

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

JULY 1956

NINEPENCE

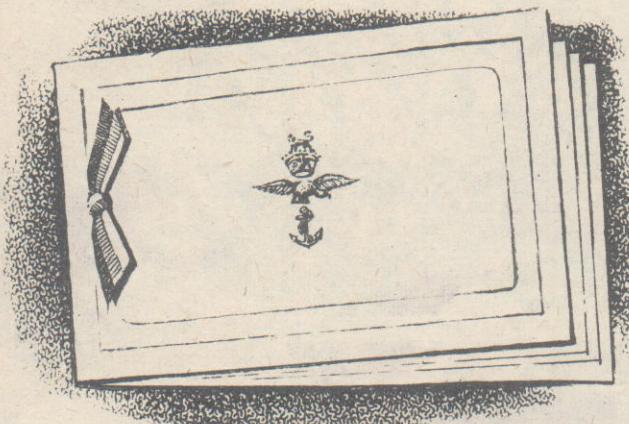
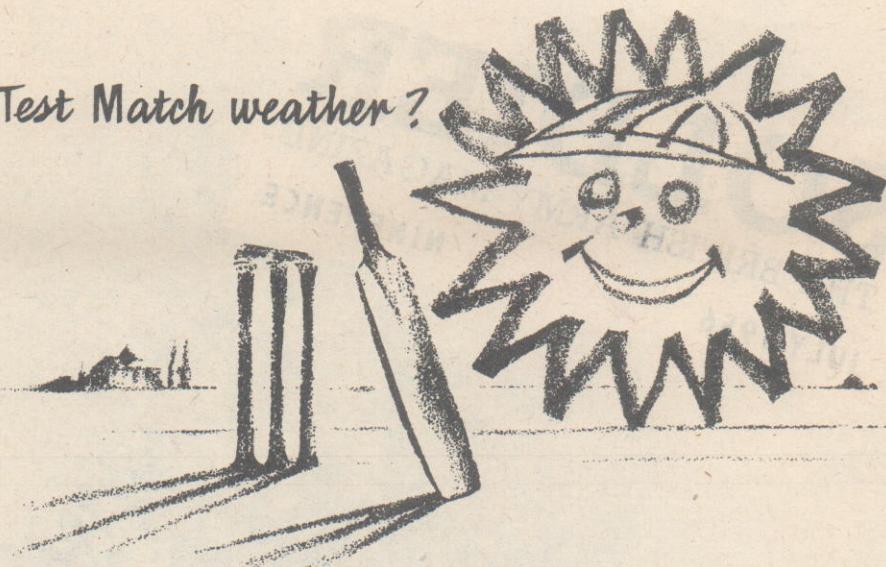


TRUMPETERS OF THE 11TH HUSSARS

Photograph taken in Malaya by SOLDIER
Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

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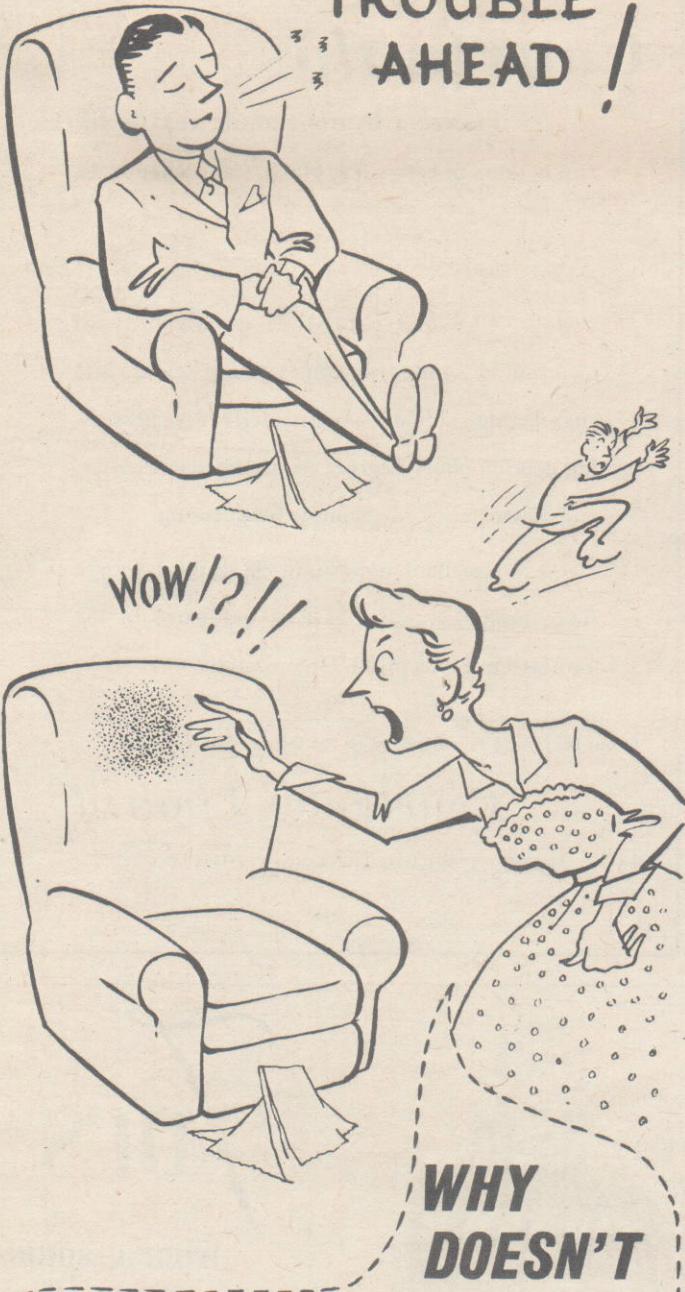
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PB37/1

A note to young men about money matters



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UNCLE SAM TRIES ON OUR BERET

ONE of the most-criticised articles of uniform in the British Army is the beret. Yet it appears that the United States Army has been pondering whether to change over to this headgear.

For 12 months or thereabouts American special troops of the Commando type wore an experimental green beret. The Airborne arm also asked for a beret, to be maroon in colour. The fact that these colours were chosen was a handsome compliment to the British Army.

Now, according to a recent issue of the *United States Army Times*, the green beret for special troops has been discontinued, but the possibility of the beret being made a general issue is said to be under serious consideration.

Clearly, there are powerful pro-beret and anti-beret schools. "Some feel that the beret is an 'un-American' headgear," says *Army Times*, "but its usefulness, particularly in woods and brush, has been clearly demonstrated."

It used to be objected that the beret was "un-English," being associated with Basque peasants and Breton onion-sellers, or with schoolgirls, but that prejudice seems to have been broken down.

The American soldier resembles the British in that he likes to bash his headgear into a different shape or wear it at an individual angle. In consequence, the United States Army has had to issue most specific instructions on the wearing of its overseas cap. Henceforth, it will be worn slightly tilted to the right, even by armoured troops who for reasons of their own have been wearing it tilted to the left. "The crown will not be crushed or shaped so as to form peaks at front and rear," says the order.

"Anything, anytime, anywhere . . . that's the motto of the men in the green berets." So runs an American advertisement containing this picture of an American "Special Forces" saboteur in action.



since short-service came in last century. Today, thanks to National Service, the Army is far younger than it ever was. And thanks to full employment in Britain, soldiers who might otherwise have stayed in the Army have left to take civilian jobs. That is why the Army has had to offer inducements to men to prolong their service. Every Army needs a proportion of "old sweats"—of the right type.

In the popular imagination, an "old sweat" is a man who sweats beer. He has come into the Army to get out of the rain; he has picked himself a cushy job; he covets no stripes; he knows his "rights"; he boasts of his twenty or thirty years of undiscovered crime; he turns young recruits into cynics. When he goes out, it is probable that he will have had more out of the Army than the Army has had out of him.

The kind of "old sweat" the

Army needs is a man with a flat belly and an unyellowed eye, who has looked after himself, who does not shirk rank, who knows by instinct the "Army way" of tackling any situation, whose store of experience and common-sense is always at the disposal of newcomers, and who is in the Army not for the ride but for the pride.

WOULDNT it be fine if we could go on leave as soon as we step off the ship?"

Soldiers returning to Britain by troopship after an overseas tour must often have expressed

OVER

A wet seat and a flowing sea . . . Two Austin "Champs" adapted for aquatics disport in a combined Services landing exercise at Eastney, Portsmouth.



that wish. In future, the wish may be the reality.

When the main body of the 1st Battalion The Essex Regiment return home from Hong Kong next month they will go on leave as soon as they disembark at Southampton. No kicking their heels in an English barracks, no waiting for passes and warrants. When their leave is up they will report individually to Harwich and rejoin the Battalion in its new station in Germany.

The Essex are the first to try out this idea of cutting out a staging camp in Britain. Other homing battalions whose next duty station is in Germany will follow suit. The Army will be saved the headache and expense of taking over and rehabilitating half-derelict war-time camps (other barracks being full).

The news will perhaps be welcomed by that Member of Parliament who recently complained of the Army's passion for marching men from A to B instead of letting them find their own way.

THE famous Netley Hospital, overlooking Southampton Water, has not had a very good press in recent times. It has been called the Army's principal and most expensive "white elephant." Everybody has heard about its quarter-mile corridors — the scrubber's nightmare.

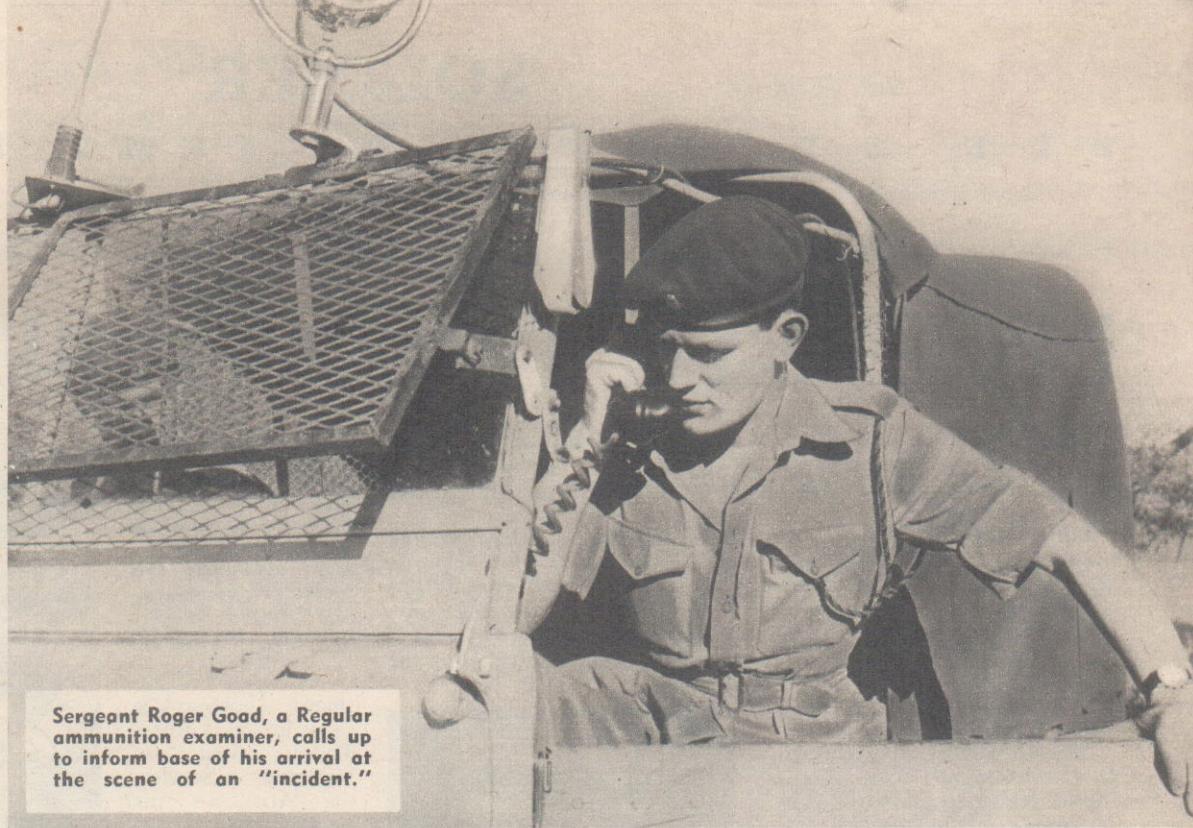
Netley receives rather more friendly notice in the current *Army Medical Services Magazine*. The hospital was conceived in a spirit of noble indignation, when the Prince Consort discovered that the country was spending more on its prisons than its barracks. The scandal of the hospitals in the Crimea was also on the nation's conscience. As a result Netley was planned on perhaps too grandiose a scale.

Since it is 100 years ago that the foundation stone was laid, let us remember four basic facts about Netley.

It was the first military hospital, built as such, in the Empire; it was here that Florence Nightingale's nursing service—initiated in the Crimea—was brought to fruition; it was here that the Royal Army Medical Corps was born; and it was here that research went on into military medicine and hygiene (100 years ago almost every overseas garrison was a fever garrison).

ONE main reason for the lack of recruits in the Army is the fact that men kick against having to salute and obey women in the Forces. Keep them apart, in fact, disband them altogether—that would improve regular recruitment a lot."

That is what a Mr. H. E. Callus, of Middlesex, wrote to *Picture Post*. Believe it or not, he was paid a guinea for it.



Sergeant Roger Goad, a Regular ammunition examiner, calls up to inform base of his arrival at the scene of an "incident."

'INFERNAL MACHINES' ARE THEIR SPECIALITY

In Cyprus the Army runs "flying squads" of men who have the measure of every lethal device the terrorists can concoct

WHENEVER a terrorist throws a bomb in Cyprus, the police send out a certain call-sign over the air. At once an Army Land Rover, manned by Royal Army Ordnance Corps explosive specialists, hurries to the scene.

In many of these incidents unexploded bombs are found and the Ordnance experts get to work on them. Home-made grenades are lifted from the verandahs of British families' houses or larger land-mine type devices removed from public buildings.

First, the infernal machine is made safe, then a detailed report is prepared on the spot. If an explosion has taken place and there is no unexploded bomb in the area, then the team carries out a minute search for bomb fragments, and from these builds up a picture of the device used.

The team is made up of sergeant and corporal ammunition examiners, skilled men who have been through intensive courses to make them familiar with every type of device used by terrorists and saboteurs the world over. Commanding the team is Major William Clare Harrison, who has been in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps since 1934—most of the time handling ammunition. He had his first experience of terrorist bombs in 1945 in Malaya.

Major Harrison later did a tour with No. 1 Explosives Dis-

posal Unit at Cairnryan, in Scotland, then a stint at 9 Base Ammunition Depot in the Canal Zone. He arrived in Cyprus in January 1955, for a rest, as he thought, but on 1 April of that year there were 100 explosions and the following morning 81 "blinds" were found. His rest was over.

Since those days the tempo of terrorist activities has risen and from primitive bottle bombs the extremists have graduated to time bombs and land mines. Whatever the device used, Major Harrison can deal with it. If little of it is left, he will, with his team, sift through hundredweights of rubble to find a clue.

When terrorists planted time bombs in that Hermes aircraft at Nicosia, Major Harrison and his helpers used their sieves for hour after hour, and eventually found a part of the bomb which gave a valuable clue to the methods used.

To deal with incidents within easy range of his base in Nicosia,

the island's capital, Major Harrison and his team use their specially equipped Land Rover. For incidents farther afield, he uses a helicopter. The Land Rover is fitted with a radio telephone which can make contact with all the major police stations in Cyprus. It has a powerful searchlight, carries detailed maps of all the towns, boxes of containers to hold "exhibits," chemicals to soften the various substances used by the terrorists to secure their fuses, demolition kit and a vice mounted on the back for unscrewing drain-pipe bombs.

A working party is always on duty. Major Harrison is on the telephone at home, and one of his ammunition examiners sleeps at the police headquarters. Within minutes they can be on their way.

Much valuable incidental information is gleaned from the team's work. When an ambush occurs, the scene is visited without delay, ammunition and bombs are recovered and before the bombs are dealt with they are treated for finger-prints.

During lulls Major Harrison visits major units regularly and by means of his rapidly growing collection of exhibits shows the troops what to look for when they carry out searches.

Since he arrived in Cyprus, Major Harrison and his team have dealt with almost 670 incidents.—Report by Capt. T. A. E. POLLOCK, *Military Observer*.



Major Harrison unscrews one of the home-made bombs designed to wreck buildings. They contain dynamite, with a time pencil inserted. Through lack of "know how" many are "duds." On the right is a Royal Air Force practice bomb, refilled with explosive with the object of using it to damage a bridge or a culvert. In the centre are two

limpet mines. On left, upright and lying flat, are two new-type home-made grenades. On far left is a round block of TNT, and next to it the cooking fat tin in which it was fitted. In the foreground are pieces of bomb painstakingly recovered from the scene of outrages.

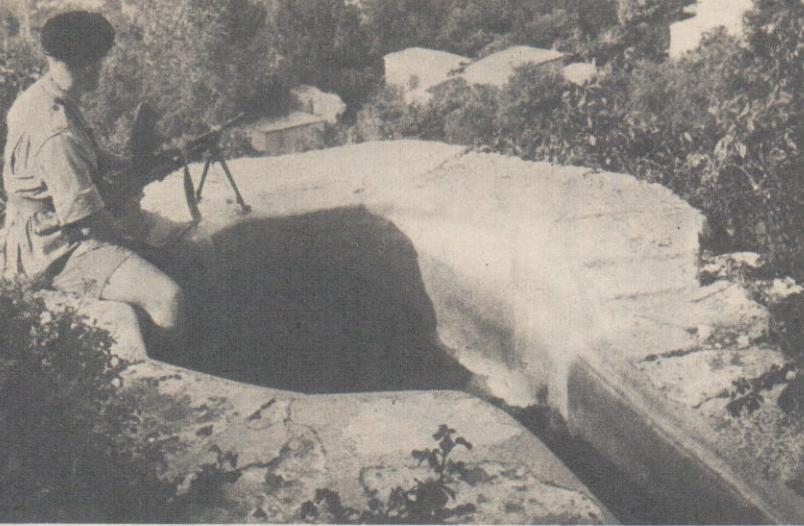
Photographs: Sgt. J. F. Lawrence.



