

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

JUNE 1956



NINEPENCE



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GUARDS ARE
300 YEARS OLD

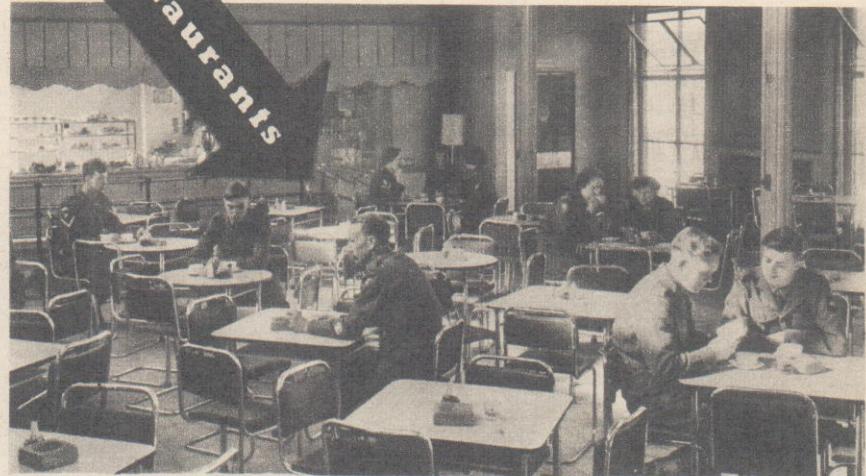
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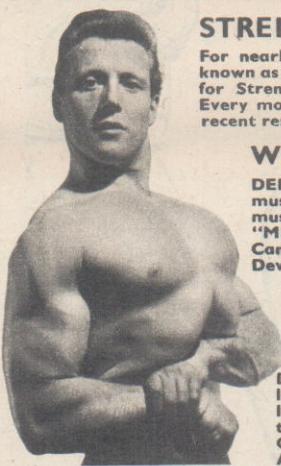
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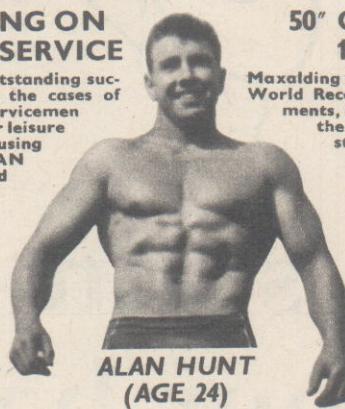
DEREK MANTHORPE (left) who gained 2 stone of solid muscle by Maxalding, has gained awards for strength and muscular development of World Class, finalizing in the "MR. UNIVERSE" series. He writes again: "1956. Visiting Canada recently I entered the competition to find the Best Developed Man and reached the finals. While at the show I 'had a go' with the strength contest and gained the Trophy for the Best Weight-Lifter present. Many thanks to Maxalding for what it has done for me."

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ALLAN HUNT
(AGE 24)

MAXALDING ON NATIONAL SERVICE

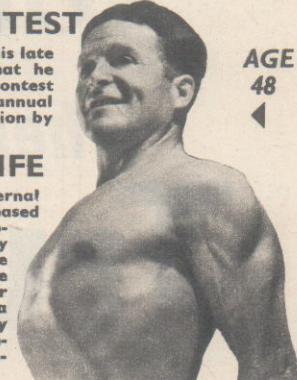
Some of our most outstanding successes have been in the cases of young National Servicemen who have turned their leisure to good account by using Maxalding. **ALLAN HUNT** (centre) used Maxalding on N.S. and returned to civilian life with a muscular development and strength that amazed his friends and relations. Still improving he has now gained honours for World Class Development and outstanding strength.

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ROBERT G. SMITH (right) started Maxalding in his late forties and made such outstanding progress that he gained the finals of the "SENIOR MR. BRITAIN" contest against men 8 years younger than himself. This annual competition has been won on more than one occasion by Maxalding followers in middle life.

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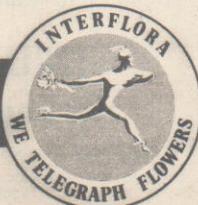
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PB 35/1

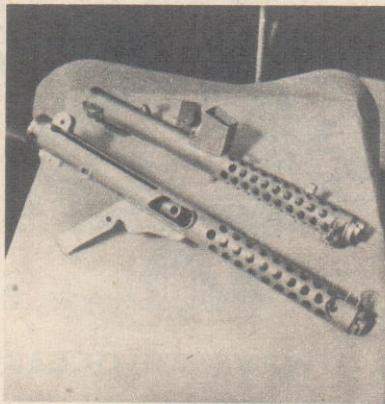
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SOLDIER

JUNE 1956

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Canal Zone and Libya, 4 piastres; Cyprus, 7 piastres; Malaya, 30 cents; Hong-Kong, 60 cents; East Africa, 75 cents; West Africa, 9d.



On land, the SAS ride in Jeeps armed with twin Vickers and a Browning machine - gun. Every member of the Regiment must be an expert driver and gunner.

"WHO DARES, WINS"

—IS THE MOTTO OF THE TERRITORIALS WHO TRAIN AT WEEKENDS TO FIGHT BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES

IN the heart of London is a military unit dedicated to the cult of the strenuous week-end.

On Friday evenings its members hang up their civilian suits and put on battle-dress and red berets with a winged dagger badge. Then they set off from the crowded streets for the wide open spaces.

A few hours later some may be parachuting on to an "enemy" headquarters in Wiltshire or Sussex; others may be paddling canoes through rough seas towards the Cornish coast to "destroy" an airfield. Some may be scaling the jagged cliffs at Land's End or mountaineering in Wales or Derbyshire. Yet others may be skiing in Scotland or setting off on a 400-miles expedition by Jeep through "enemy" territory, "blowing up" trains and ammunition dumps.

"Who Dares, Wins" is the motto they carry on their cap badge. None could be more fitting for these are the men

OVER

Below: In a leafy Devonshire lane a Jeep crew waits to go into action.





whose task in war would be to infiltrate behind the enemy lines and fight by unconventional means.

They are all Territorials, carrying on the proud traditions and specialised techniques of their wartime predecessors who harried the Germans from North Africa to the Rhine. They belong to the 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists), which can make a good claim to be "triphibious."

No soldiers are trained in so many different ways of waging war as the men of the Special Air Service. They have to be, for the nature of their rôle means that they must be highly resourceful and efficient, able to operate alone or in very small groups in the heart of enemy territory.

Except for a few clerks in Base Squadron, every officer and man in the 21st Regiment has to be a parachutist. If he has no jumping experience when he joins, the Regiment sends him to the Royal Air Force Parachute Training School to learn. He must also be able to drive one of the unit's special armoured Jeeps, fire its twin Vickers and Browning machine-guns, climb mountains, be a skilled canoeist and have a more than average knowledge of first-aid. The Regiment likes everyone to know how to operate a wireless set, to be able to ski and to have some knowledge of a foreign language. Above all every man must be superbly fit, physically and mentally, and able to stand prolonged privation.

No matter what their occupations, which range from company director to actor, policeman to barrister, all members have three things in common. First, they must live in the London area in easy reach of the unit headquarters at Euston. Second, they must all be volunteers, willing, when they join, to revert to the lowest rank of trooper, no matter how high the rank they held before. At present some of the troopers and NCOs are men who were wartime officers; some of the officers were NCOs in the war.

The third common factor is enthusiasm. Most men turn out for

They parachuted into Denmark last year. Left to right: Trooper T. Garner, Lance-Corporal R. Sach and Sergeant D. Berry. Note: the SAS then wore the Artists Rifles badge in their berets. Now they wear the winged dagger.

Right: Next stop Norway. These men flew in American aircraft to drop behind the "enemy" lines in a NATO exercise last year.

Below: Only a few hours ago he was at home in England; now he searches the Norwegian countryside for signs of the "enemy."



"invasion" exercises on two week-ends in three. Every man does at least eight parachute jumps each year.

Last year one squadron of the Regiment dropped into Norway, several miles inside the Arctic Circle, and marched 20 miles to attack an airfield defended by Norwegian soldiers. At the same time, another squadron parachuted into Denmark and "blew up" power stations and bridges.

Some have been taken ten miles out to sea in submarines and motor torpedo-boats and have then paddled ashore in canoes to attack shipping in South Coast ports. Others have canoeed the whole length of the River Tay from its source to the tideway south of Perth.

Every year the Regiment enters for the canoe race from Devizes to Westminster and two members—Troopers Oliver Dansie and Roy Dry—hold the record for the 124 miles course with a time of 24 hours seven minutes which they set up in 1952. This year the Regiment came second to the Royal Marines.

Last winter in bitterly cold winds sometimes reaching 100 miles an hour one rock-climbing team ascended the northern buttress of Tryfan in Wales and then went on to climb Ben Nevis a few weeks later. Most of the well-known Derbyshire peaks have been tackled by regimental teams, too.





The first motor vehicle ever to reach the top of Snowdon was one of the unit's Jeeps. Carrying four determined members of the Regiment, it climbed the 3560-ft. mountain in two-and-a-half hours in 1951.

The present-day Territorials with the winged dagger cap badge keep alive the brilliant traditions of the 1st Special Air Service Regiment which was formed in 1941 in the Middle East to raid behind the enemy lines. Of all the "private armies" in World War Two, the Special Air Service was the most successful. Striking swiftly and silently, in the most unexpected places, it played havoc, out of all proportion to its size, with the enemy in North Africa, Greece, Sicily and Italy. Within three months of its formation the 1st Regiment had destroyed on the ground more enemy aircraft than any squadron of the Royal Air Force in North Africa.

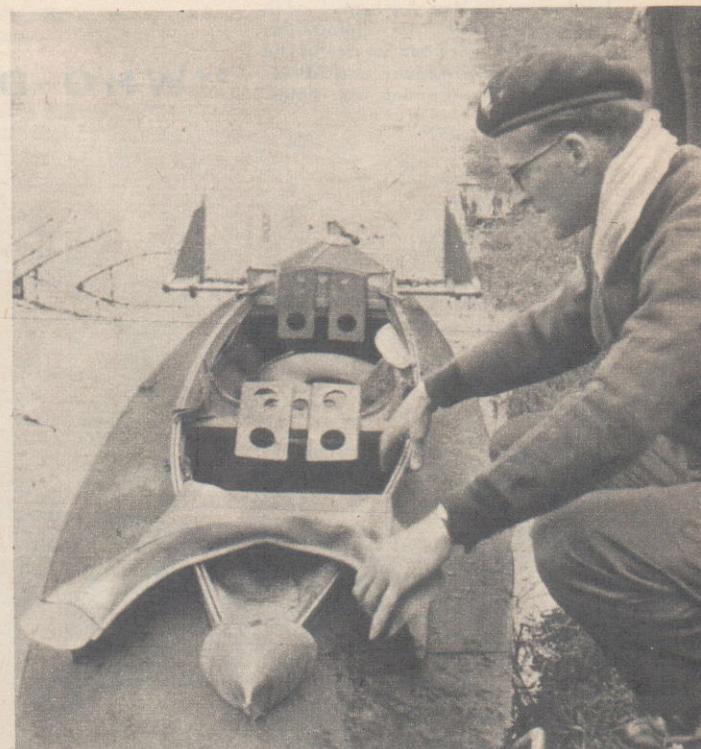
A second regiment, formed in 1944, went into action in Europe, operating with the Maquis in France and disrupting communications behind the German lines to ease the way for the advancing Allied armies.

At the end of the war both Special Air Service regiments were disbanded but in 1947 they rose again when the Army, recognising the need for a permanent peacetime unit to

OVER →



Look, no hands! Sergeant J. Riddle goes up the perpendicular cliffs at Land's End sideways.



The SAS are all skilled in watermanship, too. Left: Major W. MacPherson and Lieutenant R. Marriott pass Big Ben in this year's race from Devizes to Westminster. They were second. Above: Major MacPherson adjusts the waterproof covers on one of the Regiment's two racing canoes. Below: SAS land by canoe on the Cornish coast.





Lieut-Col. J. Neilson Lapraik DSO, MC and bar, commanded the Regiment until last month. He joined the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders on the day war broke out in 1939, served with the Commandos and with Special Boat Service in the Mediterranean, Aegean and Adriatic. He was wounded six times.



Head Keeper of the Birds of Prey at Regents Park Zoo, SQMS A. E. Scrivener was a corporal in the 1st Parachute Battalion in World War Two. He was parachuted into North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Holland. He joined the Regiment in 1947 and is one of its oldest members.



One of the Regiment's two padres is the Reverend Brian Whiting, Baptist minister at Newbury, Berkshire, who volunteered last year. He learned to parachute in time to take part in the NATO exercise in Norway when one of the squadrons landed inside the Arctic Circle.

"WHO DARES, WINS" *concluded*



Professional stunt man for a flying circus, Corporal J. Clark (right) has more than 700 parachute jumps to his credit. In the picture above he is seen at the start of a delayed drop at a village fete in Gloucestershire. A wartime rear gunner in the Royal Air Force, he has also been a yacht builder and school games master.



train for behind the lines operations, embodied the 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists) into the Territorial Army.

That word Artists in the title perpetuates the long and notable history of another famous regiment—the Artists Rifles, whose Mars and Minerva cap badge the present-day Territorials wear on their arms and whose drill hall in Euston they use as a headquarters. The Artists Rifles were formed in 1860 in the life class of a school of art.

The present link is a happy one for the Artists Rifles were always noted for being slightly unconventional and for producing large numbers of leaders—both of which are traditions which the Special Air Service maintains.

E. J. GROVE



Sergeant J. Riddle, formerly a coder in the Royal Navy, is a mountaineering instructor and a bayonet fighting expert. He has taken part in the Inter-Services bayonet fighting championships at Olympia and was one of the four members of the Regiment who drove an armoured jeep to the top of Snowdon.



Still together after 16 years: RSM A. Schofield (right) and SSM Bennett, two of the Regular staff. They joined the 1st SAS Regiment from the Commandos in 1941 and went raiding in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany. SSM Bennett took part in the first SAS raid and is one of only six members of that force allowed to wear his "wings" on his breast.

And here is a story about the Regular soldiers who wear the Winged Dagger—the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, which was raised in Malaya and has served there ever since. Its men are all volunteers who join as troopers, though many have held higher rank. Their speciality: deep jungle operations which often last three months or more

THE men of the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment are the only people who habitually descend from the tops of jungle trees without first climbing up them.

The Regiment invented "tree-jumping," that is, parachuting into tree-tops, a daring operation designed to take Malaya's terrorists by surprise. It is one drill which is unlikely ever to be photographed in detail; there are always too many leaves in the way and nobody can foretell just where a parachutist is going to land. So the only pictures come from Kuala Lumpur, where learner tree-jumpers try out the equipment from the top of an up-ended Bailey bridge.

Tree-jumping is an unpredictable operation. A man para-

JUNGLE SPIDERS

chuting into the jungle tree-tops may go straight through to the ground. On the other hand, his parachute may be caught on branches as high as 220 feet above the ground, occasionally even more, and the man left dangling. Then, like a spider on a thread, he slides down a single tape.

The tape, a roll of webbing 240 feet long, one and three-quarter inches wide, with a breaking-strain of 1000 pounds, is one of the main items of a tree-jumper's equipment. Another is a "Bikini," a pair of skeleton canvas pants adjusted to his size by tapes. The main roll of the tape is held in his weapon-container, but one end passes through a steel ring on the front of the Bikini, round his back through a canvas channel and through the ring again. It is tied to his parachute harness, leaving a spare six feet.

