

THE BRIEF
OCTOBER 1958

AGRE
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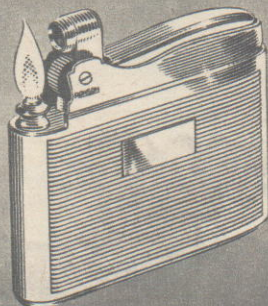


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MISSILE MEN IN THE OUTBACK

At "The Throwing Stick" and "The Plain of the Voice of Thunder" British soldiers are helping to keep Britain up to date in warfare's latest weapons. They carry out trials on guided missiles and prepare ranges for atom-bomb tests

TWELVE THOUSAND miles from home, plagued by heat, dust and the monotonous loneliness of the desolate. Australian outback, British soldiers are helping to shape the future pattern of war.

They are the men who live and work at Woomera in an empty desert called "The Throwing Stick," 320 miles north-west of Adelaide, and at Maralinga, "The Plain of the Voice of Thunder," 500 miles farther west—Gunners, Sappers and men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Corps of Signals whose tasks range from the development of highly complicated guided missiles to the preparation of ranges where atom bombs are tested. On the results of their efforts depends part of the pattern of Britain's defence measures.

Work on these remote bases in Southern Australia began in 1947. Since then Woomera has seen the birth of the radio-controlled aircraft "Jindivik," the Fairey "Fireflash" air-to-air missile, the "Seaslug" sea-to-air missile, the "Skylark" high altitude rocket and other weapons of the future still so secret that even their names are taboo.

British and Australian scientists there are now working on two giant space rockets—"Black Knight," designed to solve the problem of re-entering the earth's

OVER . . .

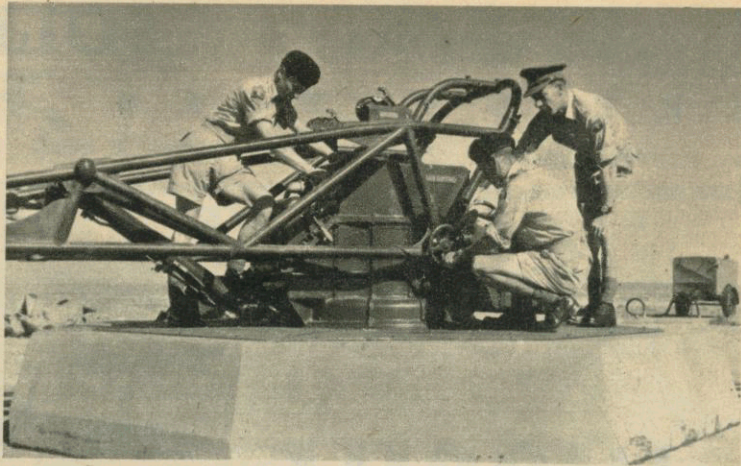
On its first launching at Woomera the "Skylark" high altitude rocket leaves a billowing cone of black smoke as it climbs into the sky to a height of over 100 miles. The "Skylark," 18 feet long, carries instruments in its conical head.

MISSILE MEN continued

atmosphere without burning itself out, and "Blue Streak," a liquid-fuelled rocket believed to have a range of 2500 miles and which might be adapted to fire Britain's first satellite into orbit.

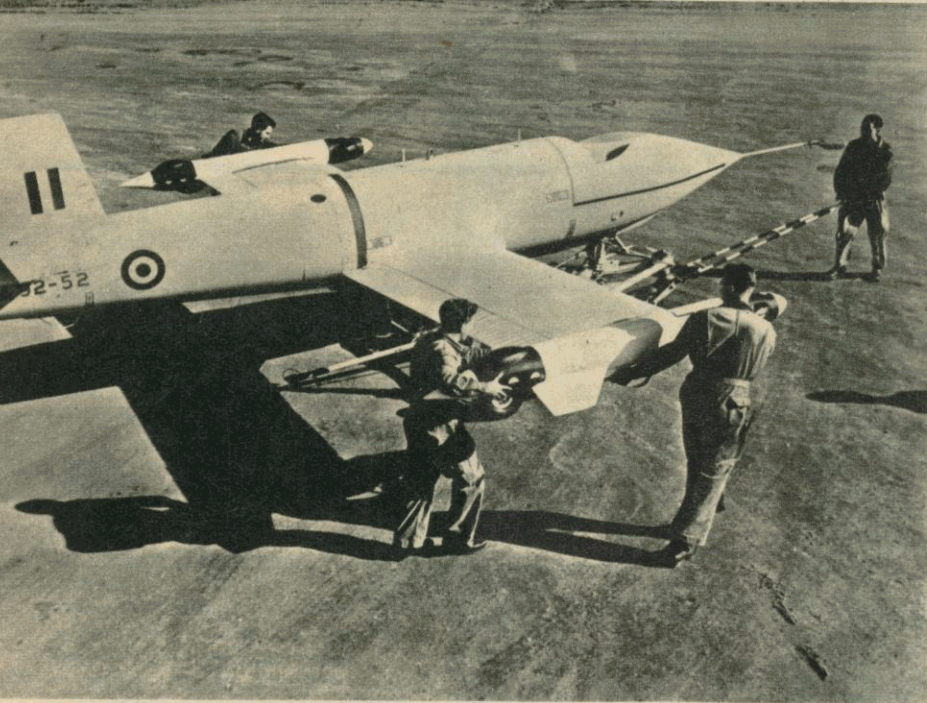
The 30 British soldiers—Gunners and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers—who work at the Long Range Weapons Research Establishment at Woomera belong to No. 8 Joint Services Trials Unit, a combined Army and Royal Air Force team. Their job is to carry out acceptance trials of guided weapons which are being

At the Woomera Long Range Weapons Establishment these British soldiers—Corporal R. Hill, Sergeant G. Whitworth and Warrant Officer R. Fordham—work on the maintenance of an English Electric missile launcher.



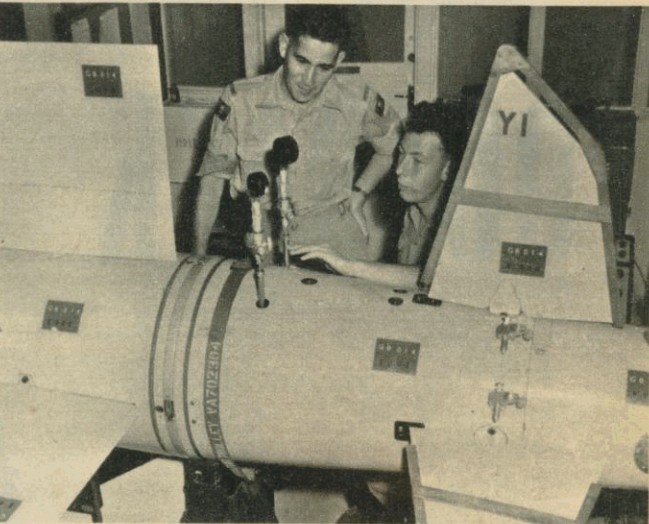
developed for use by the two Services.

Appropriately named after a primitive guided missile device—the aboriginal throwing stick, a grooved piece of wood giving greater accuracy and force in



Left: The "Jindivik," Australian-designed and built pilotless target plane, being pushed along the taxi way ready for take-off. The wing-tip pods contain cameras which record "miss" distances of weapons fired against the plane.

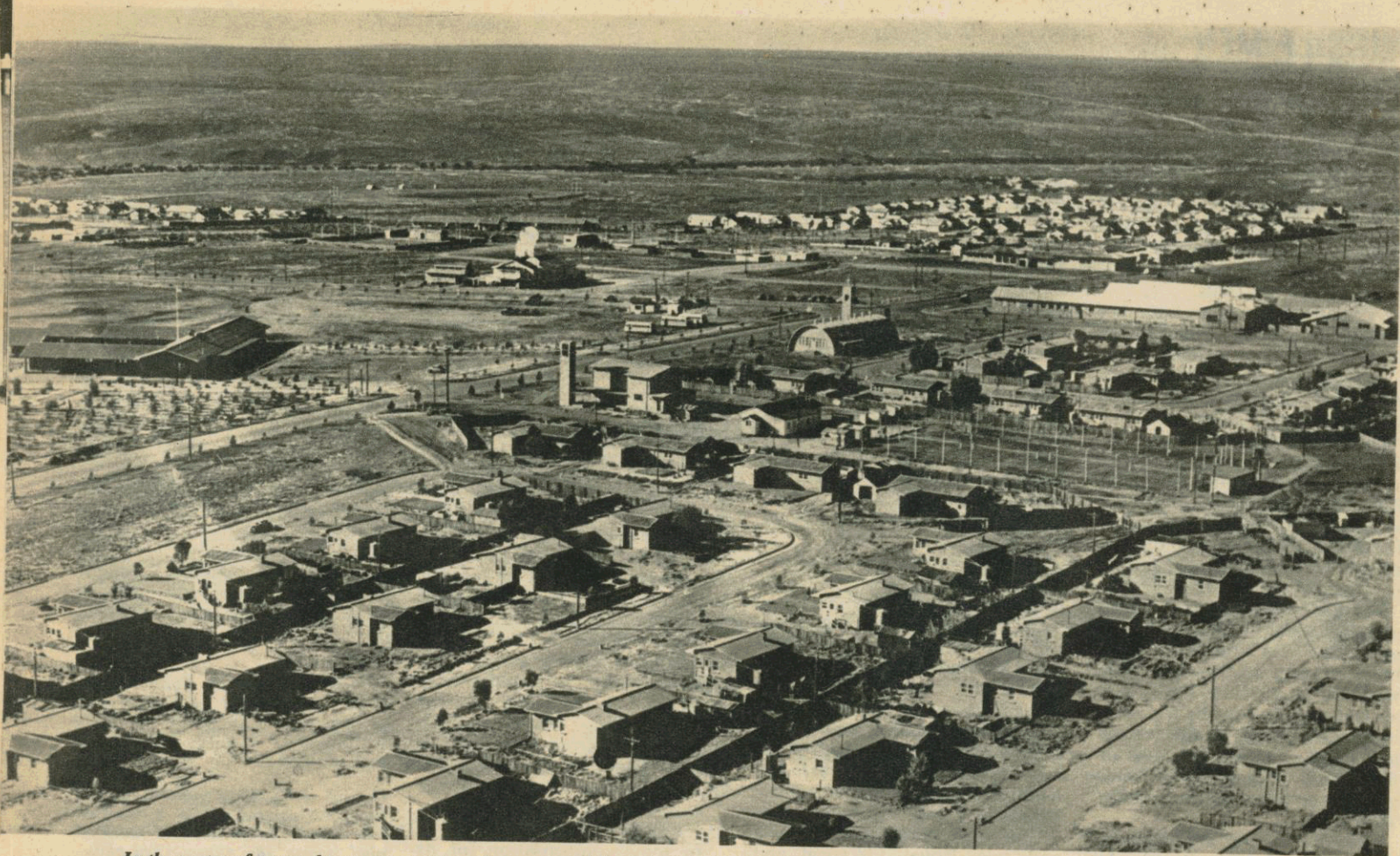
Below: Sergeant N. Henderson and Corporal D. Godbold, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, discuss a technical point as they work on one of the many complex missiles undergoing proving at Woomera.



throwing a spear—Woomera is a strange station for a soldier fresh from Britain.

Set "in the middle of nowhere" at the south-eastern end of a missile testing range that stretches 1200 miles across a barren, arid plain to the north-west coast of Western Australia, Woomera, once an aboriginal settlement and now a thriving modern community, is the meeting place of past, present and future where the commonplace and the spectacular come to terms.

Here, in what one of them describes as "the maternity hospital for weapons of the 1960s" British troops work as fitters on guided weapons, service radar equipment and look after ground apparatus for monitoring missiles in flight. From Woomera Village



In the centre of a vast desert, trees and gardens, watered from the Murray River, flourish in the unique township of Woomera. Well-spaced prefabricated houses built in orderly rows are part of the careful planning of the mushroom rocket town. Note the four tennis courts beyond the houses.

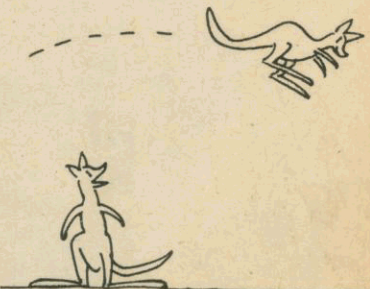
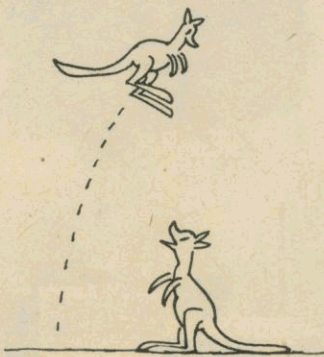
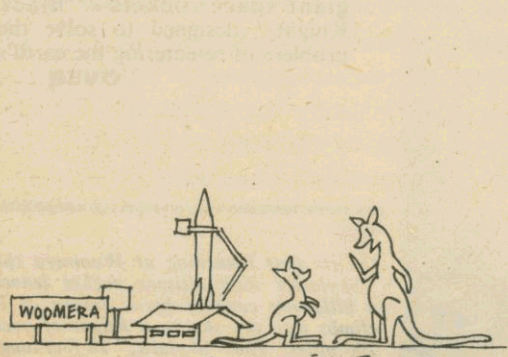
"MALKARA" IS A KILLER

It was at Woomera that the Australian-designed, radio-controlled anti-tank guided missile "Malkara," which may soon be in service with the British Army, was perfected.

The "Malkara" is reputed to be the best anti-tank weapon in the world, possessing a remarkable degree of accuracy and able to

destroy the heaviest tanks. Very little training is needed to learn how to handle it and several can be carried in a light tracked vehicle or Land-Rover.

It was recently announced that 30 "Malkaras" are on their way to Britain for troop trials and that another 150 are on order.



"... and remember what I've told you about—

trajectory—

range—

and impact area."

every morning they travel by bus 20 miles to the range head along first-class bitumen roads carved out of the desert. Brilliant red "Jindiviks" flash constantly overhead and if the weather conditions are suitable a "Skylark" may be sent lumbering from its launching platform to gather speed on its long, probing journey into the stratosphere. An occasional spurt of vapour high in the sky indicates yet another guided missile test.

Only 25 miles away from the launching areas where sleek missiles rumble across the age-old Australian plain, children in Woomera settle down to learn their nine-times table at school and mothers on shopping expeditions worry about what to buy for lunch.

Most of the British soldiers who work at Woomera and have their families with them in Australia live at Salisbury, a satellite town of Adelaide, but they do not see much of their wives and children. They are flown 300 miles to Woomera every Monday morning and back home again the following Friday evening.

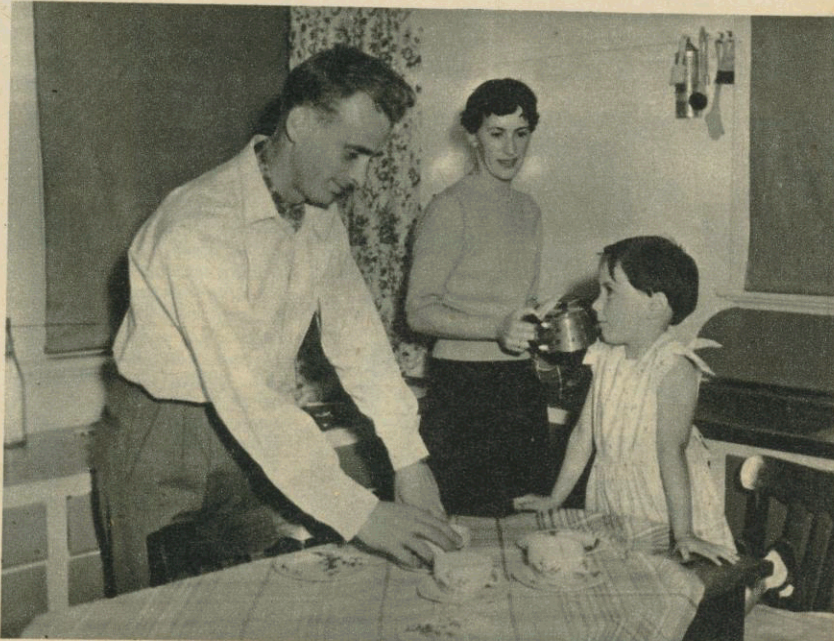
A few married men and single soldiers live in Woomera Village (population 3000 and boasting the highest birth-rate in Australia) alongside other Servicemen, scientists and technicians and their families in flats and prefabricated houses. Woomera is a go-ahead community with three churches, several schools, a theatre and a swimming pool, a kindergarten association and a number of clubs. Every home has a re-

frigerator and an electric stove and is furnished by the Australian Government. Water is piped from the faraway Murray River to irrigate the splendid gardens which some families have raised from the barren earth. Supplies of fresh milk are brought by air hundreds of miles three times a week, and all food is delivered daily by rail from Adelaide for the huge general store run by the Australian Army Canteen Service.

The British soldiers who serve in Woomera settle quickly into their new surroundings in the Australian outback and the only major complaint is from the married men who have to travel to and from their homes in Salisbury. More accommodation is being built in Woomera however, and soon all British troops and their families will be accommodated there.

Equally aptly named is Mara- OVER...

It's a long way from the "Old Country," but a bright and cheerful home in Woomera helps Staff Sergeant B. Cheley, his wife Joyce and their four-year-old daughter Victoria to enjoy their life in Australia.



MISSILE MEN continued

linga, the aboriginal for "Plain of the Voice of Thunder," where the British Empire's most unusual unit, the Maralinga Range Support Unit (MARSU), played a big part in preparing the ground for two series of atomic trials, "Buffalo" in 1956 and "Antler" in 1957, and now maintains the range for future trials.

A hundred years ago Laurence Tietken named the area Tietkin's Plain and began a hopeless struggle to raise sheep on its arid wastes. After risking death from thirst, wild aborigines, accident and illness, and sinking wells more than 100 feet deep through rock-hard soil in a vain single-handed battle for water, Tietken gave up, struggled 500 miles back to Adelaide and reported that the district would support neither man nor beast.

Tietkin's Plain remained useless and unwanted—until the nuclear age. Then man returned to Maralinga, carving roads where there were not even tracks, building an all-metal village on the top of an insignificant ridge in the featureless plain, constructing a huge airfield and finding deep below ground the water that had eluded Tietkin.

