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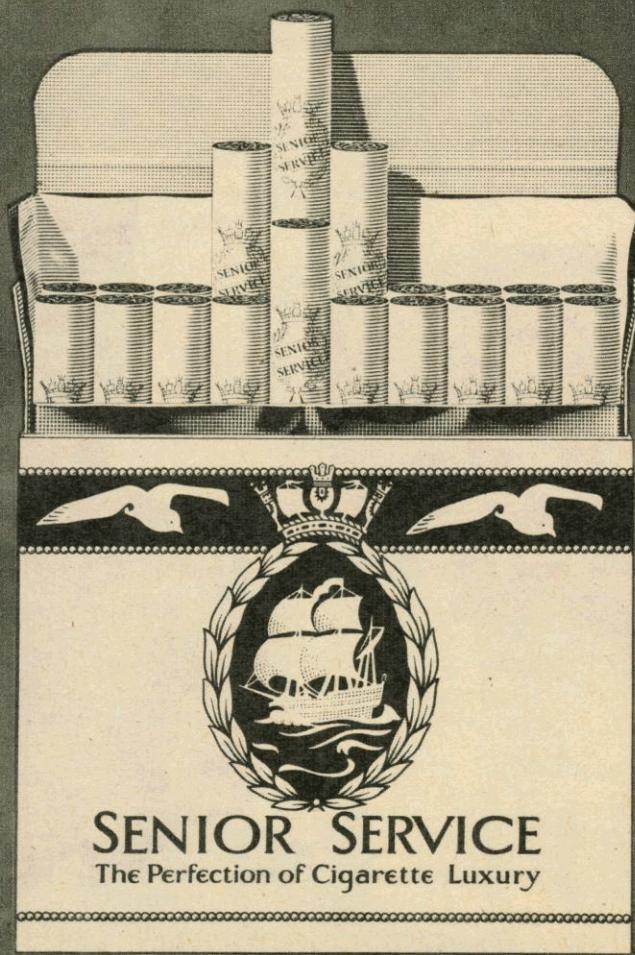
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Photographs: Sergeant W. J. TRICKETT,
RAOC, Army Public Relations

British troops are chasing terrorists again, this time in the Southern Cameroons—once the feared White Man's Grave—where The King's Own Royal Border Regiment is keeping watch while the territory's people decide their future

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ON GUARD IN THE CAMEROONS

IN single file, a patrol of British soldiers in jungle green crossed a flimsy wooden bridge over a crocodile-infested river and, fingers on the triggers of their self-loading rifles, hacked their way along a narrow track overgrown with creeper and tangled grasses.

A hundred and fifty miles away another patrol, soaked to the skin by torrential rain, painfully hauled themselves up a precipitous rock to an observation post overlooking the rolling grasslands 6000 feet below.

The men were from The King's Own Royal Border Regiment and they were hunting for terrorists as part of the Regiment's task of keeping law and order in the Southern Cameroons, a few miles north of the Equator in West Africa.

They were also making history, for this was the first time that a British regiment has been stationed in the Southern Cameroons—once known as the White Man's Grave—3000 miles from Britain.

OVER...

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CAMEROONS continued

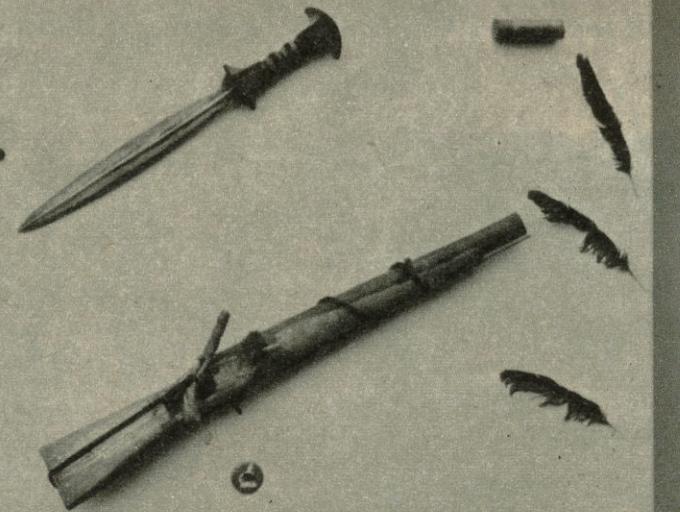
The King's Own Royal Border Regiment, with supporting troops to bring the Battalion Group up to more than 1300, went to the Southern Cameroons—a British-administered United Nations Trust territory—last autumn, when Nigeria attained independence and handed over the task of providing troops for the area to the War Office.

This month, the Regiment's responsibility will end when the Southern Cameroons votes to join Nigeria or the neighbouring Republic of Cameroun.

The Battalion Group—including five nursing officers of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps—went to West Africa by troopship (the first to visit the Southern Cameroons), taking with it a plentiful supply of umbrellas.

The Southern Cameroons (where, it is said, even the ducks get rheumatism), is one of the wettest places in the world—its annual rainfall is 400 inches—and The King's Own were going prepared.

They needed their umbrellas, too, for the Group landed at Bota in a steady drizzle, a foretaste of what was to come.



A collection of terrorist weapons and insignia. On the left are the rings which indicate membership of a bandit gang; in the centre are a home-made gun, dagger and button badge; and on the right, bright red feathers which denote bandit rank.

THE SAPPERS WON DESPITE THE RAIN

MUCH of the credit for the success of the operations in the Southern Cameroons goes to the newly-formed Civilian Works Organisation and the Royal Engineers who, in less than three months planned and erected five permanent camps to house the 1300 troops.

And they did it during the territory's rainiest season when all building work is normally suspended.

First on the job to help the Civilian Works Organisation were the men of 160 Works Section, Royal Engineers who, assisted by local bricklayers and labourers, began to erect the main headquarters camp at Buea. In spite of the torrential rain which turned the sites into mud baths and often washed away the mortar between the bricks, the Sappers toiled 12 hours a day (and sometimes at night by the light of pressure and hurricane lamps). When the weather was too bad for them to work outside, the Sappers erected temporary shelters in which parts of the huts were prefabricated.

Meanwhile, other men of 160 Works Section were laying the foundations of four other camps—at Victoria, Kumbam, Bamenda and Mamfi—ready for 59 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, which arrived a month later, to complete.

By the time The King's Own Royal Border Group docked at Bota all five camps—a mixture of Nissen and King Strand huts, brick buildings and banana huts—were ready for occupation.



Private Geoffrey Connor leads a train of native porters carrying rations to his platoon headquarters on the border. Note the porter with the umbrella. Below: Native boys were eager to help, even at cleaning boots for a few pence.



And to make things worse, every soldier and every piece of equipment had to be transferred from troopship to lighter in a heavy swell because Bota has no deep water quay.

Despite the rain and ever-present mud, the troops quickly settled down and within days they were out on patrol along the border with the Republic of Cameroun and taking their first long look at the colourful local inhabitants and the fascinating countryside.

They liked what they saw for the Southern Cameroonian is a happy-go-lucky, very friendly character (most of them carry vividly-coloured umbrellas) and the remarkably diverse countryside is a profusion of tropical jungle, lush grasslands, banana plantations, steep, rocky hills and spectacular waterfalls.

In the coastal forest areas, where crocodiles bask on the banks of the rivers and streams, trees grow to a height of 200 feet and the undergrowth is so dense that it is often impossible to see more than five yards ahead.

To the north are the grasslands of the savannah country, broken by jagged hills,



where long-horned, hump-backed cattle roam in their thousands.

But The King's Own Royal Borderers had work to do, keeping an eye on the border for Communist terrorists escaping from the Republic of Cameroun into the Southern Cameroons, and guarding the little border villages against possible action by the fleeing bandits.

Moving rapidly and quietly through the thick countryside they soon scored their first success, capturing several bandits—and a couple of smugglers into the bargain—within a week.

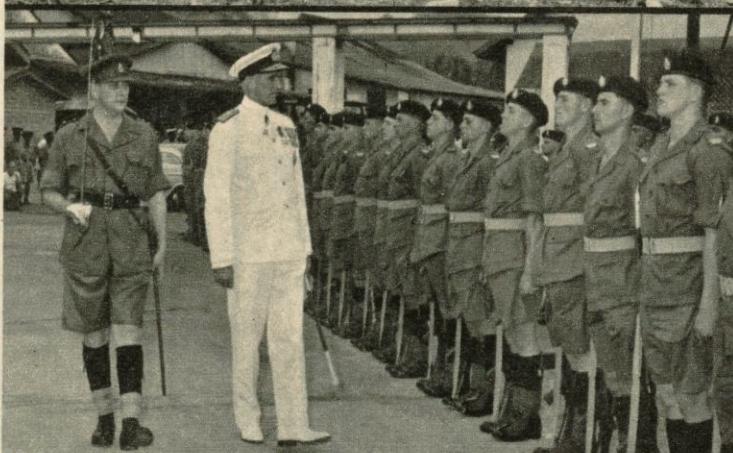
In the next four weeks they had apprehended nearly 100 suspects and handed them over to the civilian police.

The terrorists seldom come over the border armed, having hidden their gas-pipe guns and home-made knives and bludgeons before crossing into the Southern Cameroons.

But they almost all bear signs that betray them—red feathers, rough-hewn rings and strips of cloth—denoting their rank in the terrorist organisation and cicatrices on their bodies acquired at initiation ceremonies.

The men of one company of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment, operating from Kumba, in central Southern Cameroons, captured more than 20 bandits in two weeks. They became so keen that when one platoon was told it would be relieved the troops protested.

OVER...



A convoy stops in the market place at Ndop to replenish stores with fresh fruit and vegetables in which the country abounds.

Sappers of 59 Field Squadron get unexpected help from the ladies in their road-building operations at Santos.



Above: Lieut-Colonel W. A. Robinson who commands all British troops in the Cameroons.

Left: Vice-Admiral Sir Dymock Watson, C-in-C, South Atlantic, inspected The King's Own when the Royal Navy visited the Southern Cameroons.

Flashback TO WORLD WAR ONE

Although this is the first time a British regiment has been in the Southern Cameroons, the British Army has served there before—in World War One when British officers and NCOs led a force of 10,000 natives against the Germans in their colony of Kamerun.

After the war Kamerun was divided between Britain and France.

In the campaign against the Germans the

British force at first employed more than 8000 porters, to take food, ammunition and equipment to the forward troops.

Later, an Army Service Corps company speeded up the supplies with 27 Ford 10-cwt. vans. The terrain was so difficult that sometimes the vans had to be lowered down steep and overgrown slopes by rope and pulled up the same way on the other side.

In spite of the mosquitos, banana flies and the mud they said they liked the life. "It's a challenge and we feel we are doing something really worth while," said the platoon's spokesman.

The patrols operate mainly from Bamenda, in the north, and Kumba in the centre, and are accompanied by members of the Cameroon Police Force who alone have powers of arrest.

In a country which lacks roads—and those that do exist are narrow and badly-surfaced—supplying food and equipment to the troops spread out over 250 miles (platoons are often 20 miles apart) has been a big problem.

The answer is provided by 320 Squadron, Royal Air Force, which flies in fresh food by *Pioneer* aircraft, landing on primitive air-strips hacked out of the bush, and by teams of native porters carrying up to 50 pounds of stores on their heads.

The porters, used in the north near the border towns of Sasso and Ndop where there are no roads fit for lorries or even Land-Rovers, cheerfully trot miles over rough, hilly country to deliver their loads to the outlying platoons, singing and chanting as they go.

The British troops and the Southern Cameroons get along well together. The local inhabitants have gone out of their way to help the troops (notably by passing on information about terrorists) and The King's Group has returned the compliment. At Santos, a town on the Cameroun border, each helped the other when 1st Troop, 59 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers decided to rebuild a road and make a bridge and culvert.

The offer so pleased the local chief—George Asobo, the Fon of Famenka—that he ordered 200 women of his people to help. Before the Sappers had time to recover their composure the women were filing to the site, carrying huge stones on their heads, dumping them and going back for more. All the Sappers had to do was drive the stones into place.

Individually, too, soldiers have helped the Southern Cameroons. When Drum-Major John McLean, of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment, heard that the St. Joseph's Mission drum-and-fife band lacked an instructor he volunteered his services and now gives tuition three or four evenings a week. Other soldiers are helping to coach local football and boxing teams.

Drum-Major McLean also had the honour of "playing in" a magnificent cake which was cut by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Robinson, and distributed when the Regiment celebrated the first anniversary of its formation by the amalgamation, in October, 1959, of The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster) and The Border Regiment.

The King's Own Group in the Southern Cameroons is almost entirely self-supporting, having taken by air and sea its own hospital, Ordnance depot, laundry unit, bakery and even cold-storage sheds for fresh meat and vegetables.

Nor is life for the men there all work and no play. There are film shows three times a week, sea bathing at Bota, riding on locally-bred ponies, sailing, and plenty of competitive sport and all civilian clubs have opened their doors to the troops.

For most of the British soldiers who have been serving in this hot, wet, but hospitable land the few months they have spent there have been among the most pleasant in their Army careers. They will leave it and its cheerful inhabitants, regrettably—*From a report by Major J. R. Galwey, Army Public Relations.*



After eight hours patrolling in the rolling hills of the savannah country near the Cameroun Republic border, a section of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment returns to base. Below: Drum-Major McLean with the St. Joseph's Mission School drum and fife band which he took in hand.



AMONG the units which served alongside The King's Own Royal Border Regiment in the Southern Camerons were: 59 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers; 634 Signal Troop, Royal Signals; 2 Brigade Group Medical Company, Royal Army Medical Corps; 8 Infantry Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; 465 Postal Unit, Royal Engineers; an Ordnance depot; a Royal Army Service Corps detachment; and a Pioneer Civil Labour Unit.

Up Gamps And At 'Em!

WHEN The King's Own Royal Border Regiment took umbrellas with them to the Southern Camerons they were not creating a precedent.

Umbrellas have an honourable place in military history going back to the days of the Roman Legions when they were used, not to keep off the rain, but to protect the troops from dazzle as the enemy attacked with the sun behind them! They were last used in action by the British Army in World War One.

The umbrella reached the height of its popularity with the British Army in the Peninsula War when every officer had at least one in his kit.

General Sir Thomas Picton, the resolute and gallant subordinate of the Duke of Wellington, is said to have appeared at the Battle of Vittoria (where he commanded the 3rd Division) attired in a



Lance-Corporal J. Lancaster takes aboard a bundle of lances for the troops before The King's Own set sail for the Camerons.

top hat, frock coat and carrying an umbrella. The Iron Duke's opinion of this outlandish garb was not recorded but it is known that he thought umbrellas were not quite the thing for the battlefield.

During the battle of Mayor's House, near Bayonne, in 1813, the Duke, on reconnaissance, saw a number of officers of the 1st Foot Guards taking shelter from the heavy rain under their umbrellas. Minutes later Lord Hill galloped up to the Guards and told them that the Duke "did not approve and would not allow gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous!"

A few days later Colonel Tynning, the 1st Guards Commanding Officer, was reprimanded for "allowing his officers to carry umbrellas in the face of the enemy." The Duke told him: "The Guards may, in uniform, when on duty at St. James's, carry them if they please, but in the field it is not only ridiculous but unmilitary."

Nevertheless, British troops in Flanders in 1914 used umbrellas in action for protection from the weather and were not accused of unsoldierly conduct.

A Major Le Sinkinson has recalled that in November, 1914, his company was manning a line of trenches deep with mud from the torrential rain. Then someone said that umbrellas in nearby Armentières were selling for only two francs 75 centimes.

"The remedy was at hand, the temptation overpowering and the example infectious," wrote the major. "After a time the front line began to look like a wet day at Ascot."

I. BROADHEAD.



THE STALWART GOES ON TRIAL

ALORRY that can travel at 50 miles an hour on roads and move across country like a tank is undergoing trials for possible use in the Army.

It is the *Stalwart*, a highly-manoeuvrable six-wheeled vehicle which, the makers claim, has an even better cross-country performance than the *Saladin* or *Saracen*. It can cross a five-foot-wide trench, climb hills of nearly one-in-three, surmount vertical obstacles up to 18 inches high and turn round in only 45 feet.

Fitted with a Rolls-Royce B.81 220 bhp engine, the *Stalwart* is 20 feet six inches long

and has an articulated chassis and a new type of non-slip differential which enables it to traverse any kind of country which a tank can cross.

The *Stalwart*, which is made by the Alvis Company of Coventry, is able to carry a load of five tons and its mechanical layout is almost identical to that of the *Saracen* and *Saladin*.

The *Stalwart* grinds up a one-in-three hill on trials. It can also cross a five-ft. wide trench.



Above: Note the size of the six wheels suspended on an articulated chassis. Left: Ploughing through deep water and mud.

FAR EAST REPORT

SOLDIER rounds off its report on the British Army in the Far East with features on two locally raised forces—the Singapore Guard Regiment, a young unit of Malay soldiers, and the even younger Sarawak Rangers, the renowned Ibans who tracked Communists in the Malayan jungle



Above: The old guard—men of the Singapore Guard Regiment—slope arms outside the C-in-C's guardroom as the New Zealanders march up the drive to take over from them.



Right: Screened by smoke from an exploding thunderflash, the Malays scramble under wire coils at the start of their assault course.



A sergeant (note the distinguishing gold band on his songkok) checks on the "port" movement as a squad practises arms drill.

A veteran of the Regiment who joined it on formation in 1948, is Colour-Sergeant Mahomed Salleh. He enlisted in the Royal Artillery and, the day before Singapore fell in 1942, escaped in civilian clothes to Bangkok where he continued to avoid the Japanese until Allied forces occupied the city. Back in Singapore again he joined the local volunteers and after a period in the Royal Engineers was transferred to the Guard Regiment.

Company Sergeant-Major Zainal bin Muslim was also serving in the Royal Artillery when the Japanese took Singapore. He was made prisoner and sent up country to work, but escaped on the way and spent the rest of the war underground in Malaya and Singapore.

