

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER 1954



NINEPENCE



Frank
Finch



Naafi Grand Slam in Clubs!

THIRTEEN CLUBS—the kind of hand you dream of and never expect to pick up! But there's nothing visionary about the thirteen clubs which the Naafi has 'dealt' the troops—centres at which the serving man and woman may enjoy all the facilities of a first-class social club. Yet a meal costs little more than in any Naafi canteen. All other club amenities (apart from the barber service) are free. The entire cost of establishing the clubs is borne by Naafi.

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CHIPPENHAM: Wood Lane, Chippenham

COLCHESTER: Flagstaff Road, Colchester.

GLASGOW: Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

KHARTOUM: Gordon Avenue, Khartoum.

LINCOLN: Park Street, Lincoln.

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NAAFI

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On the word two!

With a flick of the finger,
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On the word three!

A single touch and it's back
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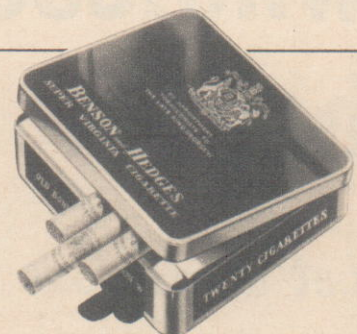
London or Paris or Singapore

Just as surely as the experienced, observant traveller can name those rare qualities which give distinction to famous hotels throughout the world — from London, Lisbon and Paris, to Melbourne, Nassau and Singapore — so will he notice, on his varied journeys, how often Benson & Hedges Super Virginia cigarettes from London have freshly travelled the self-same path.



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**Good
wholesome
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Let's have one at The Local

Winner of all the "classic" flat races
Sir Gordon Richards has been Champion
Jockey 26 times during his racing career.



Sir Gordon Richards

says *"Everyone can finish
out in front"*

The way may seem long when you first start out in a job, but with energy and grit you'll go on with flying colours. Make your choice and seize every chance, and put everything you've got into your job. It's hard work but worth it. It's the way to get ahead. It doesn't matter *what* job you do. Make up your mind to make a *good* job of it. Use personal enterprise—go for every opening you see. That's what brings you success in any job.

WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

Whatever your job is—while there's Free Enterprise there's opportunity. So make the most of it yourself, and encourage the spirit of Free Enterprise in others all you can.

***Free Enterprise gives everyone
a chance and a choice***

Above German fields in this month's big manoeuvres will rise the mushroom smoke-clouds of simulated atom bursts

AND NOW THE ATOM BOMB— TRAINING VERSION

IN the last few years, the British Army of the Rhine has shown high skill in the art of battle simulation.

Now it has tackled the job of producing an "atom burst"—for training purposes.

The first mock-bomb was produced by a Royal Army Ordnance Corps team who successfully exploded it with the aid of the Royal Engineers. Several similar devices have already been tried out, and later versions will be used in Northern Army Group's biggest-yet manoeuvres this month.

To guard against possible alarm among the German population, Rhine Army is giving advance information about the "bombs" to the German press, and to local authorities.

Here is the recipe for a simulated atom burst:

Take a disused 50-gallon oil drum. Three-quarters fill it with a mixture of napalm, petrol, waste oil, smoke composition and titanium tetrachloride and stir well. Attach phosphorus grenades, slabs of TNT and cordtex and stand clear—at least 300 yards away.

When exploded electrically, the "bomb" produces in miniature the appearance of the real thing. The flash is rapidly followed by the spread of heat up

OVER ➔

One of the first imitation atom explosions: safe distance for troops, three hundred yards.



Stirring a mixture of napalm is WO I A. Richards. Into the "bomb" go high octane petrol and various waste oils.

ATOM BOMB

(continued)



to 200 yards from the point of explosion and an upsurge of thick clouds of smoke which form into a mushroom some 300 feet high. The explosion can be heard a mile away.

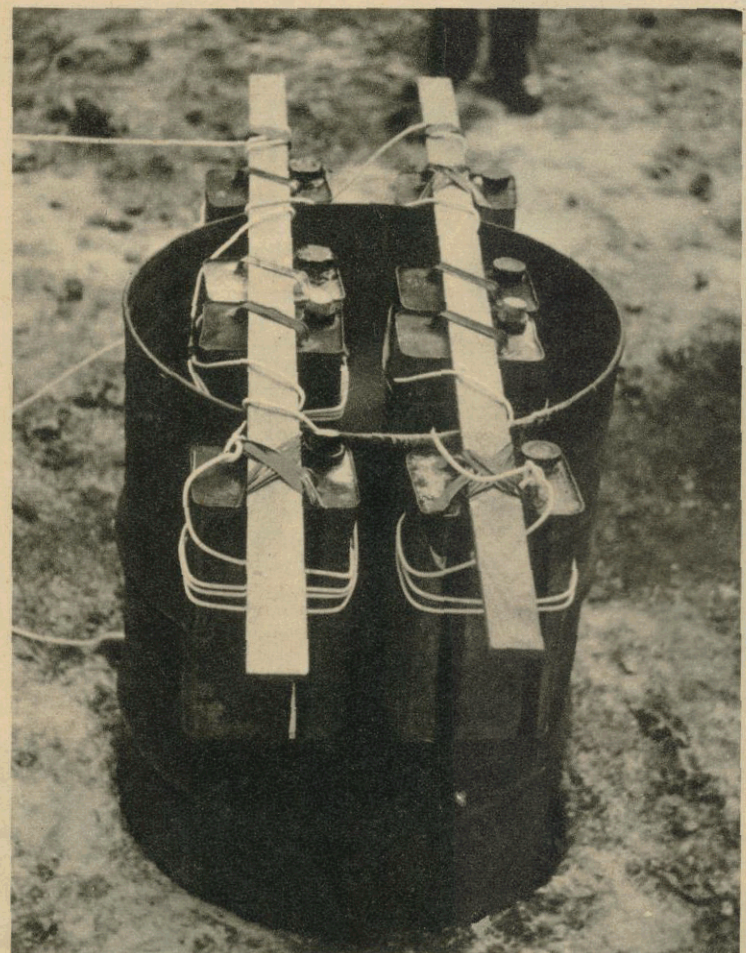
The simulated atom burst is cheaply and quickly made (to prepare the "bomb" and the site takes only two hours) and it can be used in unit exercises down to battalion level. But because the "bomb's" ingredients include explosives and inflammables

which are not normally mixed, the job of preparing them has to be done under the supervision of a Royal Army Ordnance Corps officer trained in the use of explosives.

So long as the danger area of 300 yards is observed these "bombs" are not dangerous to life or limb and the smoke they produce is harmless.

Experiments may be made to produce even more impressive "atom bursts."

Close-up of the "bomb": Grenades (to provide flash) are suspended in the mixture in the barrel. The cans contain titanium tetrachloride, which yields thick smoke. Cordtex leads run to the main fuse.



SOLDIER

IT was only when the British soldier became Egypt's poor relation, and was sent to live in a tent at the bottom of an untended garden, with strict orders never to peep in through the windows, that life in Egypt became hard to take. Until 1946 life on the Nile had been at least tolerable, even during world wars.

But, for many reasons, Egypt will never occupy a sentimental corner of a soldier's memory, as India does. His contacts with the country were briefer. He never had the same links with the Egyptian Army, though he played his part in reorganising and training it.

Withdrawal from the Canal Zone ends what has been called the greatest disincentive to recruiting and re-enlisting in the British Army. How many married men abandoned military careers because they did not relish the family separations involved in a tour of duty on the Canal will never be known.

Ironically, the Army will begin to leave Egypt just as the memorial at El Alamein is to be opened. It is for Alamein, not for the flies and the *khamseen*, that Egypt will be remembered by soldiers of tomorrow. There, under the sand, lie the Allied dead, just as the dead of Wolseley's day lie under the sand of Tel-el-Kebir, outside the gigantic dump.

Incidentally, the Army's stay in Egypt underlined one simple but oft-forgotten truth: you don't HAVE to suffer from flies, malaria and hookworm if you take energetic steps against them. Even when terrorists were most active, the Army's malaria control teams went about their work—work which benefited the Egyptians equally.

FOR the atomic army, "gracious living" (as the advertisers call it) is out.

The Secretary for War has said as much, bluntly. "Gracious living" for soldiers in the field has come to mean concert parties, radio stations, field newspapers, newspapers from home, crates of books, mobile cinemas, mobile shops, mobile canteens, leave lorries and ship loads of beer. Many of these delights never reached the front line, but they were available in the base areas.

In atomic war, with everything sacrificed to the new gods, Mobility and Dispersal, the base areas will lead a spartan life too. Transport will be drastically cut; even the supply of weapons will be pruned. To the Infantryman, who sampled the comforts only occasionally, the news will hardly come as a great shock; but he will be understandably anxious to know which weapons will be left him, in order that he may be "self-reliant, inquisitive, aggressive and tough." He will perhaps be able to spare some sympathy for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, which in the

past has shown a partiality for laying down enormous dumps, and whose problems in an atomic campaign are highly unenviable; and for the Royal Army Service Corps which (no matter how many helicopters help out) will still have to shift a great deal with not very much, rapidly, and without being seen. In every department of the Army a fierce slimming operation will have to be conducted. War may yet become a tougher proposition for the tail than the teeth.

"WHAT sort of mind dreams that military parades fascinate a nation largely composed of ex-Servicemen?" wrote a television critic, sourly, in a national newspaper. He had had his fill of military tattoos.

Yet in the adjoining column one of his colleagues, describing the latest searchlight tattoo, enthused about "a solemn and stately parade of military glory, with massed bands, cavalry and pipers. This made impressive entertainment."

Television, of course, is quite incapable of doing justice to a big out-of-doors spectacle of which space, mass, movement and colour are the elements. To try to savour the inspiration of a searchlight tattoo by peering into a television set is like trying to savour the view from Ben Nevis by staring at it through a reversed telescope—a telescope which, as well as shrinking the view, robs it of its colour.

It will be a strange day if the population of Britain—composed of ex-Servicemen though it is—ever grows tired of the sight of massed bands and glittering cavalry. This summer saw an unusual number of fine tattoos in Britain: the annual one at the White City, London, another at the Roundhay Arena, Leeds (first Northern Command tattoo since 1939), and others at Windsor Home Park and Woolwich Stadium. One of the most praiseworthy was that staged at Dundee. Seventy-five per cent of the troops taking part were Territorials—which represents a prodigious voluntary contribution of man-hours.

To a one-time Cavalryman what irony there must be in watching—as at the White City—the ride of the 16th Lancers (the "Scarlet Lancers"—victors of Aliwal) and then reading in his programme:

"By kind permission of the Officer Commanding 16/5th Lancers and the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, the

to Soldier

'Scarlet Lancers' will be represented by the Metropolitan Mounted Police Ride, led by their equitation instructor, Inspector H. A. Griffin."

Yet the mounted police in their scarlet jackets rode magnificently and were a most exhilarating sight. There are, of course, many ex-Cavalrymen from famous regiments serving in the Metropolitan Mounted Police.

ORGANISING a military tattoo is no easy task, and there are many pitfalls.

Bands, horses, motor cyclists, physical training displays—these are the stand-bys. But there is a limit to the number of evolutions that can be performed by masses of troops. In one tattoo the marching troops criss-crossed in the middle of the arena, so did the cavalry, so did the motor-cyclists (unnervingly), so did the bands, so did the lads in shorts and vests. It can be overdone.

Organisers have to be always on the look-out for a new act (comic or dramatic) which is simple to stage, bearing in mind that it must be one that can be appreciated from the back rows of an enormous amphitheatre. The Gunners at Woolwich Stadium were fortunate to secure the services of the United States Third Air Force, who put on an aerobatic helicopter display. The Guards at Windsor Home Park offered parachute jumping. Anyone who can think of a new stunt which is not over-dangerous and which will not tear up the arena should produce it.

ONE problem which is liable to embarrass the organisers of post-war tattoos is that of fitting men into old-time uniform. Since 1939, SOLDIER is informed, the average chest measurements for men of

military age have increased by at least two inches (of which one-and-a-half inches have been put on in the last ten years).

These facts were revealed by the John Collier tailoring organisation after a study of the size rolls for military tenders during the past 15 years. Before the war



His troops undergo one of the biggest reshuffles of recent times: General Sir Charles Keightley, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces. Now his headquarters will be in Cyprus. Sketch by 'Jak'

Army contracts for khaki were based on Size Seven—for men with 35 to 36-inch chest measurements, from 5 feet 7 inches to 5 feet 8 inches in height. The most recent contracts for Army uniforms have been based on chest

measurements of 37 to 38 inches. This increased robustness is no doubt due to the raised standard of living, school milk and other welfare measures, and the healthier outdoors habits of the nation. It is certain that National Service helps to broaden chests after call-up—or at least persuades men to stick them out.

WHEN a best-selling novel is published, cinema companies at once compete for the screen rights of it.

the Gloucesters." Another registered the title "The Glorious Gloucesters." Then an American firm announced its intention of making a film also to be called "The Glorious Gloucesters." There is, of course, no question of selling the rights to screen this battle. The War Office merely stipulated that the script must be approved by Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Carne VC, who understandably does not wish his own part to be over-emphasised.

Dien Bien Phu had hardly been fought before an American film company announced plans to make an immediate start on a film based on the battle. The title: "Jump into Hell."

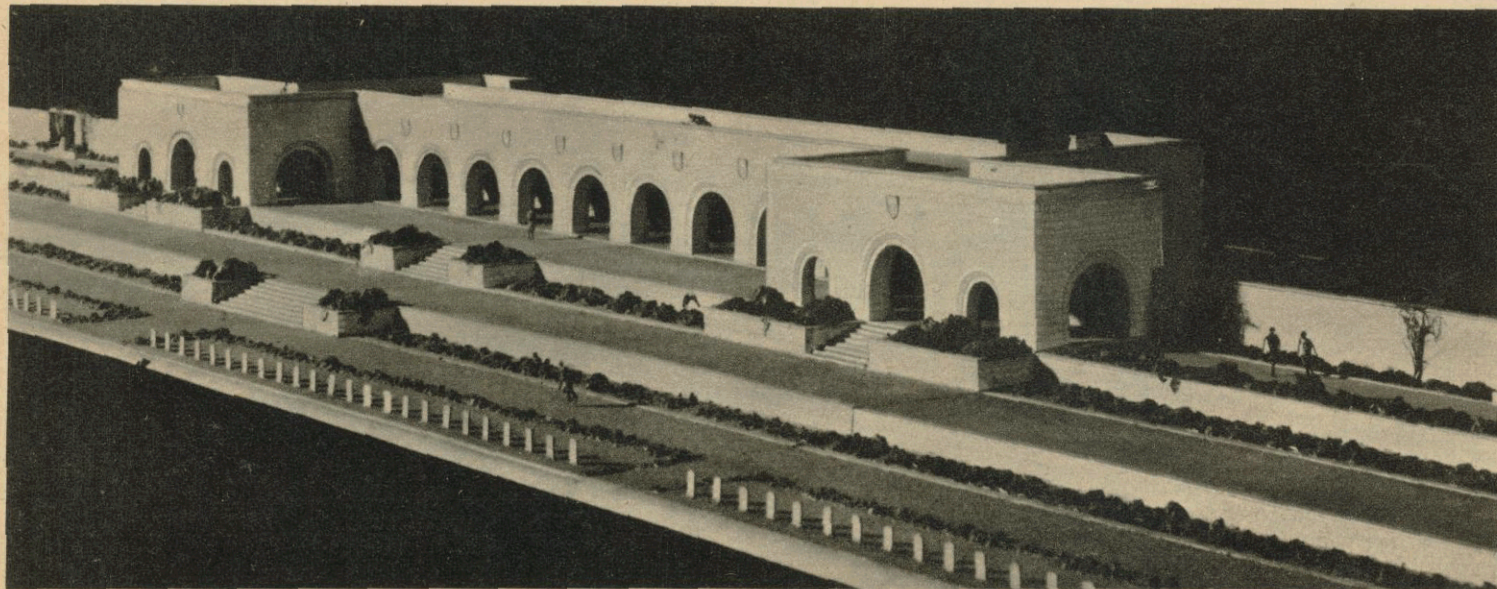
Some may feel this kind of competition to be unseemly, but the time to worry will be when the film-makers ignore the battlefield as a source of inspiration.