Elements of the British Army, Royal Navy and Royal Air Force, the three Australian Services, teams of the two Govern-

ments and Australian civilian contractors combine to form MARSU and share its duties. The Royal Air Force and the Royal Australian Air Force handle transport, control the airfield, air traffic and equipment; sailors of the two navies, under an Australian lieutenant-commander, are responsible for the power supply and water.

To the soldiers fall administrative control, engineer works and electrical and mechanical engineering tasks. An easy co-operation and enthusiastic team-work have met with remarkable success under the guidance of the range commander, an Australian Army officer, and his deputy, a lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Engineers.

The 26 Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the four attached Sappers have the mammoth task of keeping in tip-top condition 207 pieces of plant and 290 vehicles. Their workshop has made engine parts from crankshafts to piston rings, done a complete chassis change on a Land-Rover, rebuilt the water evaporating plant's purifier and handled up to 20 major vehicle repairs in a day, with a record of 74 for one week. Five Sappers and two Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers repair and maintain plant.

Recently, one British Sapper drove a grader in a four-man team (the other three were Australians) which made 100 miles of road from Maralinga into the sun-baked and scrub-covered plain. Many Australians would have flinched under these conditions of intense, stifling heat by day, bitter cold at night, rough cooking over a camp fire, hard sleeping in the back of a truck or on the ground, and a dust sometimes so thick that a gas mask has to be worn. But the British Sapper carried out his job in the tradition of his Corps.

Most of the troops at Maralinga, unlike those at Woomera, are unmarried and their tour of duty lasts only 12 months. Their tasks are more conventional but they share the incentive of the Woomera contingent in contributing to the production of weapons of the future.

Maralinga differs, too, in being an all-male establishment. The nearest women are 30 miles away at Watson, a tiny siding on the 1000-mile long trans-Australian railway line from Adelaide to Perth. They are the three wives of men looking after part of the 328-mile dead straight track across the Nullabor Plain.

In some compensation for its monastic status, Maralinga has a magnificent swimming pool, a

somewhat hard and dusty but otherwise serviceable sports ground, a golf course and modern films, changed every night, at the cinema. Messes are comfortable and well-equipped and feeding is lavish, with turkey, duck, ham or steaks always on the menu. Most troops get leave to Adelaide after their first three months in the desert.

Maralinga's water comes from deep bores. No crops grow there, no animals graze, no known mineral deposits exist, no roads pass and no one has ever lived in the area, on the fringe of the Great Australian Desert, who could avoid it.

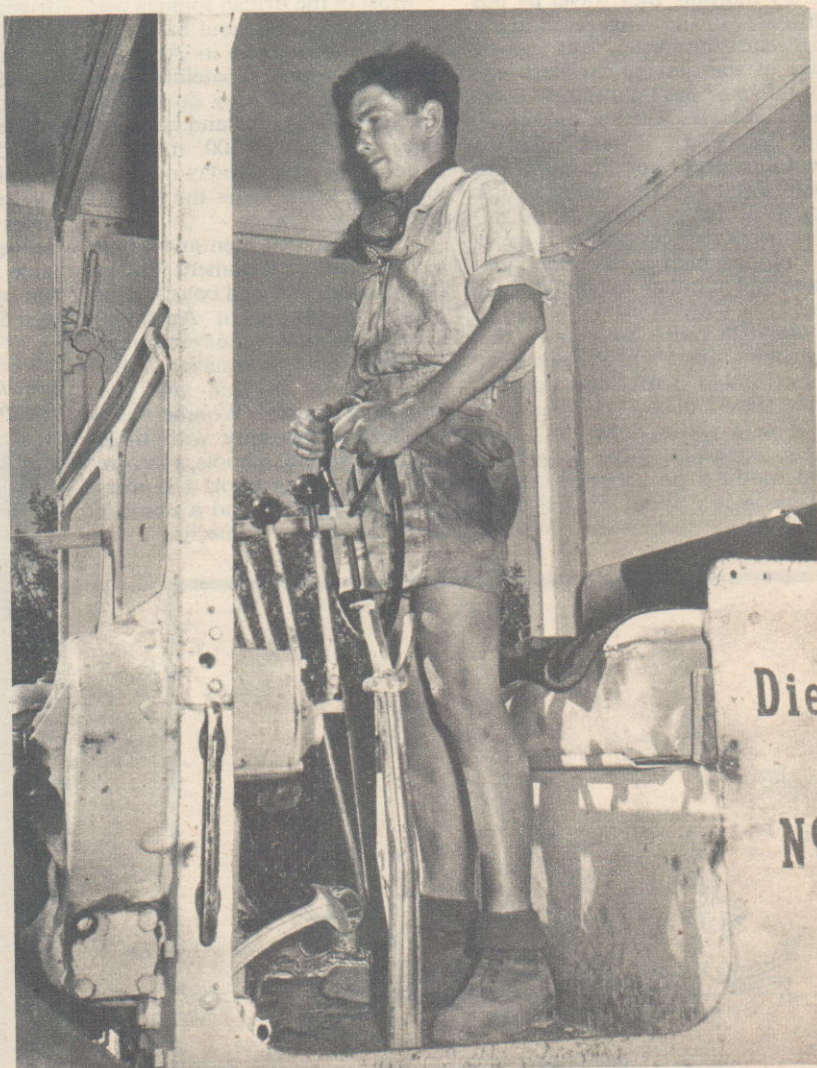
Now, this desert patch has been converted in 18 months into a modern town with roads, power stations, sewerage, refrigeration, and postal shopping and entertainment facilities—and Maralinga has become yet one more far-flung station of the British Army.

From a report by Public Relations, Department of the Army, Australia.

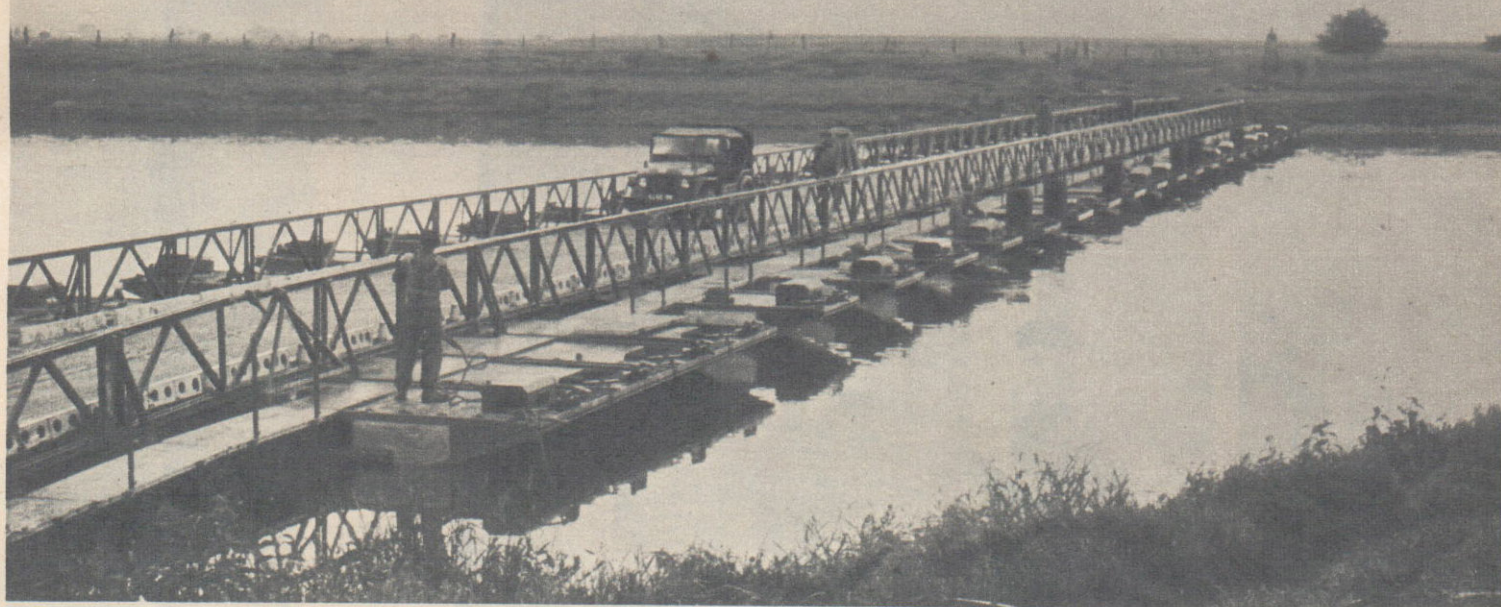
One of the toughest jobs at Maralinga was carried out by a team of four Sappers in making 100 miles of road across the sun-parched plain. Sapper A. Dytor (below) volunteered for the gruelling task of grader driver.



Above: On the verge of a sun-baked track a team of British and Australian Sappers checks and lays the all-important cables which link points on the range at Maralinga. Left: Corporal F. Hugo operates a machine in the lavishly equipped machine shop at Maralinga.



THE FAMOUS BAILEY PONTOON BRIDGE WILL SOON BE REPLACED BY A NEW BRIDGE WHICH CAN BE ASSEMBLED ON TRAILERS, IS EASIER TO HANDLE AND TAKES MUCH LESS TIME TO ERECT



The new Light Assault Floating Bridge spans the River Weser in Germany. It was erected in darkness in a fraction of the time a Bailey Bridge of equal size and strength would have needed.

NEW BRIDGE FOR CROSSING RIVERS

THE Army will soon be saying goodbye to an old and trusted friend—the Bailey pontoon bridge which contributed in no small measure to the Allied victories in World War Two.

It is to be replaced by a new British-made pontoon bridge which is easier to handle and speedier to erect than a Bailey—the Light Assault Floating Bridge which can support loads of up to 30 tons, and its bigger brother, the Heavy Assault Floating Bridge designed to carry up to 80 tons.

A field squadron of Royal Engineers, using the new equipment for the first time and working in complete darkness, recently spanned a wide section of the fast-flowing River Weser in Germany with an LAFB in a fraction of the time it would have taken to construct an equivalent Bailey. And they did it with many fewer troops than a similar Bailey would have needed.

Speed is not the only advantage the Assault Floating Bridge has over the Bailey. It is much easier to manoeuvre and its separate components can be assembled simultaneously in different areas away from the bridging site, leaving the enemy in doubt up to the last moment as to where the bridge will be erected. Much less transport is needed to carry the new bridge—the squadron in Germany used only 23 vehicles to do a job which with a Bailey would have required 150.

The new bridges are now in general production and have already been tested in tactical training by a number of Sapper units.

SOLDIER watched the new Light Assault Floating Bridge being erected across the Weser. At the marshalling area some miles from the spot where the bridge was to be flung over the river several six-ton cranes arrived to join the fleet of Royal Army

Service Corps vehicles fitted with specially designed trailers which were loaded with two-and-a-half ton pontoons and bridge panels. Minutes later the cranes had begun to lift the pontoons and panels into position and the Sappers assembled them on the trailers to form piers.

Called forward by wireless, the lorries and trailers then made their way to the pre-assembly point some 300 yards from the river where final adjustments to the piers, including the fitting of outrigger panels, were made. Then, still resting on their trailers, the piers were driven to the launching site. Each trailer was driven

to the water's edge, the holding pins were relaxed and the piers slid into the water to be secured in position by ropes and formed into two landing rafts and two landing bays.

All went smoothly except when one trailer stuck in the mud while being swung into position for unloading and valuable minutes were lost while a tow wire was fixed to another lorry. Then the spinning wheels of the stranded lorry took hold and the operation was under way again.

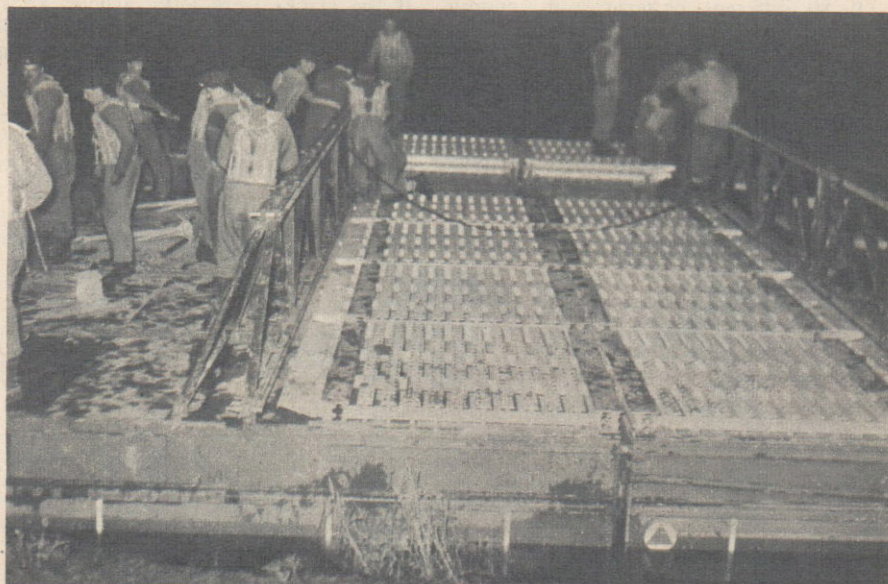
As the landing bays and rafts were completed, tugs glided through the darkness to push them upstream and manoeuvre them into place on the opposite side of the river, where, with the aid of adjusters the landing bays were lowered on to the banks. Then the 19 floating bays were towed, some singly and others in

pairs, against the four-knot current and the two ends of the bridge began to spread across the Weser. Well before dawn the bridge was complete and the first vehicle had been driven across it.

The Sappers had no time to admire their handiwork, however. Shortly after dawn the bridge had to be dismantled to allow normal traffic to use the river. They had only an hour to complete the task but in that time the Sappers had broken the bridge and the components parts had been towed into the banks for dismantling and re-loading on to the vehicles.

A week later, in pouring rain, men of the same field squadron bridged the Weser in a few hours with the new Heavy Assault Floating Bridge—a task which would have been well beyond their capabilities with a similar Bailey.

At the launching point, Sappers complete a floating bay to be towed up-river by tugs and joined to the rest of the bridge.





Surrounded by carpets worth half a million pounds Warrant Officer H. S. Scales (right) and Staff Sergeant J. Hornsby check that there are exactly 400 in this ten foot high stack.

MUSTARD SPOONS AND CARPETS OF 80 DIFFERENT SIZES, BABIES' COTS AND CURTAINS, GARDEN FORKS AND BOXING RINGS—THESE ARE SOME OF THE 1700 ARTICLES NEEDED TO EQUIP BARRACKS, MESSES, CLUBS AND MARRIED QUARTERS IN GERMANY AND THEY ARE ALL STORED IN . . .

IN a former Luftwaffe factory at Bielefeld in Germany lies a fortune in carpets—16,000 of them worth nearly half a million pounds.

Of 80 different patterns and sizes they tower ten feet high in stacks of 400. Every three months

they have to be turned over by hand, treated with naphthaline to discourage moths and re-stacked—a task which, like the painting of the Forth Bridge, is never-ending. If the stacks were left unturned for more than 12 weeks the heat generated in the piles

might cause a fire and would certainly irreparably damage the carpets.

This gigantic stock is just part of the tremendous range of articles kept by No. 11 Accommodation Stores Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps (the only

one in the Army to specialise in furnishing) for supplying all units in Rhine Army, the advance base in Belgium and units in Holland. All told, the Depot keeps 1700 different items, from corkscrews to armchairs, from garden forks to boxing rings and from salt cellars to double-beds—in fact, everything the Army needs to equip its barrack rooms, messes, hospitals, clubs and married quarters.

This vast "Aladdin's Cave" acts as a wholesaler to every barrack officer over an area of many thousands of square miles. Last year more than 30,000 tons of stores went in and out of the Depot.

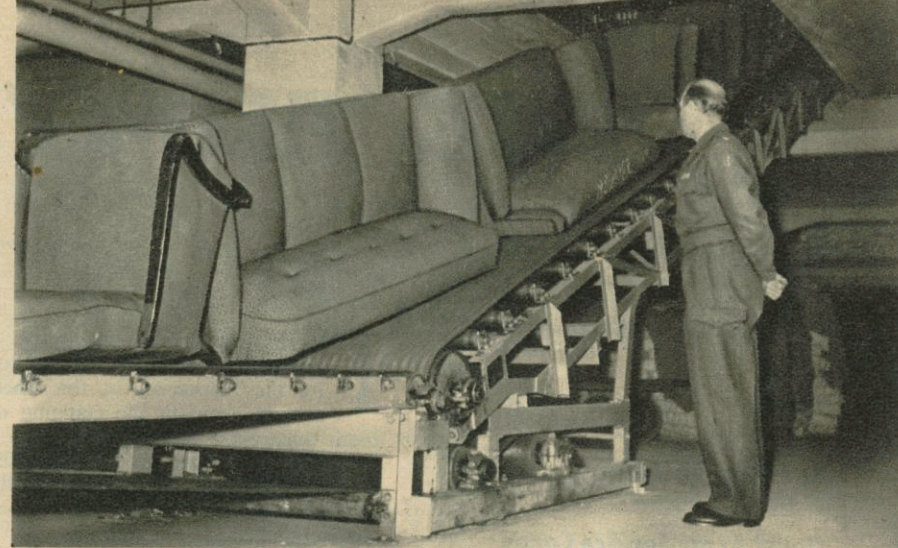
Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. M. Anderson, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who commands the depot and three sub-depots in Rhine Army (one a former German ammunition depot and one in an old salt mine) has a staff of 700 of whom only 24 are soldiers. The rest are German civilians—many of them skilled tradesmen,

Staff Sergeant H. Benton hands a batch of corroded knife sharpening steels to two German civilians whose job it is to clean and grease them.



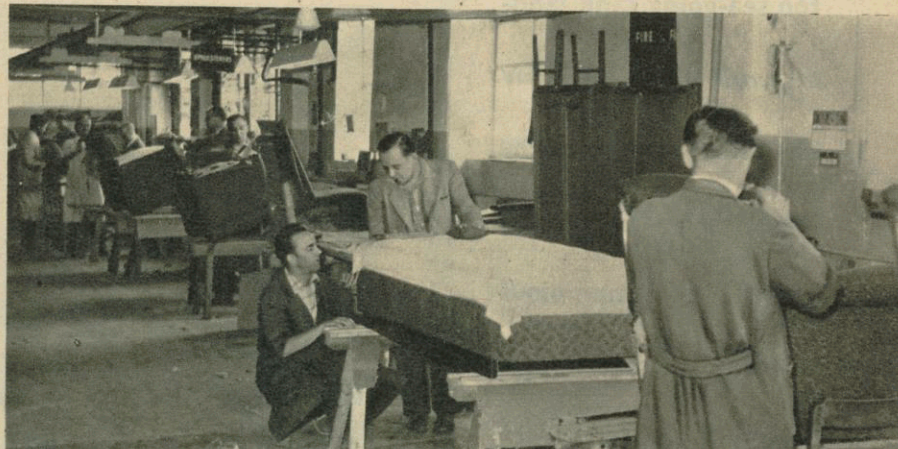
Left: Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. M. Anderson discusses a problem with his second in command, Major A. Hallam.