When his parachute is caught in a tree, he ties the spare six feet to a strong branch or the trunk, then he throws the roll of tape to the ground. He lowers his weapon-container below his feet, releases himself from the parachute harness and remains suspended by the web tape. He then

pays out the tape through the steel ring and so lowers himself to the ground. His rate of descent is kept low by the friction on the tape as it passes through the steel ring and round his back. He can stop himself with one hand.

Once down, he collects all he can of the equipment to be buried or burned. Hard-up terrorists can put recovered webbing to good use in making packs and equipment. For every jump, new equipment is used. Much of it is made by prisoners in Changi jail, Singapore.

The equipment has the disadvantages that it takes 40 minutes to prepare for a tree-jump and is bulky to wear in an aeroplane. But 300 operational jumps, as well as countless trial jumps, confirm that it is effective.

Trials are now going on with a new tree-jumping equipment in which rollers on the parachutist's chest control the flow of the tape. This reduces the rate of descent so that a man who is injured but has the strength to tie his spare end of tape and release his harness will be safely lowered to the ground by his own weight even if he loses consciousness.



A parachutist puts on his tree-jumping kit. It takes 40 minutes to prepare. Below: Spider on a thread. A light hold on the tape is enough to stop his descent.

Dangling by his parachute harness, a trooper throws his tape to the ground. Below: Ready to descend.



The great naval base at Portsmouth is also one of the Army's oldest garrison towns. Soldiers have served there for nearly 800 years

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A SAILOR in Catterick would feel like a fish out of water. But a soldier in Portsmouth, Britain's biggest naval base, is completely at home, for the town is also one of the Army's oldest garrisons.

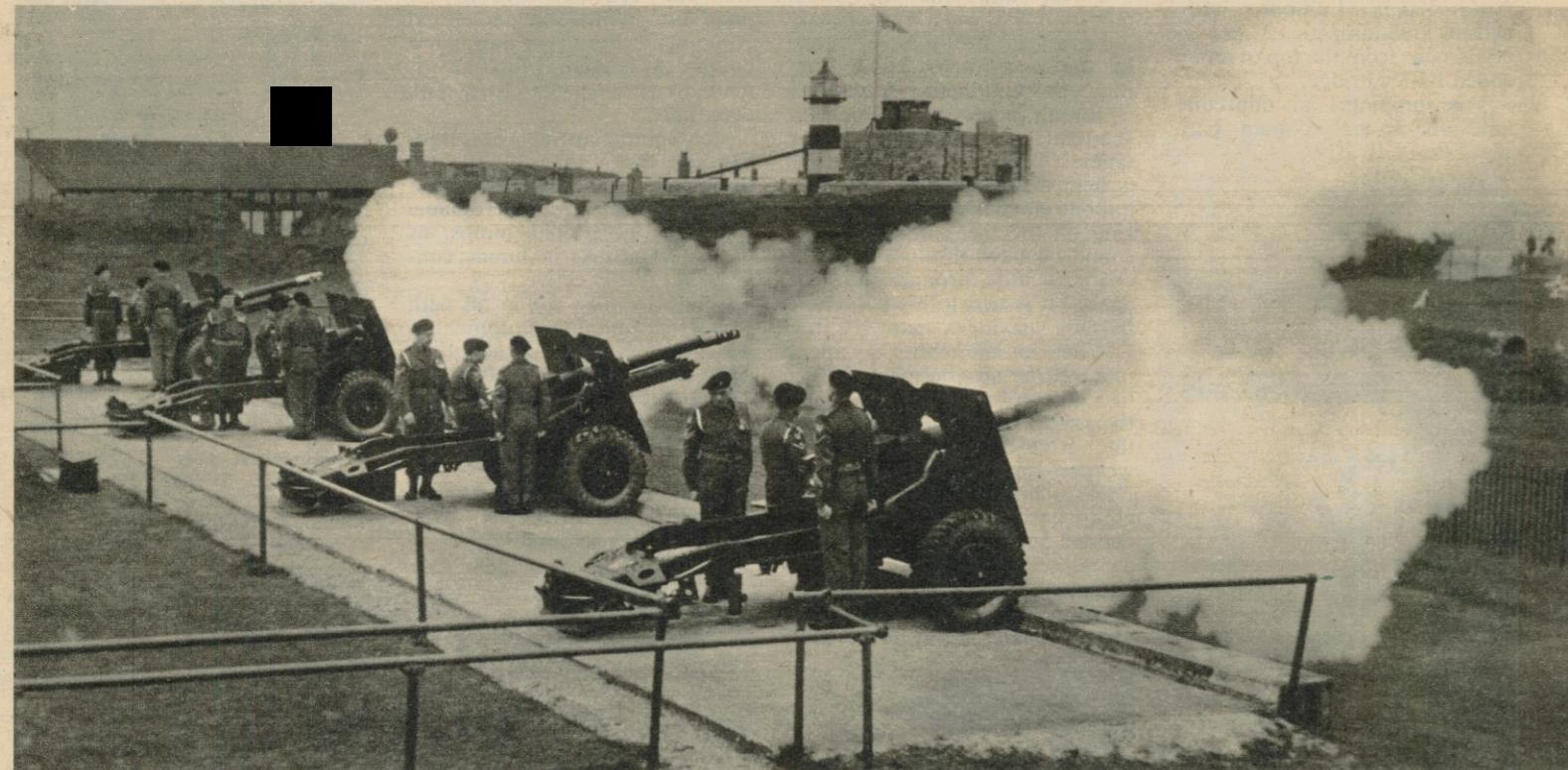
Soldiers have been stationed in Portsmouth, defending it from attack by both land and sea, ever since King John, nearly 800 years ago, ordered the first dockyard to be built there and sent troops to protect it.

Countless thousands of soldiers have set sail from the port to serve overseas. In Charles II's

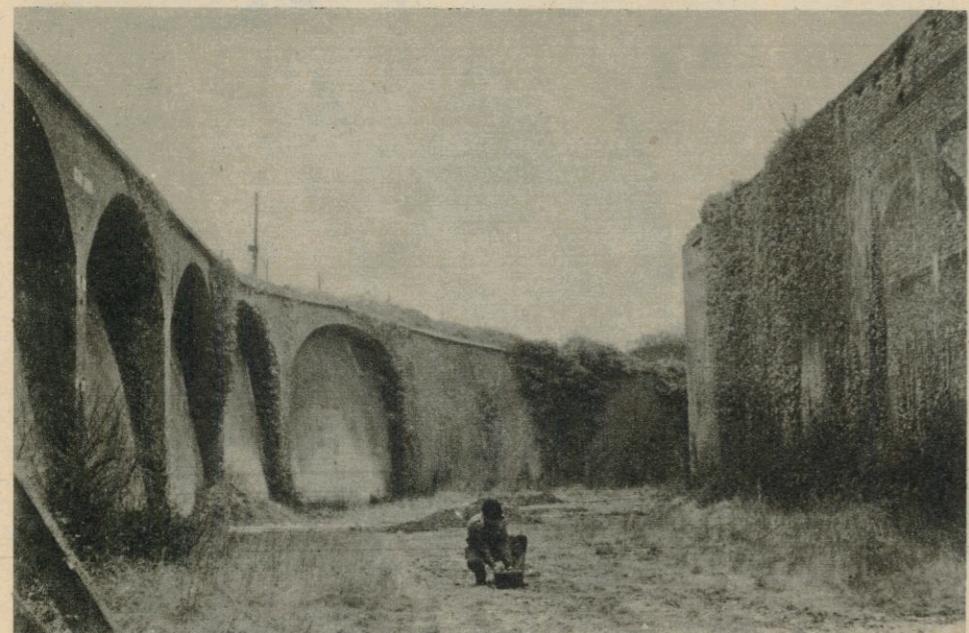
Wellington's men left from Portsmouth for the Peninsular War. And in an ancient Army fort on Portsdown Hill which overlooks the town, Allied commanders made their final plans for the invasion of Europe in 1944 and watched an armada of assault craft set off for Normandy.

Until World War One, when naval training schools were set up ashore, there were always more soldiers than sailors in Portsmouth and the senior officer was invariably a soldier. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery commanded Portsmouth

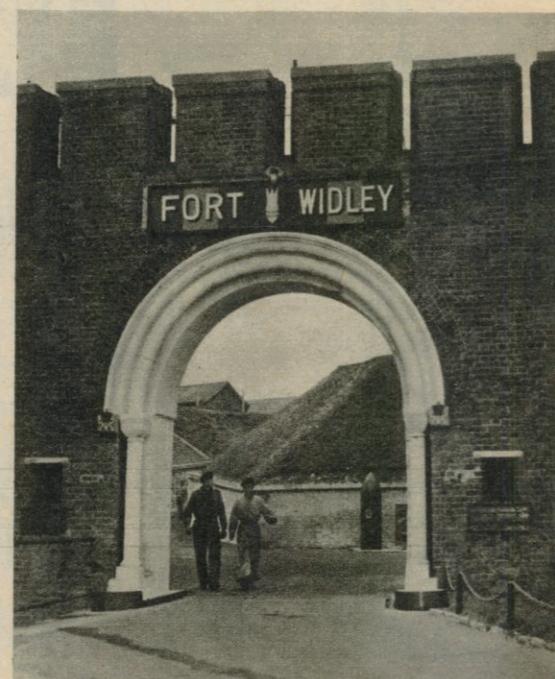
Garrison as a brigadier in 1937. Today, Navy blue is the predominant uniform and there is a decidedly naval atmosphere in the new Inter-Services NAAFI Club where the restaurant is known as the Galley and even the waitresses call soldiers "Pongoes" (the sailor's name for a soldier). But soldiers help to arrange the club's entertainments, often presenting gramophone record concerts and organising week-end dances and games. When Coast Artillery is disbanded later this year, 261 Independent Maintenance Battery,



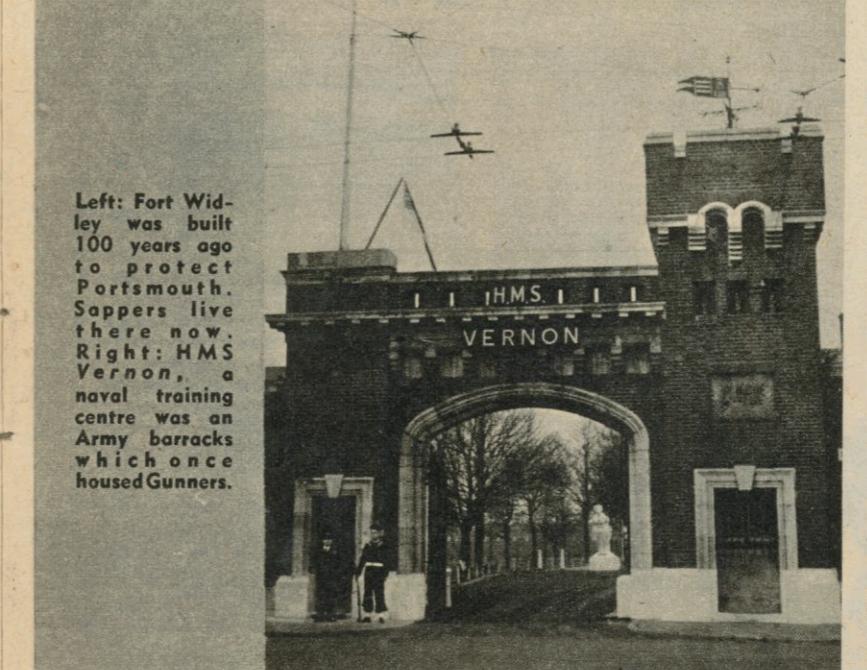
The Saluting Battery in action at Southsea Castle which is also a flag station and an ancient monument.



The old moat round Fort Widley—one of the Palmerston Folly forts—serves a modern purpose: Sappers of a bomb disposal troop now use it to steam out bombs and disarm mines.



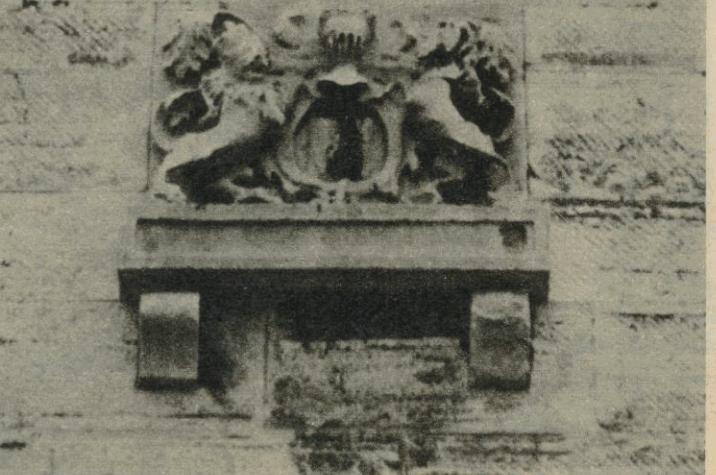
Left: Fort Widley was built 100 years ago to protect Portsmouth. Sappers live there now. Right: HMS Vernon, a naval training centre was an Army barracks which once housed Gunners.



Not all Portsmouth's harbour craft belong to the Royal Navy. These Royal Army Service Corps launches are manned by soldier crews. Below: Soldiers once had to salute this statue of King Charles I set into the wall of the Square Tower, one of the Army's forts.



After his travels through all France into Spain and having passed very many dangers both by sea and land he arrived here the 5th day of October 1623.



15,000 SAW HIM SHOT

ONE of the largest military parades ever staged in Portsmouth took place in 1802 when 15,000 soldiers formed up outside Hilsea Barracks, to watch an execution.

The victim was a soldier who had enlisted into 16 different regiments, absconding each time with the bounty money. Troops from the Isle of Wight, Chichester and Winchester were ordered to attend his execution.

One of the firing party was Rifleman Harris who described the execution in his memoirs.

"The culprit was brought out. He made a short speech acknowledging the justice of his sentence and that drinking and evil company had brought the punishment upon him.

"After being blindfolded he was desired to kneel down behind a coffin . . . and, the drum-major of the Hilsea depot giving us an expressive glance, we commenced loading . . . There was a dreadful pause . . . the drum-major gave the signal and we fired. The poor fellow, pierced by several balls, fell heavily. As he lay with his arms pinioned to his sides, I observed that his hands waved for a few moments . . . the drum-major also observed the movement and, making another signal, four of our party stepped up to the prostrate body and put him out of his misery."



The ramparts at Hilsea Barracks are now a training area for recruits.

travelled to Wensleydale in Yorkshire only to find that a "bomb" in a river was an old cart-wheel hub.

The unit deals with an average of one unexploded bomb a month. After being de-fused the bombs are brought back to Fort Widley and "steamed" out in the deep moat which surrounds the fort. Mines are sometimes destroyed there, too.