He was awarded the British Empire Medal in 1946 and served in the Royal Artillery from 1945 until joining the Guard Regiment in 1958.

Traditionally, the British soldier has always disliked guard duties. But in Singapore young Malays sign on for up to 22 years in a unit which has as its main task the provision of guards

GUARDS?

By Staff Writer PETER N. WOOD
and Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

YOU'RE on guard tomorrow," says the sergeant-major—and even the most impassive of faces shows a trace of irritation. For, down the years, soldiers have always regarded guard duties as an irksome chore, to be avoided whenever possible.

But 600 Malay soldiers in Singapore take a different view. They have signed on for guard duties in a unique unit maintained on the island by the British Army. They are trained as Infantrymen but the primary role of their unit—the Singapore Guard Regiment—is to provide guards on VIP residences, depots and installations of the Singapore base.

The Regiment was formed in 1948 on a temporary basis and is a locally raised force, independent of Singapore State's Military Forces. Almost all its soldiers are true Malays from the Federation and there are only 15 Singaporeans and two non-Malays—a Chinese fitter and a Malayan Pakistani sergeant.

At the moment the Regiment is British-officered—on three-year tours—but eventually two-thirds of its 20 officers will be Queen's-commissioned Malays. There is already one Malay officer, who has recently returned from Mons Officer Cadet School. Four of the key non-commissioned officer appointments—chief clerk, armourer, pay sergeant and education sergeant—are held by British soldiers.

The Malay soldier is a happy soul, with a keen sense of humour, but is inclined to be shy. He enlists for seven years and can extend his service to 10 or 12 years to qualify for a gratuity, or take on for 22 years and a pension.

His normal day's training begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 1 p.m. when Colombo Camp takes on a deserted air, for two-thirds of the Malays live out, most of them in Kampong Tulloch, a mile from the camp. Housing the



COVER PICTURE
On special occasions the Malays of Singapore Guard Regiment wear their colourful No. 3 Dress—scarlet songkok and sarong and white jacket and trousers. SOLDIER's front cover shows men of Colombo Camp's quarterguard—a bugler, sergeant, lance-corporal and seven men—drilling on the parade ground.



The quarterguard, resplendent in No. 3 Dress, marching smartly across the red laterite, palm-edged parade ground of Colombo Camp.

THIS REGIMENT WELCOMES THEM

families—about half the Regiment's men are married—was a major problem.

Originally the families lived in Malayan kampongs but new quarters—small, but neat, terraced bungalows—were built for the Regiment at Kampong Tulloch, with a clinic, staffed by a medical officer and three nurses, for the Malay families.

The Malays take their Infantry training seriously. In an open-air gymnasium they build up their physique with rope-climbing, arm-strengthening exercises with logs and a physical training assault course. Small arms training on the FN rifle, Bren, Sterling and grenade, culminates in tackling a full assault course at the end of which is a miniature range. Recently, training in laying and lifting mines has been added to the syllabus.

Naturally, in a unit of this type, more time

is spent on foot and guard mounting drill than in a normal Infantry battalion. Education and sport, too, have an important place in training.

The Malays play their national game of *sepak raga* and badminton, but the accent is on football and the Regiment has been well in the running for the island's major Army trophies.

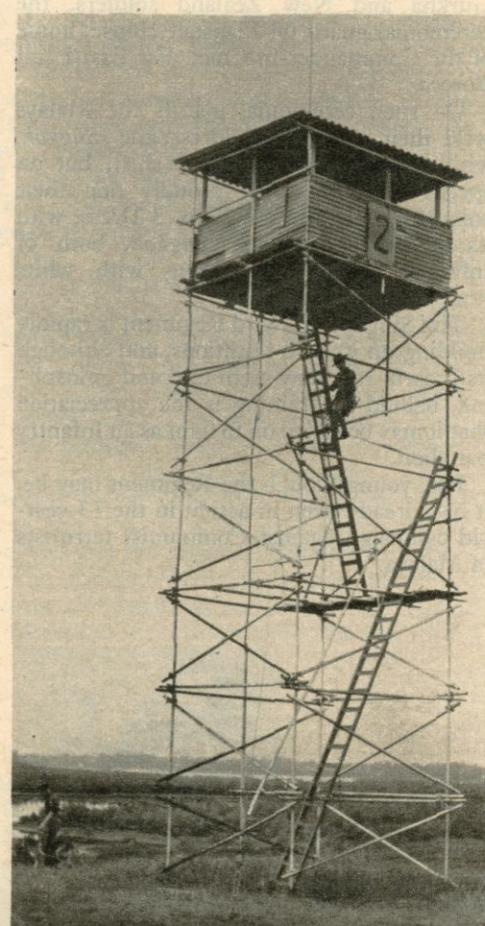
Co-ordinating all these activities with the guard commitment is a big daily headache. Four non-commissioned officers and seven men for the main gate at the house of the General Officer Commanding, Singapore Base District; day guard on 443 Base Ammunition Depot; night security guards at Headquarters, Singapore Base District, and at 41 Base Workshops.

OVER...

Left: A lineman in difficulties? No, it's a strengthening exercise during a physical training session in camp...



... and here's more fun with those logs. They're much heavier than they look and clambering over them is hard and hot work.



FAR EAST REPORT continued

Iban trackers of the 100-year-old Sarawak Rangers, famed for their prowess in the Malayan jungle, have now joined the British Army as a locally-raised unit liable for service anywhere in the world



British and Malay NCOs teach English to the soldiers. The corporal has carefully avoided relating his adjectives to the blackboard pin-ups.

Then there are guards for ammunition lighters in Singapore harbour, escorts for ammunition convoys going up into the Federation and, in rotation with British Gurkha and New Zealand soldiers, the ceremonial guard on Flagstaff House, home of the Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces.

On such ceremonial guards the Malays wear their national headdress, the *songkok*, with olive green shorts and shirt, but on special occasions they proudly don their colourful and distinctive No. 3 Dress, with its *sarong* and velvet *songkok*, both of Infantry scarlet, contrasting with white tunic, belt and trousers.

The Singapore Guard Regiment is rapidly building up its own traditions, and although its present role may seem dull and uninspiring, behind its training is the appreciation that it may be called on to fight as an Infantry battalion.

For, young though the Regiment may be, it has already been in action in the 13-year-old campaign against Communist terrorists in Malaya.



An Iban tracker leads a Sherwood Foresters patrol knee-deep through a river in the Malayan jungle. Note the elaborate tattoo at his neck.



Regimental Sergeant-Major Wanjabil bin Ahmad, RSM of the Guard Regiment. Like the officers', his *songkok* bears a gold band on white and a single gold band.

THE MEN WHO READ THE JUNGLE

DEEP in the Malayan jungle the patrol halted. One of its number, dark-skinned but wearing olive green like the New Zealand Infantrymen with him, cast a quick look at the ground and the dense foliage round him.

He was reading the jungle.

It told him, in signs undetected by the New Zealand soldiers, that terrorists had passed that way three days ago. The patrol set off at the double and within 36 hours it was only four hours behind the terrorists.

The dark-skinned man was an Iban, one of the thousands of small but wiry men from Sarawak, in North Borneo, whose tracking skills led Commonwealth Infantry battalions to Communist jungle hide-outs during the Malayan campaign.

Today the Ibans are serving under the British flag as the Sarawak Rangers, a locally raised unit which can be used by the British Army anywhere in the world.

When the Emergency began in 1948 the Ibans were brought to Malaya as civilian trackers on a six-months contract. Their inbred knowledge, born of endless hunting in Sarawak, made them ideal for the task of leading Commonwealth troops through the jungle. The Iban has a superb tracking sense. He can tell by a mere glance whether undergrowth or even a blade of grass has been bruised or bent by man, a wild pig or

As the Singapore Guard Regiment's soldiers are Muslim, Colombo Camp has its own mosque where the Malays can pray and attend religious instruction periods. Their spiritual life is the full-time responsibility of an *Imam* and a *Bilal* who are civilians attached to the Regiment.



An Iban performing the "Monkey Dance" during the Gawai—an Iban festival—after the ceremony marking the Rangers' transfer to the British Army in April, 1959.

The Rangers will serve for three years on the active list and for four on the reserve. Married quarters are provided for them (in Sarawak they live a communal life in riverside longhouses) in their new headquarters at Ulu Tiram, near Johore Bahru. Their camp is named after Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Baird, a former Indian Army officer who commanded the Rangers for ten years.

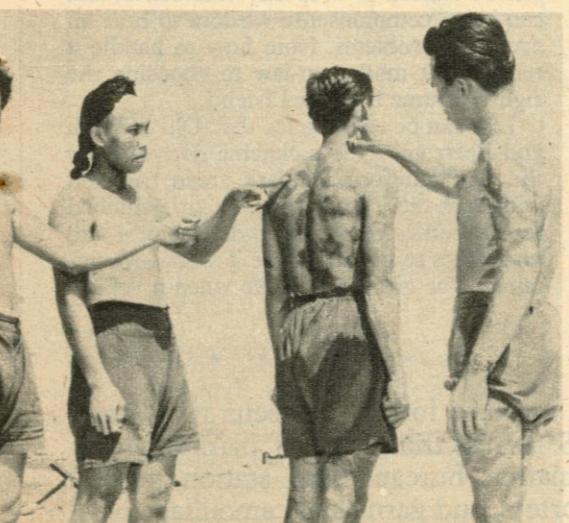
The Rangers have their own Regimental march, "Ap Shenkin," and a new flag, in the black, yellow and red colours of the Rajah days, presented to them by the Governor of Sarawak, Sir Alexander Waddell DSC. Their Regimental motto is *Agi adup, agi ngelaban*, meaning "While there is life there is fight."

The cap badge bears a crossed *parang* and *kris*, the latter a relic of the first unit, into which a number of Malays was recruited.

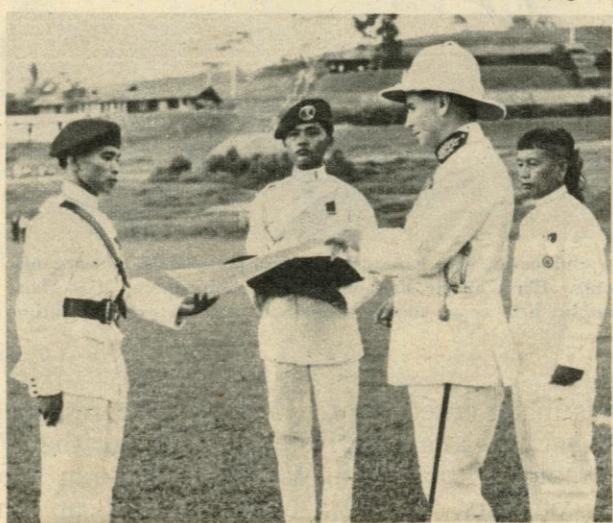
Sir Charles Brooke—one of the Brooke family Rajahs who ruled Sarawak for over a century—raised the original force in 1846 as his personal bodyguard and to protect rivers from marauding tribesmen. The Sarawak Rangers, as they became in 1872, were also used to wipe out Chinese secret societies and put down rebellious tribesmen.

The Rangers were disbanded in 1942 during the Japanese occupation, but were re-formed to serve overseas for the first time in the Malayan Emergency.

Tattoos are the Ibans' trademark and ancient symbols cover most Sarawak Rangers from neck to knee. Note, too, the traditional Iban pigtail.



At Camp Baird the first Iban officer, 2/Lieut. James Temlow Anak Isa, receives his Commission from the Chief Secretary, Sarawak, watched by the Ibans' Paramount chief (right).



Major Douglas Bruce-Merrie, who commands the Sarawak Rangers, won his MC while he was serving in the tracker team of The Loyal Regiment.

In the Far East the WVS look after the Gurkhas' families, helping these wives from the Himalayas to adapt themselves to a Western civilisation.

For 20 years the Women's Voluntary Services have devoted themselves to the welfare of the Army. Today, 220 WVS "girls" serve overseas, helping soldiers to make the most of their leisure



"OLD SPINACH AND BEETROOT"

JUST 17 years ago a small group of the Women's Voluntary Services—the "Women in Green" or "Old Spinach and Beetroot" as soldiers irreverently but affectionately know them—sailed from Britain to cheer up battle-weary troops at NAAFI leave centres in Algeria.

Those ten women, the first to volunteer for service overseas, began an association between the WVS and NAAFI which has eased the lot of thousands of British—and Commonwealth—soldiers serving in over 30 countries.

Today there are about 220 girls—as their headquarters calls them, whatever their

ages—serving with units outside Britain and as far dispersed as Berlin, Gibraltar, Aden, Malaya, Hong Kong, Kenya, Singapore and North Africa.

Until March last year, two WVS were stationed on the lonely outpost of Christmas Island, where they created a cosy lounge and recreation centre, providing easy chairs, sofas and books and adding the essential woman's touch of flowers—in this case, plastic flowers.

Recently another WVS member, Miss Gwen Caton, a tall, red-headed ex-office girl, flew out for a year's stay on Gan Island, the Royal Air Force staging post in the



Working with NAAFI, the WVS run clubrooms, with games, books and periodicals, and organise tournaments, trips and entertainments. Here, at the Britannia Club in Singapore, Miss Marie Lachlan (left) and Miss Judy Franklin help some young soldiers to plan an evening outing.

The WVS movement was inaugurated on 18 June, 1938—the anniversary of Waterloo—as a Civil Defence organisation. As the Army rapidly expanded in World War Two, outstripping its comforts, the WVS came

to the rescue by opening forces' canteens in Britain.

Later the WVS darned thousands of pairs of Army socks, ran information bureaux and station guides, knitted cap comforters, and garnished camouflage nets.

Indian Ocean, where she is the only woman among 500 soldiers and airmen.

At the moment, the WVS are working in 90 units spread over Western Germany and Berlin. At each the tactful WVS girl contrives to be "all things to all men." She draws out the quiet ones, helping them with their hobbies, listens good-humouredly and consoles with a sure touch.

The unit clubroom which she runs is usually next door to the NAAFI canteen and consists of a comfortable lounge with snooker and table tennis rooms, and sometimes a quiet room. She keeps the lounge cheerfully decorated and well stocked with books and magazines supplied by WVS centres at home, who, like fairy godmothers, adopt the units.

Many units are keen on whist or auction bridge drives, table tennis competitions or tombola evenings. The WVS girl is kept busy organising entertainments, laying on tours and arranging individual trips. Scores of happy excursions, promoted by WVS enterprise, have taken place to Oberammergau, the Harz Mountains, Nuremberg, Paris and Amsterdam.

Women's Voluntary Services girls must be walking information bureaux, too. From the troops' viewpoint their chief virtue lies in the fact that they have no official position, can be trusted to keep any confidence, and can bring commonsense wisdom to bear on everyday problems, from how to handle a recalcitrant mother-in-law to choosing the right perfume for a girl friend.

Life can be exciting for the "Old Spinach and Beetroot" (the nickname derives from the WVS uniform of dark green trimmed with dark red). In Cyprus the girls climbed terrorist-infested slopes to deliver post and magazines to patrols in the Troodos Mountains. One girl lost her life when a vehicle

was ambushed, but volunteers at once came forward to take her place.

Besides facing danger in Cyprus, the WVS have lived "under fire" in Korea, Malaya, the Canal Zone and more recently at Aqaba in Jordan and Habbaniya in Iraq. Several members have earned a mention-in-dispatches during their service.

In June, 1958, Miss Jose Duke arrived in Habbaniya, just five weeks before the Iraqi rebellion. The situation then was extremely tense, and it erupted rapidly, yet she stayed until the camp was evacuated ten months later. For one period she could not venture anywhere without escort, and in the evenings an armed Iraqi guard took care of her. If challenged he had instructions to declare that she was his prisoner!

In the Far East the WVS have a special task, caring for the families of Gurkhas, who are allowed, in rotation, to bring their "official" wife and children from the mountains of Nepal to their stations in Malaya, Singapore and Hong Kong. The WVS act as a buffer between the families and the outside world, for few Gurkha wives speak any English or can read or write. They know no Malay nor Chinese and may never have travelled more than a few miles in their lives.

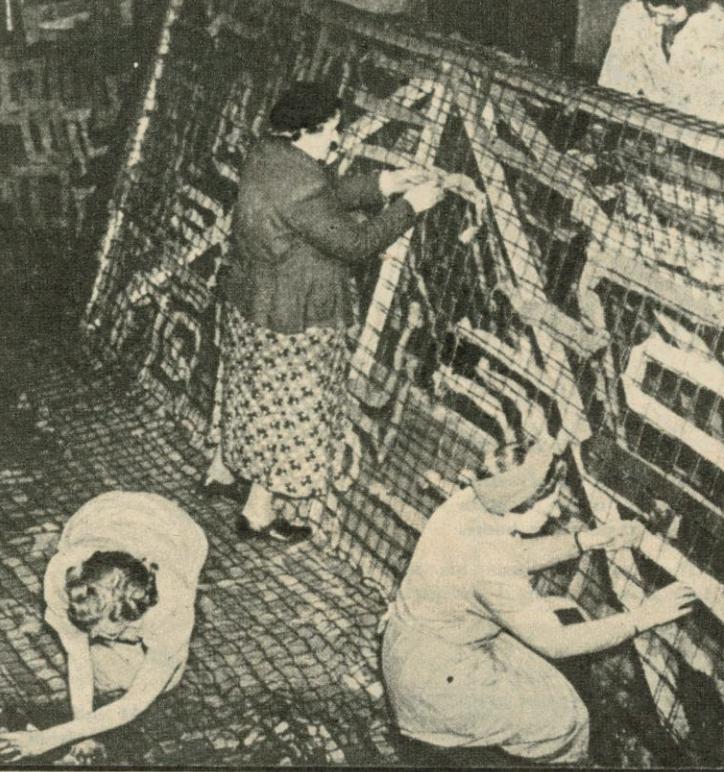
Patiently the WVS girls help them to become acclimatised and acquire confidence, and once their shyness is overcome the Gurkha wives respond eagerly. Many are remarkably skilful imitators, and love copying designs, and even advertisements, from English magazines. Under their nimble fingers more than one pillow or cushion cover has been embroidered with the legend, "Good Mornings Begin with Gillette"!