Conductor F. E. Isherwood (below) hands up another cot spring to add to the Depot's stock of over 2000.



Along the 300-yard power-driven conveyor belt (above) at Bielefeld chairs and settees travel past Major A. G. Ward on their way to the Depot's workshops for repair.

Some of the Depot's 25 skilled German upholsterers (below) who make the chairs look like new again. They can completely re-upholster a chair in eight hours.



Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

THE ARMY'S ALADDIN'S CAVE

like carpenters and upholsterers, for repairs to damaged equipment are also carried out at Bielefeld.

It is easy to get lost in the maze of corridors and storage rooms at Bielefeld where the four floors cover over 300,000 square feet. Two of the sub-depots are even larger, the one at Glinde, near Hamburg, having an area of more than a million square feet.

At Bielefeld, furnishings arrive by road and rail—there are two railway lines into the heart of the depot which possesses its own shunting engine—and stores for repair are sent on a 300-yard long power-driven conveyor belt direct to the workshops where a chair can be completely re-upholstered in eight hours, furniture is re-varnished or painted and new parts are made for steel furniture.

Mechanical handling and accounting are used as much as possible but many jobs still have to be carried out by hand, among them the turning over once a

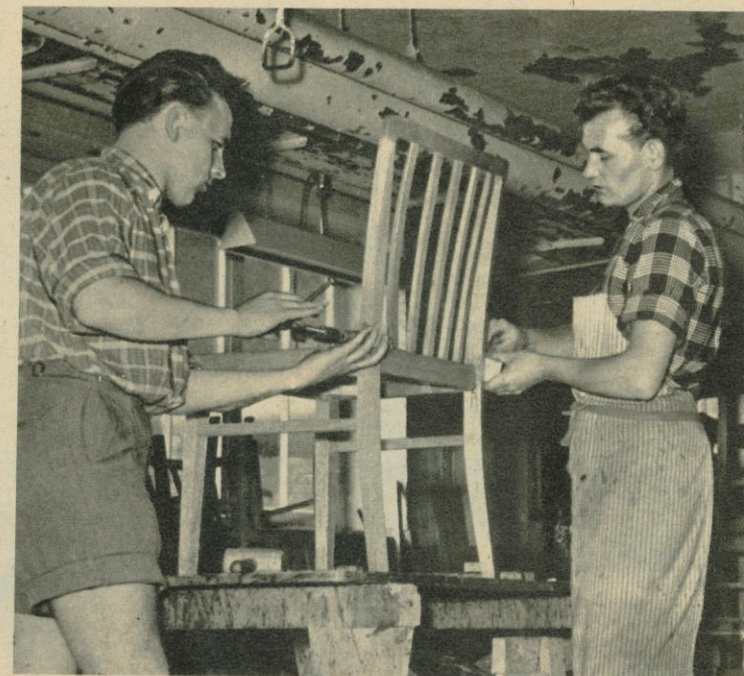
month of thousands of padded chairs. This is done to protect the arms, and, like the turning of the carpets, no sooner is the work completed than it begins all over again. It is a monotonous job but it ensures that the furnishings issued by the depot leave in first-class condition.

A third task which never ends is stocktaking, controlled by Major A. G. Ward. Certain items are "frozen" for checking but when everything in the Depot has been accounted for it is time to begin the next year's stock-taking!

A loan pool of stores is now being assembled to replace the old system of using good stock for loan purposes and then having to renovate the items on their return.

At present most of the items in the depot are bought from German sources through the Central Purchase organisation of the Directorate of Ordnance in Rhine Army.

K. HANFORD



Thousands of wooden chairs are repaired by these and 23 other German carpenters in the Depot's well-equipped workshops at Bielefeld.

THE ARMY'S DEEP-SEA 'SAILORS'

Playing a vital part in the organisation of the modern Army are the soldier-sailors of the Royal Army Service Corps Fleet who man the 1000-ton sea-going tank landing craft which the Army has taken over from the Royal Navy. They train troops in amphibious warfare and are always ready for any emergency in any part of the world

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman
FRANK TOMPSETT

"Slow ahead together . . . Starboard ten . . . Amidships, steady as you go . . . Half ahead together . . . Secure for sea."

FROM the bridge deck the "Skipper's" Orders flow down the "pipe" to be repeated by the helmsman in the wheelhouse, and echoed again in the clanging of the engine room telegraph. Responding to her rudders and twin screws Landing Craft Tank 4097 slides her grey, almost rectangular, bulk quietly away from the mooring buoy into the Pembroke harbour channel and heads out to sea.

The "Skipper's" orders lacking the crisp whip of the parade ground command, the laconic "Aye, aye, sir" in reply, the apparent leisureliness of the crew in their deck tasks, all seem to belie

military efficiency. Only the denim overalls, the occasional pair of khaki trousers and the blue ensign of the Royal Army Service Corps Fleet, with its crossed swords, outwardly indicate that the Army's deep-sea sailors are off to sea once more.

But these sailors are very far from unmilitary. Soldiers first in every respect, they handle and maintain their 1000-ton craft with an efficiency born of discipline, team-work and pride.

LCT 4097 and other similar craft are operated by a company of the Royal Army Service Corps Fleet.

The landing craft and crews earn their keep in peacetime by helping to train other Army units in amphibious operations and by transporting personnel and stores.



Above: Territorial drivers of the Ayrshire Yeomanry learn how to "swim" their armoured cars aboard a tank-landing craft as LCT 4097 lies at a hard in Pembroke Dock.

Left: Private P. Bullin, the ship's Quartermaster, watches the compass as he holds the ship steady on her course. Behind him Warrant Officer W. Dawber scans the radar screen. Note the bridge voice pipe.

Right: A deck hand, wearing a lifebelt, jumps nimbly from the ship's dory to the mooring buoy in Milford Haven ready to run a cable through the ring.



"Port five . . . Steer 256 on your compass . . . Steady on 256."

Her snub bows dipping rhythmically, LCT 4097 heads for Pembrey Beach, 40 miles away. The cliffs and coastguard stations of Milford Haven fall behind. On the tank deck, forward of the bridge, Territorials of the Ayrshire Yeomanry busy themselves with the armoured cars, scout cars and Champs they drove aboard at Pembroke Dock.

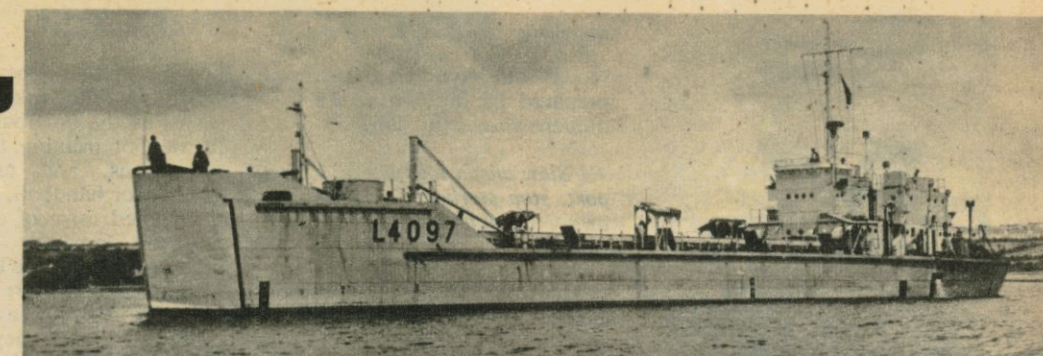
This two-day task of LCT 4097 served the double duty of training the officers and crew in handling the ship in a beach landing and of giving the Territorials their first taste of amphibious operations. During the loading at Pembroke Dock two scout cars got into difficulties and were left behind on the hard, but the "Skipper" (Captain A. J. Haddrell) was unperturbed. "I think they learn better by making mistakes," he said. "They won't make them again."

Out at sea the ship settled down to daily routine. Warrant Officer Class II (Navigator) W. Dawber took over on the bridge deck. In the wheelhouse the "Skipper" operated the newly-fitted radar set, identifying buoys and small craft from dots on the screen and checking against visual observation from the bridge.

On deck the bosun (a corporal) and seamen in denims, jeans and sea jerseys, secured the kedg anchor and stowed the deck gear. In the engine room the duty watch checked the four diesel engines which give the landing craft an economical cruising range of up to 4000 miles at eight and a half knots and a shorter range, using more fuel, at nine and a half to 10 knots.

Ship's routine begins with reveille at 6.30 a.m. and breakfast from 7 to 7.30, followed by cleaning stations, when the whole crew of 29 clean the quarters and mess decks. Normal duties during the morning—seamen's deck jobs, engineers' repairs and cleaning—are broken by the traditional "Smoko." A similar break occurs in the afternoon. Except for the duty watch normal work ends with "stand down" at 4.30 p.m.

The seamen are in red, white and blue watches,



One of the Army's ships, LCT 4097 prepares to beach at Pembroke Dock.

working four hours on and eight off at sea. In LCT 4097 Captain Haddrell and Mr. Dawber share the bridge watch. In harbour the Officer of the Day is found from a rota of the ship's First Lieutenant (Second-Lieutenant A. P. H. White), Mr. Dawber, the Chief Engineer (a Warrant Officer Class II) and the three sergeants.

Although the officers and crew of these Army vessels are soldiers—their dress, training and documentation are entirely military—the ships are run as nearly as possible on naval lines. Ships' companies "close up" for harbour stations, the bosun's pipe salutes ships and establishments on entering and leaving harbour and when officers of senior rank are boarding. In certain areas at sea the Army's sailors are paid hard-lying money, but unlike the Royal Navy there is no daily tot of rum and the duty-free tobacco concession applies only abroad.

Normal ship's complement of each landing craft is two officers and 29 other ranks, of whom corporals and above are Regular soldiers. Eighty per cent of the crews have had several years' experience with the Royal Army Service Corps Water Transport; some of the National Servicemen are ex-Navy or Merchant Navy, others have been yachtsmen.

All training in the three Royal Army Service Corps trades of navigator, marine engineer and seamen is carried out by the RASC Training Centre. Royal Signals wireless telegraphists, trained in naval procedure within the Company, electricians from the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and Army Catering Corps cooks serve in each ship.

Victualling is on a ration allowance of 5s 4d per head daily, the lieutenant shopping for the ship. Wardroom, warrant officers' and seamen's

OVER . . .



After dockyard repairs the ship is in need of a fresh coat of paint. Corporal S. Sandiford finishes off the mast as one of his jobs in the landing craft's daily routine. Left: Bow doors open, ramp down, and the Ayrshire Yeomanry wait to "swim" ashore on Pembrey Beach. Hatches flanking the tank deck lead to store rooms and the ship's canteen.





From the bridge the commander, Captain A. Haddrell, gives orders to the helmsman as LCT 4097 approaches her mooring buoy. Behind Mr. W. Dawber is the radar scanner.

Below: The tank deck also serves as the ship's parade ground and sports field. The crew play football and cricket, under local rules, and here a game of handball (spot the ball).

continuing **DEEP-SEA 'SAILORS'**

messes all have the same food, prepared by the two cooks in a modern all-electric galley.

"Slow ahead together . . . Stop port, stop starboard . . . Anchor away. Open bow doors . . . Lower ramp."

The roar of the engine-room ceases and LCT 4097 lies quietly on the gently sloping sand of Pembrey Beach. On the tank deck the Ayrshire Yeomanry drivers rev up their engines and draw up to the ramp, ready to drive ashore. The first armoured car rolls down the ramp, noses a little too fast into the sea and shakes the bow wave from its radiator as it slowly drives up the beach. One by one four more armoured cars, five scout cars and the two Champs follow, heeding Captain Haddrell's advice: "Low gear, take it slowly, keep going."

Its task almost completed, LCT 4097 settles down to routine once more, waiting for the tide to

lift the ship off the beach. Seamen wash down the tank deck—which serves as the unit parade ground for weapon training, foot drill and inspections, and as a sports ground for handball, football and a modified form of cricket.

The Company's Mark VIII landing craft are the latest models in service and were taken over from the Royal Navy when the unit was formed. They are 230 feet long with a 38-foot beam, and the 125-foot long tank deck can carry up to 350 tons of mixed cargo.

The landing craft can take DUKWs aboard at sea and by pumping out ballast tanks will flood down to float assault landing craft or other light draught small craft in a tank deck submerged in a minimum of two feet of water. In addition to its tank deck load the LCT Mk VIII can carry as passengers four to six officers and up to 40 other ranks for a fortnight at sea.

Each ship is a self-accounting unit with a system closely follow-

ing naval lines. A minimum of 8000 store items is carried, with sufficient spares for the ship to operate for several months. Major repairs are carried out at shore-based REME workshops and in shipyards. A cold store will accommodate two months' dried provisions and three weeks' supply of fish for the ship's company.

In large exercises involving the use of several ships the headquarters ship, LCT 4061, is commanded by the Company's officer commanding, Major D. E. Cuff. In normal conditions the ship has on board her own commander. LCT 4061 has been slightly modified to carry a small shore-based headquarters staff.

"Half astern together . . . Secure anchor . . . Lift ramp . . . Close bow doors . . . Half ahead together."

LCT 4097 draws slowly away from Pembrey Beach and turns towards the open sea again. Powerful electric motors whirr, closing the bow doors. In the engine room the diesels roar deafeningly once more as the engineers take gauge readings and go about their innumerable tasks.

The Army's deep-sea sailors maintain the traditions of a Royal Army Service Corps Fleet which during the last war numbered well over 1000 vessels. This year the Company has had several of its ships continuously detached on transport duties off the west coast of Scotland. Three landed transport, tanks, guns and troops in Demonstration "Run Aground IX" and two, with HMS Rampart, a Royal Navy craft, took part in Exercise "Para Handy." Other tasks of the landing craft have included co-operation in unit amphibious training, transporting a Territorial engineer unit to Guernsey, helping to train the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and taking a party of Scottish schoolboys to the isolated island of St. Kilda (at the same time conveying Army stores).

"Half ahead together . . . Dory away . . . Stop both."

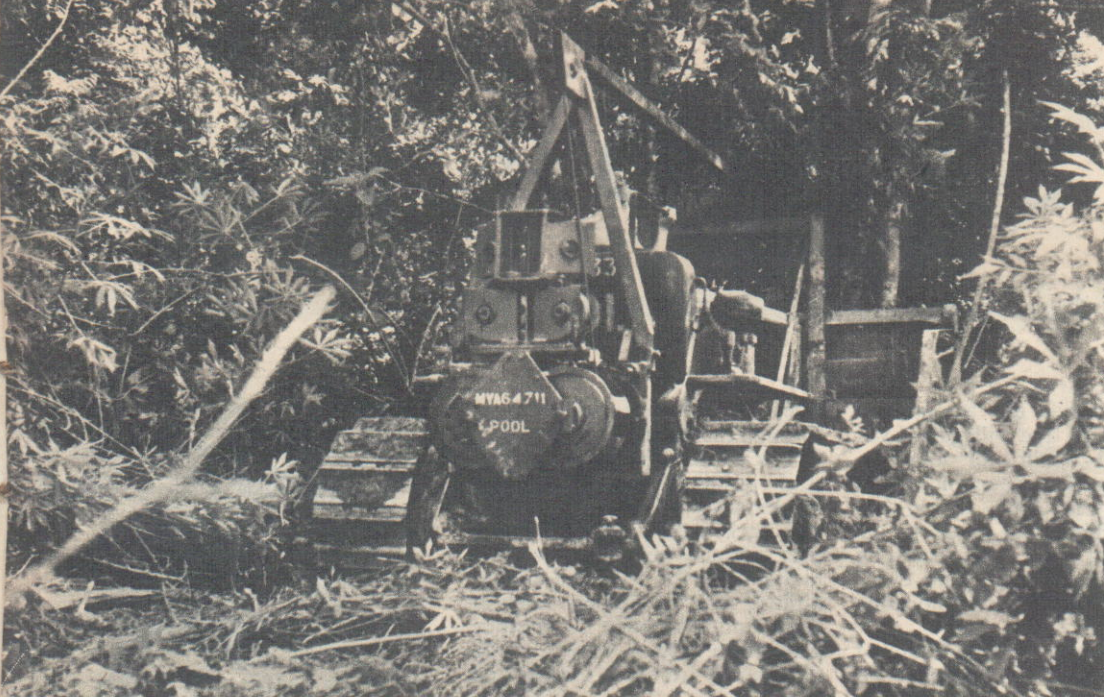
LCT 4097, back in Milford Haven again, moors to her buoy. After a few days in harbour she was to sail to the Dee estuary for another training exercise and north again to Scotland to relieve a sister ship in one of the many jobs which fall to this unit of the Royal Army Service Corps Fleet.

Footnote:

A former Army boxer, Warrant Officer W. Dawber was Far East ABA light heavyweight champion in 1950-51 and RASC and ACC ABA champion for two years. During his three-and-a-half years' service in Singapore he won the inter-Services and ABA championships there. Mr. Dawber and the Chief Engineer of LCT 4097 (Warrant Officer G. R. Williams) served together in the Far East as commander and chief engineer of a tank landing craft.

PETER N. WOOD





NO. 11 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, have completed their latest project—a new roadway which, if less ambitious than most of the others they have built in Malaya, is just as vital to the success of operations against the terrorists.

The new road has opened up large areas of jungle in northern Perak where for several years groups of bandits have been able to hide out, virtually undisturbed, because troops could get there only after long and tedious patrols on foot, by which time the terrorists had fled. Helicopters have been used to help overcome the problem but a good road along which troops could be rushed by vehicles was the only satisfactory answer.

