat summaries of the part each arm plays in battle. Pictures begin with 17th-century uniforms and come up-to-date with the BAT recoilless gun and the Conqueror heavy-gun tank.

There are also chapters on Colours and standards, the Household troops, the supporting services, customs and traditions, gallantry awards, and the stories behind cap-badges. The Territorial Army, Commonwealth armies and the women's services have their own sections.

Chindit Officer

LIEUTENANT James Baggageley had a premonition in the last war that he would never be killed in action.

It came to him, strangely enough, at a moment in the Burmese jungle when his chances of survival must have appeared to be zero. He had just seen the body of a fellow officer carried by on a stretcher.

Lieutenant Baggageley was leading an Infantry platoon with Wingate's Chindits in the 700-mile march into Burma. In "A Chindit Story" (Souvenir Press, 12s 6d) he conjures up all the emotions that hundreds of equally junior subalterns must have gone through in these or other jungles, then and since. Amid the filth, heat and bitter discomfort, often bewildered and often frightened, he remains tender in his feelings towards the handful of men entrusted to his unprofessional leadership and alive to their criticism of him, implied or otherwise.

Beri-beri, malaria, dysentery, tropical fevers, jungle sores, ring-worm and scabies were commonplace ailments. Cholera and smallpox also broke out.

The "hospital" was a small room which also housed foul-smelling, germ-ridden latrines made out of ammunition boxes. These had to be emptied and cleaned by medical orderlies, who had no gloves or overalls. There were no dressings, drugs or proper surgical instruments except the pitifully inadequate supplies which working parties sometimes smuggled in and those which the Japanese issued on very rare occasions. There were no bedpans. Water was so strictly rationed that it could rarely be used for sterilising instruments. Once 500 men were inoculated with the same unsterilised needle.

Colonel Mackenzie's scalpel was a much-used razor blade fastened to a piece of wood. His forceps were roughly cut from a sheet of zinc, and always bent under pressure.

The Japanese called on him to operate on a Chinese general, stabbed by one of his own men. "No surgeon, however famous, could have had a more appreciative gallery," says Colonel Mackenzie. "I started work surrounded by grinning yellow faces. Standing on my left was the Commandant, watching so eagerly that I could feel his breath on my arm and, incidentally, going down over the patient's wound." It is not surprising that the general died.

A third of the British prisoners at Rangoon Jail died in captivity. The number would have been much higher but for the devotion of Colonel Mackenzie and his assistants.

Korean Record

AFTER World War Two the writers of divisional histories stripped down for action. Not all their works have yet reached the bookshelves.

Already, however, is published the history of a division which was not even the gleam in anybody's eye in 1945, though today it brings a gleam to the eye of those who served in it: 1st Commonwealth Division.

Brigadier C. N. Barclay undertook to write this history, with the approval of Commonwealth Governments. His book—"The First Commonwealth Division" (Gale and Polden, 25s) is a straightforward factual record; that is, it sets out the order of battle, the engagements, the reshuffles, the casualties, the system of command. It is not a book of criticism or personalities.



From: Air Marshal

Sir Thomas Williams, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A.

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

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You may say that you find it hard enough to save in "Civvy Street" so how on earth can you do so in the Services? However, if you think about it seriously there is no better time to start — if you haven't already done so. Every unit in all the services "lays on" National Savings facilities and the Unit Savings Officer will be only too pleased to help would-be savers.

I recently retired after many years in the Royal Air Force. I know how valuable a service Forces Savings is giving to both Regulars and National Service personnel, and no matter where you may be stationed you can save a bit from your pay if you want to do so.

I also commend Forces Savings for mention by parents and friends to young men who are going into the Services (and to young women too, as in the Women's Services there are some of our best savers!)

We have an excellent series of leaflets (shown above) which tell, in simple language, all about Forces Savings. Why not write for a copy of the one which applies. Address your letter to me:—

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H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.**

Issued by H.M. Forces Savings Committee



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Without obligation let me have details please. Assume I save each month £1, £2, £4, £6.
(Cross out the inapplicable)

Name (Rank)

