# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1956

NINEPENCE

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# STERLING

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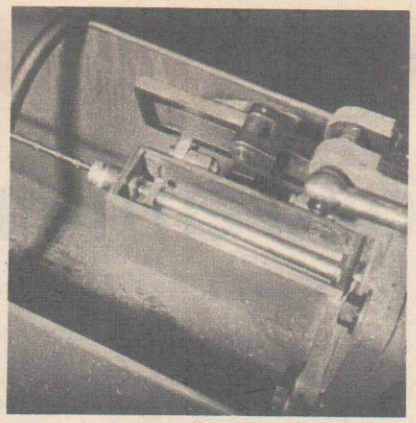
**6. THE BARREL**



The barrel is machined from a forging in a close-specification material of the EN9 type. It has a finished length of 7.593 in. and a mean external diameter of 0.641 in. The bore is 0.350/0.347 in. diameter and has a 6-land rifling with a right hand lead of 9.843 in. Over the bottoms of the grooves the full diameter is 0.359/0.356 inches. An interesting feature is that the bore is rifled in one pass, by pull broaching. This is done using a 20 button-type broach coupled to a helical draw bar which is hydraulically operated. During the cutting stroke the work is enclosed in a box and submerged in coolant at a pressure of 50 lbs. per sq. in. and broached at 6 ft. per minute.

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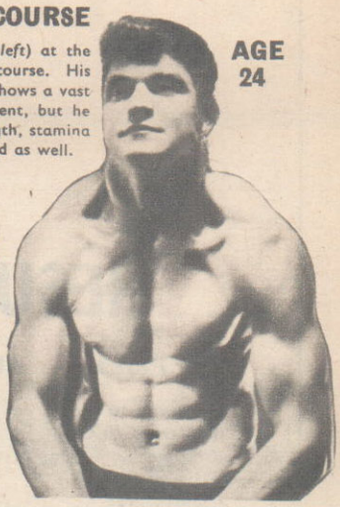
# A PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION

—said an eminent Doctor on seeing the results achieved by Walter Redhead after a postal course in MAXALDING.

## A SIX MONTHS' COURSE

Pupil Redhead is shown (*left*) at the start of a six months' course. His latest photograph (*right*) shows a vast improvement in development, but he reports big gains in strength, stamina and speed as well.



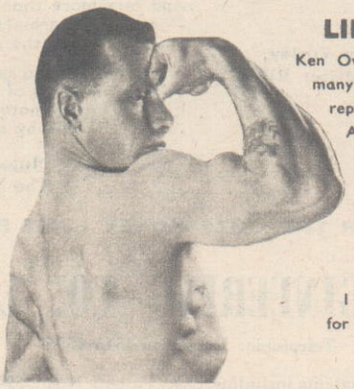
**AGE 24**

**1956**

Since starting Maxalding Walter Redhead has gained awards for strength, physical excellence and Muscle Control, including an award for possessing Britain's Best Abdominal Development.

## TRAINING UNDER CANVAS

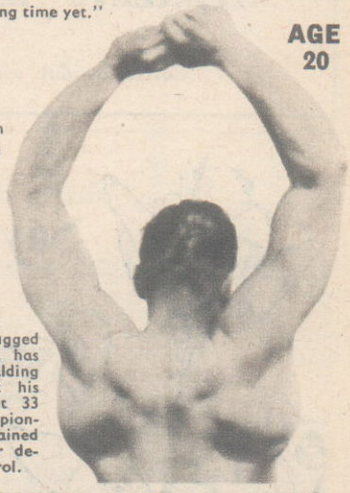
Many of our best post-war successes have been in the cases of young soldiers who have used Maxalding under the varied conditions of service life. Pupil Walter Redhead has trained at camps under canvas.



## LIFE'S AMBITION REALIZED

Ken Owers, age 33 (*left*) took up Maxalding after many years of ordinary P.T. and weight-lifting. He reports:—"1956. Results have been remarkable. As an ex-weight-lifter I would not have believed that one could get so much stronger without weights, unless I had actually done it. All my career I have aimed at 15-inch arms, but could never seem to attain this measurement, even on specialization with weights. Now my upper arms have reached this measurement. I am confident that improvements will continue for a long time yet."