So, last May, work on the new road—five miles long and cutting across the centre of thick, primary jungle to link two rubber plantation roads—was begun. It was designed to close the gap between the two plantation roads through which bandits north of the area were able to

Above: A bulldozer manned by a member of the Squadron's Park Troop forces its way through the jungle, clearing a path for the road to follow. Below: The five-mile roadway is surfaced with red laterite which was quarried locally by the Sappers themselves.

A ROAD TO BEAT THE BANDITS



Below: Part of the new road snakes across open country but much of it penetrates thick jungle. Working from first light to dusk, the Sappers completed the job in only three months.



infiltrate to obtain food and other supplies.

Now, the road is completed and under constant guard by security patrols to form a frontier which the terrorists are finding almost impossible to cross undetected. It also forms a base from which troops can launch attacks into the nearby jungle and keep the bandits hemmed in.

To complete the road in only three months was a remarkable achievement by any standards. For much of its length it was driven through thick *lallang* and tangled trees, some of which had to be cleared with explosive, and in two places Bailey Bridges had to be built across wide gullies. Other gullies were skirted so that in parts the road has a sheer drop of 200-feet on one side and a high embankment on the other. The Sappers worked from first light to dusk every day, always on guard for possible bandit attacks.—From a report by **SERGEANT JOHN WOODROW**, Army Public Relations.

SWOOP AND SEARCH

IN the biggest—and one of the most successful—operations of its kind since the Cyprus emergency began, 2000 British soldiers swooped on three villages astride the Nicosia-Famagusta road and clamped down a complete curfew for 14 days while they searched for EOKA terrorists and arms and ammunition.

Within minutes of their arrival and as helicopters hovered watch-

fully overhead, the troops had cordoned off the villages—Lysi, Asha and Vatili, all long-suspected terrorist strongholds—and confined the 6000 inhabitants indoors. Then they set about the painstaking task of searching every inch of ground and every building, literally leaving no stone unturned.

While security teams questioned the inhabitants and patrols with

rifles and Sten guns cocked moved through the deserted streets, other troops armed with mine detectors, steel prodders, pitch-forks and spades, searched the fields, gardens and backyards, carefully turning over manure heaps (a favourite hiding place for arms and ammunition), piles of timber, bales of straw and examining every stone and shrub. Men were lowered down every well with torches and



Above: Men of the Middlesex Regiment look for arms in the backyard of a house in Troulli, near Larnaca. Every stone and every pile of rubbish is carefully searched, for EOKA are expert at camouflaging their hiding places.



It's only a hole-in-the-wall oven but it could lead into a terrorist hide-out or contain home-made bombs. The British soldier takes no chances.

bayonets and every rooftop was searched.

Troops also went inside every house, searching the furniture and then pouring water on the stone floors. If the water ran away through a loose tile it was uprooted and the ground beneath examined. After each house had been combed the word "Flushed" or "Searched" was chalked on the doors and signed by an officer. Then the troops moved on to the next house, methodically working from end to end of each village. At night when the search had to be called off, patrols in plimsolls roamed the streets and alleyways with war dogs and parachute flares were sent up from time to time to light up the area.

At the end of a fortnight the task was complete and the searchers had made a haul of a fair quantity of arms, including pistols and home-made bombs, and had arrested a number of suspects.

The Army did everything possible to prevent the villagers

Left: Troops at a Nicosia roadblock frisk car drivers and pedestrians for arms and ammunition. Even car engines are carefully scrutinised.

suffering hardship, using lorries to bring food to the area and allowing a few women to be out of doors in the morning and evening to fetch water. Medical officers were also available to treat the sick and one—Captain Richard Baddeley, RAMC—supervised the birth of three children during the 14 days search.

Elsewhere on the island British troops have recently been busy

getting to closer grips with EOKA, setting up road blocks, searching vehicles, combing fields and vineyards and interminably patrolling the dusty streets. As **SOLDIER** went to press a patrol of the Royal Ulster Rifles scored a notable success against EOKA when they killed three terrorists moving an arms cache on their bicycles outside one of the villages the patrol had previously helped to search.



Above: At Lysi even the wells were suspect. Troops lower a comrade on a rope as he descends with torch and bayonet to look for hidden arms.

Below: During the 14-day curfew of the three villages near Famagusta, every one of the 6000 inhabitants was searched and questioned. A Military Policeman, covered by an armed Infantryman, examines a shepherd's papers.



SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

IN this issue **SOLDIER** tells, as far as security allows, of the work British soldiers are doing in Australia on some of the weapons the British Army will use in a future nuclear war.

It is no secret that the Army of the future will be equipped with a large range of nuclear weapons but this should not induce the ordinary soldier to think that he has no part to play in such a war. Even in an all-out nuclear conflict, with H-bombs and inter-continental ballistic missiles, it will be the conventional soldier—Infantryman, the Gunner, the tankman and the Engineer—who will carry on where the nuclear weapons leave off and win final victory in the old-fashioned way.

Support for this point of view is given by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff—Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer. At the recent Camberley Conference (the CIGS's last before retirement) he stressed that the day of the ordinary soldier is by no means at an end. In a nuclear war speed and mobility would be needed to take full advantage of every opportunity, and great initiative and leadership would be required "all the way up from lance-corporal."

"Without high quality leadership all the nuclear power which the free world possesses will be of little value," he said. Infantry and Engineers in armoured carriers, artillery and armour were now the supporting arms for nuclear weapons and small, highly mobile combat teams would be needed to search for the enemy and destroy him.

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff also thought the day was not far off when highly trained Infantrymen would carry out special tasks in fleets of helicopters. "These machines," he said, "could well be three-ply affairs and expendable, like the gliders of the last war: one job and finish."

★ ★ ★

NO wonder some of the veteran ex-soldiers among the 5000 spectators on Horse Guards parade went "Tut-Tut." It was enough to make the Duke of Cambridge turn in his grave.

On that famous stretch of tarmac, showplace of the Guards and the scene every year of the traditional Trooping the Colour, 51 musicians wearing light blue uniforms with white cravats, gloves and spats, half-marched and half-danced to the lilt of jazz and swing tunes like "Mambo Jambo," "Dixie" and "Get Me to the Church on Time." One would not have been surprised if a policeman had strolled up, tapped the conductor on the shoulder and said, "Come along with me."

It was a sight few Londoners could even have dreamed of but the explanation was simple: the United States Air Force Drum and Bugle Corps (which had flown from Washington to take part in the White City Tattoo) was Beating Retreat for the first time in Britain and with them were 28 men of the United States Marine Corps who provided the Guard.

The American version of Beating Retreat (a sixteenth-century custom which the United States has borrowed from the British) may not have been to everyone's liking, but it certainly added gaiety to a ceremony which many think could be brightened. But not, let us hope, by the American habit of shouting "Hi" when the music reaches a crescendo!

★ ★ ★

SOLDIERS who take their clubs and canteens for granted (and that means almost all soldiers) may be surprised to learn that in the last financial year NAAFI's trading account showed a loss of £375,477, and that for the first time in 40 years rebate and discount to units and families have had to be reduced.

The reasons? Mainly the rapid run down in the Services, the closing of many overseas stations and losses incurred in the Suez affair.

In spite of this setback NAAFI has plans for improving its services and a modernisation scheme affecting all canteens, clubs and shops and to be completed by 1963 is being introduced.

The SAS Drop in on Denmark

IF you want to spend a week-end abroad at the Government's expense one of the simplest ways is to become a parachutist and literally drop in.

That's how it was with 70 Territorials of the 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists), TA, recently, when they took part in a "sabotage" exercise in Denmark.

Leaving Abingdon in two Beverley aircraft in the early hours of a Saturday morning, they parachuted into Denmark at first light at two landing zones in the island of Fyen. For the next 36 hours they fought a "cloak and dagger battle" with the Danish Army and Home Guard, "blowing up" defence installations and public buildings and then flew back to England, ready to begin work on Monday morning.

The British force of parachutists, led by Major J. C. Power, also included ten enthusiastic Regular members of the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, home on three months leave from Malaya. For about a dozen of the Territorials this was their first "trip" abroad but the rest had parachuted into Europe before, some in World War Two and others in exercises held over the past few years.

Appropriately, half the force landed in the south-west of Fyen on a tree-lined strip which in World War Two was used for supply drops to Danish sabotage groups. One man, leaping from 800 feet, landed at the feet of a Danish colonel observer with the remark: "So sorry to have kept you waiting."

During the exercise, for which the entire population of the island had been alerted and requested to report the movements of British troops, the paratroopers co-operated with "fifth columnists"—English-speaking Danes who were contacted at pre-arranged meeting places near the dropping zones. Several parachutists were arrested and taken to interrogation centres for grilling by Danish security police.

For the first time, during this exercise, the Special Air Service successfully tried out an improved type of equipment carrier which is lighter and easier to operate than the standard Simms container. It consists simply of a sling which enables the Bergen rucksack to be carried below the reserve parachute while in the air and lowered just before landing. On landing, all the parachutist need do is to tuck the lowering cord behind the frame of the rucksack which is then ready for carrying. The sling has been developed by the Special Air Service Regiment.



At the dropping zone in Denmark, Territorial parachutists gather their equipment and make off in the dark to meet "Fifth Columnists." Some had parachuted into Europe before—in real earnest in World War Two.

... and Become Guinea Pigs in Norway



The novice skiers quickly learned the value of spending a few minutes in adjusting straps and making themselves comfortable before the day's training. The Union Jack flew over their camp throughout the course.

On the exercise the SAS tried out a new piece of equipment designed to speed up a parachutist's departure from the dropping zone. It is a sling (here seen around the Bergen rucksack) which lowers the man's equipment just before he lands.



In white camouflage suits the men of the Special Air Service leave their mountain camp for winter warfare training in the Norwegian mountains.

THE Special Air Service do not believe in doing things by halves. Which explains why 16 Territorials of the 21st Regiment volunteered to act as guinea pigs during the Regiment's first winter warfare course in Norway.

For the whole of the 14 days they spent at Fjordatun, 1500-feet up in a wide mountain valley some 40 miles inland from Bergen, they were under observation by two Cambridge scientists working for the Royal Navy on research into the resistance of the human body to near-Arctic conditions.

The requirements of medical research did not, however, interfere with the main aim of the course, which was to train the parachutists in the art of winter warfare. Only a few of the Territorials were experienced skiers but the novices were quick to learn from the team of Norwegian ski-instructors (one a former Olympic representative and another a former Norwegian Army champion). After a few days' instruction they were able to glide gracefully downhill without crashing into trees or making deep craters in the snow. A little later they learned how to run across country on skis and were soon being towed behind Weasels on ropes. Finally they took part in a two-day exercise which involved map-reading across country to a rendezvous in the mountains, sleeping in snow holes and launching a night attack on a base hut defended by Norwegian soldiers.

During the course they were also given a number of demonstrations, including one showing how dogs can detect a human body buried several feet below the snow. The Territorials were the guests of the Norwegian Home Guard who presented each student with a Norwegian shirt, pair of socks, knife and Home Guard badges. In return the students presented their hosts with an antique clock and a Special Air Service plaque to decorate a Norwegian Home Guard base hut.

Before leaving for home the Territorials who had successfully passed their tests were given bronze efficiency badges by General Hauge, of the Norwegian Army. He reminded them that armies unfamiliar with near-Arctic conditions had been defeated in the past not by the enemy but by the cold.

Right: General Hauge presents the badge of the Norwegian Ski Foundation to successful students. Their final test on the course was to ski six and a half miles in 65 minutes.



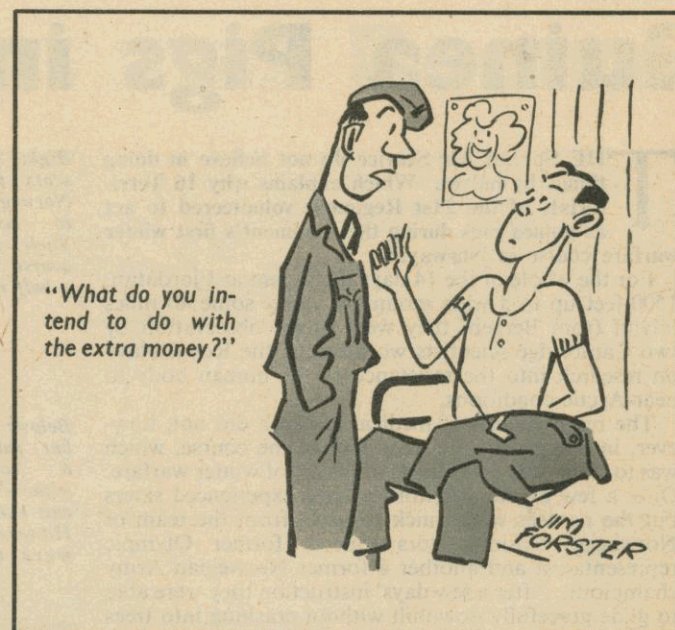
Below: It may look simple but running downhill at a controlled speed—without falling—is a difficult exercise for beginners. However, the Territorials were quick to learn.



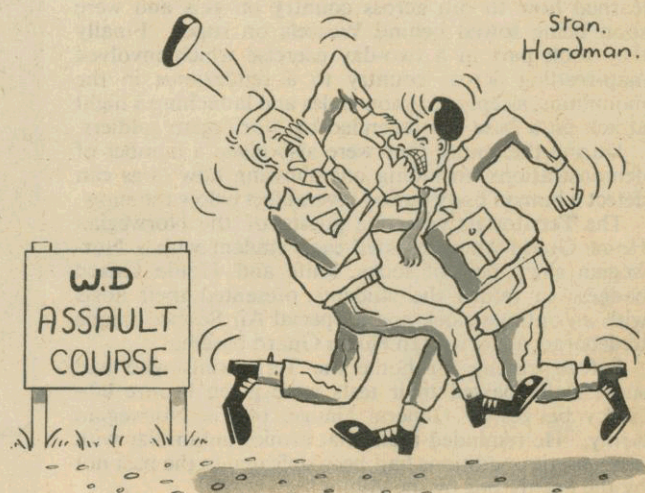


"Fine way to wake up on your first morning in the Army—some lunatic blowing a trumpet."

SOLDIER HUMOUR



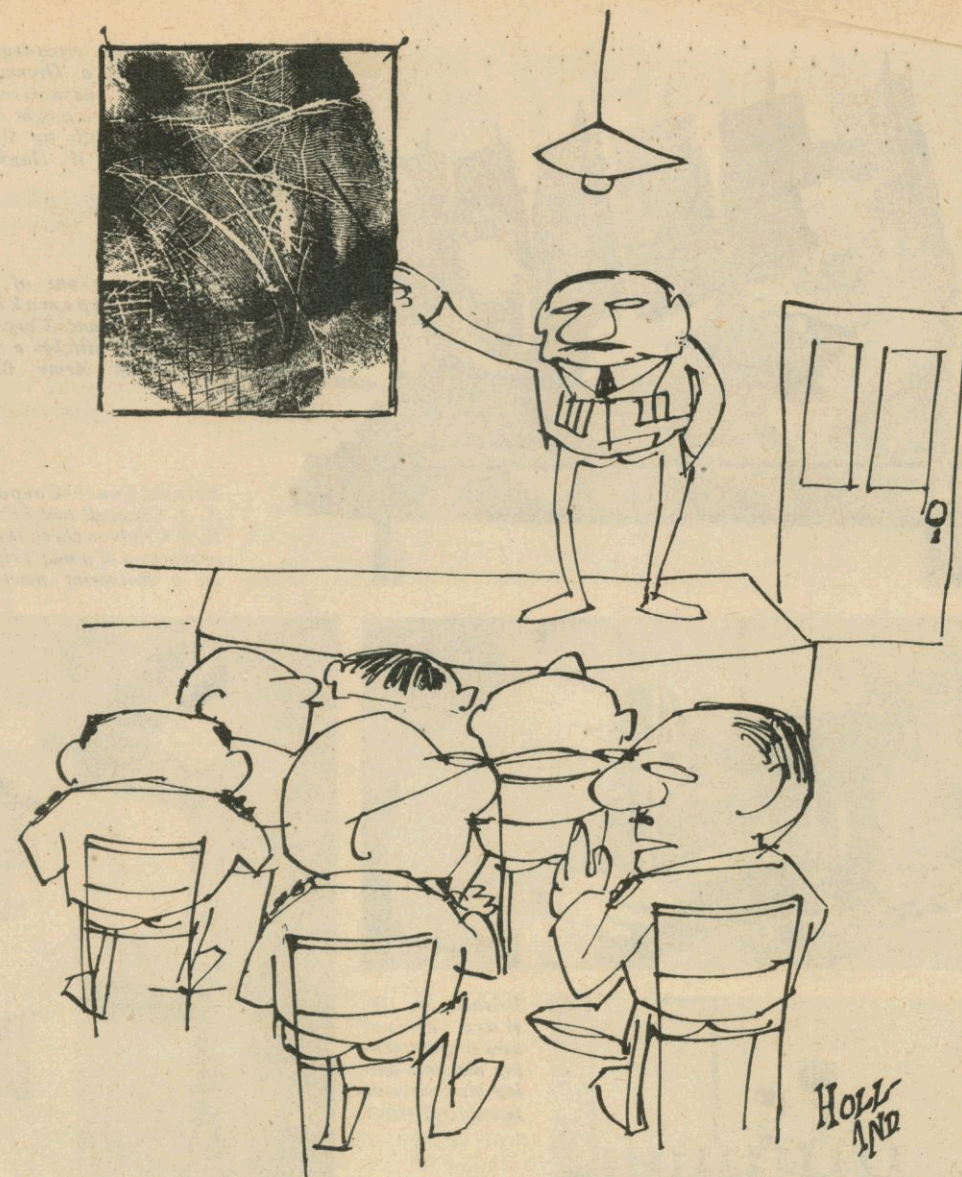
"What do you intend to do with the extra money?"