Armoured cars of the Blues escort Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, on the Limassol-Paphos road.

MORE CYPRUS PICTURES OVERLEAF

CYPRUS (continued)



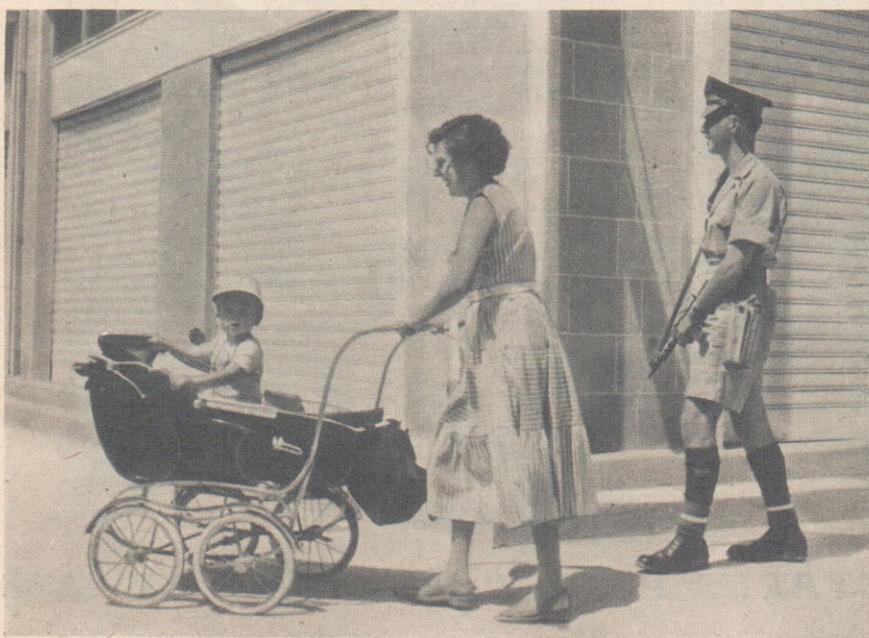
Sea View: A Bren gunner on top of Seven Springs, overlooking the village of Lapithos which his comrades search for arms.



Right: Forest View: Another, Bren gunner mounts guard while troops comb the Paphos Forest.

Left: A group of girl students are driven to the police station after incidents in the streets of Nicosia.

Below: A Serviceman's wife goes shopping in Nicosia. Wives have been told to leave their homes no more than is necessary.





Curving up into Asia: the start of the road from Tsun Wan.

HONG KONG REPORT

In its farthest permanent station, the Army has built a new road and a new village. Special **SOLDIER** feature by Staff Writer **RICHARD ELEY** and Cameraman **FRANK TOMPSETT**.

ROUTE TWISK

From the summit, Route Twisk drops to Sek Kong.



THE Army is always building new roads somewhere. Just now, the Royal Engineers are opening up new areas of Kenya and Malaya to wheeled vehicles, but the most spectacular of their recent achievements is in Hong Kong.

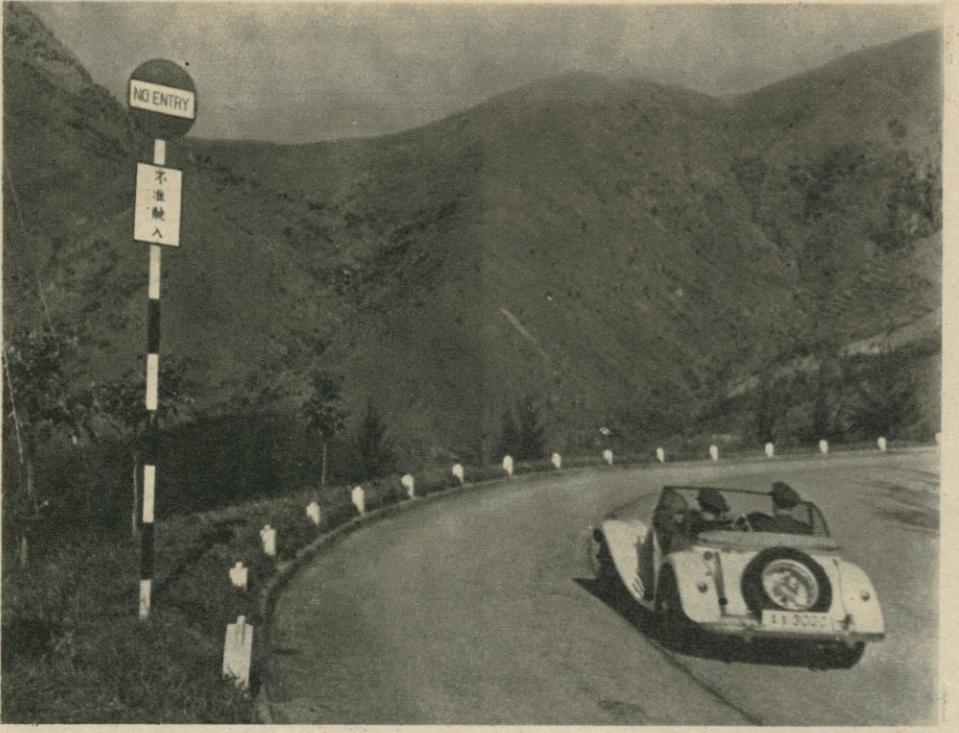
It consists of a short cut across the New Territories, on the Asian mainland, to the prepared defences facing the Bamboo Curtain. Until Route Twisk was opened, the journey from Kowloon, in the south, involved detours by east or west round the main mass of hills. Either way the civilian roads are narrow, twisting, crowded and dangerous. In an emergency, they would put a brake on the Army's defence effort.

Twisk, by cutting through the hills, as nearly as the contours permit in a straight line, is much quicker and safer. The journey from Tsun Wan, in the south, to Sek Kong at the northern end of Twisk is now one of only seven miles, against 23. It is, by the way, from the initials of these two places that Twisk gets its name, with the "i" thrown in to make a pronounceable word.

The new road is designed to carry the Army's largest vehicles and guns, and its gradients are gentle, although it rises from sea-level to 1566 feet and descends to near sea-level again.

Work on the road began in August 1950 and the first traffic

OVER ➔



ROUTE TWISK

(continued)

went through about May 1953, but the task is not yet completed. For another couple of years, Twisk will be "settling down," a process which reveals flaws needing new work such as additional retaining walls. It is estimated that the total cost will be about six million Hong Kong dollars, or £375,000.

Royal Engineers did the "formation work," altering the face of the earth by making cuttings and filling in depressions. Contractors then put in the drainage, foundations and surface.

For the Sappers it was a diffi-

cult task. The rock through which they had sometimes to blast a way was blue granite, some of the hardest rock in the world, and rock-crushers and other plant wore out at an alarming rate.

Twisk was one of the few new roads in Hong Kong which did not have to be diverted to avoid a Chinese grave, because the hills through which it passes are mainly uninhabited. At some places, however, jars containing the bones of somebody's ancestors had to be moved, and compensation was paid.

Chinese belief in dragons was

more troublesome. Villagers erect bamboo fences and gates to stop dragons damaging the crops. One of these gates was on a road over which lorries engaged on the project had to pass, and it delayed them. So the Royal Engineers, with the doubtful agreement of the villagers, dismantled it and set up in its place a steel drop-gate.

After a while, the villagers reported that the new gate kept the dragons out so well that their crops were better than ever before. The news got around and the gate became an object of envy to other villages—so much so that the Sappers had to keep a close watch on their stock of steel pipes of the kind used to make it.

The road-builders planned for Hong Kong's sudden rainstorms when boulders four feet in diameter are swept along like pebbles. One stretch of the road is liable to be covered with three feet of water (which clears in ten minutes) and is made of solid concrete four-and-a-half feet thick.

Maintenance, particularly in the settling-down period, is a heavy item in the Twisk budget. Chinese watchmen, all foremen engineers, patrol the road by night, more often in the wet season than in the dry. In the dry season they report damage due to shrinkage only about once in three months. In the wet season gangs are likely to be called out as often as once a fortnight.

There is a permanent maintenance gang of a foreman and 20 coolies in the dry season and a larger one in the wet season. In addition, the villagers of Cheong Long, who worked on the road when it was being built and remember that they were well paid by the Army, are willing to produce a coolie force of 60 (of both sexes), at a moment's notice, day or night, for emergency repair work. The road has never been closed for longer than five hours.

Like any other mountain road, Twisk, with its curves and gradients, is potentially dangerous. So it has a speed limit of 30 miles an hour for vehicles of less than a ton load and 20 miles an hour for heavier vehicles. When cloud rests on the top of the pass, visibility is less than in London smog and most drivers, seeing the cloud from below, take the long way.

Twisk is a purely military road and is closed to almost all civilian vehicles. Service drivers ride merrily past the "No Entry" signs at each end of the road. It's a fine feeling, they say.

This aerial picture gives an idea of the complicated drainage system where Route Twisk crosses ravines.

HONG KONG



"No Entry" says the sign on the left. But that applies only to civilian-owned vehicles.

REPORT (continued)

YOU cannot build an English village on the other side of the world, but the garrison of Hong Kong has made itself the nearest thing to an English village to fit into the Asiatic countryside.

It is called Sek Kong ("Rocky Place") Families' Village and it lies a mere six miles, as the crow flies, from the frontier of Communist China. Here, 200 Army families (with 300 children) live in single-storey houses well spread out over the foothills of Tai Mo Shan ("Cloudy Peak"), the Colony's highest hill.

Below the village is a long, broad valley, down which the villagers can look across Hau Hoi Wan ("Deep Bay") to China. On the other three sides their view is screened by tall green hills, scored by terraces which are relics of an unsuccessful attempt to grow tea in the Colony.

Sek Kong village is about as self-contained as it could be. There are shops, church, club, hospital, primary schools and a cinema-theatre. A committee, which includes eight wives, looks after the welfare of the villagers. There are all the usual community activities including the only Women's Institute in Hong Kong, and a newspaper, the "Twisk Times," in which the villagers report their own activities. The village has its own bus, for trips to beaches and shopping expeditions to Kowloon.

Presiding over all this activity is Captain F. W. L. Miller, Royal Artillery, the administrative officer, who has a small staff consisting of Britons, Chinese and Portuguese. These, with the teachers, chaplain, doctor, shop staffs and *amahs* (Chinese women servants) bring the total population of Sek Kong up to 1300.

Through the village slopes one end of Route Twisk, which is Sek



This Army Village Is JUST ALONG THE ROAD FROM CHINA

It has most things an English village should... Belsen crossings and even a Women's institute

A Comet of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars grinds past the entrance to Sek Kong village.

Home from school, six miles from Red China. The children run the village's tree nursery.



"One of our little chicks didn't come home to roost last night."





The signs tell their own story. Right: The school crossing.

Army Village (continued)

Kong's main street. From the side-roads, named after regiments stationed in Hong Kong when the village was built ("Buff's Avenue" and "Borderers Road," for example) come husbands and children each morning to board Army transport. The children are bound for school, the husbands for duty in units scattered around the New Territories.

About 60 coolies are permanently engaged on anti-malaria work in the village, with the result that there has been no case of malaria in the village for at least two years. Soon Sek Kong will have its own water-borne sewerage system. Already it can draw water for 24 hours a day—a

luxury in the Colony, where the water shortage allows most taps to run only three hours a day.

The villagers have plans for the future. The children at the primary school are running a nursery garden for trees, of which several hundred are set out in the village each year.

Ground is being levelled, too, for a market garden. The local custom of manuring crops with night-soil means that Europeans must go without fresh uncooked vegetables, for fear of typhoid, dysentery, cholera and a number of lesser ills. A lettuce which has been hygienically grown costs about six shillings. The villagers hope to produce their own for about sixpence.



Below: a view of Sek Kong from the summit of Route Twisk.



HONG KONG

REPORT (continued)



In a dramatic setting: the Army "colony" at Kowloon Tsai.

THE FLATS ON THE HILL

IN contrast to Sek Kong's country bungalows, the Army owns some of Hong Kong's most up-to-date blocks of suburban flats.

They are at Kowloon Tsai, on the outskirts of Kowloon, and they tower eight stories high. There are 30 married quarters for officers and 118 for men. The Kowloon Tsai colony is complete with its own NAAFI shop and playgrounds and is within a few minutes walk of St. George's School, the Army's secondary grammar and modern school which was opened last year.

Hong Kong has 700 Army families in married quarters and about 1000 on the waiting list—but nearly all the waiting families have been able to find private accommodation.



Problem picture. The key to it will be found in the picture of the block of flats on the left.



The functional and the ornamental: an armoured car passes the Sam Poh Tong Buddhist temple, near Ipoh.

CAVALRY ON THE PROWL



Left: Two Chinese women are taken to a police station by Saracen, to explain away their unlawful rice-cakes.

Right: Roomy, fast and armour-plated, the Saracen is proving itself admirable for patrols on the roads of Malaya.

IT'S A TROOP COMMANDER'S WAR FOR THE 15/19th HUSSARS, SCATTERED OVER NORTHERN MALAYA. ONLY AT SEA WILL THE REGIMENT BE RE-UNITED.

WHY should the Army be interested in an elderly American saloon car containing eight pyjama-clad Chinese women, four live chickens, a quantity of fresh vegetables and some grey-looking rice cakes?

The Army was concerned solely with the rice cakes. These were contraband in a food-restricted area; they were a type of food which could travel a long



way without deteriorating, and could conceivably finish up in the stomachs of terrorists.

There was a long argument at the road check about the rice cakes, during which a passenger began to eat the evidence. Eventually two of the women were driven to the police station—in a Saracen belonging to the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars.

It might seem that a handful of rice cakes was a modest haul for three armoured vehicles of a distinguished regiment of Cavalry. But snap checks of this type, which may be sprung anywhere and at any time in a food restricted area, serve primarily as a deterrent. For every rice-cake intercepted on its way to the terrorists—or to somewhere it might, with or without the consent of its owner, fall into terrorist hands—hundreds of rice-cakes never begin the journey because of the chance of the carriers being caught.

The 15th/19th cover the northern part of Malaya's operational area. Besides helping in the ceaseless task of denying food



"There's nothing against it in Queen's Regulations."

to the terrorists, their cars patrol the roads and provide endless escorts for convoys and distinguished visitors. From time to time they pour "prophylactic fire" into stretches of jungle, to

clear them of any unseen terrorists. Occasionally they are invited to shoot at other geographical features suspected of harbouring terrorists—the cars' machine-guns are particularly effective fired into caves. Once a fortnight, too, they send a foot patrol of ten or a dozen men into the jungle, and the Regiment's foot patrols have so far one kill and one capture to their credit.

Because of their rôle, the Hussars are widely scattered. There are 50 miles between squadron headquarters. Between some of the squadron headquarters and the troops the distances are even greater. "It's a troop commander's war," said one officer. The junior leaders act very much on their own initiative, and the men in the detachments enjoy their isolated rôles.

From his regimental headquarters in Ipoh, the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. Wyldbore-Smith, has to set out by air to visit his squadrons, and he spends three days a week travelling.

"The last time I saw my regiment all together in one place

was when they disembarked in Singapore in July 1954," he told *SOLDIER*. "I don't suppose I shall see them all together again while I am still in command. The next time they are likely to assemble is in July 1957 when they get on to a ship to go home, and my time will be up by then."

Unlike the Infantry battalions, a Cavalry regiment in Malaya cannot be pulled out for re-training as a group. Instead, the 15th/19th Hussars re-train, a troop at a time, in Ipoh.

Not even being scattered about Malaya in armoured cars can keep the officers of the Regiment from the saddle. When they arrived, they bought some horses from the 4th Hussars, from whom they were taking over. In addition, racing stables in Malaya have made gifts of race-horses no longer young enough for the track. With careful dieting, the horses are kept fit in spite of the climate.

The regimental polo team flourishes, and there are few race-meetings or gymkhana in the area without a member of the Regiment taking part.

TRUMPETS IN MALAYA

THE 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, whose trumpeters are shown on the cover of this month's issue of *SOLDIER*, are on their way home from Malaya.

While the Regiment was split up during operations against the Communist terrorists in Southern Malaya, the trumpeters remained together at the regimental headquarters at Seremban.

There, 27 times a day, trumpet calls were sounded. For all calls except one on a normal day, only a single trumpet was used. For

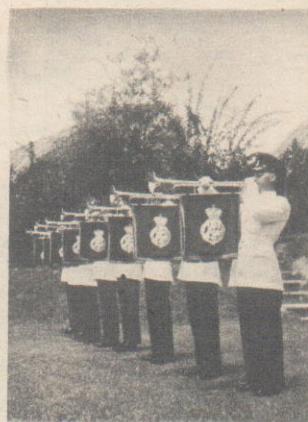
"Stables," however, after the morning break, all available trumpeters, up to about 15, sounded.