**AGE 20**

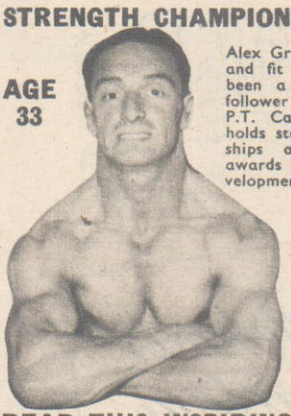


## CHEST NOW 49½ INCHES

W. Morris, age 20 (*right*) has an ambition to reach the coveted 50-inch chest measurement. Increasing steadily month by month he is within half an inch of his target. The outdoor snapshot showing Pupil Morris performing a back control, was taken a few weeks after starting Maxalding. (Other measurements include 16½-inch arms, 25-inch thighs and 17-inch calves).

## STRENGTH CHAMPION AT 33

**AGE 33**



Alex Grant (*left*), rugged and fit club leader, has been a keen Maxalding follower throughout his P.T. Career and at 33 holds strength championships and has gained awards for muscular development and control.

## PERSONAL—POSTAL COURSES

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OUR FEES ARE THE LOWEST IN THE WORLD FOR GENUINE PERSONAL INSTRUCTION OF THIS KIND.

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THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

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

The imposing array of test slopes: Gradients range from one in four to one in 1.73.

