

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



NINEPENCE

DECEMBER 1955



NINEPENCE



OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL RANKS

IS YOUR
WORK-TICKET
SIGNED?

KEEP OUT
THIS MEANS
YOU

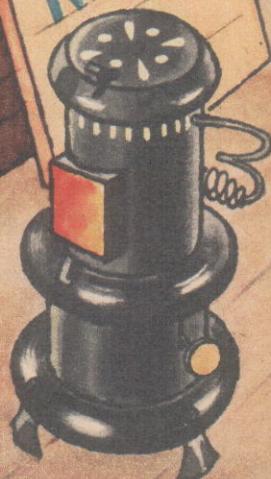
DO NOT

KNOCK
AND
WAIT

An illustration showing a hammer and several screws scattered on a blue surface, likely a workbench. The hammer is positioned at the top left, and the screws are scattered across the surface.

A close-up photograph of a rectangular sign with a black border. The words "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" are printed in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters, arranged in three lines: "KEEP OFF" on the top line, "THE" on the middle line, and "GRASS" on the bottom line. The sign is positioned in front of a wooden fence.

FRANK
FINCH.



CHRISTMAS
FARE



Christmas-time, the season of rejoicing, is traditionally celebrated around the party table. Wherever these festivities may be held, their success will depend upon the fare provided. Make sure that your table is bountifully laid with the best of good things by ordering your supplies from Naafi. Wherever you may be, Naafi has available a splendid variety of Christmas Fare, of an exciting excellence. Be in good time—place your order with Naafi today.

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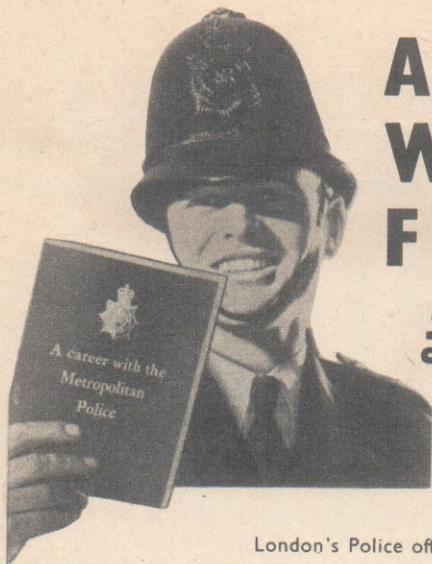
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Player's complete it**



*Player's
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Please send illustrated booklet which tells me all about the Metropolitan Police.

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THIS IS NOT NEWS, BUT—

THREE'S no need to name the unit or the individual involved, but it seems worth mentioning that the champion recruit at a recent passing-out ceremony was a youth who arrived at the depot wearing "Teddy Boy" clothes.

Nobody at the parade looked more pleased than his parents.

Don't get the idea that he is the only one of that much-talked-about fraternity to make a good soldier. It's only bad soldiers who make news.

"Teddy Boys" are not mentioned as such in that recent report on the Services by a working party appointed by King George's Jubilee Trust. This report says that the predominant failing in

recruits is lack of self-confidence. A button-pressing generation has not learned to fend for itself; it cannot read maps, travel by compass or stars, bivouac, cook, swim, life-save, render first-aid or handle a boat, all of which activities build

self-confidence. (The report might have mentioned that many soldiers cannot even find their way about the London Underground). Yet this same generation, says the report, has enough self-confidence to demand its "rights," though it seems less concerned with its duties—to comrades and country. That's the accusation.

If it is true, no wonder discipline comes as a shock to many. Yet, at the end of their service, some soldiers say discipline is not strict enough. It's wonderful how ideas can change in two years—or even two months.

THE Prime Minister's promise of a rise in pay to be announced in the New Year ought to make this a cheerful Christmas for Regulars.

Whether more money will bring in the much-needed recruits remains to be seen. The risk of paying high wages to soldiers is that you may attract men who do not feel equal to the struggle of civil life, and who hope to find a quiet niche in a charitable organisation. The Army must show no charity to such. At the moment there are plenty of quiet niches in civil life where the unambitious find shelter. Let them stay there.

What a real soldier wants is not extravagant pay, or a scarlet uniform, or two fat steaks a day, but a chance of useful, honourable and preferably spirited employment in the Sovereign's service, wherever that may lead him. Obviously, he needs enough pay to fortify his self-respect; but his self-respect also demands an Army which makes the maximum use of his talents. It must be a machine in which every cog contributes to the general momentum, and no wheels spin idly.

The promised rise will have one certain result: it will make Parliament and Press keener than ever to ensure that the soldier is earning his keep.

OVER →



continued

THE soldier whose picture appears on page 5 symbolises one of the Army's current problems.

He is a Territorial soldier who has just parachuted into a Danish field to take part in a NATO exercise.

It is an unusual role for a Territorial, but the Special Air Service is an unusual unit.

Now the whole Territorial Army, of which this soldier is a vigorous member, is in the melting pot. Units are once again speculating on their future.

Territorials have weathered many shocks since the war ended. One of the biggest was the decision to wind up Anti-Aircraft Command. Before the last survivors could be found employment, came the Prime Minister's announcement:

"The conception of reserve forces waiting to take part in large-scale conventional warfare is, in our judgment, out of date. In the event of a nuclear war the primary role of the Reserve Army would be to help to maintain the life of the nation and to

deal with raids and sabotage."

So new types of training and organisation are to be introduced, and there will be a full-time Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces.

Commenting on this, *The Times* said: "The introduction of the hydrogen bomb has willy-nilly made the Territorial Army a home defence force, and it is to be hoped that the Army will now scrap its annual follies on Salisbury Plain in the form of TA divisional exercises, except for the two divisions earmarked for the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation."

A bit hard, that! It nettled the Territorials, as did the sentence: "The Army's splendid loyalty to its Territorials has been unrealistic." An honorary colonel wrote in to hint that *The Times* had got it the wrong way round.

You have to be hard-skinned to be a Territorial—just as you had to be hard-skinned to be a Volunteer or a Militiaman.

As in all times of change, strange rumours recently began to fly. One of them was that the

Territorial Army was to be written off. But the Minister of Defence quickly scotched that one. The reserve forces, he said, will be responsible for providing: two divisions for NATO; staffs for the control and reporting system of the Royal Air Force; the Mobile Defence Corps; fire-fighters; and certain specialists who cannot be recruited in sufficient numbers on a regular basis. The Territorial Army will still have Divisions based on Counties, and volunteers will constitute its backbone. Its role will be to maintain "An organised society" in these islands.

He did not mention Territorial airborne troops. Let's hope there will still be a chance for adventurous part-time soldiers to go parachuting on the Continent.

IN the good old days, generals served with equal zeal on land or sea.

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, would take a temporary farewell of his Horse and Foot and step aboard a flagship to direct a sea battle against the Dutch. The master of the vessel would interpret as best he could the Duke's orders to "charge" or

"wheel to the right." What the master privately thought of the generals-at-sea is not hard to imagine.

Gradually the Navy ousted the presumptuous redcoats from its quarter-deck and has kept them off it ever since. In World War Two it had its belated revenge when an admiral commanded the Army in Burma.

Lord Mountbatten, who had that privilege, was described by Sir Winston Churchill as "triphibious"—he was admiral, general and air marshal simultaneously.

The "triphibious" senior officer is clearly what Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery wants to breed. One day, he says, there may have to be one single fighting service (and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris has said the same thing). But already, says the Field-Marshal, we need a new type of commander, trained to be completely inter-Service—in a sense, neutral—from his early days.

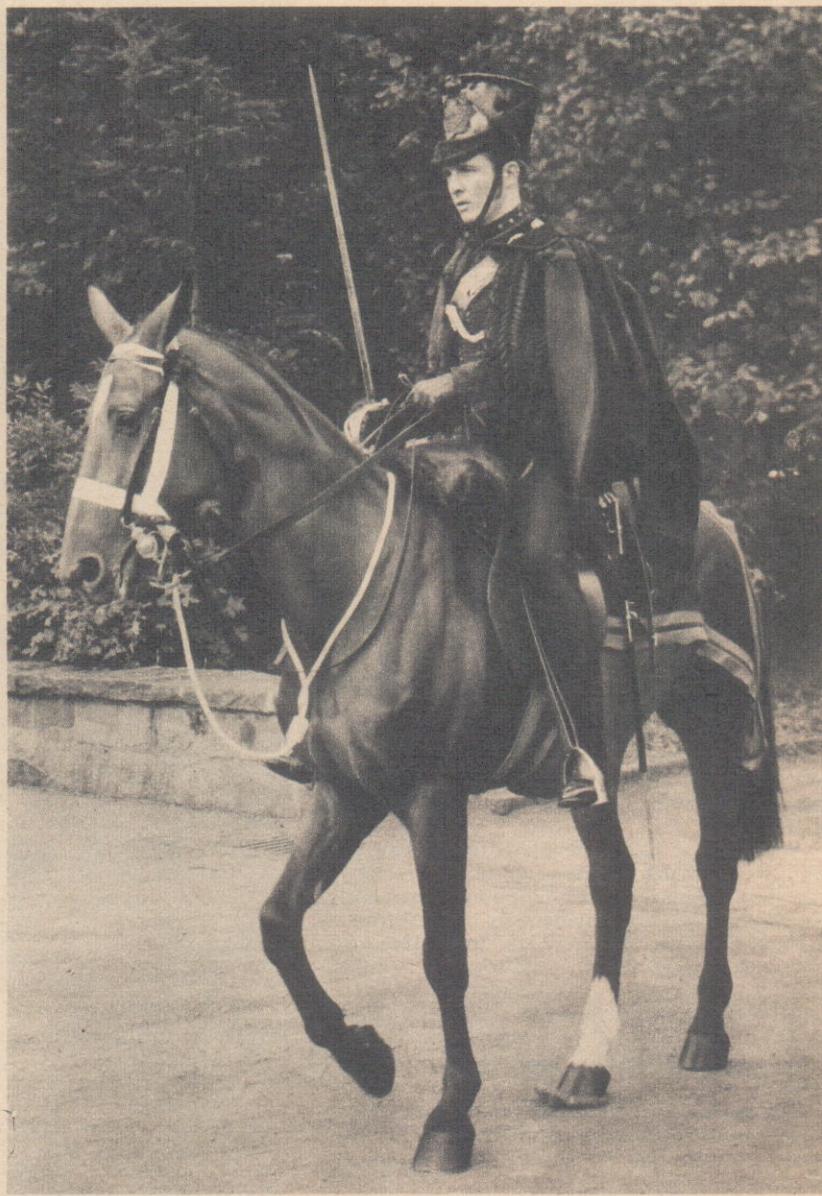
Field-Marshal Montgomery's concern is to "emancipate" the Royal Air Force. He sees it as the decisive weapon of war, not as a useful asset to an Army or a Navy. Yet it cannot win a war



HE LOOKS THE PART

Take a soldier, dress him in a 200-year-old hat and wig, and he may or may not look the part. This one does. He appeared at the bi-centenary parade of the 2nd Battalion, the King's Royal Rifle Corps in Germany.

Photographs: Sergeant F. Preston.



by itself. So he wants the Services to cut out their jealousies, their tendencies to empire-building, their habit of viewing themselves as self-contained fighting forces. In other words, they should be locked together to make a powerful unity instead of a jealous trinity. A really powerful Minister of Defence, he thinks, is the first requisite: a man who can eliminate rivalries and wastage. To this end the Minister has just been given a right-hand man in Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William Dickson, who is to be chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee. (The Navy must derive what consolation it can from the fact that this distinguished airman has a family link with Nelson.)

Field - Marshal Montgomery was thinking primarily of the "teeth"—but what of the "tail"? Every intelligent soldier sitting in a NAAFI must have wondered why only NAAFI has succeeded in being completely inter-Service. He looks out of the window and sees the garrison cinema. Why, he may ask, must each service make its own arrangements to distribute films?

Then, thinking a bit harder, he may wonder why there are not inter-Service organisations to provide chaplains, education officers, medical officers, dental officers, physical training instructors and so on.

And after that he may wonder why there are not inter-Service schools to train radar and radio operators, teleprinter operators, cooks, clerks, motor drivers. He assumes there are technical reasons why these mergers cannot be effected. An "awkward" Minister of Defence may be unwilling to assume anything of the sort; then the fur will begin to fly.

HOW good is the Army's driving?

Twenty-six units of the Royal Army Service Corps took part in a safe driving competition for a year. One unit, 59 Company, Sedgefield (Northern Command), logged 56,463 miles per accident. Next best was 22 Company, Taunton (Southern Command), with 47,769 miles per accident. The average of all 26 units was one accident per 13,130 miles. In 18,119,499 miles there were 1380 accidents, of which three were fatal, 74 involved injury and 310 were not the drivers' fault.

It is hard to find comparable statistics in civil life, since the Army counts as an accident what others would overlook. The fact that 993 accidents out of 1380 involved no injuries suggests that the Army was counting a good many minor scrapes. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents say that three commercial firms, using similar vehicles to the Army, averaged one accident in 20,000 miles. The records of the two leading Royal Army Service Corps companies, say the Society, are definitely very good.



As British soldiers stand guard on a Cyprus roof, a familiar American neon-sign flashes. It all looks peaceful, but—

CYPRUS CAMERA

IN Cyprus, the battle of sticks and stones goes on—with interludes of bombs and bullets.

It is an odd sensation for British troops to find themselves parading with staves and "dustbin lids" for use against rioters. Odd, too, after all these years to be wearing respirators on operations, as protection against their own tear gas.

Another unusual experience has been the enforc-

ing in some areas of a daylight curfew, which means patrolling in bright sunlight a town as apparently dead as one of those Wild West townships where the population have gone indoors while the gunmen shoot it out. But the soldier takes all these assignments in his stride.

more pictures overleaf ➤



In Famagusta British troops stop cars and prepare to search a building after a recent shooting incident.



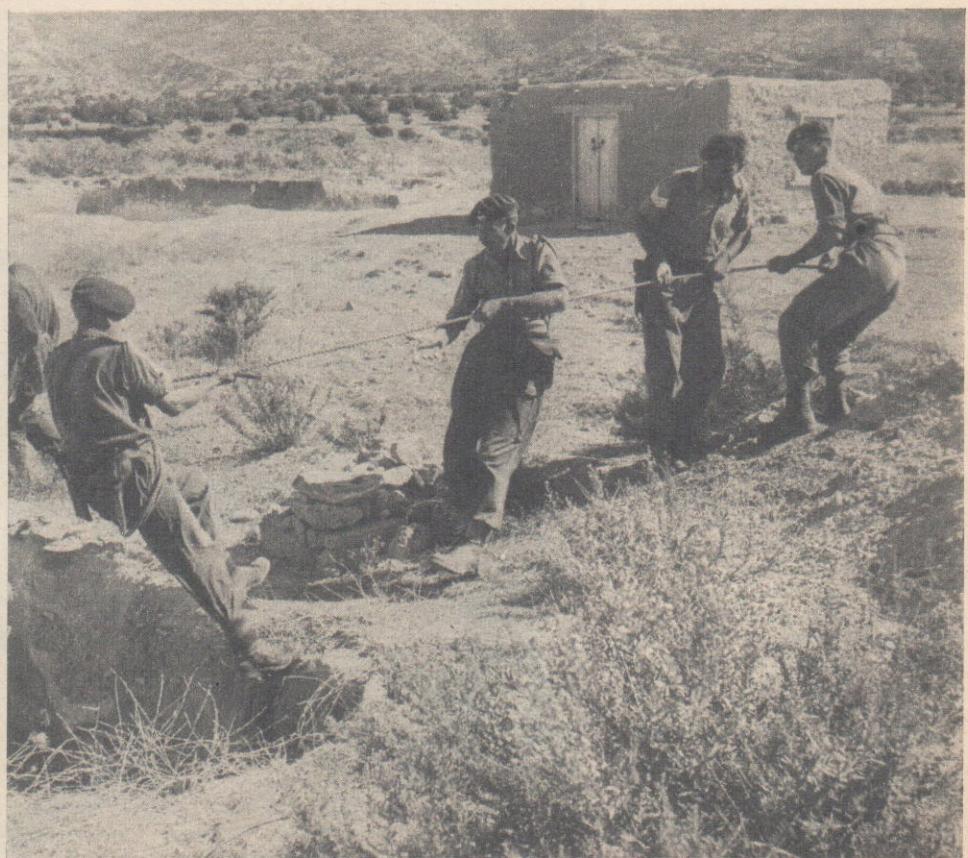
The sun is bright in Famagusta, but the town is under curfew. This young Cypriot will have some explaining to do. Right: Men of the South Staffordshires with sticks and "dustbin lids."

continuing

CYPRUS CAMERA



Below, left: Gilbert Harding's double? This Turk with his "hubby-bubbly" has caught the eye of L/Cpl Joan Poulain, WRAC. Right: A Marine is hauled from a well he has been searching.





The Serviceman who begins to "act queer" is a familiar character in films. In this scene from "The Hasty Heart" Richard Todd ("I want to be alone") is mocked by his comrades, but befriended by a nursing sister (Patricia Neal).

WHO IS THE HAPPY WARRIOR?

Wordsworth asked the question, and replied to it at great length. The Army's psychiatrists have their own answer

IN India, soldiers who had too long endured the heat and frustrations of Deolali used to suffer from what was called "Doolally Tap."