Routine calls are sounded on short trumpets. The long silver

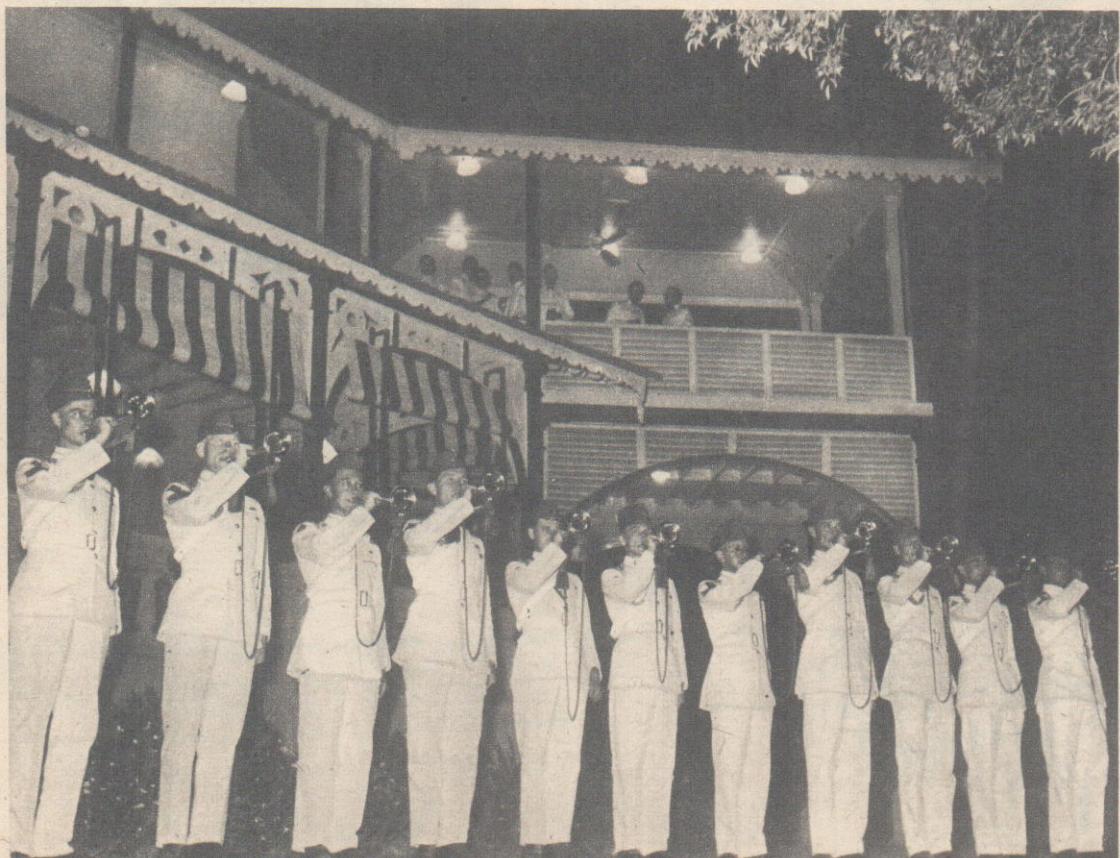
trumpets shown in the picture are reserved for ceremonial occasions.

When the Regiment returns to Britain, it will go to Carlisle, to be the training regiment for all armoured car regiments, except the Household Cavalry.

This will be the first time the 11th Hussars have been stationed in Britain since 1934. In that year they went to Egypt and were



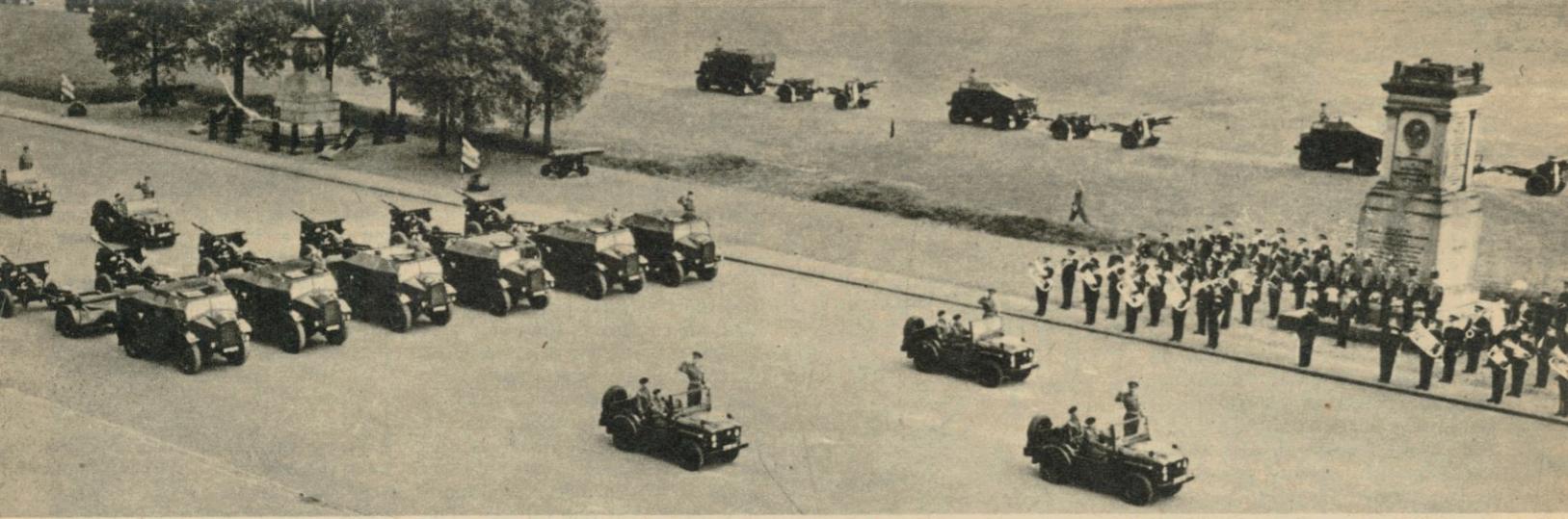
In *SOLDIER*'s cover picture, the trumpeters of the 11th Hussars are wearing their tropical No. 3 Dress with the Regiment's distinctive crimson "Cherry Picker" trousers.



among the units of the original Desert Army. They saw the Desert war through to the end and were the first troops into a number of towns, including Tripoli and Tunis.

In 1944, the Regiment left Italy for Britain, to prepare for the invasion of Europe, and three or four months later were fighting in Normandy. They remained in Germany until 1953, and then, after two months in Britain, went out to Malaya. Since their arrival there, the 11th Hussars' vehicles have covered nearly 4,000,000 miles on escort, patrol and other work.

The trumpeters of the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars play the officers' mess call on a dinner night.



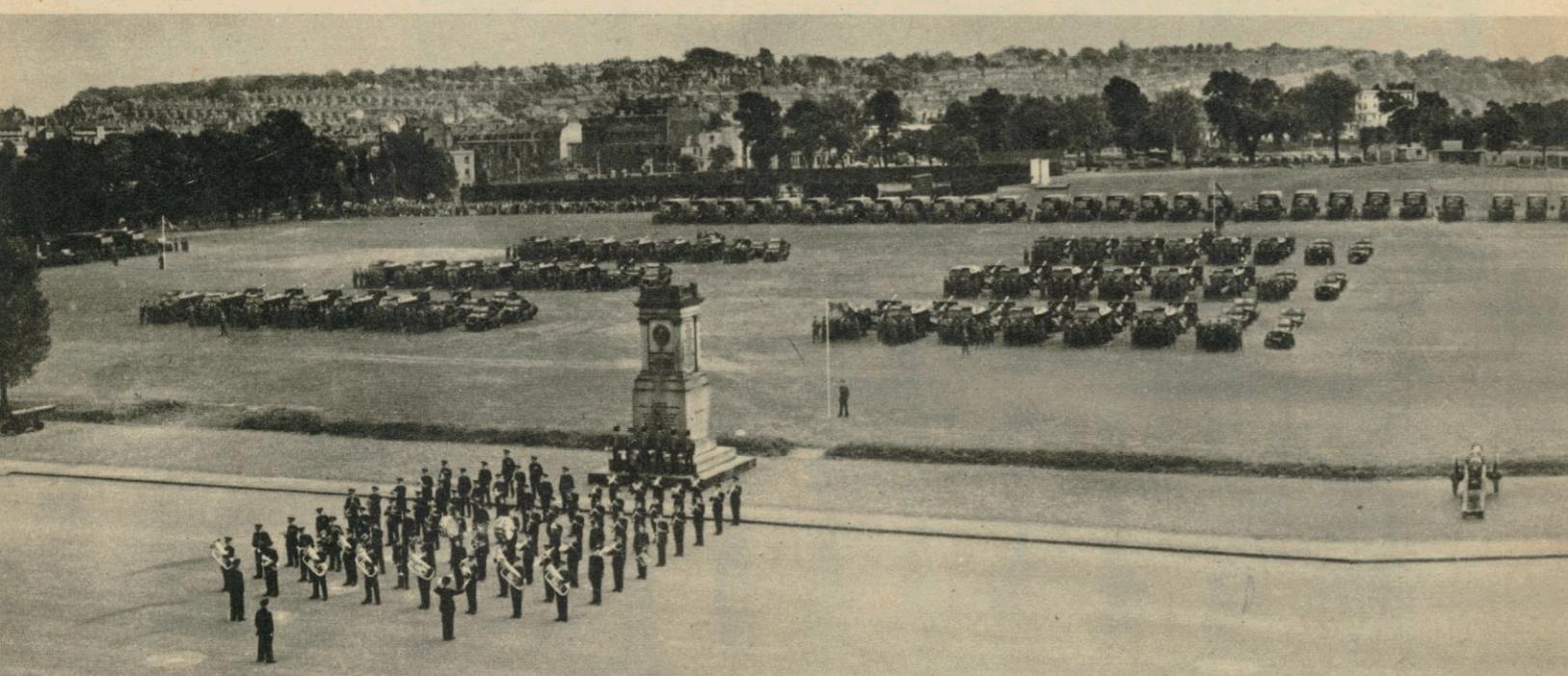
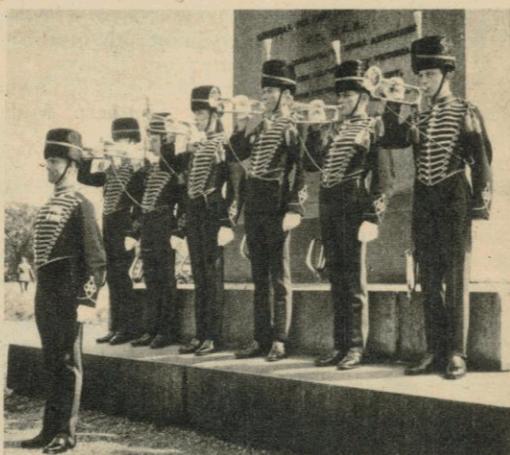
A field battery approaches the saluting stand: view from the roof of the main block.

THE GUNS OF A DIVISION



Left: Light anti-aircraft guns in the march-past.

Right: Boy trumpeters of the Royal Horse Artillery were a reminder of the days when horses pulled the guns. Below: A general view of the Division's guns and their transport. Photographs: FRANK TOMPSETT and ARTHUR BLUNDELL.



BOXING

THE ARMY RULES ARE BEST

Is boxing harmful? Vigorous controversy has been stirred up by Dr. Summerskill's book. The Army has strict and sensible regulations designed to prevent injury

ON the day that Dr. Edith Summerskill's book "The Ignoble Art"—an indictment of boxing—was published, a national newspaper carried an Army recruiting advertisement which showed two soldiers sparring in boxing gloves.

Army boxing is no savage sport. The spectator who wants to revel in gore and pulp, to boo and to shout incitements to murder must go elsewhere.

The safety rules of the Army Boxing Association are among the strictest that can be found. Any possibility of a soldier being killed, permanently injured or made punch-drunk through boxing is remote.

Recently two soldiers were forbidden to box again—not because they fought foul or had been injured but to protect them from possible injury. Both men ordinarily wore spectacles and without them in the ring were unable to judge an opponent's blows as accurately and quickly as they should. So the Army Boxing Association banned the two men from all future contests.

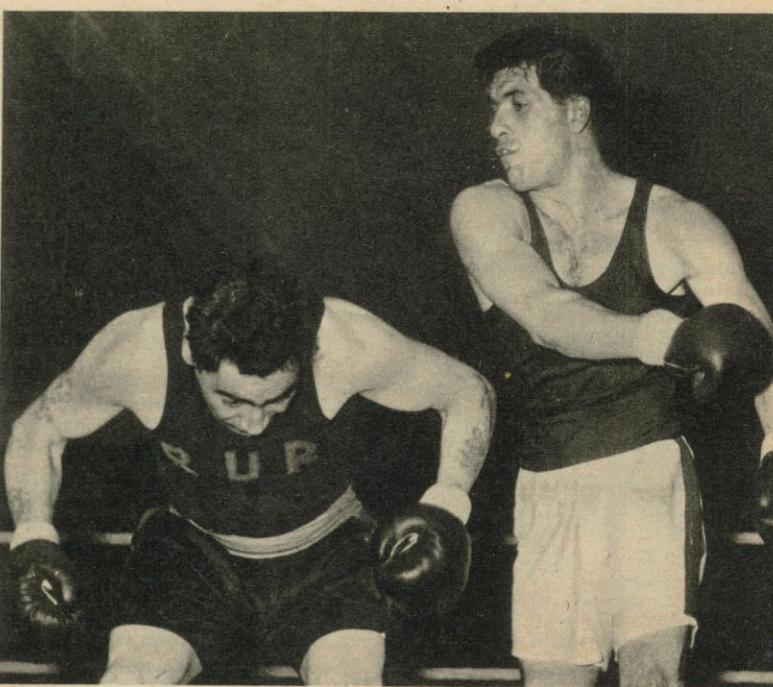
Soon, as an additional precaution, every boxer in the Army may be issued with a card on which will be recorded the date of each fight, the result and particulars of any injury. If he is knocked out or severely handled he will not be allowed to box again for at least three weeks. He will be medically examined before and after each contest. He will not obtain permission to box in civilian competitions

unless his boxing card is "clear."

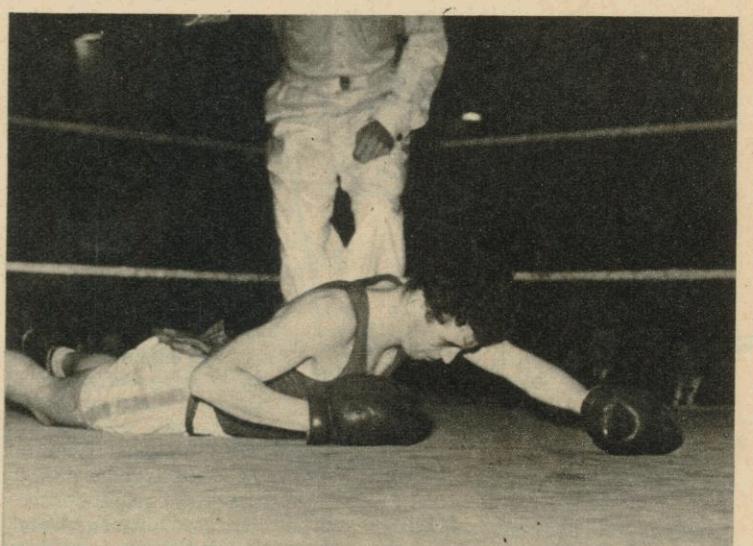
The first precaution the Army takes to prevent boxers being injured is to grade them into three classes: novices, intermediates and open (or senior) class. Thus no boxer ever fights outside his class (as sometimes happens in professional boxing). A soldier under 17 may not box another who is 18 or over. The number of rounds for all classes is limited to three (professionals box between six and 15) with a one-minute interval between rounds. A medical officer is always at the ringside and on his advice a bout can be stopped.

To safeguard a soldier against becoming over-boxed, the Army restricts him to three or four contests a month.

It is the referee's duty, as laid down by the Army Boxing Association, "to prevent a boxer from receiving unnecessary punishment." He is required to stop a contest as soon as it becomes clear that a man is outclassed, even if no damaging blows have been struck. Similarly, he will call a halt if a boxer has been hit hard and, although willing to continue, may be unable to avoid



His head is singing... It is for the referee to decide whether this boxer has had enough. Below: In future a soldier who is knocked out may not be allowed to box again for three weeks.



further punishment. It should never happen that an Army boxer becomes a mere chopping block.

Some referees look for "glassiness" in a boxer's eyes to help them decide when a man has had enough. Army referees are advised to form their opinion on the physical condition of the boxer when in the act of recovering rather than on the condition of his eyes alone.

A referee may consult a medical officer during a fight if he needs a second opinion. This is not permitted in professional boxing.

Knock-outs do occur (although less frequently than in professional boxing) but usually they come as a surprise, either as a result of a lucky blow or during a flurry of blows between two evenly-matched men. But the

object of boxing in the Army is not to render one's opponent unconscious.

There are more than 1000 qualified Army referees and judges, many of them instructors in the Army Physical Training Corps, which runs courses for unit judges. To become a referee a man must serve at least one year as a judge and pass a stiff examination set by the Army Boxing Referees and Judges Association. In each command this association has its observers who attend matches to check on the judges and referees.

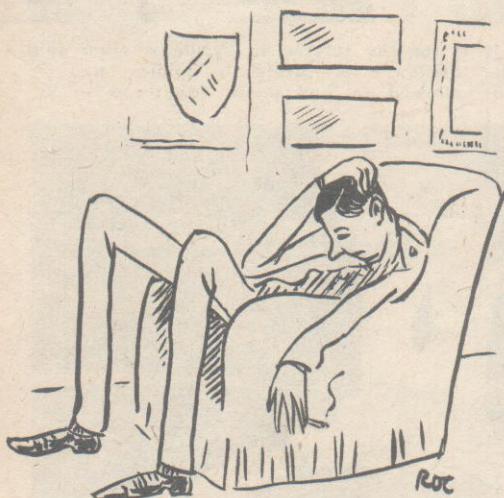
Another step the Army has taken in recent years to reduce the risk of a boxer being badly hurt is the banning of indiscriminate "milling," in which a number of men fought at the same time, the winner being the last one left in the ring.

Who Should Say

HERE is a story in Evelyn Waugh's "Men At Arms" about a young officer who said "Good morning" in the mess to a crusty senior.

The senior bristled and retorted, "Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning. Let that last you for a week."

Should the young officer have taken the initiative in saying "Good morning"? According to a new War Office booklet, *Customs of the Army*, compiled for officer cadets, the answer is "yes." When officers meet for the first time in the day it is an "old custom of the Service" to say "good morning" and "it is for the junior to speak first."