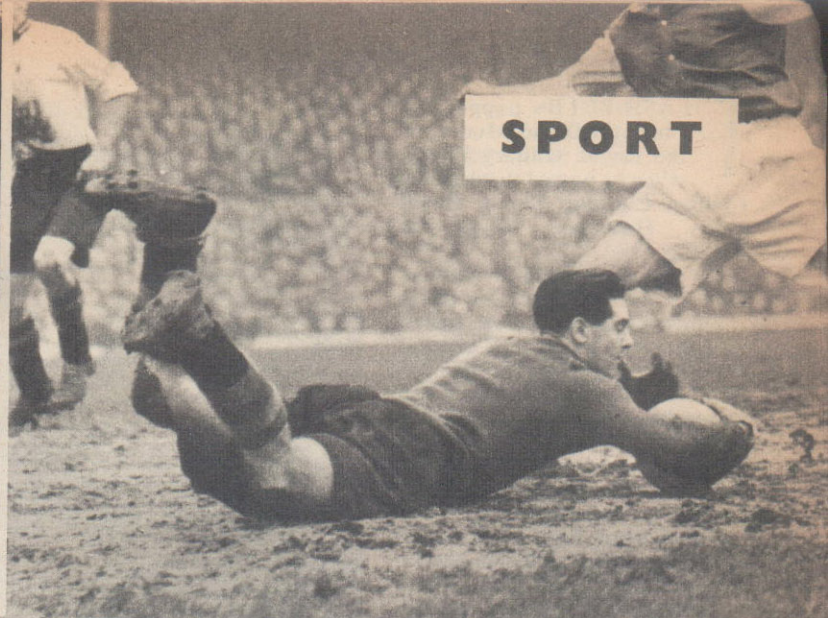
Address

Date of Birth

Sol.1/55.



WILLIE FRASER: Played for Scotland against Wales last year.



KEITH JONES: Capped for Wales against Scotland in 1950.



RONNIE SIMPSON: He kept goal for Britain's 1948 Olympic team.



JOHN KING: Capped for Wales. He was six times a schoolboy international.



JOHN ANDERSON: He played for Scotland against Finland last year.

SIX ARMY 'KEEPERS CAPPED

THE Army is making a habit of grooming goalkeepers for International honours.

In the past seven years no fewer than six of the Army's seven regular first-team goalkeepers have been capped for their countries. They were all National Servicemen.

Keith Jones, a lance-corporal in the Cheshire Regiment, who kept goal for the Army in the 1947-48 season, set the pace when he was chosen for Wales against Scotland in 1950. He is Aston Villa's regular 'keeper. His successor in the Army goal, Trooper Ronnie Simpson, late of the 17/21st Lancers, was selected for Scottish Amateurs and kept goal for Britain's Olympic Games team in 1948. He now plays for Glasgow Rangers.

Ex-Gunner Fred Martin, of the Royal Artillery Depot, Wool-

wich, began his Army football career as a forward, having played in that position for Aberdeen and when on loan to Crystal Palace. The Army turned him into a goalkeeper. He performed so well that on his release he became Aberdeen's first team goalkeeper. Last year he was capped for Scotland in their two matches against Norway and played for them in the World Cup.

John Anderson, formerly a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps at Crookham,

kept goal for the Army in several big matches. Last year he played for Scotland "B" against England "B" and for Scotland against Finland.

The fifth to gain international honours has been described as the best goalkeeper the Army has ever had. He is ex-Corporal Willie Fraser, formerly of 26 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He turned out in every Army representative match over the last two seasons. Shortly after his release from the Army last year he was chosen as Scotland's goalkeeper against Wales. The critics say he is likely to be Scotland's goalkeeper for several years. His club is Sunderland.

FRED MARTIN: the Army changed him from forward to 'keeper.



Finally, ex-Gunner John King, of the Royal Artillery Depot, Woolwich, and now of Swansea Town, was chosen to keep goal for Wales in this season's game against England. As a schoolboy he played six times for Wales: a schoolboy record. He turned out for the Army against France in 1952.

Uncapped — as yet — is ex-Gunner Nigel Sims, formerly of 64 Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, who also kept goal for the Army. He now plays for Wolverhampton Wanderers.

FLASH-BULBS popped for Corporal David Moore, of the Royal Military Police, when he passed through the Civilian Clothing Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, at Woking.

He was the millionth Serviceman to draw civilian kit there.

Otherwise there was no fuss—no engraved plaque for Corporal Moore, as there was for the two-millionth Medloc passenger; no kisses from pretty girls, as there were for the 100,000th soldier from Korea to arrive in Tokio for leave. There was not even a General to shake his hand.

Absence of fuss is, however, one of the things which makes the Depot what it is, a place where a soldier can browse quietly through 3000 clothes-hangers, obtain a little advice if he wants it, and emerge with a cardboard box containing an outfit in which he can confidently appear as a civilian.

The Depot was the last of ten set up in 1945 to fit out war-time Servicemen with civilian clothes. Now it is the sole survivor of the ten, and Regular soldiers, sailors and airmen from all over Britain must go there if they want their free civilian outfit. They may take £8 instead, and need not make up their minds until they have seen what Woking offers, but the retail value of the outfit is conservatively estimated to be at least twice that. The Depot also provides outfits for soldiers going abroad to jobs in which they cannot wear uniform (as on military attachés' staffs) or to take language courses.