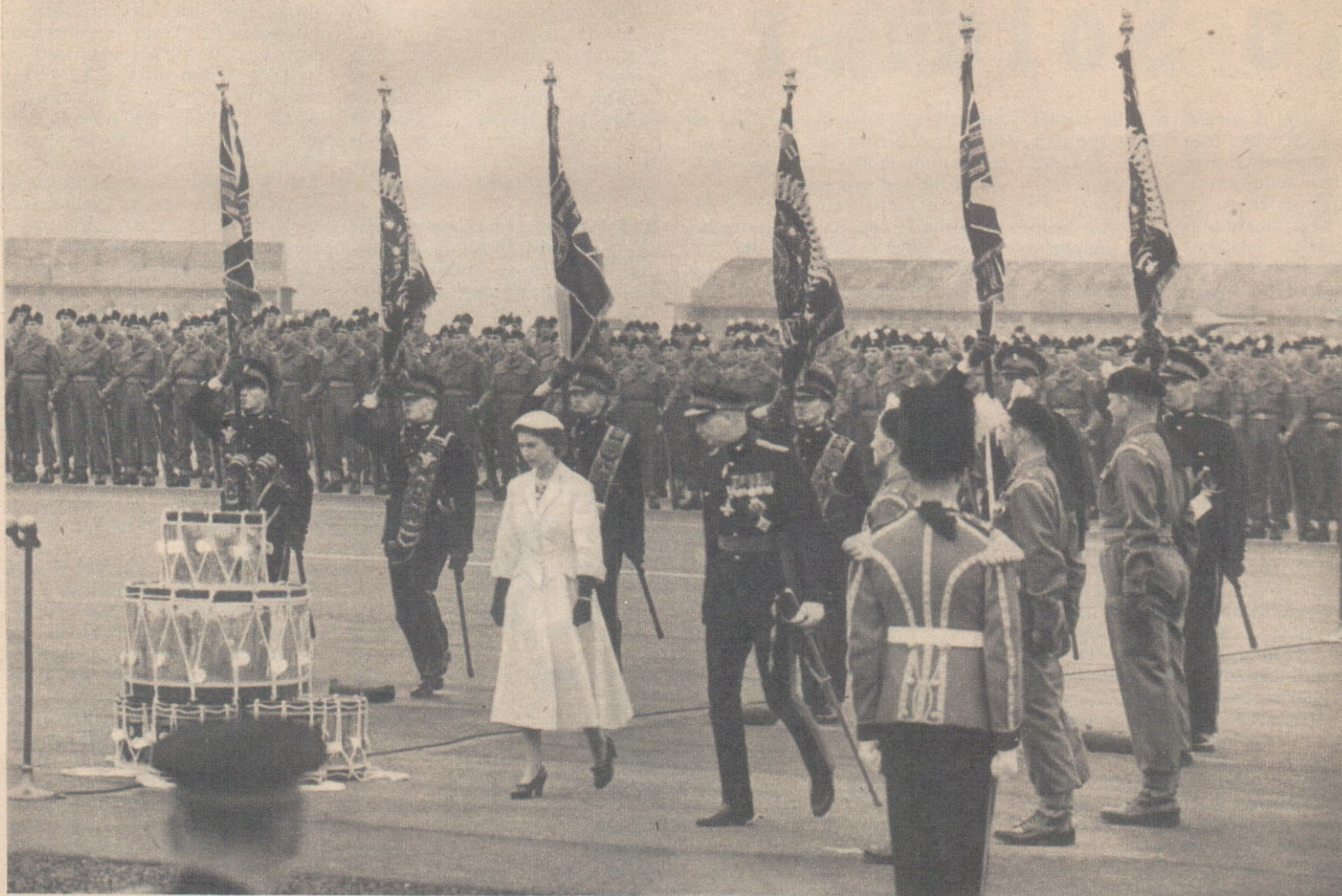
SOME may also feel it odd that an American impresario, Mr. Sol Hurok, should be able to sign up the regimental band of a famous British regiment and fly it to America for what he prophesies will be "a sell-out from Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House onwards." But since British Army bands for years have been regaling our late enemies it is difficult to see why they should not, for once, regale our friends.

Certainly the role of the military band has altered a good deal since the days when its two-fold object was to strike fear into the enemy and to "comforte theyre owne knyghtes and fyghtinge men." Its more recent uses have been to provide music for parades and marching men, to assist drill movements, to raise soldiers' morale at home and abroad, to entertain the public and to stimulate recruiting.

Now the Scots Guards, instead of striking fear into the enemy, are going to inspire joy in our allies (curiously, with the same instruments).

Nearing completion: the memorial to the dead of El Alamein. The architect is Sir Hubert Worthington. A cloister 260 feet long will record the names of 11,945 officers and men of the land and air forces of the British Commonwealth who have no known graves.





The Queen has presented the new Colours and is walking to the microphone to address the parade.
(Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman W. J. STIRLING)

"A Page is Turned . . .

All three battalions of the oldest Welsh Regiment of the Line paraded for an event rare in Army annals

a New Chapter Begins"

IT was the first time in the 265 years of the Royal Welch Fusiliers that three battalions had paraded together to receive new Colours from the Sovereign—their Colonel-in-Chief.

Said the Queen: "It is a moving experience to watch old Colours being marched off parade for the last time. Into their faded fabric are woven stories of notable feats of bravery and endurance in the field and a long record of service at home and overseas. They are carried away to be laid up accompanied by the loyal affection of all who have served under them. A page is turned in the history of the regiment; a new chapter begins."

The old Colours of two of the battalions—the 1st and 4th (Territorial)—were marched off the parade. Those of the 2nd Battalion, which are 95 years old, are already laid up in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle as part of the Regimental Memorial to King George VI.

The ceremony was performed on the rain-swept airfield at Wroughton on the Wiltshire Downs—Welsh territory for the day. More than 1300 men paraded, including old comrades. Each battalion was preceded by its goat, followed by pioneer platoons wearing white buckskin aprons and carrying picks, shovels and axes—a traditional touch in which the Fusiliers take especial pride.



In white buckskin aprons, the pioneers head the battalion—an old Welch custom.

Right: The old Colours are marched off. Those of the 1st Battalion were once inspected by Lord Roberts. They will be laid up in St. David's Cathedral, in Pembrokeshire.



"Under a restless sleeper, biscuits would slide apart, leaving cold and uncomfortable gaps."

The Army has a new bed. It is springy, it does not require "biscuits" — but it CAN be turned into a double-decker

Stand By Your Beds

SINCE soldiers spend a third of their service between blankets, the issue of a new Army bed—for troops in Britain and Rhine Army—is an event of some consequence.

There's nothing very revolutionary about the new bed, except that it is more comfortable than some Army beds of the past. One version of it can be extended, in emergency, to carry a second tier.

With customary gallantry the Army has decided to equip all members of the Women's Royal Army Corps with the new beds first (see the picture on page 12). Men will require to wear out their old beds before they receive new ones.

In time all other types of Army beds and mattresses will disappear from barracks, news which will inspire little regret among old campaigners.

Least-loved of the beds in use during World War Two was probably the three-piece board bed which rested on a pair of low wooden trestles. The boards did not always fit properly into the trestles and when they did there was still room for them to move sideways, so that in turning over during the night the occupant was often severely pinched in the fleshy part of his anatomy. The boards themselves were supposed to bend with the weight of the body. Not even the issue of "biscuits" made this type of bed popular.

These biscuits, invented during World War One and so-called because they closely resembled in shape and colour the Army issue biscuit for eating, were about two-feet square and

there were three to a bed. Under a restless sleeper they would slide apart, leaving cold and uncomfortable gaps; also they would develop exasperating bumps. Biscuits are still in use at some barracks today, and at summer camps.

Another bed which served the Army for a long time and which was as dour and unbending as its Scottish name implied was the McDonald. This was an iron affair, invented before World War One, which telescoped into half its normal size when the foot end was forced back. Across the frame wide strips of metal formed a mattress spring of sorts.

The palliasse is the oldest form of Army bed and is still sometimes used. The idea was borrowed from the French in the 16th century. In 1789 an Army medical board proposed that fresh straw should be issued for stuffing palliasses every 12 weeks. Those regiments without palliasses received bundles of clean straw, 30 lbs. to each man, every eight days. Because they were light and easily transportable, palliasses were ideal for campaigning and the Duke of Wellington spoke highly of them in his despatches from Spain. When World War Two broke out there

were not enough palliasses to go round and many firms were called on to make up the deficiency.

Iron and wooden bedsteads—with palliasses—were in use in barracks in the eighteenth century. Sometimes, to save space, soldiers slept side by side in double beds but those who were billeted in inns almost always had to make do with the floor.

"Sheets, ATS," which were being used as table-cloths, altar cloths and cinema screens.) For economy reasons sheets were withdrawn from the Army in the middle of the 19th century.

Hammocks have also been tried out in barracks. In 1856, after a Government inquiry on barrack conditions, a few were issued but they were never popular and were soon withdrawn. Soldiers disliked them because they had to be taken down in daytime and when off-duty a man had nowhere to rest in privacy. Soon afterwards the double-tier bed was introduced.

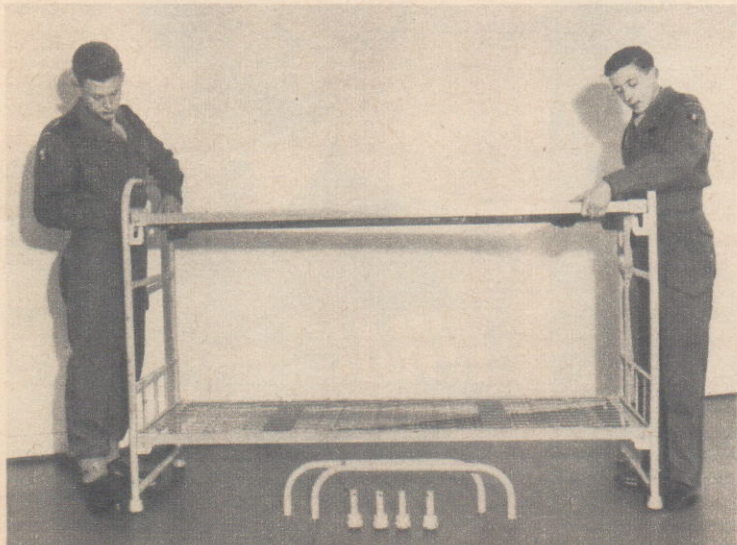
In India before and during the last war most soldiers slept on the *charpoy* bed, which had a wooden frame and a rope mattress base. In Burma and Malaya stakes of bamboo were driven into the ground and on them were placed interlaced bamboo sticks which were very pliable and bent easily with the weight of the body.

In barracks, officers have al-



The double-tier bed came into the Army about a century ago. Putting revellers to bed on the "top deck" was something of a problem.

The new tubular metal bed, with the emergency second tier being added. As a single bed the end frames are only half the height.



The innkeepers were careful to lock away all their beds when it was known that a regiment was to be quartered in the town.

Remember how the Army was twitted in 1947 when it was decided to issue sheets to soldiers? The twitters were 200 years behind the times, for sheets were first issued to soldiers in the British Army in 1737. On joining, recruits received a clean pair for which they paid threepence. Once a month the sheets were washed under the personal supervision of the duty officer. Barrack Rules and Orders for 1737 say that "officers must . . . not allow the men to make use of any of the sheeting for table linen or for purposes other than that for which it was designed." (Similar orders were issued in World War Two in respect of

ways had their own issue beds, a slightly improved version of the men's. In the field, in the early 1800s, they carried cork mattresses, but these were unwieldy and most officers made do with straw-filled palliasses.

Just before World War One canvas camp beds, mounted on iron or wooden struts, were issued.

The Army also issues beds (double and single) for married quarters, children's beds with drop sides and babies' cots. In military hospitals there are some twelve different types of beds, including those that can be wheeled and those with devices for lifting fractured limbs. The Obstetric Bed, Mark 2, at £87 complete is the most expensive bed in the Army.

E. J. GROVE

QUEEN MARY'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS.

The GIRL
behind the man
behind the gun.



ENROL TO-DAY FULL PARTICULARS AND
FORMS OF APPLICATION FROM
THE NEAREST EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE.
ASK AT POST OFFICE FOR ADDRESS.

Imperial War Museum
Even if she wasn't *chic* she was cheery—and her heart was in the right place.



She was frank and innocent—and they used to give her a form asking whether she wished to be met at railway stations.

THE ROAD TO

FOR nigh on forty years the artists have been drawing their conception of the ideal Service girl.

For the artist it was often a difficult assignment. In both world wars the authorities frowned on any tendency to introduce glamour. Bright eyes, yes; a cheery smile, yes; a friendly wave, yes; a general air of eagerness, yes. But the girl was not expected to have hips or bosom. And her hair was usually severely dressed.

Since the Women's Royal Army Corps was formed recruiting ideas have changed. The girl in green has been to a charm school. She has gained elegance and poise. She is no longer "hearty." You would probably think twice before you chaffed her in the NAAFI.



In 1914-18 she waved like this — and in 1939-45 she waved like this.

GLAMOUR

"Too glamorous" was the surprising criticism of this blonde by Mr. A. Games, the well-known poster artist, in World War Two.



Here's the kind of girl that the Army wants to bring in nowadays—the officer-type. "She has confidence and a just pride in her position. She also has humanity, and the tolerance of one who has moved among people and knows the worth of good companionship. She has, too, the zest and experience of the world acquired by the traveller to far places." (From the recent booklet, "Trusty and Well Beloved").



The kind of girl your mother would surely approve of: an ATS of World War Two.



The nineteen-fifties: a smart new uniform, and a wistful, serious face to go with it.



The latest recruiting poster: flashing eyes and a toothpaste smile. Popular as a "pin-up"

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS BARRACK-ROOM?



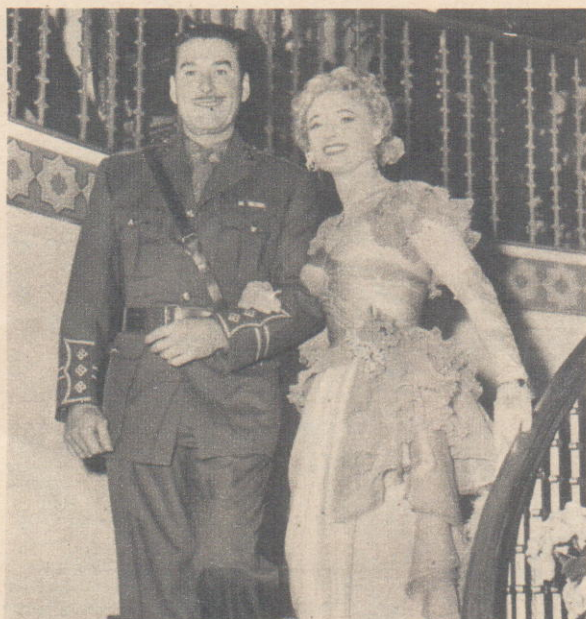
IT looks like a "still" from a film—but this is a scene from the real Army, at Catterick Camp. The photographer who found his way into this no-man's-land got away with quite a Human Interest picture.

Lance-Corporal Alma Robinson, Women's Royal Army Corps (that's her battle-dress blouse with the smart white stripe at top, right), is trying on a wedding outfit drawn from the Quartermaster's Store.

("There are brides' veils, Billowing like sails, In the Store . . ."). A few of Lance-Corporal Robinson's friends, in their workaday clothes, have dropped in to see that the bride is a credit to the camp. Each expression tells its own story.

The bridegroom was Signalman Bill Barrow (there he is below). Everything was laid on by the Army, including the Wedding March and the reception.

And no doubt an Army squad was detailed to sweep up the confetti afterwards.



Remember the man who recaptured Burma? Errol Flynn is now in British Army uniform, with a Military Cross ribbon up and three pips (plus Anna Neagle) on his sleeve. The scene is from the new film *Lilacs In The Spring*. Period: 1917.





The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, depicted by an artist in 1882.—By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."

NOW FOR THE EXODUS

*The story of the British Army in Egypt is nearing its end.
It will be perpetuated in badges and battle-honours*

THEY have started packing in the Canal Zone of Egypt. It will take 20 months—one of the most gigantic packing-up operations in the Army's history.

Think of Tel-el-Kebir, with the biggest base Ordnance depot in the world, and vast Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers workshops. To close down "Tek" is equivalent to closing down a major industrial town.

Not everything will leave "Tek." Under civilian supervision, the great base will be kept on "care and maintenance"—in case the Army needs it again.

It is fitting that "Tek" should stand, for it was here that the foundation of the British Army's long stay in Egypt was laid. Nearby are the graves of the men who fought on that day in 1882 when Britain's influence in Egypt was established.

Tel-el-Kebir was not the first battle British troops had fought on Egyptian soil. In 1801, men of 40 regiments met Napoleon's troops at Alexandria and earned the right to wear a badge bearing a Sphinx. The 28th of Foot, now the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, there fought its famous back-to-back action, and was awarded two Sphinx badges, one for the front and one for the rear of its headdress.

The campaign of 1882 opened when the Navy bombarded Alexandria and a brigade landed and made a feint towards Cairo. Meanwhile, the main force under Sir Garnet Wolseley went ashore at Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, and set off across the desert to the capital. At Tel-el-Kebir ("The Big Hill") they delivered a dawn attack on the forces of the rebel Arabi Pasha, and 36 hours later British Cavalry were taking the surrender of Cairo and its 10,000-strong garrison. The men of that first British garrison braved the Egyptian summer covered from head to toe and determined that the sun should not shine on their

bodies. The last garrison faces it in shorts and swimming trunks.

From then until World War One, Egypt was to be a base rather than a battlefield, except during periods of rioting. British officers built a new Egyptian Army, and one of those who held the post of Sirdar (commander-in-chief) was Lord Kitchener.