On the Western Front, in World War One, men became victims of "shell shock." In World War Two they might become "sand happy," "jungle happy" or "bomb happy." Or they went "round the bend."

What happened to these unfortunates the ordinary soldier never quite knew. He surmised that they fell into the hands of "trick cyclists," of whom he entertained the darkest doubts.

Many popular hallucinations about "trick cyclists" in the Army have been exploded, but the real story of Army psychiatry, as practised today, is little known. Recovery of men from "round the bend" is only one aspect of it; the psychiatrist in uniform tries to intercept the soldier before he gets anywhere near the bend.

Who is the happy warrior? To the psychiatrist, he is simply the man who is mentally healthy, whose morale and self-respect are strong.

Since the war ended, the military psychiatrist has assumed an increasing responsibility in making the Army an efficient and reliable fighting machine.

In the process, he is conducting one of the largest and most

important field experiments in social medicine ever carried out in the Commonwealth. That is, he is attempting on a vast scale to predict the behaviour of individuals differing widely in intelligence, character and temperament in controlled conditions. Mass observations like this could only be carried out in civil life with small numbers of subjects and under great practical difficulties.

The psychiatrist may be called in at the initial stage of a soldier's career if the Personnel Selection Officer (who has been trained on psychiatric lines) has doubts about the recruit's intelligence and abilities. He must judge whether the man should be rejected as too dull to profit by military training, or too emotional to stand a soldier's life, or whether he should be used in some special or restricted employment.

Thus, on the psychiatrist's ability to pick out good soldier material and recognise human flaws depends, eventually, the

morale and fighting efficiency of the Army. Nobody is immune to nervous breakdown, if the strain is heavy and prolonged enough. It is the duty of the psychiatrist, in war and peace, to recognise the warning signs and prevent a soldier cracking up at what could be a critical moment.

The modern Army psychiatrist prefers to get out into the field, to see at first hand the conditions in which troops are living, to sample the morale of units, to prevent by all legitimate means at his disposal the onset of psychiatric illness. This involves close liaison with medical and non-medical officers, to whom he lectures on the recognition of emotional disturbances.

Before 1939 the Army had few psychiatrists. In the early days of World War Two many of the hospital psychiatrists who entered the Army were unworldly and unmilitary types whose presence did nothing to dispel the popular prejudices against "trick cyclists." But when Brigadier J. R. Rees was appointed Director of Army Psychiatry in 1940 military psychiatry found a new vitality and inspiration. Many of the specialists he recruited have since reached the top of their profession in civil life.



Over-strain is beginning to drive Gregory Peck "round the bend" in the film "Twelve O'Clock High."

OVER



HAPPY WARRIOR continued

When Brigadier Rees went out in 1945 he left a nucleus of young Regular medical officers to be trained as psychiatrists.

Today the Army's senior psychiatrists, under Brigadier J. T. Robinson, are all Regular officers with post-graduate experience and specialist qualifications, who have seen active war service as medical officers, and who in some instances have served with airborne and other assault units.

They know that for a soldier to feel afraid is not necessarily abnormal or a sign of cowardice, and that fear can be controlled by good morale. They know, too, that a soldier can break down in battle for reasons unconnected with the fighting.

Again, they are aware that men are sometimes sent to the psychiatrist not because they are mentally ill but because their unit can think of no other way of getting rid of them. When a succession of men come from a unit as "untrainable" or "undesirable," investigation may show that the fault is not with the men.

Psychiatrists are often asked, as impartial medical witnesses at courts-martial, to give an opinion on whether a man charged with a serious military crime was responsible for his action, and on his state of mind at the time. They are by no means always on the side of the defence, as some critics like to assert. More and more, psychiatrist witnesses are saying that men must bear responsibility for their actions.

In trying to build up the quality of the Army, psychiatrists oppose any idea of using it as a training school for "making men" of juvenile delinquents or as a sanctuary for those who cannot or will not settle down as civilians. They are the strongest advocates of good pay and improved conditions of service, and of anything else which will confirm the Regular soldier in his place as a respected citizen.

Inevitably, the Army must have its share of mental illness.

Before World War Two, it was a smaller share. Every soldier was a volunteer, determined to "fit in." What the psychiatrists call "motivation" was good.

Today, when the Army is more nearly a cross-section of the population, its share of mental illness is larger. Young National Servicemen who enter the Army with a bias against it find difficulty in adjusting themselves to service life, say the psychiatrists. If a recruit's parents also have a bias against the Army, it is even harder for him. Most vulnerable is the only child.

Among youngsters who break down in the first month of service, entering the Army may be simply the "last straw" or, as the psychiatrists call it, the "trigger-mechanism" that brings on a breakdown to which a number of other factors have contributed. If such men prove basically unstable, they are discharged.

By contrast, there are others whose personalities are stable enough but who break down later after some abnormal stress. Thus, a soldier may stand up to the strain of a prolonged period in battle, only to meet the "last straw" in the shape of bad news from home.

Among older soldiers, breakdowns sometimes come to the over-ambitious, who have not achieved the promotion they think they deserve, and to the over-conscientious who worry about their work. Separation from wives and families may also contribute to break-downs. Bad climates and isolated stations produce fewer crack-ups than is popularly supposed, provided the men lead healthy lives, with adequate sleep and not too much drink.

Army psychiatrists claim they can detect the man who is trying to "work his ticket" by feigning ill-health, pretending to commit suicide or wounding himself. They try to convince him that he is running away from his difficulties, and that even if he suc-



A member of the staff at Netley Hospital demonstrates devices to check the functioning of a patient's thyroid gland.



Patient's activities at Netley range from lectures on foreign affairs to laying concrete paths. Above: A patient makes a scarf. Below: Painting "by numbers."



ceeds he will run into other difficulties in civilian life.

Once the Army's remedy for mental ill-health was to discharge the soldier. Now the psychiatrist's job is to make him fit to serve again; if not, to make him fit for a normal civilian life.

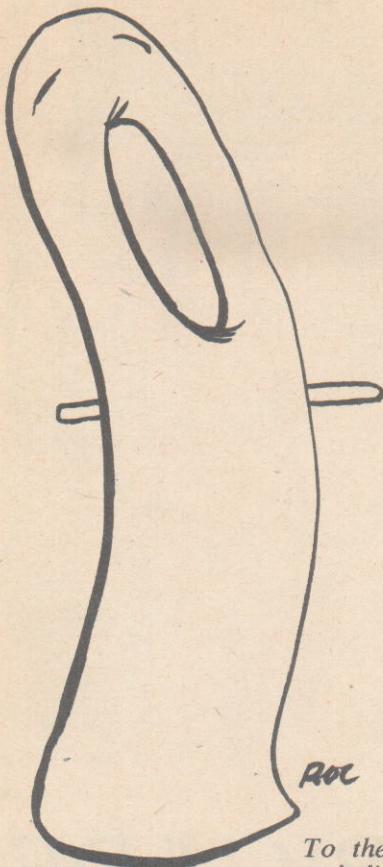
When possible, soldiers suffering from mental illness are treated as out-patients, to keep them in their normal surroundings. Troops overseas may be treated in psychiatric wards in the military hospitals in their commands. All major cases from overseas, and all major and minor cases from Britain (including Royal Navy and Royal Air Force officer-patients) are treated in the psychiatric division of the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. McGhie, RAMC.

This is a mental hospital without bars, where every effort is made to emphasise that the wards are ordinary hospital wards. It has 300 beds through which pass 1200 patients a year. Despite the major cases from overseas, 60 out of every 100 patients are able to resume their Service careers; only one in every hundred is transferred as "incurable" to a civilian hospital. The remainder are discharged, and a Ministry of Labour official visits Netley each week to arrange suitable civilian jobs.

Among Netley's many up-to-date aids to treatment is a tape-recorder. Under the influence of a drug, a patient may re-live a shattering experience which has contributed to his break-down (psychiatrists have been known to drop plates and rattle furniture as "noises off" to help men re-live battles). A medical journal has reported that one former prisoner-of-war who had been tied up by his captors had weals appear on his arms during a "re-living" session. The idea of the treatment is that a patient hearing a recording of what he has said may be helped to understand and overcome his fears.

Both at Netley and at the Royal Army Medical College at Millbank, London, research into the nature and causes of mental disease goes on continually, with the help of all the latest resources of medical science. A notable piece of current research initiated by Brigadier Robinson involves the use of radio-active compounds from Harwell. The object is to determine whether there is any relation between the functions of certain glands and mental illnesses.

Results from this work may have an important bearing on civilian as well as military psychiatric practice. It may be possible to learn a little more of the reasons which cause apparently contented young people to be obsessed with the idea of suicide, why intelligent individuals of good background feel compelled to act in an anti-social manner and why certain age groups and types of body structure are often associated with abnormal mental states.



A change of pose.

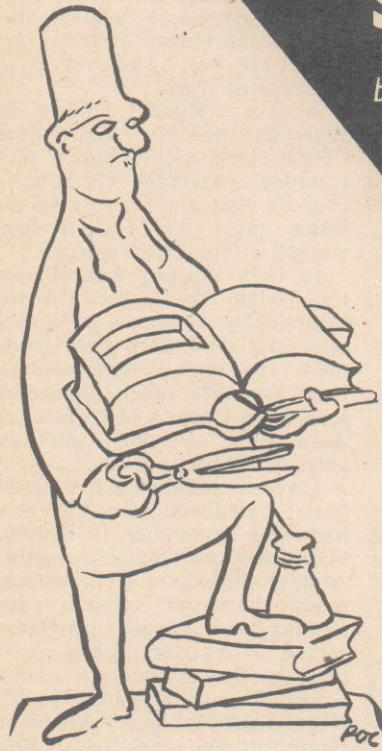
ROC

*For the Examination Hall:
"This is where you want it."*

*To the Drill Sergeant: emits a
melodious note in prevailing wind.*

A FEW IDEAS FOR STATUES

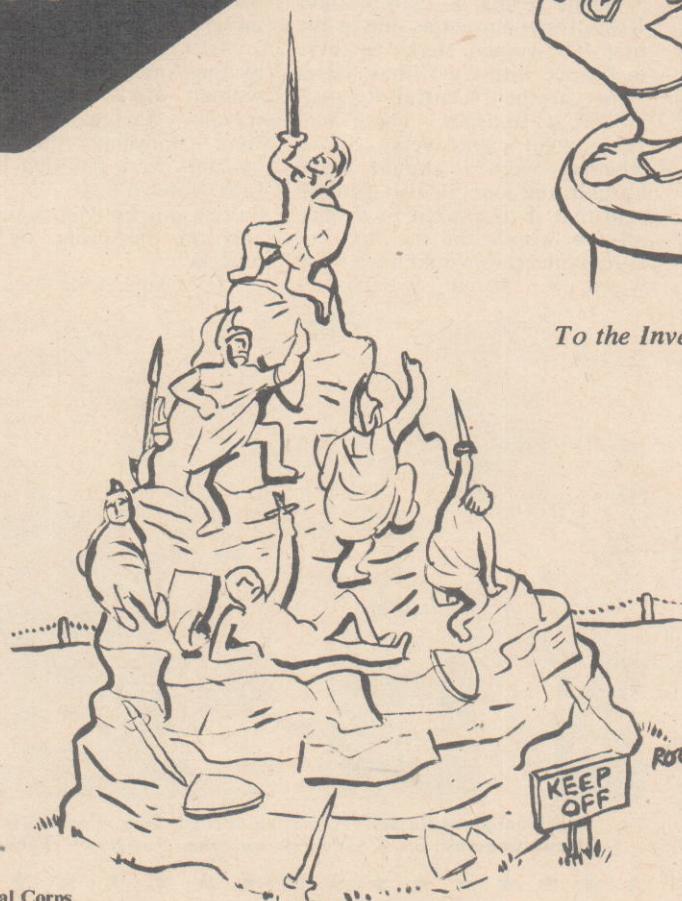
by **ROC***



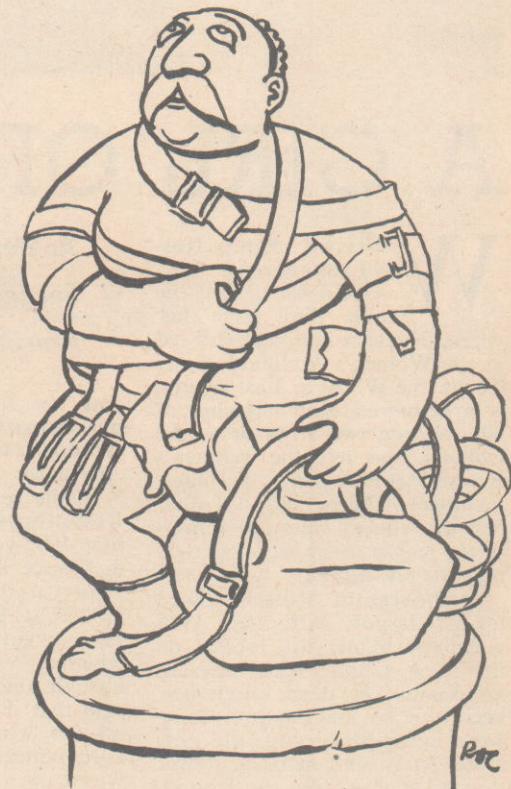
*To the Drafter of
Amendment No. 1.*

*Group for cadet college
grounds, with generous
facilities for placing
utensils on passing-nights.*

* Otherwise QMS R. O'Connor, Royal Army Medical Corps.



To the Inventor of Web Equipment.



*Allegorical group:
National Serviceman resisting
Demon Demob - Happiness.*



The poster which pulled her in—in 1918. Right: Worker Agnes Russell, with two friends of the WAAC of World War One.

Eighteen years in khaki: Staff - Sergeant Russell.



A GIRL OF THE OLD BRIGADE

WORKER Agnes Russell has retired.

"Worker" was the rank they gave her when, 37 years ago, she enlisted in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (the WAAC). Last month, a grey-haired staff-sergeant of 63, wearing two rows of medal ribbons, she left the Women's Royal Army Corps, its oldest member. There may be other Service women wearing ribbons of the Kaiser's war, but if so they must be few indeed.

Staff-Sergeant Russell joined up in Glasgow in January 1918 when the public still looked on the new Corps with tolerant amusement or deep misgivings, according to their nature. Some were horrified because the girls wore skirts with hems no fewer than 12 inches from the ground. Fortunately women were not put into slacks until the next war.

Girls were enrolled into the Corps as civilians on contract to carry out duties as clerks, cooks, telephonists, postal sorters, drivers and domestic workers. Military ranks were not allowed: there were only Officials (equivalent to officers) and Members (other ranks). Members were divided into Workers (privates), Assistant Forewomen (junior NCOs) and Forewomen (senior NCOs). A frivolous suggestion that Forewomen should be called Amazons was turned down.

The lowest paid Worker received 21s. a week, out of which 13s. went for food. Members had to buy all their clothes except the issue dress, greatcoat, hat, two pairs of stockings and one pair of shoes. Worker Russell received 27s. 6d. a week as a clerk

Ankles were still a bit of a novelty when Staff-Sergeant Agnes Russell joined up in the Kaiser's war. She has just retired—aged 63

and her first job was in the quartermaster's stores at the Gordon Highlanders Depot in Aberdeen.

In the spring of 1918 Worker Russell was chosen as one of the first 100 women clerks to serve in France with the United States Army at their Central Records Office at Bourges. There had been great controversy as to whether women should serve abroad and one British general said that if they went to France all the woods on the lines of communication would have to be wired off. "If you do, sir, you

will have a number of enterprising couples climbing over," replied the Chief Controller of the WAAC, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan. The woods remained unwired.

Strict precautions were taken by the Americans to protect the women clerks. At the French Cavalry barracks where they were stationed the women's quarters were guarded by a six-foot wooden palisade, patrolled on one side by American soldiers and on the other by women pickets.

"The Americans looked after

us wonderfully," says Staff-Sergeant Russell. "Every week each girl was given a cigarette ration or a pound box of chocolates. They held dances and concerts for us and used to invite us to their boxing matches. Many girls married American soldiers and went to the United States at the end of the war." There were GI brides even then.

Worker Russell was in Bourges when the war ended. "That was the only time I was confined to barracks. The Americans thought it wiser to keep us inside until the French had worked off their high spirits."

In 1919 Worker Russell was transferred to British Army General Headquarters at Wimereux and was discharged from the Corps when it disbanded in February, 1920. She immediately joined the Corps Old Comrades Association of which she has been a member ever since.

Three months after the Auxiliary Territorial Service was formed in September, 1938 Staff-Sergeant Russell joined up again. At first she was a clerk with a mobile anti-aircraft battery defending the Clyde and later served as quartermaster's clerk with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Royal Armoured Corps, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Pay Corps.

At the end of the war Staff-Sergeant Russell was due for release with Group One but decided to remain. "The Army had got into my blood and I didn't want to leave." She became a Regular in 1948. Her last unit was 12 Battalion, Women's Royal Army Corps at Richmond Park.



Staff-Sergeant Russell receives the British Empire Medal from Lieut-General G. K. Bourne at the Tower of London.





Private Don Johnson has found a new way of testing the edge of his axe.

Left: If this carrier-load of fearsome beavers does not shake the enemy, then nothing will.