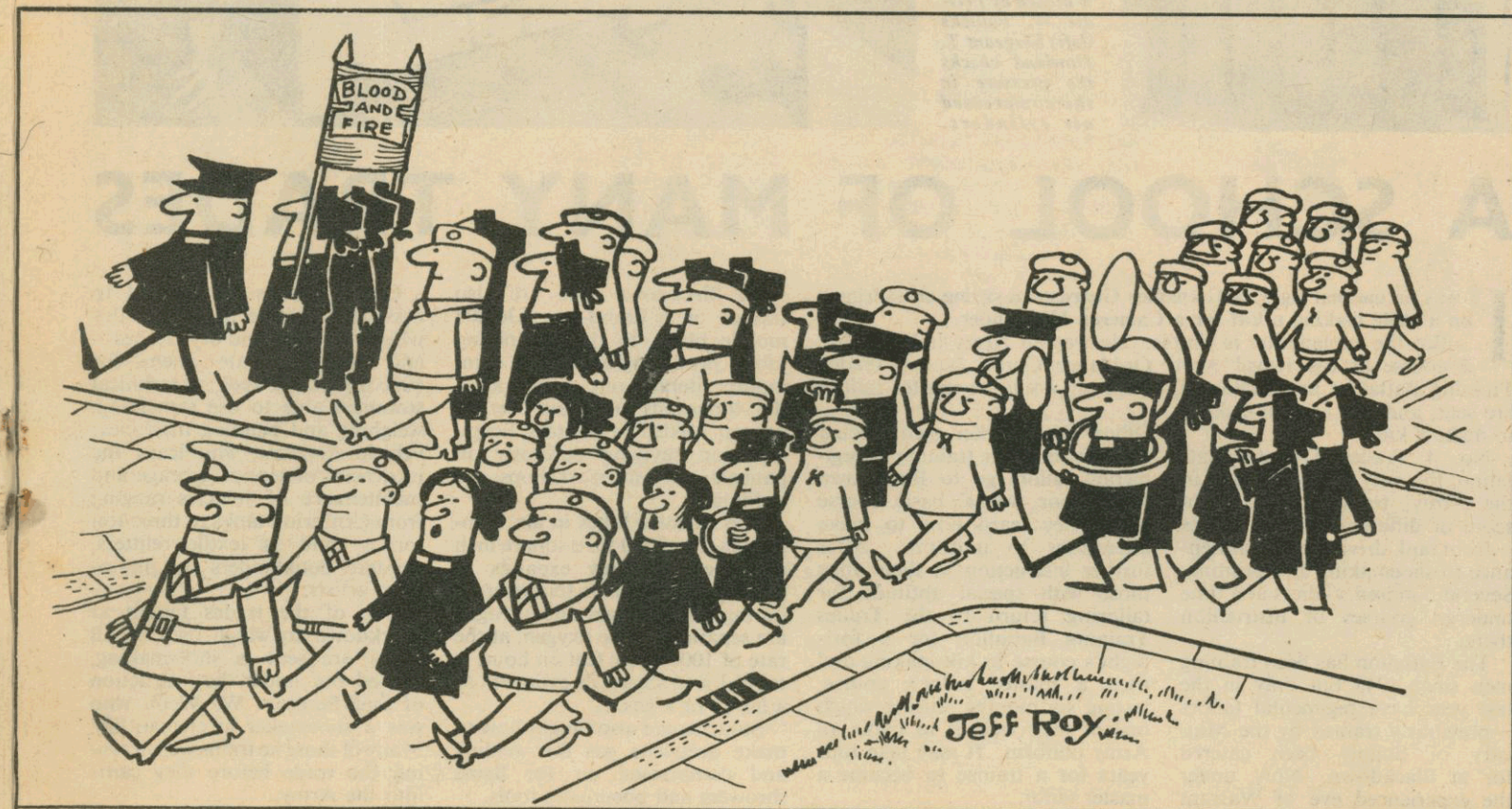
W.D.
ASSAULT
COURSE



"Tell your daughter I have called, Sergeant Harper ... and jump to it!"



"Knows the country like the palm of his hand."





Left: Sitting cross-legged on a table, a Grenadier Guardsman and a Gordon Highlander are taught how to make a kilt by Warrant Officer I W. Hawker.



Right: Using one of the modern shoemaking machines, Lance-Corporal E. Edwards stitches a sole on to an Army boot.

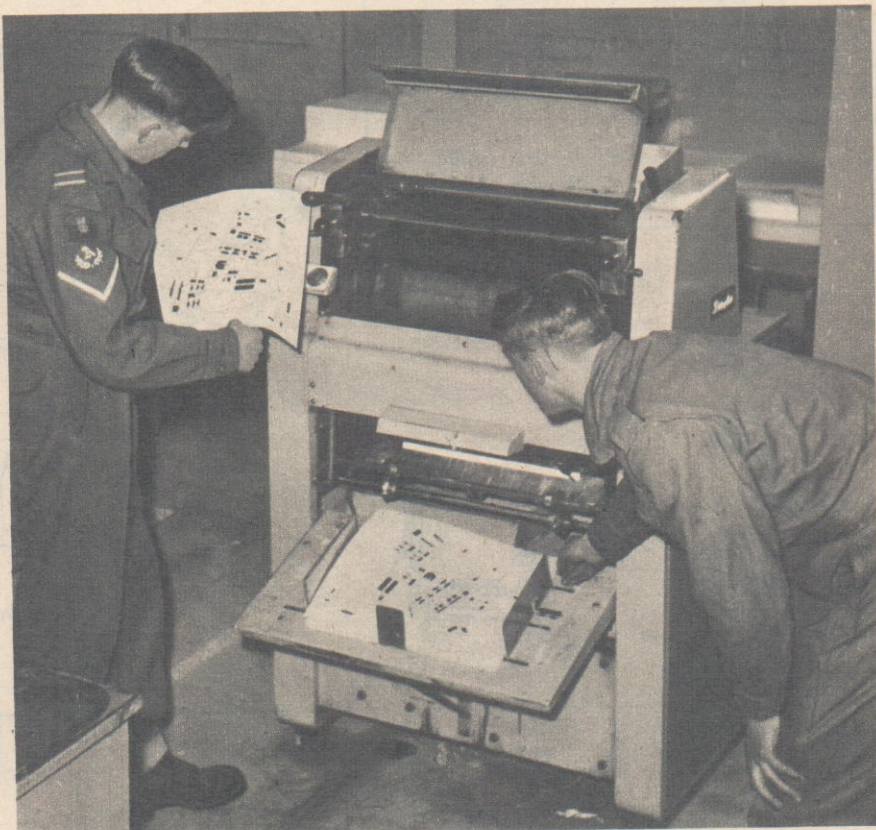
Below: Lance-Corporal A. J. Chappell and Private R. B. Crighton check the reproduction of a map printed on a Rotaprint machine.



Private R. W. Ward (above) uses a giant sewing machine during his course on textile refitting.



Watched by Private W. Fullicks (left) Sergeant T. Howland checks the pressure in the compressed air cylinders.



A SCHOOL OF MANY TRADES

IT was an unusual sight: a Grenadier Guardsman sitting cross-legged on a table making a kilt for a Cameron Highlander.

But the explanation is simple. He was an Army tailor taking a course at the Royal Army Ordnance Corps' No. 4 Trades Training Battalion at Blackdown, where all would-be master tailors are sent, and one of their tasks is to make a kilt.

No. 4 Trades Training Battalion, the only one of its kind in the Army, trains soldiers in a score of different military trades—from tank driving and maintenance to shoemaking and printing. Several hundred soldiers at a time undergo courses of instruction there.

The Battalion has been training men since 1948 but only in the last year have regimental tailors—previously trained by the Ministry of Supply—been catered for at Blackdown. Now, under the experienced eye of Warrant

Officer I W. Hawker, men selected by their units for training as regimental tailors go to Blackdown for a four weeks' basic course when they learn how to make alterations to uniforms. After further instruction in their units those with special aptitude for tailoring return to the Trades Training Battalion for a fortnight's course in kilt-making and then a master tailor's course, lasting six months, during which one of their tests is to make an Army uniform. It may take four years for a trainee to become a master tailor.

At Blackdown men are also trained on a brand-new £30,000 mobile plant, in the fascinating job of producing a valuable commodity literally out of thin air—the thousands of cubic feet of oxygen needed in military hospitals for reviving seriously ill patients and in workshops for welding.

The machine takes in air, compresses it to 3000 lb. a square inch and then suddenly expands it, causing a rapid fall in temperature during which oxygen and nitrogen are separated. The oxygen, at the rate of 1000 cubic feet an hour, is tapped and stored in cylinders as a liquid or a gas.

Students are also taught how to make acetylene gas for welding and compressed air for flame throwers and pneumatic tools.

Other soldiers are trained to operate a mobile heavy laundry which can wash and dry clothes—and decontaminate them—for 6000 troops in a week; as technical storemen able to use stencilling, weighing and banding machines; vehicle storemen who learn the intricacies of receipt, storage and maintenance of vehicles ranging from Centurion tanks to three-ton lorries; and as textile refitters, printers, bookbinders and photo-print artists.

One of the trades taught at Blackdown to which men of all Arms are sent is shoe-making, carried out under the instruction of Staff-Sergeant W. Webb who was a shoemaker in civilian life. Many of those he trains were learning the trade before they came into the Army.

THE SILVER GREYHOUND



IN these days of the radio-telephone and submarine telegraph, the romantic and shadowy figure of the Queen's Messenger seems an impractical survival. Yet the Corps of the Queen's Foreign Service Messengers still plays an essential part in maintaining the diplomatic communications of Her Majesty's Government.

Of the thousands of communications sent weekly to and from the Foreign Office and the British embassies and legations abroad, there are some which must go in the utmost secrecy. No one has yet invented an unbreakable cipher, and, in any case, coding and decoding is a long and arduous job. Top-secret letters have to be sent in the "diplomatic bag" in the personal charge of a Queen's Messenger.

At present there are some 36 members of the Corps—most of them former officers of the Armed Services with a first-class knowledge of foreign languages—whose activities are a closely guarded secret. Their names never appear in the newspapers and they have no public life and very little private life either, for they must live near the Foreign Office and are always on call. They are appointed by the Foreign Secretary, with the Queen's approval and receive a maximum salary of £900.

Until comparatively recent years they had to deliver proof that they were expert horsemen. This was usually supplied by a Master of Fox-hounds or a riding master of a cavalry regiment.

Usually travelling alone, each Queen's Messenger averages one

in red and embossed in gold with the words "Queen's Messenger's Passport."

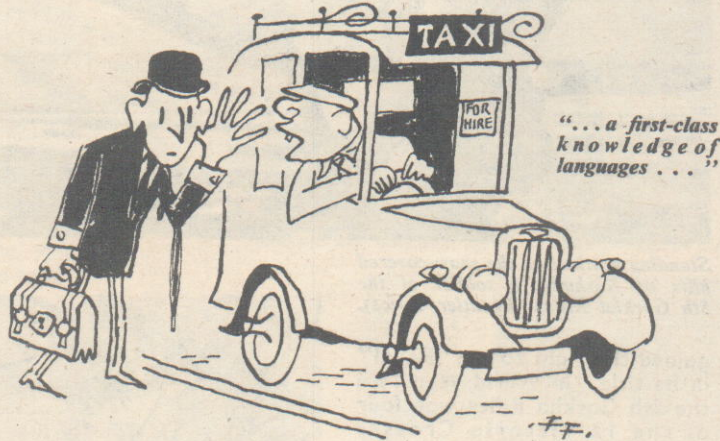
He also wears as his badge of office the coveted "Silver Grey-

the dashing Messenger of the Queen, expert with sword and pistol. These, too, were great days for coaching, and one member of the Corps, a Captain Martin Haworth, was a leading spirit in the revival of stage-coaching in England.

In those days many influential persons paid large sums for the privilege of travelling at speed with the Queen's Messenger, but the journeys were often real tests of endurance—particularly the run from Berlin to St. Petersburg which took nine days and nights without a stop. Occasionally there would be some excitement when a Messenger perhaps had to swallow an important letter to save it falling into the wrong hands, but in the main the journeys were humdrum affairs. In the course of his travels one Queen's Messenger found time to make half-a-dozen woollen rugs; another ploughed through the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from A to Z.

Sometimes, however, the life of a Messenger had its lighter moments, as when one was entrusted with eight canaries, a gift to the Sultan of Turkey.

In World War One there was a considerable increase in the number of highly confidential despatches entrusted to the Queen's Messengers but not one bag or one life was lost. One Messenger crossed the North Sea 30 times, the Mediterranean 22



round trip a fortnight. The diplomatic bags in their custody are similar to Post Office bags, reddish in colour; the confidential bags, in the messenger's personal charge, are marked with a conspicuous black cross, fastened by a strap, and locked with the messenger's own key. They are punched with eyeletted holes and have pockets for weighting with lead so that they will sink if they have to be thrown overboard at sea. A Messenger who loses one is instantly dismissed from the Corps. The other bags, sometimes as many as 50, and weighing perhaps a ton, hold routine communications and accompany the messenger by van, train or aircraft to the various capitals.

The Messenger's authority is his Certificate of Journey—a large sheet of stout paper, headed with the Royal Arms and listing the bags and their destinations. He carries a special passport, printed and bound

hound," the emblem of swiftness, and symbolic of the Corps' ancient motto, "The shortest way in the shortest time."

This badge is said to date from the time of Charles II's exile in the Netherlands. To enable his Dutch and English messengers to recognise each other he broke off four tiny carved greyhounds from the lid of a silver dish and gave one to each.

Today the emblem comprises a small plaque bearing the crown and Royal cipher, with a silver greyhound hanging below. It is surrounded by the Garter motto and hangs from a Garter-blue ribbon. The plaque must be surrendered on resignation or retirement.

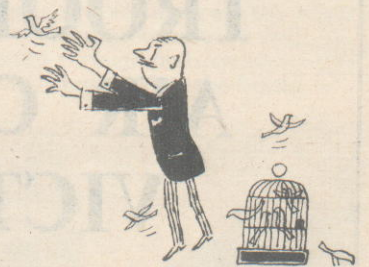
For official functions the Queen's Messengers wear the diplomatic uniform of a first secretary, fourth class: dark blue, trimmed with lace, with black velvet collar and cuffs.

The Corps has a venerable history, having been a distinct unit within the Royal Household since the late 1100s. A document of 1485 records the appointment of one John Norman as Messenger to Richard III at a salary of 4½d per day.

Under Cromwell, messengers were paid £45 a year, but were charged with many more duties than carrying messages. They also had to arrest persons for high treason, collect money from Crown property, and take care of other tasks requiring delicate handling. The Corps as we know it today dates from 1824.

The nineteenth century was the heyday of the Queen's Messenger, when Victoria was Queen and Britain ruled the world.

This was the age which saw the growth of the romantic legend of



"... entrusted with eight canaries..."

times and the Channel 80 times on duty.

In World War Two the work of the Corps again increased and several Queen's Messengers lost their lives.

In peacetime, too, the job has its hazards. Recently the Foreign Office disclosed an attempt by a foreign intelligence agent on the trip from Moscow to Berlin to steal a confidential bag when the aircraft refuelled at Minsk. In fact, the work of a Queen's Messenger today is considered to be so dangerous that no company will insure his life.

D. J. GROGAN

INDIA

A GURKHA CENTENARY

OLD comrades from many countries in the British Commonwealth travelled to Dehra Dun in India recently to take part in the centenary celebrations of a famous Gurkha regiment—the 5th Gorkha Rifles (Frontier Force).

Few regiments in the service of the British Crown have as proud a record as the 5th Gorkha Rifles which has won seven Victoria Crosses and hundreds of other decorations for gallantry.

The Regiment, which became part of the Indian Army after partition in 1947, was raised in the North-West Frontier by Major H. F. M. Boisragon as a ten-company battalion formed by transferring Gurkha soldiers from 21 other regiments, most of them belonging to the Punjab Irregular Force. In 1877 it took part with the 72nd Highlanders (now The Seaforth Highlanders) in the Peiwar Kotal action in Afghanistan which began the close association between the two regiments that still exists. In that battle Captain J. Cook won the 5th Gorkha Rifles' first Victoria Cross, a feat twice repeated during the Hunza-Nagar expedition across the Himalayas by Lieutenant C. H. Boisragon (son of the Regiment's founder) and Lieutenant J. Manners Smith.

For outstanding service in World War One the Regiment



Standing sentinel on the snow-covered hills of Kashmir, a soldier of the 5th Gorkha Rifles (Frontier Force).

gained the right to use "Royal" in its title. In World War Two the 5th Gorkha Rifles won four of the 12 Victoria Crosses awarded to Gurkha soldiers.

Two of the Regiment's World War Two VC winners—Subahdar Gaje Ghale and Jemadar Agabasing Rai—were on parade at the centenary celebrations when nearly 600 officers and men in six companies, representing the five active battalions and the Regimental training centre, marched past Major-General M. S. Chopra, Colonel of the Regiment, who is the Indian Ambassador to the Philippines.

IN THE NEWS

LIBYA

TROOPS AID AIR CRASH VICTIMS

PROMPT action by British troops in Benghazi and the work of the staff of the British Military Hospital there played a large part in saving the lives of 18 survivors when a Viscount aircraft crashed and burned out on the rocky escarpment near Benina Airport.

First on the scene, after a 19-miles journey in darkness across rough desert, was a Royal Army Medical Corps reconnaissance team, led by Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. S. Watson. From the charred wreckage they extricated the injured survivors and rushed them by ambulance to Benghazi Military Hospital where emergency plans were put into operation. By the time the survivors arrived scores of troops were standing by to give blood transfusions and others, including several of the soldiers' wives, were helping the hospital staff to receive and treat the injured.

The 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, and a Provost section of the Royal Corps of Military Police were also quickly on the scene to render first-aid, to establish wireless contact and to remove bodies and baggage from the crashed aircraft. Later, the men of the Royal Sussex raised a fund to provide gifts for the survivors recovering in hospital.



UNITED STATES

NO, this is not a death-ray machine but a gigantic long-range camera with a 100-inch focal length lens now being used in the United States Army for reconnaissance and survey work.

Its range, depending on the weather, is believed to be up to 100 miles and it could take a photograph clear enough to see the separate indentations on a golf ball 400 yards away. In war it would be used for photographing enemy troop movements.

There are larger long-range cameras—Britain has some with 300-inch focal length lenses. In World War One the Germans used cameras with a 60-inch lens to photograph Britain from Zeppelins.