Marriage makes inevitable inroads on WVS serving overseas, and the organisation is always looking for suitable recruits. Qualifications sought are a liking and understanding of people, ability to get on with them, a good sense of humour, and powers of adaptability. Recruits must complete a month's probationary training before final acceptance. Their first tour is to Germany, and 18 months the minimum contract.

And once a girl gets a unit in her bones she becomes as devoted to its interests as its soldiers are to her. She will freeze at regimental football matches and as readily whirl herself to a standstill on the dance floor!



Above: Meeting the demands of a rapidly expanding Army, the WVS opened canteens early in World War Two. This one was in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.



Later the WVS darned thousands of pairs of socks and among other tasks garnished camouflage nets, achieving a peak output of 52,211 nets in three months.



Below: Yet another of the WVS war-time jobs was sewing on flashes and decorations. The prisoners-of-war pictured here in Sussex flew in from Germany.

MALAYA TO MIDDLE WALLOP BY AUSTER



Helped by Royal Air Force flight information and Royal Australian Air Force maps, Captain and Mrs. Somerton-Rayner plan their route home.

Right: The captain adjusts his wife's harness before they make their final test flight from Ipoh.



Left: At the end of its 7000-mile flight from Malaya the yellow-painted Auster taxis in at the Army Air Corps Centre.

Below: An official welcome from Brig R. A. Fyffe DSO, MC, Commandant of the Centre, at which the captain will be an instructor.



WHILE the Somerton-Rayners were flying home, Major S. R. Whitehead and Captain P. R. Carter, both of the Army Air Corps, were making a similar trip in the opposite direction, flying an Auster Mark IX from Middle Wallop out to 656 Squadron.

Major Whitehead, helicopter examining pilot at the Army Air Corps Centre, and Captain Carter, a pilot of 6 Liaison Flight, flew out the replacement Auster—these aircraft are normally sent by sea—to reconnoitre a possible route to the Far East for the Beaver aircraft which will be coming into service with Army Air Corps squadrons. Their 9600-mile flight took 25 days.

The two officers took a longer route than the Somerton-Rayners, flying across France and Italy to Malta and North Africa, along the coast to Egypt and down the Nile to Khartoum. From the Sudan they flew over Ethiopia to Aden, up to Muscat and then via the usual route over Pakistan, India, Burma and Malaya.

THREE years ago Captain Michael Somerton-Rayner, of the Army Air Corps, and his wife, Ina, flew from Britain to Malaya in a charter aircraft, hoping to see something of the world. But about all they saw were civil airports in the early hours of the morning.

So they planned to return home under their own steam when Captain Somerton-Rayner's tour with 656 Light Aircraft Squadron, Army Air Corps, came to an end.

They have done just that, flying "Mikina," their 17-year-old Mark III Auster, the 7000 miles from Ipoh to Middle Wallop in six and a half weeks and visiting 16 countries.

Captain Somerton-Rayner bought the Auster (which had been flown by his squadron in the Burma campaign) from the Kuala Lumpur Flying Club for £500 and spent another £150 modifying it, fitting extra fuel tanks, radio and night-flying equipment, and streamlining the wing struts. Mrs. Somerton-Rayner, an experienced glider pilot, helped with the work and learned to fly "Mikina."

The Somerton-Rayners' route lay over Burma, India, Pakistan, Iran, the Persian Gulf, Iraq, Jordan, the north African coast, Sardinia and France. On most days they flew only in the mornings, averaging about 400 miles a day and keeping a height of 1000-2000 feet.

They were only twice troubled by bad weather. On the second day out they ran into a monsoon 25 miles short of their first stop in Burma. It rained for 48 hours—ten inches of rain!

On the final stages of the flight they were ahead of schedule but lost three days at Dijon because of bad weather.

Mrs. Somerton-Rayner acted as co-pilot and did most of the navigating, following rivers and railways with map and pencil. Only once did she fail: "It was so hot I opened the window—and the map flew out." But the couple safely reached their next stop, at Kuwait, by following the coastline.

At Baghdad, one of their 34 stops, Captain and Mrs. Somerton-Rayner were

rushed off to an Iraqi hospital because they had come from a cholera region. They should have stayed there for five days, but they bribed a driver to fetch them the following morning and, under protests from the Iraqi authorities, made a getaway.

"Mikina" behaved magnificently. Minor problems were occasional brake trouble and a radio which was defunct from Malaya to Amman, where it was repaired by the Jordanian Air Force. On landing in Libya the tail wheel broke away, but within a few days two replacements appeared, one flown in by a Royal Air Force Canberra from a stores dump at Idris.

Accommodation en route, with fuel and landing fees, cost about £350. In Pakistan, the Somerton-Rayners stayed with a Pakistani oil representative at the only hut in a 100-mile wilderness of sea and sand.

Captain Somerton-Rayner has returned to the Army Air Corps Centre at Middle Wallop to take a pilot instructor's course before joining the Centre as a flying instructor.

A former National Serviceman and now a Regular officer, he flew 1700 hours with 2 Recce Flight in Malaya on operations in support of 28 Commonwealth Infantry Brigade and 2 Federal Infantry Brigade.

"And if I'm posted to Malaya again, we shall certainly fly back there in the same way," he says. "You see so much..."

SOLDIER to Soldier

IN a recent television programme designed to find out why the Army is not attracting all the recruits it needs, a number of National Servicemen, selected at random, were asked why they had decided not to stay on as Regulars.

They all said they thought they would be wasting their time because, after their initial training, there was nothing interesting for them to do.

This problem of keeping soldiers interested and profitably occupied in peacetime has long bothered the Army and measures have been introduced in the past few years to try and solve it. "Bull" and fatuous fatigues have disappeared, training has become more realistic, with more overseas exercises for troops stationed in Britain, and every soldier is encouraged to seek adventure for himself, like the Sappers who crossed the English Channel by canoe, the Signalmen who cycled from Rhine Army to Rome and the two officers who recently rode home from Nigeria on horseback.

If the complaint of the National Servicemen on television is valid, however, life in the Army, particularly in everyday training, must be made more attractive and worthwhile.

An idea that appeals to SOLDIER is the suggestion, made by a correspondent, that, after being fully trained in the weapons, vehicles and equipment of his own arm of the Service, every soldier should be taught how to use those of all other arms.

It would be possible, he thinks, for Infantry platoons, Gunner batteries, Armoured Corps and Sapper squadrons, for instance, to visit each other in turns for perhaps a month at a time each year to learn each others' tasks and problems.

In this way every Gunner, Sapper and tankman would be taught how to be an Infantryman and every Infantryman would learn how to drive a tank, fire a 25-pounder, build a bridge and clear a minefield. Every soldier would thus become a jack-of-all-trades while remaining master of his own. In peacetime there would always be something interesting and useful to learn and in wartime every soldier would be better trained to deal with any emergency.

And Back To Muscat—On Leave!

THREE months' home leave passed far too slowly for Sergeant Chetwynd Attwell, of the 1st Battalion, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). So he decided to go back to Muscat and Oman, where he had just served for eight months, to see more of the country and meet his old comrades in the Sultan's Armed Forces.

Visas were the first problem. He could not get permission to travel by train through Iraq, nor authority to enter Muscat or Oman, but Sergeant Attwell was not to be put off so easily.

Carrying a Bergen rucksack with a change of clothing and food for the trip, he set off on a three-day train journey from Victoria to Athens, where he booked a civil air passage to Kuwait.

There he stayed for five days, visiting oil installations and the local sights before flying on to Sharjah, in the Persian Gulf. He spent the night there with the Trucial Oman Scouts, then had a lucky break—a lift in a Royal Air Force Twin Pioneer to Firq, in the Oman. He was told he had entered the country illegally—but he could stay for a fortnight!

From Oman, Sergeant Attwell flew to the headquarters of the Sultan's Armed Forces, near Muscat, and from there had another airlift to his old company of the Northern Frontier Regiment on the top of the Jebel Akhdar. After four days with the company he walked down the Jebel carrying a borrowed rifle, and travelled with a convoy to visit another of the Regiment's stations at the foot of the mountain.

At the end of his leave he flew out to Aden to take an Arabic course at the Command Language School, and is now serving an 18-months' secondment with the Trucial Oman Scouts.

During his 11 years in The Cameronians, Sergeant Attwell has also served in Jordan and Bahrain, in Germany and for three years in Malaya.



Sergeant Attwell, of The Cameronians. His journey on leave to Oman cost him about £145, mainly in fares.

When his former company came down from the Jebel, Sergeant Attwell stayed with his old comrades for another ten days, helping with the training of the natives and taking part in goodwill patrols to villages.

Finally, he returned to Sharjah with a squadron of the 1st The Royal Dragoons, in a convoy of Ferrets through Muscat and along the coast.

From Sharjah, Sergeant Attwell flew back to Kuwait, then via Beirut and Nicosia to Athens, where he caught the train back to London.

At the end of his leave he flew out to Aden to take an Arabic course at the Command Language School, and is now serving an 18-months' secondment with the Trucial Oman Scouts.

From America comes news of the discovery of an explosive nuclear substance—called Californium—which is so potent that a rifle, machine-gun or even revolver bullet containing it possesses the destructive power of ten tons of TNT!

ANYONE who thinks that in this nuclear age the day of the Infantryman is over had better think again.

From America comes news of the discovery of an explosive nuclear substance—called Californium—which is so potent that a rifle, machine-gun or even revolver bullet containing it possesses the destructive power of ten tons of TNT!

So the day when Private Tommy Atkins can pull his revolver from its holster and knock down a row of houses may not be so far distant after all.



The Green Jackets Brigade: A bugle horn "stringed the whole within a laurel wreath" on a Maltese Cross resting on a plinth bearing the inscription "Peninsula."



The Light Infantry Brigade: A bugle horn stringed in silver. Regiments to wear this badge are The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, KSLI and DLI.



The Fusilier Brigade: A grenade, the case inscribed with a crown in gold, bearing St. George and the Dragon within a wreath of laurel which is in silver.



The Wessex Brigade: The Wyvern mounted on a plinth inscribed Wessex, in gold. To be worn by The Devons and Dorsets, R. Hamps, Glosters and Berks and Wilts.



The Home Counties Brigade: A Saxon crown, with sword, all in gold, for The Queen's Royal Surrey, Queen's Own Buffs, R. Sussex and Middlesex regiments.



The Welsh Brigade: The Prince of Wales's Plume in silver, to be the badge of The Royal Welch Fusiliers, The South Wales Borderers and The Welch Regiment.



The North Irish Brigade: A harp in silver, with crown and scroll in gold, for the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Royal Ulster Rifles and Royal Irish Fusiliers.



The Mercian Brigade: A double-headed eagle in silver surmounted with a Saxon crown in gold, for The Cheshire Regiment, The Staffordshire Regiment and The Worcesters.

IF YOU'RE IN THE INFANTRY—

YOUR BADGE IS HERE



The Lancastrian Brigade: Worn by The King's Own Royal Border, The King's (Manchester and Liverpool) and The Loyal Regiment.

MORE than three years ago the Army decided that all Infantrymen would lose their regimental cap badges and replace them with those of the new brigades into which the regiments have been formed.

The last of these brigades—The Highland Brigade—has now decided on the badge its four regiments will wear.

Here, then, published side by side for the first time, are the badges of the 14 new Infantry brigades.



The Yorkshire Brigade: The white rose of Yorkshire, ensigned with a crown, with a scroll in gold. Four regiments will wear this badge.



The East Anglian Brigade: An eight-pointed silver star with Castle and Key of Gibraltar, worn by the three regiments in the brigade.



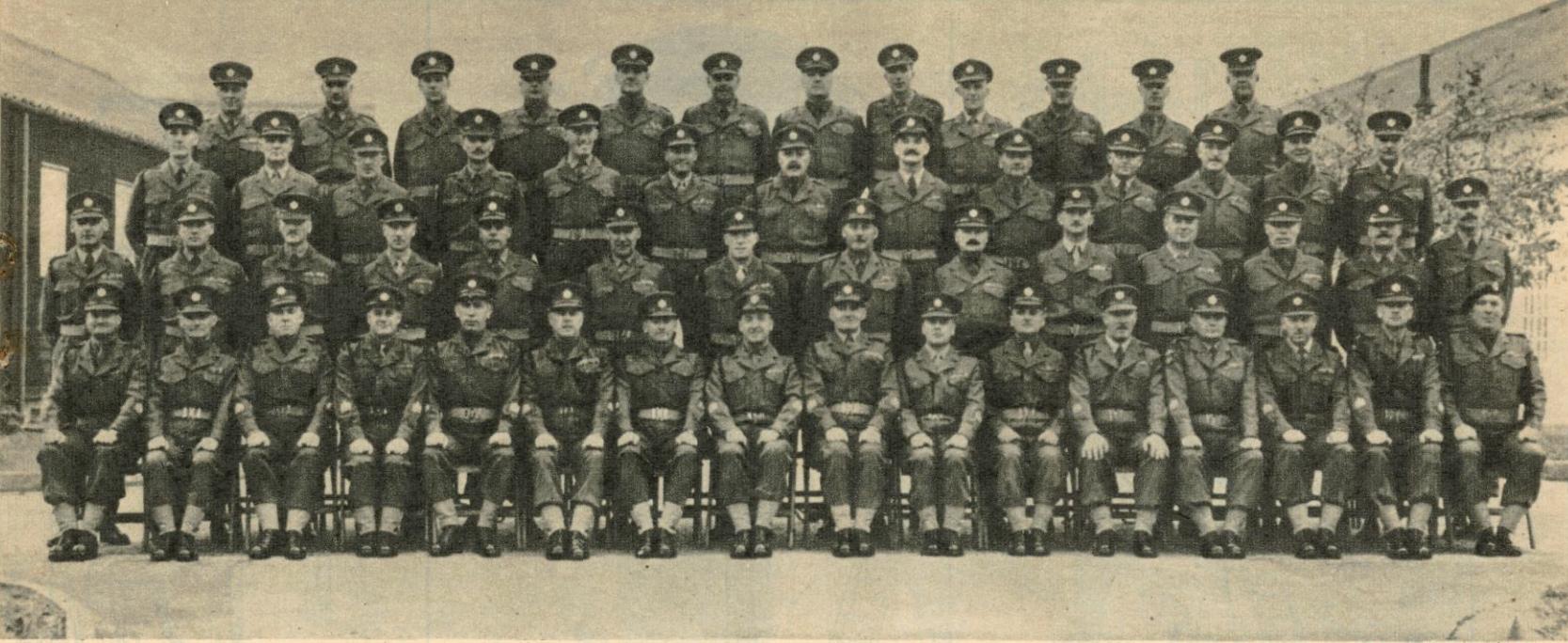
The Highland Brigade: A salter with stag's head for The Black Watch, Gordons, A. and S. Highlanders and Queen's Own Highlanders.



The Lowland Brigade: Thistle upon a salter for The R. Scots, R. Highland Fusiliers, Cameronians and The King's Own Scottish Borderers.



The Forester Brigade: Maltese Cross, antelope, ducal coronet and tiger for The R. Warwicks, R. Leicesters and The Sherwood Foresters.



55 RSMs

Fall In — To Talk

IT was a recruit's nightmare and a sight to make even the smartest soldier hold his head a little higher. Coming across the barrack square at 1 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, in Aldershot, were 55 regimental sergeant-majors!

It was a unique sight, too, for never before have so many regimental sergeant-majors been gathered together at the same time and place.

The 55 regimental sergeant-majors—remarkably only four sporting those large moustaches for which they have long been famed, but all impeccably turned out—were all Sappers. They had been brought to Aldershot from units in Britain and overseas to discuss the Corps and its future at the first-ever Regimental Sergeant-Majors' Convention and to hear the Engineer-in-Chief, Major-General T. H. F. Foulkes, tell them: "You are among the most important men in the Army and your responsibilities will become even greater in the new all-Regular Army."

Surprisingly, some had never met before and some were seeing each other for the first time in many years. The last time RSM J. S. Lee, the Garrison Sergeant-Major at

Chatham, saw RSM D. R. Coggins, of 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, Rhine Army, was in 1937; and RSM A. Mellor, of 12 School of Military Engineering and RSM W. Cockle, of 80 (Scottish) Port Engineer Regiment, TA—boys together at Chepstow before World War Two—last met in 1938.

The longest-serving soldier on parade was RSM J. R. Dunn, of 117 (Highland) Field Engineer Regiment, TA, Aberdeen, who enlisted in the Sappers at Chatham 30 years ago. Forty-five of the regimental sergeant-majors began their Army careers in boys' units.

During the Convention, which took place at both Aldershot and Chatham, the regimental sergeant-majors visited a number of Sapper units and establishments, discussed recruiting and compared methods of training and discipline.

On the last day they had the opportunity of voicing their opinions to the Engineer-in-

You've never seen anything like this before—55 regimental sergeant-majors—1305 years' service between them—at the beginning of their Convention.

Chief and his senior staff officers. Like good soldiers they made the best of this rare chance. One severely criticised warrant officers' clothing ("What about a dress allowance?"); another wanted a separate Royal Engineer recruiting staff and said recruiting posters lacked glamour and appeal to adventure; yet another thought the most effective—and, cheapest—way of dealing with minor offenders was to give commanding officers greater power to punish them, preferably by imposing fines.