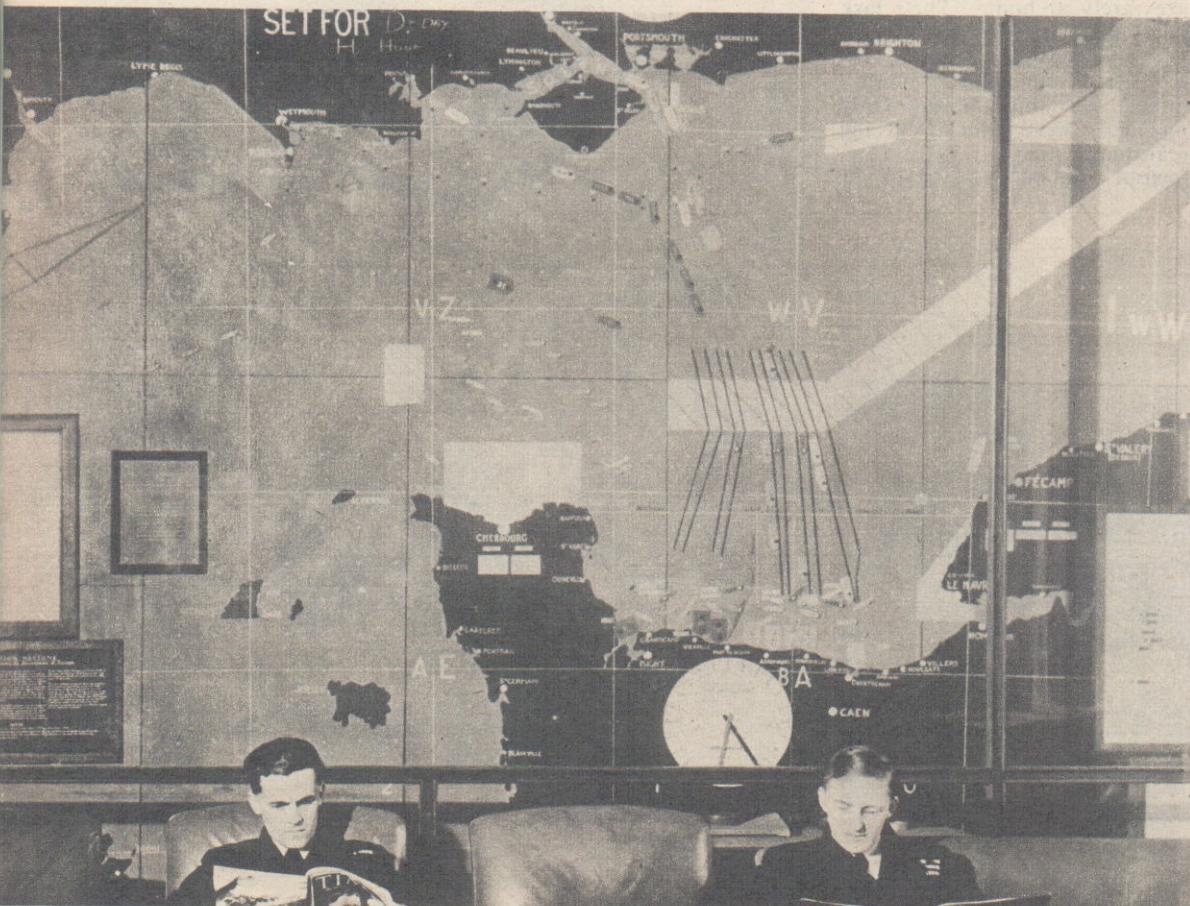
The Sappers sleep in the old gun rooms, and inside the fort they have their own canteen, television room and tennis court.

Each year in Portsmouth the Army, Royal Navy and Royal

Marines compete in a 550 yards swimming race in the sea for a trophy presented by the Duke of Connaught when he commanded the Garrison in 1890. The present holder is a sergeant in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Most soldiers are enthusiastic supporters of Portsmouth Football Club, for this famous side owes its existence largely to the Army. More than 50 years ago the Royal Garrison Artillery team at Hilsea, one of the best in the Army, was disqualified from amateur football for a breach of the rules. Several of the players turned professional and formed

The D-Day invasion map at Southwick House, where General Eisenhower chose the fateful date on which to launch the invasion of Normandy. The map is still preserved in its original position in the old operations room.



One famous soldier who commanded Portsmouth Garrison was Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, then a brigadier. Below: Colonel A. W. Edmeades, RA, commands Solent Garrison today.

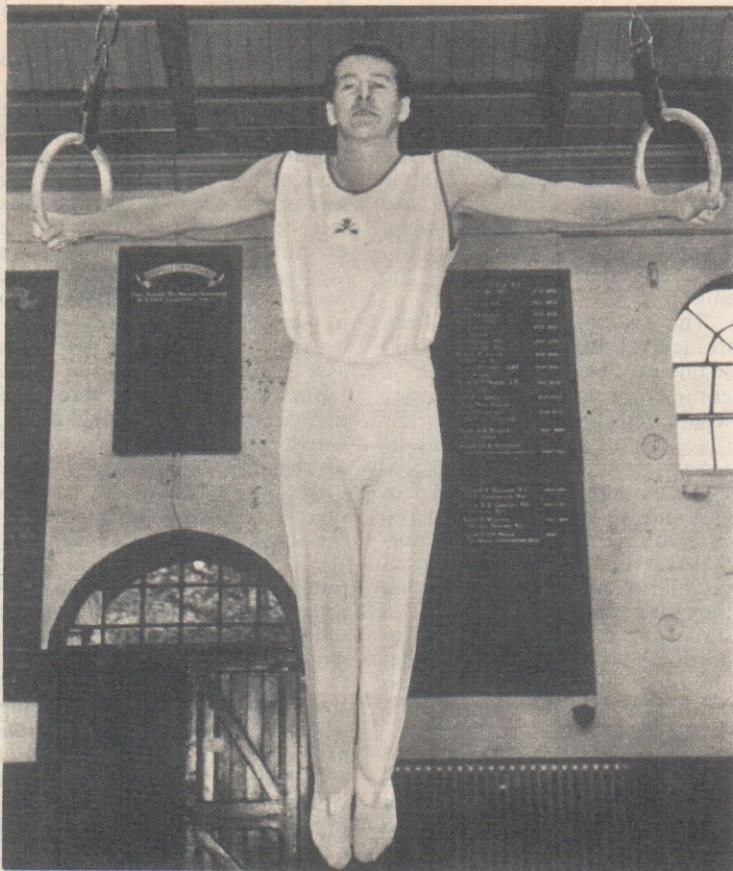


the nucleus of Portsmouth's first civilian club. This close association continues today, for Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery is the club's president.

E. J. GROVE



Mr. James Ockendon, VC, now works as a civilian at Hilsea Barracks. He won the decoration as a sergeant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in Flanders in 1917.



Left: This feat is much harder than it looks; it demands muscular discipline of a high order. A learner may have to try a thousand times to get it right.

Right: CSMI Stuart holds the cup he won in the British championships.



If Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Wray Stuart goes to Melbourne he will be the Army's first gymnast to represent Great Britain in the Olympic Games.

ACE GYMNAST

WHEN Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Wray Stuart of the Army Physical Training Corps came back to England from the Far East nearly three years ago—at the age of 26—he was pole-vault and high-diving champion of Malaya.

A cinema show at Aldershot was to change the course of his athletic career. The film he saw was of the 1936 Olympics. It fired him with the ambition to become the leading gymnast in the British Isles and to represent Great Britain at the next Olympic Games at Melbourne.

The first part of his ambition he has achieved. Next month he will know whether he has achieved the second part.

Meanwhile, all alone in the silent, cathedral-like Fox gymnasium at the Army School of Physical Training he practises relentlessly. Day in, day out, with only one break a week he must go through the whole routine—bars, rings, pommel horse, vault, finishing up with elaborate floor exercises. It takes him four hours each day. Staleness resulting from the monotony of endless repetition is the biggest danger.

He disciplines himself severely—no smoking, drinking or mess parties. And he gave up high diving—he was Inter Services champion seven years ago—to retain essential suppleness.

When he is not practising or instructing at the School he is putting his three young children through their first movements on improvised equipment in his

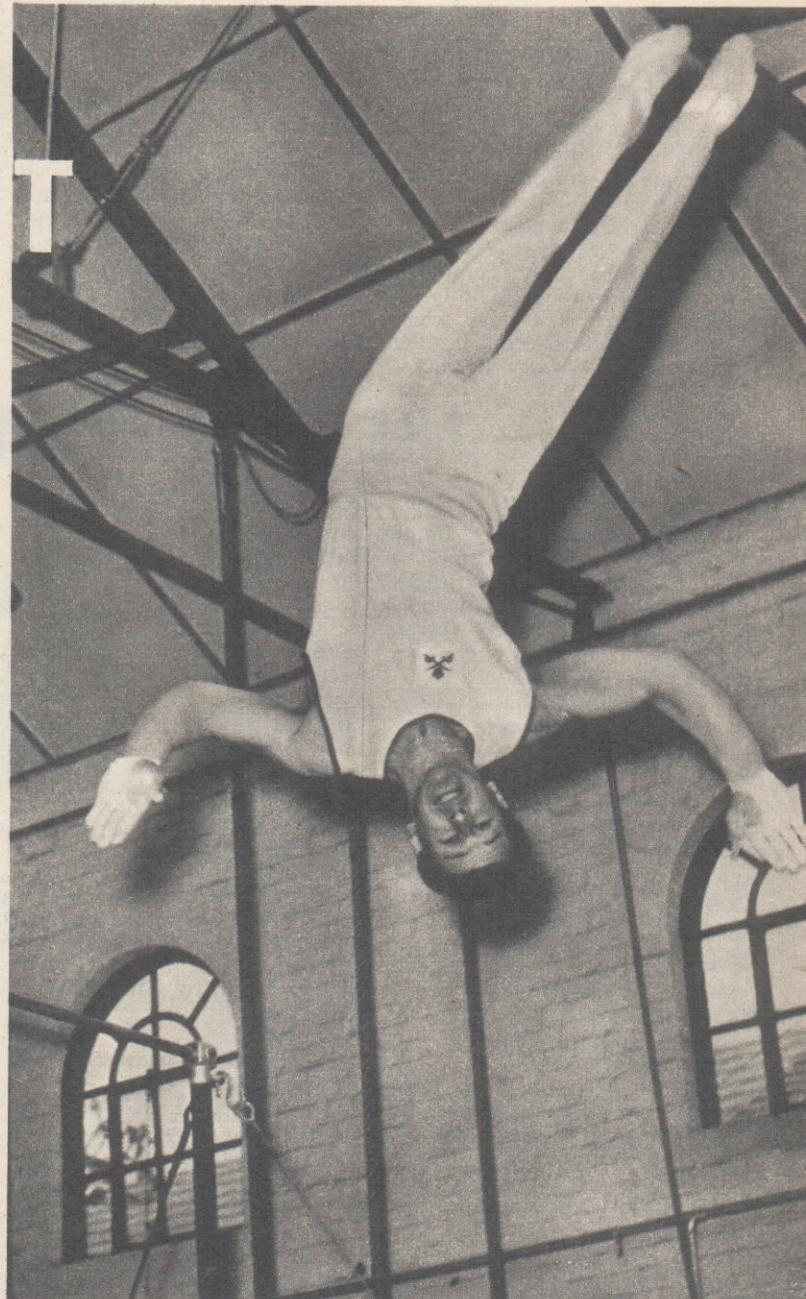
back garden. He wants them—unlike himself—to learn early.

With nearly all top-ranking gymnasts the slow but sure descent begins at 30. By the time the 1960 Olympics are held CSMI Stuart may no longer be reigning British champion. This is his crucial year. His Corps is eager to see him make history.

In 1954 CSMI Stuart won his first novices competition, a year later the Southern Counties Cup and this year the British championship from former Olympic men. He also helped the Army to secure the team prize. He has competed in France and went to Frankfurt for the European championships, but a poisoned hand prevented him taking part. With the aid of a translator he studies training methods from German publications. He hopes to do some of his training in Germany.

Five feet three inches tall, but a compact 140 pounds of sinew and muscle, CSMI Stuart does not believe that small men necessarily make the best gymnasts. Tall or short, it is all a question of proportions. Timing and rhythm come first, in his opinion. When a man has mastered these and applied the third—strength—confidence follows naturally.

Success at Melbourne would be as much a triumph of mind as of muscle. **BILL COUSINS**



A half turn from a front somersault—and he smiles while he does it.

Photographs: ARTHUR BLUNDELL

SOLDIER to Soldier

WHEN the Army was very, very young a Stuart king assembled it on Hounslow Heath in the hope that it would overawe London. In fact, London fraternised with the Army and refused to be awed.

Hounslow has been a military station ever since. The great block of the Cavalry Barracks, still existing, was built when Britain was at loggerheads with Revolutionary France.

At Hounslow the Earl of Cardigan created a stench by flogging a trooper on a Sunday morning on the spot where his regiment had just held divine service. For that matter, it was Hounslow which staged the last military flogging in Britain.

It is hard to forget the past at Hounslow—even in the midst of a briefing on an exercise which assumes the destruction of most of London by one terrific bomb.

In a room at the Cavalry Barracks SOLDIER sat in front of a large wall map covered with the most alarming symbols, listening to phrases like "the general evacuation of London begins on the Saturday," and "the first movement of rescue troops will naturally depend on the direction taken by the fall-out plume." All of which combined to build a picture of calamity inconceivable in the days when wigged architects drew up the plans of the Cavalry Barracks,

or when the cat-o'-nine-tails whistled. Now and then, through the windows, came the strangely reassuring sound of the tramp of disciplined men—the British Army going about its occasions.

The object of the exercise—in progress as SOLDIER went to press—was, in the mildest terms, to judge how best those bodies of disciplined men could come to the aid of the Civil Power; in stronger terms, it was to judge how the Army could minimise the horrors of cataclysm. The justification of it all was the simple argument: If a million die, why let another million die through avoidable neglect?

Civilians and soldiers alike are tempted to shut the whole business of nuclear bombing out of mind, as being too nightmarish to contemplate. The same attitude animated millions during the great medieval plagues which reduced the population of Europe not less effectively than could nuclear bombing. Men said: "We can't do anything about it. Let's shut ourselves up,

drink and be merry and hope that we survive."

But unless the whole of Britain is to be carpeted by bombs, which is unlikely, there is something which can be done about nuclear attack. The worst of the effects can be reduced. That is why a most elaborate and imaginative "alliance" is being formed, up and down Britain, between the civil and the military.

Those soldiers who have been trained already on radiac instruments have more than a glimmering of the role they would be called upon to fill. The functions of the Army will be mostly those of rescue, of keeping communications open, of checking looting and panic and of restoring something like normality. In chaos, a body of disciplined men who know what they are doing can produce a stabilising effect out of all proportion to their numbers. That alone would be a big contribution by the Army in nuclear war.

"Firm". "Fear Naught" is the motto of the Royal Tank Regiment and "Strike Sure" of the London Scottish. One other notable motto in English is that of the Royal Army Chaplains Department: "In This Sign, Conquer." When this wording was proposed, the traditionalists were eager to shroud it in the obscurity of Latin, but King George V objected. He said he wanted the meaning of the motto to be intelligible to everybody.

Most of the other regiments and corps of the Army have Latin mottoes, but here and there is one in German, French, Gaelic or Welsh. The members of these regiments know what their mottoes mean (though there have been regrettable exceptions), but 99 per cent of the rest of the Army and the public do not. Those who picked up a smattering of Latin at school can cope with "Ubique"—which the world mispronounces to rhyme with "Unique"—but they find themselves guessing when it comes to *Spectemur agendo* and *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. It is doubtful whether there is a single member of the Royal Army Educational Corps who could translate ALL the regimental mottoes. He might succeed with the Latin ones, but to win the 64,000 dollar prize he would have to construe the Seaforths' *Cuidich'n Righ* as "Help the King."