The most luxuriant beard of all belongs to Sergeant Joe York who weighs nearly 18 stone.



PERMISSION TO GROW?—GRANTED

Here is the beard story to end all beard stories—from the Royal Canadian Regiment in Germany

IN the British Army, bearded pioneer sergeants are not unknown. But if there is a battalion with 16 bearded pioneers, **SOLDIER** has not discovered it.

The Canadian Army has one. The pioneers of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Canadian Regiment beat the other pioneer platoons of the 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade in a skill-at-arms contest in Germany, in June. One reward was permission to grow, from the Battalion's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Corbould, for the whole pioneer platoon.

In six weeks, "fuzz" had turned to 16 beards—bushy beards and goatees, beards with curls and ringlets and straight beards, and no two beards alike. Some members of the platoon remained clean-shaven.

When a new aspirant to whiskers receives permission to grow, he parades the result of ten days' cultivation before the platoon commander, Lieutenant Harry Jonas, who decides whether the beard shall be given another chance or shaved off. Once the beard is approved the soldier must not shave without authority.

The bearded pioneers recently paraded before the Duke of Edinburgh when he presented the Regiment with new Colours.

A "mountain music" session in the carpentry shop—and all the beards are real.



THE SOLDIER WITH A NOSE FOR TERRORISTS

On two days running, the lance-corporal from Northern Rhodesia smelled out the enemy in the Malaya jungle

LANCE-CORPORAL SAMSON JAMANI, of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, is a soldier with a highly developed sense of smell.

On two successive days, while on patrol in the mountainous jungles of Pahang, he sniffed the smoke of an enemy camp fire. His ears are no less acute than his nose, and within seconds he had detected the sound of voices in the distance. On each occasion two Communist terrorists were located and killed.

In the first of these engagements Lance-Corporal Jamani attacked the bandits on the flank in order to drive them towards his platoon commander's killing party. He accounted for one himself, and the other ran into the guns of Jamani's comrades.

The second camp was extremely hard to find. Lance-Corporal Jamani finally indicated it to his platoon commander by firing into it from 15 yards range; the others then opened fire on the same spot. One of the two bandits killed beside their rest hut was a high-ranking Communist whose elimination put an end to the Malaya Communist Party's organisation in that area.

Now the lance-corporal with the keen nose has been awarded the Military Medal. "The credit for these four kills must go entirely to him," says the citation, commanding not only Jamani's fieldcraft but "his fearless leadership which took him and his companions to within such close range of the terrorists that they were killed instantly without having a chance to escape or return the fire."

The 1st Battalion The Northern Rhodesia Regiment, in which Lance-Corporal Jamani serves, has been putting up a brisk performance since it was committed to the Pahang jungle a year ago, relieving the 2nd Battalion The King's African Rifles.

Like most troops newly arriving in Malaya, Africans need a short course to acclimatise them to jungle conditions. Although their native country provides a fierce daytime temperature, the askari find the tropical humidity just as trying as do their comrades-in-arms—whether British, Gurkhas or any others not born to the climate.

With their cheerful dispositions, the askari get on well with the Malayan aborigine tribes, communicating with them by signs. They will stay for long periods in each other's company, at ease and in close harmony.

For relaxation the askari go to

their own leave camp at Kuantan, on the east coast of Malaya, where they have bathing, a cinema and food cooked just the way they want it.

The first African of the Regiment to kill a terrorist on his own was Warrant Officer Yaffeti, who was in command of his platoon when three terrorists were located. With Sergeant Annel Chikumbi and Corporal Salota Alik he went into action, and each got his man.

A platoon under 2nd Lieu-

tenant John Hickman, whose father is Commissioner for Police in Northern Rhodesia, found three bandits resting by the wayside. Two were shot dead by the officer, and the third, a woman, ran away and jumped into a stream where she was captured by Private Daniel Kuttundu, leading scout of the patrol.

On a six-weeks penetration into deep jungle one patrol under Major W. H. S. Thomas, surprised a concentration of terrorists, and though heavily outnumbered, went into action at once. Two terrorists were captured. During this action a British officer, Second Lieutenant K. Hensley, lost his life.

The Battalion, which is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. W. Goode, includes six officers of the forces of the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Like the Federation's two battalions of the King's African Rifles, the 1st and 2nd, the Northern Rhodesia Regiment until now has had most of its officers seconded from the British Army. As the Federation grows up, these appointments in all three battalions will all be taken over by Federal officers. Similarly, the seconded British warrant and non-commissioned officers will be replaced by men from the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Staff Corps. This Corps already provides the European element of the Federation's fourth battalion, the Rhodesian African Rifles, from Southern Rhodesia.

The Northern Rhodesia Regiment [motto: *Diversi Genere, Fide Pares*—Different in Race, Equal in Loyalty] had its origins in the armed men employed by the British South Africa Company in north-eastern Rhodesia in the 1890s. This developed into a police force, with a military section and a civilian section, and produced a field service battalion in World War One.

In 1933, the Northern Rhodesia Regiment replaced the former police force,



Warrant Officer Yaffeti, first African of the Regiment to obtain a "kill" in Malaya on his own, while leading his platoon.



This silver Askari is the centrepiece of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment's new mess silver.

and four years later it became a unit of the Imperial Army.

From one battalion, the Regiment expanded to eight in World War Two. The 1st Battalion, along with two other African units, outnumbered ten to one, fought off the Italian attacks on British Somaliland in 1940, and earned 53 decorations and awards. Later the 1st and 3rd Battalions fought in Burma.

Recently, as a belated 21st birthday gift, the Battalion received a set of officers' mess silver from the copper companies of Northern Rhodesia. It was presented in London to the Colonel Commandant of the Regiment, Major-General W. A. Dimoline, who was the Regiment's first lieutenant-colonel, in 1937. *From a report by Major L. E. Bitton, Military Observer in Malaya.*





An underground troop command post of 25 Field Battery, RA in action.

DIG?

GUNNERS IN KOREA SHOW THE WAY

THEIR'S not much the Gunners of 1st Commonwealth Division don't know about deep digging, if the picture on the right is anything to go by.

It shows men of 19 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, putting the finishing touches to one of their underground dug-outs south of the de-militarised zone in Korea, in countryside where some of the toughest battles of the Korean War were fought.

The Gunners were out on a three-day exercise, improving operational positions, testing communications, surveying gun positions and possible targets, and practising camouflage.



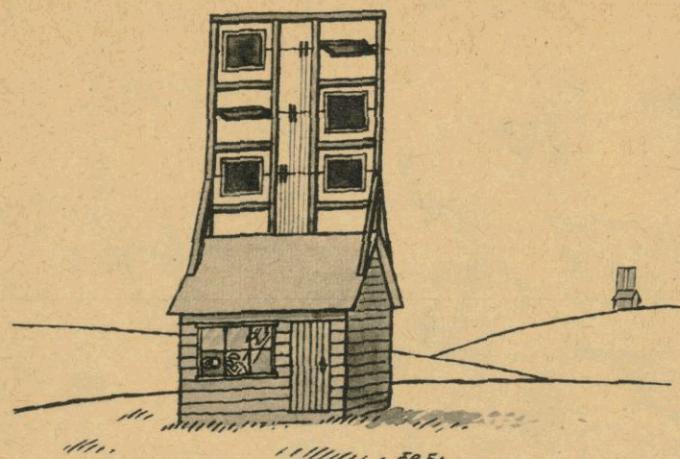
Above: A dug-out that really does give protection. Note the corrugated iron revetting and the thick overhead cover.



Left: A camouflaged 25-pounder. The man second from left is a Korean corporal attached to the Gunners.

The wheel under repair belongs to a camouflaged three-ton truck.





Through 12-guinea telescopes, Admiralty telegraphists read the messages and passed them on.

TO PLYMOUTH AND BACK IN 3 MINUTES—IN 1806!

ALTHOUGH signalling by various means is nearly as old as organised armies, the British Army long put its faith in the messenger on horseback.

Much ingenuity had been expended on signalling ideas. The Greeks had a water telegraph in which messages were identified by the amount of water allowed to flow out of a vessel by taking out the bung at one hand-wave and putting it back in at the second. Fires and flags also played their parts.

The first modern visual telegraph was set up in France in 1793 and the following year the Reverend John Gamble, chaplain to the Duke of York and Chaplain-General to the Forces, determined to build a better system.

He produced a vertical frame holding five shutters which could open and close separately, giving 31 changes. This idea he offered to the Admiralty but, by coincidence, another clergyman, Lord George Murray, came up at the same time with a similar system which had six shutters, giving 63 changes. The Admiralty chose the latter.

In 1795, the first six-shutter telegraph line was opened, between Dover and Deal. It had 15 stations, each equipped with an eight-guinea clock and two 12-guinea telescopes. A line to Portsmouth followed.

The undismayed Gamble produced a new telegraph idea involving a post with four arms on a common centre at the top, but the Admiralty was satisfied with its shutters. The Army, after a demonstration on the tower of a Woolwich church, commissioned Gamble to make 12 portable stations, with which he set up a temporary line from London to Windsor in 1798.

In 1806 the Admiralty built a 22-station branch from its

HOW THE

It's impossible to fight a war at the paralysing end of an electric telegraph cable, said an angry French general

ACROSS a training area at Catterick, a tractor-towed plough with a crew of ten men lays cable in the ground at the rate of five miles a day. It is one of the up-to-date show-pieces of the Royal Signals training centre.

Just a hundred years ago, the first soldiers to lay cable for the electric telegraph in the field were trying out the same idea in the Crimea. The plan was to attach a drum of wire to a plough, pass the end of the wire through the hollow share and thus deposit it at the bottom of the furrow. But the plough was too light to make an impression on the ground.

As a result, men of the first telegraph detachment of the Royal Sappers and Miners (shortly to be the uncommissioned ranks of the Royal Engineers) had to dig trenches into which to bed their wire. In nine days they had laid the first field telegraph line, three miles long, and by the end of the campaign there were 21 miles of line, with eight stations, linking the base and the trenches.

It was not a very reliable system. The gutta-percha covering of the wire was often defective. It also made good pipe-stems and soldiers were apt to cut lengths of wire to use the covering for this purpose. The line was broken from time to time by bounding 68-pound Russian cannon-balls and by troops digging for fuel or disposing of horse offal. Once a nest of field-mice was built round the line and the mother gnawed through the wire. But telegraphy in the field had arrived.

In civilian life, the electric telegraph had already been a practical instrument for nearly 20 years. When the Crimean war began, a civilian firm, under Royal Engineers supervision, laid what was then the world's



STAFF CURSED IT!



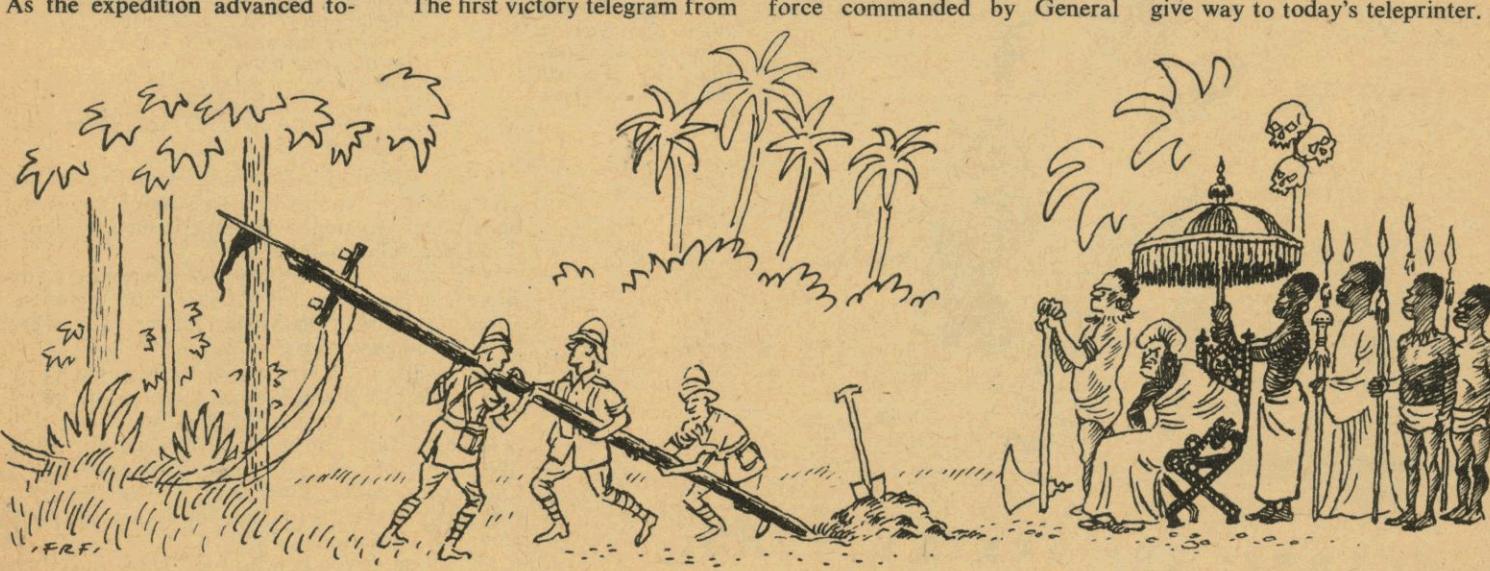
This single-needle telegraph was the first kind used by the Army.

It was not until 1870 that the Royal Engineers went into electric telegraphy in a big way. The Post Office had just taken over the civil telegraph system from private companies and instituted the shilling telegram. There was such a rush of business that the civilian staff could not cope.

Seeing an opportunity for good training, the Royal Engineers offered to help and soon the first Sappers were at work on the lines and in the telegraph offices. They stayed on the job until 1909. The public found the sight of uniformed soldiers working on the lines entertaining and the soldiers found the crowds of spectators embarrassing. That was in the days before the little tents which now give Post Office linesmen privacy on the pavements.

In the year the Sappers went to the Post Office they also added a telegraph troop to their field train. In time, this troop was to be amalgamated with the Post Office companies to form the Telegraph Battalion, direct ancestor of the Royal Corps of Signals.

The new troop was tested in the Ashanti campaign of 1873-4. As the expedition advanced to



"The Signal detachment had arrived ahead of the fighting troops."

wards Kumasi, a detachment erected a 55-mile line through almost impenetrable bush, cutting the poles locally. It discovered that the local carriers disliked the 100-pound coils of wire, which made inconvenient head-loads; these men were timid and deserted at the sight of old bullet-holes in tree-trunks or after being knocked down by lightning shocks while handling the wire.

From that time on, the telegraphists went wherever British troops fought. In an expedition to the Eastern Sudan in 1885, telegraphists left their instrument to help defend their camp. A wave of attackers penetrated the *zarebas* (palisades) and the instrument was trampled on and damaged; but the men fitted another one. The officer in charge of the telegraphists offered his back as a desk while the commander of the expedition wrote a dispatch, transmission of which was interrupted when the telegraphist stopped work to help repel further attacks.

During the Sudan campaign of 1884, the Hadendowas (better known as the Fuzzy Wuzzies)

held the idea that the telegraph was an instrument of oppression, to be destroyed wherever possible. They cut wires and if they caught native linesmen, they would sometimes tie the men to the poles and burn them. At other times they would put the ends of the wires in the linesmen's ears, hoping thus to make the men talk like the telegraph.

The line back to Egypt, linked with the Egyptian telegraph, carried thousands of private messages, many in Arabic, a task made more arduous for the operators by the Mudir of Dongola who preceded every one of his messages with a chapter from the Koran. Private messages, in this and other campaigns, were charged for, and enabled the Army telegraph service to help pay for its keep.

The first victory telegram from

The teleprinter succeeded the Morse telegraph between the two World Wars.



the field of battle was sent by Lord Wolseley to Queen Victoria after Tel-el-Kebir in 1882.

The telegraph troop sent a second detachment, only 32 strong, to the Ashanti for the campaign of 1895-6, and once more the men struggled against forest and fever to lay a line to Kumasi.

They ran out of cable, but the situation was saved by the discovery of some coils dumped by the 1873 expedition.

The climax of the campaign is described thus in a Royal Signals history:

"(King) Prempeh is seated on his throne in the sacrificial grove at Kumasi, his capital, surrounded by his nobles and slaves. Suddenly three worn men march across the grove, erect a telegraph pole with a blue and white flag on it, and send a message to Queen Victoria that Kumasi is captured. The Signal detachment had arrived at Kumasi ahead of the fighting troops."

King Prempeh's throne is now in the Royal Signals officers' mess at Catterick.

In the South African War, battlefield communication as it is now known had its birth in a force commanded by General

Sir John French. The general directed the movements of bodies of troops far to his flank, and even controlled artillery fire, by telegraph. It was considered a daring experiment, and it was highly successful.

The telephone was now catching up the telegraph, though not without set-backs. Staff officers refused to use this instrument themselves and insisted that telephone attendants should be detailed to write down messages. This method was operated, with exceptions, until 1907 when some Lancashire Volunteers were taken over to Ireland to man telephones for an exercise.

Their accents were such that it was difficult for them to make themselves understood by the Regular soldiers on the other end of the line. There was a partial breakdown of communications, and the system was overhauled.