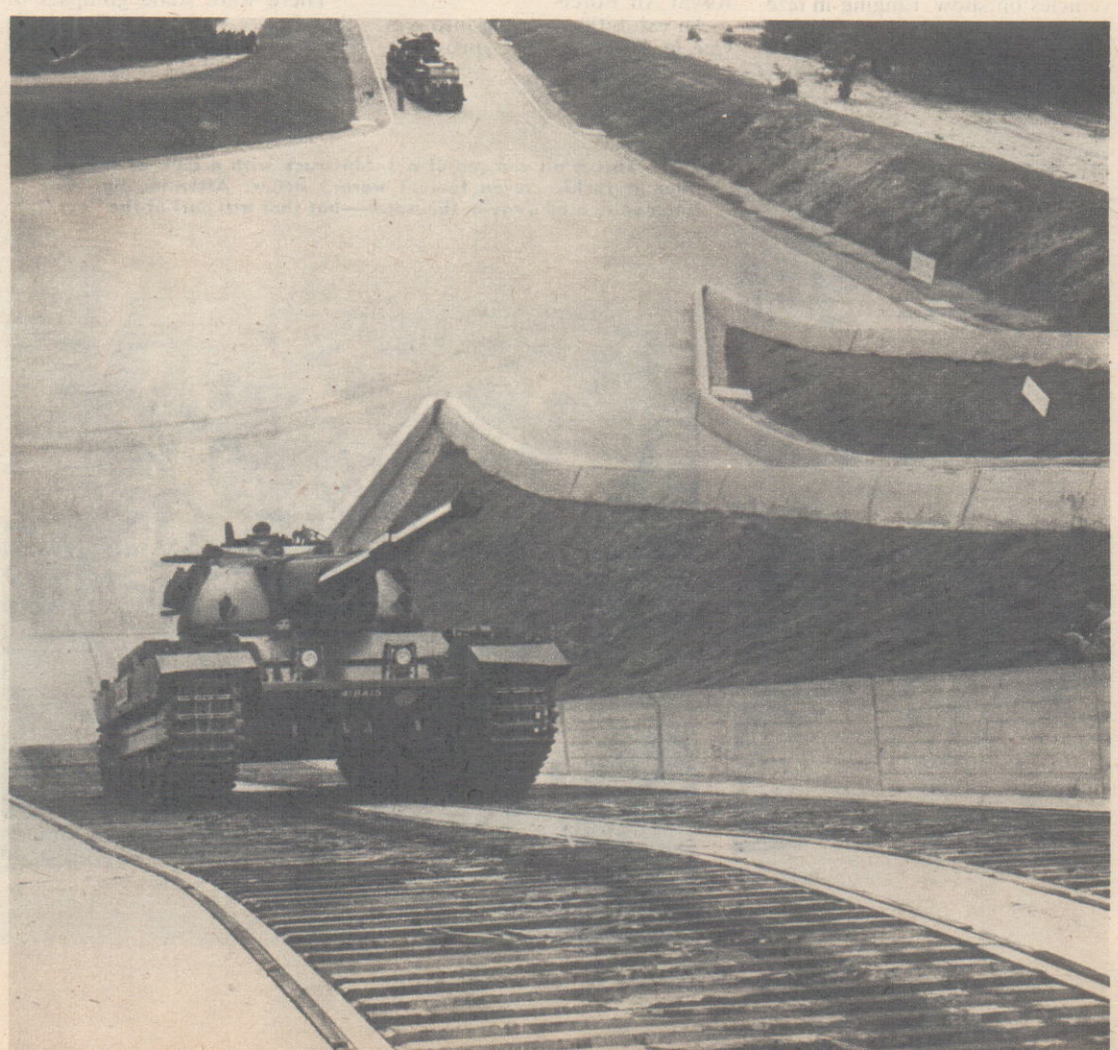
# MILITARY RALLY

## At Chobham, birthplace of the Centurion and Conqueror, are also devised new armoured cars and caravans, motor-cycles and guided missile transporters for the Army

*Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL*

**IN a corner of Chobham Common, in Surrey, is a wired-off area sign-posted "FVRDE."**

Any visitor who asks what that may be is liable to be told, "That's the Chobham treacle-mine." The joke dates back to when Queen Victoria visited Chobham Common to review the troops back from the Crimea. The soldiers had too much black treacle in their rations, so when they broke camp they buried the surplus. In time it fermented, burst its containers and seeped out of the ground. A passing villager sampled the sticky mess and dashed off to tell his neighbours he had found a treacle-mine on the Common.



**A Conqueror climbs the one-in-two test slope.**

**OVER...**

# MILITARY RALLY

*continued*

**The Saladin, the new six-wheel armoured car, tackles cratered cobbles at speed.**

In fact, the initials stand for Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment. This is a Ministry of Supply organisation which was the birthplace of the Centurion and Conqueror tanks. Here, too, are tested commercial vehicles which may be of use to the Services.

Although most of the Establishment's staff are civilians, there are also about 350 soldiers whose work is to try out vehicles in Service conditions. The Establishment has its skilled test drivers, but the important thing about a military vehicle's performance is what the average Regular or National Service crew can make it do. So both Regulars and National Servicemen are attached to the Establishment to give inexpert guidance on this subject. At the same time, the soldiers can give knowledgeable advice on what the Army wants from the vehicles, not only in performance but in such matters as ease of maintenance.

The Establishment recently showed off some of its products to British and overseas visitors. Commercial firms are concerned in the development and manufacture of many military vehicles, and they feel that some could be useful for civil work. So, locking away its most jealously-guarded secrets, the Establishment threw itself open to guests of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and set itself to helping the export drive.

There were something like 100 vehicles on show, ranging in size from the cumbrous Mighty Antar, which will carry a Conqueror, to the 500 cc motor-cycle which is now in use in all three British Services and in the Canadian Army. Among them were vehicles few soldiers have seen.

One was the Saladin, a six-wheel-drive armoured car developed from the Saracen troop carrier. It has a 76-millimetre quick-firing gun and two .03 machine-guns. Another development of the Saracen was a six-wheel fire crash tender for the Royal Air Force.

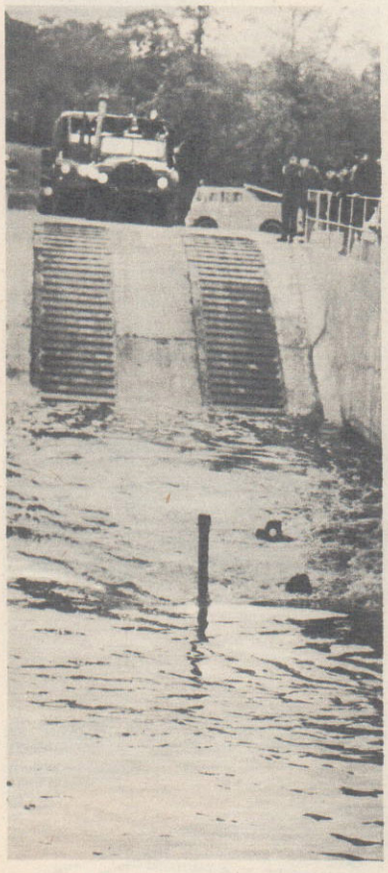
An exhibit now going into service in Malaya and Cyprus was the four-wheeled-drive armoured one-ton truck. Also in operation is the servicing trailer which carries a battery of hoses through which lubricants can be forced under pressure. With its aid, a Centurion can be serviced in half an hour; when hand-operated grease-guns are used, this work takes four or five hours. The trailer also carries a vehicle-washing machine and a folding water-tank to supply it.