A regiment cherishes its distinctions. No doubt there would be a howl if anybody seriously proposed to Anglicise the Army's mottoes. Or would there?

THE GALLANT THREE HUNDRED

THREE hundred men, wearing the simple bronze cross and crimson ribbon of Britain's highest award for valour, will parade before the Queen in Hyde Park, London on 26 June.

They will be almost all the living VCs and they will have come from many countries—Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Pakistan, South and East Africa, the United States, Denmark, Cyprus and Eire—to take part in the Victoria Cross Centenary celebrations.

Only once before have so many VCs been gathered together—in 1929 when 321 attended a dinner given by the Prince of Wales at the House of Lords.

The review in Hyde Park will be the highlight of the celebrations and will be held on the spot where Queen Victoria presented the first Victoria Crosses to the men who won them in the Crimean War.

A Sovereign's escort of the Household Cavalry will accompany the Queen to Hyde

Park where the 300 VCs will be drawn up in three ranks. The relatives of several hundred Victoria Cross recipients who won the award posthumously or have died since receiving the decoration, will watch from special enclosures as the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, passes down the ranks.

Among those on parade will be the oldest VC in Britain—Major the Earl of Dunmore, aged 85, who won the award in 1897—and the youngest living VC, Private W. Speakman, who won his decoration in Korea. Captain Charles Upham, a New Zealander who is the only living double VC, is also expected to be present.

The centenary celebrations



Lord Roberts wore this pouch—in which a bullet is embedded—when he won the VC 98 years ago. It will be on display at Marlborough House.

include a service in Westminster Abbey on 25 June and a garden party in Marlborough House, on the afternoon of 26 June. Marlborough House, once the London home of the Duke of Marlborough, will house the centenary

exhibition which has been arranged by an inter-Services Committee. Here, from 15 June to 7 July, more than 1000 exhibits associated with the Victoria Cross will be on view.

They will include the uniform worn by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts when he won the decoration, the sword with which he cut down a sepoy and the standard he captured during the action. The first Sam Browne belt—it belonged to Lieutenant-Colonel (later General Sir)

Samuel Browne—will also be displayed. He wore it when he won his VC.

A reminder that civilians have long been entitled to win the decoration will be the native disguise worn by Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, of the Bengal Civil Service, when he won the VC by making his way through the rebel lines at Lucknow.

The library of Marlborough House will be set aside for exhibits loaned by the Royal Army Medical Corps. These include the double VCs won by two medical officers—Lieutenant-Colonel A. Martin-Leake and Captain N. G. Chavasse.

In the court-yard may be shown a 13-pounder gun and limber which figured in a brilliant action at Nery in France in World War One. Three of its crew won the Victoria Cross, one posthumously. It belonged to "L" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery. One of the men who won the award—Major (then Battery Sergeant-Major) G. T. Dorrell will be on the parade in Hyde Park.



Donkey ride for Gunners of 45 Field Regiment, escorting women who went to feed their animals during a village search. Below: Ding-dong-dell, the captain's in the well. The South Staffordshires were searching the monastery at Kykko—thoroughly.



CYPRUS: Hide and Seek

In a monotonous game it is always the terrorists who hide—themselves, their weapons and their papers—and always the soldiers who seek.

Seekers remove a safe from a Kykko monastery. When opened, it was found to contain dynamite.





CYPRUS

(Continued)

Street search in Nicosia. The youth on the left thinks it is fun. Below: When is a weapon not a weapon? The curved sword is still sharp, the pistols might be fit only for coshes.



In the oven outside a home in the Nicosia suburbs, soldiers found documents. Below: Picks, shovels and bayonets are used to probe for weapons.



The Grenadier Guards are 300 years old this month. The Regiment had two "births"

"YOU SHALL BE MY FIRST REGIMENT"

—said King Charles

THIS is the month of the Grenadier Guards.

The men of the "eldest regiment" (Charles II called them that) are celebrating the 300th anniversary of the Regiment's raising.

The Coldstream Guards have beaten them (by six years) to a similar occasion. But the Coldstream Guards began life in Cromwell's army as Monk's Regiment, and the Grenadiers had been longest in the service of the King. That was why Charles II decreed that his Foot Guards should "take place of all other regiments."

The Grenadiers were twice-born. At Bruges, in 1656, Lord Wentworth formed a regiment of Foot Guards for the exiled King from Royalist refugees. Four years later, Charles returned to England and left them behind. At home, he raised a new regiment of Foot Guards under Colonel John Russell. When, in 1662, Lord Wentworth's regiment crossed the Channel, there were two regiments of the same name, with similar establishments, carrying out the same duties in England. Not until Lord Wentworth died, and the two regiments were amalgamated under Colonel Russell, were questions of precedence solved.

The first Company of each of those original regiments was the King's Company and in unbroken descent from them is the Queen's Company in the 1st Battalion of the Regiment today. No soldier is admitted to this Company unless he is at least six feet two inches tall (the present average height of the Queen's Company is six feet three and one-tenth inches).

By good fortune, two of the Regiment's three battalions are stationed at home during the celebrations. The 3rd Battalion is at Windsor. The 2nd Battalion is settling in at Pirbright after being the last major unit to leave Egypt (it was also one of the first to arrive there and fought at Tel-

el-Kebir in 1882). The 1st Battalion is in Germany, but, not to be left out of the birthday party, it is travelling home at its own expense. On the way, it will stop at Bruges where, on 7 June, there will be a ceremony in the Regiment's birthplace.

In London, the celebrations begin with an exhibition at St. James's Palace. This opens on 30 May and goes on until 23 June. On 2 June, a rally of past and present members of the Regiment will be held at the Royal Festival Hall. Afterwards, about 1200 past and present Grenadiers will attend a banquet in the same hall. The final event is a review of the Regiment by the Queen in Windsor Great Park on 23 June.

OVER →



Last major unit to leave Egypt was the 2nd Battalion, Grenadier Guards. They embarked at Port Said. No ceremonial marked their departure.



As Princess Elizabeth, the Queen was appointed Colonel of the Grenadiers by King George VI. On her accession, Her Majesty became the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief.

Grenadiers represent the British Army at a ceremony at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe. General Alfred M. Gruenthal inspects them.



"You Shall
be First"
(continued)



He Served in Six Reigns

GENERAL LORD JEFFREYS, the present Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, has served under six Sovereigns. He belongs to the same family as one of the original officers of the bodyguard raised by the exiled Charles II at Bruges.

Now 78 years of age, Lord Jeffreys first saw action with the Grenadiers in the Nile Expedition of 1898. He also served in the South African War, and he commanded the Guards Depot 1911 to 1914. During the first World War he commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Regiment, to which Major Winston Churchill was attached for instruction in 1915. Major Churchill learned a great deal during his attachment and became a great friend of all the officers.

Lord Jeffreys subsequently commanded the 1st Guards Brigade and the 19th Division, and after the war he commanded the London District and Brigade of Guards from 1920 to 1924.

As a Member of the House of Commons for ten years (and of the House of Lords since 1952), Lord Jeffreys has taken part in many an Army debate. Once he described the Guards as "the most efficient body of troops not only in this country but in the world," but he has been eloquent also on behalf of the Infantry and the Territorial Army. Last March he was calling for better barracks, higher pay for junior officers, smaller staffs and a merger of the "semi-combatant" services, such as medical and ordnance, of the Army, Royal Navy and Air Force.

During World War Two he was County Organiser of the Hampshire Home Guard, and Chairman of the Hampshire and Isle of Wight County Territorial Association. Also from 1945 to 1948 he was Colonel of the Royal Hampshire Regiment, becoming Colonel of the Grenadier Guards when Her Majesty the Queen gave up the Colonelscy on her accession.

When History Was In The Melting Pot The Grenadiers Were There

ONE of the first officers of the First Foot Guards was William Carless, who hid with the fugitive Charles II in the Boscobel oak after the Battle of Worcester. Charles slept in his lap, among the branches.

* * *
The Regiment earned its first battle honour fighting the Moors at Tangier in 1680.

* * *
At Fontenoy, the Captain of the King's Company, Lord Charles Hay, was leading the Regiment when he found himself within 50 yards of the French Guards. He produced his flask and drank their health, saluted them with his hat and said he hoped they would stand and meet his regiment and not swim to safety as on a previous occasion. After cheers from both sides, Lord Charles (according to some historians) called, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!" A French officer raised his hat and courteously replied, "We never fire first." But they did.

Later Lord Charles denied inviting the French to open fire.

* * *
After a retreat in the Peninsula in 1812, General Sir Lowry Cole wrote of the First Guards: "When straggling and every species of irregularity was committed by the troops, they alone remained uncontaminated."

* * *
Two days before Waterloo the Grenadiers, with other Guards battalions, marched 26 miles to Quatre Bras, where Wellington's forces were in danger of being split by Napoleon. They charged, bayonets fixed, into a thick wood, drove the enemy out and then held the wood against attacks.

* * *
At Waterloo, when Napoleon made his last bid for victory, the First Guards lay on the ground until the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guards were within 20 yards. Then they jumped up and opened heavy fire and charged. The French Grenadiers fled. To mark this victory, the Prince Regent decreed that the Regiment should henceforth be known as "The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards," its name today. The Regiment claims to be the only one to gain its title directly in battle. It never has been a regiment of grenadiers.

* * *
At the Alma, in the Crimea, the Grenadiers forded the river, then halted under heavy Russian fire to reform their line which was dressed by mounted officers

as though on the Horse Guards parade. They marched to the heights, maintaining formation until the Russians were driven off. "Too majestic," was a French comment.

* * *
The 3rd Battalion, reduced to 400 before the Battle of Inkermann, emerged 236 strong, having fired 19,000 rounds of ammunition in six hours. "Now I understand Waterloo," said a French officer.

* * *
At Ypres, in 1914, the 2nd Battalion received the message: "You are to hold your ground at all costs. Sir Douglas Haig relies on the Grenadiers to save the First Corps and possibly the Army." They held, and when they later received permission to "retire as though on parade," they had no need to take advantage of it.

* * *
A Grenadier, Major-General Sir Allan Adair, commanded the Guards Armoured Division from 1942 to 1945. Three Grenadier Battalions were in the Division, two in tanks, the other as motorised Infantry.

* * *
Since World War Two, the Grenadiers have served in Germany, Palestine, Malaya, Tripolitania and Egypt. Malaya was an unusual station for the Grenadiers who previously had never served in the Far East. They have soldiered, however, in America, the Sudan and South Africa.



Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, VC, won his decoration at Anzio as Major W. P. Sidney, Grenadier Guards. He married the daughter of another Grenadier VC, Lord Gort.



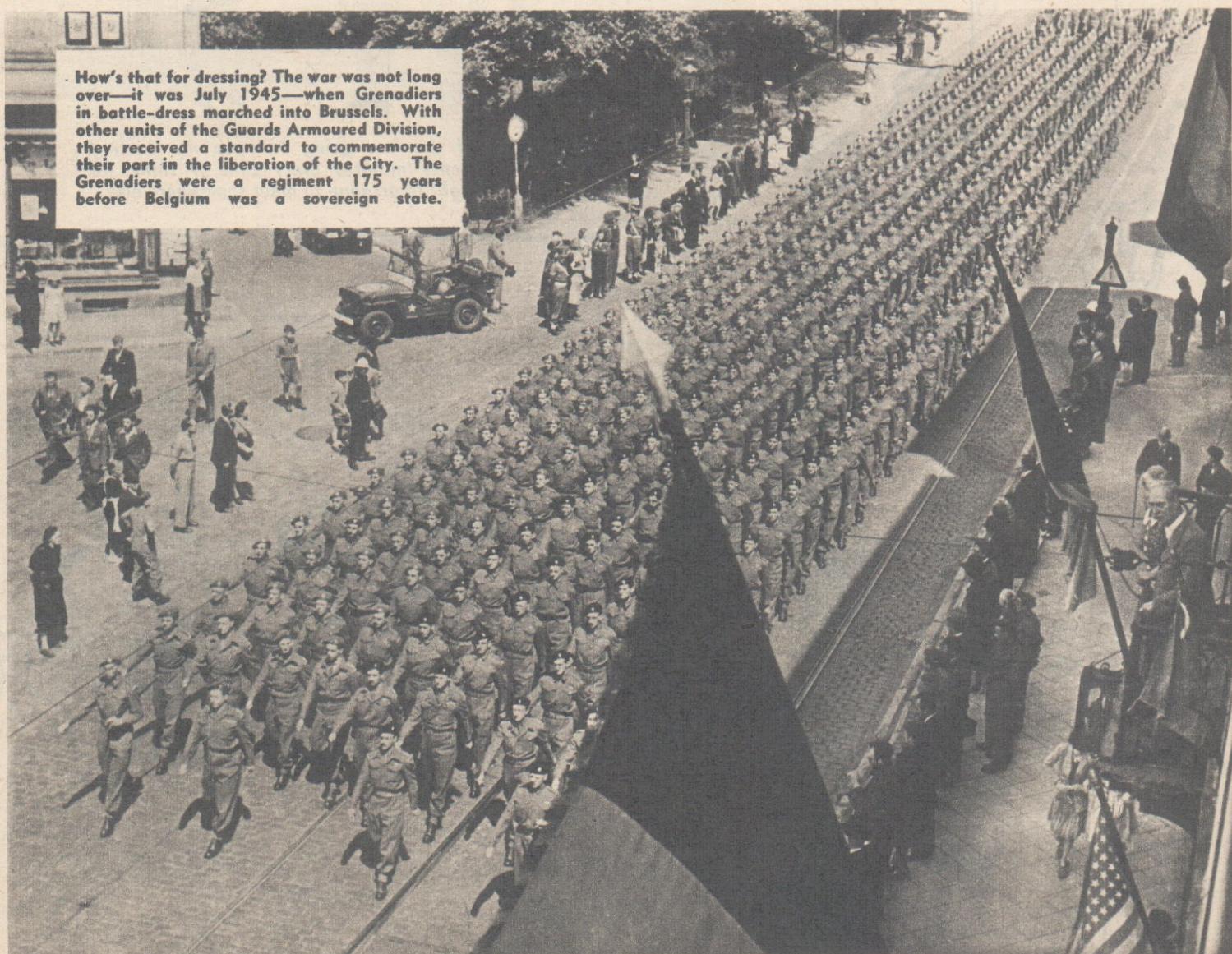
Field-Marshal Viscount Gort VC joined the Grenadier Guards in 1905. In World War One he was commanding the 1st Battalion in an attack when he won the Victoria Cross. He afterwards rose to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff. In World War Two he commanded the British Expeditionary Force to France and was afterwards Governor first of Gibraltar, then of Malta. He died in 1946.



Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Browning also served with the Grenadier Guards in World War One. In World War Two he took Guards discipline and traditions to the newly-formed Parachute Regiment, and won fame as commander of the 1st Airborne Division and later of the British Airborne Corps in North-West Europe. He was appointed Treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh in 1952.