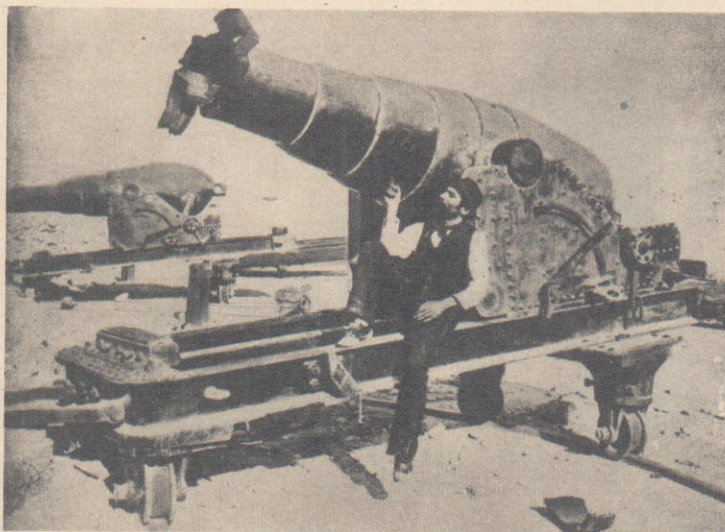
Early in 1915, a German-led Turkish column crossed the Sinai desert, pushing cumbersome landing-craft on rollers, and appeared on the bank of the Suez Canal. For a day battle raged between Ismailia and the Bitter Lakes. Then the enemy withdrew.

The next year, the Turks again marched on the Canal, but this time British troops met them well east of it, at Romani, and defeated them. By the end of the year, the British Army had

reached Egypt's eastern frontier, taking with it a road, a railway and a pipe-line.

Between wars, Egypt was a training-ground in which many of the commanders of World War Two saw service. Earl Wavell served on the staff of Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, who was High Commissioner, and helped to put down a revolt. In Cairo, one Lieutenant Gerald Templer distinguished himself by making shakoes out of tarbooshes for a tattoo. In the Canal Brigade, the commander, later to be General Sir Frederick Pile, chief of Britain's anti-aircraft defences in World War Two, administered such a "rocket" to two battalion commanders that he expected them to report him to the commander-in-chief. One was Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard Montgomery. General Pile says in his autobiography that 36 officers who served in the Brigade in 1932-36 achieved general's rank in World War Two.

In 1882 the Navy bombarded Alexandria and put the guns out of action. The Army marched on Cairo after landing at Ismailia.



The Sphinx badge was earned by more than 40 regiments at Alexandria in 1801. The Gloucesters wear a Sphinx back and front.

In 1935 came rumours of war, as Mussolini's legions marched into Abyssinia. Troops were rushed to Egypt from Britain. A "mobile force" concentrated in the Mersa Matruh area and along the "Wire"—the barbed-wired frontier between Egypt and Italian-occupied Cyrenaica. On the Canal banks, British troops watched Italian troopships pass, and to their "Vivas" replied with such time-honoured gibes as "You're going the wrong way," and others less printable. There was no clash but the "flap" revealed the flaws in the defences of Egypt and the Canal. As a result, mechanisation was hastened and machines were tested in the roadless deserts.

Then came World War Two. From the tented transit camps and dumps and workshops on the Canal went the men and the weapons for Wavell's nine campaigns, and for Alamein. From Cairo the Middle East war was directed, and in Cairo, Alexandria and Ismailia, the desert fighters rested and recuperated.

In 1947 came the evacuation of the Nile Delta. A new era began in the Canal Zone. Cities of tents and huts sprang up to accommodate the evacuees. They were built by German prisoners-of-war who also staffed messes and drove trucks, guarded dumps and manned workshops. The Germans went home and civilians came in to help. Then came the "troubles"—but those are recent history.

OVER →

EXODUS (continued)



Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener was Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. Below: Victor of Tel-el-Kebir, General Sir Garnet Wolseley.



The Suez Defence Memorial of World War One soars above the Canal near Ismailia. Here the Turks were repulsed in one day.

THE LAND OF MALEESH

THE *Khamseen*, that hot, dust-laden desert wind, will blow on the British Army for one more summer. When it comes again in 1956, for the first time in 74 years there will be no British soldier in Egypt to curse it.

The *khamseen* will merge into memory along with the other plagues which threatened the British soldier in Egypt. There were the flies, the most persistent in the world; but in recent years the Army had them on the retreat, morale broken. There was "gypsy tummy," which could be blamed on flies, and for which one "cure" was a large port and brandy. There was bilharzia, a parasitic disease, but the Army with its water discipline knew how to beat that. There were the bed-bugs of Kasr-el-Nil and the Citadel in Cairo, and of the big camp at Abbassia and Mustapha Barracks in Alexandria—but the Army shook them off when it moved to the Canal. There were pi-dogs—"fifteen injections if you are bitten" (recalling the fifteen injections for falling into the evil Sweetwater Canal).

There were other kinds of plagues, ranging from shoe-shine boys, touts, dragomen and beggars to the *clifti-wallahs*, deft enough to filch a man's kit from the back of a truck as it slowed to turn a corner. There were the exasperating types who said *maleesh* (never mind) when anything went wrong—if they were

Egypt added many words to the soldier's vocabulary—"ackers" among them. It was a land of open-air cinemas and Stella beer

not themselves the sufferers—and those who promised unfaithfully to do something *badin* (by and by) or *bukra* (tomorrow). *Maleesh* passed into the English language, along with *ackers*, the soldier's word for piastres.

Pleasant memories go on the record, too. It was agreeable to have your dirty clothes collected by *dhobi-wallahs* in the morning and returned ready for wear in the evening (but it was a little disturbing to see the *dhobis* damp a garment for ironing by spraying

it with a mouthful of water). There were the *suffragis*, picturesque waiters in white gowns, red tarbushes and red sashes, whom you summoned by clapping hands.

There were the little Greek and Armenian cafés with their eternal menu of eggs-and-chips and iced rice-pudding, where as late as 1940 you could get a good supper for five piastres (a shilling), and the waiters encouraged you with "A little garlic is good for the stomach, Johnnie." There was

the pale yellow Stella beer and, for the hardened toper, the aniseed-flavoured *zibib*, equally potent as an appetiser and producer of hang-overs. There was the expensive cherry-brandy which tasted like sweetened red ink, which it probably was, and the atrocious Alexandria whisky. There were the little cups of Turkish coffee, invariably accompanied by a glass of cold water. ("The coffee make the heart go, the water make sweat. Is good, George.")

There were the summer evening shows in open-air cinemas, under a sky that never lacked shooting stars, followed by a ride home in a decrepit horse-drawn *gharri*—subject to the successful completion of a prolonged preliminary haggle with the driver. *Gharri*s did not carry meters.

There were the clubs and canteens which multiplied in wartime in Cairo; the pleasant open-air New Zealand YMCA, where you could get your socks darned and a hot shower; the Victory Club, which had a first-class library and a notice in the cloak-room reading, "Please take your watch—and leave our soap"; the Tipperary, near Opera Square; "Music for All," where colonels and corporals listened companionably to Beethoven.

There was shopping in the big modern department stores, or, for those who liked to haggle over a cup of coffee, in a hole-in-the-wall in the Muski or the backstreets. There were hand-bags, stamped with designs of camels and pyramids, to send home to Mum, silks for the girl-friend, and good cheap shoes for oneself.

There was leave, lounging on the beach at Alexandria or on the shore of Lake Timseh. There were Cheops's pyramid to climb at Mena, and the Sphinx, the Mohamed Ali Mosque and the big museum to explore in Cairo. For the more adventurous (and affluent) there were steamer-trips up the Nile to the antiquities of Luxor. There was every kind of sport, though grass playing fields were the exception rather than the rule.

For the "gaberдинe swine," the much-maligned Staff officers in Cairo, there were Shephard's Hotel and the Gezira Club, the Turf Club and the Metro—the one air-conditioned cinema which was destroyed (along with Shephard's) in the riots of 1952. There was Jimmy's where, if you were clever, you could eat your dinner and watch a film in the open air at the same time; the Hotel des Roses, where a negro crooner broadcast infuriatingly to the Desert Army, "Time on My Hands, and You in My Arms."

Then later there were the glamorous lakeside clubs of the Canal Zone, where the moon shone democratically on the romantic palms which watched over the evening diversions of generals and privates alike.

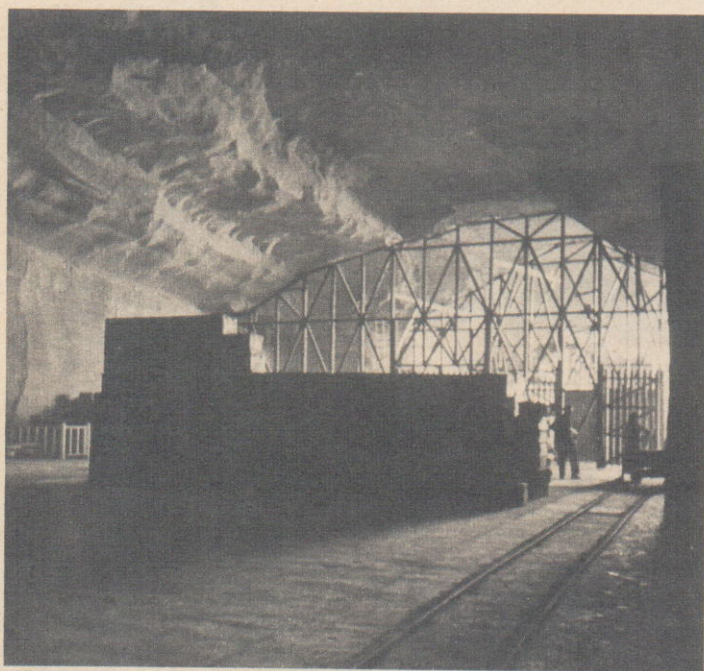
Oh, there was a lot to be said for Egypt. RICHARD ELLEY.

The Canal, 1916: Hertfordshire Yeomanry watch the ships go by.





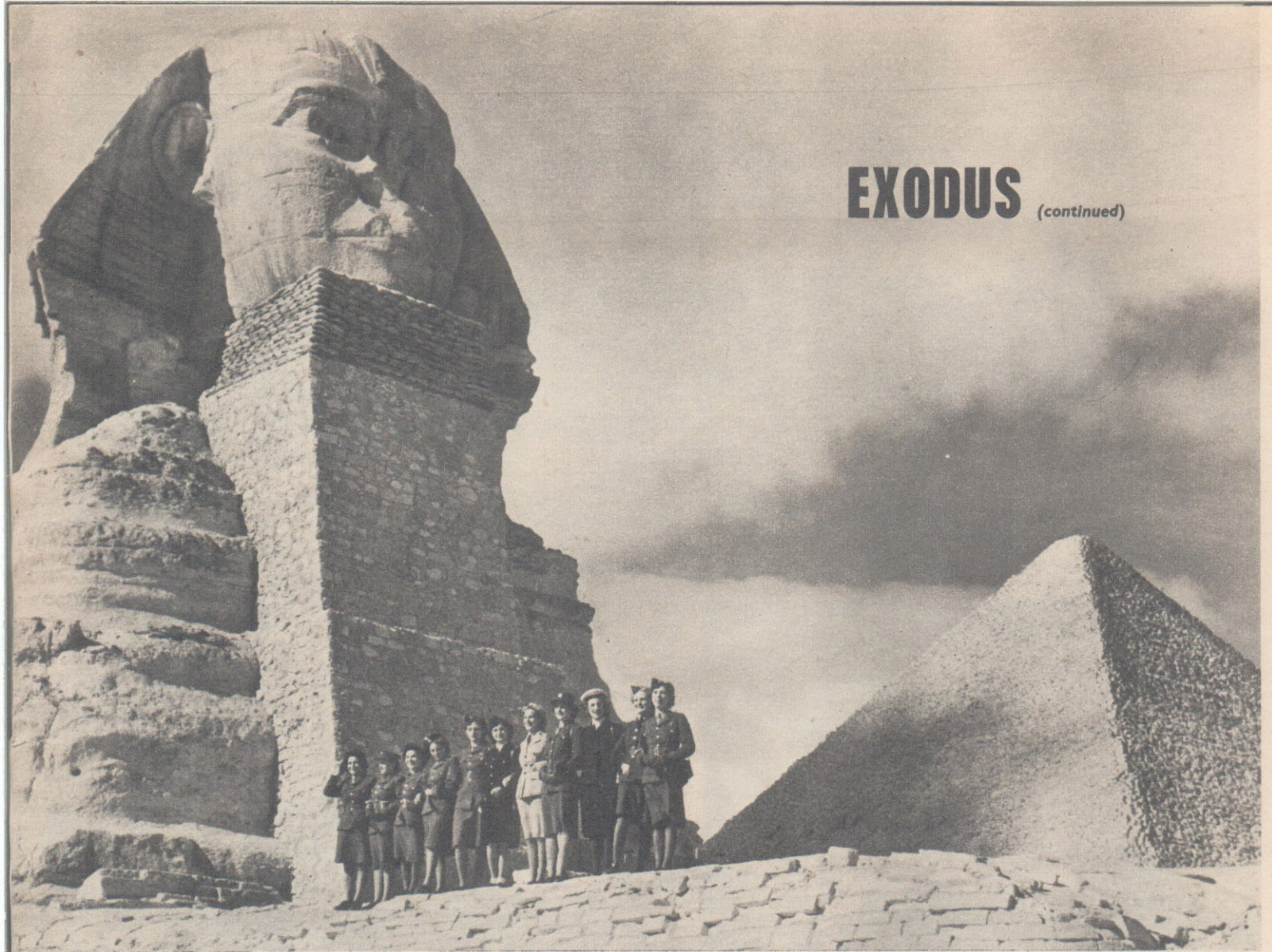
The name of this battered station will be a battle honour of tomorrow. Below: on Cheops Pyramid a detachment of airmen keep watch for raiding aircraft while Allied statesmen confer at Mena House.



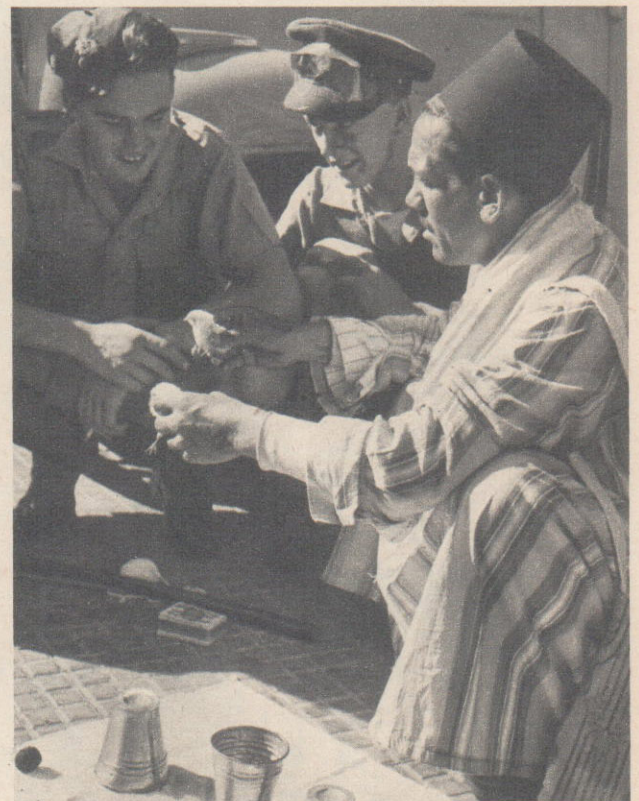
In the immense Tura Caves, near Cairo, were stacked stores for the desert armies. Below: "Struth, what next?" A study from the back streets of Cairo by war artist Edward Ardizzone.