By World War One, wireless was shakily taking its place alongside the telegraph and telephone, but the telegraph still had a principal part to play. It was not until mid-way between the two World Wars that the old Morse telegraph at last began to give way to today's teleprinter.

JESSIE'S DREAM

(A STORY OF THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW)



Jessie Brown, wife of a corporal in besieged Lucknow, is roused from a fever by the sound of the distant pipes. "We're saved! We're saved!"

In the good old days they barred the soldier from the best public-houses. But at least they sang songs about him.

SOLDIER spent an hour rummaging in the second-hand music shops of London's Tin Pan Alley—Charing Cross Road—and emerged with a pile of forgotten military songs and even of torn-off song-sheet covers, of which a mysterious traffic exists.

Our grandfathers composed songs or marches about the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Abyssinia expedition, and many less familiar campaigns.

One item in SOLDIER's collection was a dateless exhortation to the tune of "Partant Pour La Syrie" (Setting Off For Syria—an old French patriotic air) which began thus:

*Advance, Britannia's sons, advance!
To answer Honour's call,
And join the gallant sons of France
To aid a tyrant's fall!
To you an outcry of distress
Will ne'er be made in vain;
A nation's wrongs ye must redress
Upon the battle plain!*

That tyrant was presumably the Czar of Russia. For the British and the French to find themselves comrades in arms was certainly something to sing about.

The soldiers dying like flies on the Black Sea probably never knew that "all the leading vocalists" back home were singing a "spirit-stirring national song" inspired by Queen Victoria's letter expressing her pride in her suffering red-coats. Possibly they would have preferred a more practical expression of sympathy.

The songs were not all the work of unknown authors. There was Tennyson's poem about the Light Brigade, set to music, and at least one ballad by Rudyard Kipling.

There were sundry songs on the lines of "O soldier, soldier, won't you marry me, with your musket, fife and drum. . . ." One young lady expressed the improbable fear:

*With the gun upon your shoulder and the
bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady and be
making her your bride.*

Then the soldier would return from the battlefield, and sing:

*Dear Jeanette, the day we parted,
How the tears from both did pour!
Now we gladly sing together,
"Vive la guerre and vive l'amour!"*

Sometimes he didn't come back:

*Oh it's five years passed away
Till it fell upon a day
As I sat by the door and sang,
That a soldier stopped and said,
"O your lover Bill is dead,
On the Yang-tse-Kiang."*

In gayer mood there was the lady who sang:

*Oh mister soldier man, what lovely
clothes you've got!
Meet me here whenever you like
On the same old spot,
Oh mister soldier man, if this is what
you do,
I'm not surprised you won the Battle of
Waterloo.*

Those were the days when the sight of a soldier charged with "marrying" five wives could inspire a lady to sing: "If he gets out I wouldn't mind becoming number six."

Why don't they sing songs about soldiers any more? Is it because no woman could conscientiously exclaim, "Oh Mister soldier man, what lovely clothes you've got!"?

But, wait . . . wasn't there an Army song or two hopefully launched in Coronation year? One, which won a prize of £1000, was called "It's a Grand Life in the Army" ("We get our grub, We get our pay, And do a man's job every day") and another called "Everybody Loves a Soldier" ("Smartly dressed and right for action, He's the centre of attraction . . .").

Hands up anybody who has heard those two lately!

THE THINGS THEY SANG

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE,



There's a look of "Why me?" on the Highlander's face. Or was it surprise at finding the French as his allies?

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH NATIONAL AIR,
WITH NEW INTERNATIONAL SONG, BY W. WILLS TAYLOR,
ADVANCE, BRITANNIA'S SONS,
TO WHICH IS ADDED THE ORIGINAL BALLAD, IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH,
DUNODS PUBLISHERS.

THE BATTLE MARCH



THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO DELHI.

Left: The Indian Mutiny had Britain hot and bothered for a while, but a rousing march helped to restore home morale.

TRANSCRIPTION BY JULES FAVRE, 35
BLOCKLEY'S CELEBRATED SONG,

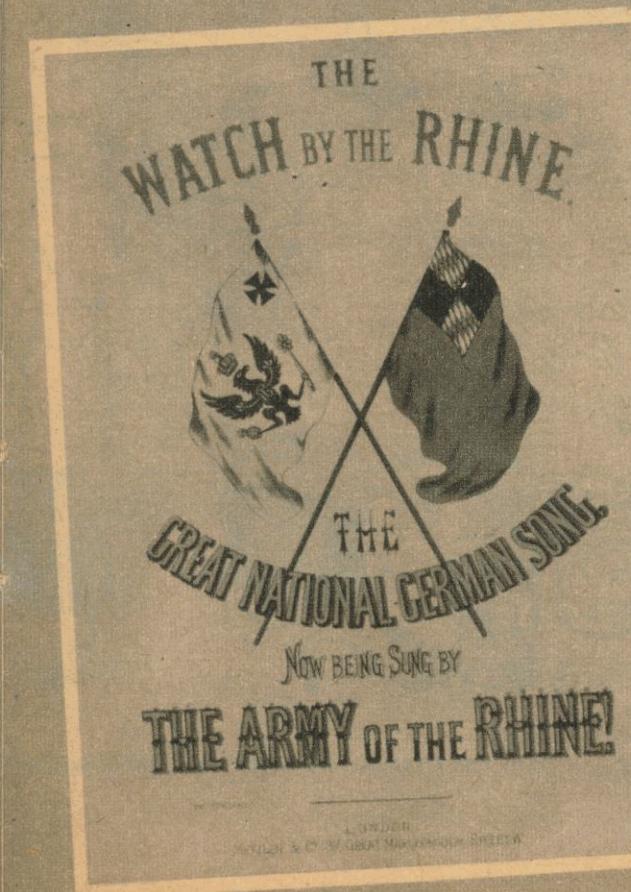
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Right: Inevitably, Tennyson's poem about Balaclava was set to music—with Lord Cardigan on the cover.

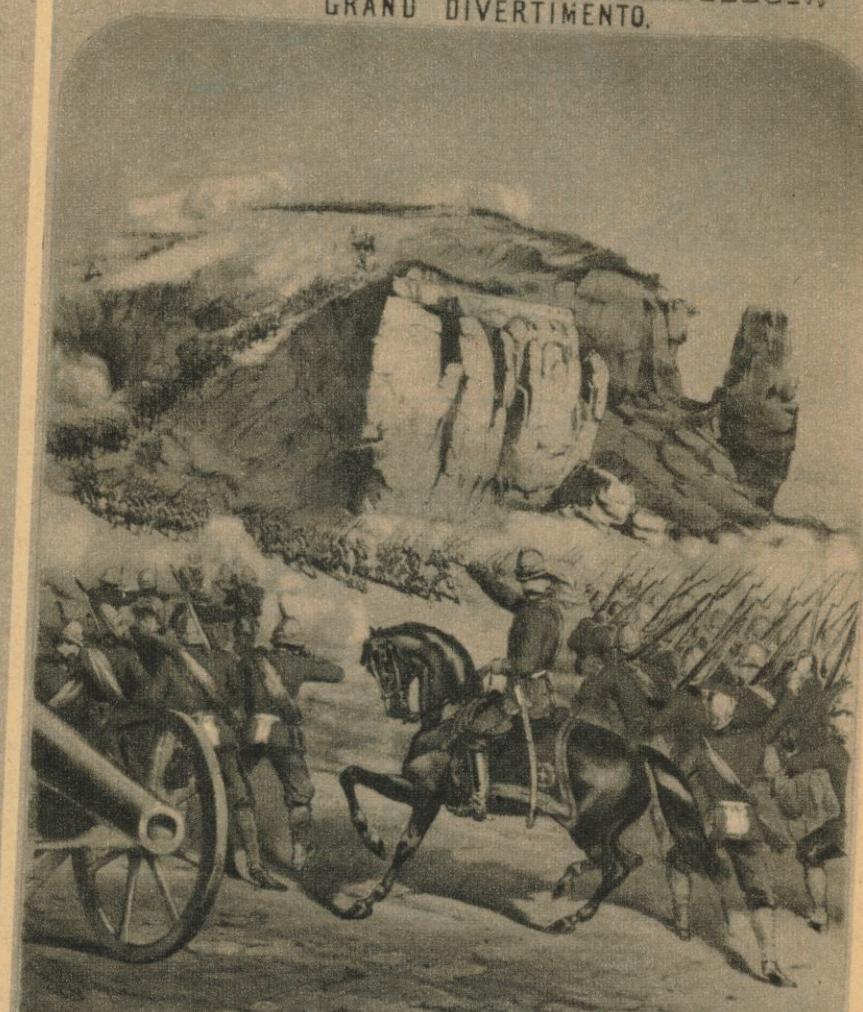
WRITTEN BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, JOHN BLOCKLEY, COMPOSED BY RING OUT WILD BELLS, BY THE SAME AUTHOR, SWEET AND LOW, MESSINGER SWALLOW, FOR THE MUSIC OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, LONDON, JOHN BLOCKLEY'S, ARGYLL'S, REGENT ST. W.

ABOUT SOLDIERS

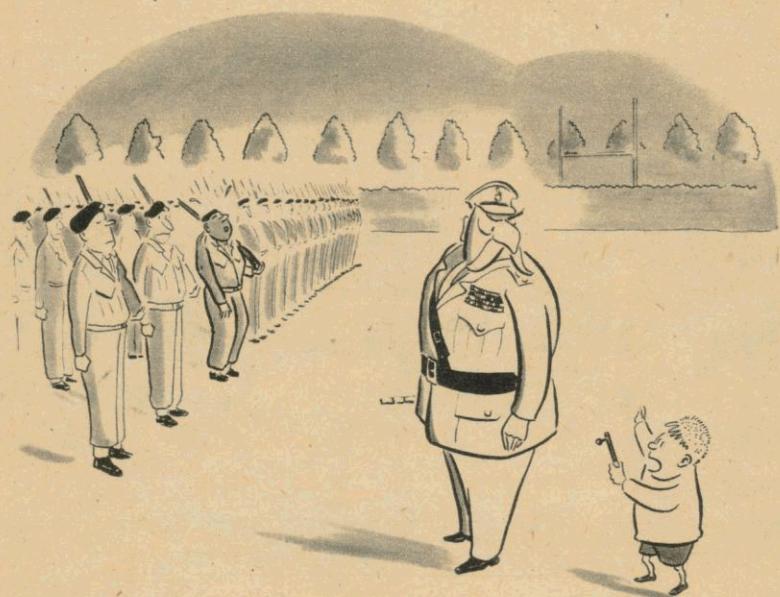
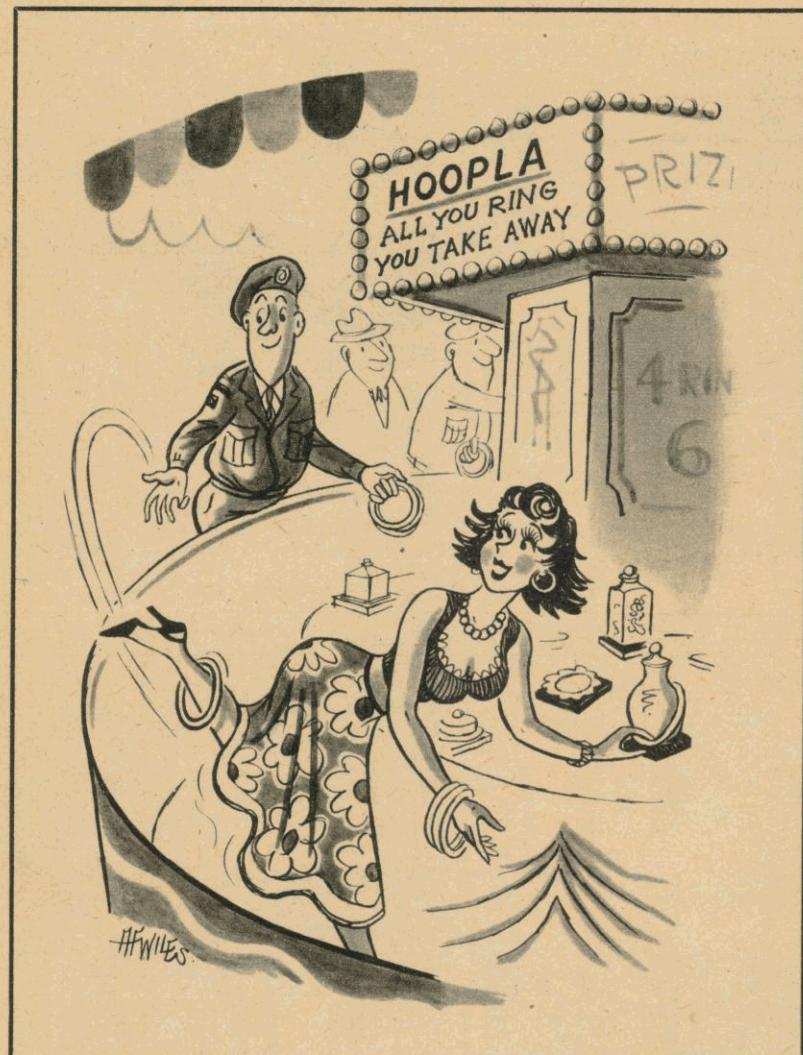
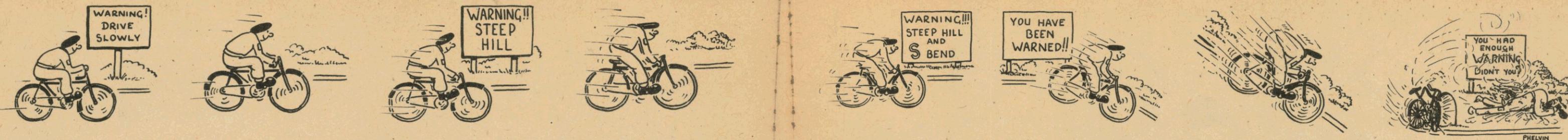
Right: Lord Napiers's storming of Magdala inspired a "grand divertimento." Below: A reminder that not every Army of the Rhine was British



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION, GRAND DIVERTIMENTO.

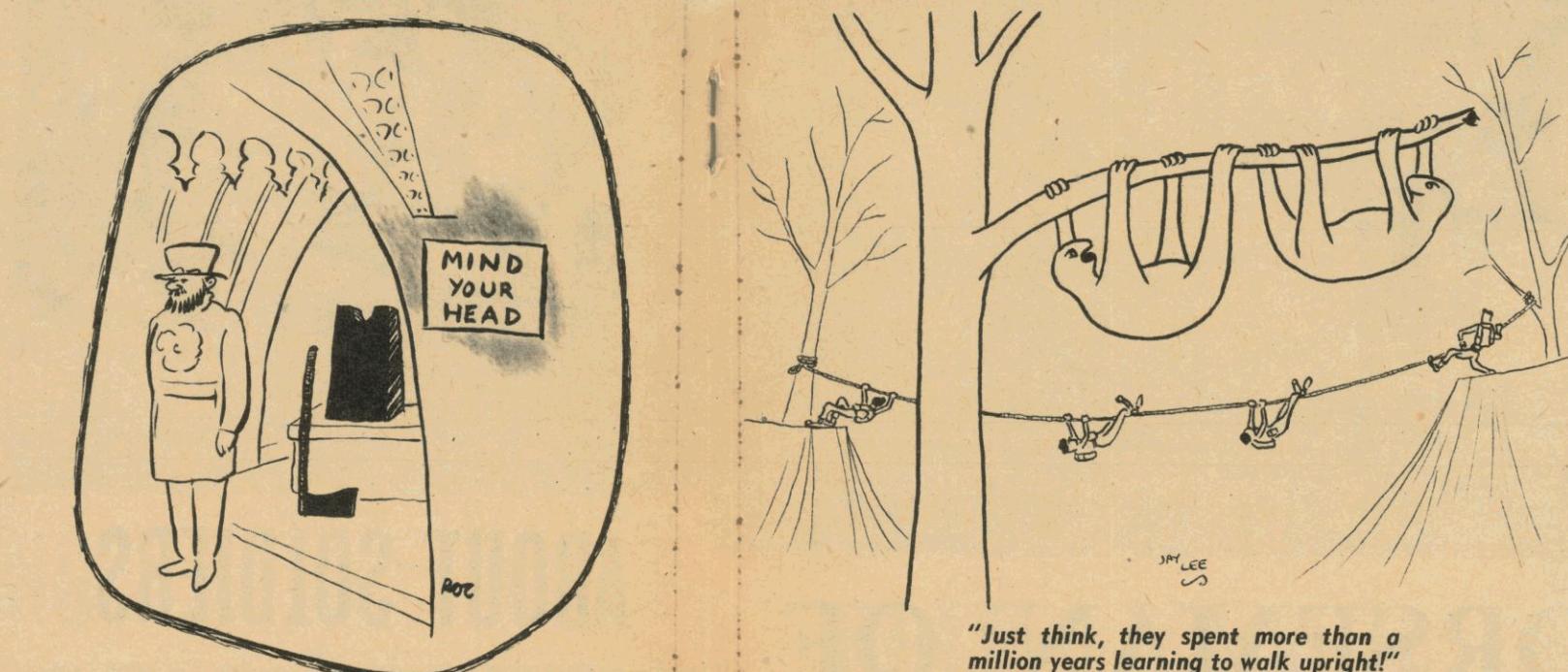


DESCRITIVE
OF THE BATTLE AND ENTRY INTO MAGDALA.
PIANO-FORTE.
JOHN PRIDHAM.
LONDON, BREWER & CO., 23, BISHOPSGATE STREET, WITHIN E.C.