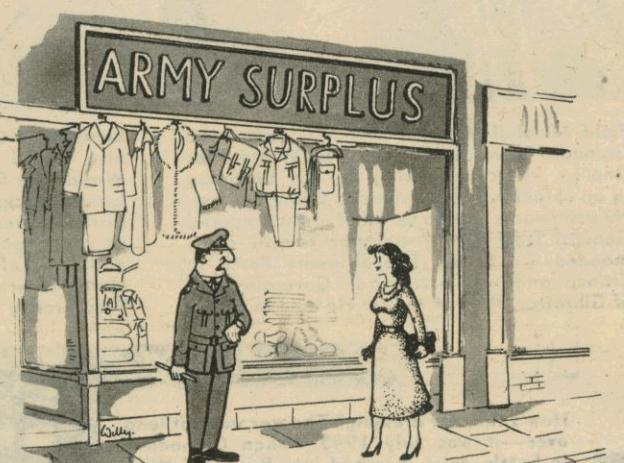
Lieutenant-General Lord Freyberg VC began his military career with the 6th Hauraki Regiment, New Zealand Military Forces but later transferred to the British Army and the Grenadier Guards. He won the Victoria Cross in World War One. In 1939-45 he commanded the New Zealand Forces and has since been Governor-General of New Zealand. Twice tried to swim the Channel.



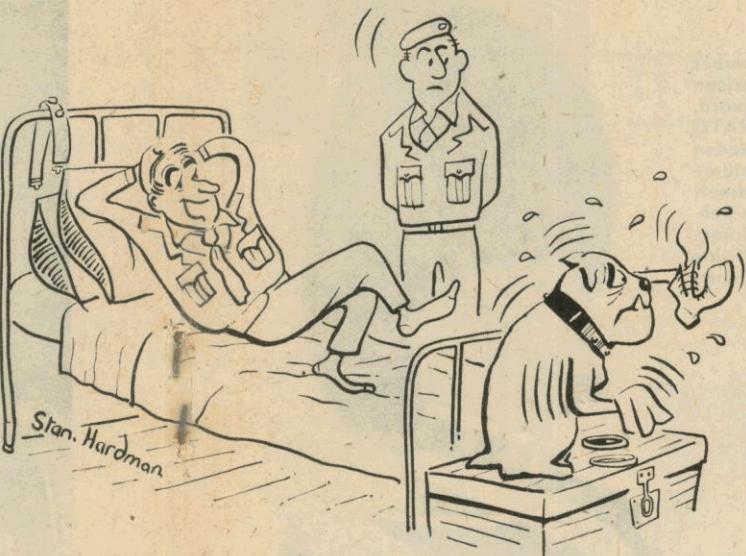
How's that for dressing? The war was not long over—it was July 1945—when Grenadiers in battle-dress marched into Brussels. With other units of the Guards Armoured Division, they received a standard to commemorate their part in the liberation of the City. The Grenadiers were a regiment 175 years before Belgium was a sovereign state.



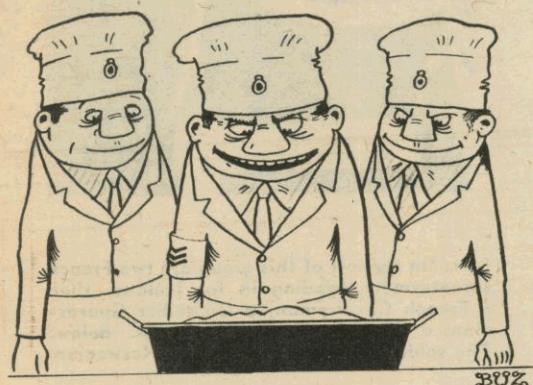
SOLDIER
HUMOUR



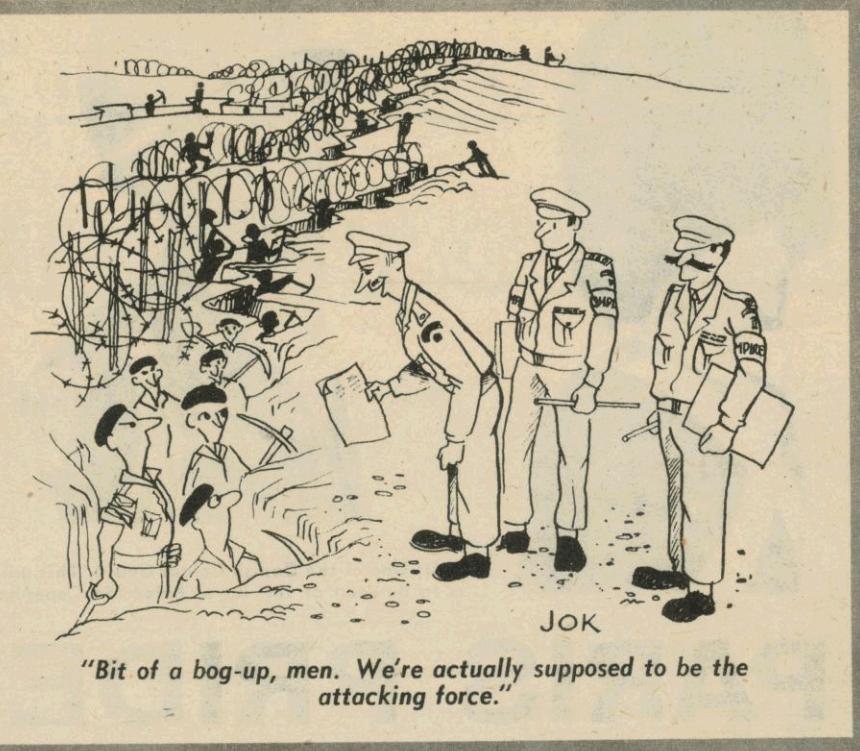
"If you are going to keep me waiting twenty minutes every time, I think we ought to arrange to meet somewhere else."



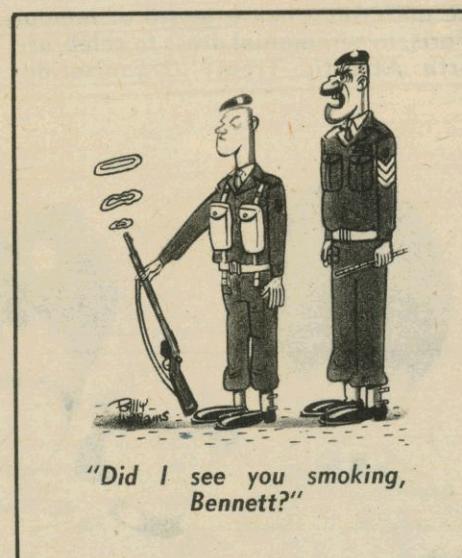
"It's a bull dog."



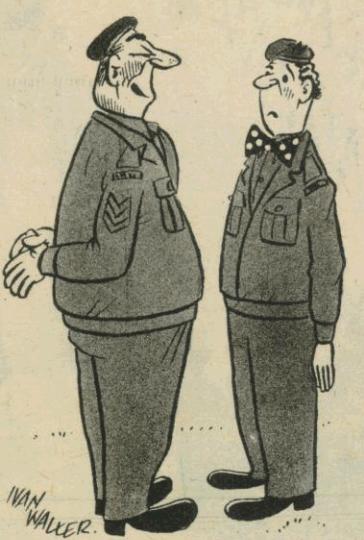
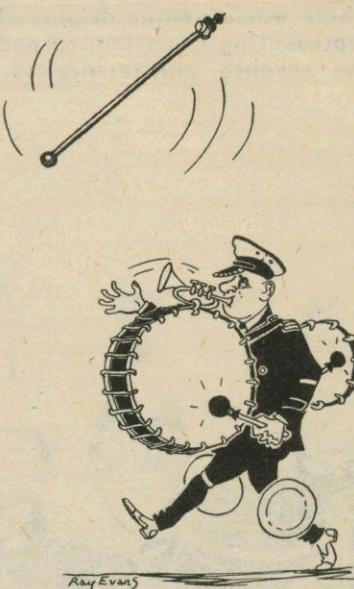
"It looks delicious! What can we do to ruin it?"



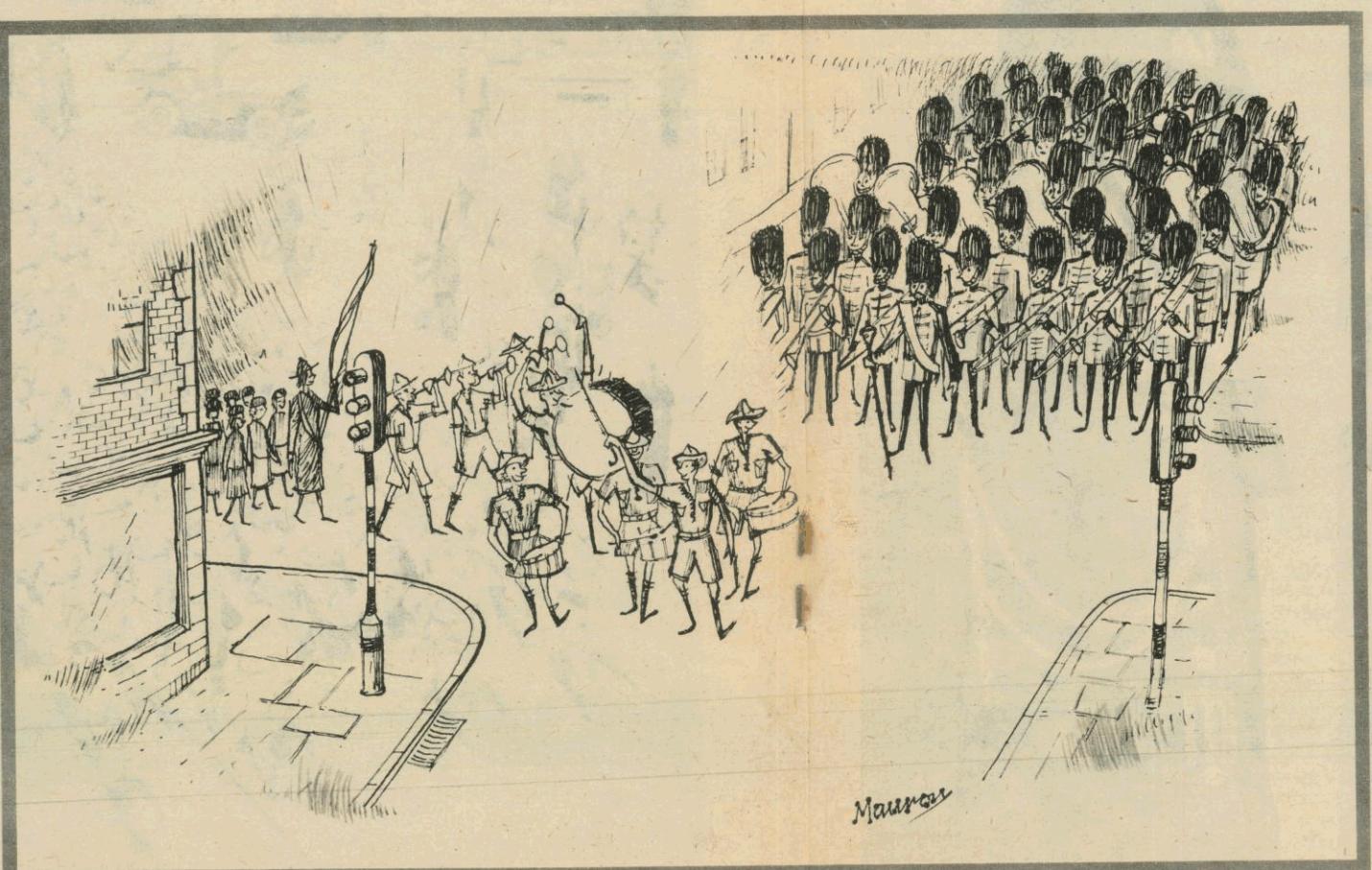
"Bit of a bog-up, men. We're actually supposed to be the attacking force."



"Did I see you smoking, Bennett?"



"If I so much as mention a trifling detail, can you promise not to write to the newspapers about it?"



"Look, mate, I only came to collect the swill."



Left: A member of the American Honor Guard. Note the NATO flags reflected in his chromium-plated helmet. Right: This Belgian gendarme is attached to his King's escort.



Left: One of the Danish Colour Guard. This uniform is to be seen at the Royal Palace in Copenhagen.

PARIS PRIDE

There was a unique display of old-time uniforms when a guard of honour representing 15 nations turned out, in Paris, in ceremonial dress to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation



Left: On the left of this group are two French Infantrymen standing in for Iceland, then a French Cavalryman, a Grenadier Guardsman, a Canadian and a Dutchman. Below: The soldier in the unusual hat is Norwegian.



Continuing the series
by Staff Writer
RICHARD ELEY
and Cameraman
FRANK TOMPSETT

ON a map in the tactical headquarters of the 1st Battalion The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, in Pahang, the coloured pins seem to radiate from one small patch.

In the patch itself, they are so close that there is scarcely room for another. Each pin represents terrorist activity or a contact with terrorists.

The patch, almost a neat rectangle, denotes an area about 2000 yards by 3000, which is an oil-palm plantation. From the palm nuts factories produce oil to make margarine and cosmetics. From those same nuts, when they can get them, the terrorists, by boiling, mashing and boiling again, obtain oil which means life to them; it contains essential vitamins unobtainable in their own meagre diet, restricted by the stern control on food imposed by the security forces.

So, desperately, no matter how strongly the plantations are guarded, the terrorists send in their cooks and foragers to pick the nuts. Catching these raiders is no easier than seeking them in virgin jungle.

The plantation on the Lincolns' map is at Menkuang. In charge of its "garrison" when SOLDIER visited the area was Major A. G. R. Noble MC, of "B" Company. In the plantation itself he had eight platoons, two from his own company, three of the Malayan Police Field Force and three of the Special Operations Volunteer Force (made up of surrendered terrorists).

A larger-scale map in Major Noble's headquarters showed numerous standing patrols, night ambushes and listening patrols scattered over the plantation. They must operate through what they call *blukar*. This is a Malayan word meaning secondary jungle; in the plantation it means a thick undergrowth consisting mostly of tall fern, *lalang* grass and small trees, which is often 15 feet high and covers up irregularities in the ground.

It is extremely difficult to comb. On one occasion contact was made with a terrorist but ordinary searching failed to find him.

1 THE NUT GUARD



"I was convinced he was still in the area, and there was not much daylight left," said Major Noble. "So I had the men advance almost shoulder to shoulder, treading the undergrowth down. Even then we did not find him. I think we must have walked right over him."

By contrast, the South Wales Borderers have a well-kept palm-oil plantation to guard in Johore. No undergrowth is suffered to

rise more than a few inches between the palms. As a result, it is much easier to patrol and the terrorists are more reluctant to approach it.

The Lincolns have recently brought in a bulldozer which clears wide tracks between the palms. These act as platoon boundaries and at the same time make movement easier to see.

The plantation has no water fit to use, so Major Noble has to

Terrorists, like other people, need their vitamins—and for that reason they raid palm plantations. The Army's task is to frustrate them. Here an estate nut-collector operates as South Wales Borderers patrol. This is a well-kept plantation. For the conditions in which the Lincolns operate, see overleaf.

OVER

send it in from his company headquarters, always provided the weather is reasonably dry and the roads are passable.

The troops have to cope with stinging red ants as well as terrorists. They have seen traces of tiger and elephant in and around the plantation. Wild pig and jungle fowl abound, but nobody may shoot them. The sound of firing from one platoon brings all the others to a watchful halt and operations cannot be held up for the cooking-pot.