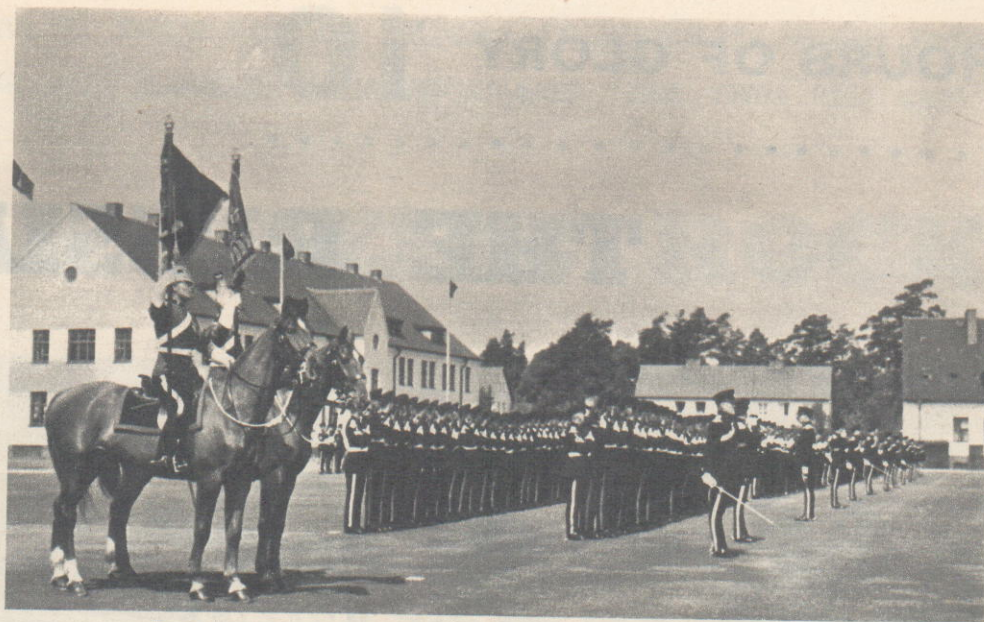
GERMANY

THIS MERGER TOOK 36 YEARS

AN amalgamation of two famous regiments which took place 36 years ago was formally completed only recently when Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, presented a new Standard to the 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards.

In 1922 when the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and the 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards were merged the new Regiment retained the standards of both former units and was the last cavalry regiment in the British Army to have this honour.

Now, the old standards have gone into retirement, replaced by the new one which Field-Marshal Templer handed over to the Regiment in Germany, after a mounted standard party had trooped the former standards through the ranks for the last time. Among those who watched the ceremony were 140 Regimental old comrades.



To the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the old standards of the 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards are marched off the parade ground in Germany to go into honourable retirement.

BRITAIN

HELP YOURSELF ON WHEELS

IF the soldier's wife is too busy to go shopping, then the shop must be brought to her. That is the idea behind NAAFI's latest experiment, a mobile self-service store designed to cater for isolated families in large garrisons.

An airline-type, two-deck coach, previously used in Germany as a mobile sports shop, has been converted into a shop by NAAFI's transport branch and put to work in the Catterick area. Customers pick up a wire basket at the driver's side, choose their foodstuffs—all hygienically wrapped—from the built-in racks, and pay the cashier as they leave at the back of the coach.



There is ample space for a wide range of goods (and a deep-freeze) in NAAFI's self-service store at Catterick. There is plenty of room for the customer, too.

THEY HAVE SERVED FOR 1690 YEARS

WHEN the King's Own Scottish Borderers celebrated the 199th anniversary of the Battle of Minden at their Depot in Berwick-on-Tweed, 67 past and present members, each with over 20 years' service, posed for a group photograph. Their combined service totalled 1690 years, one more than the year the Regiment was raised in 1689.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers is one of the six British Infantry Regiments which took part in the Battle of Minden in 1759 and whose men wear a red rose in their headgear to commemorate the victory on anniversary day. This honour was granted because their predecessors plucked roses as they passed through an orchard on their way to Minden and wore them in their hats during the battle.



These 67 past and present soldiers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers have each served for more than 20 years.

THE RUSSIAN WAVE



"The Thin Red Line" at Balaclava from the painting by Robert Gibb depicts the 93rd Highlanders receiving the Russian charge.

ON 25 October, 1854, in the Crimean War, the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders (later the 2nd Battalion The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) fought as the only British Infantry on the field of Balaclava. On that day they earned a unique Battle Honour for Infantry Colours and the immortal nickname—actually a misquotation of part of *The Times* correspondent's report of the battle—"The Thin Red Line."

It was only by chance that the 93rd Highlanders were at Balaclava at the time of the battle.

They were in the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division, with the 42nd Highlanders (later The Black Watch) and the 79th (later The Queen's Own Cameron High-

landers). As the result of a ballot they were left behind when the rest of their brigade, with the main body of the British Army in the Crimea, had marched away to take part in the assault on the great fortress of Sebastopol. Their job was to help protect the town and harbour of Balaclava, the only port available to the Anglo-French armies, and to help with the inflow of seaborne supplies and the evacuation of casualties to the ships.

They did not relish the task and cursed their bad luck in missing the opportunity of sharing in the capture of Sebastopol (which, in fact, was not achieved for a long time after the battle of Balaclava).

The 93rd Highlanders took up position at the village of Kadikoi, on the plain to the north of the port and covering the approaches to it, and pitched their tents at the foot of a knoll which afterwards was to be known as Highlanders' or Sutherland Hill.

In command of the Balaclava defences was their own Highland Brigade Commander, Sir Colin Campbell, a veteran of Wellington's Peninsular War. He had sent a strong detachment of the 93rd to join some 800 Royal Marines on a height a couple of miles to the right of the 93rd's position.

There were British guns on the

height, and Turkish guns in a series of earth-works between the height and the 93rd.

A heavy artillery duel had been going on intermittently across and around the Highlanders' camp for about a week and the 93rd had stood to arms at first light each day.

On 25 October they stood to as usual, but this time did not stand down, because of the unexpected appearance to the right of their front of a big concentration of the enemy—horse, foot and guns. The 93rd were in line, two-deep, along the crest of the hill with about 100 invalids of the Rifle Brigade and other regiments, and, according to some reports, a few Guardsmen.

On either flank of the British line stood a battalion of Turks. Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie commanded the British line, but Sir Colin Campbell too was there, in front.

The guns on the height and in the redoubts on the plain kept up a continuous fire but the Russian advance, led by groups of skirmishers, continued.

Soon the Turkish Infantry in No. 1 Redoubt were overrun and driven out, and many of them fled towards the British line. Seeing this, Major Gordon, commanding the detachment of the 93rd with the Marines, withdrew

BROKE ON GAELIC ROCK

his men and marched to rejoin the battalion.

The Russian gunfire by then was causing casualties to the British on the hill-crest and Sir Colin Campbell ordered the whole line to fall back and lie down on the reverse slope.

Before long, however, they were all back again in line, two-deep along the crest, for a mass of Russian cavalry had been seen, about 1000 yards away, moving westward across their front. From this mass a large body of horsemen detached itself and advanced on the Anglo-Turkish position. The Turks on the flanks of the 93rd broke and bolted down the hill through the Highlanders' camp.

The British stood firm and Sir Colin Campbell rode along the front of the 93rd, exhorting them to die where they stood rather than let the enemy through. More than one officer, including the regimental surgeon, Dr. (afterwards Surgeon-General) Munro, later recalled that the Highlanders almost to a man cheerfully responded: "Ay, ay, Sir Colin; we'll do that."

To quote the now famous passage in the despatch on the battle from W. H. (afterwards Sir William) Russell of *The Times*:

"The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment; then in one grand line charged in towards Balaclava . . . Gathering speed with

every stride they dash towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes the line of steel in front and out rings a volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, and still sweep onwards through the smoke with the whole force of horses and men, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the burst of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 200 yards another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifles and carries terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. Brave Highlanders! Well done! shout the spectators."



General Sir Colin Campbell. He called on the 93rd Highlanders to die where they stood, rather than let the Russians through. They responded magnificently.

Dr. Munro's account testifies that, while awaiting the enemy's charge "The men of the 93rd were in excellent spirits, burning to fight; and I do not think there was a single soldier . . . who had an anxious thought . . . or who for a moment felt the least inclination to flinch." After their second volley ". . . there was a little confusion in the enemy ranks, and they were swerving to our right. The men of the 93rd . . . became a little, just a little restive, and brought their rifles to the charge . . . But old Sir Colin brought them sharply back to discipline . . ." They were "quieted and steady in a moment, and then the grenadiers were ordered to change front and fire a volley."

"The third volley was at much nearer range . . . and caught the cavalry in flank . . . It shook them visibly and caused them to bend away to their own left until they had completely wheeled, when they rode back to their own army followed by a burst of wild cheering from the ranks of the 93rd."

"The Highlanders were a good deal elated and proud to think that under their old Chief and in sight of three armies they had stood to receive a charge of European cavalry."

When the Crimean War was over, Dr. Munro and other officers at Simferopol in the Crimea met a Russian ex-cavalry officer who had been wounded in the charge against the 93rd. He said the first Minie volley caught the Russians unexpectedly. The British line seemed to have risen suddenly from the ground. "We were

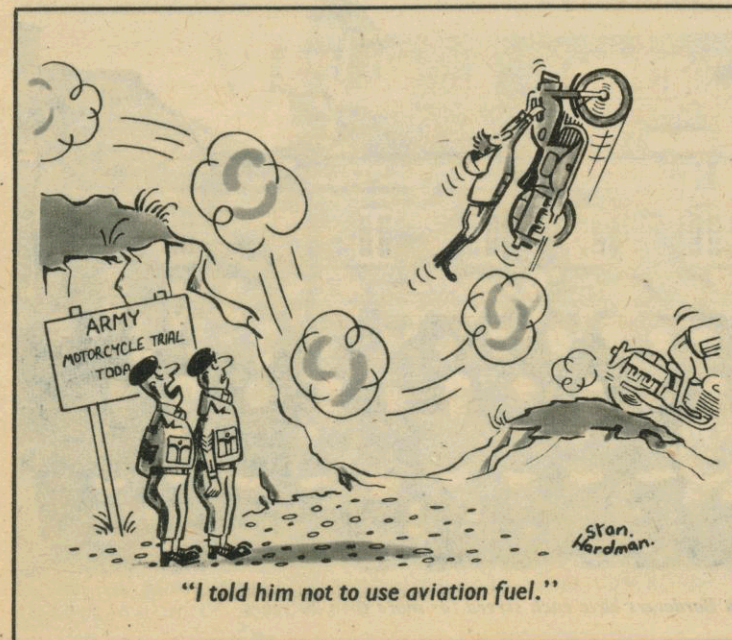
unable to rein-up or slacken speed or swerve to our left before we received your second volley, by which almost every man and horse in our ranks was wounded. Again, when we were inclining to our left, to wheel, as we thought, a wing of your regiment changed front and fired a volley into our flank, which also took effect amongst us."

Away to the left front of the Highlanders at Balaclava were the Heavy and Light Brigades of the British Cavalry Division. When the Russian horsemen had turned tail from the 93rd the Scots cheered the victorious charge of Scarlett's Heavies, including their own countrymen of The Greys, which utterly routed the main body of the Russian cavalry. The heroic but hopeless charge of the Light Brigade against massed enemy guns happened a little later.

In modern times The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had the distinction of forming, with The Middlesex Regiment, the first British Infantry brigade to become engaged in the war in Korea in 1950.

ERIC PHILLIPS

NEXT MONTH: The saving of the troopship *Sarah Sands* by the 54th Foot (now the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment).



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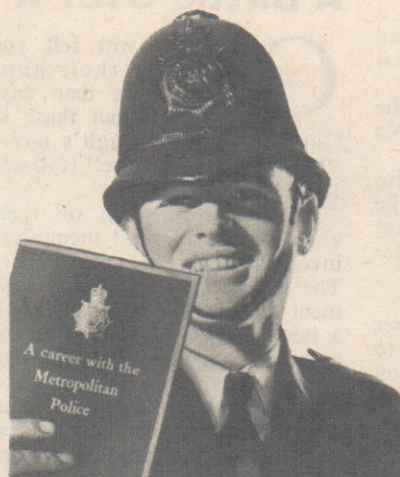
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LIFE AND DEATH IN THE JUNGLE

BOOKS about the "Emergency" in Malaya tend to be either the conscientious memoirs of soldiers or the highly coloured inventions of professional novelists.

"It Began In Singapore" (Robert Hale, 15s) is something different. It could best be described as a "documentary novel" which sets out to show how the heroes of the resistance to the Japanese invaders became the bandits of the "Emergency" after the war.

The authors are Granville P. Willis, a planter, and Michael P. Connor, a doctor, both of whom spent many years in the Far East

and saw the inside of Japanese prison-camps.

Their central character is a Chinese boy who escapes from a Japanese firing-squad in Singapore, takes to the jungle and joins the guerrillas. One of the band is a young girl, and they break guerrilla rules by falling in love. Not being, like most guerrillas, convinced Communists, however, they return to something like normal life when the war is over.

The boy seeks treatment for an injured shoulder, but red tape denies him what he considers his due. He stages an armed hold-up to raise the money for treatment, and when he is hunted by the

police, goes back to the jungle and rejoins his old gang, now bandits fighting the British. Later, he changes sides once more.

In the foreword we have the best authority for this story's authenticity, that of Lieutenant-Colonel F. Spencer-Chapman of "Jungle is Neutral" fame. Anybody who has studied the Malayan problem either in books or on the ground will agree that there is nothing impossible or even improbable about the tale.

The authors have produced a fine study of life, and death, among the jungle fighters, both as pro-British resistance men and as anti-British bandits.

They Haggled For Their Medals

THE slapdash way in which Napoleon issued gallantry awards to his soldiers horrified his staff, as it horrifies us today. There are glimpses of the Emperor's method in "Napoleon In His Time" (Putnam, 30s) by Jean Savant.

After the battle of Eckmühl Napoleon asked for the name of the bravest captain. When the colonel mentioned a name, a little Gascon captain who had been a hairdresser in Paris burst from the ranks exclaiming:

"That is not true. I am the bravest man in the regiment. No one would dare to deny it."

Napoleon referred to the colonel, who admitted that the claim might be true; he had not had time to consider the matter properly.

The Gascon got the award.

Sometimes a private soldier would step from the ranks to plead his claim for a decoration or annuity. Then the conversation would go like this:

"What have you done to earn the cross?"

"Sire, I pulled up the palisades at the attack on Stralsund."

"Is that true, colonel?"

"Yes, sire."

"What else have you done?"

"I carried off a flag at such an engagement."

"Is that true, colonel?"

"Yes, sire."

"Well, then, why don't you want this man to have the cross?"

"Sire, he's a drunkard, a thief, a—"

"Pooh! Blood washes out such things."

At another review the Emperor saw a soldier trying to catch his eye and said, "Well, what is it you want?" "A spree, sir," was the answer. The man was duly rewarded.

A rifleman called Bayonnette was once nominated on the spur

of the moment as the bravest man of his unit. The Emperor liked his name so well that he said: "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and this title is accompanied by an endowment of 1,500 francs, which you will hand on to your children."

A Battle Over A Gun

GUNNERS will tell you they love their guns almost more than anything else, but those in Gordon Landsborough's novel "Battery From Hellfire" (Cassell, 12s 6d) are exceptions.

There is no brown on their knees when they find themselves involved in the retreat to Alamein. The greenhorn anti-aircraft regiment sets off across the desert to a new site. On the way, it encounters a column of German armoured cars. Its resistance is a few rifle and pistol shots, and in a short time the regiment is destroyed, all but a handful of men.

Their hope of salvation lies in a single Matador, wedged among rocks in a cul-de-sac wadi by the 3.7 gun it has been towing. By skill and not a little daring, they recover the Matador and then the

This book is made up entirely of accounts of Napoleon as he appeared to his contemporaries. They found him a tiresome, unpredictable, often comical and sometimes disgusting person—blessed with a strong dash of genius.

major who is the senior survivor announces that the gun is going too.

From then on the theme is a contest between the major and the rest about the gun which hampers their escape, as they drive into the blue in the general direction of Eighth Army. The loyal captain and the devoted sergeant both try to talk the major out of sticking to his gun. The men, decidedly a below-average lot, are frankly mutinous. At one stage they try to unhook the gun when the officers are not looking; at another, a Gunner tries to settle the matter with a rifle.

On they go, through a series of adventures which, by desert standards, are perfectly credible. You may not like the author's Gunners, but you will find their exploits exciting.

Cowards Made Good

WAS there, in the American Civil War, a "Company Q" composed of officers who had been broken for cowardice, and who were given a chance to redeem themselves as private soldiers?

The historical evidence is slight, but Jack Shaefer, author of "Shane," builds up the idea into a credible and creditable novel: "Company of Cowards" (Deutsch, 11s 6d). His eight "busted" men

are formed into a unit at the instance of a major on the Judge Advocate's staff. Spurned and humiliated by the Yankee army, they eventually are posted to the West, making their own way for 2000 miles; then they serve under Colonel Kit Carson against Indians. It is the familiar film story of the coward making good, but this time the theme is multiplied by eight. Yes, it's being filmed all right.

Books

Sappers Planned the Albert Hall

CAPTAIN Francis Fowke, a Sapper of Queen Victoria's day, was a man of many talents. He designed barracks, libraries and picture galleries. He also produced "a very portable military fire-engine," an umbrella which turned into a walking stick, an officers' portable bath which could be carried under the arm like a book, and a new type of bullet (which the War Office declined).

For good measure, he also devised his own plan for the defence of London in the event of invasion.

Such a man was not likely to be daunted by the thought of designing a huge Roman-style amphitheatre with a roof on it. From his sketches and plans sprang a building which dazzled our grandfathers. Its story is told by Ronald W. Clark in "The Royal Albert Hall" (Hamish Hamilton, 25s).

The indefatigable Captain Fowke was busy on his plans in December, 1865, when he suddenly exclaimed, "This is the end," and died from a heart attack.

Another Sapper was appointed, not without opposition, to finish the job: Lieutenant-Colonel (later General) H. Y. D. Scott. Derisively, architectural critics called him "the engineer officer" and expressed doubts as to whether he was up to the task.

The roof was the largest ever to span an unsupported space. What would happen when the central scaffold was removed? According to some critics, the roof would fall in. On May 11, 1869, the Colonel, with a civilian engineer, climbed to the top of the scaffolding and struck away the wedges which held the roof. It has been said that all other persons were ordered from the building. When the last prop had gone the central ring sagged five-sixteenths of an inch, far less than Colonel Scott had expected.

On the completion of the Hall the Colonel was offered a knighthood, but declined on the delightful ground that knighthoods were becoming too common. Thus he maintained the Sappers' reputation for eccentricity.

The Hall, as Mr. Clark tells, has had many other links with the Army, from the early assaults-at-arms staged there to the great reunions which followed World War Two.