Even the Woking depot is but a shadow of its 1945 self. Just after the war, when it had more space and more coat-hangers, civilian outfits were being issued at the rate of 2500 a day. Now the turn-over is between 700 and 1000 a week—rapid enough for Captain W. J. Glazier, who com-



A MAN IN A MILLION

mands the Depot, to be able to say, "We have no moth problem. The clothing is not here long enough."

Nowadays, all the staff are civilians, except for Captain Glazier, Sub-conductor J. Turner (who had a spell at the Depot in the 2500-a-day period) and SQMS E. Paynting. Between them they have more than 70 years' Army service.

Officially, the Regular passing through the Depot has a choice of three suits: blue, brown or grey, or a sports jacket and flannels. In fact, his choice is very much wider. The patterns in each

colour vary from hard-wearing country tweed to natty lounge-suiting, from gay stripes to plain and sober cloth. In the largest size, SOLDIER counted 20 different suits, besides sports jackets; in the more common sizes, the range is even greater.

There are suits in 47 different sizes, including one with a label "Short, portly." Besides a suit, the soldier is entitled to a raincoat or mackintosh, a shirt with two collars, a pair of shoes, two pairs of socks, a hat, two studs and a pair of cuff-links.

The only item any considerable number of men do not care

The man "improperly dressed" on left is a military policeman, Corporal David Moore—the millionth to draw a civilian suit at Woking. Below: Mister Moore.



about is the hat. Some take one, saying, "It'll do for the old man." While SOLDIER was at the hat-counter, the following dialogue took place:—

Attendant: Choose your hat now, sir.

Man: I don't want a hat.

Attendant: What about your father? Or your brother?

Man: I haven't got a father, or a brother. You can have it.

"Mark it, 'No issue,'" said Captain Glazier.

With all its resources, the Depot is sometimes caught out. There are occasional Guardsmen who cannot tuck their feet into size 13 shoes, the Depot's biggest. John Savidge, the giant Royal Marine champion shot-putter, could not cover his six feet seven inches with any of the Depot's suits. Regimental Sergeant-Major Ronald Brittain, the Voice from Mons Officer Cadet School, had too large a girth for any raincoat or suit, and his 20-inch neck was too much for the shirt department, which draws the line at 18 inches. In such cases, the man is given a choice of patterns and measured. Details are sent off to the Central Ordnance Depot at Branston—which posts him specially-made garments.

Complaints? Just occasionally a man has grumbled that he cannot have a suit of Edwardian cut. Nobody has ever brought back a garment to complain of a defect—Government inspectors supervise the manufacture. Sometimes a man will bring back a suit because his mother or his wife says he should have picked one in a different colour. "If the suit hasn't been worn, we do our best to satisfy him," says Captain Glazier.

"The Forgotten Sport," by Colonel H. M. Tulloch; a notable picture from the Army Art Society's latest exhibition. See SOLDIER to Soldier, Page 8.



The finest comics your child can have!



Whatever the age of your child, there's a first-rate Hulton comic that will keep him or her entertained and well-informed every week.

First, there is the famous "Eagle," favourite of boys from 11-15 all over the world. Then there is "Girl," for their sisters.

For boys and girls aged 7-10, a paper has been specially created called "Swift." This beautifully produced and well-written comic encourages your child to read more quickly.

Last, but by no means least, there is "Robin," which is for the very young. All of these Hulton comics are edited by the Reverend Marcus Morris, who has set an entirely new and higher standard

in children's journalism. Hulton comics are *trusted* by parents and *loved* by children.

"EAGLE"—for boys aged 11 to 15

"GIRL"—for girls aged 11 to 15

"SWIFT"—for boys and girls aged 7 to 10

"ROBIN"—for the very young

These magazines are obtainable every week from Forces Bookshops and Newsagents. In case of difficulty write to Hulton Press Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A HULTON COMIC

RETAIL SALESMEN

LEWIS'S LTD. have large department stores in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, Hanley and Leicester: they are building a new store in Bristol, and they control Selfridges.

LEWIS'S LTD. will appoint as LEARNER-SALESMEN young men on their release from the Services. Starting salary in Selfridges £7 1s. 6d. per week, in the Provinces £6 16s. 0d. per week, *plus* commission on individual takings—a reasonable minimum commission is 15s. per week, and many salesmen earn much more.

Excellent conditions of employment include holidays with pay, payment during sickness, a non-contributory pension scheme, staff canteen, and welfare services.