Because of the unremitting watchfulness in the plantation, it is not possible to give the troops much rest. So Major Noble has instituted a system of "Sundays" which may occur on any day of the week. Roughly, each platoon has about two "Sundays" a month for an austere breather.

Men of the Lincolns patrolling the thick undergrowth of their palm plantation in Pahang.



IT'S ALL IN AN INFANTRYMAN'S DAY *continued*

2 THE FOOD SEARCH

THREE o'clock in the morning. At the entrance to the neat little camp in the palm-oil plantation, a convoy had formed up. "B" Company of the 1st Battalion The South Wales Borderers had an operation to carry out. A "food-lift", they called it.

Before dawn, they would swoop on a rubber plantation, rouse the sleeping tappers and, with police, search for illegally-held food which might find its way to the Communist terrorists in the Kluang area of Johore.

The Kluang area is one of the worst in Malaya, from the security forces' point of view. They receive little co-operation from the villagers and tappers, who do not necessarily sympathise with the Communist terrorists. Said General Sir Charles Loewen, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, in a recent broadcast: "Consider the position of the poor chap working beyond the immediate protection of police or troops. If he refuses aid to the terrorists he is quite likely to get killed himself, or to have his wife or child hacked to pieces in front of him as a public lesson.

The word terrorist has a very literal meaning."

The "food-lift" might not yield much in the way of illegal food hoards, but it would show that the security forces were able and likely to pounce at any time. Those tappers who did voluntarily supply the terrorists would be less willing in the future.

So the convoy moved off, led by a scout car from which the company commander, Major A. Gwynne-Jones, swept the road verges with a Simms light. After a few miles, the beam revealed a column of men marching on to the road. The convoy pulled up and the lights went out. There were two or three minutes of silence during which a platoon climbed into the vehicles. That made two platoons on board.

Next stop was near the scene of the operation, the Thiam Guan rubber estate. In silence the two platoons left the vehicles and padded off in rubber-soled jungle-boots to form a cordon round the tappers' lines. The convoy moved on down the road another two or three miles and then turned round. One armoured three-tonner set off to pick up a third platoon which would take part in the search itself. The other vehicles drove back to within sight of the estate lights.

For perhaps half an hour there was silence, broken only by the hiss and crackle of the radio in

the scout car, over which the cordon commander reported his encirclement complete, and the return of the armoured three-tonner with the third platoon.

By half-past four, all was ready. The vehicles started up, roared towards the tappers' lines and parked, pointing outwards, in the main open space. The headlights lit up the buildings to reveal anybody sneaking away.

A minute or two later, up came a police party headed by Police-Lieutenant D. Jones. He was at home with the South Wales Borderers, some of whom remembered him as a sergeant in the Battalion in Cyprus in 1949.

With the police party came a Land-Rover equipped with loud-speakers over which, in Chinese and Malay, the tappers were ordered to stay indoors. Then the search began.

In many of the houses, the occupants had to be roused by banging on the door. When they opened up, a Government inspector examined the food they produced and checked it against their ration permits.

Meanwhile, two soldiers and two policemen were searching the spacious, if simple, accommodation provided for the tappers. They looked under and round the hard beds, careful not to wake the children still sleeping under mosquito nets or hanging in hammocks. They went through sacks and bins, opened saucepans and tins, climbed up to examine the roof-beams, shone their torches in chicken-houses.

"You will find," said the Battalion commander, Lieutenant

Ready for action—with search-light: South Wales Borderers form a cordon round a tapper's camp.



Colonel R. C. H. Miers, DSO, before the operation started, "that the young soldiers carry out the searches with dignity and courtesy. They do a job which would not be easy for an experienced policeman in England, and they do it well."

And so it was. Though this kind of search is as distasteful to the soldiers as to the people through whose homes they rummage, "dignity and courtesy" well described their conduct. There was nothing to which the tappers could take exception. No voices were raised in protest.

The little household shrines which some of the Chinese tappers had erected were examined but not disturbed, and the joss-sticks continued to burn. The private possessions, the clothing, the photographs, the trinkets, the pots and pans were disturbed as little as possible.

The tappers, Chinese, Tamil and Malay, and their families reacted in various ways. Some lit

cigarettes and squatted outside their homes, as though the search going on inside was no concern of theirs. Some of the women retired to dark corners, to complete their dressing. Some hung anxiously around the searchers, watching every move. Others swapped bawdy jokes with the Malay policemen. An old woman, her feet bound in the old-fashioned Chinese way in childhood and no bigger than those of a child, insisted on spreading out all her possessions herself.

One young Malay, who had been sleeping alone in an almost unfurnished hut, sat, looking scared, on his bed. His identity card revealed that he was from Singapore. He had no ration permit, but the searchers discovered a basket of rice in his room. His explanations were unconvincing. He could have been a Communist terrorist who had come out of the jungle for a rest, though it was unlikely since most terrorists are Chinese. He was taken off, with



An odorous task: searching the smoke-house in the rubber factory. Below: This young man will have to explain why he has no ration card.

the rice, for questioning.

In another hut, occupied by an elderly Chinese and two women, one old and one young, the searchers discovered a length of red cloth, pieces of cloth of other colours and a quantity of paper.

Cloth was forbidden without a permit, explained Police-Lieutenant Jones. The red cloth, in particular, was suspect because Communist flags of just that material had been appearing in the district. The paper also was forbidden. Terrorists could have used it for printing propaganda on their jungle presses. Very likely the old man would be able to provide a good explanation for having these articles—though he should have had permits for them—but he, too, would have to go to the police station.

When policemen took him away, the two women sat in his hut talking anxiously in low voices. They did not join the cheerful crowd of neighbours now chattering on the communal verandah, nor did the neighbours go and talk to them.

At dawn the outside search-party went into action. For them, there were two vile-smelling places to visit—the factory, where the liquid latex is coagulated with acetic acid and made into sheets, and the smoke-house where the sheets are hardened.

At last it was all over. A whistle blew and the men of the cordon came in to the vehicles. For nearly five hours each had



stood inside the perimeter wire of the tappers' lines, unable to move away, keeping vigil first in the dark, then, when the search party moved in, by Simms lights and, finally, by daylight. Nobody had tried to break through the cordon. There had been no excitement.

Next time, it might be a very different story.



Left: The old lady shows her possessions—and cracks a joke about her Japanese water bottle, a war relic.

A contrast in feet: the old lady's were bound tight in childhood, to make them small in the old Chinese style.





Left: The most popular pack? It contains the NAAFI supplies.

3 THE RATION CARRIERS

HELICOPTERS and parachutes are the fashionable means of supplying troops on jungle operations in Malaya. But they are also expensive and they have the disadvantage of giving away the positions of the units to terrorists in the area.

So, where possible, parties march out of the jungle to meet unit transport, and then march back again carrying the supplies.

For 8 Platoon of "C" Company, 1st Battalion The Royal Scots Fusiliers, it was this sort of re-supply. They had been in the jungle a fortnight when a meeting was arranged in a cluster of tappers' huts among the rubber-trees a few hundred yards from the jungle edge.

With the supply vehicle and its escort came a staff-car carrying a brigadier and a brigade Intelligence officer. The platoon had a story to tell of an encounter with terrorists a couple of days earlier.

The tappers and their families had gathered round to watch the soldiers. Someone had been paid to climb a palm and chop down some green coconuts and the soldiers from the jungle were slaking their thirst with coconut milk. Otherwise, there was little contact between the soldiers and the tappers, whom the Intelligence officer regarded unsmilingly. For this was a bad area, near Sungai Siput where the Malayan Emergency started with the murder of planters in 1948. From fear or sympathy, the inhabitants had rarely volunteered information about terrorists.

Now they watched the re-supply operation with interest. The soldiers however, scarcely spared a glance for the villagers or their two shops, with biscuits displayed in glass-fronted petrol tins and with whiskered fish wriggling in a petrol-tin of water.

While the rations were broken down for carrying, Lieutenant J. Whitelaw, the platoon commander, was telling the story of his men's contact with the enemy. A patrol had been climbing a track up a hill when the leading man, lifting an *atap* frond which blocked his way, found himself looking into the barrel of a terrorist's light automatic. He flung himself down as the terrorist fired and the second man fired over him at the terrorist, who was seen to be wounded in the shoulder. As the terrorists, four or five strong, fled, there was more firing and one of them was seen to clutch at his ear.

Corporal L. W. Selkirk, leading man of the patrol, was called forward to show a hole in the breast pocket of his jungle-green suit and a dent in his compass. When the terrorist fired at him, the bullet bounced harmlessly off the compass in his pocket.

Packs loaded, the men set off and there was a click as each rammed a magazine into his weapon.



Through that hole passed a bullet — to be deflected by a compass.

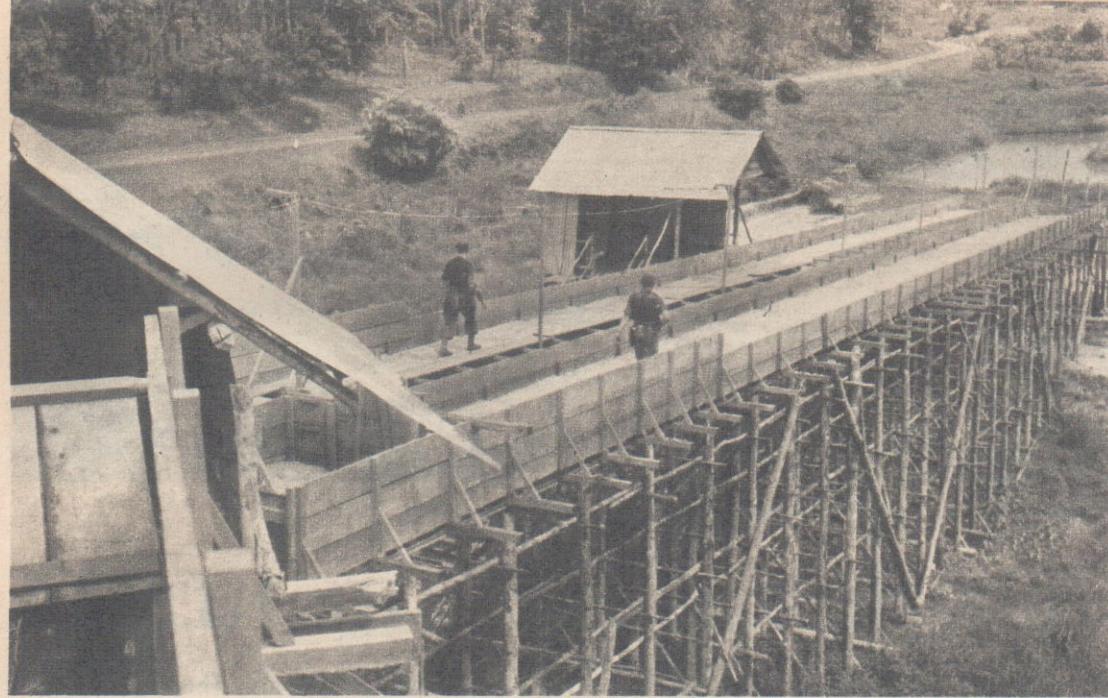


It's as easy as putting up a tent, but you need a spanner.



Out of the jungle, they study a pool from which arrived in the mail — not that it's much use now. Below: Malay headgear is worn by two officers who visited the platoon: Brigadier I. C. Harris, DSO, commanding 1 Federation Infantry Brigade and Captain M. A. Gordon-Smith, 15/19th Hussars, Brigade Intelligence Officer.





Left: Spying out the land from the tin-mine: men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers on a patrol.

Below: All round the mines are man-made swamps like this.



4 THE TIN PATROL

WHERE there's muck there's brass," they say in Yorkshire. "Where there's tin there's mud," they might say in Malaya.

Men of the 1st Battalion The Royal Scots Fusiliers have sampled that mud. The Battalion moved to the Ipoh area of northern Malaya, the centre of the Kinta Valley which contains

the world's richest deposits of tin and is one of the Commonwealth's prize dollar-earners.

While part of "B" Company was operating in nearby jungle, another part went off to explore tin mines in the district. Communist terrorists are unlikely to hide in the tin-workings, but the Fusiliers wanted to know the area, just in case.

Tin-mining in the Kinta

Valley is open-cast work, for the deposits are near the surface. One method of obtaining the tin is to turn the rich earth into mud by jets of water. It is then pumped to the top of a scaffolding slope, known as a palong, and allowed to run away, depositing the ore in the process. The liquid mud spreads itself all over the countryside.

It was to workings of this kind that the patrol went. The men found themselves at times waist-deep in light-coloured mud and their jungle-green turned nearly white. They climbed to the tops of the scaffolding to have a better view of the country. If called on to operate around the tin-mines by night, they would know their way around.

5 THE HUT BUILDERS

WHEN the 1st Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment moved their battalion base from a few miles outside Johore Bahru to Simpan Rengam, farther north, they were able to take some of their huts with them.

What made this possible was the introduction of "shelters sectional," the latest development of the Godolphin hut.

Tents are short-lived in Malaya's humid climate. Few last more than nine months; many are rotten after six. Tented camps are expensive luxuries.

What was needed was a metal hut, light to carry and easily erected by unskilled men. Two designs were produced, the Godolphin, a metal-framed hut covered with thin corrugated iron; and the Pike "tent," made of thin corrugated aluminium nailed to wooden frames. The Malayan forces picked the Pike tent; the British picked the Godolphin and went on to improve it. Hence "shelters, sectional, Mark I," British-designed but made in Japan.

The shelters consist of tubular frames on which are hung walls of corrugated iron, and they have galvanised aluminium roofs which reflect the sun and make the shelter cooler than the Godolphin. There are air spaces at the top and bottom of the walls and the side walls can be folded upwards and outwards, where they rest on props, giving much the same accommodation as a tent with rolled-up walls.

The shelters come in bays, 24 feet by eight feet, and as many bays as necessary can be linked together. The most usual shelter is the two-bay, 24 feet by 16 feet, which will accommodate eight men. All that is needed is a solid floor—the Royal Engineers will provide concrete slabs—and a party of men, of whom at least one has a little knowledge of the shelters. The only tool they need is a spanner.

The shelters are easily moved. One three-tonner can carry six bays.



Showing the sides extended for ventilation: the latest Malayan "tent."



BOOKS

Stalingrad in flames: a photograph taken by the Russians in November, 1942.

"CALL IT A FORTRESS," SAID HITLER

THINK of the stands at Wembley Stadium filled to capacity with German soldiers. Then think of two-and-a-half Wembleys filled with German soldiers. That is the size of the army which was destroyed at Stalingrad.

It could have fought its way out, but Adolf Hitler preferred to "hold the line of the Volga." His honest generals told him this could not be done; his dishonest generals assured him it could. Goering said he would supply the army by air. He could as easily have supplied the moon.

A vivid story of the fight to change Hitler's mind and save a quarter of a million men is told in "The Fatal Decisions" (Michael Joseph, 25s), an account

of six battles of World War Two by German generals.

Colonel General Kurt Zeitzler, who was Chief of the Army Staff at the time of Stalingrad, fills in the background to that famous disaster. Hitler already thought so little of his generals that he would not shake hands with them. Faced with all the facts, he refused to make disagreeable decisions, saying he would "let the situation mature." Meantime, men died in thousands.