Havelock—The Christian Soldier

IT was the great object of my ambition to be surpassed by none in zeal and determination in the path of my duty, because I was resolved to put down the vile calumny that a Christian could not be a meritorious soldier."

That was the stern military and moral standard set for himself, and nobly upheld, by Henry Havelock, the heroic leader of the first British force which fought its way through appalling obstacles into besieged Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

Havelock's life story is finely told in "Way to Glory," by J. C. Pollock (*John Murray, 25s*), one of several books on the Mutiny and outstanding personalities involved in it which were prompted by the centenary last year. This biography is based on the unpublished papers in the possession of Sir Henry's descendants and includes extracts from many of his writings, revealing different aspects of his remarkable character.

Two Soldiers From Down Under

SOMEONE gave an absent-minded order during manoeuvres and a body of light cavalry at full gallop rode head-on into the charging ranks of the Horse Guards.

The result was a shambles, in every sense of the word. All over the field was a litter of men and horses. Two troopers lost their lives.

One of those lucky enough to ride through the tight ranks of the Horse Guards was Captain Brudenell White, the first Australian soldier to rise to the rank of full general. He was an architect and builder of the Australian Imperial Force in two world wars.

His story is told, along with that of Major-General Sir William Bridges, another famous Australian soldier, in "Two Men I Knew" (*Angus and Robertson, 25s*). The author is Dr. C. E. W. Bean, Australia's historian of World War One.

General Sir Brudenell White, as he became, was Australia's first student at the Staff College, Camberley—in 1906. He did brilliant work in the evacuation of Gallipoli and in later operations on the Western Front. After striving to keep Australia defence-minded between the world wars, he was recalled to high command in 1940, only to be killed in an air crash near Canberra.

General Bridges founded the Royal Australian Military College in 1910, after studying methods of officer training at Sandhurst, Woolwich and West Point. For three weeks he commanded the 1st Australian Division at Gallipoli, where he was killed. On urgent representations from Lord Birdwood, King George V made him a knight on the day before he died. "He was the first in the Australian services to win that

In Havelock's time, especially in India, the British "common soldier" was a pretty rough-and-tough type whose besetting failing was drunkenness. Havelock began as a subaltern in the 13th Foot (now The Somerset Light Infantry) to read and expound the Gospels to such of his men as would listen, when off duty, and to exhort them to practise temperance. His approach must have been sincere, for many listened, and changed their ways, and young Havelock's "Saints" became known as the most reliable soldiers in the Regiment.

But such odd behaviour by an officer provoked derision and even suspicious resentment among his brother officers. Doubtless that hostility, coupled with Havelock's constant lack of means to advance himself under the commission-purchase system, largely accounted for his unjustly slow promotion. It was only a few days before his death at Lucknow

honour and the first to command a full division in the field."

Dr. Bean does timely justice to two distinguished soldiers who have been overshadowed by the fame of General Sir John Monash and Field-Marshal Sir Thomas Blamey.

that he heard he had been raised to the rank of Major-General, with a knighthood, and had become a national hero in Britain. He was then 62, with over 40 years of efficient regimental and staff service, much of it in war. Time after time he had proved himself a supremely confident leader, utterly fearless in battle. His soldiers, seeing that the hard discipline he imposed applied to himself no less than to them, and feeling that he was a leader who knew his own mind and theirs, gave him their complete devotion in a series of trials as fearful as any in the history of the British Army.

A Major's Problem

FIGHTING off the Japanese, Major Craig leads the remnants of his Indian rifle company out of Burma. In the process he loses his valued lieutenant, Ramsay. This man's death weighs on him; he would like to be absolutely sure in his own mind that he did everything possible to prevent Ramsay's death.

Afterwards, Major Craig is posted to the staff of an Officer Cadet Training Unit in India—and one of the officer-cadets in his company is Ramsay's younger brother. Young Ramsay knows



"Squad 'shun . . . Right turn . . . left, right, left, right . . ."

that his brother served under Craig, and Craig knows that he knows. Craig also knows that young Ramsay has that inborn fighting instinct which his brother had. And the cadet suspects that Craig, excellent officer though he is, lacks it.

That is the unusual situation handled by the novelist Paul Scott in "The Mark of the Warrior" (*Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15s*). To give away the rest of the story would be unfair; sufficient to say that it ends in tragedy. Much of the action takes part on a long jungle "scheme" in which young Ramsay is in command.

It is an honest, thoughtful story; not the usual story of blood and guts but a story of the interplay of strong personalities and of the deep-down impulses which carry fighting men forward. You may not be absolutely sure what the author is getting at, but you share the psychological, as well as the physical, tensions of the jungle "scheme."

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Left: Men of the 13th Middlesex Volunteers chair the 1888 champion, Private G. E. Fulton, grandfather of this year's Queen's Prize winner. Right: Private Fulton with the Martini-Henry Rifle with which he won the championship in 1888. He is wearing the St. George's silver cross and, on his arm, the Queen's Prize, the "100" and St. George's "50" badges above his marksman's badge.



THE FABULOUS FULTONS

A GREY-HAIRED gunsmith, three times winner of the highest award that rifle shooting in Britain can offer, watched anxiously as his son, Major Robin Fulton, took his place with the 99 other finalists on the 1000-yard mark at Bisley.

Fifteen shots stood between Major Fulton and the Queen's Prize which his father, Mr. A. G. Fulton, won in 1912, 1926 and 1931 and his grandfather, Mr. G. E. Fulton, won in 1888.

After shooting at 900 yards in the final stage (which consists of 15 rounds at 900 and 15 at 1000 yards), Major Fulton had a three points lead over Major G. E. Twine, twice a Queen's Prize-winner, and Lord Swansea. He knew he had a good chance of completing a remarkable family "hat-trick" but one bad shot could ruin his score as it did last year when, well placed, he missed the target at 1000 yards and finished 13th.

This year Major Fulton made no mistake. In his first 14 shots on the long Stickledown range he scored 60—already giving him a winning total of 276—and his last shot, a bull, pushed his aggregate up to 281, six points ahead of Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. Merry, Royal Engineers.

Two champions and three champion rifles: Major Robin Fulton shows his Short Magazine Lee-Enfield, with which he won this year's title, to his father who holds Private Fulton's Martini-Henry rifle and the Long Lee-Enfield he himself used to win the supreme award.



First to congratulate the new champion was his father who, despite his 71 years, still competes at Bisley as he has done since 1904. Four years ago he was among the 100 finalists and missed that honour this year by only one point as a result of firing a shot—a bull—on the wrong target in the second stage!

All three generations of Fultons have been Territorials. Mr. G. E. Fulton served for 30 years with the 13th Middlesex Volunteers, which in 1908 became the 16th London Regiment, TA, and his son, a sergeant in the Queen's Westminster Rifles, had 12 years in the Territorial Army. Major Robin Fulton spent nearly three years as a rifleman in the London Rifle Brigade until he was commissioned in 1936 in the 30th (Surrey) Searchlight Battalion, Royal Engineers, which later became Royal Artillery. He re-

joined after the war, but retired in 1951 to give more time to the family gunsmith business at Bisley.

Like father, like son is certainly true of the Fultons. Major Robin Fulton, who first fired at Bisley when he was only 16, has competed in 19 Bisley meetings since then, getting into the final of the Queen's Prize nine times. Last year he won the Grand Aggregate Silver Cross which his father won twice and his grandfather once.

Like his father, he has represented Britain (eight times) and

has shot for England 19 times. Again, like his father, he has travelled abroad with National Rifle Association teams and early this year went to New Zealand and Australia. During a visit to Canada in 1950 he came third in the Governor-General's Prize, Canada's senior rifle award.

The Queen's Prize is not likely to go to a fourth generation of Fultons. Major Fulton has no son and his two teenage daughters find riding more attractive than shooting, especially as their father is Master of the Bisley Hunt.

K. J. HANFORD



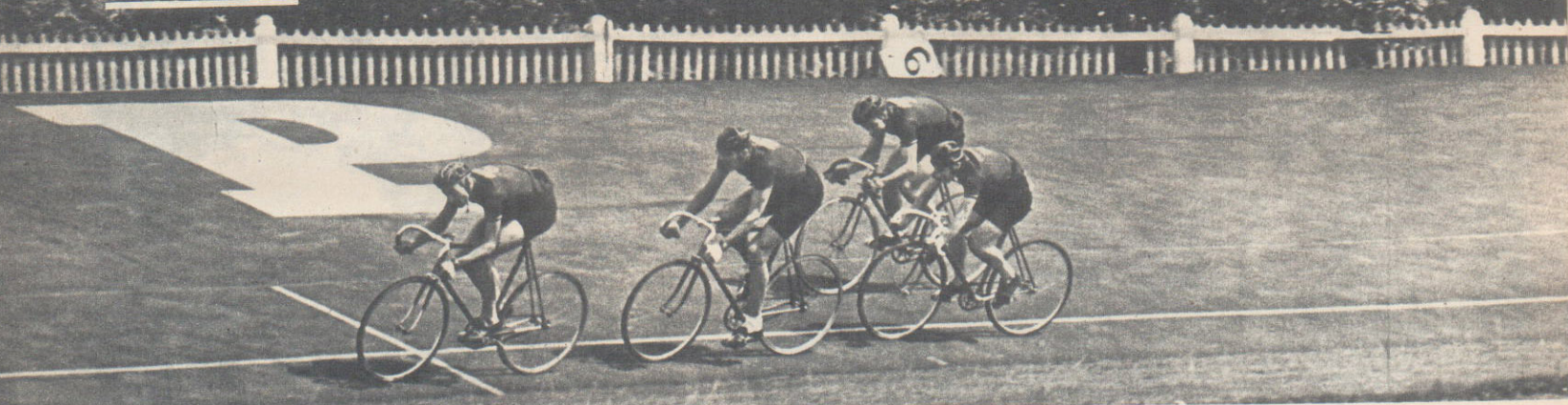
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FROM ALL LEADING OUTFITTERS
AND N.A.A.F.I.



THE Army easily won this year's inter-Services track cycling championships at Herne Hill—for the third year running. Soldier riders finished first in every event and the Army team romped home with 24 points against the Royal Air Force with 17 and the Royal Navy with 10.

The Army chalked up its first victory in the 1000-metres sprint when Signalman B. Dacey, of the 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals, beat Aircraftman B. McCarthy, Royal Air Force, who had previously won against Sub-Lieutenant M. Bunyan, Royal Navy.

In the 4000-metres individual pursuit Private J. R. Geddes, of 19 Company, Royal Army Medical Corps, set up a new inter-Services and Army record, winning comfortably in 5 mins 23.4 secs over Senior Aircraftman R. Butler, RAF.

The 4000-metres team pursuit was a closer-run race, the Army team—Craftsman Ray Booty (the Army best all-rounder), of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Corporal V. A. Denson, Royal Signals and Sappers J. Hockley and E. Scally—narrowly beating the Royal Air Force by two seconds in 5 mins 26.8 secs. But the five miles point-to-point team race went to the Army with a score of 66 points to the Royal Air Force's 42.

The Army's present supremacy over the other two Services seems likely to continue for several years, largely because the Army receives more National Servicemen than the Royal Navy or

SOLDIERS ARE TRACK CHAMPIONS

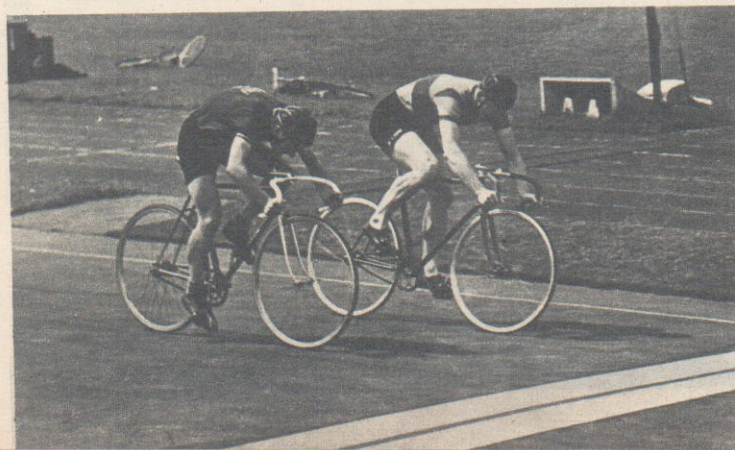
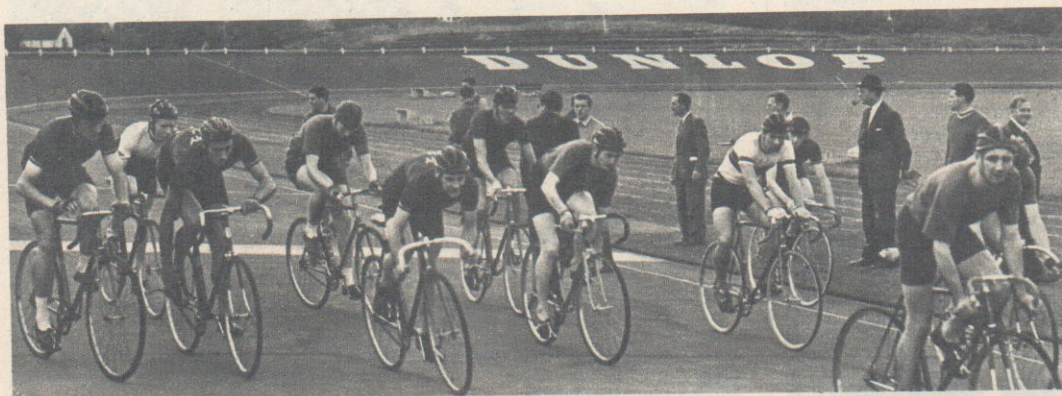
the Royal Air Force and cycle racing is essentially a young man's sport. Yet the Royal Air Force still holds the record for winning the championship most times in succession—they were champions from 1952-55. The Army hopes to beat this record in 1960 with a run of five successive wins.

Signalman Dacey accomplished an outstanding feat at the Army track championships which were held before the inter-Services event. He won three of the four individual races—the 1000-metres time trial and 1000-metres sprint and the five miles point-to-point.

Two new records were also set up in the Army event, the Royal Engineers winning the inter-Corps 4000-metres team pursuit title in 5 mins 9.4 secs and Eastern Command taking the inter-Command 4000-metres pursuit event in 5 mins 5.2 secs.

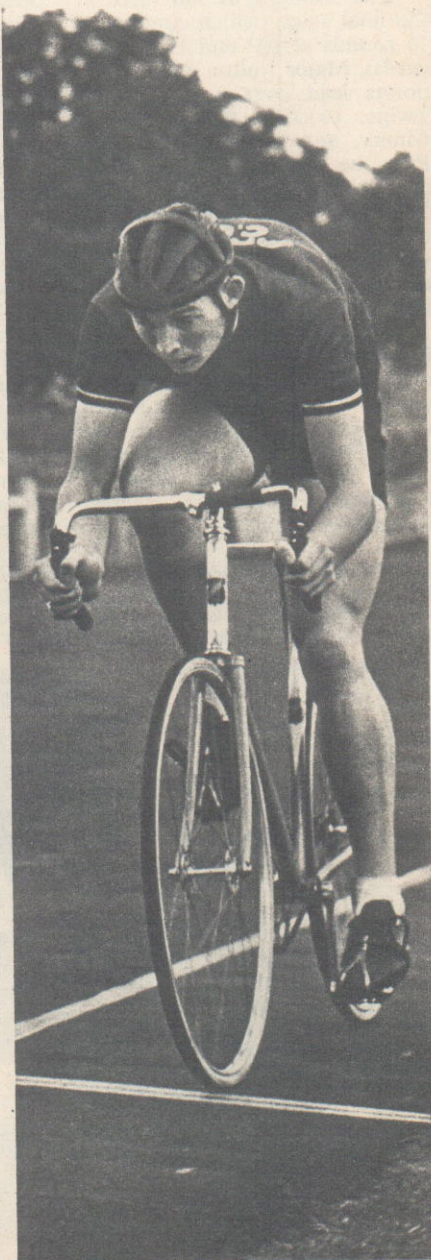
The Army team stick close together as they make their final effort to win the 4000-metres pursuit race. Lying second is Craftsman Ray Booty, winner of the 120-mile road race at this year's Empire Games.

Below: Private John Geddes, Royal Army Medical Corps, brings every muscle into play as he sprints across the finishing line to win the 4000-metres individual pursuit.



Above: Riders from the three Services jockey for position at the start of the five miles point-to-point. The Army won easily.

Left: Signalman B. Dacey winning the Army 1000-metres sprint, a wheel up on Sapper E. Scally. Dacey won three of the four individual Army titles.



COMBINED OPS —IN THE AIR

THE Army Gliding Club won first place in the Western Region of the National Gliding Week contests held recently at Nympsfield, in Gloucestershire—but the real credit for its success goes to members of the other two fighting Services.

As members of the Army Gliding Club Commander H. C. N. Goodhart, Royal Navy, and Sergeant J. S. Williamson, Royal Air Force, won three of the daily events. Co-pilots of the same sailplane in which Commander Goodhart was runner-up in this year's world championships, they each in turn and on different days flew non-stop to Great Yarmouth, a distance of 181 miles. Commander Goodhart also recorded the best speed of 120 miles an hour.