There were some glimpses of the future. A guided missile transporter (loaded with wooden "mock-ups") was one. It is a trailer designed to run behind a ten-ton six-wheel-drive tractor. Other novelties were mobile water-chilling and air-conditioning plants for cooling electronic and other equipment in the field. There was also a half-ton trailer with experimental independent rubber torsion suspension on each wheel. It is designed to run smoothly over bad surfaces, so that the towing vehicle will not have to slow down because of the trailer's bumping.

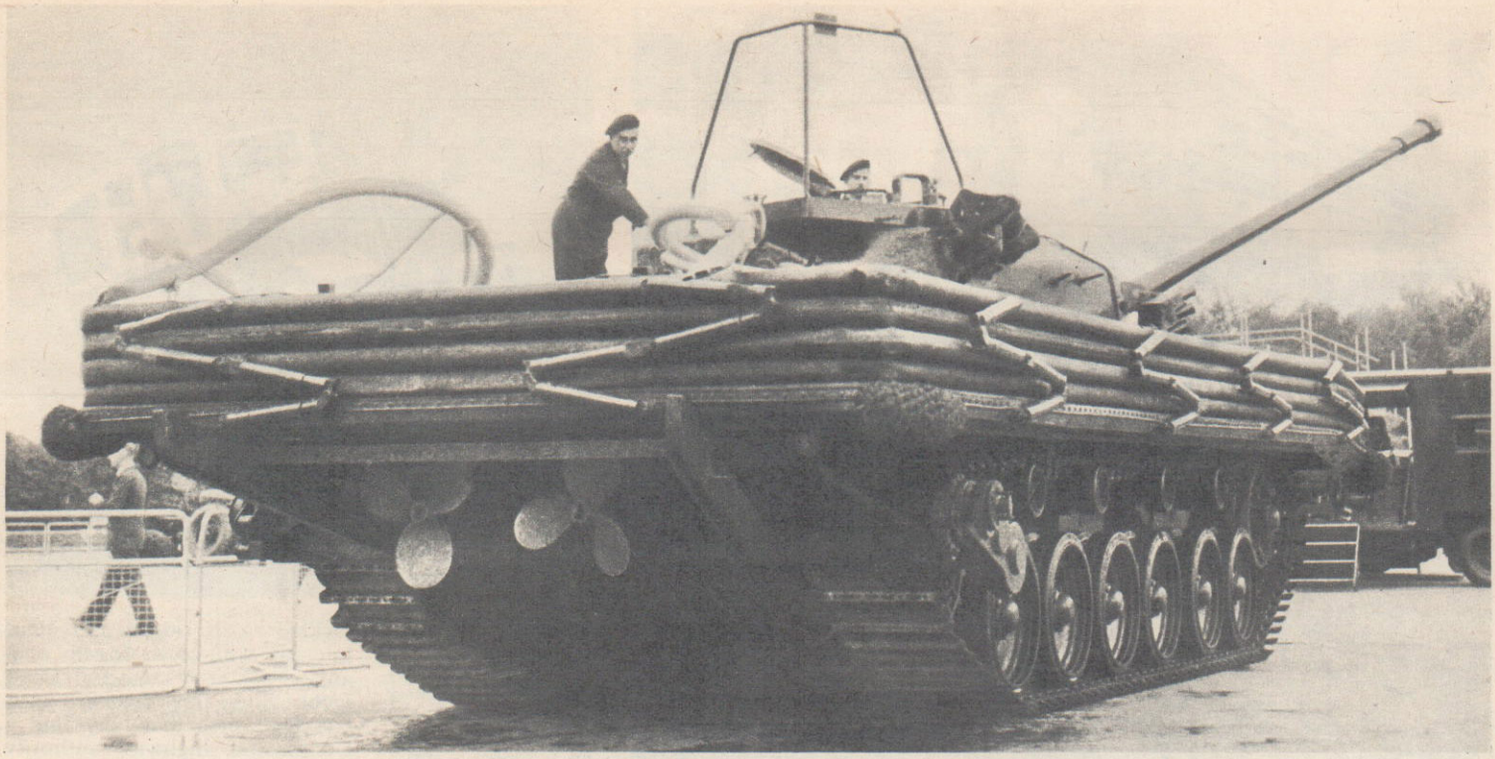
Senior commanders of the future will not, like those of World War Two, have to capture their caravans. The Establishment has produced a caravan for them, with both sleeping and office accommodation. Nor will "private armies" have to modify their own vehicles. On view was a Special Air Services Landrover already bristling with weapons.