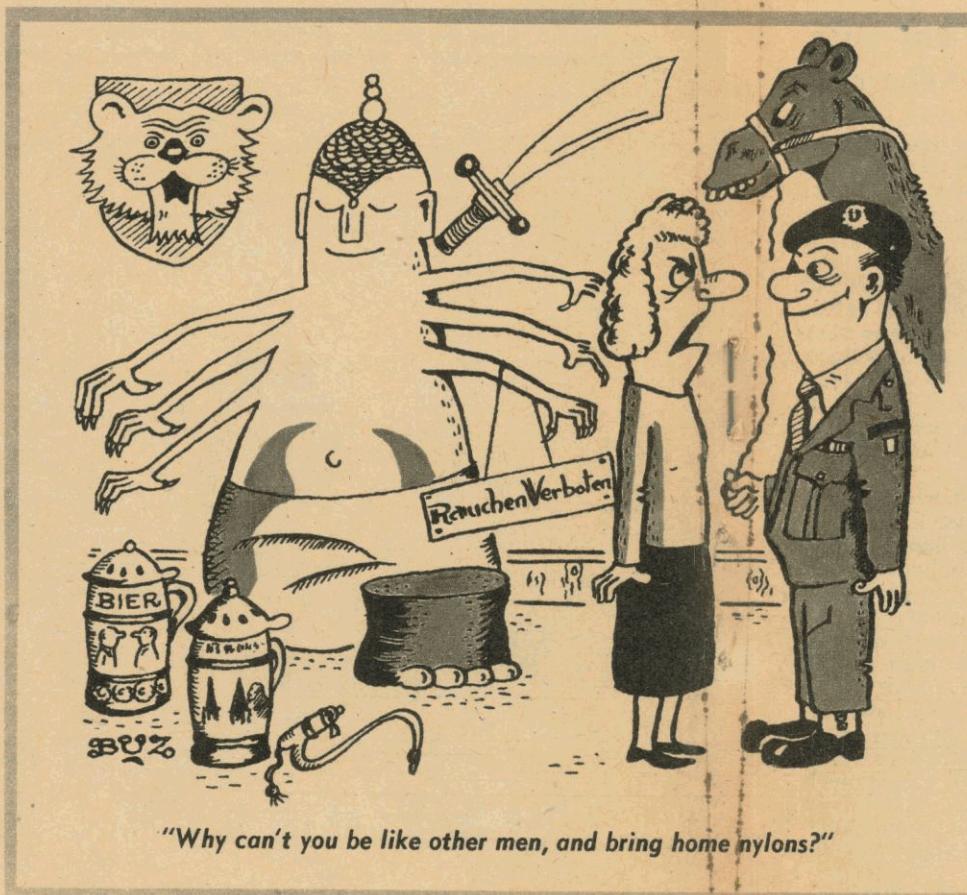


"Daddy forgot his bolt."

SOLDIER * HUMOUR



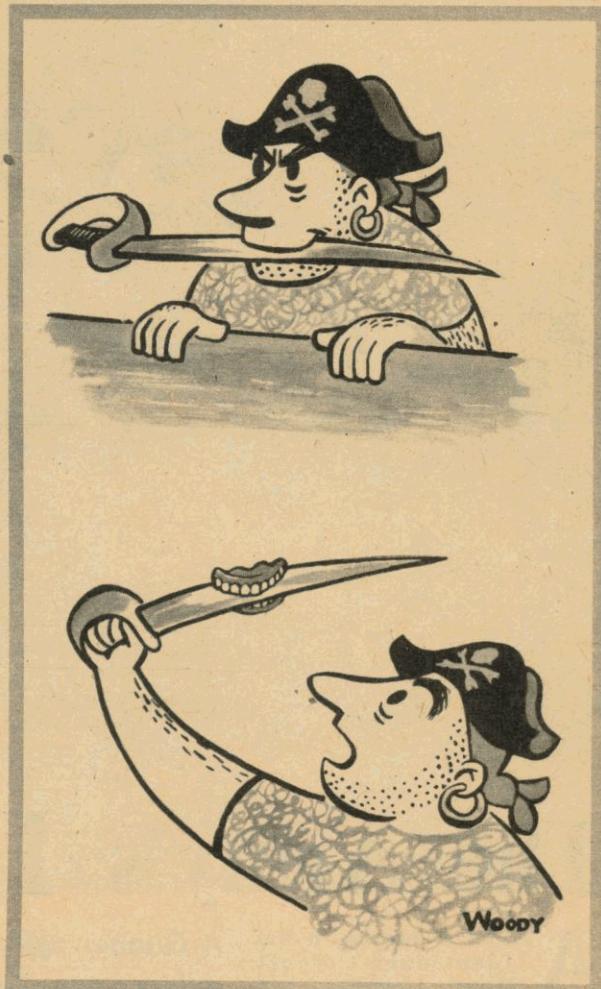
"Just think, they spent more than a million years learning to walk upright!"



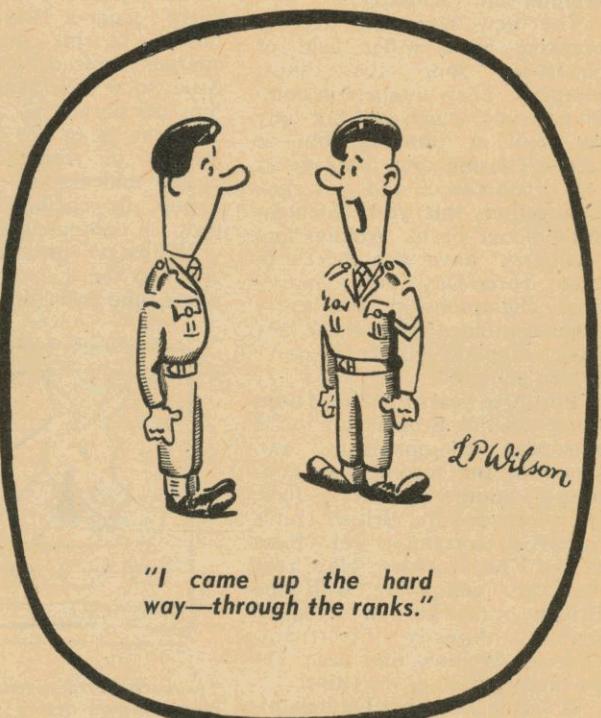
"Why can't you be like other men, and bring home nylons?"



"Who gave you permission to grow that boil?"



Woody



"I came up the hard way—through the ranks."



Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) F. Weldon and "Kilbarry" on parade with the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery in Hyde Park.

The Army's HORSEMAN OF

A YEAR or two ago it was Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Llewellyn and "Foxhunter" who were in the headlines. This year it has been Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Weldon and "Kilbarry."

The new team are record-breakers in a wider field of equestrian sport than show jumping. They compete in combined trials, which call not only for skill at jumping, but at steeple-chasing and dressage (a test of obedience and carriage).

Together, this year, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Weldon and "Kilbarry" have won the European Three-Day Trials individual championship and every other combined trials event they have entered—a record never before achieved.

For three years they have been in the winning British team in the European championships and now, for the second year running—another record—have been awarded the British Horse Society's Horseman and Horse of the Year trophies. Next year they are competing with the British team in the Olympic Games. Already Lieutenant-Colonel Weldon has been appointed captain of the team.

It was in 1951 that Lieutenant-Colonel Weldon, then command-

A Gunner officer who was a prisoner-of-war in Colditz Castle has made a big name for himself—with the talented assistance of "Kilbarry"

ing the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, bought "Kilbarry" from a Nottinghamshire farmer as his own personal charger instead of an Army issue horse. He planned to use him off parade as a racehorse, but later, in an effort to whip up interest in riding among the young officers of the King's Troop, he decided to concentrate on combined trials.

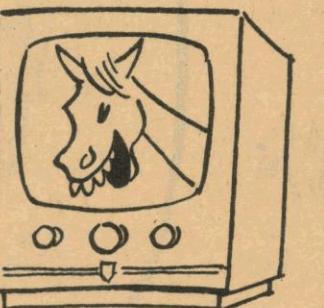
"Kilbarry" proved more than equal to the demand and in his spare time from official parades

was soon winning one-day events and steeplechases.

Lieutenant-Colonel Weldon began riding when a boy and bought his first horse 20 years ago to celebrate his commission in the Royal Artillery. It cost him £50 but proved a valuable investment, winning several point-to-point races in Yorkshire. In 1939 Lieutenant Weldon went to France with the Royal Horse Artillery in a tank and was destined not to see a horse for the next five years. He was captured at St. Valery and spent the rest of the war in prison camp. Three times he escaped—once reaching the Swiss border before being recaptured—and in 1943 was sent to Colditz Castle as an incorrigible. His many attempts to get away from Colditz were unsuccessful.

In 1949 he was appointed to command the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, an appointment he held for five years. It was he who had the idea of recruiting apprentice jockeys into the King's Troop as National Servicemen (SOLDIER, March 1955).

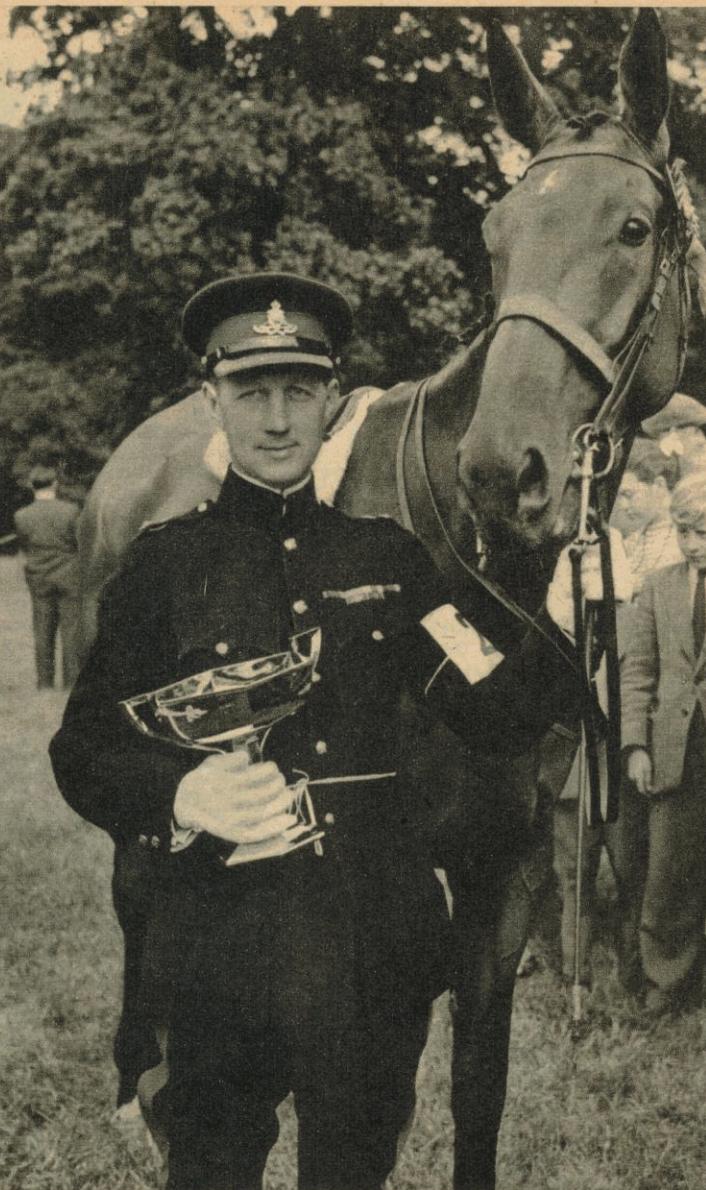
E. J. GROVE



"A much better performance than many human actors I could mention," says Lieut-Colonel Weldon.



In the steeplechase event of the Harewood Trials "Kilbarry" clears a concrete fence. Spills are common so crash helmets are compulsory. Right: Lieutenant-Colonel Weldon and "Kilbarry" with the Harewood Trophy.



THE YEAR

A fine action picture of "Kilbarry" taking a jump at the Harewood Trials.

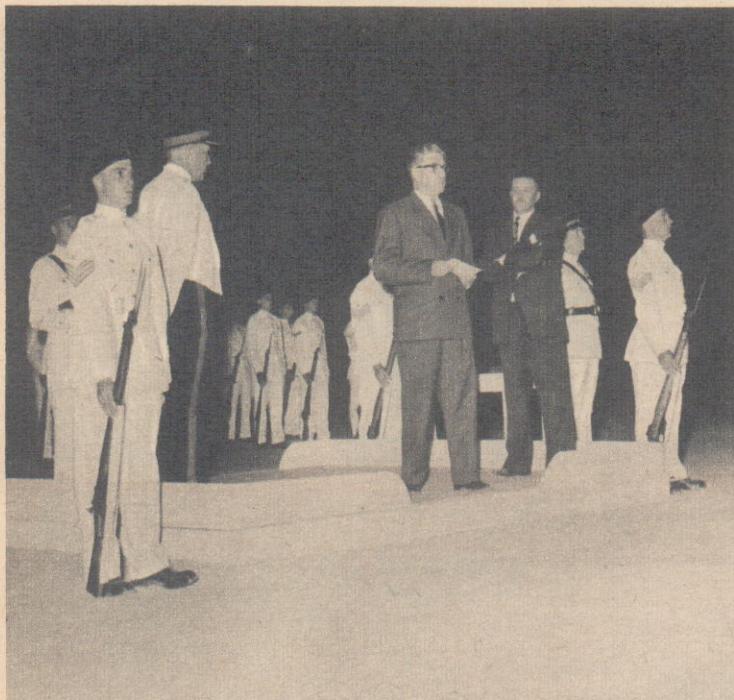


RECEIVED IN GOOD ORDER, ONE BASE . . .

With fit ceremony, the Army is handing over the keys of its big bases in Egypt to British civilians. The desert headache is now theirs

Right: At Fanara, Colonel R. H. J. Carson signs over the Engineer Base Group to Mr. G. Grant-Richards, general manager of Suez Contractors (Vehicles) Ltd. Below: On the floodlit square at Tel-el-Kebir Mr. N. Salmon, of Suez Contractors (Engineers) Ltd., accepts No. 2 Base Workshops from Brigadier W. F. Ridley.

Photographs: Sapper V. Tolson.



IN the Army's annals, there can be few precedents for the handing-over ceremonies which are now being staged in Egypt.

As the great military installations are ceded to civilian control, bands play, guards of honour present arms, flags flutter down and speeches are made.

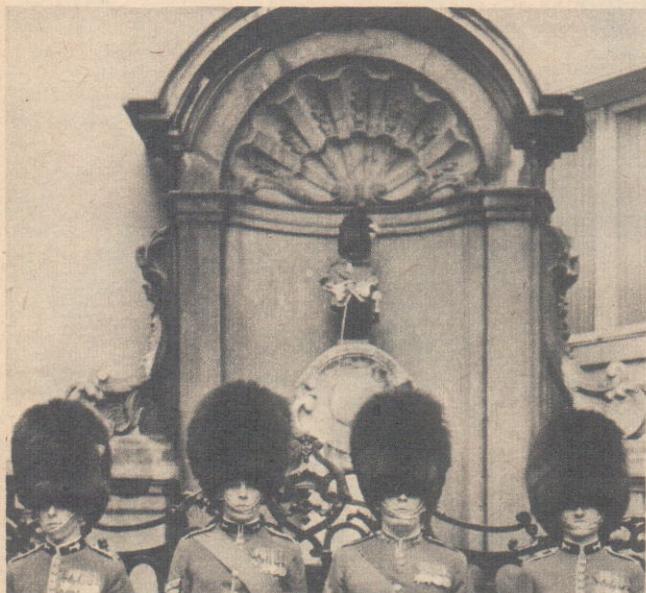
The first major installation to go was the Engineer Base Group (Egypt), Royal Engineers. At Rhine Camp, Fanara, officers' and contractors' representatives met for a ceremonial signing-over.

Next, at Tel-el-Kebir, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers relinquished No. 2 Base Workshops. Two whole companies at arms escorted the keys to a floodlit square when, for the last time, soldiers had locked the doors. A National Service officer, Second-Lieutenant J. D. Slyfield, had the unusual

experience of acting as ensign for the occasion and carrying the keys.

Silver replicas of the keys were handed over by Brigadier W. F. Ridley, the workshops commander, to his civilian successors. With them went control of an installation which was founded in 1941 and played an important part in the Western Desert campaigns.

Under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement, these installations will be run by the civilian contractors for the next seven years.



THE ARMY AND THE MANNIKIN

The famous Mannikin of Brussels wearing the uniform of the Welsh Guards.

THE Mannikin of Brussels, "oldest citizen" of the capital, was recently the subject of an outrage.

The Mannikin is the statue of a small boy poised over a well to which he contributes a jet of water. They wouldn't allow a statue like that in Cheltenham, but the Mannikin has been in Brussels since 1619 and is a hallowed institution. Hence, there was great anger when vandals recently tried to pull him off his perch.