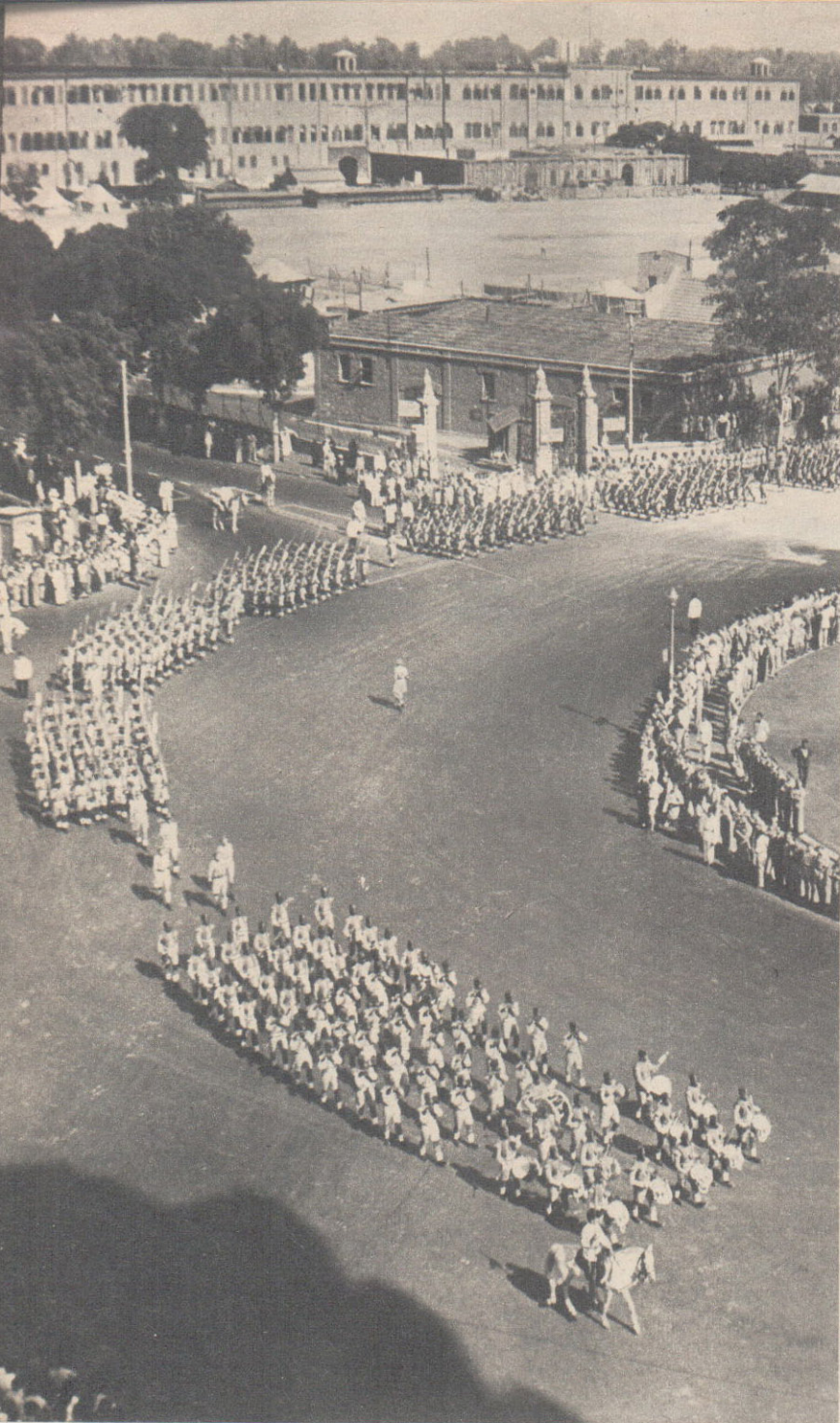
EXODUS (continued)



Before a sandbagged Sphinx are Service girls from Great Britain, United States, South Africa, France, Greece, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Cyprus and Palestine.

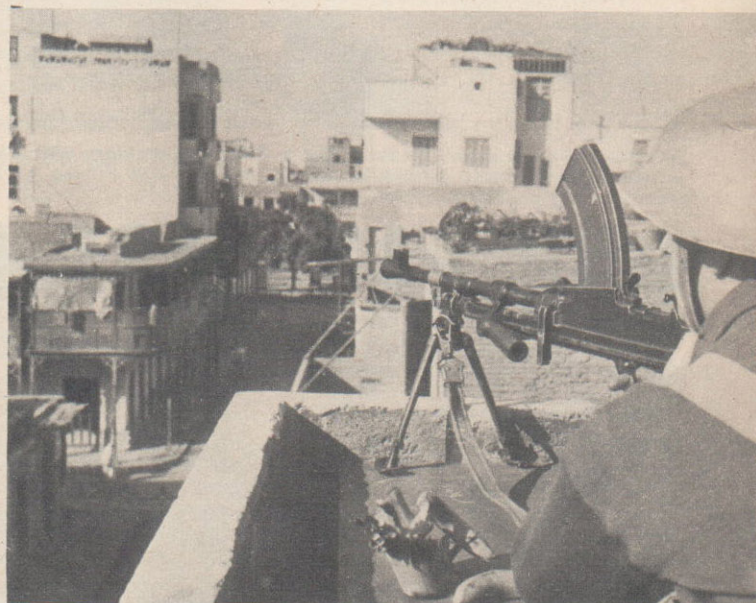


Left: Thousands of British troops poured through Cairo Main railway station. Above: And thousands were beguiled by the waiting gulli gulli men, the sleight-of-hand experts.



"Rigours of the Cairo Campaign: The Taxi-Ride"—a drawing by Robb from *Parade*, the Forces magazine of World War Two.

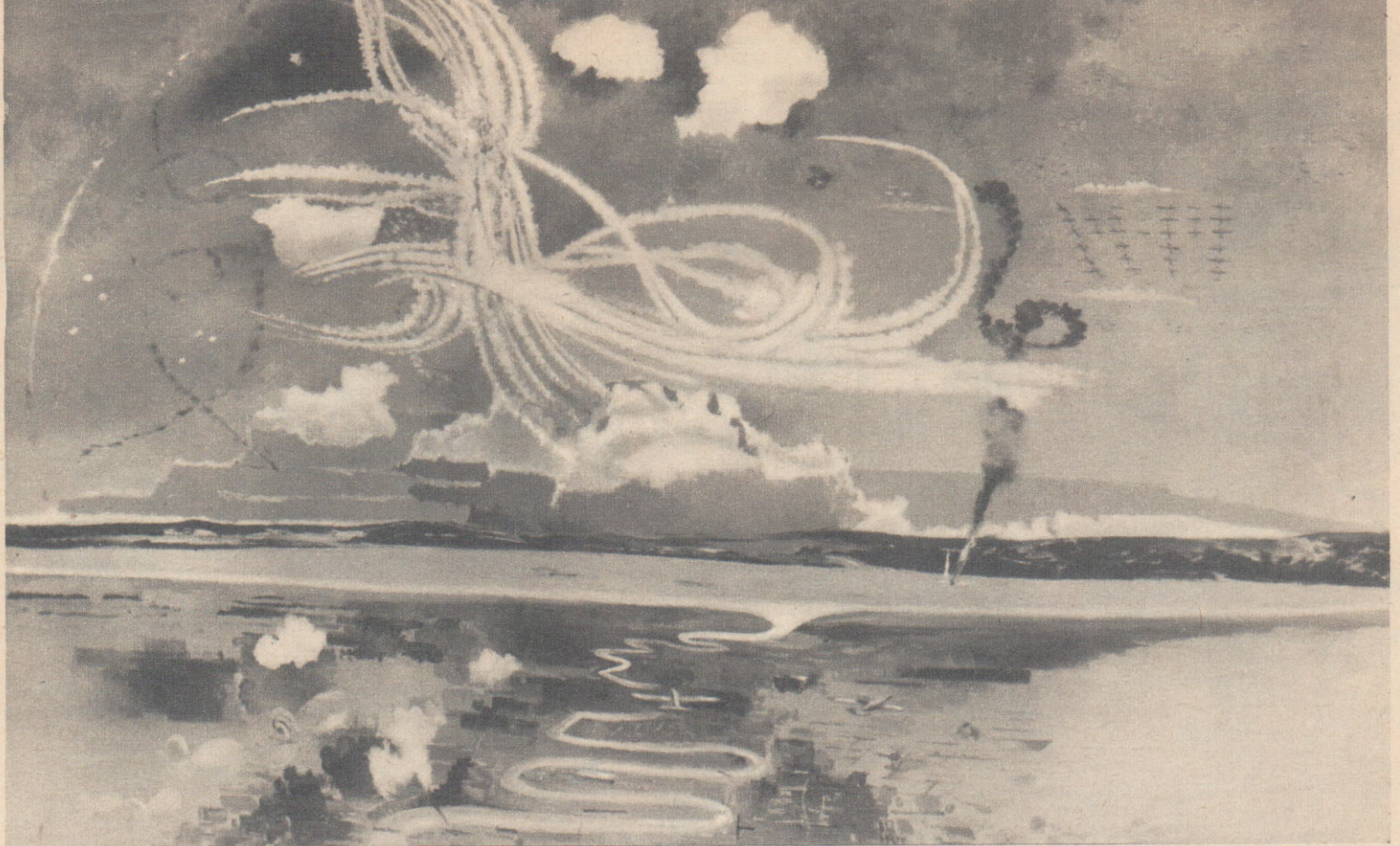
Left: King's Birthday parade in Cairo, 1945. In the background are the unloved barracks of Kasr-el-Nil, recently demolished.



Post-war troubles: On a roof in Ismailia a machine-gunner keeps a watch for snipers, as his comrades search houses.



The bleak, parched camp of Fayid to which Headquarters of Middle East Land Forces moved after World War Two.



"Battle of Britain" by Paul Nash: 1940. "In modern war," says the Commander-in-Chief Fighter Command, "you defend hundreds of miles out at sea at heights of 40,000 feet and upwards."

OUR EARS ARE IN EUROPE

*Ever outward and upward stretches
Britain's "sensitive zone" of radar*

IN the days of Zeppelin raids, Britain's air raid warning system left more than a little to be desired. General Sir Frederick Pile summed it up:

"The Police telephoned the Admiralty, the Admiralty passed the news on to the War Office, to Scotland Yard, to the Railways, and to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Eventually the news dribbled through to the guns and searchlights."

In those days blind men, whose ears were quicker than other people's, were employed to listen for Zeppelins. Today Britain can receive warning of raiding aircraft when they are still far distant over the Continent. So much was made clear in the recent Exercise Dividend—the biggest test of Britain's air defences since the war. Advance plots of "hostiles" from the heart of Europe were flashed by Continental early warning radar stations to the headquarters of Royal Air Force Fighter Command, where the air defence of Great Britain is controlled. Thanks to these early "tip-offs," and to the use of new radar techniques and procedures, many of the interceptions in this exercise were made far out to sea.

"In modern war," says the Commander-in-Chief Fighter Command, Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, "the thing to aim at is not battles over the people's houses. You defend hundreds of miles out to sea at heights of 40,000 feet and upwards."

So, the more efficient the warning system of the NATO countries becomes, the better for Britain's peace of mind.

During World War Two, Britain's radar extended its feelers to the Cherbourg Peninsula and the Dutch islands. Even before the war—many will be surprised to know—radar trackers in Britain could tell which way the wind was blowing on an aerodrome at Courtrai, Belgium, by following aircraft from the moment of take-off. And as far back as 1936—when the first radar defence exercise was held—observers were able to track aircraft performing over the North Sea and even to report that certain pilots had flown off to a near-by airfield for a cup of tea, confident that their temporary disappearance would never be spotted.

The gradual extension of radar's sensitive zone is of prime importance to fighter aircraft, which remain Britain's first line of defence. But even if the Continental warning system is developed to the *n*th degree, fighters can hardly hope to intercept all targets. There remains the anti-aircraft gun. And the Gunners all over Britain who practised their skills in Exercise Dividend know that their day is far from done. The newspapers did not say a

great deal about Exercise Dividend, and except for growling about low-flying aircraft the public knew little of what was going on. Yet here was an exercise which ranged over Europe from the Inner Hebrides almost to the Bavarian Alps. It was fought out in terms of vapour trails over the North Sea and in terms of counters on chequered tables under the ground. For this exercise American pilots lifted their Stratojet bombers from German runways, English housewives left their sinks to put on khaki uniforms—and head-phones—and middle-aged gentlemen with binoculars perched themselves on rain-lashed church towers. Few of them saw more than a corner of the whole picture, just as few people see more than a small corner of a real war.

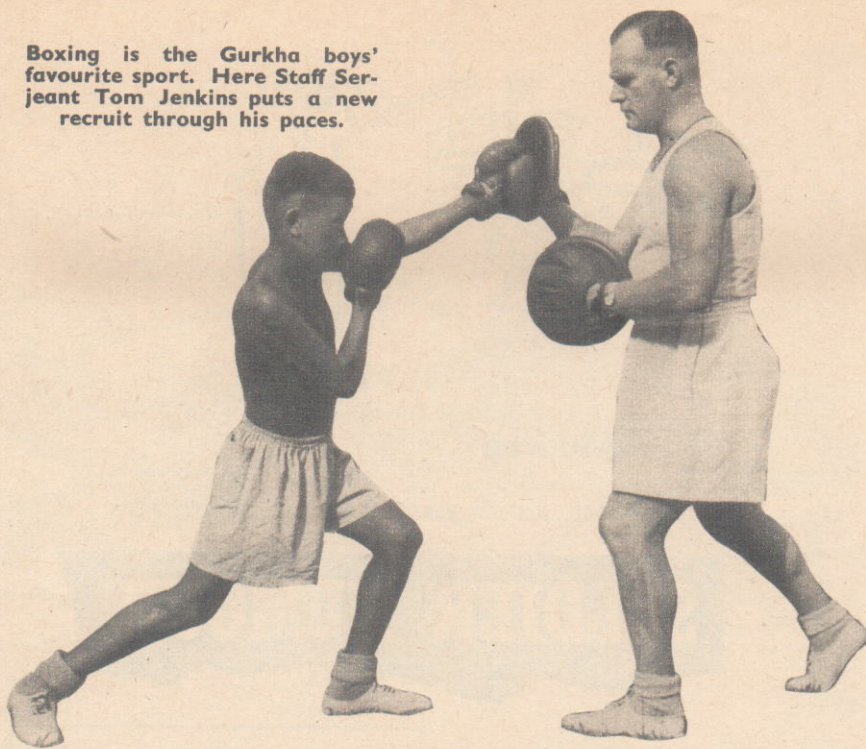
But in one well-protected spot the whole picture could be followed, from minute to minute. For 18 years Fighter Command of the Royal Air Force has been installed at Bentley Priory, Stanmore, and for 15 years the Headquarters of Anti-Aircraft Command has occupied a more modest mansion in the Priory's green grounds. Here through World War Two a game of wits was fought out against the *Luftwaffe*—and the flying bomb. In "Dividend" the Commander-in-

Chief Fighter Command was set a future-war problem by his own staff, who had 2000 aircraft and 70,000 men and women to do their bidding. The Commander-in-Chief had been allowed to learn as little as possible; but he knew that as many as 8000 sorties were liable to be flown against him by (among others) Bomber Command, 3rd Air Force, two air divisions, two Allied tactical air forces, the Fleet Air Arm and Flying Training Command. He knew that he would have to fight high-level, medium-level, and low-level attacks, and he had a good idea that there would be some tricky dawn and dusk raiding. He knew that three-quarters of the attacking forces would be jet-engined craft. Against them he could throw the regular day and night squadrons of Fighter Command, his auxiliary fighter squadrons, his control and reporting stations, his Royal Observer Corps groups and his Regular and Territorial anti-aircraft units.

But this mighty exercise was not laid on to test one man; it was to test every man—and woman—of the 70,000 Regulars, Territorials and Reservists. The satisfaction of the men in the Hunters, Venoms and Meteors, and of the men and women who "went through the motions" on the gun-sites, was that (in Air Marshal Boyle's words) they "caught practically everything that mattered that came over against us." A grim footnote to the exercise was that it cost six lives.

It was an old-fashioned exercise in the sense that no pilotless craft or missiles were used. But even when the robots go to action stations there is likely to be a place for the anti-aircraft gun.

Boxing is the Gurkha boys' favourite sport. Here Staff Serjeant Tom Jenkins puts a new recruit through his paces.

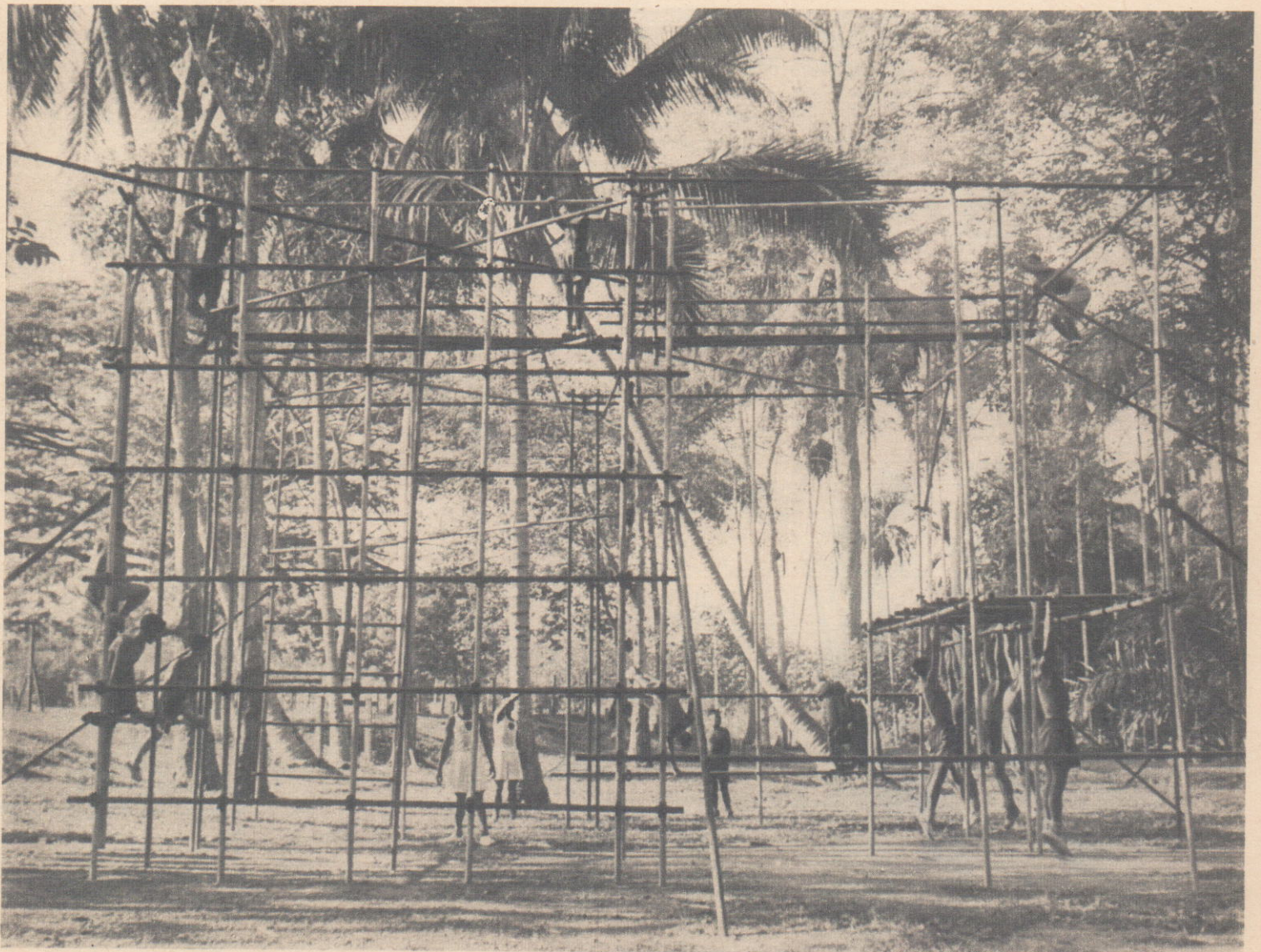


Johnny Gurkha Jr.