Training in business method, commodity knowledge, salesmanship and stock control, is given in the initial stages of employment.

Opportunities for promotion are many, and the proportion of managerial positions is high when compared with industry. There is a constant search for those capable of filling the executive positions, and Potential Promotables receive advanced training in management, financial control of stocks, and merchandising. Those who are successful can reach senior executive rank on either the Selling or the Buying side of the business.

Interested applicants should write in the first instance to:

The Staff Controller—S.R.,
Lewis's Ltd.,
Market Street,
MANCHESTER 1

stating age, pre-Service and Service record, and in which of the above-mentioned cities they would prefer to work.

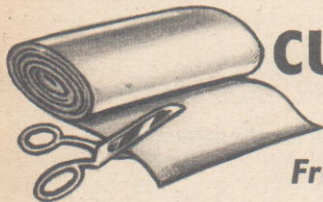
Interviews will be arranged before or after Service release, either in the town in which applicant is serving or in the most convenient city.



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MEASURE** (in case)
with every order
placed quickly.



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All the latest new season's Overcoat and Suit materials. Write NOW for FREE PATTERNS of this selection of excellent Tweeds and fine quality Worsteds. Any length cut—every purchase FULLY GUARANTEED. No risk involved. This is YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE £££'s.

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Please send me free, 'Steps in the Right Direction'. I enclose 2½d. stamp.

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LETTERS

CHURCH MILITANT

SOLDIER (November) makes mention of padres going to battle-schools. There was a padres' battle-school at Church Stowe, Weedon, where the only variation from other such institutions was that the student did not carry arms.

As instructors, we regarded the awful enthusiasm of these padres with the utmost foreboding. Not only did even the milder denominations know no fear, but there was a great deal of blood-letting by all denominations. One padre, when given a bearing on a night compass march, lightly vaulted the parapet of a bridge in pitch darkness. There was a twenty-foot drop the other side and he broke both ankles.

The padres were as tough and sincerely energetic as any other bunch of students and what they lacked in skill they made up for in guts. Their later record in Normandy proves that conclusively. Any padres reading this will surely remember "The Skipper," "Taffy" and "Sam Small" with mixed feelings, not untouched by affection.—**Laurence McHale** (ex-Royal Norfolk), 183 Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.

SPORTS GROUNDS

SOLDIER (November) stated that in Aldershot there were no sports grounds until 1908.

Not only were there excellent football grounds before 1908, on which cup-ties and company games took place, but splendid sports, cricket, hockey and polo grounds were also available.

The idea of new grounds started at the beginning of this century, when two young officers crept out of barracks one night, marked out a new ground and filled in a hollow at one corner. A match was played that day.

Next day, the Command Headquarters swimming bath was emptied and the water, instead of following its usual course over the new football ground, flowed into the vegetable gardens of the senior warrant officers.

Ultimately, the younger of the two officers concerned was requested to "forward his reasons in writing"; the swimming bath water reverted to its old course and a new ground was made elsewhere.—**Major H. C. Fousset**, Pitchfield Cottage, Thursley, Surrey.

*Note: Major Fousset served in

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

Aldershot, at intervals, from 1893 to 1919. He now lives on the edge of Aldershot manœuvre ground. He adds: "Weapons change, but the men are just the same—cheerful and well mannered."

CINEMA PRICES

Are prices in Army Kinema Corporation cinemas controlled or not? At "The Globe," Camp 7, Dortmund, the prices are: 2s for adults and 1s 3d for children; front seats 1s and 9d. The front seats are mostly filled by troops.

As this is the only entertainment outside the mess, cinema-going with two children is rather expensive. The cost of living is high enough.

At civilian cinemas in England we used to pay only 1s for children if our seats were 2s 3d (or, in some cinemas, 2s 8d).—**Mrs. Howe** (address supplied).

*Prices charged in AKC cinemas are fixed by the Board of Management within limits laid down by War Office. Rules are that the cheapest seats shall not exceed 1s or the most expensive seats 2s 6d and that at least half the available seats shall be at a price not exceeding 1s.

The AKC provides a world-wide service for the Army and in this respect differs from commercial firms which supply cinema entertainment only where it is an economic proposition. Generally, the cost of providing the AKC service is highest where conditions for presentation are most difficult and box office receipts are lowest. Losses incurred in such stations have to be met from profits made elsewhere.

SOLDIER is informed that the prices charged are the minimum possible if the present standard of film entertainment is to be maintained.

WHO ARE THEY?

No prizes are offered for identifying these uniforms, but your help is sought.