In 1815, sad to relate, a party of British officers offended the city of Brussels by hauling down the Mannikin with a rope and dropping him to the bottom of his well. An account of the affair is given in "The Letters of Private Wheeler." The officers, Wheeler says, had been "indulging themselves rather too much."

The Mannikin has scores of uniforms and suits, none of which cramps his activities. To commemorate the Liberation of Brussels in 1944 the Welsh Guards presented him with a Guardsman's uniform. Major-General Allan Adair, commanding the Guards Armoured Division, and the Burgomaster of Brussels attended the ceremony.

START YOUR CHRISTMAS HERE

This Christmas what about a Ronson lighter? Most people today use one because it lights first time every time. And if it's a present you're after — well, a Ronson is hard to beat. Ask any Ronson owner!



Ronson Whirlwind, with telescopic windshield, lets you light up as you please in any breeze. Genuine engine-turned finish.



Ronson Cadet, inexpensive but with same action as luxury Ronsons. With or without windshield.



Get a **RONSON** from your NAAFI now!

For your own protection—look for the trade mark **RONSON** world's greatest lighter

"Give one for Xmas" says **Mr More for Less**

THE RIZLA MAN

A Rizla 'One hand' cigarette rolling outfit is a really useful article. It even enables you to make a cigarette as you walk about, or when standing in a crowd or queue. Completely self-contained with tobacco, tips and papers, the embossed plastic pouch has the rolling machine attached. It's a welcome gift and a money saver for every smoker.

2/6 inc. purchase tax.

Pouch complete including Machine, Papers, Filter Tips

RIZLA
'One Hand'
ROLLING OUTFIT

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THE SPARKLING GLUCOSE DRINK

royds 14/5

PAGE 25



"I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king of the gypsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney and a Welsh parson."

THE RECRUITING OFFICER REACHES BERLIN

MORE than 250 years ago, Lieutenant George Farquhar went on a recruiting mission to Shropshire. It is not known whether he raised any recruits, but he obtained enough inspiration to write a naughty comedy of manners, "The Recruiting Officer."

Now George Farquhar's frolic, which was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has been staged by the Communists in East Berlin. It was offered as an example of the way in which the British used to inveigle recruits "into the service of looting and colonial armies."

No one would have been more horrified at this development than George Farquhar. Before his play first went on the boards, he expressed the hope that it would be received as a comedy pure and simple, not as a libel. And, lest it should cause red faces among the Shropshire lads, he explained: "The Kingdom cannot show better bodies of men, better inclinations for the service, more generosity, more good understanding nor more politeness than is to be found at the foot of the Wrekin."

The play opens in Shrewsbury market-place, where Sergeant Kite is haranguing sceptical idlers:

"If any gentleman soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve Her Majesty and pull down the French King, if any apprentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents, if any servants have too little wages or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite at the sign of the Raven in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment."

Sergeant Kite, it will be noticed, did not waste too much time plugging the patriotic line, but quickly switched the appeal to one of self-interest.

Like every recruiting sergeant, Kite went to great pains to protest his innocence and honesty. "Gentlemen, I don't beat any drums here to ensnare or inveigle

any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour; besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only Grenadiers, Grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour, it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a tricker; and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high was born to be a great man."

At this, Sergeant Kite proposes to try the cap on a yokel's head, but the yokel is dubious. Will it mean that he is enlisted? Eventually he puts it on, and reports that "it smells woundily of sweat and brimstone."

But still there are no takers, so Sergeant Kite draws his second breath:

"Here's a purse of gold, and there's a tub of humming ale at my quarters. 'Tis the Queen's money, and the Queen's drink; she's a generous Queen and loves her subjects—I hope, gentlemen,

A comedy about the British Army, written in Marlborough's day, has been given a new lease of life—by the Communists in Berlin

you won't refuse the Queen's health?"

But they do.

Then Captain Plume, who has soldiered on the Danube, arrives to ask his sergeant, "Pray, what success?" Kite tells him that in seven days he has enlisted "the strong man of Kent, the king of the gypsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney and a Welsh parson."

Captain Plume is horrified to find an attorney recruited.

"I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions—I say this minute, discharge him."

The plot of the play is too complex to summarise and the text occasionally too ripe to quote. Captain Plume hears that an old flame of his in the district is with child, and orders Sergeant Kite to marry her. Sergeant Kite is reluctant, but he has already "married" numerous other

A century after Farquhar's play was produced, Sergeant Hammond helped himself to titbits like "all you with too much wife" in recruiting

A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

Now my lads for the
14th LIGHT DRAGOONS
or the

DUCHESS OF YORK'S OWN

All you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk with too little wages, and a pinch-gut Master, all you with too much wife, or are perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents

may apply to

SERGEANT HAMMOND, ROSE & CROWN, WHITECHAPEL

women for less creditable reasons. The child, directs Captain Plume, is to be entered on the company's books as a Grenadier with the name of Francis Kite, "absent on furlough." (It was a day when children were, indeed, carried on regiments' books, pay being drawn in their names.)

The play has a catchy "signature tune" and Sergeant Kite is heard singing:

*Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.*

*We all shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day.
Over the hills and far away.*

*Over the hills and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal or Spain;
The Queen commands and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.*

The climax is a scene in which the Recruiting Officer and Sergeant Kite contend with the local justices for possession of the simpletons they claim to have enlisted. One man, says Sergeant Kite, gets drunk every Saturday night and beats his wife. This is an old English custom, however, and not enough grounds for recruiting a man. Kite then points out that the fellow feeds his wife and five children on poached venison and game. One justice at least thinks that an excellent reason for sending him to Flanders. The poacher's wife protests that her man is being sent away because they do not want any more children on the parish, which gives Captain Plume his cue:

"Look'ee, there, gentlemen, the parish had better maintain five children this year than six or seven the next; that fellow upon his high food may get two or three beggars at a birth."

So it goes on. A collier is enlisted because, working underground, he has no visible means of occupation; and, anyway, the Army wants miners.

All very scandalous, of course, and guaranteed to titillate solemn-minded Communists. According to the Berlin correspondent of *The Times*, however, the hypocrisy of the bourgeoisie was not laboured unduly, and the production was "a delight from start to finish."

One curious liberty was taken with the play. The action was made to take place during the War of American Independence, instead of the War of the Spanish Succession.

Now, who will be producing "Worm's Eye View" or "Reluctant Heroes" in the year 2200?

"A REST ROOM? WHAT NEXT?"

said ex-RSM BRITTON

A regimental sergeant-major who retired 31 years ago looks over the new recruits—and recaptures the spirit of the sergeants' mess

YOU'VE heard plenty about ex-RSM Ronald Brittain, of the Coldstream Guards. There is also ex-RSM E. D. Britton, of the same regiment. He is 78 and still as fit as a Guardsman.

Some time ago, Mr. Britton met the sergeants of the Airborne Forces Depot at Aldershot during an Old Contemptibles' function and was invited to see recruits of 1955 on parade.

A company sergeant-major went by car to fetch him from his home at Uxbridge, but took a wrong turning, arrived five minutes late and discovered that long retirement does not make a regimental sergeant-major any more tolerant of unpunctuality.

"He looked at his watch, looked at me, and said, 'I suppose there's fog down Aldershot way,'" said the company sergeant-major afterwards.

"Well," said Mr. Britton, "it was a parade, and that means getting there early. I was ready 20 minutes before time."

Wrong turning or not, Mr. Britton was on the parade-ground in good time, as spry and upright as 35 years ago when he was regimental sergeant-major of the 3rd Battalion, Coldstream Guards. On his blue suit, his medals were agleam. Some, like the Distinguished Conduct Medal he won in 1915, and his three World War One campaign medals, were worn smooth from much polishing. But there were also the insignia of the MBE and a War Medal which dated only from World War Two. For Mr. Britton, at 62, left his job as a bank messenger in 1939 to join up again and in the next two years helped to look after in-

ternees and prisoners-of-war.

He had no fault to find with the parade. "As good as anything I've seen," he said. "Shows there must be a Guardsman about." He knew he was on safe ground here, and that Regimental Sergeant-Major W. J. Pestell came from the Irish Guards.

"Their food is good. I've seen it," went on Mr. Britton. "It must be good, for them to be able to drill like that. Of course, the food was good in my day, but it was often mucked up. Some master-cooks used to spend their mornings in the sergeants' mess. I wouldn't have that. When I was RSM, I didn't mind the master-cook going into the mess for half a pint in the middle of the morning—used to do it myself—but if I found him hanging about there, I turfed him out."

There were parents present to watch the passing-out parade, and on this subject Mr. Britton was non-committal. "I can't imagine what they would have said at Caterham in my day if anyone had suggested anything like that. After our recruits had done 15 or 16 weeks, if they were good enough the lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment would be told, and he would come down and have a look at them. If he didn't think



"I knew there must be a Guardsman about," said ex-RSM Britton. Here he meets RSM W. J. Pestell, of the Airborne Forces Depot, who comes from the Irish Guards. Below: Ah, the sergeants' mess. It's changed a bit.



they were good enough, they'd be put back for another week or two." (The Airborne Depot recruits, all Regulars, had completed ten weeks basic training. Caterham still does not invite parents to passing-out parades, but has an annual "at home".)

Mr. Britton moved off to take a cup of tea in the room where the recruits, their parents and officers, and Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Callander, who had taken the parade, were having an informal get-together. Surveying the armchairs, the curtains, the thick carpet and the television set, Mr. Britton asked, with some diffidence, "Is this the privates' NAAFI?"

"Their NAAFI is next door," said RSM Pestell. "This is their rest-room."

"Rest-room! What next?" said Mr. Britton. "Armchairs! In my day there might be one or two armchairs in the sergeants' mess. That was all."

From the privates' rest-room, Mr. Britton moved on to the sergeants' mess, where he inspected the television room ("Television

room!"), then felt the carpet on the floor with his toe. "We didn't have carpets like that," he said. "We had to buy our own. Now they get allowances."

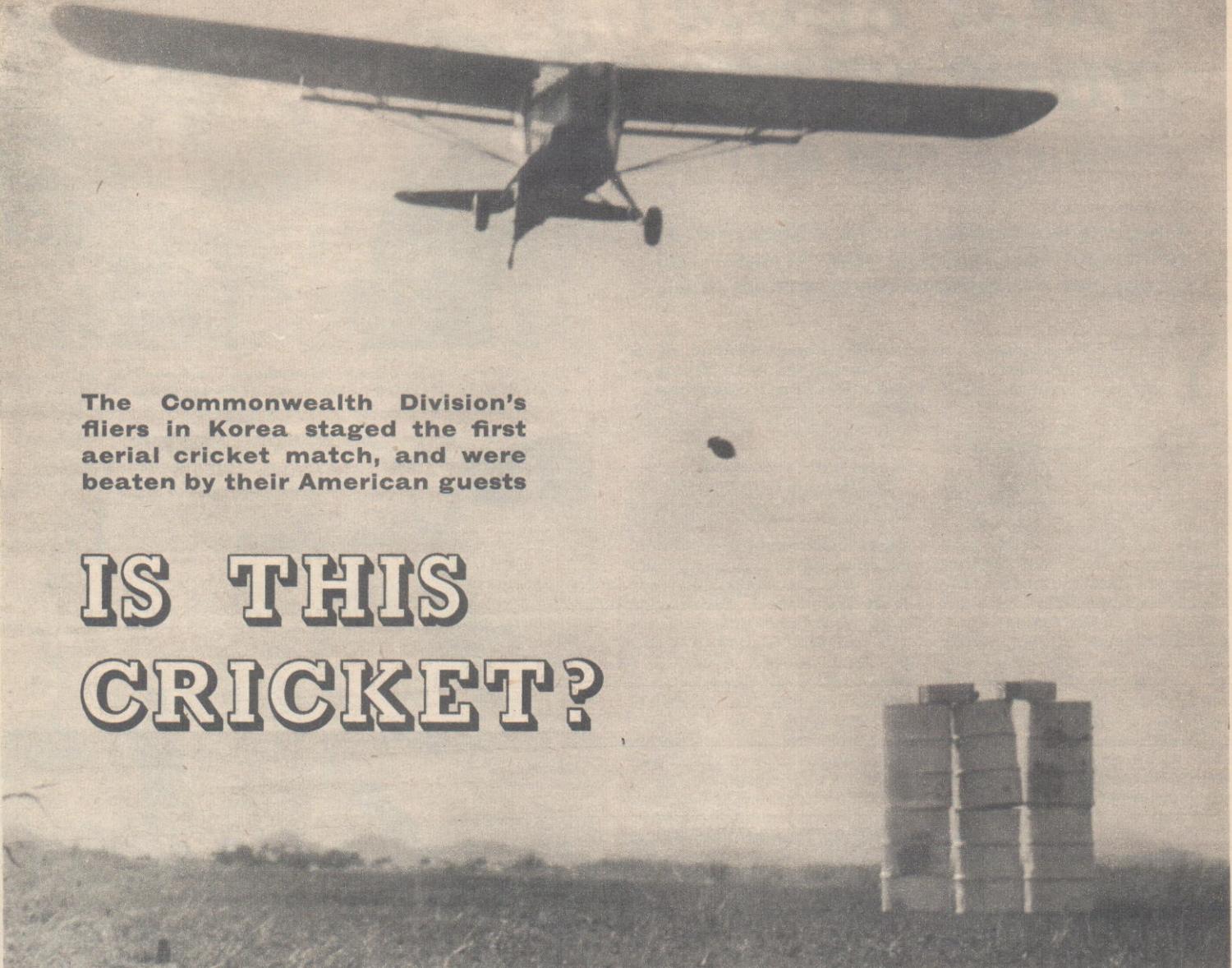
Pint glass in hand, he gave a long sigh. "Sergeants' mess," he said. "Lovely."

RICHARD ELLEY



RSM Britton talks with Major W. R. Corbould, whose father he drilled in a squad of Coldstream subalterns in 1915, at Victoria Barracks, Windsor. "I remember him—Inns of Court Regiment, wasn't he?" He was.





The Commonwealth Division's fliers in Korea staged the first aerial cricket match, and were beaten by their American guests

IS THIS CRICKET?



An Auster in the act of "bowling." The match was part of a celebration organised by the Division's 24-man Light Liaison Section, manned by the Glider Pilot Regiment and Royal Air Force.

Left: An Auster loads up with a sandbag "bomb."

Right: A barbecue supper ended the day's festivities.



WHO WAS HE?

HE ... was heir to a dukedom, but did not succeed as his father survived him; . . . devoted part of his time at Eton to gunnery and fortification; . . . became a soldier at 24—as colonel of a regiment raised by his father to fight the Young Pretender in 1745; . . . was a fine horseman and a great cock-fighting enthusiast; . . . became Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards and took the field in Germany in the Seven Years war in command of a brigade of Cavalry; . . . was already so popular that 52 young officers volunteered to be his aide-de-camp; . . . took command of the British forces in Germany after his chief, Lord George Sackville, was dismissed for failing to attack with the Cavalry at Minden; . . . led the Royal Horse Guards in three charges which broke the French line at Warburg;

... lost his hat in the first charge and finished the battle with his bald head naked, thus giving the English language the phrase "Going at them bald-headed";

... raised the 21st Light Dragoons, known as the Royal Forresters, which was so popular that the Government, hard-pressed for recruits, kept it in England and drafted its men to other regiments (it was disbanded without seeing action);

... entered the Cabinet as Master-General of Ordnance and became Commander-in-Chief of the Army;

... was attacked in the "Letters of Junius" in which he was accused of making jobs for his relatives and of degrading his office to that of a "broker of Commissions";

... died suddenly at '49, leaving large debts;

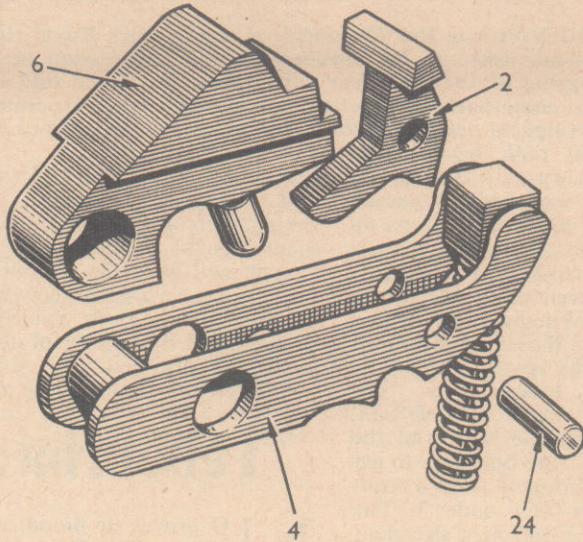
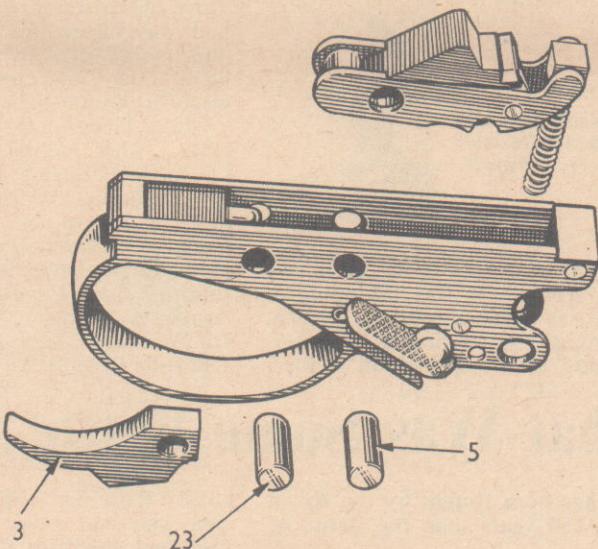
... was, and still is, commemorated on many inn-signs.