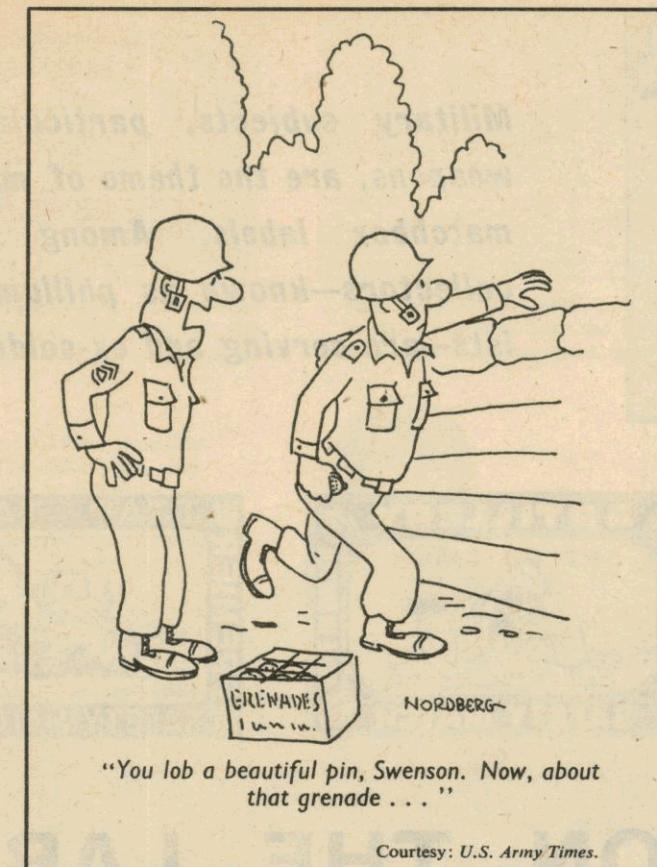
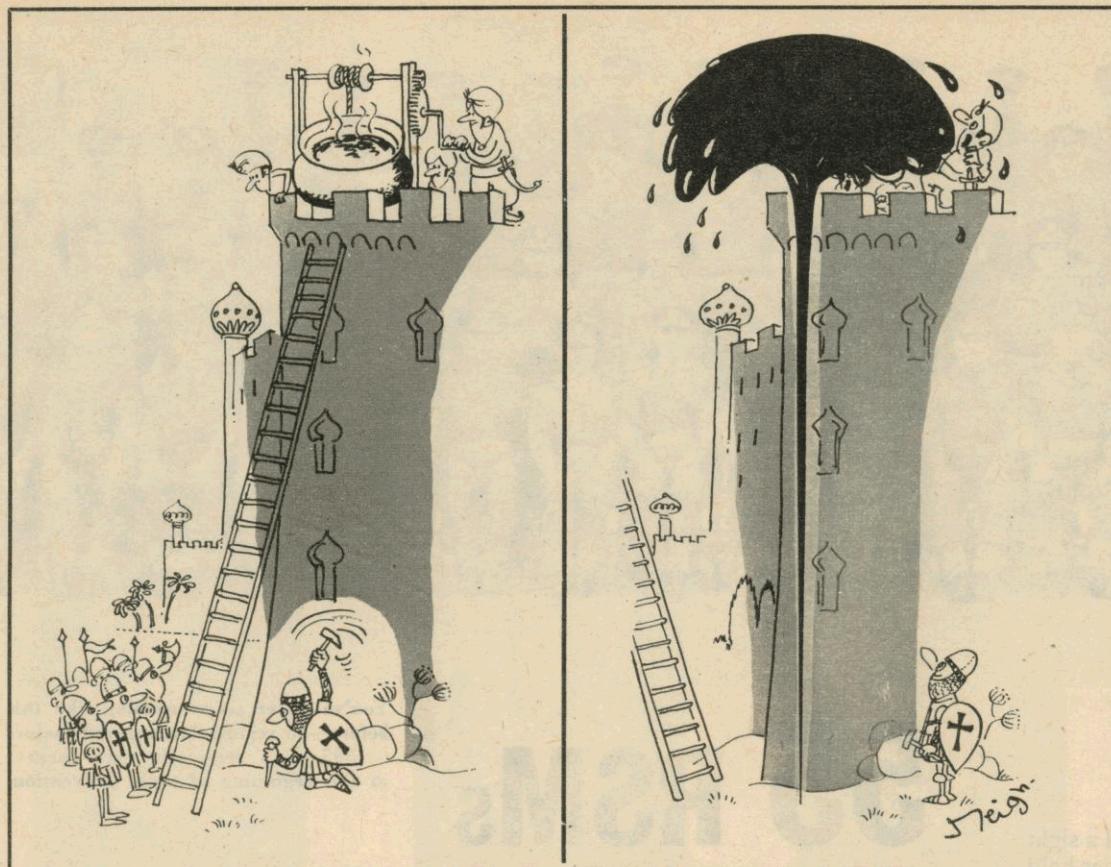
• There are 61 regimental sergeant-majors in the Royal Engineers. The missing six were unable to attend because of illness or duties they could not leave.



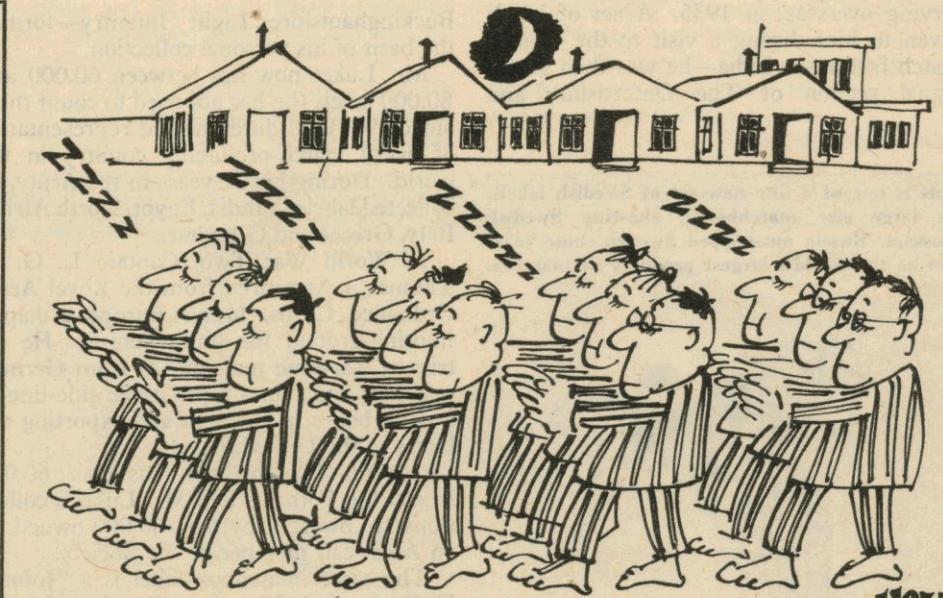
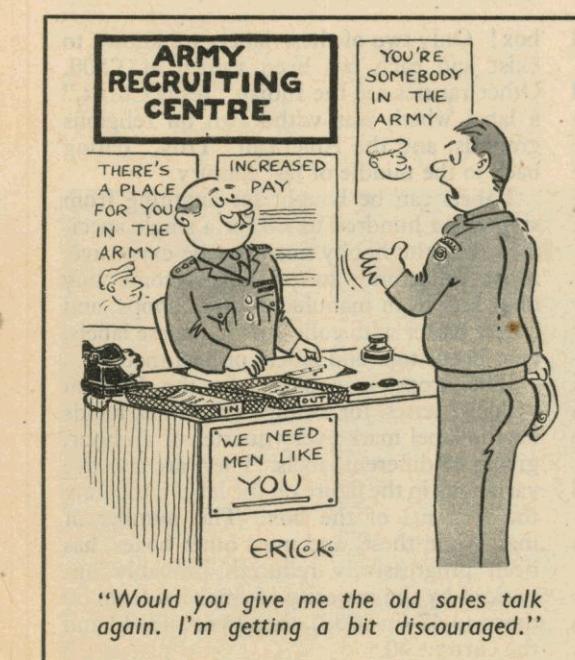
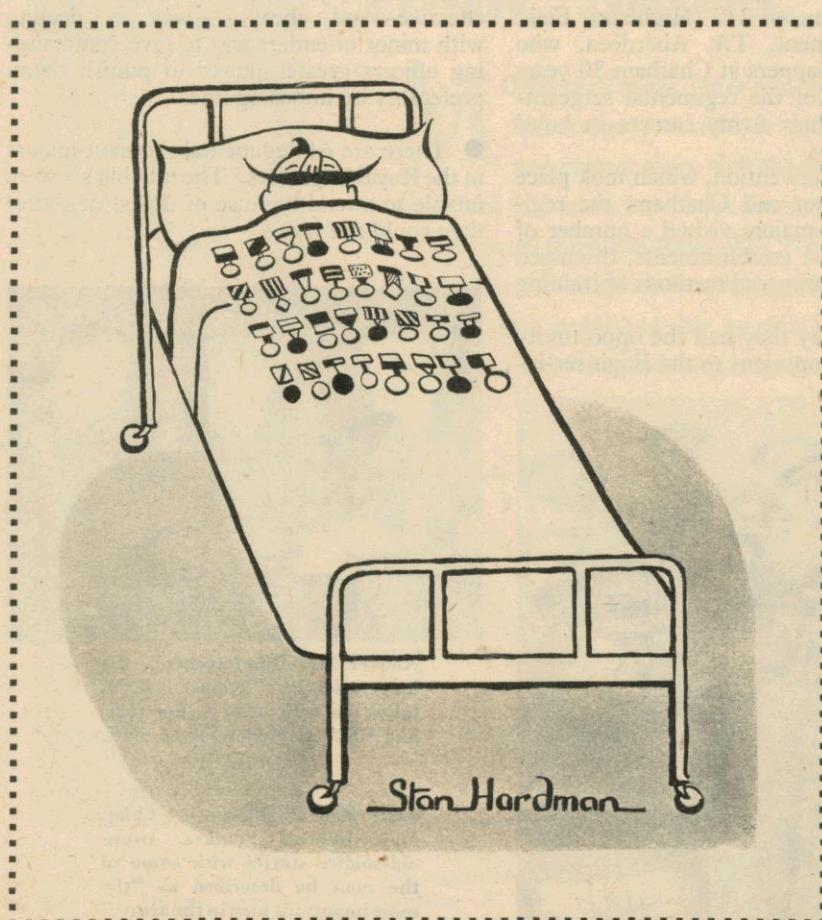
Above: Mr. Dunn (centre), the longest-serving Sapper RSM, takes tea with RSM J. Lee (left) and RSM A. Mellor, of 12 SME.



Left: The Engineer-in-Chief, Major-General Foulkes, swaps old-soldier stories with some of the men he described as "the most important men in the army."



HUMOUR



Obviously a pioneer in parachuting is this intrepid umbrella man depicted on an early 1920s Swedish issue exported for selling in Britain.



Military subjects, particularly weapons, are the theme of many matchbox labels. Among the collectors—known as phillumenists—are serving and ex-soldiers

Right: Guns and tanks have always been a popular military subject. The field-piece is again an early 1920s label; the tank is a current Hong Kong issue to be found in both the Middle and Far East.



STRIKE A LIGHT!—THE ARMY'S ON THE LABEL

YOU may have met him. When you strike a match to light your cigarette he almost snatches the box from your hand, gives you another box in exchange and then makes off with a triumphant gleam in his eye.

He is one of those apparently odd people who collect matchbox labels.

The true phillumenist—the coined Latin phrase means a “lover of light”—takes his hobby seriously and will search the world for a rare label. And he will probably be a member of the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society, which has as its secretary Mr. J. H. Luker, who was until recently a warrant officer in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Like most of the Army's phillumenists, Mr. Luker took up the hobby when he was serving overseas, in 1935. A set of labels given to him during a visit to the Wimco match factory in India—he was then in the signal section of The Oxfordshire and



Cashing in on British patriotism, Austria produced four Kitchener sets between 1909 and 1912. “The Poilu” was an early issue sold to French overseas markets, of the famous Czech Solo factory set up in 1922. Sweden sent “The Officer” to the Dutch East Indies and Malaya.

Buckinghamshire Light Infantry—formed the basis of his personal collection.

Mr. Luker now has between 60,000 and 80,000 labels (he has not tried to count them since 1945), all different and representative of every match-producing country in the world. During his 27 years in the Army, he collected labels in India, Egypt, North Africa, Italy, Greece and Gibraltar.

In World War Two, Captain L. G. A. Thomas, now retired from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, found Europe a happy hunting-ground for phillumenists. He retrieved war-time matchboxes from German positions and found a profitable side-line in buying boxes in Belgium and exporting the labels to the United States.

Captain Thomas, too, has over 60,000 labels, but both his and Mr. Luker's collections are dwarfed by the 180,000 owned by an American member of the Society.

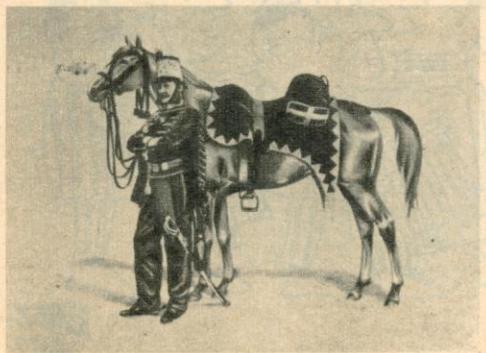
The rarest matchbox label is a “Johnny Walker” of 1827, when the first friction matches were sold in Britain for 2s. 2d. a

box! Only two of these labels are known to exist and each has been valued at £500. Other rarities are the Indian “Jesus Christ,” a label which was withdrawn on religious grounds, and the American “Troy,” dating back to the middle of last century.

Labels can be bought for anything from sixpence a hundred to £8 for a single specimen, but the hobby need not be expensive. Most collectors “swop” labels, some buy mint sets from manufacturers or shops, and others barter with collectors of cheese labels, beer-bottle tops and labels, or beer mats.

The scope is endless. In the Russian “Clock” series, for example, the clock hands on the label mark every quarter of an hour, giving 48 different labels. There are also five variations in the figure on the label indicating the contents of the box. The number of matches in these, and most other boxes, has been progressively reduced, probably unnoticed by the majority of smokers, from 50 down to 47 (in 1953), then to 45, 43, 42 and the current 40.

This is one of a fine new set of Swedish labels, on large size matchboxes, showing Swedish Hussars. Russia outstripped Sweden some years ago as the world's largest producer of matches.





Tommy's Favourite was another Austrian product, at the turn of this century, which bore a topical appeal.



This propaganda label was dropped by the Americans over the Philippines after they had evacuated the islands.



A late 1920s "Sentry" from Finland. A similar label, but bearing the sentry in the centre, has a value of £5 10s.

Mr. Luker sorts labels from his collection of 60,000-80,000. His phillumenist tie is striped in red (the matchhead), yellow (box) and black (printing) on a blue background (the paper wrapping).



Some collectors specialise in labels of a particular country (Mexico, where labels are colourful but comparatively rare, is a favourite), others prefer the products of a single manufacturer.

Another specialised form is the thematic collection illustrating animals, flowers or ships. Equally popular are the "Threes"—labels with three palms, horses, fishes or roses and the three wise monkeys, a label made in Hong Kong, India, Sweden and the United Kingdom.

Many labels have a military theme, such as "The Jack Boot" (made in Austria), "Battle-Axe," "The Tank" and "The Officer." Boxes of World War One include "Tommy's Favourite," the "Ypres Best

"Tommy Match" and "Miss Cavell." "The Wellington" commemorated the Iron Duke while Austria honoured "Lord Kitchener of Karthoum" and Sweden paid its tribute to the British Army with "The General Gordon." Swords, revolvers, rifles and ancient field pieces appear on labels from several countries.

In World War Two the Japanese used matchboxes for propaganda purposes, with cartoons showing unhappy-looking Churchills and Roosevelts being strafed by aircraft, blown up by battleships and bombed from balloons.

With probably more effect the Americans replied by dropping thousands of boxes on the Philippines after the islands had been

evacuated. The labels bore the American and Philippine flags and the words "I shall return," over the signature of General Douglas MacArthur.

Twenty-one of the 28 known Japanese labels were among the rarities displayed at the annual exhibition in London of the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society. Another collection showed boxes—and matches—made for British agents to take into enemy and occupied countries in World War Two.

They were made in a secret London factory with the correct type of materials so that chemical analysis of them would not give away the agent. Sometimes labels from phillumenists' collections were used. Men of the Special Air Service, too, carried forged "Casque d'Or" labels when they parachuted into France.

The Matchbox Label Society, formed in 1945, has 1800 members all over the world, including several in Russia, with whom Mr. Luker regularly corresponds, and a Swedish waiter, Mr. Olaf Lindbohn, who comes to London every year for the exhibition.

In 1959 Mr. Lindbohn's trip, by air from Stockholm, cost him £125—but he bought a label for 10s.—one of a set of 14 depicting Queen Victoria—for which he had been searching for years.

Mr. Luker, too, went away a happy man. He won the Phillumenist Cup, awarded by international vote to the person deemed to have made the year's biggest contribution towards propagating a hobby which is becoming increasingly popular.

• Many of the "Foreign made" matchboxes now being sold in the United Kingdom—such as "Clock," "Paramount," "Criterion," "Fire Queen" and "Meteor"—are Russian-made. The Soviet Union has long outstripped the Scandinavian countries as the world's largest match-producer.

PETER N. WOOD



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In World War Two, matchbox labels were carefully forged for British agents' use in occupied territory. For propaganda purposes the Americans dropped boxes over the Philippine Islands, promising to return. The Japanese, too, produced psychological warfare labels, examples of which show: 1, A caricatured Roosevelt shipwrecked on a raft; 2, Roosevelt, glasses askew, apparently recoiling from a Japanese plane; 3, A Japanese tank looming menacingly over "Old Glory"; 4, Churchill and Roosevelt cowering from a Japanese Infantryman; 5, Japan's sea and air might.

THE LOYALS HELD OUT AT KIMBERLEY

AT midnight on 5 October, 1899, urgent blasts from the diamond mine hooters roused the 45,000 inhabitants of Kimberley and sent the 420 men of the 1st Battalion, The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, scurrying to their defence posts. The powerful Boer Commando camped on the veld 33 miles away was on the move, and an attack on the Diamond City seemed imminent.