A **SOLDIER** reader, Mr. Stuart V. Tucker (ex-Royal Engineers) found a number of old photographs in the cellar of his house in Ashstead, Surrey, when he moved in. Various suggestions have been made as to the identity of these officers—ranging from Local Volunteer Militia to Russian crack troops and Automobile Association scouts. The period is probably early World War One, for included in the group were British officers wearing their "pips" on their cuffs.

The collar badge is apparently a Prince of Wales' feathers design.



CONTEMPTIBLES

I think that the eight good conduct badges of the bandsman in the Royal Artillery Mounted Band will have been surpassed by an ex-member of the Royal Army Medical Corps, Joe Papworth, who was a cook at the depot in Aldershot for about 40 years. He was known as "Old Joe" in pre-1914 days. His good conduct badges reached almost to his elbow and his long service record attracted publicity in the daily press some 30 years ago.

Ex-Boy Trumpeter J. D. Hill, Royal Horse Artillery must be well in the running for the title of the youngest living "Old Contemptible." He joined as a Boy from the York Garrison School, where his father was headmaster, and was in France before the end of August, 1914. I believe he was awarded the DCM and two Bars and was subsequently commissioned. He would now be about 56 years old.—"York Garrison" (name and address supplied).

There were four Old Contemptibles in my family: my father, who died at 72, my father-in-law, who died at 79, myself, aged 58 and my brother-in-law (Mr. C. Wilson) aged 57. We were all Artillerymen, with 27 medals between us including one Distinguished Conduct Medal, two Meritorious Service Medals, four Long Service and Good Conduct Medals, one Territorial Efficiency Medal and Clasp. My brother-in-law also received the Queen's Commendation. We were all WO II's and all in possession of the Army 1st Class Certificate of Education.—Ex-RQMS T. Cannan, "Le Cateau," 4 Salisbury Road, Lowestoft.

ROGUE'S MARCH

I came across the following in Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, dated 1844:—

Discharge of Soldiers with Ignominy:—

22. When Orders have been given for discharging a soldier with ignominy, the following process is to be strictly adhered to in carrying such Orders into effect:—

The Regiment being assembled, and the man about to be discharged brought forward, the several crimes and irregularities of which he has been guilty are to be recapitulated and the order for his dismissal from the Service is to be read, together with his discharge, in which will be noticed his ignominious and disgraceful conduct. The buttons, facing, lace, and any other distinctions, are then to be stripped from his clothing: he is to be marched down the ranks, and trumpeted or drummed, as the case may be, out of the barracks or quarters of the Corps.

The story of the miscreant being helped on his way with a well-delivered kick is an old one and.

FILMS

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

THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM: The film about the Royal Air Force's air-sea rescue service. An aircraft bearing a senior officer with a case full of important documents is shot down in the North Sea. A faint message is received on land, and the machinery of air-sea rescue goes into operation—launches and amphibious aircraft—while the men from the shot-down plane wait in their rubber dinghy. Stars: Michael Redgrave, Dirk Bogarde, Anthony Steel, Nigel Patrick and Bonar Colleano.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE: A neat little domestic comedy about a young couple who marry against their parents' advice and on very little money, and who have to cope with the varied impertinences of removal men, plumbers, second-hand car dealers, estate agents, charwomen and neighbours. Lively fun. Cast: Dirk Bogarde, Susan Stephen, Cecil Parker, Dennis Price and Eileen Herlie. In colour.

from the above, would appear to be highly illegal. I doubt if a "drumming-out" ceremony, being a military function, would be carried out in the case of thieves and strumpets, to whom such a ceremony would have very little significance.—Lt R. P. Davis, HQ New Brunswick Area, Fredericton, New Brunswick.

In 1893, when I was a young soldier in the Royal Artillery, an Army jingle used to be sung sometimes during marching drill (quietly so as not to be heard by the NCO), the words of which were "Army duff, Army duff; soldiers don't get half enuff." Neither words nor music (?) are very inspiring, though I was told by an "old sweat" that the latter was the tune of "The Rogue's March." Other old-soldier readers may be able to recall them.—E. Stratford, Hutton, Essex.

ACCOMPANIED PASSAGE

I have been warned for posting to Hong Kong in February 1955 and have been told that it is possible to get an accompanied passage for my wife and child. What are the necessary qualifications? — S/Sgt. A. Brocklehurst, 9 Union Road, Blackdown, near Aldershot.

★If a soldier is posted to a definite appointment, as opposed to a pool, and is likely to be allotted quarters or can give an address of suitable private accommodation of a permanent nature, along with written evidence that the owner is prepared to accept his family and that the accommodation is at his actual duty station, the War Office will signal the overseas command to ascertain whether the accommodation is approved and accompanied passage agreed.

If the command agrees every effort will be made to arrange an accompanied passage; although this may not be possible in the time available.