Many sons of Gurkha soldiers in Malaya are eager to become soldiers too. They train in the Boys Company at the Depot of the Brigade of Gurkhas. Some will eventually receive the Queen's Commission



Guiding hand with the brace and bit is that of Serjeant R. E. Hailstone. Boys learn metal work and the "innards" of motor vehicles, too. Below: How's this for a gymnasium?



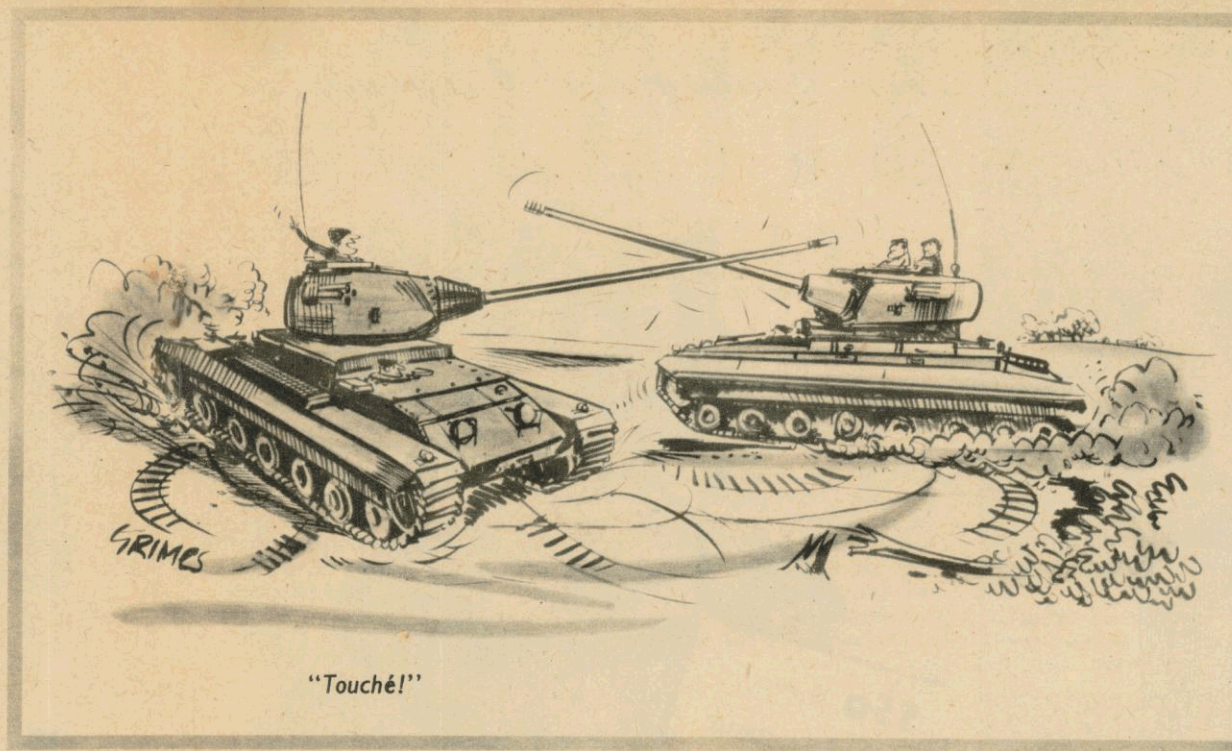


"Psst! Want to buy a bath plug, electric bulb . . . ?"

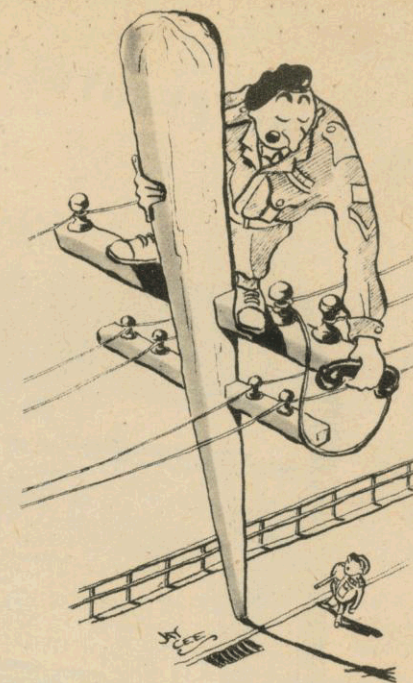


"Barber shop, first on your left past the orderly room."

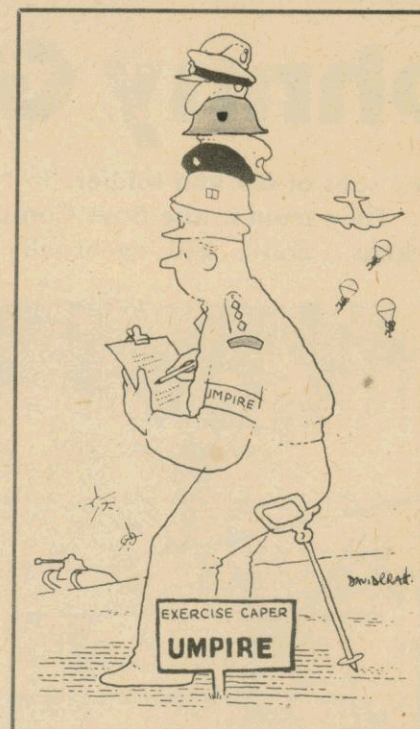
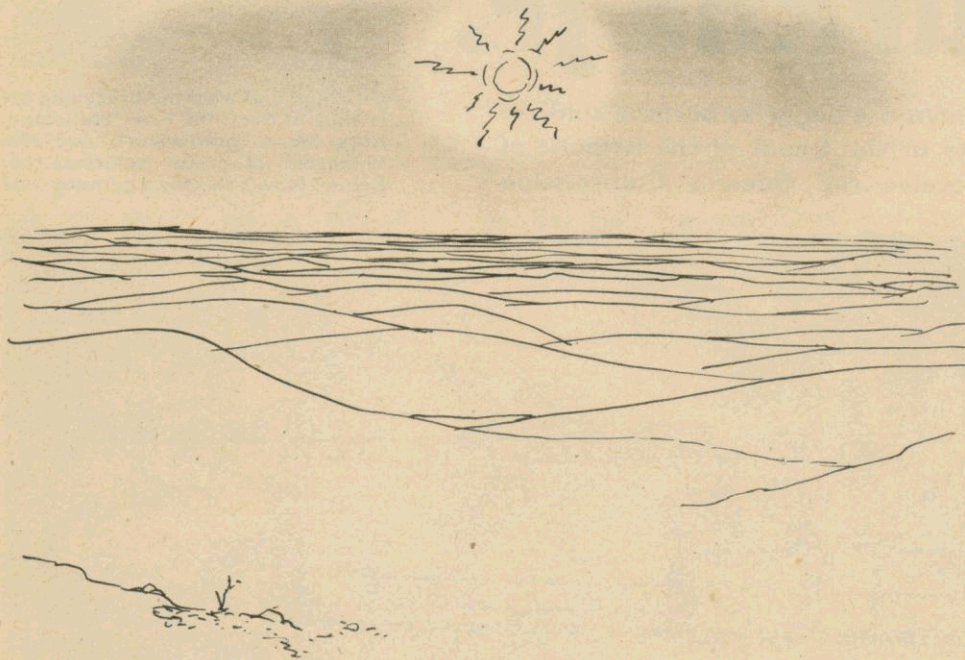
SOLDIER HUMOUR



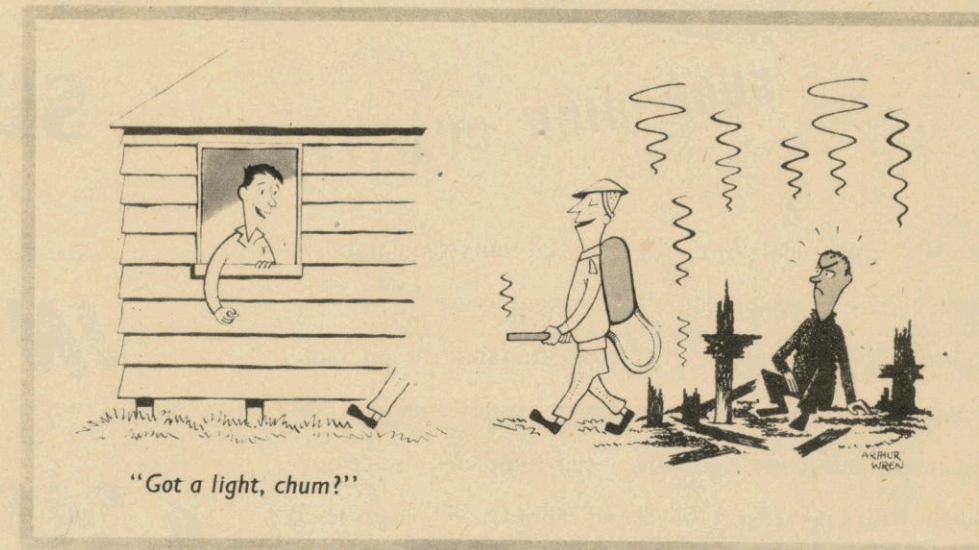
"Touché!"



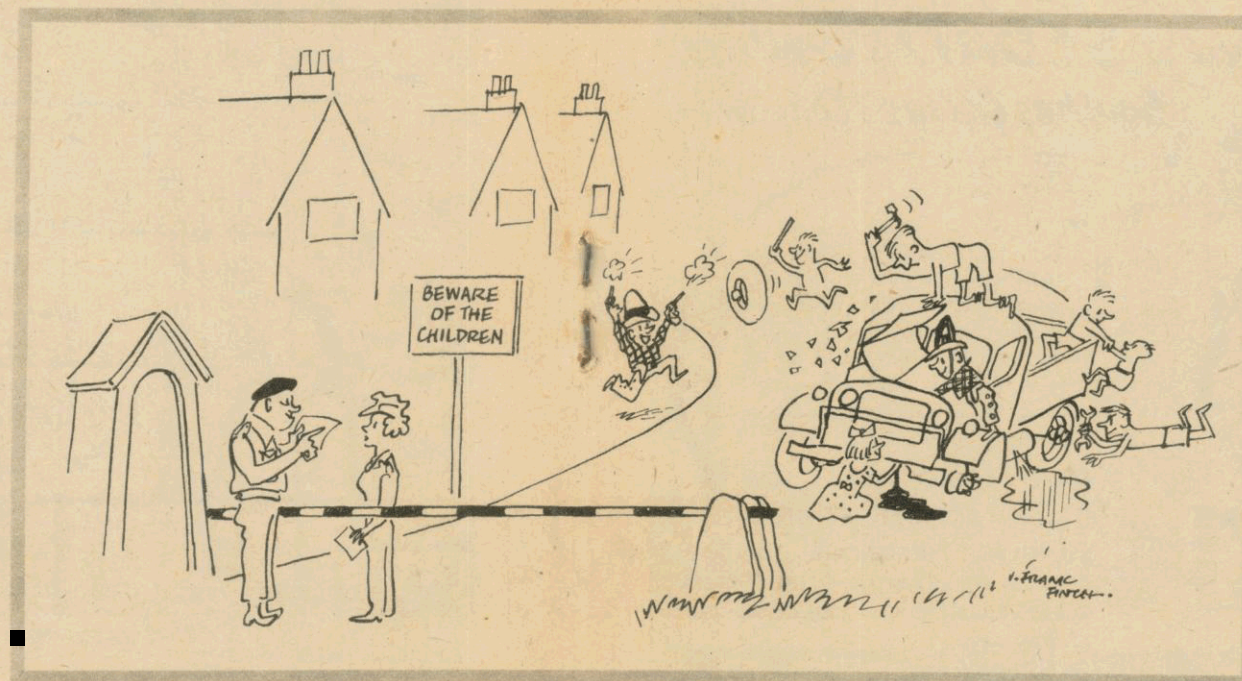
"It's for you, sir."



"Just how I like it—really strong."

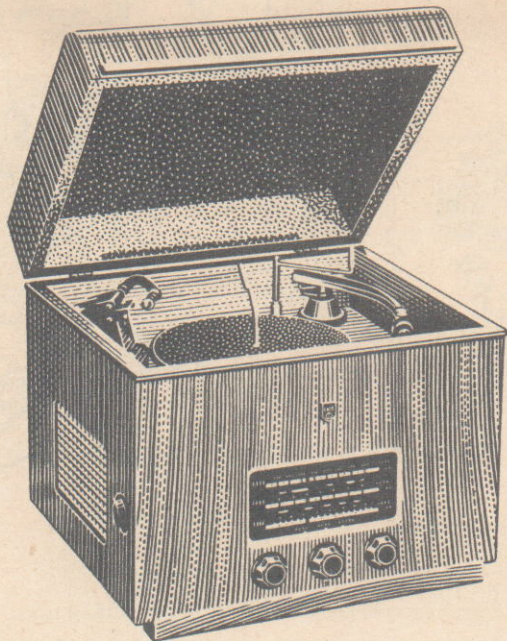


"Of course, it COULD all be a mirage."



"We'll go back the long way, but you'll just adore the scenery."

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COLDITZ

IS RE-BUILT

TO a film-maker, no prisoner-of-war camp of World War Two offered greater possibilities than Colditz.

It was a fairy-tale castle built on a rocky height in Saxony. It was supposed to be impregnable. For that reason it was reserved for hardened escapers. But the fact that no one had escaped from Colditz in World War One did not deter the British, French, Poles and Dutch of World War Two, who fell over each other in their eagerness to get out. They tried all conceivable ruses.

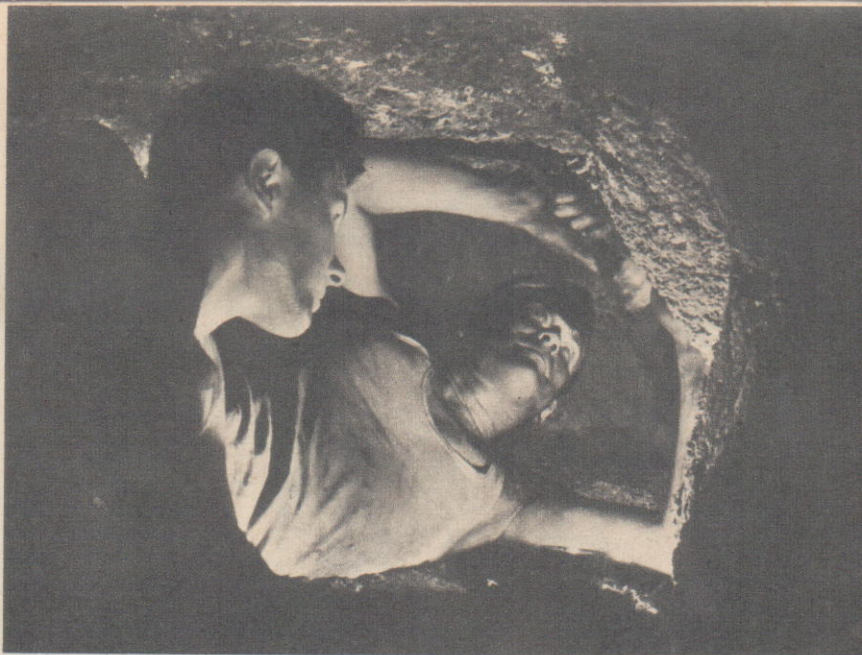
Unfortunately for film-making, Colditz is deep within the Russian Zone of Germany, but a substantial portion of the castle has been rebuilt at Shepperton Studios for the filming of "The Colditz Story," based on the best-selling book by Major P. R. Reid MC, Royal Army Service Corps. From 1940 to 1942 (when he escaped) Major Reid was British escape officer there. He advised on the lay-out of the imitation Colditz.