An officer must not brood over a reprimand.

In days gone by, many a newly fledged subaltern had his head bitten off for wishing a superior "good morning." By an unwritten law a subaltern, for the first six months or so, spoke only when addressed. The booklet does not mention rules of this kind, which are not necessarily extinct everywhere; but it does warn that a newly commissioned officer should ascertain the customs of the unit as soon as possible.

What is correct in the Army is not necessarily correct in the Navy. A young officer who was a guest in a Royal Navy vessel entered the wardroom one morning for breakfast and said "Good morning." No one answered and he sat down in embarrassment. Then a naval officer looked over the top of his newspaper and said, "This is not a good morning ship, sir."

Guide books, official and unofficial, for young officers have

"Good Morning"

First?

been appearing for at least a couple of hundred years. There was a spate of them in the first world war when the messes were swelled by temporary officers uncertain of their social ground. (Typical advice included: "Never say, 'Good morning, captain'. Only tradesmen use captain in that manner"; and "When returning a salute by an Other Rank, an officer should say, 'Good morning'".)

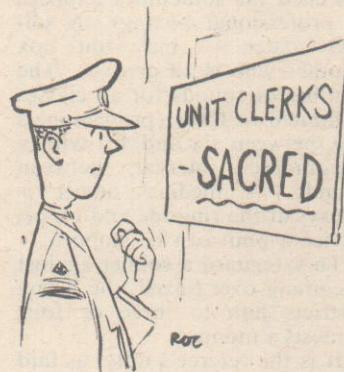
The new, official guide does not bother with those old-time warnings like "Never draw a sword in the ante-room" and "Never mention a lady's name in the mess," which are relics of the days of duelling. Nor does it specify in which direction to circulate the port. But it does give useful guidance on many points not covered by Queen's Regulations or any other regulations.

There is sensible advice on the first page:

"The contrast between social and official relations may at first seem paradoxical. If reprimanded for a fault an officer must not brood over it, and must never allow himself to become a man 'with a grievance.' Severity on parade is forgotten in the mess.

As for general mess conduct, "the normal polite behaviour of

A new official guide sets out some useful advice for tomorrow's officers



The clerks' office is sacred. Before entering, an officer should have the Adjutant's permission.

a gentleman is all that is required." Senior officers must be treated with the courtesy due to their rank, age, experience and responsibility, "but the young officer must not be frightened of them."

Should an officer address the regimental sergeant-major as "Mister" or "Sergeant-Major"? There is no straight answer to that one. The officer must discover for himself the custom of the unit.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to warn the average young officer that the regimental sergeant-major is a man to be treated with "the respect which is due to his particular appointment." To



The young officer must not be afraid to speak to his seniors.

balance this, the booklet warns that an officer should be very careful not to allow himself to be imposed upon in any way by warrant officers or non-commissioned officers.

The Army does not officially recognise the marriage of an officer until he is 25 years old, and even then it grudges him a marriage allowance. "Few officers will have the means or the ability to consider marriage at such an early age and still be able to give the service to their regiment which the holding of a commission must imply. . . . Man management is best learnt by being with the men as much as possible, both on parade and off parade, playing games or organising their sports and recreation."

When should an officer take the initiative in saluting someone of inferior rank? The answer: "When entering and leaving military offices an officer should always salute any officer in there at the time, whether senior or junior."

Incidentally, the clerks' office in any unit is "sacred." Officers junior to the Adjutant should obtain his permission before going there, and officers equal in rank or senior to the Adjutant do so as a matter of courtesy.

The booklet outlines the "form" on making calls and card dropping—a subject which always amuses the newspapers. Some miscellaneous "don'ts" include: never apologise for an order you give, if you dislike having to give it; never call a senior officer "Dear Sir" in correspondence; and never write humorous remarks in the mess book.

And there is one which applies to everybody in the Army, of whatever rank:

NEVER DECRY THE ARMY IN THE PRESENCE OF CIVILIANS.

CURING A COUGH —THE ARMY WAY

HOW do you stop a soldier coughing—
(a) in a lecture;
(b) on patrol?

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery periodically hits the headlines with his measures to discourage coughing by senior officers at conferences.

At a recent session of NATO staffs in Paris the Field-Marshal "laid on" large supplies of cough-drops specially manufactured by a Paris firm. He was quoted as saying that some 300 officers consumed an average of 65 each over three-and-a-half days.

It would seem that either the officers were very nervous, or the cough-drops were exceptionally tasty.

Veterans of the second world war will remember less formal occasions on which the Field-Marshal arrived to address them. He gave out no cough-drops, but merely announced that, before he began to speak, there would be a three-minute interval for coughing, after which he would expect absolute silence.

And absolute silence there was.



FM Viscount Montgomery. He provides

ON patrol, an unwary cough can cost men's lives. Regimental officers charged with selecting men for operations on which silence is essential are expected to exercise great caution lest they include men suffering from coughs.

A variation of this problem is that of the collective cough of a column of troops waking at dawn.

"An army in the field coughs like hell when it first rouses for the day," says Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, who led a Chindit brigade in the Burma jungle, "and this is a luxury which cannot be allowed to a guerrilla column in enemy country."

In his book *The Wild Green Earth* Brigadier Fergusson tells how he imposed a rule that everyone coughing within a quarter of an hour of getting up in the morning should have his cigarette ration docked. This was sternly enforced and an improvement resulted. The Brigadier, who is no mean poet, also composed rhymes to underline the fatal consequences which could result from coughing.



So far as SOLDIER can discover, no anti-coughing lozenges or drugs have ever been handed out officially to troops on active service.

stepped outside were disappointed to find that sergeants were waiting to form them into squads.

When the service was over the Colonel, boasting that no medical man in England knew a better cure for coughing than he did, turned to the Adjutant and said: "Put all these men to the iron roller and keep them at it until retreat beating and every mother's son of them shall dine with Duke Humphry this day" (in other words, go without dinner).

After this, it was most rare for services to be disturbed by soldiers coughing.

The story is told in *The Letters of Private Wheeler*.



A COMMANDING officer of the 51st Foot (now the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) had his own way of discouraging coughing which he suspected to be deliberate.

When the Regiment returned from the Napoleonic wars, Lieutenant-Colonel Mainwaring decided that the coughing which punctuated church service must be put down.

One Sunday he intervened just before the sermon to inform the troops that he, personally, would do his best to suppress his cough and that if unsuccessful he would go outside and wait until the service was over. He suggested that anyone else who experienced similar trouble should do the same.

The soldiers needed no second hint; most of them walked out and the sermon continued in silence. Chuckling with delight at having "come the old soldier" over their Colonel, those who



Captain P. A. Sunnucks, WRAC. She played the Soviet champion.

She Qualified for Moscow

ONE member of the Women's Royal Army Corps with an ambition to travel to Moscow is Captain P. A. Sunnucks, who is an Intelligence staff officer in Hong Kong.

Only in Moscow can a woman chess player compete in the final stages of the world's championship — and Captain Sunnucks is in the world championship class.

The women's championship is spread out over three years. In the first year, competitors play in zonal matches, and near Dubrovnik, in Yugoslavia, in 1954, Captain Sunnucks came second in the Western European Zone. Thus she qualified to play in the "candidates' tournament" in Moscow in October 1955—but she was unable to go. The winner of the candidates' tournament plays a series of matches against the existing champion in Moscow in the third year.

Back in England, Captain Sunnucks was runner-up in the British women's championship in 1953. She won her match against the champion, Miss Eileen Tranmer, but her aggregate score was half a point less than Miss Tranmer's. In 1954, Captain Sunnucks skipped the women's championship to play in the open championship, better practice for the international event. That year, the Russians sent a team to England and beat the British team by 18½ to 1½ points. One of Britain's half-points was scored by Captain Sunnucks who played the Soviet woman champion,

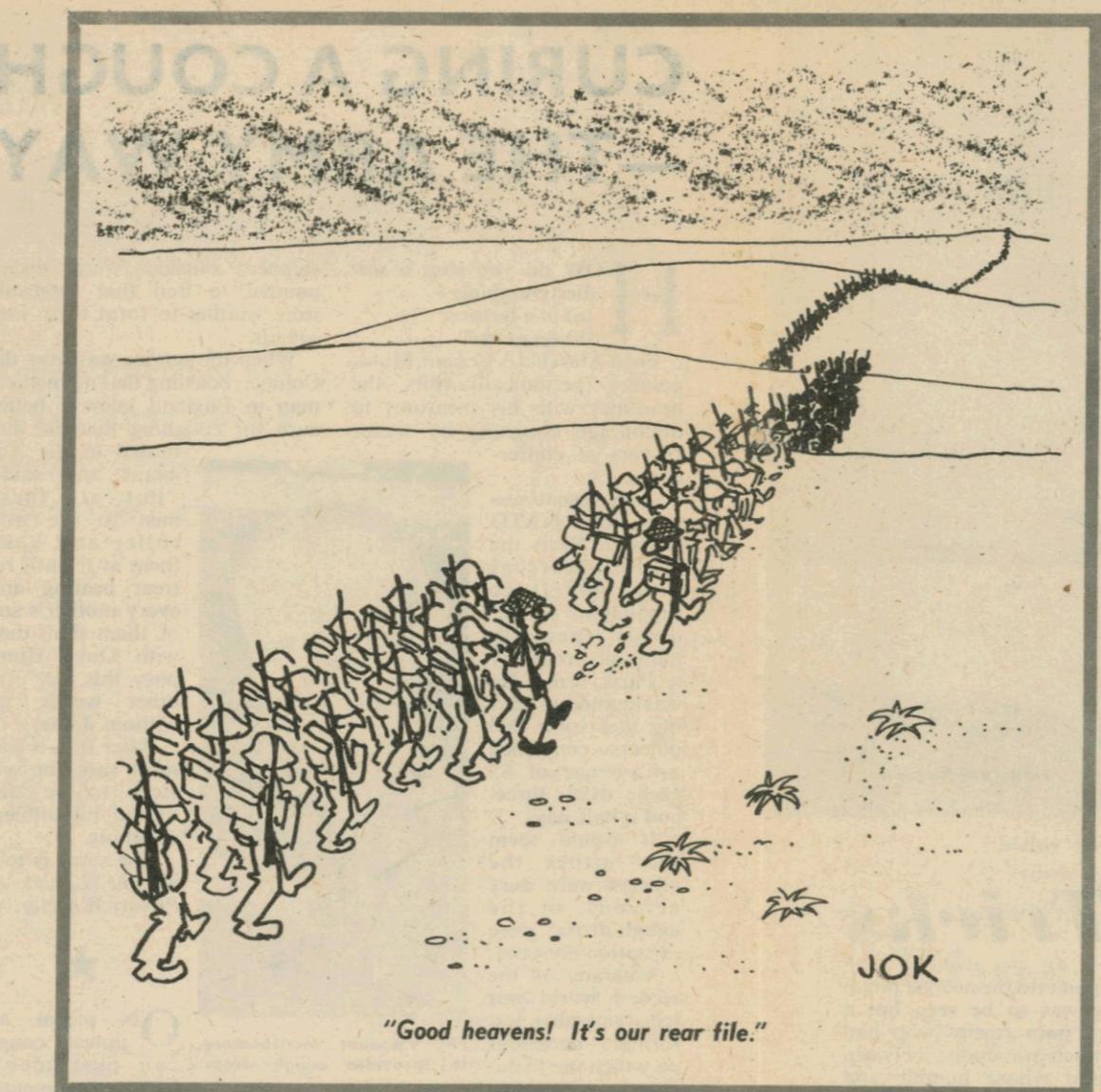
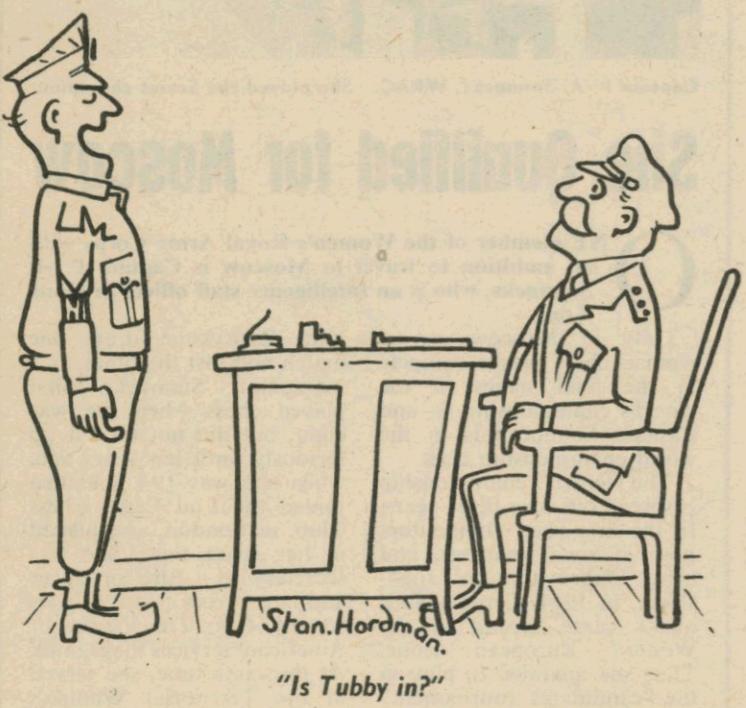
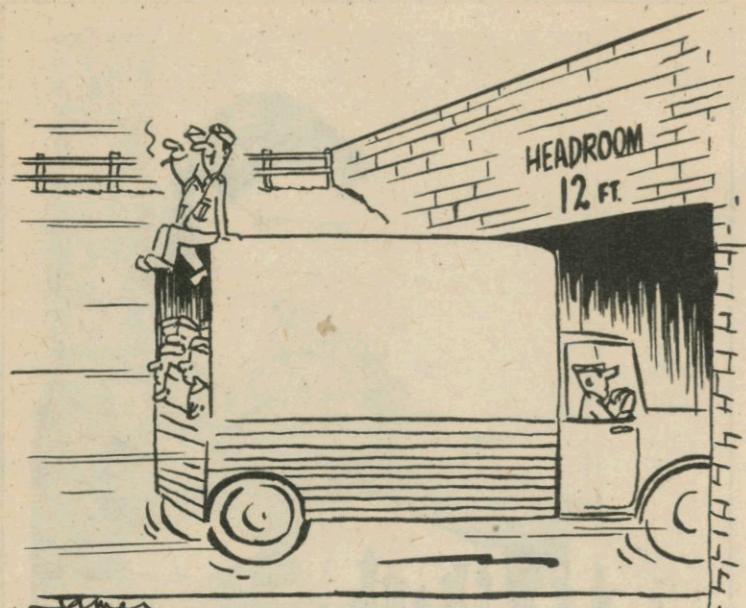
Kira Zvorykina, drew one match and lost the other.

Captain Sunnucks first played chess when she was eight, but did not take it up seriously until ten years ago, when she was 19. She then joined the Lud Eagle Chess Club, in London, and played in her spare time. She was secretary to a BBC producer and later wrote travel articles for the *Army Times* series of American Services magazines. At the same time, she served in the Territorial Women's Royal Army Corps.