(For answer, see page 38)

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ASSEMBLY :

Set change lever to Automatic and replace the tripping lever and its axis pin in sear cradle, ensuring that the head of the tripping lever is engaged on the lower step of the sear. Insert sear group, line up the sear, sear cradle and trigger housing and, using trigger group retaining pin as a drift, replace sear axis pin. Insert trigger upwards through trigger guard and replace trigger axis pin.

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TANK WENT UP IN A LIFT

WHEN Private Rex Wingfield, of the Queen's Royal Regiment, asked to be considered for a commission in the spring of 1944 the War Office Selection Board told him to come back again when he had some battle experience.

Private Wingfield never went back and never got his commission.

The highest rank he achieved was lance-corporal. But he did get battle experience — seven months of bitter fighting as an Infantryman with the Desert Rats in North-West Europe.

Now, eleven years afterwards, ex-Private Wingfield has written the story of those seven months in one of the few war books by an ordinary Infantryman: "The Only Way Out" (Hutchinson, 12s 6d). The title is part of the saying that "the only way to get out of the Infantry is on a stretcher or six feet under." The author came out on a stretcher, with tracer holes in him.

His story is a vivid personal account of war in the front-line — and the story of every Infantryman who slogged his way from Normandy to the Rhine; though not every Infantryman, perhaps, tried to take his mind off the shelling in the same way as Private Wingfield:

"That last one was the hundredth. God! I've been counting. Think of something stupid, anything. I started to recite odd bits of Homer. I recited the dirty

bits from Aristophanes. I grinned. I laughed. I roared . . . I thought of war in the gentlemanly days: 'Gentlemen, the French will have the honour of firing first!' Crash, and the whole of your front rank vanished. Crash! And the whole of their front rank vanished . . ."

In a few short months the man

Infantryman into Classics master: R. M. Wingfield.



who went to France as a raw reinforcement was beginning to be a battle-hardened veteran, proud of belonging to a brotherhood which looked on soldiers

of other arms as "non-union."

The author tells a curious story of what happened in Ghent, when a troublesome German sniper eluded the efforts of the Queen's to winkle him out. They called in a tank which drove into a warehouse lorry lift and was hoisted to the fourth floor (some lift!) Then, at point-blank range, the tank blew the sniper to smithereens.

Major-General G. L. Verney DSO, who commanded the Desert Rats during this period, says the battalions of the Queen's had "a record of continuous front line service that could probably not be equalled by any other Infantry of the Eighth or Second Armies, save their colleagues of 7th Armoured, the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade."

Tebourba: That Was Some Battle . . .

NO braver or bloodier battle has been fought by the Royal Hampshire Regiment in its 250 years than the Battle of Tebourba in Tunis in 1942.

Spurred on by the knowledge that failure to hold the savage German counter-attacks before Tunis might mean disaster for the whole of the British First Army, the 2nd Battalion took on an enemy force four times its own size. The Germans had a strong supporting force of tanks and enjoyed complete air superiority.

Against these tremendous odds the Hampshires stood firm for four days, inflicting and receiving enormous casualties.

When they finally pulled out their numbers had dwindled from 689 to 194 all ranks—but they had blunted the German effort and had given time for the rest of First Army to regroup.

The Battle of Tebourba, which is described by David Scott Daniell in "The Regimental History of the Royal Hampshire Regiment (1918-1954)" (Gale and Polden, 30s), was a classic junior leaders' battle. Time and again the enemy were driven off by bayonet charges, often led by NCOs and sometimes by private soldiers. Corporal Wiggins was last seen spraying a ring of advancing Germans with his tommy gun. Mild-looking Private Cuckson charged with ten others and bayoneted 30 Germans. All eleven returned safely. Captain Page found a 25-pounder whose crew had been

killed. With the help of a few men who had never touched a 25-pounder before, he got the gun into action and knocked out a German tank with his first shot.

Tebourba earned the Regiment one Victoria Cross, two Distinguished Service Orders, five Military Crosses and four Military Medals.

The Victoria Cross, the first of three awarded to officers of the Regiment in World War Two, was won by Major H. W. Le Patourel for silencing machine-gun posts. He was reported to have been killed and the Cross was awarded, as it was thought, posthumously. Happily, he was only wounded and taken prisoner and received the medal after his release.

The other two Victoria Crosses were won in Italy and they, too, were awarded to officers for silencing machine-gun posts. Captain R. Wakeford won his at Cassino and Lieutenant G. R. Norton, a South African, at Monte Gridolfo.

Guns of Gold—and Wood

WHO or what is or was Mons Meg?"

Every month or two, some quizmaster asks this question. Good Scotsmen know that Mons Meg is the six-and-a-half ton gun on the Castle Mound in Edinburgh.

The story of what was once described as "the great Iron Murderer, called Muckle Meg," is told by W. Y. Carman in "A History of Firearms" (Routledge, 16s) which follows its subject to 1914. Mons Meg is the legacy of a passing fashion in outsize cannon which swept the civilised world in the 14th and 15th centuries. Few of them were used.

The author is very knowledgeable about out-of-the-way weapons (as well as about more orthodox and successful firearms). A random dip into his book is almost certain to unearth some curiosity, like the field battery of gold guns said to have been owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda. There were even leather guns, valued for their lightness, which would stand up to ten

rounds. A hard-pressed garrison in India once used guns of wood, the life of which was a single round.

The Russians, it seems, went one better than the ingenious gunner of Gibraltar who hollowed the famous mortar in living rock; they hollowed mortars in ice, and fired ice cannon-balls at no danger to themselves.

Firearms have been produced to fire darts and cubic shot. There have been pistols with bayonets and muskets with removable pikes six feet long; there have been steam guns and electric guns and battlefield size air-guns. Firearms have even been incorporated in spiked maces.



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The Fusilier in a Wooden Cage

FUSILIER Derek Kinne, an ex-National Serviceman, rejoined the Army to go to Korea, when his brother was killed there. His purpose, he says in "The Wooden Boxes" (Muller, 12s 6d) was both to take his brother's place in the fighting and to find his brother's grave and pay the family's last respects.

Otherwise, there was little unusual about Fusilier Kinne. He was not averse to scrounging, and was once awarded 14 days CB.

When he was captured near the Imjin River, he made

attempts to escape. He showed defiance of his captors, but when they offered starved prisoners a feast of rice and pork, in return for signatures on a peace petition, Fusilier Kinne was one who signed. "You bloody Judases!" said one of the other prisoners. Fusilier Kinne did not forget those words. His captors began

to find him more and more "difficult."

They gave him beatings, plain and fancy. One Communist who was foolish enough to hammer Fusilier Kinne with the butt of a loaded revolver was killed when the weapon went off. The prisoner's lacerated wrists were confined in tight handcuffs, so that the flesh swelled over the metal. They kept him at attention when he could hardly stand. They kept him sleepless. They locked him in a cage five feet nine inches long, four feet six inches high,

two feet six inches wide.

For relief, Fusilier Kinne "confessed" to various "crimes"—but never implicated his fellow-captives. Defiant to the last, he risked his precious place in a truck to freedom for a few final remarks, one a protest to a Red Cross officer, delivered in front of Communist officers.

In the aircraft bound for Japan, he remembered that he had failed to find his brother's grave. None the less, he had worthily honoured his brother's memory. For the way in which he had stood up to his captors, Fusilier Kinne was awarded the George Cross.



An eye for trouble: Ronnie Noble.

Battle-Chaser

AMORTAR concentration was raining down on a road in Korea. A corporal ran to a wounded Chinese prisoner, dragged him into shelter and began to dress his wound.

Following the corporal was a man with a cine-camera who made several shots of the incident, then crept into the lee of a Centurion tank. As he did so, a voice from the turret called, "I say, Ronnie, why don't you come up and have a gin?"

The voice was that of an officer of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. The cameraman was Ronnie Noble of the BBC's television newsreel. They had been prisoners-of-war together.

It was not surprising that Ronnie Noble should have found friends on the Korean battlefield. He had spent much of his time with the Army since 1939 and "Shoot First!" (Harrap, 15s), his account of his career, is well stocked with military anecdotes.

At 23, he was in France as the youngest war correspondent with the British Expeditionary Force. Later he went to the Middle East, where he covered a tank battle under the happy misapprehension that the shells which failed to burst around him were duds (they were anti-tank shells), captured 37 fully-armed Italians with his camera, and was made prisoner when Tobruk fell.

From Italy he escaped to France and joined the Maquis, was flown out and a few weeks later was covering the Far East war.

He was back with the Army in the Palestine "troubles." Illegal Jewish immigrants cut up rough at the sight of his camera in the hope, all too often realised, that the restraining hand of British soldiers would appear in foreign newspapers as "brutalities." If the camera cannot lie, says, the author, "the people who appear in front of it can, and often do."

THEY FORGOT ONE QUESTION

THE song 'Kiss Me Good-Night, Sergeant-Major' will not be sung at your concert," said the German censor. "There must be no disrespect to the military."

Where could this have happened? In a prisoner-of-war camp? Alas, it occurred on British soil in World War Two.

The story is told by Alan and Mary Wood in "Islands in Danger" (Evans, 15s) a detailed chronicle of life in the German-occupied Channel Isles. The frontispiece is a photograph, dated 1940, of a German officer talking to an English "Bobby." There is another photograph of German troops marching past Lloyds Bank. It looks like a bad dream, but it was real enough for thousands of loyal subjects.

One of the many queer tales in this book is about Philip Mar-tel and Desmond Mulholland,

two escaped officers of the Guernsey Militia, who returned to prepare the way for a Commando raid. Plans miscarried, and they decided to give themselves up, rather than jeopardise those who sheltered them. As they were in civilian clothes it was fairly certain they would be shot. However, two Militia officers, Major A. Sherwill and Captain Don Bisset, drove to the guarded Town Arsenal, impudently abstracted two Service Dress uniforms from a chest of

Militia clothing and dressed the hunted men in these, changing the Militia buttons for British Army ones. Then Major Sherwill, who was the island's Attorney General, telephoned the Germans to say that two British officers had surrendered. In all their questionings, the captives were never asked why they had worn Service Dress on a Commando exploit.

It was a quiet occupation as occupations go—but much went on below the surface. British agents came and left. Illegal radios were never silent. The ARP Controller was busy spying for the Allies. Not all were heroes. The reader will ask himself: "What would I have done?"

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FAR EAST

SEK KONG (Church of Scotland)
SEK KONG FAMILIES' VILLAGE (Church of Scotland)
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Careers FOR YOUNG MEN in mining IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

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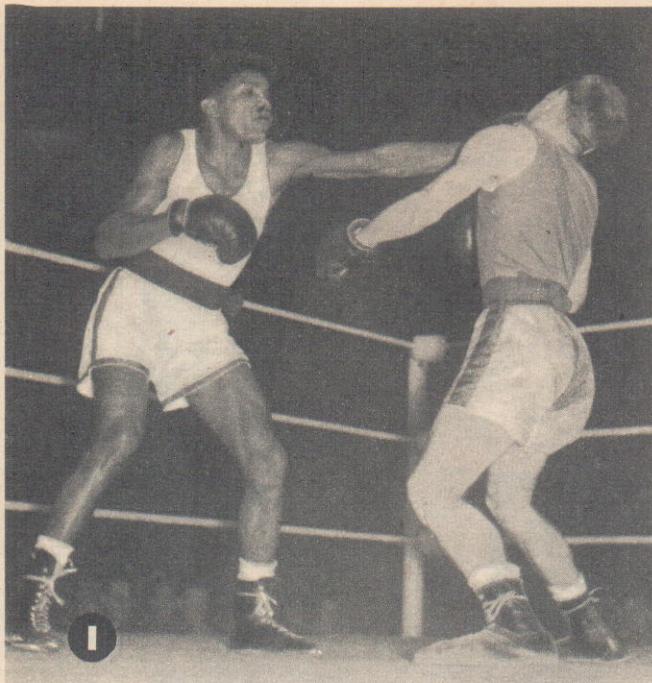
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1



3



2

ARMY v. THE REST

1 Classic straight left from Pte J. Jacobs (ACC), Army, which knocked out L/Cpl R. Coote (REME), The Rest, in the second round.

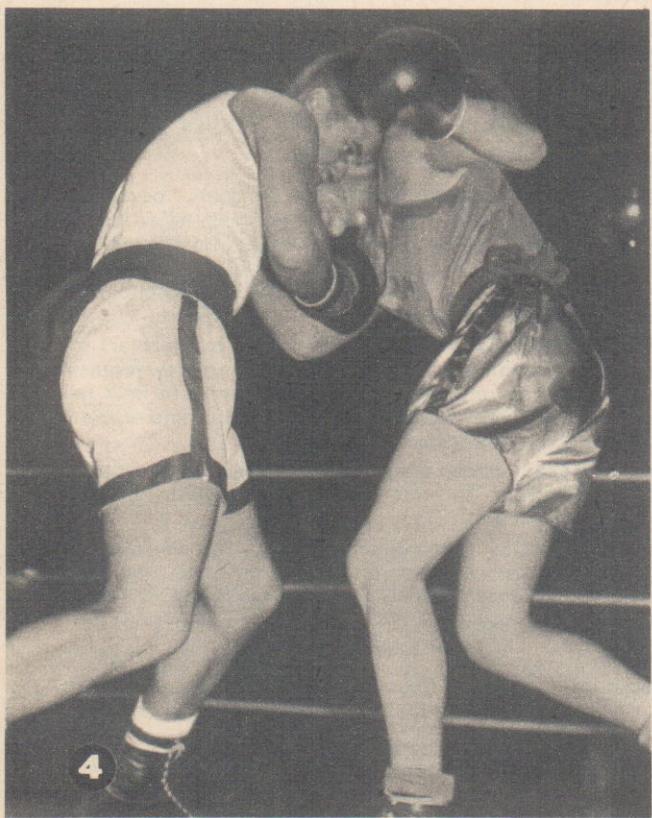
2 Counter-punch by Sapper A. Ambrose (left), who beat ABA champion L/Bdr D. Lloyd, The Army, on points.

3 Close shaves for Pte J. Harper (RASC), The Rest (left), and Pte R. Sangoe (ACC), Army, who was knocked out in round two.

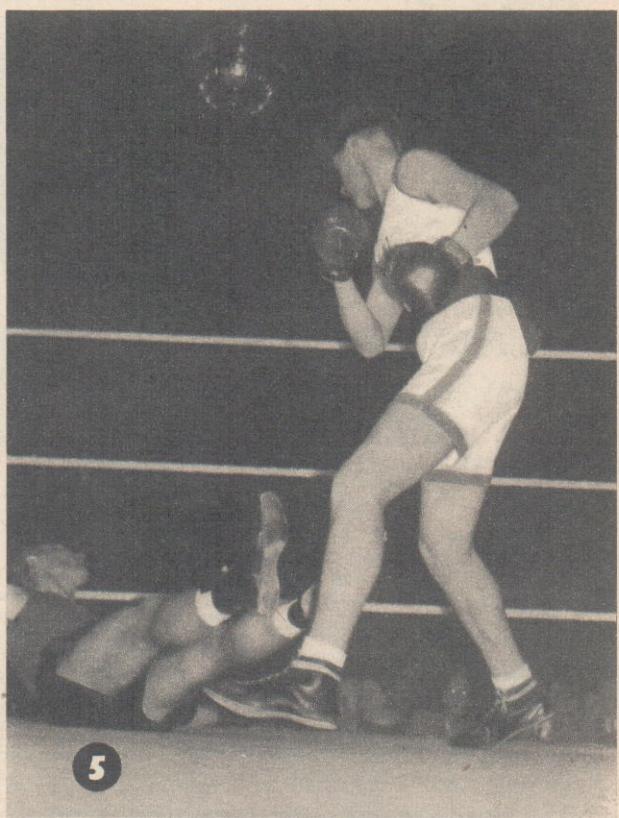
4 In-fighting by Sgt P. Sellick (REME), Army (left) and Cpl G. Batterham (RE), The Rest, who won on points.

5 Knock-down and knock-out by L/Bdr B. Clarke (RA), Army, who beat Cpl J. Brown (RE) in the first round.

Photographs:
Soldier Cameraman,
FRANK TOMPSETT



4



5



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**T. J. LUNT, Staff Manager, FERRANTI LTD.
HOLLINWOOD, LANCS.** Please quote reference "S"

JUST A HIGHLANDER

You quoted General Stewart of Garth on the fortitude of Highlander soldiers in captivity under Hyder Ali (November).

To my mind, the most astonishing story General Stewart has to tell—it is as grim as anything in Grand Guignol—is of an occasion when a party of Highlanders were captured by Red Indians in North America and were put to death by the usual slow torture. One of them, Allan Macpherson, seeing his turn approaching, made signs to his captors and told them that, if his life was spared for a few minutes, he would tell them the secret of an extraordinary medicine which, applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow by a tomahawk or sword.