A *panzer* corps commander failed in a counter-attack. "Tear off his epaulettes and throw him into jail," said Hitler. Keitel obliged, reducing the commander to private.

Then Hitler had a real inspiration. He would style Stalingrad a fortress. "The civilian population would be confused by historical memories of fortresses heroically defended, and, later, historically relieved." Zeitzler told Hitler that his fortress was neither fortified nor supplied. The point did not register. The Führer just screamed, "I will not leave the Volga." And he celebrated his birthday in the usual lavish manner, though Zeitzler and his Staff, as a gesture, had cut their rations to the Stalingrad level.

So the tragedy was played out. Hitler ordered a flood of decorations for his dying soldiers. He told them they were "entering indelibly into the pages of history," which was true enough. They were a brave army and deserved a better fate.

Blaming Hitler has been the recourse of many German generals since the war ended. "In truth," says Captain Cyril Falls, the military historian, in an introduction to this book, "Hitler's interventions were often disastrous, but sometimes they were beneficial and on occasion they made no real difference."

The other battles described in this book are the Battles of Britain, of Moscow, of Normandy, of the Ardennes and of El Alamein. Lieutenant-General Fritz Bayerlein, who describes Rommel's defeat in the Desert, pays full tribute to the skill of the famous measures of deception practised by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery before Alamein. Hitler assured Rommel that he would send supplies across the Mediterranean in "Siebel ferries, a type of craft immune to air and torpedo attacks." Needless to say, no Siebel ferries, whatever they were supposed to be, turned up.



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Our Commander Was in Disguise

SINCE the official history of World War One is not yet complete, it is possible that the history of World War Two will still be coming out in 1984 (by which time, if George Orwell is right, it will all have to be ingeniously falsified).

The vast masses of paper with which modern military historians are deluged make it almost impossible to speed up the output. Here is the second volume—nearly 400 pages—in the series on the Middle East operations: "The Mediterranean and Middle East" (Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 35s) by Major-General I. S. O. Playfair and three other Service writers. It covers the events from March to November, 1941.

The volume is not holiday reading but it contains the answers to many controversies. It has a timely tribute to Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, which has already been widely quoted.

During the period covered by this book the Afrika Korps arrived in the Western Desert, not, as was popularly supposed, after training in glass-houses, but ill-

prepared and ill-equipped for the desert. There followed a set-back for General Wavell's forces and the tragic campaign in Greece. There the German military attaché watched British troops landing while their own commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, at the request of the Greeks, had to remain unknown and disguised in civilian clothes.

Next came the touch-and-go battle of Crete, which cost the German airborne forces so dearly that it may have saved Cyprus, Syria and other "back doors" to General Wavell's command. Then followed the campaign in Syria and the adventure which secured Iraq, and the final triumph in East Africa.



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HE FOUGHT TWO EMPERORS

HOW TO START
A WORLD WAR

WHAT was the immediate cause of World War Two?

The Gestapo, the "dustbin of the Reich," was given the task of faking frontier incidents to give Hitler a propaganda excuse for attacking Poland. A dozen or so condemned criminals were dressed in Polish uniforms, shot and left on the ground as evidence of Polish aggression. Then reporters and other observers were brought along.

This story is told by Edward Crankshaw in "Gestapo" (Putnam, 21s).

The Germans were "correct" in their handling of most British and American prisoners of war, until Hitler's decree that parachutists and Commandos would be shot. It was the Gestapo which carried out that decree, and it was the Gestapo which shot the 50 Royal Air Force officers who escaped from Stalag Luft III.

The Gestapo was modest only in its numbers—a mere 40,000. This is the story of its infamies, told with no words minced.

THE Big News reached George Bell when he was a boy at school. He jumped up, shook hands hastily with his headmaster and his fellow pupils, then bolted.

He was no longer a schoolboy. He was an ensign of the 34th Foot. Off he went, a lad of 17, to join his regiment in Spain.

Young Bell played his part in unseating Napoleon. In his sixties he was still soldiering, this time against the Czar of Russia. He wrote a two-volume account of his life under the title "Rough Notes of an Old Soldier" (he was then Major-General Sir George Bell). These volumes, condensed into one by his kinsman, Brian Stuart, are now re-published as "Soldier's Glory" (Bell, 21s).

It is a bright, gossipy record, with fascinating sidelights on the military life of more than a century ago. Unfortunately the writer does not give a first-hand account of such events as the storming of Badajoz, in which he took part, but falls back on Sir William Napier's famous history.

Field surgery seems to have fascinated young Bell (he had originally thought of becoming a surgeon). When a comrade received a ball in his backbone Bell began to cut it out with his penknife, but the victim "made such an oration I knocked off surgery

General Sir George Bell.



and went to my own business." He tells of a French veteran on whom a British surgeon was operating after the battle of Orthes. When his arm had been removed the soldier picked it up,

Back Stage With The Commandos

OT SO long ago Evelyn Waugh wrote a novel—"Officers and Gentlemen"—in which an officer of somewhat modest distinction found his way into the Commandos. Now another novelist who, like Waugh, served in the Commandos has written a novel on a very similar theme. He is Robert Henriques, one-time Gunner and D-Day planner, and his story is called "Red Over Green" (Collins, 13s 6d).

Barry, the central character, is first encountered as a prosperous, flabby solicitor whose private life is something to be kept as private as possible. In 1939, partly from disgust with himself, he joins a Territorial regiment in which, without actually trying to make a mess of every job, he succeeds in doing so. But he is kept on because the commanding officer

tossed it in the air and cried: "Vive l'Empereur!"

During the long peace which followed the Napoleonic wars, the author served in a variety of foreign stations—Ceylon, India, Burma, the West Indies, the Greek islands, Canada. The outbreak of the Crimean war found him commanding a battalion of the Royal Scots.

All through his career he was an excellent regimental officer. He refused to use the lash and he set his face against many of the "rackets" of the day.

needs his professional advice. In due time this misfit is charged with conducting a raid on the French coast, and it appears that the Army is just what he needs to pull him together. It is a pity that the first land mine of the war did not fall on his affected mistress. There is much agreeable, wry comedy in this tale with its behind-the-scenes glimpses of Commando training.

* * *

Sidney Butterworth, author of "Three Rivers to Glory" (Hutchinson, 10s 6d), appears anxious to pay a tribute to the most forgotten division of General Slim's "forgotten army," namely, the 81st (West African) Division, which was, in effect, an air-maintained Chindit force on the grand scale.

Mr. Butterworth's novel, however, is mainly occupied with the adventures of a singularly unpleasant officer, an ex-OCTU instructor of a type describable only in the Army's own four-letter words. And, for good measure, the author throws in another four-letter type whom he allows the Japanese to decapitate. There are some exciting jungle episodes and the local colour is excellent, but little is seen of the brave division in the Kaladan.

* * *

"The Patrol," by Laurie Andrews (Cassell, 11s 6d) is set on the edges of the battle of Imphal. The Japanese have a medium battery which never fires twice from the same spot. A Gunner team with an Infantry escort set out to find it and bring the fire of their own medium guns upon it. They succeed, but only two men out of eleven return.

It is a story of endurance with spurts of action. When the author is writing of the men's battle against the jungle and their scraps with the Japanese, he is convincing and exciting.

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IN March 1915 virulent rumours swept through Constantinople. "Forty thousand British soldiers were about to land on the Golden Horn. The women would be raped. The whole city was about to go up in flames."

Only a handful of old guns stood between the Turkish capital and the legendary British Navy.

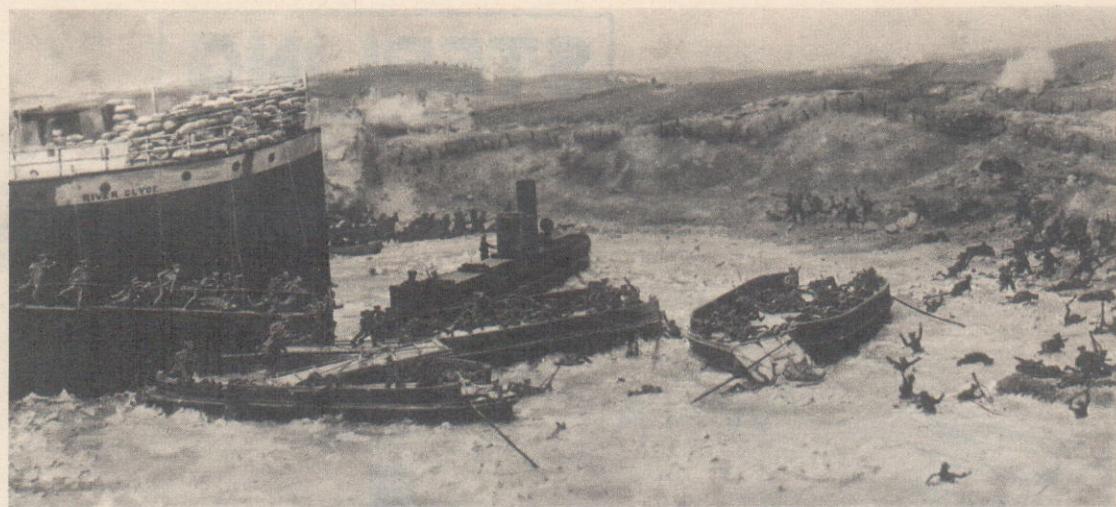
So the bankers of Constantinople sent their gold to safety. The city's art treasures were buried. Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, who had been trying to stiffen the Turks against the British, let it be known that if the British Fleet shelled his embassy—on a tempting point overlooking the Bosphorus—he would dynamite the British and French embassies.

But the bankers and the harem ladies need have had no fears. For once the British Navy, in spite of prodigious efforts, failed to get through. Only long afterwards did the sailors learn how nearly they succeeded.

Lord Kitchener had bitterly opposed any plan to send soldiers to force the Dardanelles. He wanted every man for the trenches which ran from the North Sea to Switzerland. But the setback to the Navy forced his hand. He appointed as commander General Sir Ian Hamilton, the poet-general, and assured him, "If the Fleet gets through, Constantinople will fall of itself and you will have won, not a battle, but the war."

So was launched the tragic campaign which is brilliantly analysed and described by Alan Moorehead, a war correspondent of the 1939-45 war, in "Gallipoli" (Hamish Hamilton, 21s).

The Allies' transport vessels had been stowed "in the wildest confusion: horses in one ship, harness in another; guns had been packed without their limbers and isolated from their ammunition. Nobody in England had been able to make up their minds as to whether or not there were roads on the Gallipoli



The landing from the River Clyde at Gallipoli: from a model by Denny C. Stokes in the Imperial War Museum

A GLORIOUS MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

peninsula, and so a number of useless lorries had been loaded."

All this had to be sorted out. The commanders had three weeks to organise "nothing less than the largest amphibious operation in the whole history of warfare." Says Mr. Moorehead: "The only operation that could be compared with this lay 30 years ahead on the beaches of Normandy . . . and the planning of the Normandy landing was to take not three weeks but nearly two years."

The Allies were by no means without bright ideas. Two thousand men were packed on board an innocent-looking old collier, the *River Clyde*, which was to serve as Trojan horse and be run aground at Cape Helles. What happened the world knows. The troops landed in an ambush and were mown down. A British airman flying overhead saw that the sunlit blue sea was "absolutely red with blood" for 50 yards from the shore.

By a cruel accident a junior Turkish commander of genius was present at the one spot where the Allies might have cut the Gallipoli peninsula. He was the fiery Mustafa Kemal, future master of Turkey. "I don't order you to

attack," he told his men, "I order you to die. In the time which passes until we die other troops and commanders can take our places."

A harder push here, and the Allies might have triumphed.

Eventually the troops were evacuated. On the shoulders of Winston Churchill, who had urged the campaign with utmost vigour, was thrown the blame.

Mr. Moorhead considers the campaign was "the most imag-

inative conception of the war, and its potentialities were almost beyond reckoning." It could have knocked out the Turks, opened Germany's back door, saved countless lives in the Flanders trenches, even perhaps halted the Russian collapse.

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THE FIGHTING WELCH

THE Welch have pulled it off. But, as the Duke of Wellington said after Waterloo, "it was the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life."

In 1954, when due to return to Britain from Hong Kong, the 1st Battalion vowed to re-establish the pre-war rugby supremacy of the Regiment. They had already earned a formidable rugby reputation in the Far East and had defeated the all-conquering Fijians.

This year, after their first full season back home, the Battalion fulfilled their ambition — and won the Army Rugby Challenge Cup.

This latest victory of the Welch was their tenth Army Cup win, a record no other regiment or corps can approach. Nine times between 1908 and 1939 the Regiment won the Cup and on three other occasions reached the final.

This season the Welch had to fight every inch of the way to the final, which they won by the barest of margins. Early in the competition they were drawn against the most successful post-war fifteen, that of 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who have won the Cup five times since 1948. The result was in doubt until the last few minutes, when the Welch converted a try and won by five points to three.

The Home Command final between the Welch and 32nd Assault Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, was also closely contested. Five minutes from the end Private D. Rees kicked a penalty goal for the Welch to win by three points to nil.

The final against Rhine Army's champions was an all-Welsh affair which will go down in Army rugby history as one of the toughest games on record. Opposing the Welch were Rhine Army champions, the 1st Battalion The Royal Welch Fusiliers.



They vowed they would—and they did. The new rugby champions carry their captain, Lieutenant John Davey, and the Cup off the field after winning the Army rugby championship.

The Fusiliers scored first, Second Lieutenant R. T. Bowen touching down for an unconverted try. The Welch levelled the scores just before half-time with a "copybook" try by Private G. Hamer.

With the wind behind them in the second half, the Welch attacked incessantly and were rewarded when Private D. Perry kicked a good penalty goal. They went further ahead when Second Lieutenant I. Kilminster went over for an unconverted try. With only a few minutes to go before full time, Fusilier K. Thomas broke through to touch down for a try which Sergeant G. Jones converted. The Fusiliers pressed vigorously until the final whistle but the Welch held on grimly to win by nine points to eight.

The Welch Regiment have always been a powerful force in Army rugby and it was, app-

riately, an officer of the Welch, Lieutenant J. E. C. Partridge, who took the leading part in forming the Army Rugby Union in 1906. The present Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel B. T. V. Covey, was a Welsh International who played for the

Army in 1934 and 1935.

More soldiers are playing rugby than ever before. This year 160 teams—80 from Britain and 80 from Rhine Army—took part in the Cup competition, compared with 139 last year and the previous record of 148 in 1952.

Tense faces and clutching hands in a line-out in the final which was played in Germany. The Welch Regiment's team are in dark jerseys.



A loose maul during the Home Command final when the Welch beat their Sapper opponents (striped shirts) by a penalty goal.



ACK-ACK

You say (April) that "within the short space of 12 months the Royal Artillery has lost two of its three familiar roles."

Coast Artillery is being wound up, certainly; Anti-Aircraft Command has been disbanded. But the anti-aircraft arm still flourishes in the field force, and is likely to do so for a long time yet. — "Ubique" (name and address supplied).