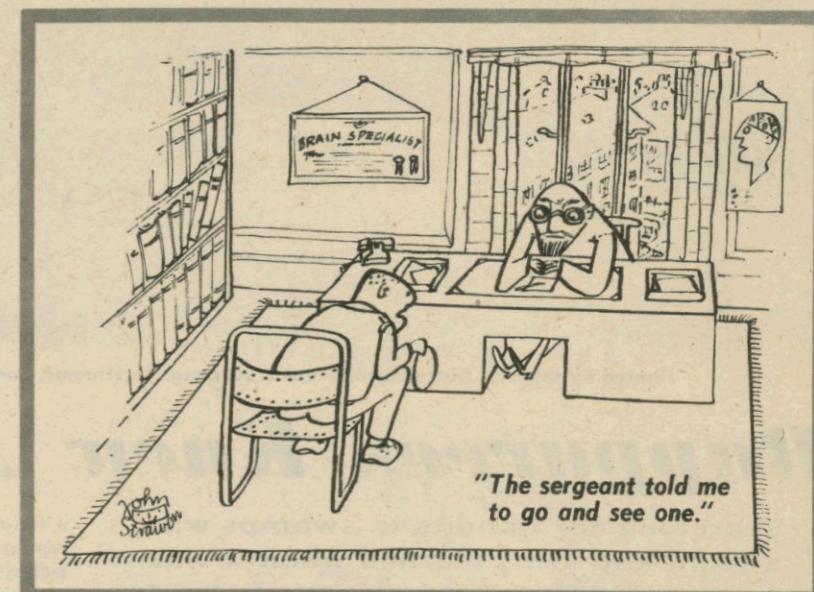
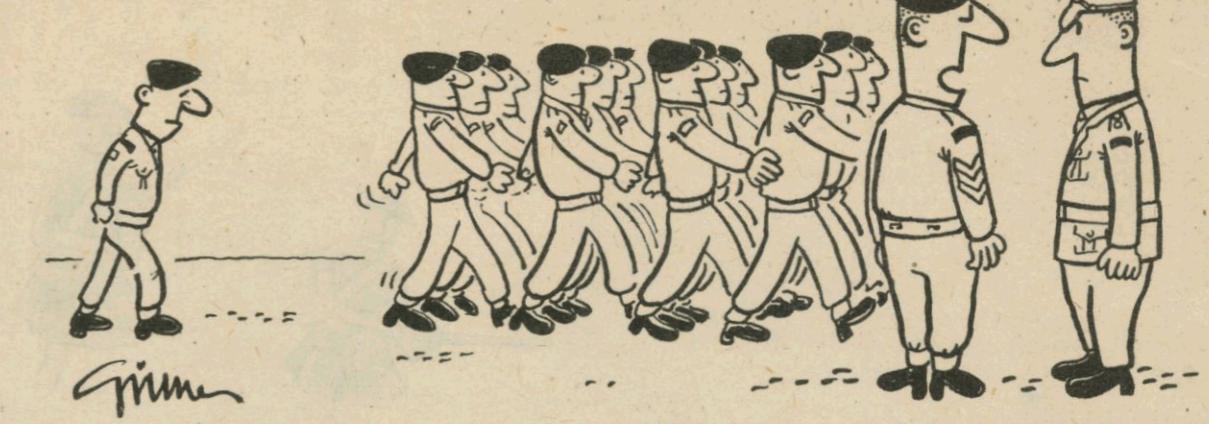
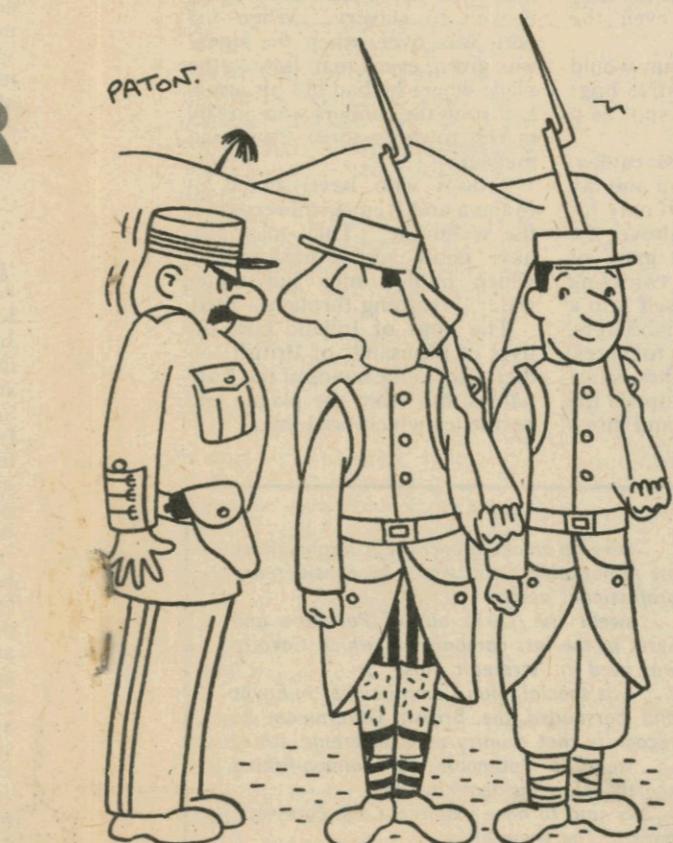
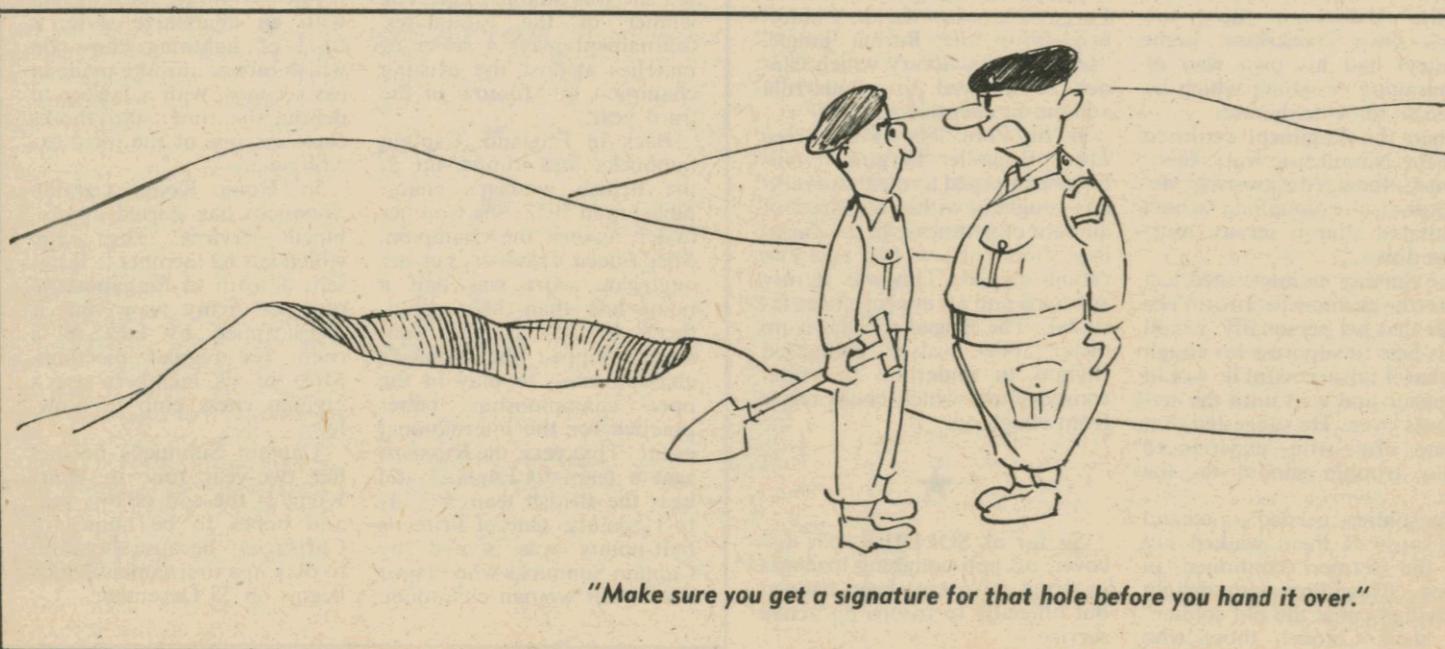
She is known as a player with an aggressive style, is fond of lightning chess (in which moves must be made in ten seconds, with a buzzer to denote the time) and thinks chess is "one of the most exciting games."

In Hong Kong, Captain Sunnucks has started a combined services chess club which has 60 members. It has sent a team to Singapore to play an Army team, but is handicapped by lack of a room for regular meetings. Most of its members use a civilian chess club in Kowloon.

Captain Sunnucks finishes her two-year tour in Hong Kong at the end of this year and hopes to be home for Christmas—because she wants to play in a tournament which begins on 28 December.



SOLDIER HUMOUR





Hunted by soldiers, Irish guerrillas would submerge in streams, sometimes until only nose and mouth were visible.

Rapparees Knew All The Tricks

Searching for bandits in swamps was a game the Army learned when it was barely thirty years old in Ireland

BOTH in Malaya and in Kenya the British soldier has been faced with the task of hunting down terrorists in swamps.

One gang of Communists in South Selangor hid in huts on stilts in the centre of a swamp and installed underwater pathways to help them in a sudden evacuation.

In Kenya, Mau Mau were harried from a swamp with the aid of smoke.

The British Army had been established barely 30 years when it was assigned the task of flushing cunning guerrillas from swamp land. This initiation into "savage warfare" happened within the British Isles—in the bogs of Ireland.

It was that unhappy period when part of Ireland acknowledged William III as king and

the rest supported the dethroned James II. The territory held by "King Billy" was frequently harried by Rapparees, or peasant-marauders, who gave the English soldier a hard run for his money.

Macaulay in his famous *History of England* has left a vivid picture of this type of irregular warfare. He tells how the free-booters wrapped their bodies in twisted straw to serve as armour. When they came raiding, the supposedly loyal peasants, who had

a fellow feeling for the invaders, would indicate to them where the richest booty was to be found and also the best hiding-places.

One gang of Rapparees hid on firm ground in the heart of the great bog of Allen, whence they raided Wicklow and even the suburbs of Dublin.

A Rapparee on the run would lie flat in one of his native bogs and was as difficult to spot as a sitting hare.

"Sometimes," says Macaulay, "he sprang into a stream and lay there, like an otter, with only his mouth and nostrils above the water. Nay, a whole gang of banditti would, in the twinkling of an eye, transform itself into a crowd of harmless labourers. Every man took his gun to pieces, hid the lock in his clothes, stuck a cork in the muzzle, stopped the touch-hole with a quill and threw

the weapon into the nearest pond. Nothing was to be seen but a string of poor rustics who had not so much as a cudgel between them, and whose humble and crouching walk seemed to show that their spirit was thoroughly broken to slavery. When the peril was over, when the signal was given, every man flew to the place where he had hid his arms; and soon the robbers were in full march towards some Protestant mansion."

Troops who have served in Malaya and Kenya will recognise the technique. They may also have come across instances in which hunted men hid under water, breathing through a reed.

The bogs of Ireland cost the lives of thousands of British soldiers; not at the hands of the Rapparees, but from the plague and pestilence which bred there.

Who Was He?

HE was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell through a female ancestor; . . . failed the highly-competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service, so went to Sandhurst and then joined the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; . . . succeeded in the Staff College entrance competition when it was considered eccentric for a Cavalry officer to try; . . . was a fellow-student of Earl Haig, with whom he did not get on; . . . held only one Staff appointment: and during the rest of his career commanded on active service everything from a troop to an independent expeditionary force;

. . . was (like later field-marshals) a keen bird-watcher and once said that to have a garden and grow roses was the thing that most appealed to him;

. . . was known throughout the Army as "The Bull," from his manner and physique, not on account of a love of spit and polish;

. . . had a quick temper which has been described as his worst enemy;

. . . commanded the Cavalry in the retreat from Mons and later a corps, then an army on the Western Front;

. . . removed his headquarters from the comfort of Cairo to the desert when he took command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force;

. . . gave up smoking because it might affect his remarkable sight, which he considered a professional asset;

. . . swept the Turks out of Palestine and Syria in the last campaign in which Cavalry was used in "strategic mass";

. . . was special High Commissioner in Egypt and persuaded the British Government to recognise that country as a sovereign state;

. . . went to Patagonia for salmon-fishing shortly before his death in 1936;

. . . is said to have inspired C. S. Forester's novel, "The General".

(Answer on page 38)

THE EAGLE FLIES TO SCOTLAND

A proud trophy, won by the Royal Scots Greys at Waterloo, finds a new home

After 141 years, the people of Scotland are to take possession of the most famous trophy acquired by a Scottish regiment at Waterloo: the eagle and Colour of the French 45th Regiment, captured by the Royal Scots Greys.

Along with other trophies of the Napoleonic Wars, the eagle and Colour were deposited in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea by order of King William IV. In 1947 King George VI consented to the trophies being returned to the units which won them, on condition that they were housed in chapels or other appropriate buildings.

Ten regiments claimed their trophies that year, but the Royal Scots Greys were overseas and unable to make arrangements.

As SOLDIER went to press, plans were being made for the eagle to be presented ceremonially to the Regiment at the Royal Hospital on 18 June, the anni-



The eagle of the 45th . . . and Sergeant G. W. Ingram, of Chelsea Hospital, to whom fell the honour of handing it back to the Regiment.

versary of Waterloo. The man chosen to hand it over was Sergeant G. W. Ingram, the only member of the Regiment now an in-pensioner of the Hospital.

Sergeant Ingram, who is 86,

joined the Greys in 1888 and served as a trooper until 1901, when he left the Regiment in South Africa to go into civilian life. Although it is 55 years since he took his discharge, the Royal

“Those beautiful grey horses!”
said Napoleon. Then he cried:

“Those Terrible Grey Horses . . .”

On the day of Waterloo, the Royal Scots Greys, then officially the Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons, were part of the Union Brigade in which were also an English and an Irish regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons and the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

During the morning they were summoned to support an Infantry brigade which was hotly engaged with a French column. Three of the four regiments in the Infantry brigade were Scottish and they greeted the Cavalry with cries of, “The Greys, our ain folk!”

A hundred yards from the enemy, the Cavalry halted to allow the Infantry to retreat between the squadrons. Some Highlanders broke their ranks and grabbed the stirrups of the Greys to advance with them. Then the signal to charge was given and the Greys, shouting, “Scotland for ever,” surged forward.

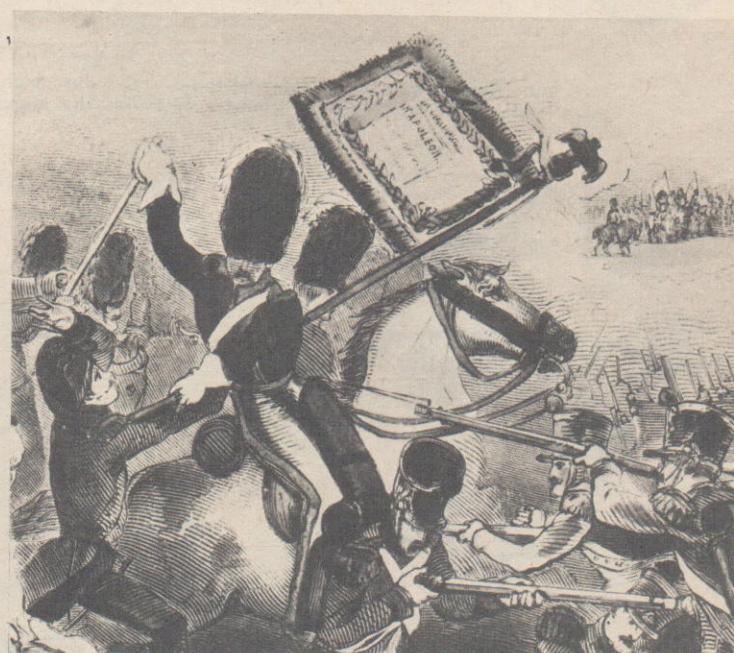
The weight of the charge broke the French Infantry, and the Greys hacked at them with their sabres. It was then that Sergeant Charles Ewart of the Greys captured the eagle of the French 45th Regiment. This was no mean trophy among French eagles. The standard flying beneath it bore the battle-honours of Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram,

and the 45th were nicknamed the Invincibles.

“I had a hard contest for it,” wrote Sergeant Ewart afterwards. “The bearer thrust for my groin; I parried it off and cut him through the head. After which I was attacked by one of their lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark by my throwing it off with my sword. Then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who after firing at me charged me with his bayonet; but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it and cut him down through the head, so that finished the contest for the eagle.”

Another account of the capture was given in his old age by a Sergeant-Major Dickson who was the last survivor of the Greys’ charge (he died in 1880) and was a corporal at Waterloo. His story was reported thus:

“We came to an open space covered with bushes, and then I saw Ewart, with five or six Infantrymen about him, slashing right and left at them. Armour and I dashed up to these half-dozen Frenchmen, who were turning to escape with one of their standards. I cried to Armour to come on and we rode at them. Ewart had finished two of them, and was in the act of striking a third man who held the eagle. Next



Sergeant Ewart carries off the Colour; from an old print.

moment I saw Ewart cut him down, and he fell dead. I was just in time to thwart a bayonet-thrust that was aimed at the gallant sergeant’s neck. Armour finished another of them.”

The capture of the eagle by no means finished the Greys’ work for that day. Following up their advantage, they “rushed upon every description of force which presented itself” (to quote one of their historians). French cuirassiers and lancers were overthrown and the Greys and Inniskillings galloped up to Ney’s advanced artillery, sabred the gunners, cut the traces, hamstrung the horses and put 40 guns out of action. The Cavalry charge brought in between 2000 and

Scots Greys have never forgotten him. In his 16 years at the Royal Hospital, he has frequently been visited by officers of the Regiment and the regimental sergeant-major. “Once the football team came to see me,” he said. “I was always in the football team in my day.”

Sergeant Ingram says that the capture of the eagle was often talked about in his time in the Greys, but there was no agitation in the Regiment for its return. “It was always the people of Scotland who wanted it,” says Sergeant Ingram, an Aberdeenshire man himself.

The Greys’ sergeants’ mess was waiting to accommodate the trophy, but not for long. On 7 July the eagle and Colour are to be formally received from the Regiment by the Governor of Edinburgh Castle and placed in the Scottish United Services Museum, which is part of the Castle. The Museum already houses the sword with which Sergeant Charles Ewart killed three men to capture the eagle.

3000 prisoners.

Napoleon was watching the Greys through his telescope and three remarks he made about them are recorded:

“Those beautiful grey horses!”
“What fine troops! What a pity it is that I shall cut them all to pieces!”

“Those terrible grey horses, how they fight!”

Wellington has gone down as saying: “Would that there were more of the Greys!”

For his gallantry that day, Ewart was commissioned a cornet in the 5th Royal Veterans Battalion. On the first anniversary of Waterloo his health was proposed at a public banquet by Sir Walter Scott.



A Land Rover suspected of carrying radio-active dust is checked by a contamination meter. A Geiger counter measures the amount of infection.



Left: Dressed for action, a member of a monitoring team with a survey meter. Note the rubber gloves, sweat rag (for keeping out radio-active dust) and the plastic waist bag for protecting metal articles like wrist-watches. Above: Reading the dosimeter.

NUCLEAR

There is not much chic about the soldier attired and equipped for nuclear war—but nuclear war isn't likely to be very chic

MORE and more soldiers are being trained in Britain in the operation of instruments for detecting and measuring radio-activity.

If Britain were attacked by nuclear weapons, it would be the duty of men of the Army's Mobile Defence Corps and of teams from Regular units to help in rescuing survivors from devastated regions.

First, monitoring teams, probably each consisting of two men, would make their way towards the area of the explosion. One of them would carry a survey meter, which measures the intensity of radiation and determines how long the follow-up rescue workers must wait before they can safely enter the area. The soldier with the survey meter also has a dosimeter in a plastic bag for measuring the amount of radiation to which he is subjected. When the reading nears the danger mark he knows it is time to leave the area. The dosimeter is about the size of a fountain pen and its plastic cover protects it from radio-active dust.