Indoors, there was an engineering exhibition where terms like power-assisted steering, fluid couplings, semi-automatic transmission and petrol-injection were being bandied about. A vast board showing the electrical lay-out of a modern heavy-gun tank stood beside one a third or a quarter its size illustrating the lay-out of a World War Two tank, to demonstrate why the generator capacity has increased from 800 to 15,000 watts. There were gadgets which the Establishment uses for its own work, like the one which can vibrate a ten-ton tractor as many times a minute as the operator wishes. There were gadgets like the justly-celebrated Chobham joint, proudly claimed by its demonstrator to be the most up-to-date and efficient universal joint. It was invented in the Establishment.

There was also the gadget which ejects the cartridge-case



**Left: This is all you see of a ¼-ton truck with a crew of frogmen when it tackles seven feet of water. Below: After its dip. One frogman floated away in the water—but that was part of the "act."**



**The amphibious Centurion with the screen dropped. The propellers can be folded out of the way**

from a Conqueror each time the gun fires, before the fumes can foul the interior of the tank.

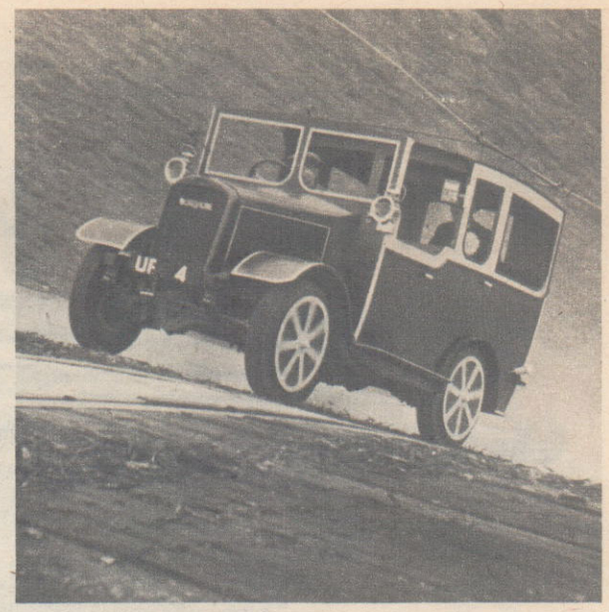
"After we thought it up," said the demonstrator, "they said, 'Make it lighter. Use fibreglass there.' So bang went our strength here." And he patted one part of the gadget. "Then they said, 'We must be able to get the driver out if he is wounded. Make this removable.' So bang went our strength here." And he patted another part. "There are so many electrical things on a tank that we have to work the whole thing from this," and he tapped an electric motor about the size of those which drive sewing machines. Then he hurled three great cartridge cases into the machine, and they duly clanged up a column, through a tunnel, out of a door and into a waiting basket. He invited SOLDIER to hurl them in again. "Wonderful tank, the Conqueror," he said. "Nothing to beat it in the world."

Over at the wading tank, some of the vehicles were showing what they could do in about seven feet of water. A Centurion, equipped with two propellers and a canvas screen like a war-time DD tank, glided across like a cruiser, towing a rubber duck. As it climbed out of the water, there was a phizz of compressed air and the screen collapsed, then the propellers folded away.

A "truck ¼-ton 4×4," better

**OVER . . .**

**Right: The Ferret floats, but it needs this screen to keep the water out of the top. Below: A door is opened and water pours from a ten-ton, six-wheel medium artillery tractor after it has passed through seven feet of water in the wading tank.**


**Above, left: A peep into the future is this semi-trailer designed to carry guided missiles—represented by wooden "mock-ups."**

**Right: An official joke. This "taxi" carried a passenger nimbly up the one in 1.73 test slope.**

**The new one-ton armoured truck, now in service in Malaya and Cyprus. It has four-wheel drive and five-speed gear-box.**

## MILITARY RALLY *continued*

known as a Champ, bearing four men in frogmen suits, disappeared under water completely except for its "snort" tube. A Saracen and a Ferret showed that, with a little preparation (and a small screen in the case of the Ferret) they could float. They could also be propelled by the ordinary turning of their driving wheels. Just why they could move like this was not explained, but one officer offered the theory that as the water is denser at the bottom of the tyre, the forward push there would be greater than the backward push at the top. Screening by mudguards or parts of the body at the top could also have something to do with it. The front wheels serve as rudders.