To the north and east other Boer forces were advancing on Mafeking and Ladysmith, but it was Kimberley, biggest and wealthiest of the three, which offered the most glittering prize. Kimberley was there for the taking — isolated and weakly defended.

To cover its eight-and-a-half-mile perimeter there was only one Regular Infantry unit — half a battalion of the Loyals — with a handful of Gunners and Sappers and about 600 untrained local volunteers. These volunteers were so raw that just previously, in their first brush with the enemy, they had charged with rifle in one hand and bayonet in the other!

Four months after that midnight alarm the gaunt and half-starved inhabitants of Kimberley gazed over the plain at the distant flashing from the heliograph. "British Cavalry coming," read the message. Within hours the 124-day siege, during which over 8500 shells had burst in the town, was over.

Kimberley had put up a great fight, and it was the dour defence of The Loyal Regiment which above all had robbed the Boers of their prize.

Through the blackest period of the war the town had stood firm. Its relief on 15 February, 1900, marked the turn of the tide in South Africa.

A ten-day lull followed that first wailing of the hooters. On 11 October Cecil Rhodes, arch-enemy of the Boers, dashed to Kimberley from the safety of Cape Town to share



"The Dash for Kimberley." John Charlton's dashing picture of the 10th Hussars crossing Klip Drift during General French's advance to relieve Kimberley on 15 February, 1900.

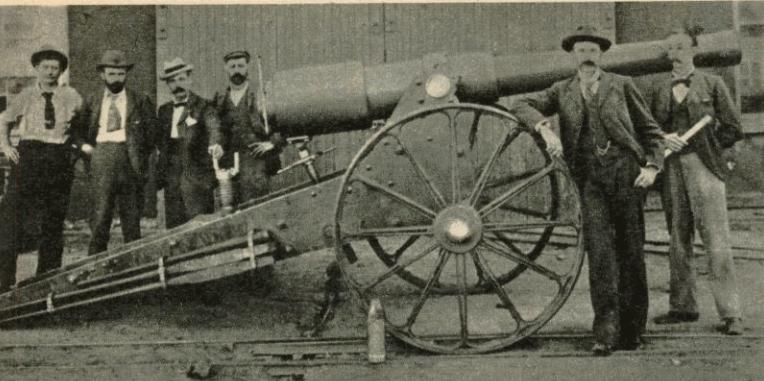
the city's fate but his arrival was viewed with mixed feelings. It was felt that now the Boers, who boasted of their intention to exhibit Rhodes in a cage, would redouble their efforts to capture the town.

The Boer Commandant Wessels and his 8000-strong Commando reached Kimberley on Sunday, 15 October, the telegraph line was cut, the railway blocked, and the town left completely isolated.

Colonel Robert G. Kekewich, of The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, could have had little confidence in his ability to hold off the Boers as he surveyed his motley command. The Kimberley Regiment consisted of a handful of volunteers. The Diamond Field Horse had no horses, and the local artillery also lacked horses to draw their

obsolete seven-pound muzzle-loaders. The

For 124 fateful days half a battalion of The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment held out in besieged Kimberley, robbing the Boers of a glittering prize. This dour defence of the Diamond City marked the turn of the tide in South Africa



"Long Cecil," the 28-pounder gun built during the siege. The designer, Mr. Labrum, is resting his arm on the wheel. Ironically, he was killed by a Boer shell during the siege.

For nearly two months Kimberley had been without news from the outside world. Old newspapers smuggled through the Boer lines were the only source of information.

On 1 December, 1899, searchlight flashes over the ridges of Magersfontein, 20 miles away, told the defenders that Lord Methuen's relief column was approaching. The whole town was agog. Thousands thronged the streets as Army signallers took down the momentous message flashed by the searchlights.

It read: "Please inform the Remount Department, Wynberg, the number marked on the hoof of the horse issued to Surgeon O'Gorman, of the Kimberley Garrison!"

On the same day this entry appeared on Kimberley Garrison Orders: "Mule 243, having died, is struck off the strength of the North Lancashire Regiment."



Colonel R. G. Kekewich, of the Loyals, who commanded the troops in Kimberley. Some of his volunteers were so untrained that in their first action they charged with rifle in one hand and bayonet in the other!

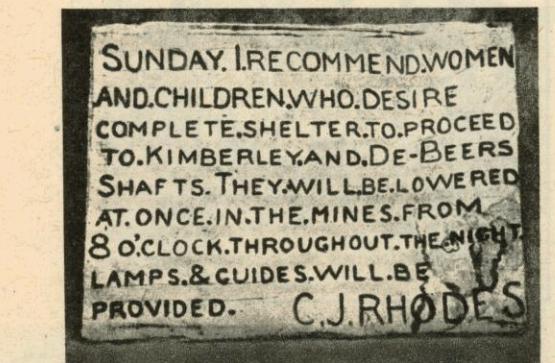
Loyals finally swept over the crest the 800 Boers were riding away in disorder. The guns had been saved and the Boer leader, Petrus Botha, was left dead on the field.

On 7 November a new terror was unleashed when the Boers opened up with their artillery. Intermittently, for the rest of the siege, shells hurtled into the town, but with little military effect. The heaviest shelling was on 11 November, when over 400 shells poured into Kimberley. The only casualty was an old Kaffir woman.

The seven-pounders sent by the War Office to defend the town were as useless as pop-guns, and it was left to George Labrum, De Beer's chief engineer, to produce an answer. While Kimberley was being besieged he designed and built a heavy gun — "Long Cecil" — which fired 28-pound shells. When the first landed on 19 January, 1900, more than 3000 yards further than any British shell had yet achieved, the Boers were driven to seek quarters at a more respectful distance.

The Boers were quick to reply. On 9 February they brought up a six-inch Creusot gun from Ladysmith, and that day pitched

One of the notices erected by Cecil Rhodes in besieged Kimberley. The Boers fired more than 8,000 shells into the town in 124 days.



a score of 100-pound shells into Kimberley. This massive gun drove thousands of women and children to seek safety in the deep mines for the rest of the siege. Labrum himself was killed when a shell landed in his hotel bedroom.

One dark February night men of The Loyal Regiment moved stealthily out of the town, swooped on Boer pickets and seized rifle pits 1800 yards from the big gun. From then on every enemy Gunner who showed himself was the target for 15 snipers.

Kimberley's hopes of relief were alternately raised and dashed. When Kekewich heard that a relief column under Lord Methuen was on its way he sent out 2000 men — almost half the garrison — under Scott-Turner on 28 November to attack Boer positions west of the town.

In a costly assault on a Boer redoubt Scott-Turner was killed and that night Kekewich withdrew his depleted force.

Next day the night sky flashed with searchlight messages from Methuen, 20 miles away at Magersfontein, and on 2 December the relief force signalled: "Have crossed the Modder after successful fight." On the 11th the defenders could see British shells bursting over the heights of Magersfontein, and a message from Methuen read: "After tomorrow's fight I hope to see you in Kimberley."

Throughout the night and until ten o'clock next morning the rumble of artillery was heard from the distant ridges. The town waited breathlessly for the message that the fight was won. But there was no sign. All they received was a distant flash from the Boers: "We don't think much of your generals."

In the next fortnight Methuen maintained a sphinx-like silence. It was not until the 17th that Kimberley heard of the disaster at Magersfontein, and on the 26th that relief operations were postponed.

K. E. HENLY

So the siege dragged on. The exasperated Rhodes signalled to Lord Roberts, the new British Commander-in-Chief, a demand that immediate steps be taken to relieve the town. Roberts, fearing surrender, replied: "We shall strain every nerve to relieve you," and told his chief-of-staff, Kitchener: "The Cavalry must relieve Kimberley at all costs."

General French's epic dash to Kimberley at the head of 6000 horsemen is another story. But the gallant Loyals were in at the finish. On 14 February two companies, under Captain T. H. O'Brien and Second Lieutenant A. W. Hewett, formed part of a force which surged out of Kimberley and drove the Boers from Alexandersfontein, a village on French's route. The Loyals were engaged in a furious fight until late on the 15th, when French's troops galloped in from the south-east and Kimberley was free again.

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Although 8500 shells were fired into Kimberley, total casualties from shelling were only nine killed and 16 wounded!

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THE BRILLIANT CHARGE AT KLIP DRIFT

GENERAL FRENCH'S Cavalry dash to relieve Kimberley on 15 February, 1900, has been described as "the most brilliant stroke of the war."

After a gruelling march across the veld his force of 6000 crossed the Modder River at Klip Drift on the 13th but, with Cronje, the Boer leader, building up a formidable force ahead of him, French was forced to wait a day for the Infantry to catch up.

When he moved off on the morning of the 15th, French's 20-mile route to Kimberley lay between converging ridges bristling with Boer riflemen. Artillery faced him in the narrow gap where the ridges ended.

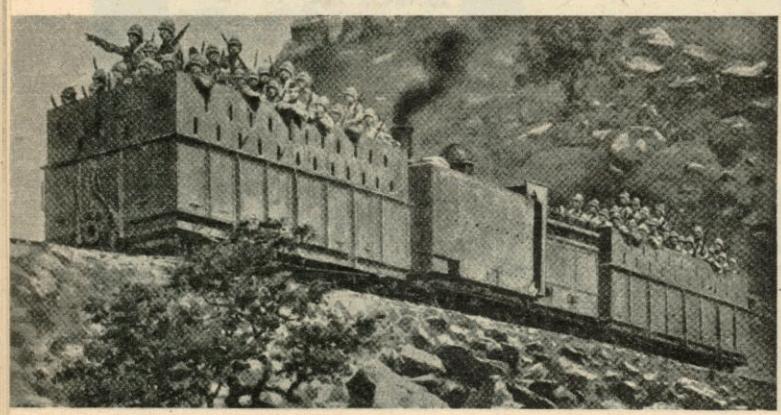
To send the Cavalry into the crossfire between the ridges was a desperate expedient, but to delay was pointless. He ordered the charge.

Across two miles of open plain the 6000 horsemen swept towards the gap, the 9th and 16th Lancers in the lead and the 6th Dragoon Guards (now the 3rd Carabiniers) close behind.

"In two lines, with intervals of about five yards between the files, our men dashed forward and upward over the rising ground to disappear into a cloud of dust," said an eyewitness later. "... then out of the dust loomed figures with an uncertain air about them. For

a moment they seemed to be faltering... But they were only deploying outward. Our charge had been met with withering fire, but very soon the Boers, seeing their fire was not taking effect and horse and steel bearing down on them, sprang to their ponies and scattered in flight... Our losses were only four men wounded and two horses killed. Never were the advocates of bold Cavalry action more amply justified."

Another account by an Infantryman on the banks of the Modder read: "Every man held his breath, for it seemed as if the result of this bold attempt must be the utter destruction of the gallant riders."



The armoured train steams out of Kimberley, with the Loyals aboard, to do battle with the Boers. This was the first time, it is believed, that an armoured train carried British troops into action.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A GALLANT COMMANDO

The patrol of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment pauses as 2/Lieut M. R. Quinton takes a compass bearing on a track outside Beda, scene in World War Two of the Commando raid on Rommel's HQ in which Lieut-Col Keyes was killed.



IN pouring rain, five patrols of British soldiers climbed up the rocky escarpment overlooking El Hamama on the North African coast near Apollonia, and pushed on through the thick undergrowth of the jebel.

They were making for Beda, 14 miles from El Hamama, and retracing the route taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Keyes VC MC, in 1941 when he led his famous behind-the-lines Commando raid on Rommel's headquarters.

The patrols—from The Royal Scots, 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, Royal Army Service Corps and Royal Signals, all stationed in Cyrenaica—were on a two-fold mission: to honour the memory of Colonel Keyes and to

learn from his gallant exploit.

From El Hamama, where Colonel Keyes and his men landed by submarine, the patrols followed exactly the route taken by the Commandos and stopped at the Karem Gadeh Cave, five miles from Beda, where the Commandos had sheltered.

In the raid 20 years ago Colonel Keyes cut the wire surrounding a house in which Rommel was believed to be living, killed the guard and entered the building. In the subsequent fight in the house Colonel Keyes was killed. For his extreme gallantry and daring he received the Victoria Cross posthumously.

Sadly, there is no record today of the villa in which Colonel Keyes died.

THE ARMY TAKES OVER A "SHIP"

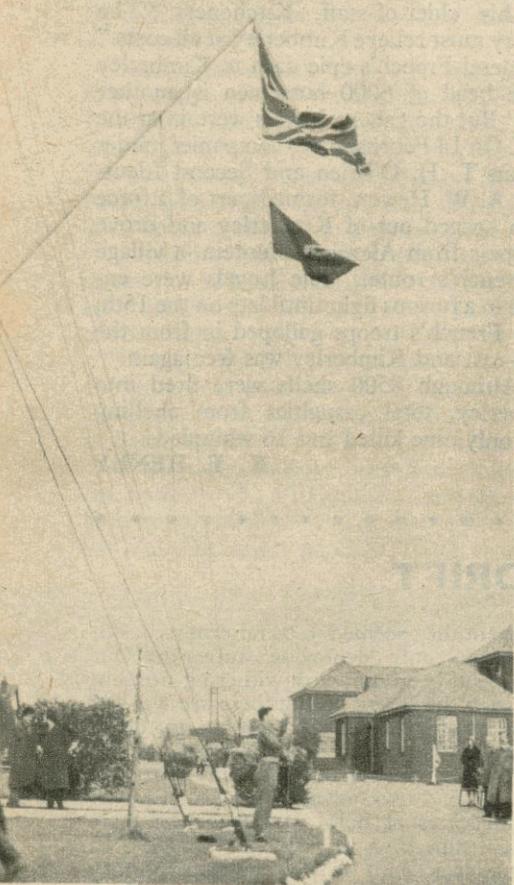
AS the White Ensign was hauled down on board HMS *Aerial II* a Royal Navy captain stepped forward and handed a sheet of paper to an Army colonel who, with a 15-inch pencil, signed a receipt for the ship.

Fantasy? No, it happened recently at Worthy Down, near Winchester, when HMS *Aerial II*, a Royal Naval air station since 1939, was ceremonially handed over to become the future home of the Royal Army Pay Corps.

To the strains of a stirring march played by the Royal Marines Band, detachments of the Royal Army Pay Corps and HMS *Aerial II* marched on to the parade ground to be inspected by Colonel J. C. L. Thomas, Royal Army Pay Corps, and Captain A. G. B. Griffiths, Royal Navy, after which a Royal Naval chaplain said the Navy Prayer for the last time at Worthy Down. Then Captain Griffiths handed over a three-foot-long symbolic key to the main gate, the Union Jack and the flag of the Royal Army Pay Corps were run up and, together, the Colonel and the Captain took the salute at the march past.

Worthy Down was taken over by the Royal Flying Corps in World War One and became a bomber station. In 1939 it was transferred to the Royal Navy—as HMS *Kestrel*—to train telegraphist air gunners and naval policemen. In World War Two Lord "Haw Haw" claimed that it had been "sunk." In 1952 it was renamed HMS *Aerial* and until 1959 trained officers and men of the Fleet Air Arm. From 1958 it housed 848 Naval Air Squadron, the first helicopter squadron to operate as a Commando task force with the Royal Marines.

Worthy Down now becomes the Depot and Training Centre of the Royal Army Pay Corps and by the summer of 1963 will undergo considerable modernisation and reconstruction.



The Union Jack, followed by the flag of the Royal Army Pay Corps, is run up over Worthy Down, the Corps' new home.

Snap Shots

'WAY DOWN RIO

WHEN the Pipes and Drums of the Irish Guards recently marched along Rio de Janeiro's main thoroughfare, the Rio Branco, they were greeted with such enthusiasm that the Drum-Major had to cut a swathe with his staff through a milling crowd of over 200,000 Brazilians.

The Guards, visiting South America for the first time to take part in a festival in Rio, received the most tumultuous welcome of their many trips overseas and were mobbed every time they appeared in public.

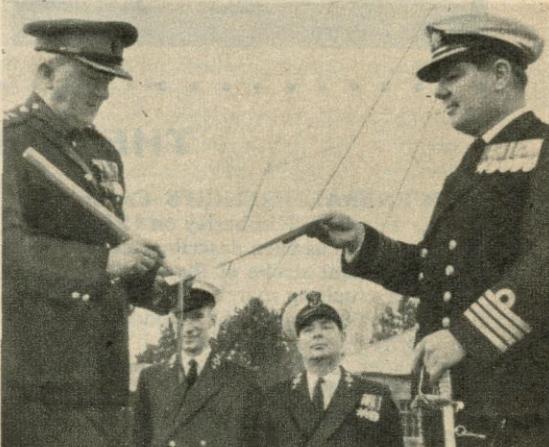
Flying into Rio de Janeiro, the two officers and 43 Guardsmen were met by batteries of television, newsreel and Press photographers, then whisked up into the mountains for a 12-day stay in luxury suites of the Quitand-in-ha Hotel, some 25 miles from the city amid beautiful scenery.

The Pipes and Drums beat Retreat at an international football match between Brazil and Spain in the famous Maracana Stadium, one of the largest in the world, and for the Brazilian Marine Corps outside the Brazilian Admiralty.

Between engagements the Guards swam in their hotel's indoor pool, sailed on a nearby lake and rode in the mountains. They also went on a sight-seeing tour of Rio, shopped in the boulevards and went swimming at Copacabana Beach.

As their last engagement the Pipes and Drums beat Retreat for the British colony and the staff of the Quitand-in-ha Hotel.

The Irish Guards swing down the Rio Branco in Rio where they had to force their way through crowds.



Colonel J. C. L. Thomas RAPC, signs for HMS *Aerial II*. He was also presented with a symbolic key to the main gate of the establishment.



LEGAL TYPES

ON page 19 **SOLDIER** publishes a unique picture of 55 regimental sergeant-majors on parade together.