See ACI 269/1951.

EGYPT: FAMILIES

Now that the Army is to leave Egypt will wives and families of Regulars be able to join them? As there is no longer any trouble out there I fail to understand why they should be prevented from so doing.—Mrs. H. R. Wilson, J2 Married Quarters, Elmwood Avenue, Feltham.

★There has been—and continues to be—a steady flow of Service wives and families to Egypt and the position remains unaffected by the Agreement. Whether a wife goes out to join her husband depends on (a) availability of quarters (hire of civilian accommodation is not permitted); (b) the points system; and (c) eligibility, bearing in mind that husband and wife must be united for at least six months on the new station.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

coming your way

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH: Knights being bold in Technicolor. Jousting, duelling and love-making. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh head the cast, and because in private life they are husband and wife, for some reason the publicity boys say they found it more difficult to kiss as the director wanted. Easier to understand is the claim that Miss Leigh retired bruised after being embraced by a husband in shining armour. With David Farrar, Barbara Rush and Herbert Marshall.

ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO: Scene: A prisoner-of-war camp in the American Civil War, situated in hostile Indian country. A woman intrigues, prisoners escape, Indians attack. William Holden, Eleanor Parker and John Forsythe head the cast. In colour.

APACHE: Burt Lancaster plays an Indian who wages a one-man war against the palefaces. Jean Peters is the lady who, at first misunderstood, turns him on to the path of peace. In colour.



The whiteness of this girl's teeth is here being measured. The "whiteness-meter" showed that they were shades whiter after one brushing with Macleans.

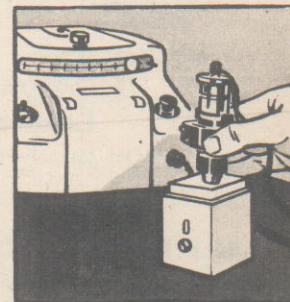
Scientists prove teeth whiter with MACLEANS

Healthier too! Safer from decay!

You can tell at a glance that teeth brushed with Macleans are whiter! But Maclean scientists wanted to find out exactly how much whiter.

So hundreds of special tests were made with a whiteness meter—or "spectro-photometer". In every single case, these tests showed that, after one brushing with Macleans, teeth were anything from 1½ to 4 degrees whiter.

Dental authorities all over the world agree that one of the most important factors in avoiding decay is to keep your teeth really clean. Brushed regularly with Macleans, you'll find your teeth are superbly clean—whiter and healthier, your gums firmer, too. And you'll love the clean, fresh flavour! So don't forget that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.



To measure the whiteness of human teeth, a solid block of pure magnesium-oxide was used as a standard of whiteness. The spectro-photometer was then set to this standard and the degree of whiteness of the teeth measured on the scale shown above.



Did you Maclean your teeth today?

E/11/2c/O.S.55

FERODO LIMITED

have a limited number of vacancies for young single men at their factory which is situated in ideal country surroundings, 25 miles south east of Manchester, 6 miles north of Buxton, Derbyshire.

- Excellent working conditions, canteen facilities and pension scheme are available to suitable applicants, who must be physically fit and would be required to do shift work.

If you are interested you are invited to apply, either in writing or in person, to the

PERSONNEL DIVISION

FERODO LTD., CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, via STOCKPORT

FERODO LTD., Chapel-En-Le-Frith, via Stockport WILL DURING 1955

have a limited number of vacancies for TECHNICAL ASSISTANTS to undertake interesting applied research work in the Company's laboratories.

Applications will be welcomed from young men, preferably between 20 and 23 years of age, who must have obtained the General Certificate of Education, preferably at Advanced Level, in Chemistry, Physics and Maths.

Selected applicants are offered excellent staff conditions including superannuation scheme and will be eligible for day release educational facilities which will enable them to obtain an external London B.Sc. or equivalent qualification. Applications, giving full details of age, education and experience, should be addressed to the Personnel Manager at the above address quoting Reference No. CC/5023/5032.

A LIFE IN THE OPEN-AIR

The London County Council, which now controls over 100 parks and open spaces, offers interesting employment with attractive prospects on its keeper staff.

The work involves preparation of football pitches, cricket tables and other games areas, supervision of entertainments, labouring and patrol duty.

CONDITIONS. Height 5 ft. 8 in. or over; very good eyesight; under 48 (under 50 for regular ex-servicemen).

WAGES. £7 1s. 2d. per week; when qualified in bye-laws and first-aid £7 8s. 6d. Additional pay for Sunday and Bank Holiday duty; sick pay scheme.

UNIFORM provided; pension scheme.