The second man in the team, who would note

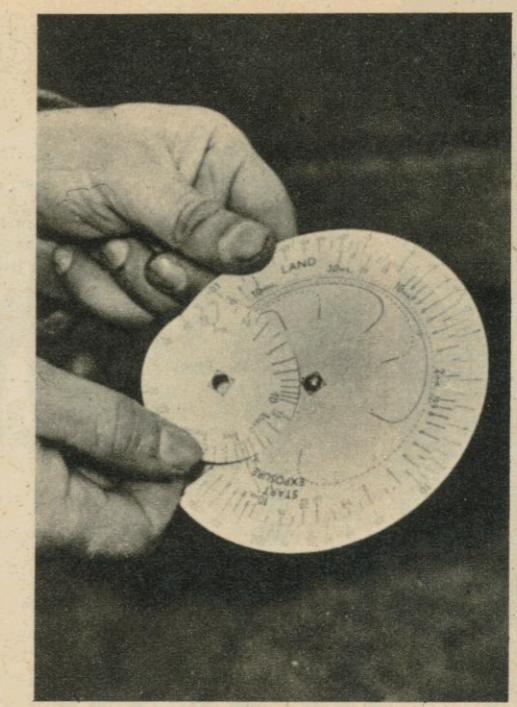
SOLDIER

the survey meter readings and the times and places at which they were taken, would also carry a dosimeter.

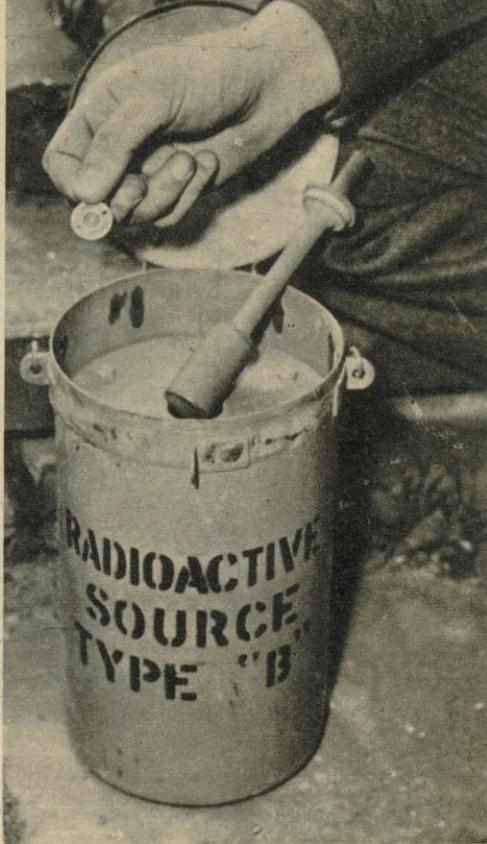
Both men would wear steel helmets, rubber gloves and boots and a sweat rag round the neck to protect them against radio-active dust. If contamination was heavy they might have to wear plastic capes and leggings as well as respirators, although a simple smog mask or handkerchief across the mouth and nose would normally prevent radio-active dust being inhaled.

Another instrument which soldiers are being trained to use is the contamination meter. This is fitted with a Geiger counter and measures the intensity of radio-active dust on the skin, clothing and equipment. Because the instrument is highly sensitive to gamma rays as well as radio-active dust it would be used away from contaminated areas to check men and vehicles which might have been exposed.

The pictures on these pages were taken at Woolwich during a demonstration of training in radiac instruments given by a team of Royal Engineers from Chatham. Most units in Britain may soon have an officer and at least one NCO trained in the employment of the new instruments, a few of which were used in Eastern Command's recent civil defence exercise in London.



Above: The radiac calculator card works out the rate of decay in radiation on land and at sea.



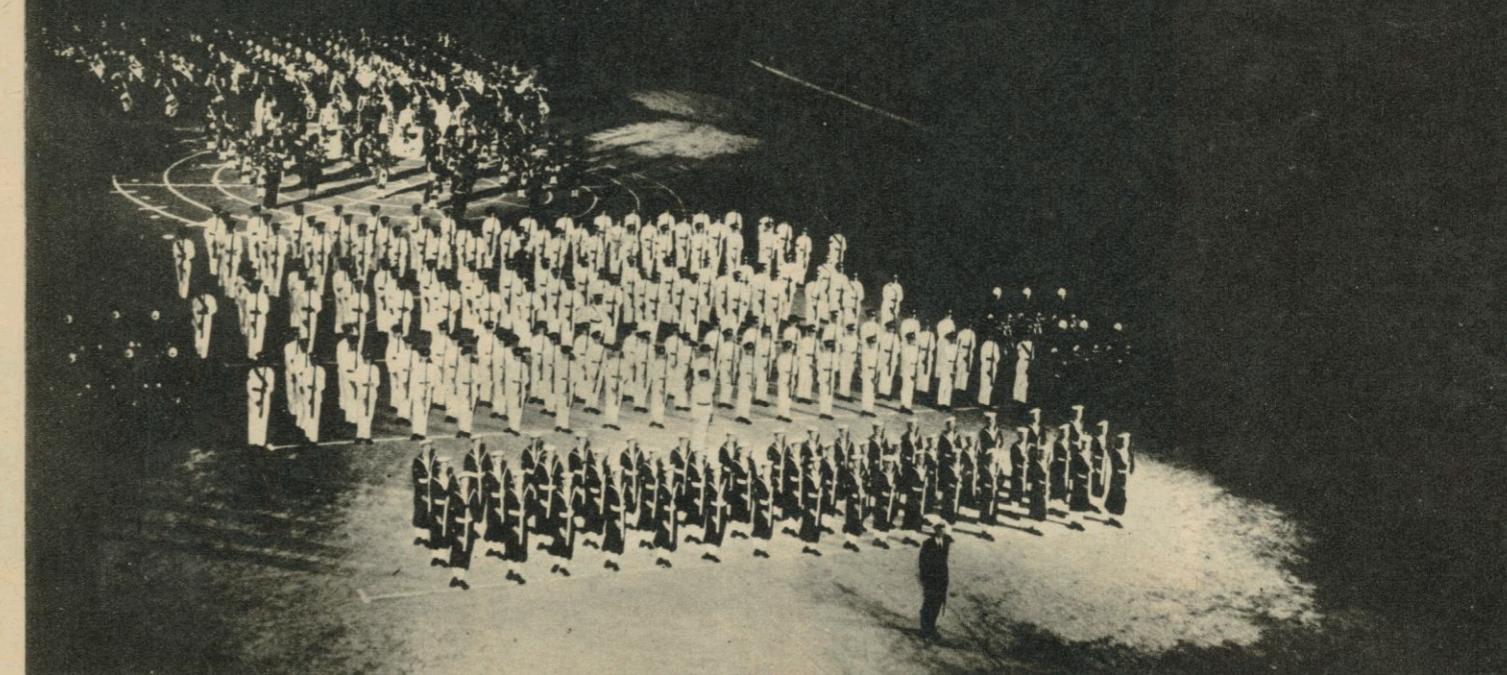
Right: Radio-active cobalt discs are used to train soldiers in finding sources of radiation.

Bermuda Tattoo

BERMUDA mustered massed bands totalling 160 musicians for a tattoo which, the organisers claimed, was the Colony's first.

The bands were provided by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Royal Marines, the Bermuda Rifles and the Bermuda Militia Artillery. In addition, the massed pipe bands of the 1st and 2nd Battalions The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada took part.

Royal Signals motor-cyclists gave a spectacular display and there were demonstrations of drill and physical training.





Left: Newly commissioned from Sandhurst: 2nd Lieutenant Winston Churchill, 4th Queen's Own Hussars, in 1895. The Regiment was "a grand school."



He inspects the Regiment on its last mounted parade before mechanisation.

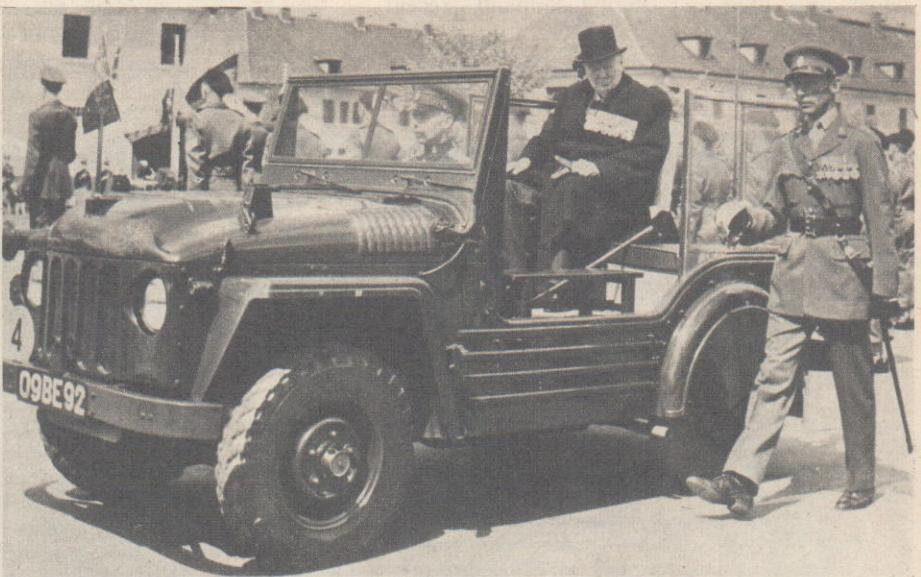
THE YOUNG HUSSAR COMES BACK

IT was an expensive regiment when young Winston Churchill was commissioned into it, back in 1895. Dinner in the Mess was "like a State banquet." But life in the 4th Queen's Own Hussars was by no means soft; riding lessons were a real ordeal—see "My Early Life."

In India 2nd Lieutenant Churchill played a dashing game of polo for the Regiment. After dinner he tried to dodge "a tiresome game then in vogue called whist." In the baking afternoon heat of Bangalore he lay reading Gibbon and Macaulay, and found time to write his novel *Savrola*, dedicating it to his fellow officers and regretting that he was unable to adopt their suggestions for stimulating the love interest.

Periodically the young subaltern forsook the Regiment to serve in far campaigns. Once or twice his fellow officers hinted politely that it was time he did some routine duties. In 1899 he helped the Regiment to win the regimental polo championship in India—then took up politics.

Sir Winston has been Colonel of the Regiment since 1941. Recently he inspected them at Hohne, Germany, and revived 60-year-old memories.



Left: The Colonel presents a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to Sergeant Thomas Massey, who was one of Wavell's 30,000.

In a gleaming, glass-sided "Champ," the Colonel inspects the parade in Germany. Lieut-Col G. A. F. Kennard, Commanding Officer, walks beside Sir Winston with drawn sword.

Right: Nobody wore more medals on parade than the Colonel. Photographs at Hohne: Sgt. M. F. Godfrey.



HIS PATIENTS ARE ALL TOO HEALTHY

In the Army, a medical officer gets plenty of practice with the needle. There are times when he sighs for a really unusual case . . .

THE Army is short of Regular medical officers.

More than half of those serving hold National Service commissions. A number of others are short-service officers. From neither of these classes can the Army obtain the experienced specialists and general practitioners it needs. And its total of 1600 medical officers is 100 short of requirements.

A shortage of medical officers is nothing new. It has happened from time to time ever since barbers doubled as surgeons. The difference is that in the old days nobody worried much.

The Army looks to the medical officer for prevention as well as cure. Immunisations, hygiene and other public health activities are essential parts of his work. So are frequent inspections of living quarters, cookhouses, latrines and places of work. Abroad, especially in hot climates, prevention is even more necessary.

The big problem is to make the medical officer's life more interesting. In the Army, his patients are nearly all basically healthy young men. One war-time officer wrote that he had acquired an excellent knowledge of jaundice, glandular fever and toe-rot, but had almost forgotten which way

up a baby was born. In peace-time, Army medicine is not quite as restricted as that, but there are relatively few women and children and almost no elderly patients to attract the medical officer's professional attention.

Preventive medicine and overseas tours, which give experience of tropical diseases, fill the gap to some extent. Young doctors, however, want wider scope for their talents, not only to make the daily round more interesting but also to help fit them into civilian medical life when they reach the Army's retiring age.

For this purpose, a committee set up by the Ministry of Defence to study the Forces' medical and dental services recently recommended that Service medical officers should carry out part-time work at civilian hospitals and take fairly frequent civilian

An old Army joke in the flesh: "This won't hurt—much. All you'll get is a slight touch of the Black Death."

refresher courses. Specialists, it was suggested, should have spells of secondment at civilian hospitals, and when beds were vacant in military hospitals, civilian patients should be brought in for them to treat.

The problem of attracting doctors to the Army is curiously altered, compared with a century ago. Then medical officers were doctors only; they treated the sick and wounded but had little authority in such matters as running hospitals or transporting wounded. They complained

that their work and prestige suffered.

At the end of last century the proposition that medical officers should be officers in the full sense of the word was accepted. Since then, the Army's medical organisation has become more complicated, with the result that medical officers now complain that too many of their number are employed on administrative work. A medical officer who is promoted to major may have to give up professional work, unless he is a specialist, and the same fate may await specialists who are lieutenants-colonels.

During World War Two, a number of non-medical officers were admitted into the Royal Army Medical Corps to cope with administration, movements of casualties and other non-medical tasks, and many of them have remained in the Corps. It is now suggested that the number of non-medical majors should be increased, to release medical majors for professional duties. In addition, it is proposed that specialists should receive automatic promotion from major to lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and be able to continue their careers as specialists the whole time.

By these means, and by offering still higher rates of pay, it is hoped to encourage more doctors to take Regular commissions.

Another suggestion to increase the strength is to make Regular commissions available to women doctors as in the Royal Air Force. In World War Two, some 500 women doctors were attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps, with full military rank and pay, and in 1947 one of them was appointed medical officer to the 1st Battalion The Black Watch. Today, there are only 10 women medical officers in the Corps; they are restricted to short-service commissions and cannot be

In war, the medical officer may work under difficulties. This picture shows an operation in an underground dressing station in besieged Tobruk. Two surgeons are at work on a patient who has more than one wound.



OVER



Once the Army had 500 women medical officers. Now there are 10.

promoted above the rank of major. Their work is not confined to the women's corps. (Equally, the work of male medical officers extends to the women's Corps. One National Service officer recently found himself doing his part-time service in a Women's Royal Army Corps camp at Black Fell in County Durham. He was in the rare situation of being the only male in the officers' mess.)

An interesting suggestion was made to the Ministry of Defence committee by the Medical Women's Federation: that National Service should be extended to women doctors. The medical profession was one of the first in which there was sex-equality and the women felt that this should extend to the responsibility of National Service. The committee turned down the idea on the grounds that there is no shortage of

medical officers on National Service commissions.

Service conditions, it seems, are not altogether to blame for the lack of National Service medical officers applying for Regular commissions. Says the Ministry of Defence committee: "It should be borne in mind that a young doctor on leaving his medical school for the first time experiences some disillusionment in that medicine, as practised in the world outside his teaching hospital, seems to him to fall short of his ideals. Under the present arrangement for National Service, most young medical men receive this disillusionment while doing their service, and may consequently attribute it, to a greater extent than is justified, to conditions in the medical branches of the Armed Forces."

When they return to civil life, they find that there is just as much form-filling as in the Army!

But He Does Not Cut Hair Any More

"KEEP two lancets; a blunt one for the soldiers, and a sharp one for the officers: this will be making a proper distinction between them."

This "advice to surgeons" was offered by an eighteenth-century wag. Other wags offered less seemly advice. According to a writer in Queen Anne's reign, soldiers were foolish to complain of being neglected by the regimental surgeon; they were more likely to survive than those whom the surgeon treated, Nature being the more efficient doctor of the two.

All the wags were convinced that the surgeon spent more time curing the wounds of love than the wounds of war; in which they may well have been right.

In medieval times, priests acted as surgeons, until the Pope decreed that they should not shed blood. They handed over the work to the barbers (who possibly were familiar enough with the sight of blood).

In Henry V's army, physicians ranked after shoemakers and tailors, but before washerwomen. A sick man might be given a strong dose concocted by boiling two live new-born puppies in oil of lilies and adding earthworms



"...ranked after shoemakers and tailors, but before washerwomen..."

purified in white wines.

After 1660, surgeons were regimental officers who bought their commissions or obtained them through influence. Some drew pay as combatant officers as well as surgeon's pay, a practice which was long tolerated because a surgeon's prospects of promotion were few. The regimental surgeon ran his own hospital and supplied his own medicines, towards which the troops contributed from their pay.

At intervals, medical officers waged a long struggle for better pay, conditions of service and status. The system of regimental medical officers went out (except in the Guards) in 1873, against much opposition from the regiments. With a break of a few months the Foot Guards retained their regimental medical officers until 1904; the Household Cavalry regiments retain theirs to this day, and they appear under the regimental headings in the Army List with such ranks as Surgeon Captain and Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel.

In 1884 medical officers were

designated Army Medical Staff but denied full military status. This began a "war" between the War Office and the medical profession, during which most medical schools refused to produce candidates for the Army.

The quarrel lasted 12 years, and by the end of it the Army had too few medical officers for even its peace-time needs. Then, in 1898, came a new warrant setting up the Royal Army Medical Corps and giving medical officers normal military ranks.

An anonymous non-medical officer who in 1900 published a book entitled "Social Life in the British Army" thought the recently-gratified desire of medical officers to be known as majors, colonels and so on was due to their belief that they were left out of the social swim because of their earlier semi-military titles. The real reason for their social neglect, he declared, was that medical officers spent an uncertain period, anything from a month to three years, in a station. "People can hardly be blamed for neglecting to cultivate the society of birds of passage so erratic in their flight." Moreover, medical officers could not invite men friends to dine in their messes because they had no messes and they could not ask ladies to their regimental balls because they had no regiments.

"If the doctors," concluded the author, "want social recognition, let them demand the reintroduction of the old system of the regimental surgeon."

In those days medical officers pulled out teeth and administered chloroform without an assistant. The sanitary officer (described by Lord Wolseley in 1886 as the most useless man in the Army) had been abolished—which led to much unnecessary sickness in the South African War.