One of the players in this film is Tony Faramus, who survived a worse ordeal than Colditz—namely, spells in Buchenwald and Mauthausen concentration camps.

It is right that the widest tribute should be paid to the indefatigable inmates of Colditz, whose conduct (as the citations say) was "far beyond that expected of prisoners-of-war." In 22 British escapes, 11 men made "home runs" across 400 miles of enemy territory.



Ian Carmichael, a war-time major in the 22nd Dragoons, began his acting career in 1947. He plays a leading part in "The Colditz Story." Below: Out of the tunnel—to recapture. Already caught, in the background is John Mills.



Tunnellers of Colditz: This tunnel eventually collapses on to another. Below: Every Army film needs a real regimental serjeant-major for drill purposes — in this case RSM G. Stone, Irish Guards.





Above: The Senior British Officer takes advantage of a midnight *appel* to announce that two British escapers have got away. Below, left: A light from the chief "ferret" (Denis Shaw) for a dressed-up escaper (Lionel Jeffries). Centre: Eric Portman, as the Senior British Officer. Right: Producer Ivan Foxwell, a Dunkirk man, studies the script.





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it’s Guinness
time”*

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—that’s quite a thing!



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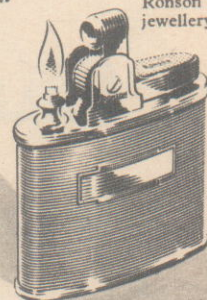
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Waited Five Years, Fought Five Weeks

A FEW days before World War Two broke out the 59th (Staffordshire) Division was formed. It was a "duplicate" Territorial division. For five years it waited in Britain, then fought for five bloody weeks in France, and was disbanded.

But the 59th Division had this consolation at least, that there were other divisions which never reached foreign fields.

In "The 59th Division—Its War Story" (Muller, 10s 6d) Peter Knight tells how Major-General L. O. Lyne, who took over command in 1944, set out to minimise the risk of desertions in battle. In Italy, men who had drifted from one base camp to another were suddenly thrown into action alongside men they had never seen before. "Nothing is so frightening as the unknown and all too often the next stage in this man's military career would be a court-martial for desertion," writes the author.

Men posted to 59th Division were received in a reinforcement wing, where they spent at least 48 hours. They were given the best food available, any entertainment which could be provided, and were told all about the new unit. No men were to join their new units until they could be properly received and they were not to be committed to battle until they had had a chance of settling down and getting to know their new comrades.

The story of the Division is largely one of patience. One highlight of its early years was the occasion when units of the Division fought a moorland fire, started by German bombs, while *Luftwaffe* pilots repeated their attack under the impression that it was Middlesborough which was ablaze. Then life was an



The slag-heap (or wigwag?) flash of the 59th (Staffordshire) Division

interminable series of exercises.

On D-Day the Division was holding a service of dedication in Canterbury Cathedral. Three weeks later the 59th carried its sign—a pit-head and slag-heap, also known as the "wigwag" or "coffee-pot"—over to Normandy, and was in action in a few days.

The 59th made a bloody frontal assault on the prepared defences of Caen. On its front a spotter aircraft was shot down, "and to everyone's astonishment a British general stepped out in a furious temper, refusing to disclose his identity. To this day, it can only be said that the resemblance to an Army Commander was most striking."

Hardly had the Division licked its wounds after Caen when it was advancing to the Orne. The 59th

established a bridgehead across the river and defended it against furious enemy counter-attacks, in the course of which Captain David Jamieson of the Norfolks earned the Victoria Cross.

For a few days the Division advanced, then returned to the Orne where the news of disbandment was broken. There was an acute shortage of trained infantrymen and one division had to be sacrificed. The 59th was selected because it was the junior division. As far as possible, Infantry battalions were posted

away in platoons or companies.

One brigade headquarters found itself in charge of a battlefield clearance group in the Falaise area. For three months, the men under its command, including prisoners, worked to bury dead men and horses—work which had to be done in gas-masks and protective clothing. They recovered weapons and ammunition by hundreds of tons, vehicles by the thousand, and mountains of other equipment, and enabled the peasants to return to work on the land.

Strange Double Life of a Captain in The Guards

THE war was over. Captain Humphrey Lyttelton, Grenadier Guards, strolled about the parade-ground at Chelsea Barracks, swishing a cane, and thinking his own thoughts as the squads marched up and down.

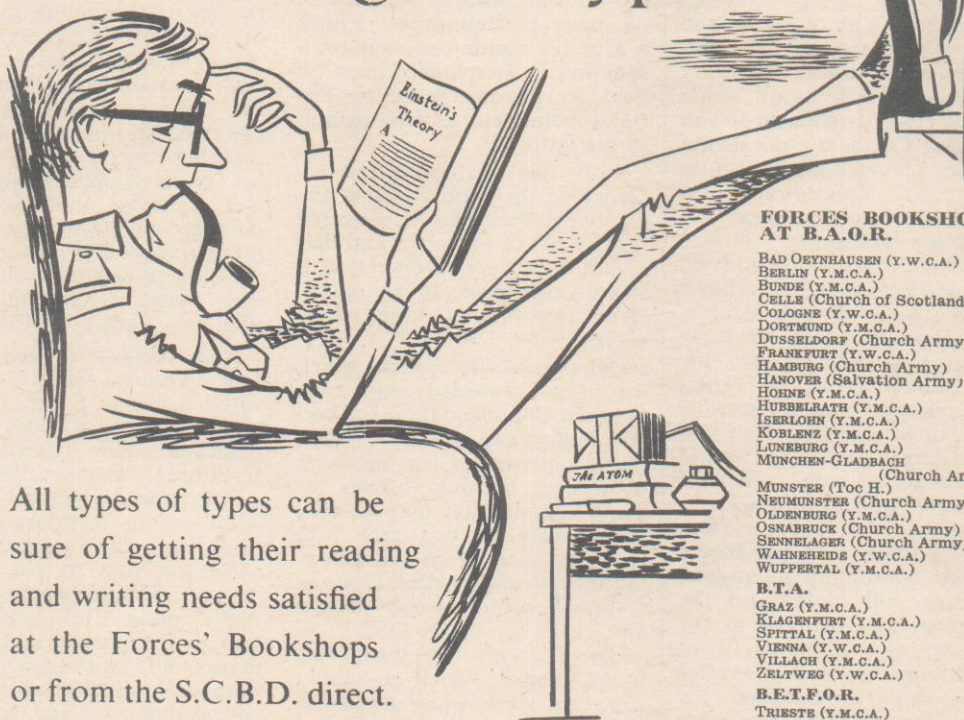
By night this same Captain Lyttelton, dressed in an old and shabby macintosh (bowler hats and Guards tie were not then obligatory), slipped furtively out of barracks and headed for the West end, carrying a rather shameful object—the same shameful object which he had carried ashore at Salerno. It was a trumpet. Captain Lyttelton

had taken to playing it at jazz clubs and even at charity balls.

As ex-Captain Lyttelton says in his amusing autobiography: "I Play As I Please" (Macgibbon and Kee, 15s), it was a Jekyll and Hyde existence. "Supposing one of my senior officers—the commanding officer himself perhaps—appeared as a

OVER

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FANARA (Y.M.C.A.)
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The Great Days

IT was high time that a picture record of the invasion of North-West Europe was published—if only so that veterans of those exciting days shall have something to show their sons, or grandsons.

"Invasion!" (Daily Express, 7s 6d) is the kind of volume which is unlikely to find its way into the second-hand bookshops. It is a stirring collection of photographs taken from land, sea and air as the divisions fought their way into Normandy. Here are the Commandos wading ashore with their bicycles, the pipers marching through the morning mists, the flame-throwers hissing at strong-points, the twisted gliders in the fields, the men with the broken heads and the men with their hands above their heads. Vigorous, angry life is caught by the camera—and there is no attempt to portray anything larger than life.

BOOKS (continued)

B.'s British Empire Ball? Would he take kindly to the appearance of one of his captains in a tuxedo and made-up tie, playing the trumpet in the band?" The senior officer would have taken even less kindly to what happened on the morning after Lady B.'s ball, when Captain Lyttelton slipped from the parade ground, changed into civilian clothes and joined a deputation of his fellow-players of the night before. The players were indignant — they had worked overtime and were not being paid for it, so they all (the Captain included) marched off to the union's offices and delivered an ultimatum. Not that Captain Lyttelton cared about the money, but he felt he ought to show solidarity with the others. They never got the money.

From which it will be gathered that Humphrey Lyttelton — a member of a famous family—is nothing if not a character. In jazz circles he is known as a brilliant trumpeter. He has also built himself a reputation as a humorous artist.



The captain with the trumpet — by himself. From "I Play As I Please"

During World War Two the author was never far away from his trumpet, which he carried in a sandbag. Soldiering became for him something more than a lark after the Salerno landing. He took part in an old-fashioned charge with a scratch collection of orderlies and clerks. "I wasn't scared, just a little numb. You only get really frightened if you think, and I made a point of not thinking. I slipped my brain into neutral and concentrated on rallying my motley troops."

Shouting belligerent phrases like "Come on the Grenadiers!" and "Let 'em have it!" Lyttelton's Own charged. Unaccountably, they were not mown down by machine-gun bullets, and the fierce shouts began to falter. They ended up swearing terrible oaths, "uttered half in relief and half in anger at having wound ourselves up to such a pitch of self-control to no purpose."

This is a very lively and entertaining book, and jazz lovers will find consuming interest in it. They will understand the feelings of awe inspired in the author when, as an officer, he sat in as trumpeter with a Grenadier Guards band and asked the clarinet player beside him what his name was. "When he said: 'Nat Temple, sir' I very nearly stood to attention and saluted."

In the July SOLDIER the price of "V2" by Major-General Walter Dornberger (Hurst and Blackett) was inadvertently given as 18s. It should have read 16s.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards," begins an announcement from the War Office, and the last heading on the list is "Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct."

Although the Queen's Commendation foots the list of awards for gallantry made by the Sovereign, and published in the *London Gazette*, it is highly-prized. It is uncompromisingly a reward for bravery.

As the King's Commendation, it was inaugurated in World War Two for acts of gallantry which would not qualify for another award. It was, and is, open to civilians as well as to all ranks of the Services. Many of the war-time commendations were earned by civilians in air raids.

With the Queen's Commendation comes a certificate (signed by the Prime Minister, for civilians, and by the appropriate Service Minister for Servicemen) and an emblem. For Servicemen the emblem is a single oak leaf in bronze, as for a Mention in Despatches. If it was earned in World War Two, the Serviceman wears the emblem on the 1939-45 War Medal; if earned during a campaign for which the General Service Medal was awarded, it goes on that ribbon. Otherwise it is worn straight on the uniform. For civilians, the emblem is of silver laurel leaves or, if awarded for valuable service in the air, a silver oval badge.

The Queen's Commendation shares with the Victoria Cross, the George Cross and Mention in Despatches the distinction of being the only awards which may be made posthumously. Either a Queen's Commendation or a Mention in Despatches must be held by anyone recommended for appointment as Companion of the Bath.

Only one qualification is attached to the condition that the Commendation shall be awarded "for an act of bravery," and that is that the act is non-operational. It can take place in an operational area, but not in face of the enemy.

An official list of acts which may be rewarded with the Queen's Commendation (or certain higher awards) runs: "Rescuing a person or persons from drowning, burning houses or ships, ammunition dumps, etc.; rescue work in connection with air raids; picking up and throwing away live grenades; entering a minefield to rescue people, etc., etc."

The Queen's Commendation is an award which a soldier can earn even when on leave. Three years ago Gunner Edward Blackburn jumped out of bed in his father's home and spent most of the next hour, wearing only pyjama trousers, in intensely cold flood water trying to rescue a man whose car had plunged into a river.

THE LEAF OF COURAGE



Brave deeds — usually in fire and flood — qualify for the Queen's Commendation, of which the emblem is a leaf

Most of the stories of gallantry locked away in the Queen's Commendation files of the Military Secretary tell of exploits in fire and flood. But some notable feats are included under that "etc., etc."

Here are some recent achievements which qualified for the Queen's Commendation:

* In Hongkong, Staff-Serjeant A. E. Colman, Royal Army Service Corps was in charge of a landing craft bringing up the rear of a convoy on an exercise. A squall rose and another landing craft containing a platoon of the Royal Ulster Rifles was swamped and began to founder. Staff-Serjeant Colman brought his vessel alongside the other and, working under extremely difficult conditions, rescued the platoon and then accomplished the difficult task of taking in tow their vessel, which would otherwise have been a total loss.

* At Salthouse Heath, Norfolk, a Gunner who was splashed with burning petrol, after a cooker had blown back, panicked and rushed away, screaming. Captain Peter Cuff, a Territorial medical officer, who was in shirt-sleeve order, threw the man to the ground and rolled on him to put out the flames. The Gunner escaped, but Captain Cuff again threw him to the ground and put the flames out. Although painfully burned himself, Captain Cuff collected his kit and gave first-aid to the Gunner, and to another who was less seriously burned, and only then went to hospital, with his two patients.

* During a big fire in Malaya, an attap building caught alight while an Army Fire Brigade

vehicle was standing only eight feet away. Lance-Corporal Peter Anthony Taglione of the Army Fire Service ran to the vehicle. The heat was fierce 30 or 40 feet away, but he operated the starter and throttle while the skin was blistering on exposed parts of his body. When he gave up his attempt to start the vehicle, he collapsed.

* In Cyrenaica, Corporal Robert Taylor Martin, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, came across a loaded tank transporter which had its wheels on fire. The crew of the transporter were unable to unshackle the Centurion because of the intense heat from the tyres and the danger of a petrol explosion. Corporal Martin, at considerable risk to his own life, entered the driving seat of the tank and drove it off the trailer, breaking the shackles.

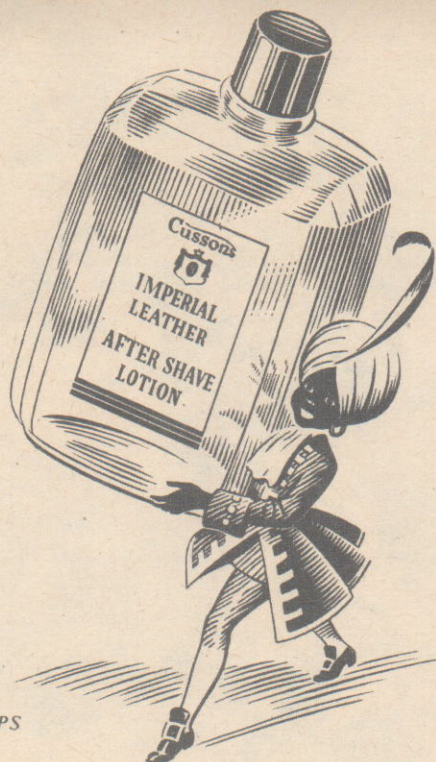
* In Hongkong, Corporal Robert Esson and Lance-Corporal Donald William Cuthbert, Royal Military Police, were on motor-cycle patrol when they saw a taxi which they knew two armed absentees had taken at the point of a loaded Sten gun. The two military policemen gave chase and Corporal Esson forced the driver to pull into the side of the road. He saw the other man sitting in the back of the car with a Sten gun. Corporal Esson spoke to the driver until Lance-Corporal Cuthbert joined him. Then the two NCO's drew their revolvers and Corporal Esson grabbed the Sten, which was loaded. The two military policemen then ordered the men out of the taxi and marched them to the nearest military building.

* In Kenya, Private Roy Reginald Sarahs, of the Devonshire Regiment, had his left leg blown off above the knee and the right leg severely injured by a booby-trap. His companion was stunned. Although in great pain and losing blood rapidly, Private Sarahs slung his Patchett gun over his shoulder and began to drag himself along the ground to get help. He came across his companion's revolver, blown from its holster. Determined that it should not be left for the Mau Mau, he put it in his pocket, although it made his crawl even more painful. After 75 yards, which took an hour and a half, he was too weak to crawl farther. He was now in great pain from his leg. Safari ants, attracted by his wounds, were swarming over him. To attract attention, he fired occasional shots and in this way, two hours after the accident, brought help. Even then, Private Sarahs made no complaint about his wounds; his chief concern was for the other man. Private Sarahs died almost immediately he arrived in hospital.

* In Korea, Sapper Philip Saunders drove his bulldozer into flames 20 to 30 feet high, to break up a fire and to smother oil barrels which threatened to explode. He prevented the fire getting out of hand.