PROSPECTS. Approx. 170 supervisory positions up to the rank of superintendent (open space), at a salary of £663 per annum, plus emoluments.

All applications to:

The Chief Officer of the Parks Department,
London County Council

Old County Hall, Spring Gardens, S.W.1. (1396)

GOLD MINING IN SOUTH AFRICA: TRAINEE SCHEME

Good opportunities in South Africa for medically fit young men age 18 to 30 with qualities of potential leadership, and who are willing to work hard, are offered by Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co. Ltd. under their trainee scheme. Candidates will be interviewed and medically examined in this country and those selected, who agree to stay for at least three years, will have half of £80 fare paid.

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Driver Bill Welsh, RASC, is a soldier who did not want to leave Korea. He has extended his tour to continue spare-time work for the "Save the Children" fund. Here he is seen at a "toy issue."



MORE LETTERS

WALKING OUT

Your correspondent who suggests that walking-out dress should include dress hat, cane and gloves has made quite a point. I see no prospect of canes being re-introduced, but the wearing of Number One Dress cap with battledress would considerably smarten up the appearance of soldiers walking out in khaki. It could be a purely temporary measure until complete Number One Dress is issued, except for National Servicemen whose walking-out dress must always be khaki.

This added touch greatly enhances the appearance of the Guards when walking out in London, and surely as the full Number One Dress will ultimately be issued to those entitled, it would not be too difficult to make the headdress the priority indent for all other units.—"Miles" (name and address supplied).

★The "Sunday Graphic" recently invited suggestions on how to brighten Army battledress and turn-out generally. Popular suggestions were: peaked caps, with bands in regimental colours; pleats to be tailored into the battledress blouse; stiff collars in dark cream poplin instead of khaki; outside pockets on trousers to be abolished.

REDCAPS ROUSED

We derive much amusement from the cartoons displayed in SOLDIER. Usually there is one which concerns our administration of justice. While appreciating that we cannot help being the centre of attraction in all matters military we must, however, protest in the strongest possible terms

at SOLDIER's perhaps unintentional misinterpretation of our various insignia of authority—for instance, showing our armband displayed on the left arm. We assure you also that no member of this Provost Company would ever dream of wearing his pistol holster "Wild West" fashion, as shown by SOLDIER on one or two occasions. A final point: in 1946 we were given the privilege of calling ourselves "Royal."—"Two Redcaps," 2nd Inf Div Provost Coy, BAOR 44.

★Cartoon artists are allowed a certain amount of licence. SOLDIER winks at some errors, but not at others. Many artists submit drawings showing officers with Sam Browne belts over the wrong shoulder, or soldiers marching with legs and arms incorrectly synchronised.

INTELLIGENCE

Subject "SOLDIER Humour" (November): I quote from a "Short Historical Record of the Intelligence Corps," the author of which was a leading American writer, this short extract: "The British Intelligence knew its business and was by far and away the ablest of the British staff sections."

★This letter was inspired by a cartoon showing a soldier speaking into the ear-piece of a telephone, with the caption "Intelligence here."

MACKINTOSHES

In the November SOLDIER it was stated that non-commissioned ranks, except military policemen, are not provided with a mackintosh. This is wrong. Under ACI 163/1951 appendix "A" all warrant officers class one become entitled to mackintoshes.—Capt. (QM) F. T. Aylen, Coldstream Guards, BAOR.

DO NOT MISS SOLDIER!

If you are a serving soldier, you will be able to buy SOLDIER from your unit, your canteen or your AKC cinema. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should enquire of their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms.

If you are a civilian, you may order SOLDIER at any bookstall in the United Kingdom.

Those unable to obtain the magazine through the above channels should fill in the order form below.