WIDOW'S MITE

When a soldier on a long-term engagement dies, does his widow receive his terminal grant and part of the 22-years pension due to him? What happens to his pension if he dies after leaving the Service? — "Sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★*No part of a soldier's terminal benefits passes to his widow, but if his reckonable service was sufficient—the minimum for a sergeant is 27 years—she is paid ten shillings a week pension for herself and three shillings and sixpence for each child. This applies whether the death of the soldier occurs during or after service.*

HOSTELS

Perhaps "Fair Play" (Letters, February and April) went to a hostel in England from one of those palatial War Department quarters in Malaya or a self-contained, centrally heated flat in Germany. Typical remarks made to me by soldiers' wives within a week of their arrival were: "Oh, this is not good enough for me after Minden," and "Nothing like the quarters in Malaya. I am not stopping here."

The amount of damage which parents allowed their children to cause to furniture and fittings at one hostel where I stayed disgusted me.

A charge of £3 10s. per week for food and accommodation for a wife and two children, plus 12s. for a gas fire, is not excessive.—"R.Q.M.S." (name and address supplied).

NO TRANSFERS

Can SOLDIER supply information on how to transfer from the British Army to any of the Commonwealth Forces?—"Frontiersman" (name and address supplied).

★*No transfers of this type are feasible. A soldier wishing to join a Commonwealth Service must terminate his British service and then join the one of his choice.*

MILITIA MEDAL

I volunteered for service with the Militia in 1939 three months earlier than was necessary. Conditions of service were six months with the Colours and three-and-a-half years with the

LETTERS

Reserve. I had been in less than two months when war broke out. I served until 1946. Do I qualify for the Militia Medal (Letters, April), if that is the correct title?—P. S. Pearson, 65 St. Catherine's Way, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth.

★*No. The Efficiency Medal (Militia) is confined to classes A and B of the Supplementary Reserve, which involved a peace-time training liability.*

OLDEST REGIMENT

As a member of the Honourable Artillery Company I have always understood that the Regiment was the oldest in the world. Yet, according to report, the Swedish Royal Life Guards were formed in 1525. — Lieut-Col. P. J. M. Ellison (rtd), 92 Ebury Street, London, SW.

★*A statement published in a London newspaper, confirmed by the Swedish Embassy, makes the Swedish Royal Life Guards senior by 12 years.*

GAVE WRONG AGE

I enlisted at the age of 16 and was claimed out, in 1914, as under-age. I re-enlisted in January 1915, when still 16 years old, but gave my age as 18, and went to France when well below the age of 18. In 1936 I married and had to send my birth certificate to my Record Office in order to claim marriage allowance. As a result I was brought before my company officer and made to forfeit two years pensionable service because of false age on enlistment. Recently, I have had my retired pay assessed, but it is not from my date of enlistment, January 1915, but from the age of 17½. This does not appear to tally with SOLDIER'S reply to "Very Worried" (Letters, April).—"Honorary Member" (name and address supplied).

★*Before 1922 the age taken for pension purposes was that given on the first Regular enlistment. After that date the age taken was the one declared on first enlistment. "Very Worried" enlisted in 1924.*

LONG SERVICE

Regular warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men, Territorial officers and men, members of the Army Emergency Reserve, all receive a visible mark of appreciation for lengthy service, whereas Regular officers may serve for 30 years and receive no decoration.

Can SOLDIER suggest why the Regular officer should be singled out in this way for non-recognition? During war-time there is nothing to distinguish the long-service professional officer from temporarily commissioned officers and when it comes to a show of ribbons or medals Regular officers are at a disadvantage compared with all others.—"Quis Separabit" (name and address supplied).

★*SOLDIER doubts whether there is any widespread desire among Regular officers for such an award.*

HOME SWEET HOME

Serving in an isolated station in Malaya, I have noted carefully the grousing of my comrades and I find they have one complaint in common—the type of film shown by the Army Kinema Corporation. These tend frequently to remind the troops of home and have a detrimental emotional effect. We do not receive enough films other than the purely nostalgic. There is a desire for comic cartoons and films of a distracting nature, to maintain the essential sense of humour and spirit of adventure a soldier needs.—"NCO" (name and address supplied).

NEW PAY CODE

When bounties for re-engagement were introduced in 1954 the only soldiers left out in the cold were those already committed to a 22-year engagement. Again they have been overlooked with the introduction of the new scheme. This has caused a considerable amount of discontent among professional soldiers who never required an inducement to dedicate their lives to the service of their country. It would appear that no consideration whatsoever has been given to them and that, as usual, their loyal and

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

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.

unquestioned service is taken for granted.

I am certain that if some consideration, no matter how small, had been shown, everybody would then have been satisfied. Indeed, the hard core of "diehard" regulars would have felt that they had not been forgotten.—"WO II" (name and address supplied).

The New Pay Code undoubtedly is generous and should induce more men to become Regular soldiers. However, there are no guaranteed terms of service after 22 years by which a soldier may commit himself to 30 years or more and thus qualify for the increased pension and terminal grant. The present system of continuance of service beyond 22 years is, to say the least, "shaky." I feel that further terms of service to complete 30 and 37 years would be a welcome inducement.—Colour-Sergeant F. G. Richards, Station Staff Office, Dortmund, Germany.

SOLDIER stated (Letters, August) that promotion to the rank of warrant officer, class II, is possible before the age of 45 and to warrant officer, class I, before 40. Does this ruling apply to the Army as a whole or do the Royal Signals, for instance, have their own rules? Is there, in fact, promotion after 22 years service?—"Signals Sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★*A soldier may be allowed to continue in the Service beyond 22 years, but it is a necessary condition that suitable employment should be available. Serious blocks in promotion must be avoided. Facilities for longer careers in the higher ranks are limited. In the lower ranks, however, many more vacancies occur. Although a soldier may be refused continuance in his current substantive rank it is frequently possible for him to be accepted in a lower rank to which he may voluntarily revert. See Queen's Regulations 1955, paras 373 and 374.*

RESERVE PROMOTION

What length of service is required in the Army Emergency Reserve for promotion from lieutenant to captain and from captain to major and how long does one have to hold temporary rank before becoming substantive?—"Volunteer" (name and address supplied).

★*An officer in the Army Emergency Reserve can become a substantive captain at 27 and a substantive major at 34. How long he holds temporary rank depends on his commanding officer and the vacancies for substantive appointments.*

1854-1914

In his book *Khaki and Rifle Green*, published in 1940, the late Lord Dunleavy mentioned that towards the end of 1916 the then Lord Ruthven was a major at the Rifle Depôt, Winchester, and wore the Crimean ribbon.—Lieut-Col. R. A. Irwin, Willingdon, near Eastbourne.

★*In the March issue SOLDIER commented that an officer aged 78 in 1914 could have taken part in the Charge of The Light Brigade. See also Letters, May.*



Near the Imjin River the 1st Battalion The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders march past during the farewell parade of the First Commonwealth Division. The Scots stay on as Britain's contribution to what is now Commonwealth Contingent, Korea.

COMMISSIONS

Is there any guarantee that officers holding extended service commissions will be allowed to complete 20 years? Is it correct that their engagements will not be terminated while there are short-service and National Service officers?—"Engineer" (name and address supplied).

★ There is no guarantee that officers holding extended service commissions will remain on the active list until they have completed 20 years reckonable service, which would entitle them to a pension. Retention of an extended service officer beyond the initial five-year period depends upon the availability of employment and upon confidential reports. No ruling has been issued that the service of such officers will not be terminated while there are short-service and National Service officers still serving.

PENSIONS

The pension of a police constable after 30 years' service exceeds the pension of any Other Rank in the Army, from private soldier to warrant officer, after the same period. A contributory scheme would help to reduce the gap. It would also create an incentive for continued service and help to lessen inflation. — "Shipwreck" (name and address supplied).

★ In view of the shortness of a soldier's career compared with his period on pension, contributions would have to be very large to yield any sizeable increase. To add £1 a week to a pension of £2 a week, based on 22 years' service, contributions of between 10 per cent and 15 per cent of pay and allowances would be required throughout service.

Soldiers who wish to save can avail themselves of the Forces Saving Scheme. Alternatively they can take out insurance policies to meet their individual needs.

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THE BLACK TENT: Was Captain Holland killed in action in the Western Desert or did he live to marry a sheik's daughter and join a Bedouin tribe? His brother, years after the war, sets out to find the answer. Ex-paratrooper Anthony Steel is the missing officer whose story is told in flash-back scenes. Donald Sinden is the brother and Anna Maria Sandri the exotic Arab girl. In colour.

HELL ON 'FRISCO BAY: Gunfights galore in a grisly tale of vengeance. Alan Ladd is the embittered ex-policeman, framed on a manslaughter charge, who wins back his good name. Edward G. Robinson plays the master crook. With Joanne Dru and William Demarest. In colour.

THE HARDER THEY FALL: The ballyhoo of the boxing world laid bare by Humphrey Bogart, as a sports writer who helps a fight racketeer build up a novice into a world champion contender. Two former world heavyweight champions—Max Baer and Jersey Joe Walcott—are in the film. Rod Steiger is the disreputable promoter. With Jan Sterling.

SAFARI: Victor Mature on the warpath in Kenya hunting a Mau Mau leader and, at the same time, an infamous lion. He gets both and in addition wins Janet Leigh. With Roland Culver and John Justin. In colour.

INDIAN FIGHTER: The Sioux put on their warpaint when white men begin trading whisky for Indian gold. Kirk Douglas comes to the rescue, saves the wagon train and wins the hand of an Indian maiden. In colour.

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PSALM 91

A card circulated by a publishing company in Cleveland, Ohio bears on one side the words of Psalm 91 and on the other the following statement:

PROTECTION FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

F. L. Rawson, noted engineer, and one of England's greatest scientists, in his book, *Life Understood*, gives an account of a British regiment under command of Colonel Whittlesey, which served in the World War for more than four years without losing a man. This unparalleled record was made possible by means of active co-operation of officers and men in memorising and repeating regularly the words of the 91st Psalm, which has been called the Psalm of Protection.

Do you know anything about this claim? I would appreciate any information that you may be able to furnish me.—Lyman Hanes, 20 No. 13th Street, Minneapolis, USA.

*The "World War" referred to in this letter is the first world war.

SOLDIER could discover no reference to Colonel Whittlesey and his regiment in the latest edition of *Life Understood*, which has been reprinted many times over some 40 years. The publishers of Mr. Rawson's book are the Society for Spreading the Knowledge of True Prayer; they have not found any such mention in earlier editions.

In the Society's journal *Active Service*, first published in World War One, appeared testimonies from serving officers and soldiers who attributed their survival on the battlefield to "right thinking" (or "divinely scientific thinking," as the Society terms it) on the lines indicated by Mr. Rawson. Certain testimonies of this kind were quoted by Mr. Rawson in other publications.

The 91st Psalm contains these verses:

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

You have occasionally quoted extracts from *The Regiment*, the soldiers' magazine published before the first world war.

In an issue for 1897 I found references to a matter which still crops up in Parliament—the earning by soldiers of money in their spare time. Some of *The Regiment's* suggestions for turning a penny are startling and would soon bring the modern soldier into trouble: as, for instance, lending money at fifty per cent interest, or selling watches and jewellery to comrades on a hire-purchase basis. Other ideas range from making photo frames, with the regimental crest, to mending watches.

The magazine also says that "journalism is a common occupation among soldiers," and adds, mysteriously, "regimental editors form a small army in themselves." The final suggestion is that money may be made by writing letters for illiterate soldiers. And I always thought that service was done for nothing!—*"Good Old Days"* (name and address supplied).

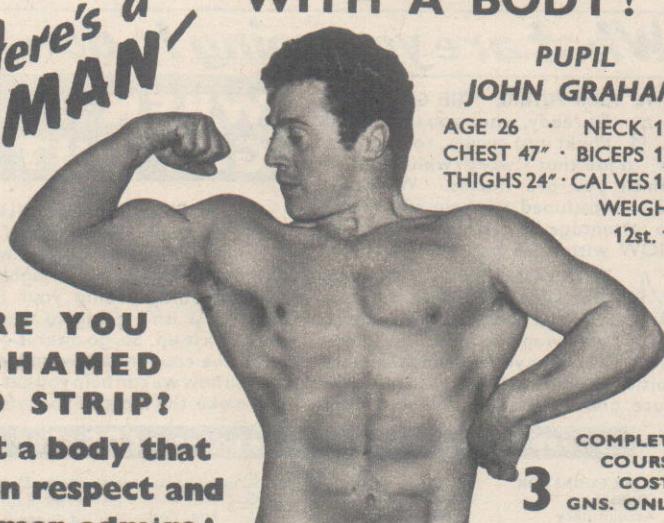
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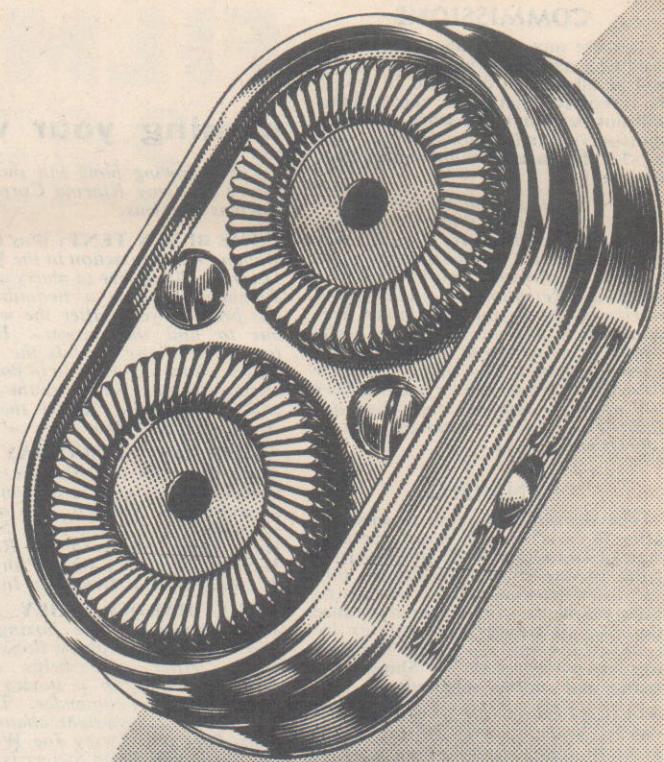
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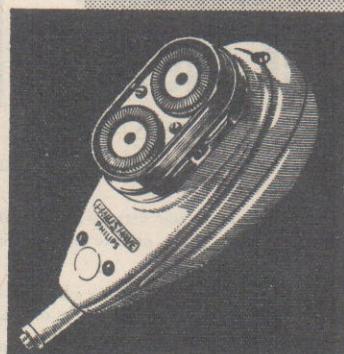
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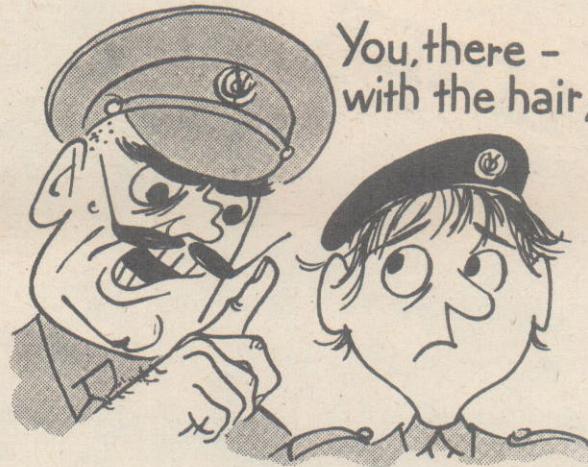
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