Cussons IMPERIAL LEATHER After Shave Lotion

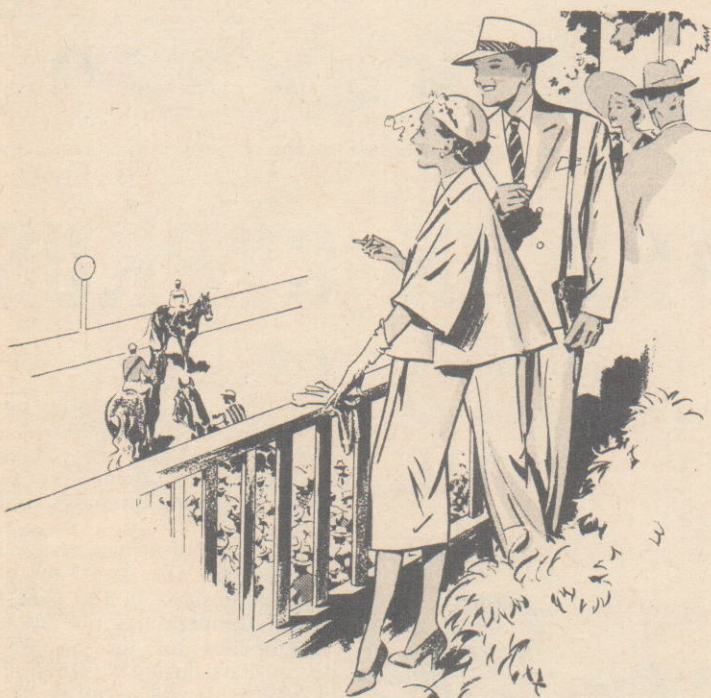
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Player's complete it**



*Player's
Please*



From: Air Marshal

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

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

**To: All Serving or About to Serve in
Her Majesty's Forces**

Subject: SAVE WHILE YOU SERVE

Many of you will be used to this way of starting a message and those of you who are about to join the Services will soon grow accustomed to it!

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

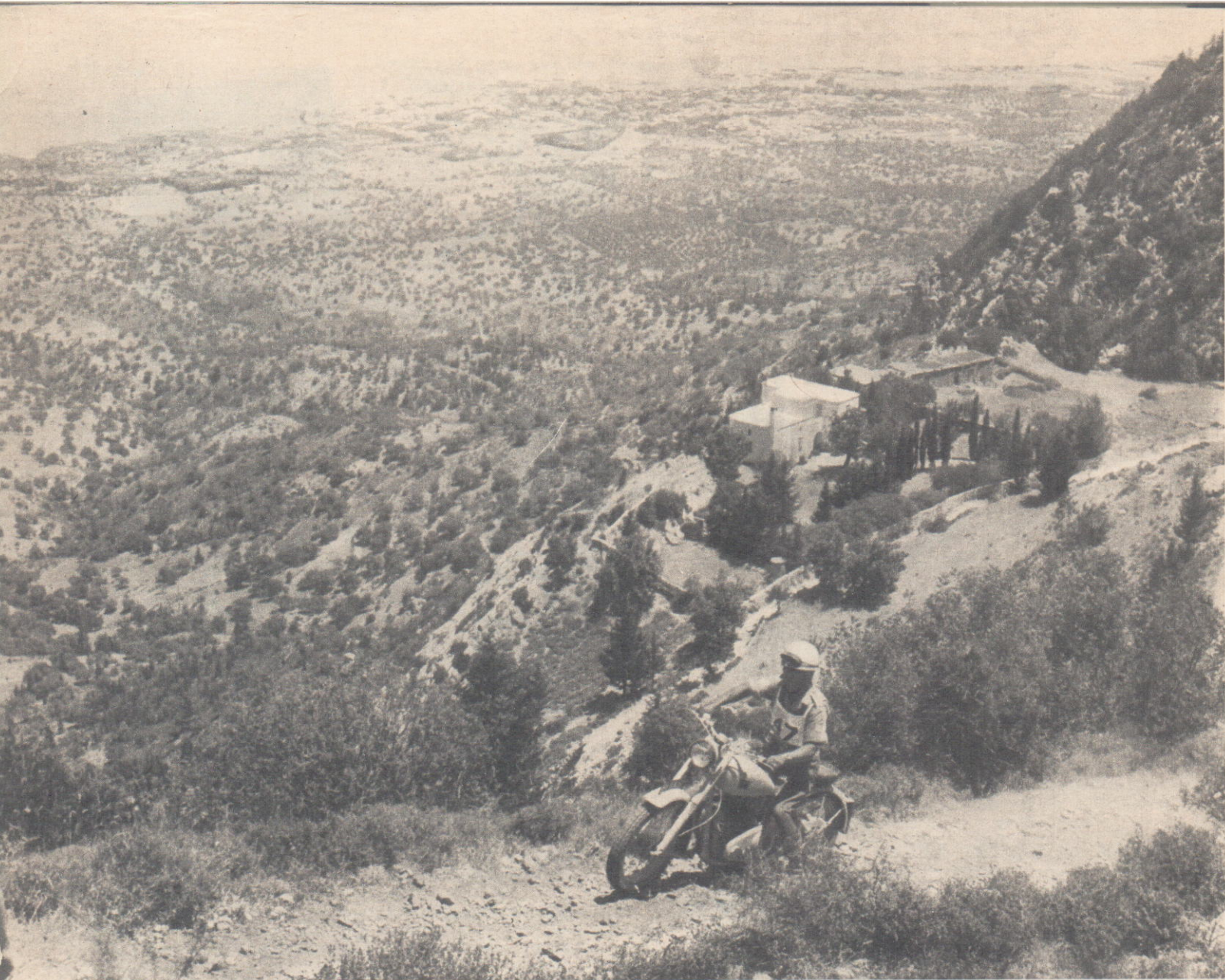
I recently retired after many years in the Royal Air Force. I know how valuable a service Forces Savings is giving to both Regulars and National Service personnel, and no matter where you may be stationed you can save a bit from your pay if you want to do so.

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

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

Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams,
H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.

Issued by H.M. Forces Savings Committee



If this rider in the Kyrenian mountains could turn his head, he would probably see the coast-line of Turkey across the sparkling Mediterranean.

THREE DAYS HARD IN CYPRUS

More than a hundred motor cyclists turned out for a gruelling test over the dusty plains and rocky mountain tracks of Venus's island



Lined up for the start: riders left in pairs at intervals of three minutes.

FROM Fayid and Famagusta, from Tripoli and Tel-el-Kebir, from Malta and Moascar, the picked motorcyclists of Middle East Land Forces—115 of them—"revved up" for gruelling three-day trials in Cyprus.

It was one of the sternest tests yet designed for Army motorcycle enthusiasts in the Middle East. Temperatures already in the nineties hit the hundred-degree mark during the culminating event. It was so hot that the machines were unbearable to the naked hand and several riders suffered from fierce sun-burn.

The motor-cycles were all 350 cc Matchless—standard Army machines with no adjustments allowed, other than removal of pannier carriers and bags.

The first day's route was of two circuits and took competitors north on the main Kyrenia road from the island's capital of Nicosia.

OVER →

An ounce of experience



goes a long way
when you choose
BONDMAN..always
fresh and fragrant
in airtight tins

MACLEAN-WHITE TEETH ARE HEALTHY TEETH



"If you want lovely white teeth," says SUSAN SHAW
"take care of them with Macleans"

It's plain common sense :
Macleans gets teeth cleaner, whiter
—and that's what counts against decay

ALL research workers, all recent experiments, support one fact about tooth decay. It is this. If the coating of food debris and acid-forming organisms can be removed from the teeth, decay will make small progress. The first and vital function of a tooth paste therefore is to keep the teeth clean. And that is just what Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste does supremely well.

The menace of dental 'plaque'

Research experts agree that this food and saliva coating

(called dental 'plaque') can be destructive as well as unsightly. The importance of the association of the 'plaque' with tooth decay has been stressed by modern dental authority.

The action of Macleans

Teeth cleaned by regular brushing with Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste are freed from the deadly 'plaque' which is the breeding ground of the agents of decay.

So Maclean-white teeth are more than lovely teeth; they are strong and healthy teeth.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

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Peroxide Tooth Paste**

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THREE DAYS HARD IN CYPRUS *continued*

They were signed off along a narrow dusty track bordered by acres of shimmering barley for the first of nine hazards, a hill climb. Thereafter each rider was on his mettle. The checkers worked according to the rules of the Army Motor Cycle Association.

Few competitors escaped with clean score sheets on the four most difficult runs. These were boulder-strewn, hairpin-bend tracks in the Kyrenia range of mountains, with their imposing knife-edge peaks screening the plain of Nicosia from the Mediterranean.

Down the southern foothills and through the dignified coastal resort of Kyrenia, set on the edge of an azure Mediterranean only 40 miles south of Turkey, the riders reported for the final hazard on the northern circuit. Then came more dust, billowing clouds of thick, swirling grit which coated faces, clothes and machines, and five more hazards on a westerly circuit from Nicosia, and the cross-country run was completed.

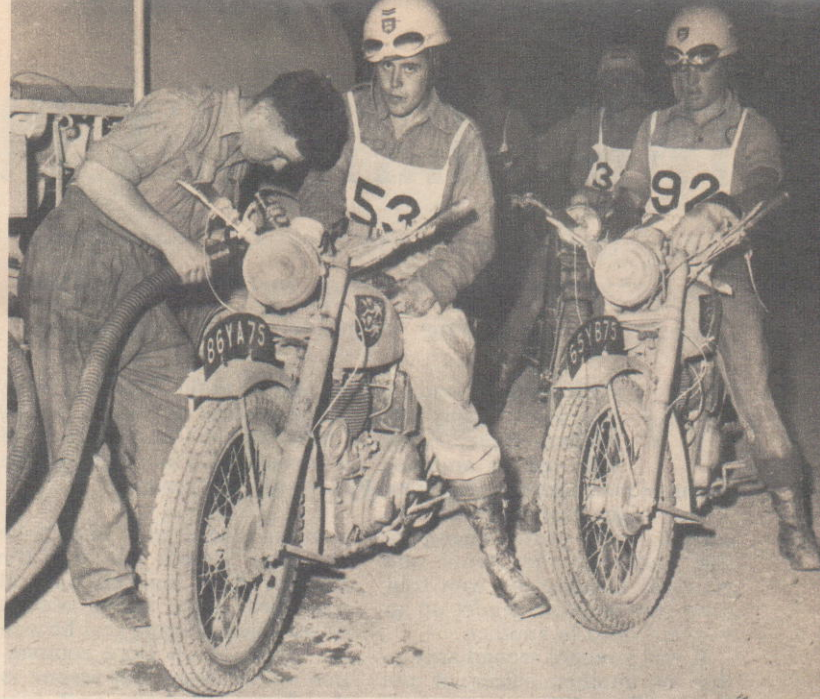
The timed map-reading run of 50 miles on the second day was also over two circuits and took the riders through such quaint-

sounding villages as Omorphita, Sykhari, Mandris and Kato Dhikomo, where bare-footed children lined the roadway to cheer. It was followed the same afternoon by a 100-miles timed road run into the Troodos mountains, in which white-patched Mount Olympus rears to 6400 feet. The competitors skirted cool summer resorts and fruit-growing areas.

Next came the night ride, during which no form of lighting was allowed in the "safe" (countryside) areas and pilot lights only were shown when travelling through the smaller villages.

At eight the next morning, when the sun was already high, the riders lined up for the cross-country run after what to them had seemed to be only minutes of sleep in their tented camp in Nicosia. The last day's test had begun and it was a long 11 hours before it ended with the prize-giving ceremony.

The strongly tipped "home" favourites, representing the Royal Engineers Establishment, Nicosia, which eventually captured the winning trophy, were well to the fore throughout the trials—Major W. S. Borthwick, GM, Corporal Denis Young and



Competitors refuel for a 50-mile night run—much of it without lights.

Sapper David Cadell.

Sjt. V. Monk, Royal Military Police, of 203 Provost Company at Moascar, rode outstandingly to capture the first individual prize. He competed with the Army team in the International Six-Day Trials in Italy and Austria in 1951 and 1952 and has won a host of awards in Service competitions since then. In these trials he was the only rider to clear seven hazards without dropping a point.

Signalman M. M. Clark, of Cyprus Signal Troop, took joint second individual place with Major Borthwick.

Special congratulations went to 20-year-old Craftsman Tony Holifield, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, from

Moascar, who 12 months ago was unable to ride a motor-cycle and yet took 10th individual place. Every scrap of experience was gained at his job at a Light Aid Detachment with a Royal Army Service Corps Company in the Canal Zone, where last year he took on the commitment of keeping 26 machines on the road. "Now I'm simply crazy about riding motor-cycles," he says.

"You have shown commendable skill and a lot of guts in some of the most uncomfortable-looking places," said Major-General L. N. Tyler, the Middle East's Director of Mechanical Engineering, when he presented the prizes.—*Report by Captain W. Holmes, Military Observer.*

Handing over the team trophy to Major W. S. Borthwick, a George Medallist, is Major-General L. N. Tyler. Much "skill and guts" was shown in the trials, said the General.



Among the rough stuff: there were 14 different hazards in the cross-country event. A fierce sun added to the riders' discomfort.



TWO CHAMPIONS IN ONE UNIT

Twenty-five years ago a recruit resolved to become the best rifle shot in the Army. This year he won the coveted title at Bisley

WHEN his team mates carried him off in the victory chair at this year's Army rifle championships at Bisley, Major William Henry Baudains MM, Royal Ulster Rifles, had achieved an ambition he formed 25 years ago, as the youngest member of his regimental young soldiers' team.

This year, not only did he emerge as the Army's champion rifle shot. In the Army and National meetings he won four other events, was runner-up in two and third in another.

It was a record second only to that of another officer of the Royal Ulster Rifles, Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Parsons, who won six first prizes at Bisley in 1951.

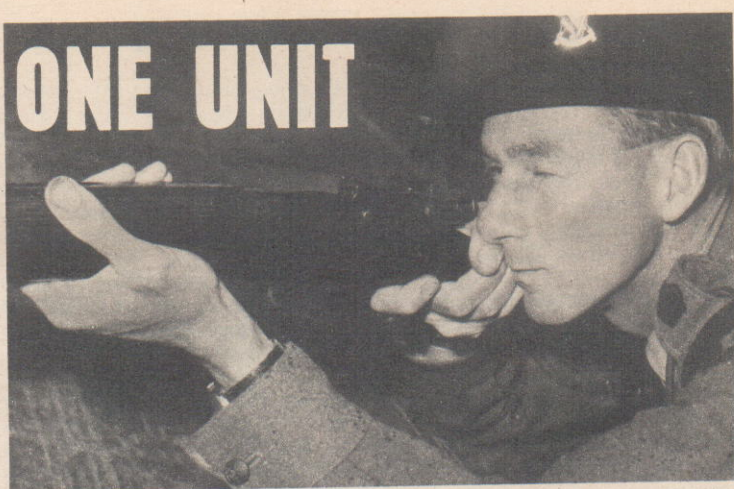
Major Baudains, who works at the Proof and Experimental Establishment at Pendine, Carmarthenshire, has competed at almost every Bisley meeting since 1933. Several times he has been near to winning the Army title.

In the same establishment at Pendine is a former Army rifle champion who also did well at Bisley this year: Experimental Serjeant-Major Edward Malpas, who has been winning small arms competitions ever since he joined the Northamptonshire Regiment in 1932. Between them Major Baudains and Serjeant-Major Malpas have probably the largest collection of shooting awards of any two serving soldiers.

Major Baudains' success is the reward of doggedness. In 1948, after winning the Middle East championship, he was narrowly beaten into second place at Bisley. The following year he was again among the leaders and was a member of the winning Bren gun team. In 1950 he won the Regular and Territorial Army competition and carried off the Small Arms School Corps' skill-at-arms trophy—the first officer outside the Corps to do so. But still the Army rifle cham-

pionship eluded him. In 1951 he was placed ninth but won the Services Rifle competition and was third in the Queen Mary's prize. The following year he won the Army Small Bore competition and at Bisley was second in the Army Hundred. Last year he won the Army Hundred and was fourth in the rifle championship.

This year he became the Army's champion rifle shot by beating Serjeant R. Dann, School of Military Engineering, by one point with a score of 472 and was awarded the Queen's Medal, which is accompanied by the Watkin Cup and the Army Rifle Association's gold jewel. He also won the Army's Henry Whitehead Cup. In the National Rifle Association meeting he won the Queen Mary's prize, the Service Rifle championship and the Southern Railway Cup. For good measure he helped the Proof and Experimental Estab-



Major W. H. Baudains MM, demonstrates the correct rifle grip.

lishment team win the Canada Shield.

This year Experimental Serjeant-Major Malpas took second place in the Queen Mary's prize, won the Stock Exchange Rifle Cup and was runner-up to Major Baudains in the Services Rifle championship.

It was in 1947 that he became Army champion. For three successive years—1950 to 1952—he came third, and was second in 1953. Now in the Small Arms School Corps, he holds the record for having been in the Army rifle and pistol teams in inter-Services competitions at Bisley more times than anyone else. He has been rifle champion of Western Command four times and South Wales small bore champion twice. He has also represented Britain in word championships.

Swelling the Serjeant-Major's collection of more than 100 medals are several won by his wife, who is champion of the Ladies' Small Bore Club at Pendine.

The past and present Army rifle champions agree that the secret of good shooting is continuous handling of the rifle to strengthen the arm and shoulder muscles. They both practise daily exercises they were taught in their recruit days a quarter of a century ago.

Apart from this, neither undergoes any special training before a competition, except to fire as often as he can on the local ranges. Nor does the nature of their work give these two crack shots an advantage over any other soldier.