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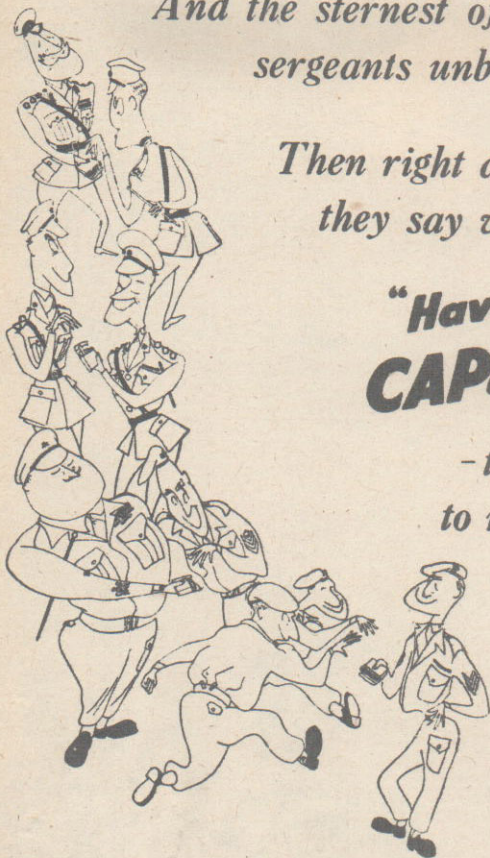
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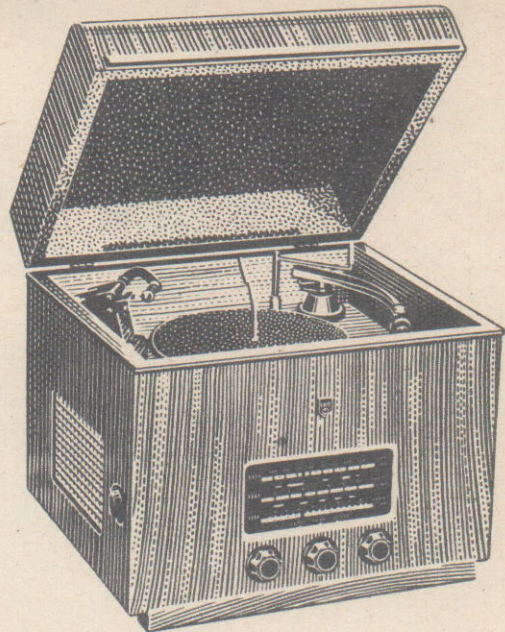
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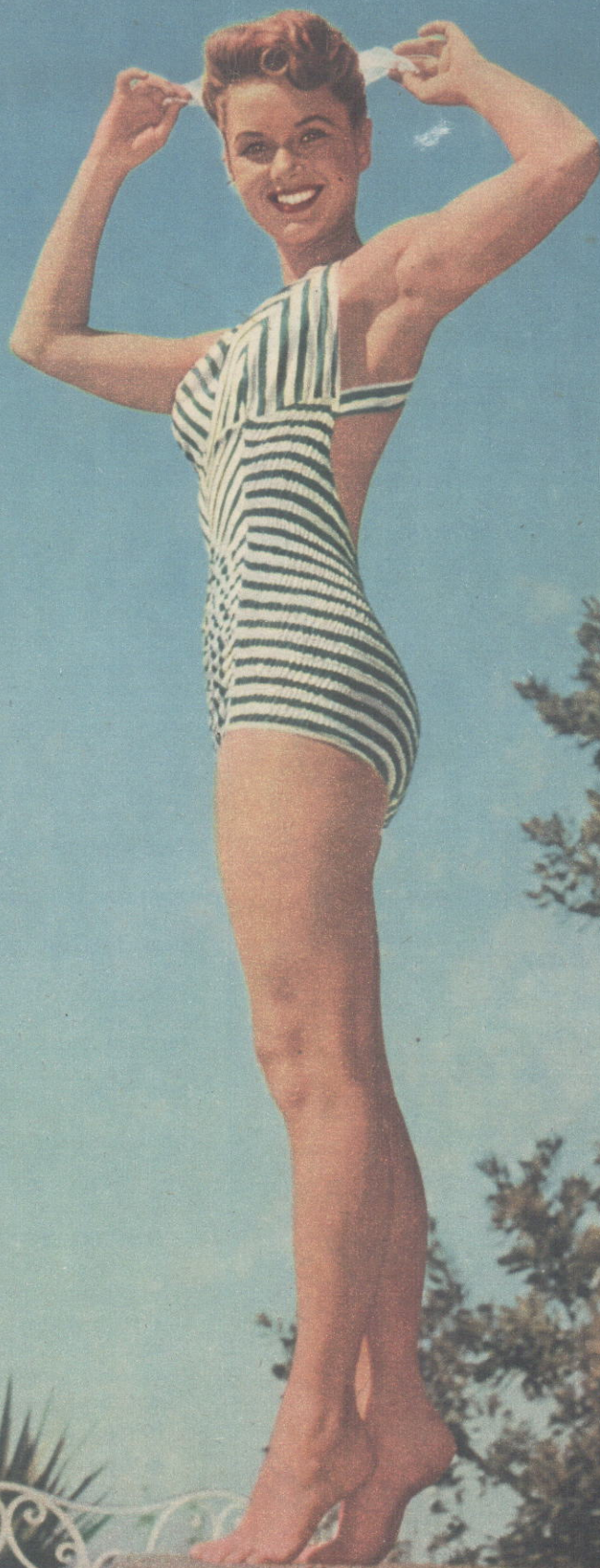
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