Other vehicles showed their capabilities on the Establishment's four test slopes. The mildest of these has a gradient of one in four, equal to the worst short stretch of Porlock Hill, Britain's notorious road climb. A Conqueror merrily took its 65 tons up the one-in-two slope and a Centurion tackled the steepest of them all, which was one in 1.73. To judge by the sounds of their engines, both tanks still had something left under the throttle.

On the suspension courses tanks chugged over loose granite blocks, and wheeled vehicles tackled roads ridged at regular intervals with concrete setts one-and-a-half and two-and-a-half inches high, then returned over cobbles worse than anything a Continental highway authority can show. They did so at high speeds, and though the drivers seemed to be working hard at the steering wheels, the vehicles themselves did not appear to be feeling the strain. "It would be quite possible to take a pencil and paper and write in there," said a loudspeaker as a Saladin flew over the cratered *pavé* with all six wheels bouncing independently.

Just to show how suspension has improved, a one-ton combat truck and a World War Two fifteen-hundredweight went over the concrete setts together. The new vehicle bore ahead at a steady 40 miles an hour or thereabouts; the old one lost ground and the driver was obviously having difficulty in keeping a straight course.

Meanwhile, round and round the two-mile test track, with its banked turns, went a variety of tanks, armoured cars, buses, ambulances, lorries, tank-transporters and fire-engines. If Chobham has many days like that, what it needs is not a treacle-mine but an oil-well.

**RICHARD ELLEY**

A NEW fuel tanker which carries 2500 gallons of petrol—enough to enable 25 fully-loaded three-ton lorries to drive from Land's End to John o' Groats—is now in service with the Army. In an emergency it can tow a 1000-gallon trailer. A built-in pump, driven by the vehicle's diesel engine, can load and discharge petrol at 100 gallons a minute.

This new ten-ton tanker, which can operate over fairly rough country if required, will partly replace the present three-ton, 800-gallon fuel truck in the RASC fuel-carrying companies. The first unit to receive it was 59 Petrol Transport Company RASC at Sedgefield, Durham.

**Rhine Army's new Commander-in-Chief signed on for "seven-and-five" and served for two years in the ranks**

# THE GENERAL WAS A SPRINT CHAMPION

**BUT for an outbreak of "automation" 31 years ago, Rhine Army and Northern Army Group might not be getting Lieutenant-General Sir Dudley Ward as their new commander in January.**

In 1925, Alfred Dudley Ward, from Wimborne, Dorset, was on the staff of the Eastern Telegraph Company in Gibraltar. It was about 100 strong, but new automatic devices were being introduced and it was obvious that the staff would soon be reduced. (In fact, two or three years later it was down to between 20 and 30.)

In two years on the Rock, young Ward had made friends with a good many soldiers, so he decided to resign and make the Army his career. His aim: "A commission in the Dorsetshire Regiment, my own county regiment."

He enlisted on a "seven-and-five" engagement with the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment. In those days, 15 non-commissioned officers were picked each half-year to go to Sandhurst. In just under two years, Corporal Ward was chosen.

"The shortest possible time between enlisting and going to Sandhurst was eighteen months," says General Ward. "I was lucky to do it in two years."

Looking back, General Ward does not consider that service in the ranks is necessary in the training of an officer.

"For a chap of the right quality," he says, "service in the ranks makes no difference one way or the other. As an officer I was never conscious of having a particular bulge over anybody else."

**Lieutenant-General Sir Dudley Ward led a division at Cassino. He was awarded Russia's Order of Sŭvorov and is a Commander of the American Legion of Merit.**

His commission to the Dorset Regiment came in 1929, but meanwhile Gentleman Cadet Ward had been making his mark in athletics and representing Kent as a sprinter. In the year he was commissioned, Second-Lieutenant Ward won the Army championships over 100 and 220 yards. Since then he has played almost every outdoor game.

He was soon serving in India, and in 1937 on promotion to captain transferred to the King's Regiment (Liverpool). He was a student at the Staff College in Quetta when Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, then a colonel, was chief instructor.

General Ward began World War Two as a captain on the Staff. By 1942 he was a brigadier. In 1944 he won the Distinguished Service Order while commanding 17 Infantry Brigade in Italy. In the spring of 1944 he took command of 4th Infantry Division and led it in the last and successful assault on Cassino. After fighting to the end of the Italian campaign he went to Greece, to help restore order when Communist partisans attempted to take control. Cassino and Greece he considers two of the high spots of his military career.