Here is another unusual photograph, showing all the 51 officers of the Army Legal Services Staff List—an all-officer unit and one of the smallest in the Army—who could never be in the same place at the same time because at least one must always be available in every command at home and overseas.

The picture is, in fact, a montage of individual photo-

graphs and the work of Sergeant J. Parrott, of the Special Investigation Branch Training Wing, at Woking.

The officers of the Army Legal Services Staff List conduct prosecutions at courts-martial, administer a legal aid scheme under which accused persons can instruct civilian lawyers to defend them, give advice on general legal matters and conduct courses on military law. In some parts of the world they may defend soldiers in local civilian courts. Every soldier is thus guaranteed his complete legal rights.



The champions—Staff-Sgt H. Vaughan (left), Sgt C. Gibson and WO R. Whittaker (right)—after beating a team of Civil Servants. They are Regular soldiers.

SOLDIERS ARE THE IQ CHAMPIONS

WHILE the unlikely lads of Hut 29 continue to "take the mickey" out of the Army, three bright soldiers have more than redressed the balance by firmly establishing themselves as IQ quiz champions of another Independent Television programme, "Pencil and Paper."

The soldiers—Warrant Officer II Roy Whittaker (aged 34), of the Royal Engineers, Staff-Sergeant Harry Vaughan (28), of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and Sergeant Charles Gibson (25), of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, were selected by the War Office as typical non-commissioned officers of technical corps.

On their first appearance the trio defeated a team of bank clerks. Since then they have routed teams representing the Women's Royal Army Corps, Royal Air Force (after a draw), Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Fire Service, Women's Royal Naval Service, Fleet Air Arm, United States Army, Civil Service, radiographers and analysts.

The men who have so successfully answered the quiz questions are all Regular soldiers.

Warrant Officer Whittaker enlisted in October, 1945, and for 10 years was a paratrooper with a Sapper unit in Britain, Palestine, Germany, Cyprus and Egypt. He has been a chief clerk at War Office and is now in Headquarters, 12 Engineer Group, at Woolwich.

Staff-Sergeant Vaughan joined the Royal

Army Ordnance Corps nearly eight years ago and has served abroad in Germany and the Middle East. His present unit is 29 Company, Central Ammunition Depot, Kineton.

Sergeant Gibson, an instructor in basic electrical engineering at 5 Training Battalion, Arborfield, was called up for National Service at the beginning of 1938 and then signed on for 22 years, but is taking up a three-year option and will leave the Army in April.

PENSIONERS' CAKE

NINETY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Sergeant Joseph Jones, the oldest Chelsea Pensioner, dipped a sword in the Southern Ocean, south of Australia and cut off a huge chunk of Christmas cake.

The cake, weighing 150 lbs and iced with maps of Britain and Australia, linked by Sydney Harbour bridge, was the gift of Australian ex-Servicemen, presented to the Governor of the Royal Hospital, General Sir Cameron Nicholson, by the New South Wales Agent General in London.

Each year ex-Servicemen in Australia take it in turns by states to give the Chelsea Pensioners a Christmas cake and this year the gift came from New South Wales, the ingredients being flown from Australia.



The oldest Chelsea Pensioner, Sgt Joseph Jones, cuts the 150-lb cake. It was the gift of Australian old soldiers.

WARWICKS TRY OUT THE WHIRLIBIRDS

EIGHT helicopters roared into life and seconds later a group of soldiers clambered aboard to be whisked away from the flight deck of an imaginary aircraft carrier to the coast.

The 1st Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, 10,000 miles from Britain in the New Territories of Hong Kong, was making



its first assault by helicopter during a two-day combined Services exercise.

The flight deck was, in fact, the air-strip at Sek Kong, and the troops were being flown to the fictitious kingdom of Kongia to seal off the escape routes of equally imaginary rebels.

After being landed ashore, the Warwicks faced a gruelling ten-mile march across the hills to capture a road and the next day, supported by tanks of the 17th/21st Lancers, they pushed forward to join forces with the Royal Marine Commandos and close the rebels in an encircling trap.

Under the threshing rotors of a Whirlwind helicopter, the Warwicks leap aboard, to whisk into action in the New Territories.



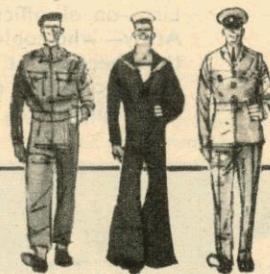
RECORD BROWSING Play it cool—play it hot

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Here is yet another example of Naafi's determination to shape its service to cater for the varied tastes of the Service man and his family.

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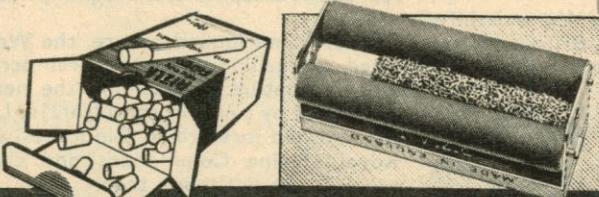
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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

SIX readers can win prizes in this general knowledge quiz.

All you have to do is to answer the questions set out below and send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 27 March.

The winner will be the sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the Editor. He (or she) may choose any two of the following recently published books: "Cecil B. De Mille" (autobiography); "Wellington" by Sir John Fortescue; "One of the Crowd" by Philip Gibbs; "The Seventh Square" by Brigid Knight; "Rachel Rosing" by Howard Spring; "The Return of Hyman Kaplan" by Leo Rosten; "Requiem for Charles" by Harry Carmichael; and "The Fort of San Lorenzo" by Marie Forestier.

The senders of the second and third correct solutions may choose whole-plate monochrome copies of any three photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957.

The senders of the fourth, fifth and sixth correct solutions will be sent SOLDIER free for 12 months.

RULES

- Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: **The Editor (Competition 33), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.**
- Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 33" panel printed at the top of this page.
- Competitors may submit only one entry.
- Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
- The Editor's decision is final.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, May, 1961.

1 Bread goes with cheese and strawberries with cream. Now complete these pairs:

(a) The ... and the carpenter; (b) The ... and the hare; (c) ... and Pollux.

2 A truffle is: (a) a decorative flounce on a petticoat; (b) a South Sea Island fruit; (c) a subterranean fungus used for seasoning dishes. Which?

3 Who is this? He was once a soldier and earns his living on the stage and in films.



4 Which of the following words are misspelled:

- antirrhinum
- elypsis
- ashphalt
- accomodation
- harrass
- stirup.

5 Which territory in Soviet Russia has the same name as a state in the United States of America?

6 Three main languages are spoken in Switzerland. What are they?

7 A curtilage is:

- an area attached to a dwelling house
- a lawyer's brief
- a sinew in the arm
- a fine imposed in mediæval times on nagging women.

8 Correct these misquotations:

- The female of the species is deadlier than the male
- It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive
- Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
- Quickly to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, rich and wise.



9 This man was recently in the news as a result of his visit to Italy. Who is he?

10 Pair the following words correctly: Lorna, Crusoe, Wake, Lady, Captains, Steps, Beaverbrook; and Finnegan's, Courageous, Doone, Lord, Robinson, Chatterley and Riceyman.

11 Which is the intruder here, and why? Sidmouth, Exmouth, Teignmouth, Tynemouth, Dartmouth.

12 In which counties are the following towns?

- Weymouth
- Hemsworth
- Llandudno
- Potters Bar
- Todmorden
- Cirencester.

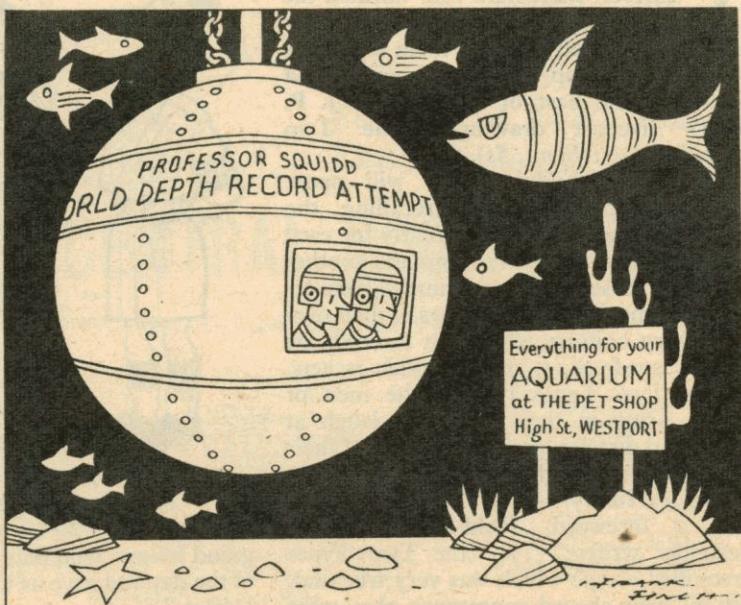
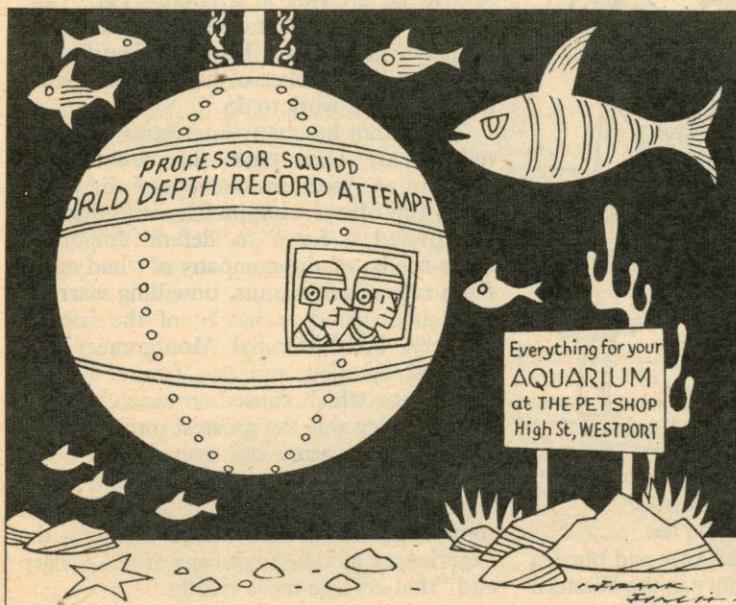
13 Name five wild animals closely related to the domestic cat.

14 Now name five of the deadly sins.

15 At which battle did the famous Charge of the Light Brigade take place?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences see page 38.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



Hitler's Last Gamble—In the Bulge

THE Ghost Front it has been called: 85 twisting miles through the woody Belgian mountains in the Ardennes, where artillery fired mainly for registration purposes, and Infantry patrols on both sides probed only for practice.

On the Allied side, in December, 1944, it was held by six American divisions. Three were battered and exhausted in battle, sent there for re-training and refitting; the other three were untested in action and had gone to the Ardennes Front for a gentle bleeding.

On this front Hitler decided to go over to the offensive for the last time. Secretly he scraped up three armies of 18 divisions which were to sweep across the Meuse and on to Antwerp. His attack was to follow in boldness an example set by Frederick the Great. He hoped that, like Frederick, it would split the alliance against Germany.

The attack began early in the morning of 16 December, driving a great bulge into American-held territory. The Allies, like Hitler, had to scrape for troops, but they found them.

As they gathered their resources, the Americans went over to the attack. From the south, they drove into the Bulge. In the north, Field-Marshal Montgomery was given command of the American troops and, after "tidying-up" the line—an operation which tried the patience of his American subordinates—sent them into the assault assisted by a British corps under Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks.

By the third week in January, the Germans were retreating. On 23 December the Bulge had been flattened. Hitler's last gamble had failed.

These dramatic weeks have been recon-

structed, in interviews with more than a thousand people, by John Toland, for "Battle—The Story of the Bulge" (Frederick Muller, 25s).

Inevitably, on the American side, the battle started in confusion. Whole units were cut off. Not all fought well, and the word "panic" occurs frequently in the author's tale.

Many, however, fought bravely. On the Schnee Eifel (Snow Mountains), a division which had thrust a salient six miles into the Siegfried Line before the German offensive fought on, though surrounded, until there was nothing left to fight with. Then, between 8000 and 9000 capitulated—the greatest mass surrender, bar that of Bataan, in American history.

Bastogne, where the 101st Airborne Division were rushed to reinforce the garrison, was also surrounded. Its gallant defenders called themselves the "Battered

Bastards of the Bastion of Bastogne." Against furious Nazi attacks they made an epic and victorious stand. Bastogne is today one of the proudest names in American military history.

The German surprise was complete. Only one American staff officer had predicted a German offensive and where it might come. It was thought that three days in Paris might cure his pessimism.

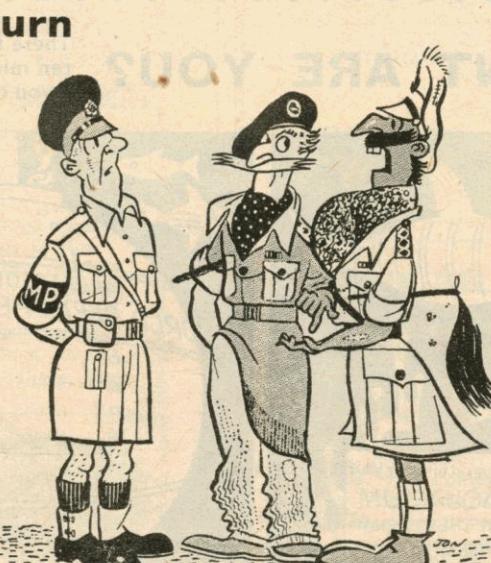
At the northern end of the front, a battalion which had been told that the only German artillery opposed to them consisted of two horse-drawn pieces suddenly found itself under a tremendous non-stop barrage. "They sure are working those two poor horses to death," commented an officer.

More confusion was caused by Otto Skorzeny's famous force of Germans dressed in American uniforms. Only seven jeep-loads managed to get through the American lines. One was captured and when the four prisoners confessed their mission—to seize bridges and cause confusion—the alarm went out.

Right back at Versailles, General Eisenhower was incommoded by zealous security men prepared for an attempt at assassination said to be brewing at a famous Paris café. Nearer the front, at least one American brigadier-general was held for identification by the military police of his own side when he had urgent work to do.

The author has many interesting stories to tell—of the Tiger tanks that drove coolly along in an American convoy; of the junior American officer who, on his own initiative, improvised a force to defend important cross-roads; of the company of "bad eggs" from rear echelon units, unwilling warriors who made good in battle; of the friction between Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Bradley and the former's press conference which caused so much trouble.

The Bulge was the greatest pitched battle the American army has ever fought. The author has tried to picture it from every angle. Inevitably, the picture is clearer from some angles than from others, and it is the experiences of the Americans at the "sharp end" that emerge most vividly.



"and precisely what do you mean by improperly dressed?"

From "The Two Types" by Jon.

grand fellows who bore the heat and burden of the day and gave us victory in the Western Desert."



The School That Bred Commandos

AT five o'clock on a war-time morning, a group of British officers in green berets met a train-load of American Rangers at a remote Scottish railway station.

With a piper to lead them, they set off to march through the rain. After a few miles, the Rangers' commander asked the senior British officer when he was going to call a halt.

"We never halt in the Commandos, Colonel. Not until we get to the bitter end," said Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Vaughan,

Commanding Officer of the Commando training centre at Athnacarry, Inverness-shire. Laconically, he added that he and his officers had been at a dance the previous night and had gone straight from the ballroom to the station to meet the Americans. They had had no sleep.

He did not add that he had ordered his officers to go to the dance so that he could impress the Americans with his story.

That was just one of Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan's ruses to astonish, and worthy of his background as a former Guardsman and

regimental sergeant-major in The Buffs. That he had danced and undertaken the march himself was a measure of his own condition, for he had retired from the Army in 1935, and was no longer a young man.

Charles Vaughan earned the admiration of thousands of Commandos who passed through Athnacarry. Now, Donald Gilchrist, who served there as trainee, instructor and adjutant, gives a light-hearted account of the training centre in "Castle Commando" (Oliver and Boyd, 12s 6d).

Toughness was the key-word at Athnacarry, and along with toughness the Commandos learned skill in battle.

The seven-mile walk from the station was everybody's introduction to the place, followed in a few hours by some mountain-climbing. The Commandos made speed march after speed march over the mountains. They swung like Tarzans in the tree-tops, dangled from toggle-ropes in a "death-ride" across a stream and made assault landings by night.

Whenever possible, live ammunition was fired within a few feet of them. They were always asked for one more effort when they thought they had come to the end of their tether.

When, almost exhausted, they trudged back to Athnacarry Castle they were confronted with mock-graves, the crosses on which bore such instructive legends as, "He showed himself on the sky-line" and "He

OVER...

Right Hand Man To Sir Winston

IT was 10 May, 1940. Norway and Denmark, Poland and Czechoslovakia had already been occupied by the Germans and now the invasion of the low countries had begun.

Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill and Major-General Sir Hastings Ismay were walking from Downing Street to the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill had just been made Prime Minister and the crowds were shouting "Good luck, Winnie; God bless you."

He was visibly moved, and once inside the building dissolved into tears. "Poor people," he said, "poor people. They trust me, and I can give them nothing but disaster for quite a long time."

This is one of the stories told by Lord Ismay in "The Memoirs of Lord Ismay" (Heinemann, 42s). From 10 May, 1940, until the fall of the Churchill administration in August, 1945, he was the Prime Minister's Chief-of-Staff — a combination of go-between and co-ordinator.

Sir Winston, in "The Gathering Storm," has already paid tribute to him: "My personal and official connection with General Ismay and his relation to the Chiefs-of-Staff Committee was preserved unbroken and unweakened" throughout the war, he wrote.

Being the wartime Premier's right-hand man was no sinecure. Mr. Churchill's working habits were exacting, starting early in the day, with dictation from his bed, and continuing until long after midnight. He seldom retired before 1 a.m., but in the early afternoon he would insist on a nap, and his capacity for dropping off at a moment's notice astonished his colleagues.