"Champions are made and not born," says Major Baudains. "To become a good shot you must train and train and handle your rifle until it becomes part of you. Then all you have to do is concentrate on the target." Good eyesight helps, but there are first-class shots who wear thick-lens glasses.

At this year's Bisley the Army failed in many of the inter-Services events. For the ninth year in succession they lost to the Royal Air Force in the Burdwan Cup and were also defeated by the Royal Air Force in the Whitehead Revolver Cup by 716 points to 642. The Army also took second place to the Royal Marines in the Inter-Services Twenty (Rifle) match.

The new Army revolver champion is Captain V. H. Viney, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

The Queen's Prize in the National Rifle Association's meeting was won by a former Gunner officer, Major G. E. Twine.

The new Army champion attributes his success to daily exercises, like this one.

Try this to strengthen the wrist and forearm muscles: ESM Edward Malpas.



Two champions tone up arm and shoulder muscles.

At ease
with
'Threes'



20 for 3/7



STATE EXPRESS
'THREE THREES'
CIGARETTES

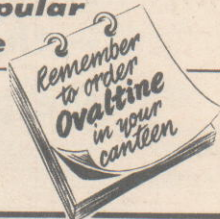
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PAGE 35

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the bay rum base 2/6^d

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LETTERS

ARMY LITTER

I have a "thing" about litter and so I was particularly interested in your remarks on the subject (July).

Much as I like the Army, I regret to say that I cannot agree with the suggestion that Army training is a great help in training men not to shed litter. In the Army the emphasis is on picking up the litter and not on stopping it from being thrown down. In other words, one chucks the litter down and then organises a fatigue to tidy the place up. This, I submit, is the worst possible training from a civilian point of view.

May I take the opportunity of saying what an excellent magazine I find **SOLDIER** to be. It seems to me to provide a very well balanced diet of professional and historical articles, sport, humour, sex appeal, etc.—Major F. R. B. King, RASC/AER, "Beavers," Cobham Road, East Horsley, Surrey.

RAIL-CARS

In the July **SOLDIER** you state that the idea of the rail-car is not new. Yes, rail-cars were used in Palestine in 1936. Manned by Royal Engineers, they were converted Ford V-8 pick-ups and carried a crew of four. A .303 Lewis gun was mounted on a swivel tripod in the rear. The purpose of these vehicles was to precede the trains up and down the main line between Gaza and Haifa, looking for (and perhaps



A Ford V8 adapted for use as a rail-car in Palestine in the 1930s.

setting off!) any booby traps and mines on or under the rails, usually accompanied by an Arab ambush. The enclosed photograph shows a rail-car at Tulkarm, with men of the 2nd Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment (my old unit) talking to the Royal Engineers. As may be noticed, the vehicle was not armoured.

Although I did not see any myself, I believe that jeep rail-cars were used in Burma towards the end of the campaign, not only as escorts but also as "locomotives."—P. Holdrup, 24 Hinton Way, Great Shelford, Cambridgeshire.

How often the old ideas become new! The idea of using motor vehicles on railway tracks was adopted by our troops on the Egyptian Railways back in 1922. I was stationed on an armoured train at Moascar, Ismailia. We had a rail-car made of two Model "T" Ford vans. The road wheels had been removed and replaced with rail track wheels. The van bodies had been cut down to about half their height and a Lewis gun mounting fitted in each truck. The two trucks were coupled together back to back. The idea of this was that a rapid reversal could be made by putting the leading truck into neutral and changing the crew into the other truck. This overcame the disadvantage of a very low-geared reverse. These trucks were very usefully employed in moving patrols rapidly to any trouble spots. I was with the Royal Corps of Signals at that time, but I understand that these rail-cars were the brain child of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps depot in Cairo.

We did not remove the steering wheel from the Fords as the throttle and

● **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.

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

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

ignition levers were fitted there.—WOII K. M. Middleton, "R" Battery, 409 Coast Regiment R.A. (T.A.), Hayle, Cornwall.

I remember when we arrived in Egypt with the 14/20 King's Hussars in 1931, the Band were promptly sent across the road to the Royal Army Service Corps to learn to drive and man a rail-car consisting of two Fords mounted back to back, which gave it the advantage of being able to race off in either direction without having to go to a terminus to turn round.

About 15 of these vehicles were in use, that number being necessary, partly because casualties were expected to be one hundred per cent if they were ever engaged in battle and, partly because of the somewhat reckless driving of the Cavalrymen who were more used to their "long-faced chums" than to their new mounts.—Officer M. Drury, H.M. Borstal Institution, Rochester, Kent.

The enclosed snap was taken in Palestine in 1936. The vehicles are "T"-Model Fords (circa 1920, I believe) joined by a rigid bar in the centre. Originally these vehicles were part of an internal security scheme for British Troops, Egypt. They were most useful



Back-to-back rail-car Fords

for patrolling stretches of line going out from Lydda to Raffia, Tel-Aviv, Jerusalem and Haifa. The sides of the Fords would not drop, neither would they stop a well-thrown stone!—Captain G. H. Hinxes, Royal Artillery, 270 Maintenance Battery, Grey Point Fort, County Down.

BLUE TIE

A maroon tie has recently been introduced for the Regular Army and a green one for the Territorial Army. Would you verify that a blue one is now available for Army Emergency Reserve?—Captain J. McGee, No. 8 Camp, Hilton, Derby.

★ The Army Emergency Reserve tie is dark blue with a yellow crossed swords device.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES

A considerable sum of money has been spent in providing the Army with a presentable walking-out dress but one rarely sees it worn as such. I suggest that it would do much for the *esprit de corps* of the service if a ban were put on the wearing of civilian clothes except on leave. The advantages of such a course from a disciplinary point of view are surely obvious.—Captain W. M. Redfern, 24 Bramcote Road, West Hailey, Nottinghamshire.

DIEN BIEN PHU

I am an interpreter in the French Army. I like to keep in touch with the British Army and—through SOLDIER—with the English language.

An ex-spahi myself and with many of my friends in Indo-China, I want to express my thanks to SOLDIER for its tribute (July) to our great soldiers at Dien Bien Phu and to their chief, General Christian de Castries. We are proud of these names and they sound like victories.

And since this is the same battle French and British armies are fighting, may I suggest that you sometimes open your columns to military information from France and her Empire?

—Gerard Gail de Gavelle, 14 Rue Chalgrin, Paris XVI.

MEDAL RULES

Your article "11.15 at the Tower" (July) which mentions the British Empire Medal, prompts me to ask a number of questions about medals in general. Which medals, if any, are worn on the right breast? Can a dead man's next-of-kin wear his medals? Where would a civilian decoration be worn?—Corporal W. Patchcott, 505 Field Squadron, 103 Field Regiment, Royal Engineers (TA), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

★All military medals and stars are worn on the left breast with British uniform. Certain non-military awards—the Albert Medal, the Edward Medal, the Board of Trade Medal and the Life-Saving Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—are also worn on the left breast, but the medals of the Royal Humane Society, the Stanhope Gold Medal and the Medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution are worn on the right breast. Of the non-military awards, only one may be worn if more than one is awarded for the same act of bravery.

If a civilian is awarded a decoration for bravery he is entitled to wear the ribbon on his uniform in the appropriate order of merit if he later enters one of the Services. He is, of course, entitled to wear it as a civilian. Only those awarded decorations are entitled to

wear them, although many relatives of dead soldiers do break this regulation on special occasions such as Armistice Day. Their pride is understandable, but confusion is caused with those men and women who are genuinely entitled to wear such medals and decorations.

SASHES

Why is it that certain warrant officers and sergeants are allowed to wear sashes and others are not? The additional touch of colour seems to produce a much smarter effect.

For the same reason I would like to see walking-out dress altered to include dress hat with peak, cane and gloves.—"Scarborough," Yorks (name and address supplied).

★Queen's Regulations say sashes may be worn, subject to Clothing Regulations and Equipment Regulations, by Infantry warrant officers and sergeants (Rifle regiments excepted) on special occasions such as general courts-martial, garrison boards and courts of inquiry, church parades, funerals and when specially ordered.

CIVILIAN DOCTOR

When the National Health Scheme was introduced did the War Office issue a regulation allowing married soldiers living with their wives to register with the local civilian doctor? I live 26 miles from the nearest Army medical officer.—Serjeant A. J. Hughes, King's Royal Rifle Corps (Army Recruiting), 21 Wharf Road, Grantham.

★Soldiers on the lodging list in the United Kingdom who require medical attendance when at home may obtain treatment from civilian sources if they live more than two miles from the nearest Royal Army Medical Corps medical officer or civilian doctor appointed to treat troops. No payment will be made by the patient to the doctor, who claims his fees at the approved rate on AFO 1667 (see ACI 581/48).

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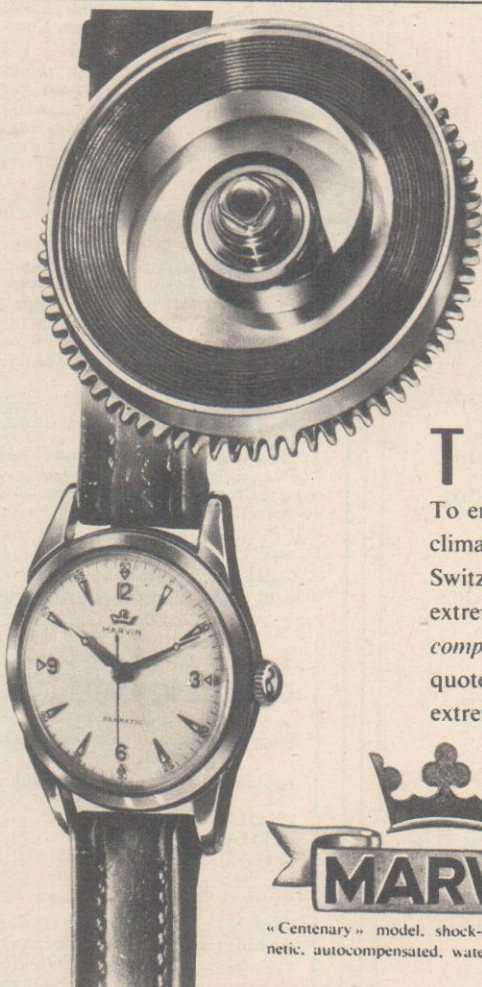
THE WAGES OF FEAR: Proudly billed as "the first Continental film to secure a full circuit release" this French prize-winner is one of the toughest and most suspenseful films ever screened. It makes the average swashbuckling adventure film look pretty silly. The story is about the efforts of a party of down-and-outs to grow rich dangerously—by driving lorries loaded with ultra-sensitive explosive over appalling roads to an oil fire. It's all highly disillusioned, but immensely exciting.

THE SEEKERS: A story of pioneer settlers in New Zealand. Jack Hawkins and Glynis Johns head a cast which includes Noel Purcell, the Continental actress Laya Raki and the Maori singer Inia Te Wiata. Highlights include Maori warriors in battle, ancient burial caves, smugglers of shrunken human heads, Maori dances and ritual, and New Zealand scenery in full colour.

KNOCK ON WOOD: Danny Kaye gives up telling fairy stories and returns to crazy comedy. Someone has had the happy idea of making him a ventriloquist whose innermost thoughts are uncontrollably and embarrassingly spoken by his dummy. Danny and Mai Zetterling also get mixed up with espionage. In colour.

HAPPY EVER AFTER: Fun and games in an Irish village as the residents fall over each other to assassinate their unpopular new squire. Stars: David Niven, Yvonne de Carlo, Barry Fitzgerald. In colour.

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MORE LETTERS

FIRST IN HAMBURG

May 1, as an ex-member of the 11th Hussars, Prince Albert's Own, add our name to the list of regiments claiming to be the first in Hamburg?

Our regimental history states: "The British occupation of Hamburg, the second city of the Reich, took place in the late afternoon of May 3. Their divisional commander had given to the 11th Hussars the honour of being the first to enter; but the proceedings which followed bore little resemblance to former triumphs at Tobruk, Benghazi, Tripoli and Tunis. . . . To start with, tanks accompanied by Infantry aboard armoured carriers went in front in order to secure the bridgehead on the far side of the Elbe. This could be the reason for the confusion. Behind them Colonel Wainman, Commanding

11th Hussars, in his Dingo led the regimental headquarters followed by 'D' Squadron. . . . At the front line of what had been that formidable perimeter a German officer waited to receive the column. . . . Further on there were two bridges to be crossed, and at the second one spanning the main stream of the Elbe, the tanks and Infantry were halted. At this point the armoured cars passed through." The time was given as 5.15 p.m. The *Illustrated London News* also carried a sketch entitled "11th Hussars leading the British entry into Hamburg, May 3, 1945."

As the Regiment was the "recce" regiment of the Division the Divisional Commander's choice of it to lead the Division would seem a natural one.—Kenneth Cook, 47 Thorley Park Road, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire.

As the commander of 131 Lorried Infantry Brigade of 7th Armoured Division at the time of the capture of Hamburg in May, 1945, and during the initial occupation of the British Sector in Berlin, may I answer two questions which have been asked in *SOLDIER*. In the May number a reader asks whether the 9th Durham Light Infantry or 1/5th Queens Royal Regiment was the first battalion into Hamburg. The answer is that the Durhams led the order of march of 131 Brigade Group as far as the bridges over the Elbe at the suburb of Harburg. Their task was to guard these bridges while the remainder of the Brigade, led by 1/5th Queens, passed over the river into the city of Hamburg. I gave this battalion the honour of being first into the city centre because it was the only remaining battalion of its Regiment which, from Alamein to Holland, had provided the three battalions of the 131 (Queens) Lorried Infantry Brigade.

In your June number you review Sir Winston Churchill's sixth volume of the Second World War. You recall the incident when the Prime Minister at the time of the Potsdam Conference opened a soldier's club and thought he detected an air of sheepishness on the part of his audience. Sir Winston drove direct to the club from taking the salute at the Victory Parade on the Unter den Linden. At this parade all available troops of 7th Armoured Division marched and drove past the saluting base. We, therefore, arranged for the audience at the opening of the Winston Club to consist of three or four hundred men drawn from Corps and Army troops of the Garrison. It is perfectly true that they did look a bit sheepish when the Prime Minister addressed them as "Dear Desert Rats" and told them that their "glory would ever shine and their memory never fade," but I am sure it was not because most of them may have voted "adversely."

Incidentally stories of this incident no doubt led Giles to draw his famous cartoon of the Desert Rat trooper and the soldier of the Royal Pioneer Corps which your readers may remember.—Brigadier J. M. K. Spurling, CBE, DSO, Headquarters, West Africa Command, Accra, Gold Coast.

★Brigadier Spurling is no doubt thinking of the cartoon in which a Desert Rat is made to say: "I didn't mind Churchill saying it, but the next soldier that says 'Good morning, my DEAR Desert Rat' is going to cop it."

LORRY-TOP BOAT

"Can You Recognise This Boat?" you ask under a picture of officer-cadets paddling a boat made of an inverted lorry hood (*SOLDIER*, July). I think I have a good claim to answer the question, having originally submitted this idea to my commanding officer



Eight men and a motor-cycle are "on board" this lorry hood.

(now Brigadier Reade commanding Ceylon Army) and subsequently gave demonstrations to 197 Brigade Commander, 59 Division Commander, and the Inspector General, Royal Artillery, early in 1942.

In the enclosed photograph a motor-cycle is being conveyed across the lake at Loughbrickland, County Down. We also carried jeeps on several occasions. For this purpose bedboards, old doors, and so on, were laid across the bottom.

May I comment on the Chatham version? Firstly, the sides are much too high, and in adverse wind conditions it would be difficult to arrive at any point except downwind. Secondly, in situations where this idea might be most useful it is hardly likely that the average non-Sapper unit would have paddles and boathooks. We used shovels G.S. for paddles. Also, we simply ran a length of signal wire round the tubular frame of the lorry, twisting it round a few times at each corner, then pulled the canvas up and over the wire, lashing it down—to what can now be termed the bottom—with the existing ropes.

With a drill worked out, we could have the boat launched within four minutes of arrival at the water's edge.

I would be most interested to hear from anyone who has found this idea useful.—R. Malcolm Kidd, ex-110th Field Regt. RA, North Bank, Lazonby, Penrith, Cumberland.

NO SALUTE

You have probably had this before but is a VC who is not commissioned entitled to a salute?—"Larry" (name and address supplied).

★No.

INSTRUCTORS

★With reference to the article "School Under The Palms" (July), *SOLDIER* is now informed that under the proposed new education scheme for the Army a reduced number of academically qualified National Servicemen will be retained as sergeant instructors.

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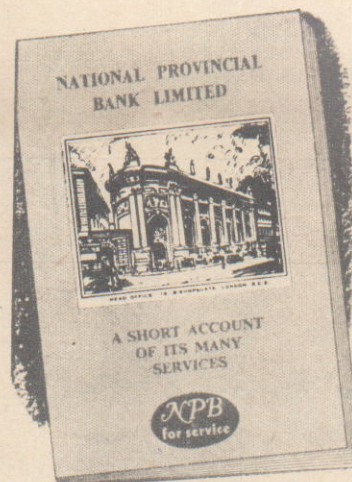
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