General Ward's 4th Division, with its quadrant flash, has recently been re-formed in Germany, where it will come under his command.

After World War Two the General was a student at the Imperial Defence College, when Field-Marshal Sir William Slim was Commandant, and was later Director of Military Operations and Commandant of the Staff College. In 1951, a lieutenant-general at 47, he went to Germany to take command of the re-formed 1st Corps. In the appointment he is about to leave, as Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff (and Fifth Military Member of the Army Council), he has been responsible for organisation, training and weapons development and has been in close touch with the experiments General Sir Richard Gale has been making in Rhine Army with new organisations for divisions.

Unlike General Gale, General Ward is of no more than medium height. He is quiet and, off-duty, shy in manner, with no nickname to gladden the popular newspapers. He does not air pet theories, but when pressed says he is a great believer in teamwork.

"In the complications of modern times," he told SOLDIER, "if things are to be done well they cannot be done wholly by individual effort. They have to be done by strong and wise direction of a good team in which everybody plays his full part. I think team-work is best inculcated by giving everybody full responsibility in his own sphere, by not over-centralising, by seeing that everyone has got his weight on the rope."

General Ward's favourite recreation is sailing in his three-and-a-half ton auxiliary sloop, a hobby which caused some alarm and despondency in the War Office at the time of the great gale last July, when the craft was reported missing in the Thames Estuary with General and Lady Ward aboard.

When General Ward commanded 1st Corps, Lady Ward was chairman of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association in Germany. She is Warden of the Army Guild of St. Helena.

## THE SPORTING GENERALS

**WAS Sir Winston Churchill wrong when, in World War Two, he expressed the view that officers with high athletic qualifications were not usually successful in the higher ranks?**

Besides Lieutenant-General Sir Dudley Ward, many other outstanding generals were outstanding sportsmen in their younger days.

Field-Marshal Lord Alexander was Irish amateur mile champion in 1914. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Gerald Templer, was an Army hurdler in 1924. Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Browning, of Airborne fame, was a 120-yards hurdler for England in 1925. Major-General M. M. A. R. West, Director of the Territorial Army, ran for the Army in the 4× 440 yards relay in 1928. In the Olympic Games of 1924 the future Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks, war-time commander of 30 Corps, represented Britain in the Pentathlon.

Many embryo generals were good rugby players and at least four were internationals. Major-General D. A. Kendrew, a four-fold DSO, who was recently appointed to command Cyprus District, played for England ten times and Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs, present Commandant of Sandhurst, four times. The Chaplain-General, Canon V. Pike, was capped 13 times for Ireland. Lieutenant-General Sir Ronald Scobie, GOC in Greece from 1944-46, played for Scotland in 1914.

A war-time commander of 6 Armoured Division, Lieutenant-General Sir Horatius Murray, now at Scottish Command, was the Army's goalkeeper and soccer captain in 1925-26.

General Sir Ouvry Roberts, Quartermaster-General from 1952-55, was a brilliant hockey player, capped seven times for Wales between 1924-31.

There were few better welter-weight boxers than Lieutenant-General Sir Giffard le Q. Martel who commanded the Royal Armoured Corps in 1940. As a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers he won the Army officers' titles in 1912 and 1914 and, as a major in 1921 and 1922, won the inter-Services titles. In World War One he was ready to take on any soldier in his battalion just for the fun of boxing and to keep fit.

A champion Army swimmer of the 1920s also became a general. He is Major-General E. G. Brown, now Director of the Motor Transport Organisation, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

# THE OLD COMRADES

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

**They are the elders of the regiment and they help to nourish its pride. They also lend a hand to the sick and the out-of-luck**

**YOU see them on a regimental day, bemedalled civilians holding their heads high and marching with "bags of swank." Each of them has a little badge in his lapel—the badge of the Old Comrades' Association.**

You see them at reunions, beer mugs in hands. You see them "showing the flag" at local pageants. You see them disembarking at the Hook of Holland on their way to visit the regiment in Germany. You see them, standing awkwardly with bunches of flowers, waiting for hospital wards to open. You see them, bare-headed, at the graves-sides of their comrades.

The regiment is a family and the old comrades are its elders. They are jealous of its traditions and they help to nourish its spirit. Some of them try to find likely recruits for it.