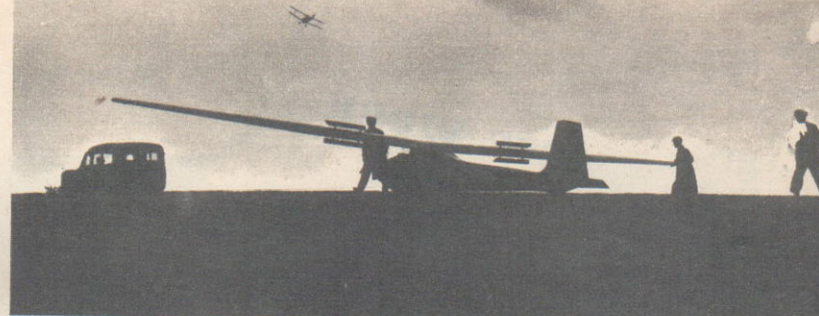
The most successful performance achieved by a soldier was that of Captain E. Shepherd, of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who reached Skegness (148 miles away) one day and then, two days later, attained an altitude of 12,200 feet before touching down at Newport Pagnell. With Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Stanley, Royal Navy, Captain Shepherd finished eighth out of 20 competitors.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Dorman, of the 13/18th Royal Hussars, an instructor at the Royal Military College of Science, and Lieutenant D. J. Corbett, a former Sapper, were 14th. The latter flew 84 miles to Harpenden and reached 10,900 feet. Two other members

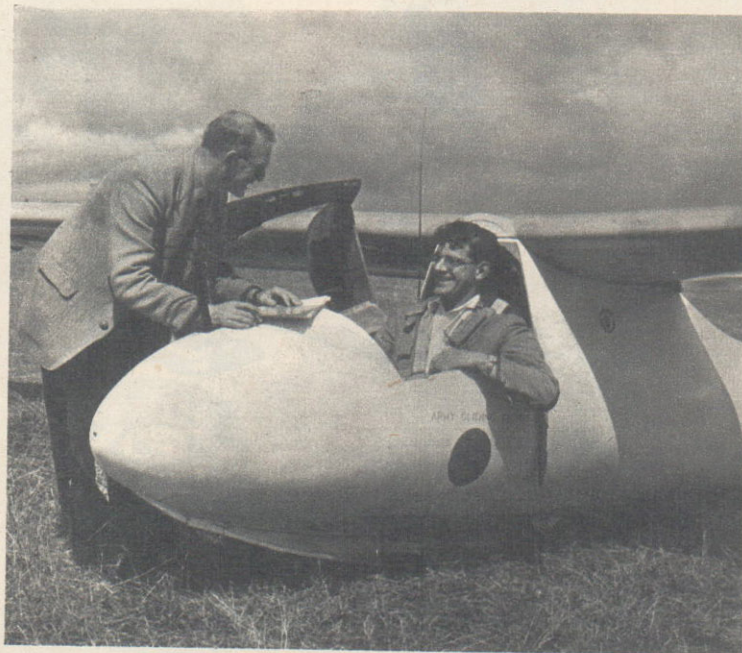
Above (right): Co-pilots Captain E. Shepherd and Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Stanley (in the glider) work out details of the latter's flight from Nympsfield to Wolverhampton. They jointly finished eighth and Capt. Shepherd was the best soldier-pilot.

Left: Captain J. M. Ibbotson, 16/5th Lancers, wearing a ski-cap boards the Army's two-seater glider, a Slingsby "Eagle," for a flight with Lieutenant D. J. Corbett.

Below: Commander H. C. N. Goodhart (right) and Sergeant J. S. Williamson beside the glider in which Commander Goodhart was runner-up in this year's world gliding championships.



Silhouetted against a backcloth of storm clouds, an Army glider is towed by car to the take-off point. Overhead is the Tiger Moth which later pulled it into the air.



of the Army Club, Lieutenant-Commander M. P. Seth-Smith, Royal Navy, and Pilot Officer P. R. Barrell, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve—were 17th.

Similar contests were held at Dunstable and in Scotland where Warrant Officer E. Stark, Royal Engineers, competed.

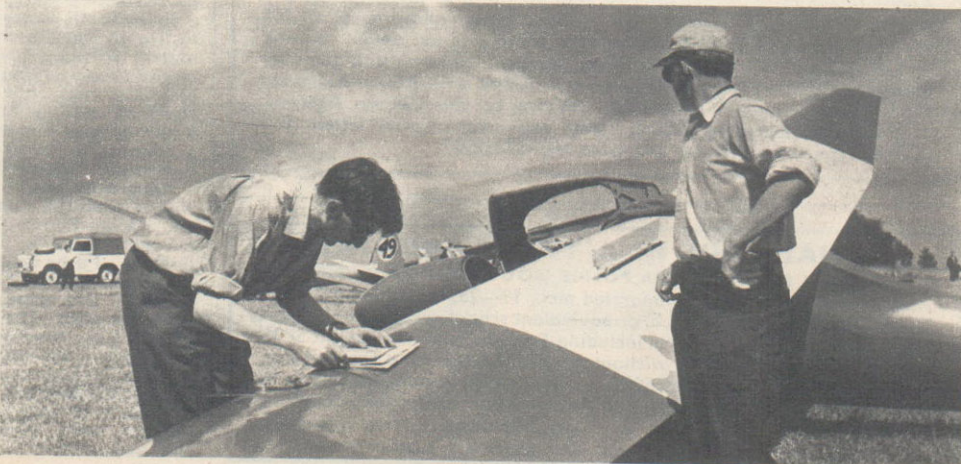
It may seem odd that sailors and airmen should represent the Army in gliding competitions. The explanation is that the Army Gliding Club offers a quarter of its membership to the other two Services which in turn accept soldiers into their clubs.

The Army Gliding Club, which was formed in 1949 with a handful of enthusiasts, is today 260 strong, financially sound and adequately equipped with the latest type of sailplanes—the newest of which was recently donated by the Nuffield Trust at a cost of £2200. The big worry is the possibility that Lasham airfield in Hampshire, its headquarters along with those of many other clubs, may have to close.

At Lasham, instruction is given by professional teachers to all clubs based there and if the Army Club had to move it would lose these services and have to rely mainly on only two Regular Army instructors, one of whom is at present serving in the Far East. Hence there would be a desperate need for more instructors, who would have to be provided from the Army Reserve as so few Regular soldiers have the time or opportunity to reach the required standard.

If the Army Gliding Club does have to move from Lasham a new headquarters may be set up at Catterick where the Royal Air Force Gliding Club already operates.

W. F. COUSINS



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Letters

DIEPPE RAID

The article "Dieppe—as the Germans Saw It" (SOLDIER, August) had a special interest for me, as I lost my older brother there. He was serving with The Royal Canadian Regiment.

I can also tell you the origin of the pictures you published. In September 1945, while I was stationed in Land Oldenburg in Germany, I arrested a German for being in possession of arms. He was a civilian photographer and during the search of his house, large quantities of pictures of several wartime operations were found. He admitted taking the pictures when he was serving in the German Forces as a Public Relations photographer. Among those pictures were not only copies of the pictures you have printed, but the negatives of pictures covering the entire Dieppe raid. Unfortunately, I lost these negatives after my return to Canada in 1947.

The photographer now has a flourishing business and was the photographer at my wedding in Germany in 1956.—Sergeant J. A. Carroll, No. 4 Provost-Platoon, Canadian Armed Forces, Europe.

TRIBUTE TO "BLUES"

I cannot understand why so many Britons seem to dislike the British Army's No. 1 dress (SOLDIER recently told how a Member of Parliament once described it as "the uniform of a superannuated postman").

In my opinion it is very smart and more "regimental" than the blue dress uniform which is issued to certain Honor Guard regiments of the United States Army. I was in England last year to watch the Trooping the Colour and think the ceremony is one of the wonders of the world.—Philip Leventhal, 530 West 163rd Street, New York.

NORTH v. SOUTH

As a Cornishman married to a Devonshire "dumpling" and privileged to command a small unit of NCOs, all of whom hail from the South of England, may I "protest" at your assertions (SOLDIER to Soldier, July) that in the North the cost of living is cheaper, the countryside more attractive and the people more friendly.

In the South we are fortunate enough to live on Cornish cream, Devonshire butter, Wiltshire ham, Sussex lamb, Norfolk turkeys, prime meat from the best of all beef cattle—the Devon and Hereford—and all washed down with a nice drop of Somerset cider! What a contrast to "toad-in-the-hole" and Lancashire "hot-pot"!

Apparently you've not visited East Anglia, Kent (the Garden of England), the bracing Sussex Downs or any of the other beautiful areas of Southern England. I'd be delighted to take you on a tour within 20 miles radius of Salisbury and show you countryside second to none. The air is fresh down here, as many Northern friends who are privileged to live with us will confirm.

Regarding our not being so friendly, I well remember the "East Enders" of London (God bless 'em) who provided our tea, wads, cigarettes and papers and wished us "Good luck Ducks!"

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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as we were en route for the Normandy invasion. This surely was hospitality that can never be beaten anywhere.

No, Mr. Editor, you are "barking up the wrong tree" this time. Some of us may have been born with "a piece of straw between our teeth" but "us baint all 'ostile"!

Finally, we hope you will remember the old—but very true—saying:

"There's so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us. That it ill behoves any of us to find fault with the rest of us."

Good luck to SOLDIER from the "unfriendly" Southerners!—Charles G. Clymow, CRMP, Salisbury.

★ At the risk of precipitating a civil war, SOLDIER stands fast. More jobs await the ex-officer in the north and houses are easier to find and much cheaper in Heckmondwike than in Harrow. Captain Clymow should not scorn, untasted, the delicacies of black puddings, pigs' trotters and tripe and onions, the beauties of the Yorkshire Dales and the Lake District, the homeliness of the northern village pub with its flagged floors, old settles, scrubbed tables and spittoons.

THE RIFLE

You comment (SOLDIER to Soldier, August) on a letter by "Looking Ahead" in the RAOC Gazette in which he is alleged to suggest that the "British Army is wasting its time training men to fire small arms, and that the rifle should be scrapped." I think you have given a wider meaning to "Looking Ahead's" opinions than was written in his letter. The essence of what he wrote was that too much emphasis was placed upon rifle shooting in the RAOC, which is different from saying that the rifle should be scrapped in the British Army.

It is no part of my case to argue whether "Looking Ahead" is right or wrong, but I should not like readers of SOLDIER to feel that the RAOC Gazette would lend its space to any such futile arguments or "dangerous thinking" (to quote your own comments) as that small arms generally were out-dated and should be scrapped.—Brigadier R. R. M. Mayhew (rtd.), Blackdown, Aldershot.

In my opinion, and I imagine in that of many others, the rifle and weapons like it will never be useless as

"Looking Ahead" suggests. Rear echelons were overrun by the Japs infiltrating in Burma on many occasions during World War Two. What would have been the use of an atomic weapon there?—D. K. Johnson, Basingstoke.

WASHING MACHINES

This year the Government increased Services pay as an incentive to recruiting. Since then a local order, or it may be general, lays down that the following items may not be included in MFO baggage: pianos, cabinet gramophones, radiograms, wireless and television sets, refrigerators, washing machines and similar articles.

Ignoring pianos which are obviously too large for MFO cases, and refrigerators which are issued overseas, it appears that the only reasons for excluding these items are a desire to create pointless restrictions and to discourage the re-engagement of married soldiers.

Why a housewife should be barred from using a washing machine just because she is unfortunate enough to be married to a soldier instead of a bank clerk or a brick-layer's labourer is beyond the understanding of many of us here in Tripoli.—Staff-Sergeant G. B. Dickinson, 595 Ordnance Depot, RAOC.

MINDEN UNIFORM

In SOLDIER (August) you published a picture of two men of the Royal Hampshire Regiment wearing what purports to be the kit of 1759 with which the 37th Regiment went into action at Minden.

However, the firearms shown are percussion lock muskets of about 80 years later than 1759 and the waistbelts are modern, with circular clasps instead of rectangular buckles. The muskets appear to be French.

In 1759, the Infantry did not wear scarlet tunics, but red coats. The colour was something like a dark brick red and was known as "Infantry Red." The scarlet did not come into use for the men until 1871.



Mr. Griffiths' sketch of how he thinks a private of the 37th Regiment was dressed at Minden. Note: he carried both sword and bayonet and wore a red coat.

I enclose an original sketch showing how I think private soldiers in the 37th would have appeared at Minden although I am doubtful about white gaiters being worn on active service (also of powdered hair and wigs). The 37th, and many other regiments, had "marching gaiters" of brown or black material as well as white.

Until about 1763 the private soldiers of battalion companies carried both swords and bayonets, in a double "frog" suspended from the waistbelt. The men of the Grenadier companies carried swords until 1784. I think they would also have carried tin water bottles and haversacks, possibly of grey canvas. In heavy marching order the knapsack, of goat skin, was worn under the left arm, high up and more to the back.—B. T. A. Griffiths, 1 St. Vincents Road, Newport, Mon.

The nearest weapon in your photograph is basically a model 1842 French percussion musket. The other looks very like a British Enfield of 1853 or it might even be a Snider conversion. The French 1842 pattern musket was also used by the Russians in the Crimean War and thus has found its way into British Army collections. The style can be seen, too, in America. However, whatever the ultimate nationality, this one has the definite stamp of St. Etienne.

The study of military firearms is such an interesting subject and the dear old British Army is so very ignorant about it that I had to draw your attention to this point.—W. A. Thorburn, Curator, Scottish United Services Museum, Edinburgh.

NOT FOR FOREIGNERS

Can a foreigner join the Territorial Army?—Bohdan Sweryda, Smalstown, Cumberland.

★A foreigner cannot join the Territorial Army, but a naturalised British subject can.

BAYONETS

When did the practice of wearing bayonets with walking-out dress cease in the British Army?—Captain I. H. Duckworth, 1st Battalion Federation of Malaya Volunteers, Malaya.

★SOLDIER believes that between the two world wars it was the custom for some regiments to wear sidearms when walking-out; in others it was confined to WO's II and sergeants. There is no record of when the practice ceased.

IRISH ARMY

The Irish Army is estimated at 43,000 officers and men. Can SOLDIER say what it consists of?—"Drumcondra."

OVER . . .



Skate Night Final!

K EEN ON SKATING? Swimming? Tennis? What about popping in to the Local afterwards, for a Refresher Course with your friends? After good healthy exercise you can't beat good wholesome beer. Pints of draught for the men. Pale ale or brown, or stout, for the ladies.

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more letters

★The Irish Army is organised very much on British lines. It is made up of the following corps: Infantry, Artillery, Air, Cavalry, Engineers, Signals, Ordnance, Supply and Transport, Medical, and Military Police.

KOSB—NOT "KOSBIES"

With reference to your article (August) on the activities of the King's Own Scottish Borderers in Malaya I would like to point out that the whole Regiment, past and present, takes exception to being called "Kosbies." Nor is the regiment in any way associated with the Border Regiment.

In addition to the privilege of recruiting in Edinburgh by beat of drum (except on Sundays, without asking permission of the Lord Provost) the King's Own Scottish Borderers are also privileged to march through Edinburgh with bayonets fixed, drums beating and colours flying. It is the only regiment to be so privileged and the permission of the Colonel of the Regiment is required before any other regiment can do likewise.

These privileges were granted after the battle of Killiecrankie, four months after the raising of the regiment, in recognition of its staunchness in keeping the Highlanders out of Edinburgh. That is why the regiment is proud to bear the title "The Edinburgh Regiment."—Major R. C. Robertson-MacLeod, Commanding Depot, The King's

Own Scottish Borderers, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

THAT EXTRA SHILLING

I enlisted in 1923 and was transferred to the reserve in 1930. I was still on the reserve when I was called up at the outbreak of World War Two. Surely, with 35 years service to my credit, of which 25½ years have been spent with the Colours, I am now entitled to the shilling a day pay increment?—Sergeant E. Lawton, Mons Officer Cadet School.
★As this NCO had a break of more than five years in Colour Service, he can count service only from September, 1939, towards the 22-year pay increment. Consequently, he is not yet eligible.

NOT POSTMEN

You published (July) a story headed "The Army's Postmen Deliver by Rail." Army post is a responsibility of Royal Engineers (Postal Services). Yet the soldier leaning out of the train wears the badge of Royal Signals.

The man concerned is a courier which signifies an entirely different job from that of a postman. These men, mostly Signals, carry all the Army dispatches between all stations along the L of C from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur to Penang as well as those of the Federation Army. They also carry diplomatic correspondence between the UK High Commissioner and HQ of Commissioner General SE Asia.

Their sense of responsibility and security must therefore be of a high

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 28)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. Number of birds' nests in middle tree on left. 2. Position of middle bar of fence. 3. Number of drops of water by leading runner's right hand. 4. Width of stripe on runner's shorts. 5. Shape of fence post at top. 6. Far chimney of cottage. 7. Position of duck in the air. 8. Width of white square bearing the figure "9" on runner's vest. 9. Third runner's left hand. 10. Number of ripples in front of lower duck.

MILITARY CROSS

1. C H E E R I O
2. A D V I S E R
3. T R U S T E E D
4. E A R T H E N
5. R O B E R T A N
6. I T A L I A N C
7. N U M E R I C
8. G R I M A C E
9. C E R A M I C
10. O R L A N D O
11. R O O S T E R
12. P R E S S U P
13. S P R O U T S

order and in fact they are doing the work of a Queen's Messenger in respect of the diplomatic correspondence.
—Colonel J. M. S. Tulloch, Chief Signal Officer, HQ 17 Gurkha Div/OCLE, Seremban.

EARLY BIRDS

On what date did the first British troops land in France in 1939?—J. G. McCrory (ex-Royal Ulster Rifles), 35 Hailey Lane, Hertford Heath.
★On the day before war was officially declared. On 2 September 1939 the Royal Air Force flew to France an advance party of 18 officers and 31 other ranks.

MAIDA

Your article "The Loyals Put The French To Flight" (July), stated that Maida was the Regiment's first battle-honour. The battle of Maida was indeed the first battle-honour won by the 81st Foot (Loyal Lincoln Volunteers) but not by the Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), whose first battle-honour is that of Louisburg, where as the 47th Regiment they distinguished themselves on 26 July 1758.—Major P. F. K. Regnier, Officer Commanding Depot, Loyal Regiment, Preston.

A SAPPER STREET

Your interesting article on how the Sappers helped to found the colony of British Columbia 100 years ago said that the memory of many of those men lives on in place names there.

This reminded me that another Sapper's name is commemorated in Nairobi where a new street designed to link the Princess Elizabeth Highway with the Government Road has been called "Sergeant Ellis Avenue."

Sergeant George Ellis, RE, lived at a base camp at Nairobi in 1897, when the city was little more than a collection of huts, and was in charge of road construction from Mombasa to Lake Victoria.—"Sapper."

SERGEANT "MICK"

In 1949 you published a photograph of our mascot, a dog called "Mick." This month "Mick" is 10 years old and is still a very active member of 7 Reconnaissance Flight, Army Air Corps. He was born in a barber's *basha* on the main road from Kuala Lumpur to Noble Field and was named after Bombardier "Mick" Geoghegan who led the raiding party which abducted the dog.

"Mick" is always on early morning parade and accompanies Flight members on prowler guard. He was the first dog to fly with the Flight and he has travelled all over Malaya and Singapore. He has fathered many pups and the one which has been kept to follow him as our mascot is nicknamed "Sputnik."—J/T L. Dubois, 7 Reconnaissance Flight, Army Air Corps, Perak, Malaya.

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