The credulous Indians agreed, and allowed him, under guard, to gather the requisite herbs in the forest.

Having boiled the plants, and extracted a solution, he painted his neck with it, laid his head on a log of wood and invited the strongest Indian to strike at his neck with a tomahawk, saying that the blade would make not the slightest impression.

Thereupon, an Indian levelled a blow with all his might, with the result that Macpherson's head flew off to a distance of several yards: which was precisely what the victim had intended. Instead of being enraged by the ingenuity with which the soldier had escaped the lingering death they had proposed for him, the Indians were "so pleased with his ingenuity that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remaining prisoners."—"Thistle" (name and address supplied).

QUOTATION

Who wrote the following lines and where do they come from?

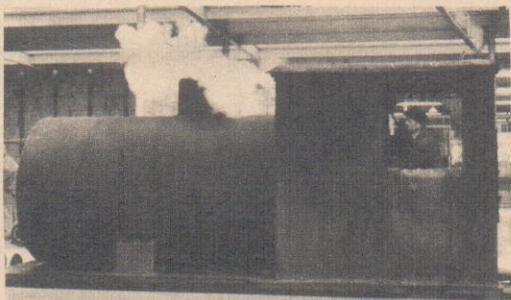
"When you go home, tell them of us, and say,
For your tomorrow, we gave our today."

Can SOLDIER quote the whole poem if possible?—"Padre" (name and address supplied).

★The lines are by J. Maxwell Edmonds and were written during World War One for a collection of suitable inscriptions for war memorials. These were published by HM Stationery Office in 1919. The above inscription was chosen for the 2nd Division memorial at Kohima in World War Two, and was widely thought to have had an ancient Greek origin. This was disproved by the first Lord Wavell shortly before his death. The epitaph is complete as quoted.

—

LETTERS



Locomotive without furnace or funnel

★This engine was constructed to shunt trains inside the warehouse without risk of fire. It is fuelled with steam from a boiler outside the building.

NAME CHANGING

Can a married Regular change his family's name by deed poll or some other method? How does one go about it?—"Signals Must" (name and address supplied).

★Any soldier thinking of changing his name by deed poll is advised to consult a solicitor. Having changed his name, he must then comply with Queen's Regulations by producing if required a baptismal certificate, deed poll (or Scottish equivalent) or a statutory declaration made before a justice of the peace or commissioner of oaths.

HELPING OUT

Is there a scheme in operation whereby ex-Regular soldiers are invited to devote a certain number of evenings per week to instructing members of the Territorial Army, receiving £50 tax-free per annum for so doing?—"AQMS" (name and address supplied).

★Reservists, pensioners and dis-

FILMS coming your way

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

TOUCH AND GO: An English family decides to emigrate. Father resigns his job, sells house, furniture and car, placates his in-laws. Then the trouble and the fun begin—all because a cat gets stranded on the Albert Bridge. Jack Hawkins as the harassed father, Margaret Johnston, the mother, and June Thorburn, the lovelorn daughter.

GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES: Singing and dancing extravaganza about two beautiful sisters: Jane Russell, who simply cannot say no to suitors, and Jeanne Crain, who can. They go to Paris, become the toast of the Folies Bergère and find true love in the end. With Alan Young, Scott Brady and Rudy Vallee.

MAN OF THE MOMENT: Norman Wisdom in hot water again, this time as a Whitehall filing clerk who wrecks an international conference. Result: he is hunted by assassins, and lured by wicked women. With Lana Morris, Jerry Desmonde, Belinda Lee.

A MAN ALONE: Plenty of gunplay, double-crossing, stage-coach robberies and love interest in this rip-roaring, old-fashioned Western. Ray Milland, who directs the film and plays the hero, was once in the Household Cavalry. Mary Murphy and Ward Bond are in the cast.

THE KENTUCKIAN: Burt Lancaster as the restless pioneer, who, for the sake of his son, heads west for a quiet life in Texas. Gun fights, whip fights and general villainy hold them up but father and son finally make it. With Dianne Foster, Diana Lynn and Donald MacDonald as the son.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

22 years of his present engagement he will be re-enlisting. This is frequently confused with continuance in the Service after completion of 22 years, when a soldier may claim his discharge after three months notice. If, after completing 22 or more years reckonable service for pension, he enlists on a Type T engagement, he may later if he wishes apply for a free discharge.

TYPE T

One paragraph of ACI 175/1953, which governs the Type T engagement, states that the term of service is four years. Another paragraph states: "Premature termination of a Type T engagement will be dealt with by current regulations." Does this mean if I were serving on such an engagement after completing 22 years service I would have the option of leaving by giving three months notice or, alternatively, purchasing my discharge?—"Cautious" (name and address supplied).

★If this soldier decides to apply for a Type T engagement on completion of

Called up for National Service in August 1950, I decided 16 months later to engage for five years with the Colours and seven on the Reserve. In May 1954 I changed to a 22-year engagement, with the three-year option, waiving all rights to discharge before I had done 12 years. What is my bounty entitlement and will my National Service count towards my 12 years' Colour service?—"Pythoned" (name and address supplied).

★This soldier is entitled to a bounty of £60. He cannot count National Service towards the 12-year engagement, but it will count for pension purposes if he decides to serve for 22 years.



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MORE LETTERS

WALKING HOME

I was interested in the article about the soldier who cycled home from Tripoli (SOLDIER, November) and quite agree that he showed the right spirit. It seems a pity, though, that he should have had to use up his demobilisation leave in the process. Could not the Army extend a man's leave for this purpose? After all, by going home under his own steam, the soldier is saving the taxpayer the price of his fare.—"Ariel" (name and address supplied).

PLANE AND ARROW

I know the Army has used bows and arrows in war, even in this century, but is it true, as a World War One veteran has assured me, that the Royal Air Force used to fire arrows?—"Incredulous" (name and address supplied).

★In the early stages of World War One, Royal Flying Corps pilots dropped clusters of metal darts, called "flechettes," on the enemy.

A German Cavalry officer known to SOLDIER said he was "bombed" by these metal darts in France several times and was more scared of them than anything else. They made no noise as they came down. German soldiers caught out in the open would grab any kind of head-covering for protection—planks of wood, ammunition boxes, sheets of corrugated iron—and dash for shelter. On one occasion a parade broke up in disorder as the darts began to fall and a group of officers scuttled to safety holding a large table top over their heads.

As far as he knew no German soldier was ever struck by one of these darts, although several horses in his squadron were hit and seriously wounded.

GOOD OLD DAYS

Today a recruit joining the Army can send his clothes home, post-paid. I signed on at Chelsea Barracks in the 'eighties and as soon as I had taken off my civvies a dealer snatched them up, stuffed them into his sack, handed me some money wrapped in paper and disappeared. I thought, by the feel of the money, that I had some silver; but all I received for my clothes was nine-pence.

Issuing kit was Jock Braid, of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards—the tallest man in the Army, so tall that he could not get into a sentry-box and they made him a lance-corporal.

We were given no pants, vests or shirts, other than coarse Welsh shirts. Our legs became stained blue from the dye of the trousers.

There were no warm baths in Chelsea. On each floor were wash-houses with enamel basins, which had to be cleaned with earth as an extra fatigue. The bed was a straw mattress which was rolled when not in use and fastened to the bed head by a thick strap.

On the landing outside the barrack-room stood a two-handled urine tub, brought up each evening and next morning carried by two men to the

latrines to be emptied and scrubbed out.

We had no dining room. Orderly men, by rota, drew the rations. Each man had his pound of bread at breakfast time and what he saved for tea was placed on the shelf above his bed. Tea came up in cans and was portioned out in basins. All meals were eaten at the bare wooden tables, which were then swept and washed.

A private's pay averaged sixpence a day, after deductions for messingsay, cheese for breakfast, jam for tea and vegetables to go with the free meat.

What a pleasant change, after all this routine, were summer manoeuvres under canvas at Frensham, with one half of the battalion chasing the other half over the Downs, and a dip in the pond at the end of the day. Defenders wore forage caps, attackers full dress, including bearskins. — Ex-Warrant Officer William A. Vaughan, 7 Turf Hill Road, Camberley, Surrey.

★This reader is 85 years of age.

OLD KIT-BOX

While digging in the garden of my Army quarters I discovered what apparently was the brass-bound front of an old kit-box, with name plate inscribed "Royal Elthorne Middlesex Militia." I cannot find trace of any such unit.—Captain A. Taylor-Smith, Royal Army Pay Corps, Wemys Barracks, Canterbury.

★The Royal Elthorne Middlesex Militia was raised in 1853 under the title of "Royal Elthorne Regiment." Subsequently the regiment was converted to Light Infantry, and by 1860 was officially known as the "Royal Elthorne Regiments of Militia, Light Infantry," having a badge of a bugle and initials "REM" on caps and appointments. In the regimental reorganisation of 1881, it became the 3rd, then 5th, Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment. It saw service in the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny and the South African War.

AS IT IS

The Sandhurst cadet on the cover of your October issue bore a "GR" monogram in his cap-badge. Surely this is out of date?—"Big Eyes" (name and address supplied).

★When this painting was executed the Royal Military Academy cadets were still wearing badges with the "GR" monogram and it was learned that they would continue to do so for economy, until stocks ran out. It was one of those occasions when SOLDIER is faced with the choice of portraying the Army as it is or as it should be.

HE SIGNED

I engaged for eight years with the Colours and four on the Reserve, and while serving changed to a 22-year engagement, my object being to leave the Service after three years if I wished. Since doing so, certain people have told me that before giving notice I must finish my eight years with the



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY DEPOT.
THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY WAS FORMED
AT WOOLWICH ON 26TH MAY 1716.
THE ROYAL ARTILLERY BARRACKS WERE FIRST OCCUPIED
IN 1776, AND HAVE BEEN THE HEADQUARTERS AND
HOME OF THE REGIMENT EVER SINCE.

After hiding its light under a bushel since 1716 the Royal Regiment of Artillery has decided that a little self-advertisement is perhaps excusable. This sign has recently been erected in Woolwich Garrison.



Weapon of the future: In the film version of George Orwell's "1984" (now being produced in Britain) the Sterling sub-machine gun is freely used. Fondling it here is an actress with an appropriate name: Jan Sterling.

Colours. Can SOLDIER help? — "Lance-Corporal" (name and address supplied).

★This soldier must serve with the Colours for at least the period to which he was previously committed. The fact that he is additionally serving on an engagement with a three-year option means that he can give notice of his intention to leave only at the nine-year point.

GRAND-DAD'S GONGS

Can SOLDIER give a serving soldier any information as to the wearing of medals which belonged to a member of his family now deceased? I have some of my grandfather's, from World War One. I maintain that they can be worn on the right breast, but some of my friends say they cannot be worn at all. — "Private" (name and address supplied).

★A soldier wears his own medals and nobody else's.

SIGN-POSTS

The lay-out and lettering of Army sign-posts seem to be improving—but oh, the spelling and punctuation!

Why are silly spelling mistakes never corrected? Why do we so often

CONVALESENT WING

OFFICER'S MESS

Any signs like this in your camp?

see signs reading OFFICER'S MESS AND SERGEANT'S MESS?

If I were an inspecting general I should look for misplaced apostrophes rather than misplaced cigarette-ends. — "Crank" (name and address supplied).

NO HOME POSTING

I hold a Regular quartermaster-type commission and am voluntarily retiring after 22 years qualifying service and 31 years service all told. Am I entitled to claim six months in the United Kingdom before I retire? ACIs give no ruling for officers. — "Middle East Officer" (name and address supplied).

★No. There is no such concession for officers because of the limited number of appointments available at home. Uncommissioned ranks are so much easier to fit into home establishments that a home posting is permitted them

in certain circumstances (see Letters, July).

RESERVE DECORATION

I have heard a good deal lately about the Army Emergency Reserve Decoration. What are the qualifications required? — "Interested" (name and address supplied).

★The Emergency Reserve Decoration, first awarded in November, 1952, is for 12 years' continuous, efficient service in those categories of the old Supplementary Reserve and the Emergency Reserve of officers which involve a peace-time training obligation. Service in World War Two counts double. Those who earn an award can put "ERD" after their names.

OLD ORIGINAL

I must insist that the first unit to deal exclusively with mechanical transport was the 45th Steam Road Transport Company, Royal Engineers (Letters, July and October). It was formed at Gibraltar Barracks, Aldershot, in 1899. If some of the old originals, like Joe Moins, Bert Langley, Chris Bennett, Charlie Casey and Jack Flaggerty, are still alive they must be 80 years old, or thereabouts. I am only 75. I was one of the youngest members of the first mechanical unit, Royal Engineers. — J. Mortimer, 13 Waterloo Road, East Ham, London.

"BLACK BISLEY"

Your September issue says it was not the best of Bisleys for the Army this year.

In the National Rifle Association meeting the Army team won two inter-Services matches and tied for first place in the aggregates. Surely this must be one of the most successful meetings for the Army for some years?

The top Army team for the Methuen Cup was not that of the Household Brigade but of REME.

It seems inconceivable that no mention was made of the KRRC Cup, awarded to the champion Army unit, and based on the aggregate scores of seven major matches. It was won, for the first time, by a county regiment, the Worcestershire Regiment. Nor was there mention of the Britannia Trophy and the Small Arms Cup, which are open to all units. While one appreciates the interest shown in this important event, the value of such a report lies in its accuracy and in reporting the more important matches. — Major V. Ellis, Secretary, REME Rifle Association.

★The official printed results erroneously gave the Household Brigade as Army top scorers in the Methuen Cup. REME beat the Household Brigade by one point. For space reasons it was not possible to give all results.

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MORE LETTERS

"BUTTONS GALORE"

Seeing myself as I was 50 years ago on a royal tour of India (Letters, October) was a great surprise. I started on this tour as a corporal and was promoted sergeant. The three of us—the others were Drivers Giffney and Cook—were first sent to Sarampore remount depot to be trained with our horses. Then my section went to Bombay to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales.

My section had a State carriage, five landaus and 40 horses, plus a very large staff, and two troopers of the Prince of Wales's Bengal Lancers. We were specially measured for our uniforms and boots. The uniform was red and gold and there were 178 buttons on each. Our coach did not belong to the officers of "O" Battery.

Before the Prince left he presented me with a gold inscribed watch and a riding whip. Each bore the Prince of Wales's feathers. My two grand drivers each received a silver watch and whip.

I served with "O" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery from 1897-1913, was Battery Sergeant-Major "K" Battery 1913-14, was commissioned second-lieutenant for services in the field and retired as a major in 1920. I was 76 years of age in November last. I wonder what happened to Drivers Giffney and Cook?—A. S. Powley, 62 Sweetbriar Lane, Exeter.



The corporal became a major.

HE was Lieutenant-General John Manners, Marquis of Granby, 1721-70. (See page 28.)

SOLDIER-PHILOSOPHER

In your article on the early history of the Royal Aircraft Establishment (September) you refer to the activities of a Lieutenant J. W. Dunne."

Lieutenant (later Lieut-Colonel) J. W. Dunne was one of the early aeronautical engineers who experimented with tailless aircraft of, I believe, "Delta" shape. What he is chiefly remarkable for, however, is his book, "An Experiment with Time," first published in 1927. This book, which develops Dunne's theory of "Serialism," created a great stir in literary and scientific circles and has been an important influence on contemporary novelists—J. B. Priestley, in particular. Dunne's theory of "Serialism" was endorsed by Sir Arthur Eddington and I think it has yet to be disproved.

Dunne was an interesting character, not the first soldier-savant, and not, one hopes, the last.—W. Stuart, Sedenak Estate, Johore, Malaya.

★ In writing the story of Farnborough, SOLDIER failed to connect Dunne the airman with Dunne the philosopher. He was a general's son who served as a Yeomanry trooper and subaltern in South Africa and then as a Regular officer in the Royal Engineers. His revolutionary aircraft, designed to be stable in the air without constant attention from the pilot, was a monoplane shaped like an arrow-head and with swept-back wings. It was first tested in Scotland. No official interest was shown, and Dunne disposed of the rights in France.

In "An Experiment with Time," he put forward the belief, based on personal experiences, that future events are regularly foreseen in dreams. He set out new ideas about time and claimed to have proved, by mathematical means, the immortality of the soul. He died in 1949, aged 73.

HOW TO GET SOLDIER

SERVING soldiers may obtain SOLDIER from their units, canteens or AKC cinemas. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should ask their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms. Civilians may buy or order SOLDIER at any bookshop in Britain.

Those unable to obtain the magazine through these channels may subscribe direct to Circulation Department, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N.7. The rate is 10s. 6d. a year post-free. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to "Command Cashier" and crossed "a/c SOLDIER."

I submit that the practice of addressing warrant officers as "sir" (Letters, November) is based on something more substantial than mere custom. Queen's Regulations (1955) state that NCOs and men will address warrant officers as they do officers. You may, however, still be correct, as I am unable to find out how officers should be addressed since QRS do not lay it down!—Capt. B. H. S. Clarke, G (Tech), HQ, NORTHAG.

★ Many readers have written in similar vein. Queen's Regulations do not specifically prescribe the use of the word "sir" to either officers or warrant officers.

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