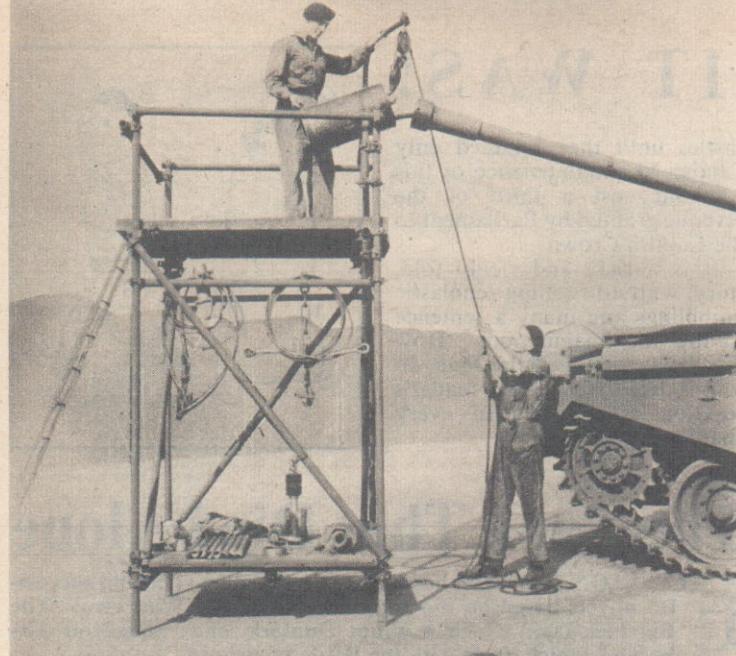
But the medical officer was a fully-fledged officer at last, with men to command and a corps organisation behind him. He had arrived.



"All the hospitals in Greater London have been wiped out. What are you going to do about it?"



"...left out of the social swim..."



This platform-with-pulley device for pouring preservative into gun barrels was one of many depot brainwaves which earned financial rewards.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS?

THE ARMY IS READY TO PAY SOLDIERS FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS WHICH WILL SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY

HAVE you any bright ideas for making the Army more efficient? Last year sums totalling more than £1000 were paid to soldiers and civilians in mixed home establishments who thought of new ways of saving time, money and manpower. Of the 304 suggestions which were submitted to the War Office's Ideas and Suggestions Committee 234 were accepted. Now the scheme, which is entering its ninth year, is to be extended to include soldiers serving in any unit anywhere in the world.

Most of the suggestions which have won grants were simple inventions put forward by men working in REME workshops and Ordnance depots.

One idea, which earned its inventor £7 7s, came to a sergeant in a REME workshop when he watched three men struggling with a heavy steel girder they were trying to place in position in a Bofors gun platform. The sergeant told the workshops officer that he had a better idea and was instructed to go ahead.

In due course the sergeant produced a hand-operated trolley which had been made out of scrap metal and parts of obsolete machinery. The girder was placed on the trolley, wheeled to the gun platform and raised into position in a few seconds by one man using an adjustable lever.

A civilian invented a jig for cutting steel bars at an angle of 45 degrees, thus freeing a milling machine for more important work. An armourer quartermaster sergeant put up an idea for stamping numbers on Bren gun parts for more rapid identification. A REME craftsman produced a collar to hold a spring in place while assembling a gun. Previously, the spring had to be held back by a second man.

The soldier who thought of a new method of aligning the gear

box with the final drive on a Centurion tank, reducing by half the time taken by the old system, received £7 7s and a letter of commendation. An award of £15 15s went to the man who saved up to six hours work on a military vehicle by inventing a way of welding damaged mudguards in one operation instead of welding each piece separately.

A civilian in an Ordnance Depot was responsible for speeding up the preserving of gun barrels in laid-up tanks. He built a platform fitted with a pulley which raised a can with a special "safety" pourer. Only two men instead of three were needed and the task took less than half the time.

Not all the ideas which receive awards are technical ones. Two corporals were rewarded for designing a bench fitted with easily accessible compartments for tools and materials used by packers in an Ordnance depot. Other soldiers have suggested more efficient methods of office procedure.

In mixed establishments an idea is first submitted to a Whitley Committee made up of employers' and employees' representatives. If they think the notion is good enough they send it to the War Office Ideas and Suggestions Committee. This Committee can award up to £100. Higher awards have to be approved by the Treasury.

The Committee will also help a soldier to patent an invention if it is important enough.

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WHAT A WEAPON IT WAS!

WHICH was the most heroic of all the land battles England has fought?

Sir Winston Churchill gives his answer in the first volume of his new History of the English-Speaking Peoples—"The Birth of Britain" (Cassell, 30s). It is: Agincourt.

On St. Crispin's Day, in 1415, Henry V and his English bowmen, outnumbered three to one, resoundingly tumbled the French cavalry who were striving to cut them off from the waiting ships at Calais.

It was an epic victory of the despised Foot against the overweening Horse and it held an unpopular lesson for the nobility of Europe.

The English long bow was the secret. "At two hundred and fifty yards the arrow hail produced effects never reached again by Infantry missiles at such a range until the American Civil War," writes Sir Winston. The archer, a skilled professional soldier, "carried with him a heavy iron-pointed stake which, planted in the ground, afforded a deadly obstacle to charging horses. Behind this shelter a company of archers in open order could deliver a discharge of arrows so rapid, continuous and penetrating as to annihilate the cavalry attack. Moreover, in all skirmishing and patrolling the trained archer brought his man down at ranges which had never before been considered dangerous in the whole history of war."

Though Sir Winston rates

BOOKSHELF

Agincourt as "the most heroic" battle, he cites as "the four supreme achievements of the British Army" the battles of Crecy, Blenheim, Waterloo and the final British advance in the last summer of World War One. A footnote to this statement explains that it was written in 1939. There has been a decisive battle or two since then.

Sir Winston's first volume describes the growth of Britain from Roman times to the end of the Wars of the Roses. The British Army, in the strict sense, did not exist, but the British soldier did. One soldier, whose name is unknown, made a historic utterance in the market-place at Rouen, on a spring day in 1431, after watching a valiant young Frenchwoman put to death. "We are lost," he said. "We have burnt a saint."

He was right—and he saw more clearly than his masters. The French artillery, now the finest in the world, battered the English out of their numberless

castles until they retained only Calais. The maintenance of this foothold cost a third of the revenue granted by Parliament to the English Crown.

It is a rich, and richly told, story, with no footling scholastic quibblings and many a sentence to fire the imagination. "How the devil does the Old Man do it?" is likely to be the reader's reaction at the end of every chapter.



Stan Hardman.

The Tank That Died Alone

ELLESTON TREVOR has already written two vivid and successful novels based on the early days of World War Two: "The Big Pick-Up," which is about Dunkirk, and "Squadron Airborne," which deals with the Battle of Britain.

Now he turns up with a novel about the tank crews who fought from the Normandy beaches to Falaise: "The Killing Ground" (Heinemann, 13s 6d).

The men in the black beret are introduced, mostly seasick, on a landing craft approaching the Normandy beaches. From then on, the story is told in a series of episodes of which the last stand of Top Dog is most impressive.

Top Dog is a Churchill which breaks down in enemy territory. The wireless has gone and ammunition is nearly finished, but the commander, a corporal, and crew, with one exception, are determined not to abandon their

charge. Exhausted though they are, the men gather trees and camouflage Top Dog until, in the moonlight, she looks like an isolated clump of brush. Fate comes in the form of a squadron of panzers. Only the deserter, who watches from the shelter of a wood, escapes to give his version of the end.

There must have been a number of tanks which died in isolation as gallantly as Top Dog without a deserter to tell the tale. This ingenious piece of fiction is told with just the right amount of technical detail.

* * * * *

JAMES KENNAWAY, who served as an officer in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, has written a first novel which is conspicuously better and more assured in its touch than most first novels. It is "Tunes of Glory" (Putnam, 13s 6d).

His unusual theme is the shake-up in a Scottish battalion when a new commanding officer arrives to replace rugged Jock Sinclair, the ranker and former piper who led the battalion brilliantly in war but is not the man to keep it up to scratch in peace.

The battalion is stationed in a Scottish town where the local gentry are beginning to look at it askance. Jock Sinclair is unpolished and fond of his whisky. He encourages his officers to dance with more noise and abandon than is seemly—and that is the first thing the new commanding officer, who lacks the human touch, selects for censure. All officers, he orders, will report for dancing lessons; and that includes Jock, who (rather oddly) is now second-in-command.

A story which, at the outset, looks like a satire moves to a tragic end. Mr. Kennaway, a shrewd observer of Scotsmen, depicts skilfully the interplay of regimental personalities.

It is unlikely that any Scots battalion will hasten to identify itself with Mr. Kennaway's creation.

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DERNA (Y.M.C.A.)
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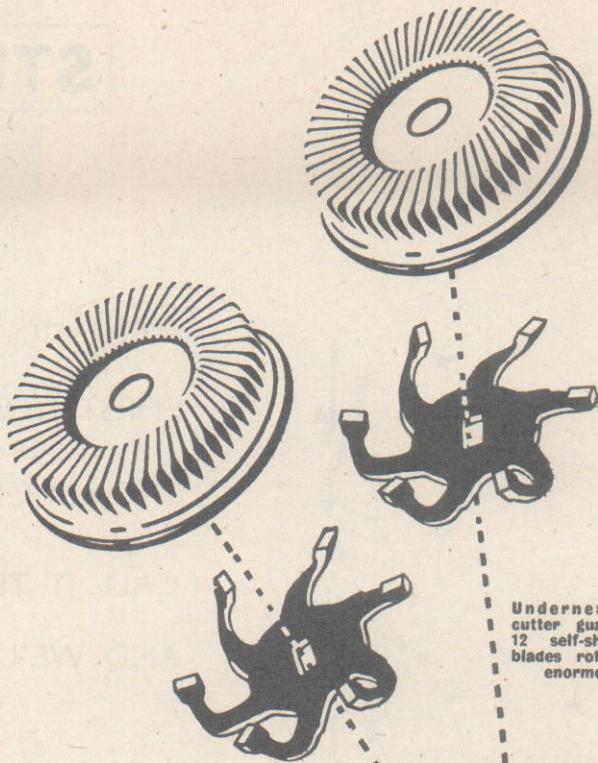
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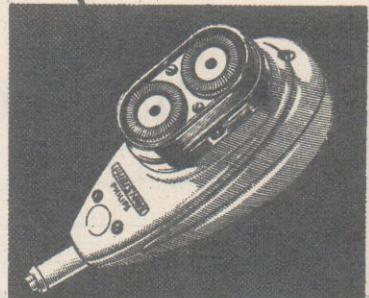
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Photograph: Sapper A. Brown

ARE YOU A CREDIT to your Corps? In those clothes? In that tie? Norman Wisdom (late Royal Signals, late 10th Hussars, late King's Own Royal Regiment) is "challenged" by members of the Royal Signals, 7th Armoured Division, at Hohne, Germany. The comedian was visiting Hamburg on business when he decided on a 120-mile trip "to see the boys."

IN THE NEWS...

"YOUR DRUMS"

Back in 1944, Drum-Major Eduard Kohler of the German Army received a prize of ten British drums. Recently, in Munich he handed them back to representatives of the Elizabeth College Combined Cadet Forces, Guernsey. Herr Kohler is wearing a uniform of 1770.



Photograph: Gunner M. Steed.

TRIES EVERYTHING Possibly the most versatile sportsman in Rhine Army is Lance-Bombardier Edward Green, a physical training instructor with 77th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery.

For five years before call-up he was an apprenticed bricklayer. He was also a part-time professional footballer with Liverpool and New Brighton. Now he is captain of his regimental soccer team.

He represents the Regiment at cross country running and basket-ball; he is an Army second-class boxer; he recently completed a fencing course; he plays squash and badminton and holds the British Judo Association's Blue Belt.

This summer, Lance-Bombardier Green is turning his attention to swimming and cricket. How does he occupy his spare time? With gymnastics, table tennis, and sometimes darts or snooker.



Photograph: Sgt. M. F. Godfray

BEM FOR GERMAN: Hans Buehlmann, of Dortmund, was awarded the British Empire Medal for his gallantry in saving two British children from an oncoming express train. The Medal was presented by the British Ambassador on behalf of H.M. the Queen. Here Herr Buehlmann is seen with the parents of one of the rescued children, Craftsman and Mrs. Ronald Morris.



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THEY BULGED WITH THEIR BOUNTY

NEWS of the recent big pay rise for men of the Services reminds me of the bounty that came the way of some of us in India more than 50 years ago.

This bounty was paid on condition that service was extended to 12 years with the Colours. It was quite a considerable sum at a time when the soldier's pay was very low; namely, £27 10s, or 397 rupees, eight annas. What a windfall, especially for those who, like myself, had every intention of extending! At the time I was an acting bombardier at seven or eight rupees a week.

There was an alternative to accepting the bounty. If he preferred, a soldier could take six months' furlough home on the usual full pay terms. One or two men did this.

There came the great day of the pay-out and several dozen men lined up. At the table sat the major, and beside him stood the pay sergeant and the *shroff* (native banker) with the bags of rupees. As each man came to the table he was asked whether he would like the cash to be handed over, or whether he would like to leave it in the care of the commanding officer until he needed it. I do not know of one who accepted the second alternative. Each man wanted to have the wealth in his own hands, to see it, to gloat over it.

So the money was counted out, all in rupees (florin-sized silver coins). There were no gold coins or notes. We had four pockets, two in our drill jacket, and two in our trousers, and they all bulged to repletion. I was stationed with the battery in Belgaum, where I had never heard of a Post Office Savings Bank or any other savings bank. The only place where we could keep our money was in our kit boxes—or our pockets.

Now came an orgy of spending. From a Bombay firm's catalogues men chose watches, jewellery, trinkets for themselves and for girl friends and parents.

There was a good deal of weeping and wailing among some of the unlucky ones who missed the award by days or weeks. One man missed it by ONE DAY; if he had had a day's less service he would have been eligible.

Belgaum was a small station and there were no amusements for the troops, except occasional sports events; no theatre; only the wet canteen. Our Gunners and drivers pat-

ronised this to the full extent of their pay. Mostly the drinkers formed themselves into what were called "boozing schools," composed of half-a-dozen men who were sworn pals. At all open sessions at the canteen they were present, pooling their pay till it was gone.

Discipline and routine began to suffer. So many of the



men were more or less incapable of carrying on that something had to be done about it. Rather than risk an unending succession of "clients" at his office, our commanding officer struck the battery off all parades and duties, except the essential ones, indefinitely. Drunks were tolerated, and unless they were "obstropolous" they were allowed to go their way in peace and things ran remarkably smoothly, without any serious breaches of conduct. The un-sober men detailed for guard and other duties could easily find a substitute for a rupee or two.

Throughout, the horses were watered and fed, exercised and groomed, and had an easy time of it. The happiest man in the battery must have been the canteen-sergeant. In those days, each duty sergeant did a month's duty in charge of the canteen and usually it was a good thing; but now the canteen was a gold mine.

With all that money in barracks, I never heard of any of it being stolen. The men were a bit rough and ill-behaved, they used bad language and drank all they could, but they did not steal from a comrade.

In due course the battery came back to normal. But that "bounty" will never be forgotten by the lucky ones.

J. E. STRATFORD

WATCH HARTLE HURTEL



IN his first few weeks of National Service, the Army trained Private John Hartle to be a driver.

The course placed no strain on him. At 22 (his National Service was deferred while he completed an apprenticeship), Private Hartle had held a driving licence for six years, ever since he was old enough to ride a motor-cycle. He had already climbed several rungs on the ladder to fame as a racing motor-cyclist and had also learned to drive on four wheels.

As an apprentice mechanic in a motorcycle workshop, he was encouraged by his employer, Mr. Eric W. Bowers, a well-known scrambles rider, to try his luck at motor-cycle sporting events and in 1953 he entered several short circuit races.

The next year, he came into the news by running into third place in the junior Manx Grand Prix and leading in the senior event until he ran out of petrol—on the last lap.

For the 1955 season, Private Hartle signed forms to ride for Norton. He came third in both the 350 cc and 500 cc classes in the Mettet International, in Belgium, and won the 350 cc class in the Swedish Grand Prix.

As SOLDIER went to press, he came in third in the Junior T.T. This month he is to race once more in Sweden, and his schedule for this year also includes the Ulster Grand Prix, Scarborough International and Hutchinson 100 at Silverstone.

Private Hartle prefers long road races. He has entered a few trials, but without success. Apart from motor-cycling, he has no hobbies.

How does he find time for motor-cycle racing during his National Service? Private Hartle has been granted 42 days unpaid leave during his call-up period.

Training? He does no training, except to go swimming. Like many other motor-cyclists, he finds swimming develops the right muscles and none of the wrong ones.

Private Hartle has, of course, a private motor-cycle in barracks. When he has a week-end pass, he uses it to go home to see his wife and baby son. The journey from the Printing and Vehicle Company of 4 (Trades) Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, at Blackdown, to his home at Chapel-en-le-Frith, near Buxton in Derbyshire, is 186 miles. Private Hartle does not linger on the way.

Now he has finished his trade training, Private Hartle's Army future is uncertain. He thinks he is likely to become a driving instructor. His civilian future, after National Service, is also uncertain. "I shall go back into the motor trade," he says, but he does not yet know in what capacity.



Craftsman Peter Stirland, who is an England "possible." Courtesy 'Motor Cycling.'

Right: Craftsman Jeff Smith, motor cross hopeful, in the Sunbeam Point-to-Point.



GROOMING FOR THE "SIX-DAYS"

TWO groups of selectors have been keeping a watchful eye on the Army's outstanding trials motorcyclists these past few weeks. Each group has the same event in mind: the International Six-Days Trial which is to be held at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the American Zone of Germany in September.

One set of selectors is looking for likely candidates for the England teams; the other is building up the Army teams. Both groups watched performances in the Welsh Three-Days Trial at Llandrindod Wells at the end of May.

For the Army team, 20 possible riders gathered at the Army Mechanical Transport School at Bordon to undergo intensive selection training. In the Welsh trial, 12 of these rode in four teams, one of which won the club team cup. From the 12, will come two teams for Germany.

Two young soldiers who did not ride in the Army teams in Wales and who have hopes of making the England team for Germany are both National Servicemen and craftsmen in 6 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers at Bordon.