Lord Ismay records that Sir Winston never encouraged false hopes or used smooth words. After Dunkirk, when everyone was praising the miraculous evacuation of 350,000 British and Allied troops, he sounded a note of warning: "Wars," he said, "are not won by evacuations."

Churchill's understanding of the Army was of enormous help in those critical days and General Ismay says he found his know-

General Ismay. He was at Churchill's side as adviser and co-ordinator throughout the war.



ledge of the great campaigns of the past "phenomenal."

The Prime Minister disliked verbosity and memoranda had to be kept brief. Lord Ismay once had to produce a report on the future organisation of the Armoured Division on one page.

The course of the war and the momentous conferences that shaped the post-war world, are described with clarity and modesty.

Capt: Who's that standing sentry, Sergeant?
Sgt: General Bowey, Sir.
Capt: Bit odd that, eh?
Sgt: Yes, Sir—but SOMEBODY has got to stand in for Private Smith, Sir.
Capt: Oh, I see. He must have been to the Forces Book Shop again.
Sgt: Yes, Sir. He reads anything from magazines and paperbacks to biographies and encyclopaedias—gets them all from the Forces Book Shop.
Capt: Jolly good. Well, keep 'em at it, Sergeant.



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TAIPEI (Church of Scotland)

failed to take cover in an assault landing." Commented a Ranger, "Some set-up! They kill you on the march here—and then bury you at the gates!"

On the last day of each course the Commandos organised their own speed marches and drill contests for the fun of it.

The Americans thought a lot of Athnacarry. The Rangers' commander is reported

to have said later in the war: "Whatever the Rangers have achieved is due entirely to the training we had at a place in Scotland called Athnacarry."

And as the author and a private soldier raced, doubled over, under fire towards German positions at Dieppe, the private said, "Jesus Christ, Sir, this is nearly as bad as Athnacarry."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHAT are a boy's prospects in the Army and how does the Army train him to become an efficient soldier and a useful member of society?

The answer is told in "At Ease, Private Brown," one of the series of careers books for boys (*Chatto and Windus, 8s 6d*) by Roderick Laird, a nom-de-plume hiding the identity of an officer in the Royal Army Educational Corps who has obviously studied his subject deeply and at first hand.

The hero is David Brown, product of a comprehensive school, who joins a junior leaders regiment, finds he likes the life of adventure, hard work and comradeship and decides to make the Army his career. The reader leaves him about to join an officer cadet training unit—an achievement within the reach of any enterprising lad of ambition and initiative.

This is a book every schoolboy and his mother ought to read—if only to clear up some of the misconceptions civilians have about the Army.

WHEN the Japanese invaded Burma in 1942 Jack Barnard was one of four officers who stayed behind with the Kachin Levies to blow up bridges and allow the Army to retreat unhampered into India.

Barnard, who tells his story in "The Hump" (*Souvenir Press, 21s*) did not follow the Army. After trying, unsuccessfully, to organise a resistance group among the Kachin chiefs, he and a handful of British soldiers—and a beautiful Chinese girl—joined forces with the Chinese 96th Division and escaped over the mountains into Yunnan—a terrible journey through the jungle and up the Gompa La Pass. Only slightly more than half the Chinese who set out from Burma reached their homeland.

Later, Barnard was parachuted 250 miles behind the Japanese lines in Burma and won the Military Cross for his gallantry and leadership of a band of Kachin Levies which fought the Japs for four months, passing back vital information.



"At first I thought she was nuts about me. Then I found she was just crazy about uniforms!"

Courtesy U.S. Army Times



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WESSEX BOYS WENT DOWN FIGHTING

IT was a hard-fought battle between the West and North in this year's final of the Army Band Boys and Drummer Boys Soccer Challenge Cup in the Military Stadium at Aldershot when the Yorkshire Brigade Junior Soldiers' Wing from Strensall beat the Wessex Brigade Junior Soldiers' Wing from Exeter by three goals to one.

The rain-soaked ground was ideal for good football and the Yorkshire Brigade soon showed they meant business when centre-forward Junior Bandsman G.



Heavily outnumbered by the Yorkshire defenders, the Wessex inside right, Junior-Drummer R. Bevan (No. 8) fails to connect. Junior-Bandsman A. Stoddart (No. 10) heads the ball well clear.

Left: The Yorkshire 'keeper, Jun-Drummer Garnett, wards off three Wessex forwards — (right to left) Jackson, Geddie and Bevan

Jemmeson burst through the Wessex defence and took a shot which passed just over the bar.

The Yorkshire left-wing pair—Junior Bandsmen A. C. Taylor and A. Stoddart, taking advantage of their team's fine midfield play, also worried the Wessex defence which stood up to the battering well.

The Wessex captain and left-half, Junior Lance-Corporal T. Marston, centre-half P. Jones and left-back Junior Bandsman D. Stone threw off attack after attack and as the game went on inspired their own forwards in some dangerous moves. The Wessex right-winger, Junior Bandsman C. Geddie gave the Yorkshire left-back Junior Corporal J. Dent a harassing time and often had the defence in a tangle.

But the Wessex left wing was almost blotted out by the sound tackling and intelligent passing of Yorkshire's captain and right-back, Junior Sergeant M. J. P. Marley and right-half Junior Lance-Corporal M. Warrington.

Half time came with no score, but ten minutes after the restart the Yorkshire side went ahead. A long clearance by centre-half Junior Drummer G. Leigh was chipped sideways by Stoddart to outside-right Junior Lance-Corporal B. Clarke whose cross was deflected by Jemmeson to the unmarked Taylor. Taylor made no mistake with his shot.

Two minutes later the Yorkshire Brigade were two up, Jemmeson charging through a defence caught on the wrong foot and beating the Wessex goalkeeper, Junior Bandsman G. Dyer, at close range.

Now playing with greater confidence, the Yorkshire team soon went further ahead, Stoddart's shot being deflected into an empty goal by the Wessex right-back.

But the Wessex boys never gave in and just before the end inside-left Junior Drummer K. Durston scored his side's only goal with a drive from well outside the penalty area.



"I inspected the guard dogs and found them to be alert!"

MORE SPORT OVERLEAF ▶

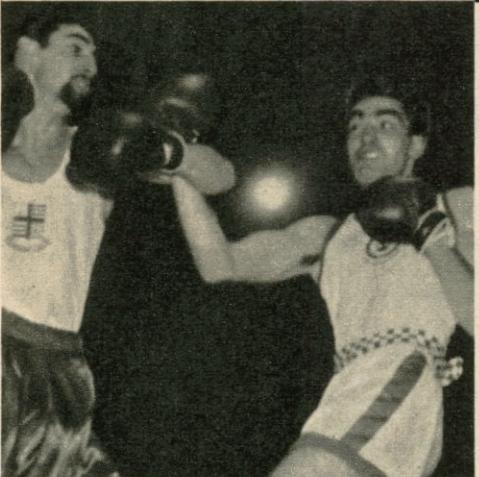
THE ARMY TAKES LONDON

BY STORM

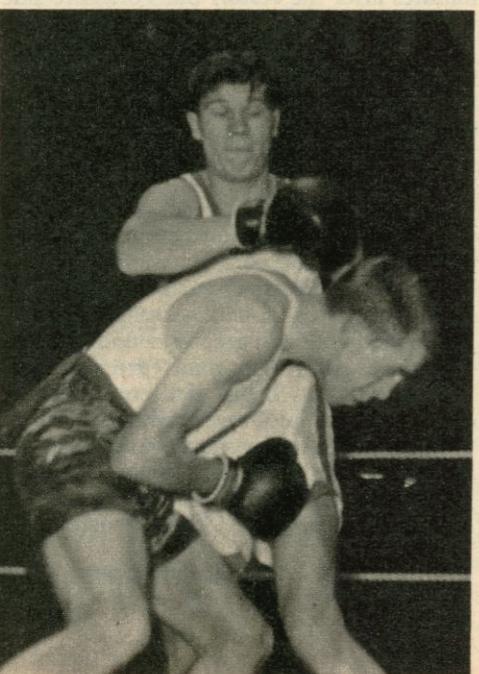
With eight internationals in its team, the Army won its annual contest against London's amateur boxers for the third successive year—this time by a bigger margin than ever before



Lance-Corporal Len Hobbs gets home with a left to Walker's chin and grimaces as a right hook grazes his face. Walker won on points.



Above: Corporal Larry O'Connell misses his bearded opponent with a right uppercut—but he went on to win decisively. Below: London's R. Pink ducks and runs slap into a hard left hand from the Army champion, Dvr Warwick.



FIFTEEN international boxers—eight of them soldiers—took part in the annual contest between the Army and London at Seymour Hall recently in which the Army scored a resounding victory by nine bouts to four.

It was the Army's third win in a row and brings the score since 1947, when the match was first held, to 7-6 in favour of London, with one match drawn.

This year it was a tough contest, each fight going the full distance, and in most cases only the barest margin separated the contestants at the end.

The Army began disappointingly when flyweight Driver Johnny Mallon, of 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps—he has boxed for England—lost to Johnny Pattullo (Fitzroy Lodge). Mallon had an off night and could never disturb the imperturbable Pattullo whose ringcraft and hard hitting sometimes left his opponent floundering.

Private Lewis Mackay, of 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, levelled the score in the next bout, soundly beating his bantamweight opponent, K. Hawkins (Napier); and Trooper Bobby Taylor, of 15/19th King's Royal Hussars, put the Army ahead by outpointing J. Mantle (Battersea) in a close-fought featherweight contest.

Rifleman John Head, 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade, increased the lead with a good win in his featherweight bout with P. Cheevers (Fitzroy Lodge), but B. Whelan (Chiswick), a former Army boxer, reduced it with a fine victory in a fast-moving lightweight fight with Corporal Brian Ackery, of The Royal Fusiliers.

The Army won the next six bouts. Driver Paul Warwick, of 20 Company, Royal

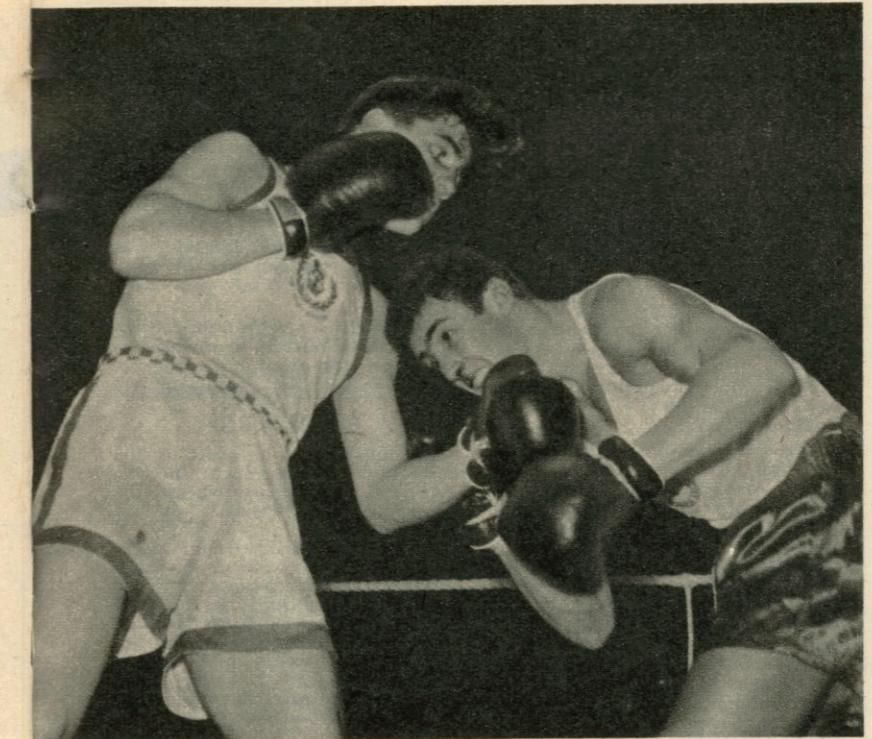
Army Service Corps, the Army lightweight champion, had no trouble disposing of R. Pink (Wandsworth) and Corporal Larry O'Connell (Royal West Kent Regiment) was always ahead in his light-welterweight fight with J. Davison (Fisher). But the Army welterweight champion, Private Jim Lloyd, of 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who won a bronze medal at the last Olympic Games, only just scraped through over Tony Lewis (St. Pancras). This was Lloyd's first contest since the Olympics and he was obviously out of form against a skilful and superbly fit opponent.

Army welterweight Rifleman Peter Morgan (3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade) was too good for E. Young (Lynn) and Driver Bill Monaghan (6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps) and Trooper J. Caiger (15/19th King's Royal Hussars) won their fights without difficulty.

The last two fights went to London. D. Pollard (Fitzroy Lodge) outpointing Private Len Pellatt (Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment) in a light-heavyweight contest, and Billy Walker (West Ham) beating the Army's heavyweight champion, Lance-Corporal Len Hobbs, Grenadier Guards.

This turned out to be one of Hobbs' toughest ever fights. He was down for a count in the first round and took considerable punishment from a very fit and aggressive opponent.

As SOLDIER went to press four of the Army's internationals, Private Lloyd, Trooper Taylor, Driver Warwick and cruiserweight champion Driver John Evans, of 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, were selected for the England team to meet West Germany.

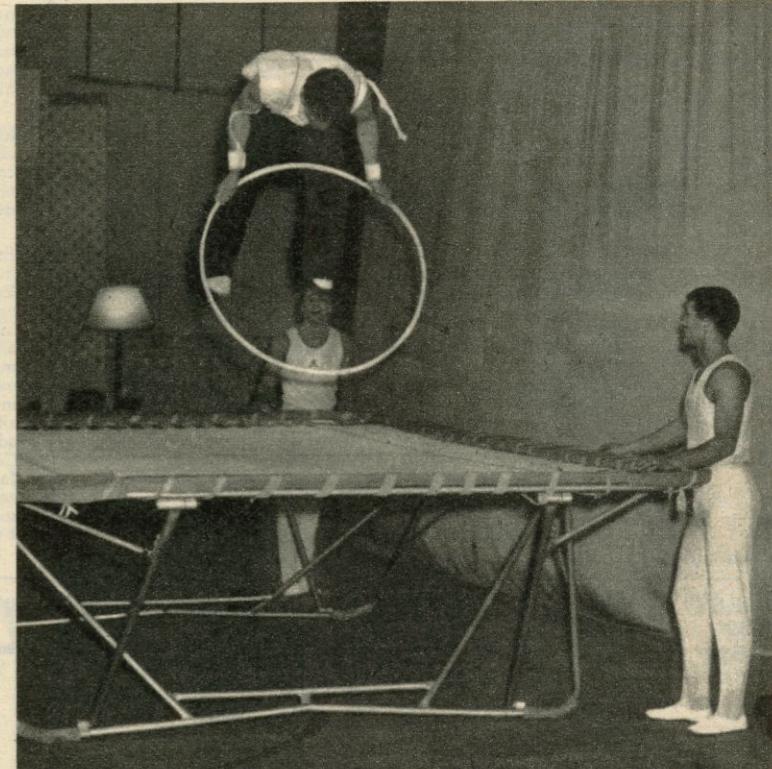


Pte Jim Lloyd, the Army welterweight champion who won a bronze medal at the Olympic Games, tries an uppercut but misses. He won on points in a gruelling contest.

..... THEN AND NOW



Left: PT Old style. This was how British soldiers (in braces) tuned up their muscles at the turn of the century.



Right: PT New style. An APTC instructor bounces up and down on a trampoline, using a hoop. Note the modern PT clothing.

ONE hundred years ago when the Army Gymnastic Staff—forerunner of the Army Physical Training Corps—was born out of the need to make men fitter for battle, soldiers spent most of their time at PT—often on the barrack square—doing deep-breathing and dumb-bell exercises and practising sword and musket drill.

Then, there was little equipment, no PT clothing (the men just took off their tunics, rolled up their sleeves and slipped off their braces) and very few competent instructors. PT was not popular with the troops.

Today, almost every barracks and camp has its own up-to-date gymnasium (sometimes equipped with a trampoline) and its own highly-qualified instructors and every soldier has his own PT kit. PT has become enjoyable and interesting and only the idle dislike it.

The story of how physical training in the Army has changed over the past century was portrayed at Aldershot recently in a "Cavalcade of PT" by instructors of the Army Physical Training Corps.

First came the "Twelve Apostles"—the 12 NCOs, com-

manded by a major, who formed the first physical training school at Aldershot—then demonstrations of the Swedish system adopted in 1906, the emphasis placed on the spirit of the bayonet and team games in World War One, the combined Swedish, Danish and British methods introduced in 1926 and the change to a more aggressive system of training (battle courses and rope climbing) in World War Two.

Finally, instructors leaping ten feet high on trampolines, turning somersaults on crossbars and over leather horses and pitting their wits, speed and strength against each other at fencing, showed how today's soldier keeps his brain and body alert and fit.

THREE UP AGAINST THE BELGIANS

THE British Army made a good start to this season's Kentish Cup soccer competition, beating the Belgian Army by three goals to nil at Stamford Bridge.

Handicapped by the absence of the Scottish international centre-forward, Private Alex Young, of the Royal Army Service Corps, the British team took a long time to warm up but just before half time went into the lead with a brilliant goal, scored by Private Byrne (Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Crystal Palace) after he had dribbled past three defenders.

Soon after the opening of the second half centre-forward Private Strong (Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Arsenal) neatly headed in a cross by outside-right Private Chris Crowe (Royal Army Service Corps and Blackburn Rovers) and, with only a few minutes to go, repeated the effort.