One, Craftsman Peter Stirland, from Newbury, Berkshire, was reserve rider for

England at last year's International Six-Days. He began motor-cycling on lightweights at 16 and was engaged to ride James machines; then, keen to ride heavier mounts, he moved to the Royal Enfield team. Last year he won the Southern Experts Trial. One of his ambitions is to win the Scott Trial, in which he has taken part three times. He finished only once and received a first-class award.

The other England "possible" is Craftsman Jeffrey Smith. His ambition is to win the Europe Motor Cross championship which goes to the rider with the highest aggregate of points in four out of nine international events. He came third in this championship two years ago. Only one British rider has won this championship: John Draper, who is engaged to Craftsman Smith's sister.

Son of a former trials rider, Craftsman Smith first mounted a motor-cycle when he was ten, and practised over rough country until he was old enough to hold a road licence. At 16 he won a gold medal in the Italian Grand Prix. He rode in the Norton team for a year and then transferred to BSA. He has twice been trials champion of Great Britain and once scrambles champion. Last year he won the Scottish Six-Days Trial.

• • • • • NEW BADGE • • • • •



HERE is the newly adopted badge of the Army Motor Cycling Association.

Made up in silver gilt and coloured wire into a blazer pocket patch, it is to be awarded to the first five riders in the Army annual motor-cycle championship trials and to all riders who represent the Army in open and international events.

The badge was designed by Major H. L. Daniel, a Territorial officer of the Royal Signals. Under the Army crest is a silver bar representing the rocker box of a motor-cycle engine and below that four narrower bars representing cooling fins. Behind them, in red, are the inlet and exhaust ports and cylinder barrel, and below, also in red, a triangular timing case. The broken circle represents a road wheel and the star shape suggests spokes.

SMOKING

Nobody knows, as yet, whether smoking is one of the causes of lung cancer, but the evidence seems to point that way.

I am not going to suggest that the Army (which, incidentally, taught the rest of the nation to smoke cigarettes) should attempt to stop men smoking, but I do suggest that it ought not to go out of its way to encourage them to do so. I have in mind the issue of low-price cigarettes to troops (mostly young men) on many overseas stations. I also have in mind the dreary ritual of "fall out for a smoke" which punctuates all Army activities. The result is that anybody who does not immediately reach for a "gasper" on all such occasions is thought of as eccentric.

As they used to say in ABCA periods, "What does anyone else think?"—"Moderation" (name and address supplied).

THE GLOSTERS

I see a film is to be made about the exploits of HMS *Amethyst* in the Yangtse.

I am still waiting to see a film about the exploits of the Glosters beside the Imjin. Meanwhile, I suppose, we must be content with "Private's Progress."—"Fan" (name and address supplied).

ABOUT COMMUTATION

SOLDIER's reply on the subject of commuting pension (Letters, May) is in accordance with the Pay Warrant but things do not work out that way in practice. The Commissioners will not, for instance, permit a warrant officer to commute, for house purchase, more than 10s 6d per week, which, at the age of 45, will realise £325. At present prices, that amount will not pay the deposit on a house costing £1500 and the buyer has the burden of a mortgage.

The Commissioners say the terminal grant should be used for house purchase; but the house has to be fully furnished after a lifetime spent in furnished quarters and the terminal grant will not cover even that.

I contend that, after earning a pension, a man (provided a medical examination shows him to be in good health) should be allowed to say what he wishes to do with it for his own benefit. If he commutes right down to the minimum in accordance with the Pay Warrant it is his own "pigeon" if he has less pension in the future. It would save him the burden of heavy debts when starting in civil life. In any event, the Pay Warrant states one thing and the Commissioners decide another. Which is the ruling body?—"Ex-Warrant Officer" (name and address supplied).

★The functions of the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, have been taken over by the Army Pensions Office.

A pensioner MAY so far commute his pension as to leave him only 2s a day (or 3s if a warrant officer), but each application must be considered on its merits. Proof is needed that the



LETTERS

project for which commutation is sought is to the distinct and permanent advantage of the pensioner.

A three-Services committee decided on the maximum amounts to be commuted for specific purposes. These cannot be exceeded, except in most exceptional circumstances.

The largest sum that can be realised for house purchase in Great Britain is £300, or 20 per cent of the purchase price, plus £50 for legal fees. The balance must be provided if necessary by a mortgage. Repayments to a building society cease after a certain period whereas commutation means loss of pension for life. The value of a pension later on when a pensioner's earning capacity is reduced should be taken into consideration.

A commutation of £300 may be allowed in order to buy furniture. If there are four or more children in a family this sum may be increased to £350. Therefore, in approved cases a total of £600 or £650 may be realised by commutation for house and furniture.

Decisions taken by Army Pensions Office are not at variance with the terms of the Pay Warrant. The latter says a pensioner must satisfy the Army Council that commutation would be to his distinct and permanent benefit. Moreover, commutation is a privilege and not a right.

After completing eight-and-a-half years Army service I have volunteered to do 22 years. Will it be possible to commute all or part of my pension in order to buy a house or start a business?—"Longrange" (name and address supplied).

★SOLDIER cannot forecast what the rules will be in 1970.

PSALM 91

I was interested in your reply to the correspondent who sought information about the British regiment which supposedly went unscathed in World War One because its officers and men memorised Psalm 91—"the Psalm of Protection." You mentioned that numbers of men attributed their immunity on the battlefield to "right thinking" on religio-scientific lines.

I had just been reading Sir Philip Gibbs' *Realities of War*, which deals with World War One. The author tells how he met numbers of men on the Western Front who believed they were immune from shell-fire. A colonel

spiked iron plates fixed to the shoes for crossing ice or frozen ground, canoe and light whale boat. So successful were they that Regular officers were attached to them for training.

The Rangers became the Queen's Rangers when they were incorporated into the British Colonial Forces. They helped build Toronto in 1793 and their original blockhouse still stands. They have been disbanded four times and four times revived.

In the American War of Independence, the Regiment split. Part fought as loyalists for the King. The other part, dropping the "Queen's" from their title, fought for the rebels under Washington. A few years ago, the rebel part of the Regiment, now part of the United States National Guard, restored the "Queen's" to its name.

In Canada, the Queen's Rangers were amalgamated with the York Rangers (raised 1802) to form the present Regiment in 1936. The Regiment shares with the King's Royal Rifle Corps the motto *Celer et Audax* ("Swift and Bold").

NO DEDUCTION

I recently extended my engagement from 12 to 22 years and qualified for the £100 bounty under the new scheme. I have been told that this will be deducted from my terminal grant. Is this correct?—"TAC" (name and address supplied).

★No. This is a popular misconception which no doubt arises through soldiers having to refund bounties for failing to keep their part of the contract by leaving the Army prematurely.

BOUNTIES

A National Serviceman, I became a Regular soldier in October 1950 by signing for an engagement of five and seven years. In May 1955 I extended to complete the 12 years and received £100 bounty. I intend changing to a 22-years engagement. Can I claim another £100 bounty?—Corporal T. Millington, Independent Parachute Brigade, Aldershot.

★Yes.

I was demobilised from the Royal Air Force in 1946. From 1948 to 1950 I served in the Royal Artillery (Territorial Army). I enlisted in the Regular Army for 12 years in 1951. Two years later I transferred to another corps and in April 1955 applied to extend my engagement to 22 years. This was approved. I know of other soldiers who claim to have extended from 12 to 22 years and received £100 bounties, yet I cannot find any authority for such payment in my case.—"Denarii" (name and address supplied).

★Bounties for re-enlistment, re-engagement or 22 years' service were not paid after 1 April, 1954. Under the new pay scheme announced this year "Denarii" would have qualified for a £100 bounty. As it is, he is unlucky.

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THE RANGERS

I am sending news clippings which may interest you. You will see that the Canadian regiment mentioned—the Queen's York Rangers, now 200 years old—has served with a few British regiments, my own included.

You will note that the Regiment has the title "First American Regiment." This was the cause of an amusing incident some time ago, when the immigration officials on the United States side of the American-Canadian border were really tough. A member of the Regiment was trying to cross and had a hard time proving that he was entitled to do so. Eventually he pulled out his wallet to show who he was. When the officer saw his mess card with "First American Regiment" on it, he said, "Why the hell didn't you say you were an American citizen?" The Ranger very wisely said nothing.—G. R. Skilton, 167 Pearson Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, Canada.

★The Regiment to which this reader refers traces its descent from the Ranger companies raised by Captain Robert Rogers in New Hampshire in 1756, to protect the settlement from French and Indian raiders.

They were the original Commandos, recruited from trappers and backwoods men and trained for unorthodox war. In contrast to the scarlet-coated Regulars, they wore drab clothes. Their well-cared-for firelocks were browned, so that no glint should betray their presence, and the men also carried tomahawks and scalping knives.

In parties ranging from a handful to a hundred, they made long marches to raid the enemy. They travelled by sleigh, snow-shoes, skates, creepers



"What? You want to go home with fags at 3s 10d for 20?"

HORSE-BOX 99

One sentence in a **SOLDIER** article stirred my memories. It was about Sandown Park racecourse and a plaque erected to commemorate the fact that the Welsh Guards were stationed there (**SOLDIER**, May). I was with the Auxiliary Territorial Service attached to the Training Battalion 1940-43 and have so many fond recollections of those years, more especially of the beautiful singing of the Welsh lads. I would dearly love to see the plaque and look again at horse-box No. 99, which was my office in those days. I suppose I never will, but thanks for the memory.—**Mrs. Jenny Wells, 52 Broad Street, Canterbury.**

WAR WOUNDED

Why was the prematurely discharged war-time Regular soldier penalised as regards pension? I enlisted in 1928 and re-engaged in 1939 to complete 21 years. I was wounded in North Africa in 1943, discharged the following year and awarded a pension of 16s 2d per week from December 1945. A full service pension would have been the proper reward for the *intention* "to do the lot."—**"Veteran" (name and address supplied).**

★*The pension of a Regular soldier invalided through war wounds can only be assessed on service rendered. Although the pension awarded in 1945 has far less value today, it is not true to say the recipient was penalised.*

VICTORIA CROSS

Colonel T. C. Campbell asked (**Letters, May**) whether the Victoria Cross had been awarded to Americans and other non-British. Yes, indeed. Here is a list of the thirteen recipients:

Leading Stoker William (or John) Johnstone, RN. Described as a Swede, but in the muster roll of HMS *Arrogant* shown as being born in Hanover.

Corporal Charles Wooden, 17th Lancers, a German. Lieutenant Howard Elphinstone, RE, a naturalised Russian, born in Riga.

Corporal F. C. Schiess, Natal Native Contingent, a Swiss.

Trooper Herman Albrecht, Imperial Light Horse, a Uitlander, who won the VC at Wagon Hill, Ladysmith. His uncle, Major Albrecht, fought on the Boer side in command of Free State Artillery.

General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, 4th Dragoon Guards, a Belgian.

Corporal Filip Konowal, 47th Canadian Infantry, a Ukrainian.

Lieutenant Thomas Dinesen, 42nd Royal Highlanders of Canada, a Dane.

Major Anders Lassen, General List, a Dane. Private Jordan Christian Jensen, 60th Australian Infantry, a Dane.

Captain B. S. Hutcheson, Royal Medical Corps, an American serving with the Canadian Forces.

Lance-Sergeant W. H. Metcalfe, 16th Canadian Scottish, an American.

Captain George Mullin, Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, an American serving with the Canadians.

—**The Reverend Canon W. M. Lummis, MC, The Vicarage, Bungay, Suffolk.**

73 MILES IN A DAY

After reading your article "How Many Miles A Day?" (March) I came across a reference by John Masters in his book "Bugles and a Tiger" to a mountain battery which, in 1939, covered 73 miles in 23 hours at "a steady pounding trot." The men hung on to the mule saddlery or to the stirrups of the few horses. The author says that only Mountain Artillery, with their huge Missouri mules, could outrun the Scouts (native troops).—**"Footsore," (name and address supplied).**

★*SOLDIER's article said that a Commando unit marched 63 miles in 23 hours 10 minutes in Scotland during World War Two.*

FARE CONCESSIONS

My wife wishes to travel from Wales to visit relatives in Germany. As families of members of HM Forces are able to travel on concessionary fare vouchers both in the United Kingdom and Germany, can the whole of this journey be booked and paid for at concessionary rates for the wife of a soldier resident in the United Kingdom?—**"Taffy" (name and address supplied).**

★*The only concessionary fare would be for the rail journey to Harwich.*

NO DEBTORS

Your article on the Forlorn Hope (**SOLDIER**, April) reminds me of a story which once circulated in India. During the Scinde campaign, volunteers were called for the storming of a fortress. The evening before the attack, the captain of one company was seen poring over his ledgers. To a friend who asked what he was doing, he answered, "I'm looking through the list of men of my company who have volunteered for the storming party. All those who are in credit may go. Those in debt stay behind—I'm not going to be done that way."—**"Old Sweat" (name and address supplied).**



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The Education and Training Officer, Research Laboratories, G.E.C. Ltd., East Lane, N. Wembley, Middx. quoting reference RLL/103

more letters

WITHOUT CAPS

In the outer suburbs of London, where no military policeman is ever seen, it is common to see soldiers strolling about, even in the crowded local High Street, without berets, or with berets tucked under their shoulder straps; and needless to say, with hands in pockets.

Presumably they are on leave. In that event, if they are unwilling to wear the Queen's uniform properly, why cannot they put on civilian clothes?

If they knew the disgust with which they are viewed by old soldiers their self-esteem would rapidly shrivel.—"Balbus" (name and address supplied).

SECOND AWARD?

Does time spent with the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve count (as with the Royal Auxiliary Air Force) in computing qualifying service for the Efficiency Medal (Territorial)? I served with the RAF Volunteer Reserve from 1939 to 1947 and in 1944 received the Air Efficiency Award. I received my discharge on enlistment into the Territorial Army. Does my time for the Efficiency Medal (Territorial) count from 1944 or 1947?—John Barnes, Swaffham, Norfolk.

★ Service unrewarded in the Royal Air Force may count at single rate only towards the Efficiency Medal (Territorial). It should reckon from 1944 in this case.

BATTLE HONOURS

In the article devoted to battle honours (SOLDIER, March) reference is made to Kota Bahru. This town is eight miles south of Ipoh in the State of Perak. There are two other towns similarly named, Kota Baru in Thailand, north of the Kelantan border, and Kota Bharu, Kelantan, which is the point where the Japanese landed in North Malaya. I point out this error so that regimental banners may not perpetrate (and perpetuate) a nonsense!—Major C. F. Jackman, Carey Island, Port Swettenham.

★ The official list erred. The name should have read Kota Bharu.

THE DISABLED

We now have 198 patients in the Star and Garter Home, of whom approximately 150 are ex-Army and the remainder Royal Navy or Royal Air Force. Six of our soldiers served in the Boer War, three-quarters of the remainder in World War One and the rest in World War Two or later. There are, therefore, many who enjoy reading SOLDIER.

However, these ex-warrant officers are not paid in accordance with their position and responsibilities. Their rate of pay is exactly the same as that of a temporary civil servant and roughly equivalent to that of a corporal in the Regular Army. There are no opportunities of promotion or establishment.

Thus, there exists in the Territorial Army the anomaly of the experienced ex-regular warrant officer receiving only approximately 60 per cent of the rate of pay drawn by the Regular warrant officer attached to the unit, and yet instructing, guiding and advising the Regular during the greater part of his attachment.—G. A. Martin, MBE (ex-RSM), 16 Sinthorp Street, Lincoln.

PASSAGE MONEY

I am quite willing to purchase my discharge but I have been told that I must pay another £102 for my fare home from the Far East. Could I save my passage money by working on board ship? If this is not possible, perhaps SOLDIER can suggest a method whereby I can save some money to get started in civilian life.—"Cookie" (name and address supplied).

★ Maritime trade unions might object to a soldier "working his passage." By postponing his application until he has completed his overseas tour this reader would save £102—and could doubtless save additionally from his pay.

BOOTS, AMMUNITION

I have been asked in the course of my duties how the word "ammunition" came to be connected with boots, thus giving rise to the expression "ammunition boots." I have been unable to obtain an answer elsewhere.—Sergeant B. Jordan, att. 1 Bn. Gordon Highlanders.

★ SOLDIER cannot trace the origin of this phrase. For the past 50 years boots have always been referred to officially as "boots, ankle."

SB MORTAR

What do the letters "SB" stand for in relation to the 4.2 inch SB mortar?—"Infanteer" (name and address supplied).

★ Strengthened barrel.

MOTOR TOURING

Can SOLDIER tell me how to obtain an international driving permit?—BSM Austin, 2 Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, BAOR.

★ Write to the Automobile Association, New Coventry Street, London, W1, or the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, SW1, for an application form. With the completed form must be enclosed a passport-size photograph and a 10s 6d fee. Applicants must be over 21 and possess a current British driving licence.

TRIBUTE

My thanks to SOLDIER for information on the Meritorious Service Medal and annuity. The Army of today is fortunate in having a source from which reliable information on military matters is obtainable.—E. J. Edgeworth, 5 Trimworth Road, Folkestone.

HE was Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby. (See Page 22)

REDUCED FEES! All members of H.M. Forces are entitled to 15% reduction on fees.

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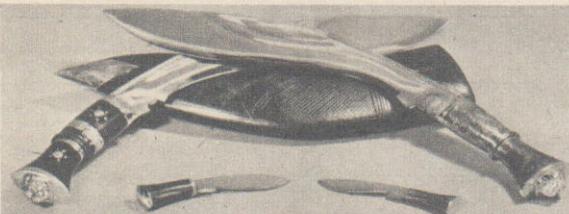
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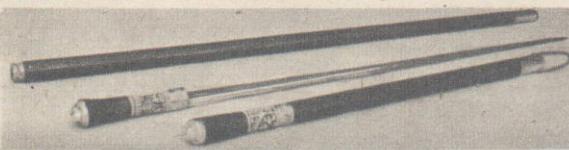
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