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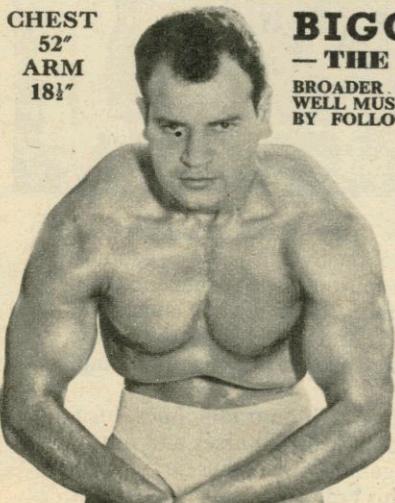
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RAINCOATS & BOOTS

The British soldier is protected in action and in foreign stations against cold, wet weather, frost-bite, wind and snow, and in hot climates clothing is modified accordingly.

But not in Britain. Yet for six months in every year, who is more in need of protective clothing than the home-based soldier?

For how much longer must troops battle against wind and rain wearing those monstrosities of flapping corners and wide open spaces called "sheets, ground?" The only alternative is a greatcoat which weighs a ton when sodden and takes days to dry out and hours to re-press.

Surely the answer is to make and issue—very quickly—a tough, light-weight waterproof coat, fitted with a belt and storm collar. It is also high time that the old metal boot soles were retired and a heavy-duty rubber sole and heel substituted.—"Warrant Officer," Carlisle.

A full-length raincoat for soldiers is now in production and issue to all other ranks will begin in the financial years 1961-63. A new heavy-duty boot with a moulded composition sole and heel has also been designed and will be available when present stocks of boots become exhausted.

LETTERS

• **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.

FUSILIERS

The question as to which is the senior Fusilier regiment (Letters, December) depends upon whether the accent is on "Fusilier" or on "Regiment."

The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers—the 5th Foot—is senior to the Royal Fusiliers, the 7th of Foot. But the latter was named "Our Royal Regiment of Fusiliers" by King James II on its formation in 1685, whereas the 5th Foot did not become Fusiliers until 1836.—Colonel C. A. L. Shipley DSO, Regimental Secretary, Royal Fusiliers, H.M. Tower of London.

GLENGARRY

Do The Highland Light Infantry wear the glengarry?—M. Oram, 13, Cane Garden, St. John's Worcester-shire.

The Highland Light Infantry and The Royal Scots Fusiliers were amalgamated in January, 1959, to become the new Royal Highland Fusiliers which wears the glengarry. The Royal Scots Fusiliers have always worn the glengarry, but immediately before amalgamation The Highland Light Infantry wore the bonnet.

Michael Foot wrote in the Sunday Express last November: "With 30,000 men Wavell attacked the Italians in Egypt, where there were 80,000 of the enemy on the border. He advanced 650 miles and took 130,000 prisoners. Then advanced in Italian East Africa, 2,000 miles away, and put 250,000 Italians out of the war. He had more victories in Syria and Iraq. Defeated in Greece and Crete, he delayed the German advance into Russia by five weeks. As Commander S.W. Pacific, he fought the Japanese on a front of 5,000 miles from east to west, and 3,000 miles north to south."—Major J. H. S. Locke (Rtd.), 1 Grosvenor Gardens, London, N.10.



Royal Highlander Fusilier's glengarry.

BALACLAVA TRUMPET

In your article "A Century of Service to Learning" (December, 1960) you published a photograph of an 11th Hussars trumpet and described it as that which "sounded the charge of the Deathless Six Hundred at Balaklava."

A picture of this trumpet was published in the "11th Hussar Journal" in April, 1911, when I was the Editor. It drew from Mr. W. H. Pennington, the well-known Shakespearean actor, who had ridden in the Charge of the Light Brigade with the 11th Hussars, an article in which he stoutly contested the statement that the Charge was sounded for the Light Brigade.

Lord Cardigan, he said, gave the orders "Walk March" and "Trot" and in the advance the pace never exceeded a trot. He quoted in support the testimony of Lord George Paget, Colonel John Douglas, Lord Tredegar, Lieutenant-General Seager and TSM Keyte, all of whom had ridden in the Charge. These and many other survivors all agreed that the Charge was not sounded by any trumpeter in the Light Brigade.

The trumpet you illustrated is that carried, but not used, by Trumpeter Keates at Balaklava. On its return from the Crimea, in 1856, the Regiment received orders to hand in all time-expired equipment and all old trumpets

were accordingly returned to store. Keates, then a trumpet-major, asked if he might have the trumpet he had carried in the Charge. The Regiment applied and the trumpet was duly returned, but the Government made them pay the value of the old metal!—Canon W. M. Lumis, MC, Fen Farm, Barnham Broom, Norwich, Norfolk.

IRELAND'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

While I was attending a funeral recently at Cornamagh Cemetery in Athlone, Northern Ireland, a friend pointed out a burial plot and said, "There lies Ireland's Unknown Soldier."

He then told me the following story. In World War One a young Athlone man named Frank Graham joined The Leinster Regiment (now disbanded). When, in 1918, he was returning to the Western Front from leave, his ship, the SS Leinster, was torpedoed in the Irish Sea with the loss of 450 men, most of them soldiers. A body, identified as that of Private Graham, was washed up on the Irish coast and buried with full military honours at Athlone.

Several months later there was consternation in Athlone when Private Frank Graham appeared in the flesh. Friends who had been to his "funeral" at first thought he was a ghost as he walked from the railway station to his home and his mother collapsed with shock. He had been rescued from the Leinster and had served with his Regiment to the end of the War.

Private Graham later served in the Irish Army and in World War Two again joined the British Army. He is now living somewhere in England.

Since being told this story I have discovered that the body buried as that of

Sir Charles Oman recorded that NCOs in the Peninsular campaign formed messes of their own. "Pride and propriety," he wrote, "kept them from sharing the carouses of the rank and file."

In 1822 the General Orders for the Army—the forerunner of King's

MURPHY AND HIS DONKEYS
The moving and little-known story of the gallantry of an Australian soldier at Gallipoli 46 years ago is told in a Christmas card which **SOLDIER** recently received from the New Zealand Command of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

On one side of the card is a photograph of the soldier holding two donkeys which are wearing a Red Cross band round their heads and on the other side the story of their exploits.

"A hero of Anzac was a stretcher-bearer of the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance," says the inscription. His real name was John Simpson

Kilpatrick, but, for some unaccountable reason, he was called 'Murphy.' "There were so many wounded to be brought to safety that 'Murphy' commandeered a pair of donkeys to help him with his task. He used to leave his animals just under the brow of a hill and dash forward into the firing line to save the wounded. Day after day he climbed the hill, smiling and cheery, but one day he did not return. The wounded cried out 'For God's sake send Murphy and his donkeys.' But he had made his last climb to the hill top. 'Where is Murphy?' asked one of the 1st Battalion. 'Murphy is at Heaven's Gate,'

answered a sergeant, "helping the soldiers through."

Private Graham has never been identified and the grave remains unmarked. Can anyone solve the mystery?—J. E. Glennon, Garden Vale, Athlone.

SERGEANTS' MESSES

Little seems to be known about the origin of sergeants' messes. Does **SOLDIER** know how and when they first came into use in the British Army?—W.O.II R. A. Margesson, Federation Military College, Port Dickson, Malaya.

The first mention of a sergeants' mess in the British Army appeared in Standard Orders for the Fortress of Gibraltar, 1803 which said: "All unmarried sergeants are to be formed into a mess by themselves and on no account to mess with the corporals, drummers or privates."

Sir Charles Oman recorded that NCOs in the Peninsular campaign formed messes of their own. "Pride and propriety," he wrote, "kept them from sharing the carouses of the rank and file."

The Cadet gun detachment was trained in 25-pounder gunnery by The

Cadet Gunners fire the Remembrance Day salute at Waltham Abbey.

—Courtesy: Herefordshire Mercury



Essex Yeomanry (TA) and also took part in live firing shoots during 1960. The average age of the cadets in the gun detachment is 15 years and, as far as we know, no other Cadet unit has performed this ceremony, which we hope to make a traditional parade each year at Waltham Abbey.

In addition to being the centenary year of the Army Cadet Force, 1960 was also the ninth centenary of Waltham Abbey.—Lieut. A. L. Attfield, 1st Essex Cadet Regiment, Waltham Abbey, Essex.

BEARDS

How did the tradition of the bearded Assault Pioneer Sergeant originate?—Sergeant D. R. Riggs, Assault Pioneer Platoon, 1st Bn, The Devon and Dorset Regt., B.F.P.O. 53.

The wearing of beards was not uncommon in the Army up to about 250 years ago but since then the practice has been virtually prohibited.

In the Crimean War Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, was empowered to allow men to grow beards if he thought it desirable and, in

August, 1920.

It was intended that clasps should be issued for the four principal Naval actions of the war—Heligoland, Falkland Islands, Dogger Bank and Jutland

—as well as for some minor actions between single ships (for instance, that for the destruction of the *Emden* by HMAS *Sydney*); fighting in certain areas; special services, such as mine-sweeping; and "action with enemy land forces."

Over 40 clasps in all were approved.

They were, however, never issued, although occasionally they may be seen worn on miniature medals.

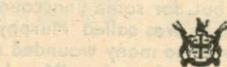
In your article on the Prince Consort Library in the same issue you state that the collection of Army Lists there dates back to 1759. My own set is complete

OVER . . .

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

Executive Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, June 1961 (Basic grade rises to £1,140); good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, October 1961. Officer of Customs and Excise, 18-22, with allowance for Forces service (Basic grade rises to over £1,300)—examinations in March 1961 and 1962; also Assistant Preventive Officer (Customs and Excise), 19-21, with allowance for Forces service—examination in February 1962. Write stating age, Forces service, etc., to:-

CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
10 STATION PARADE, BALHAM HIGH ROAD, LONDON S.W.12

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Single men, 18-25, are required for appointment as Constables in British South Africa Police (Southern Rhodesia). A varied career in a land of sunshine is open to young men, physically fit (minimum height, 5' 8"; perfect vision without glasses) and with not less than four years' secondary education, preferably to G.C.E. standard. Pay: Constables under 20, £483, over 20, £525, rising to £861. Sergeants, £890-£1,050. Inspectors, £1,100-£1,460. Chief Inspectors, £1,550-£1,650. ALL PROMOTIONS FROM THE RANKS. Free uniform, quarters, passage.

Apply: Police Recruiting Officer, Rhodesia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A CAREER IN THE FIRE SERVICE IN WARWICKSHIRE

awaits fit intelligent men leaving H.M. Forces. Progressive pay scales (commencing £11 per week) with promotion open to the highest ranks. Pension scheme, free uniform, sport, canteens. Men between ages of 19 and 30 years, height at least 5 ft. 7 ins., minimum chest measurements 36 ins. (expansion 2 ins.), perfect eyesight, should apply for details to the:

CHIEF FIRE OFFICER, WARWICK COUNTY FIRE BRIGADE
33 Kenilworth Road, Leamington Spa

VACANCIES IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

A number of male vacancies, offering good career prospects, exist for:-

RADIO OPERATORS

Write giving details of Education, Qualifications and Experience to:-

Personnel Officer, (RO/2), G.C.H.Q.
53, Clarence Street, Cheltenham, Glos.

MORE LETTERS

from 1756 and I have several of earlier date, including "Nathan Brook's" List of 1684.—Ernest J. Martin, Kenton Cottage, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

CIVVY JOBS

I have the offer of a temporary job with a civilian firm while I am on leave from my unit but am told that I must first have written authority from my commanding officer. Is this so?—*"Junior Leader," Epsom.*

★ Yes. Permission can only be given by a soldier's commanding officer provided that (a) the work does not affect his efficiency as a soldier and is not performed in official time; (b) it does not involve the use of official information or experience acquired in the course of official duties; (c) the activity does not bring the Army into disrepute; (d) uniform is not worn; (e) the pay the soldier receives is not lower than that paid to a civilian in similar employment; and (f) the soldier does not replace or receive the remuneration of a civilian who is on strike.

RANK IN CIVVY STREET

Is it correct for an ex-Army officer (male or female), Regular, temporary or Territorial Army, to use his Army rank after leaving the Service? Will you please also quote the authority?—*"Uncertain."*

★ A permanent Regular Army officer automatically retains his rank on retirement or on ceasing to belong to the Regular Army Reserve of Officers. He is entitled to use his rank, or any higher honorary rank which may have been granted to him, at all times.

An ex-Army officer other than a permanent Regular Army officer, who was granted permission to retain his rank, or was granted an honorary rank on retirement, resignation or relinquishment of commission, or on ceasing to belong to a reserve, is also entitled to use the rank granted or retained at all times. The use of such rank by a civilian is, however, "left to the conscience and sense of propriety of the individual."

ROSETTE

I recently noticed an old soldier wearing the ribbon of the Indian General Service Medal 1908/1935 with a rosette on it. I know that clasps were issued with this medal, but surely the wearing of a rosette on the ribbon is incorrect?—A. E. Turner, 43 Suffolk Road, Barking, Essex.

★ The wearing of a rosette is incorrect. In general the ribbons of all General Service Medals are reserved for the emblem, when awarded, of a mention in despatches. (See Army Order 109, 1947).

TA PAY

Is there any legislation governing the payment of Local Authority employees while they are attending Territorial Army annual camp?

As a schoolmaster I am allowed to attend camp but receive no pay for that fortnight, yet two other officers in my unit, who are also schoolmasters, are paid by their Local Authority. I am told there is a "Volunteer Act" which has a bearing on this matter.—*"Mr. Chips," Leamington.*

★ Payment to local authority employees is a matter for each separate local authority. There is no general legislation.

FULL DRESS

I have a framed colour picture of an officer of The Gordon Highlanders in full dress uniform wearing a scarlet tunic. Has the scarlet tunic for all Highland regiments been replaced and, if so, what is the equivalent worn today?—*Philip Leventhal, 530 W. 163rd Street, New York 32, N.Y., U.S.A.*

★ The scarlet tunic of full dress Highland uniform has been obsolete for many years. It was replaced by the present No. 1 dress—with a piper-green Highland doublet. The facing colour of the regiment appears in the slashes in the rear skirts of the doublet.

NOT THE MOBAT

In your article "The Battle of Jutland—1960" (December) is a picture of a weapon mounted on a Land-Rover which you call the Moba.

I say it is a 106-mm anti-tank rifle. The Land-Rover has been converted to take the anti-tank rifle, hence the anti-blast shield on the bonnet.

Having been concerned with these conversions in Aden, where they are used extensively by the Infantry, I can extend my sympathy to any REME workshop which has to do the modification itself.—*Cfn M. Clements, attached The King's Troop, RHA.*

MSM

I am told that the award of the Meritorious Service Medal is available to warrant officers, sergeants and below with more than 27 years' service. I am a private with nearly 30 years' service and would like to know how I can apply for this award.—*"Bonzo," Solihull.*

★ A soldier cannot apply for the Meritorious Service Medal which is awarded only to holders of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal who have served in a Regular unit in a rank not below that of war substantive sergeant. A limited number of annuities goes with the award, but recipients have to await vacancies caused by the deaths of former holders.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Lines on second fish at top left. 2. Rivet below navigator's window. 3. Position of fish above notice board. 4. Lower fin of lowest fish. 5. Bottom right point of starfish. 6. Letter "G" in "High". 7. Mouth of left navigator. 8. Shape of large rock on right. 9. Lines on rock far left. 10. Lower stem of plant behind notice board.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

The winners of SOLDIER's "What Do You Know About Love?" competition (November, 1960) were:

1. Mrs. E. M. Fox, Burley Bank Avenue, Penny Pot Lane, Harrogate. 2. Mrs. Joan Threlfall, c/o S/Sgt R. Threlfall, 45 Field Park Sqn, RE, BFPO 32. 3. Pte S. Weston, B Coy, 625 Ord. Depot, BFPO 53. 4. Pte G. McGregor, WRAC, Kingston Gate Camp, Richmond Park. 5. Bdr G. Farrugia, 1 LAA Regt, RMA LAD, Tigne, Malta. 6. Capt. L. M. Croton, 242a Wickham Road, Shirley, Croydon.

The correct solution was: 1. Lord Kitchener. 2. Hawaii. 3. Roman. 4. Paris for Helen. 5. Ancient Rome. 6. Venus. 7. 1833. 8. Tomato. 9. Rose. 10. Eros. 11. Having only one wife. 12. Love-in-idleness. 13. Greece.

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ll drivers are rated on their merits—the "good" should not pay for the "bad"! The **BRANDARIS** scale their rating according to claims experience and, whilst no Serviceman is refused cover, they do offer lower rates to those over 25 years of age, driving with a full Licence and owning the smaller family-type car. The younger sports car enthusiast with limited driving experience must pay rather more; that's reasonable, isn't it?

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ot all Companies can provide prompt Claims Service anywhere in Europe. The **BRANDARIS** are licensed in U.K. and nearly every country, and where they are not, they have good Agents. They can pay in any currency and you get your car back on the road without unnecessary delay. If the car should be a write-off, you are paid out as soon as the reports are in. The unfortunate Third Party?—no need to worry, he will be treated promptly and fairly.

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o you qualify for a Bonus for safe driving? The **BRANDARIS** grant annual No Claim Bonuses, now starting at 15% and increasing every year.

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re you leaving your overseas station on a home posting or returning to civilian life in England? You will be interested in the special **BRANDARIS** "split" annual Policy, which is rated in respect of your stay overseas and the remainder is based on U.K. District rates. So convenient, and look what you save! Certificates of Insurance are issued where you are, if possible, or arrangements made for you with our London Office.

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al Service is offered by all **BRANDARIS** Offices and Agents. Cover Notes are issued on the spot, rates agreed and firmly adhered to, Policies issued within four weeks at the latest and—**MOST IMPORTANT**—

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nternational Green Insurance Cards are issued, free of charge, with every **BRANDARIS** Cover Note, for the entire duration of your Policy. This means only one application for car registration and you are covered anywhere in Europe (except "iron-curtain" countries).

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pace is too short here to explain all the advantages of a **BRANDARIS** Policy; why not write and let us quote and advise you generally, whether you are staying in Germany, other overseas station, or taking your car home with you? The **BRANDARIS** Offices in Germany, Jersey and England are under British management; we all understand the Serviceman's problems.

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