Helping the sick and the out-of-luck is one of their most important functions. Much selfless work goes on in committee rooms where members meet weekly to consider applications for help. Those who have struck a bad patch may be given financial grants; so may widows and orphans. Jobs are found for those out of work and for soldiers about to leave the regiment.

An excellent glimpse of the varied human problems which come the way of an old comrades' local representative was given in a recent lively article in *The Oak Tree*, the magazine of the Cheshire Regiment. Over a period of ten days this representative's diary included the following: finding a job for a man who wanted work and arguing with another who preferred "to see his doctor and go on National Health;" interviewing a man who had quarrelled with his wife and wanted a bed for the night (he was referred to the police station); pleading for a supply of coal for a fireless pensioner; calling on a sick man said to require assistance in making his will; sending out cards for a funeral—and then attending it; persuading a landlord to carry out repairs in a sick man's crumbling house; and helping the police to check up on anonymous phone calls.

Of one applicant for assistance, this representative writes:

"He has a hard-up story to tell. Assistance Board reduced his allowance. Can he get anything from the Regiment? Has he ever been a member of the Association? No, he never thought he would require anything from them. I remind him that many of us have been paying to the Association since 1913 and are hoping that we will never have to seek assistance . . ."

An obvious moral there.

In the main, old comrades' associations are a twentieth-century growth, many of them being formed after the South African War. There was an early move in this direction, however, by the Coldstream Guards, who in 1797 set up a non-commissioned officers' fund to provide pensions and a grant to widows and children of soldiers. A sergeant contributed fourpence and a corporal twopence a week. When subscriptions failed to meet the pensions demands, in 1824, the scheme had to be abandoned. Similarly, the Royal Horse Guards formed a Troopers' Regimental Fund in 1804. Each man contributed a shilling a month, but this scheme, too, had to be abandoned.

Easily the largest of all old comrades' organisations is the Royal Artillery Association, which has more than 100,000 members in 600 branches throughout the world. Since World War Two more than £500,000 has been distributed to members, widows and children.

The Association has its own employment bureau and a corps of more than 1000 men in uniform who are employed by London business houses as caretakers, doormen and messengers. They also do duty at London football matches, ice rinks, racecourses and military tattoos. All members of the Association, who pay only three shillings annual subscription, are insured against accidents for amounts up to £500.

One of the largest of the Infantry old comrades' associations, that of the Green Howards, has 6000 members. Two years ago 30 members went to Rhine Army to spend a week with the 1st Battalion. Last year the Association gave £2572 to 256 persons in need, making a total paid out since 1945 of £23,534.

The Sherwood Foresters Association has 20 branches all over Britain and contributes to the upkeep of the Lord Kitchener Holiday Home at Lowestoft, where each year 12 ex-Foresters spend a week's holiday. Four families of ex-Foresters are housed free in cottages in Derby. The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire) has a similar housing scheme at Preston.

The Cameronians Association grants a monthly pension of £1 5*s* to old-age pensioners who served in the Regiment, or to their widows. The Worcestershire Regiments' Association, which embodies all the regiments belonging to or raised in that county, runs an officially recognised employment agency.

Last year the Combined Cavalry Benevolent Association, which controls 16 old comrades' associations, answered more than

**If it's medals you're looking for, you'll find them at an old comrades' parade—like this one in Hyde Park, London.**

**It's the Grenadier Guards' tercentenary parade at Windsor Castle—and there, in the foreground, are the members of the comrades' association. Note the prevalence of bowler hats. Right: The Duke of Edinburgh pauses for a chat with one of the Wiltshire Regiment's old comrades.**

800 applications for help, ranging from the loan of £2000 to buy a business to £5 to pay off debts.

An unusual old comrades' association is that of 5th Infantry Division. During the final stages of the campaign in Italy, in 1944, the Division set up a welfare fund, every member donating a day's pay, which in a few weeks swelled to £24,000. This sum is still being used to help former members. It has provided scholarships to public schools, endowed hospital beds and made grants to Army charities. One private soldier was given £100 to help him set up a fruit stall. Another received £150 to assist him in buying a fish and chips shop and a corporal was given a similar amount to start a garage. Former Sappers about to take craftsmen's jobs have been given tools, and ex-batmen entering the hotel trade provided with suits. One officer who had only six months to live was given £500 to help him buy security for his family. The committee rarely ignores an appeal but one it rejected came from an individual who claimed to know where the Scottish Crown jewels were hidden. He offered the Association a half share in the proceeds if it would advance £1000 to finance his search.

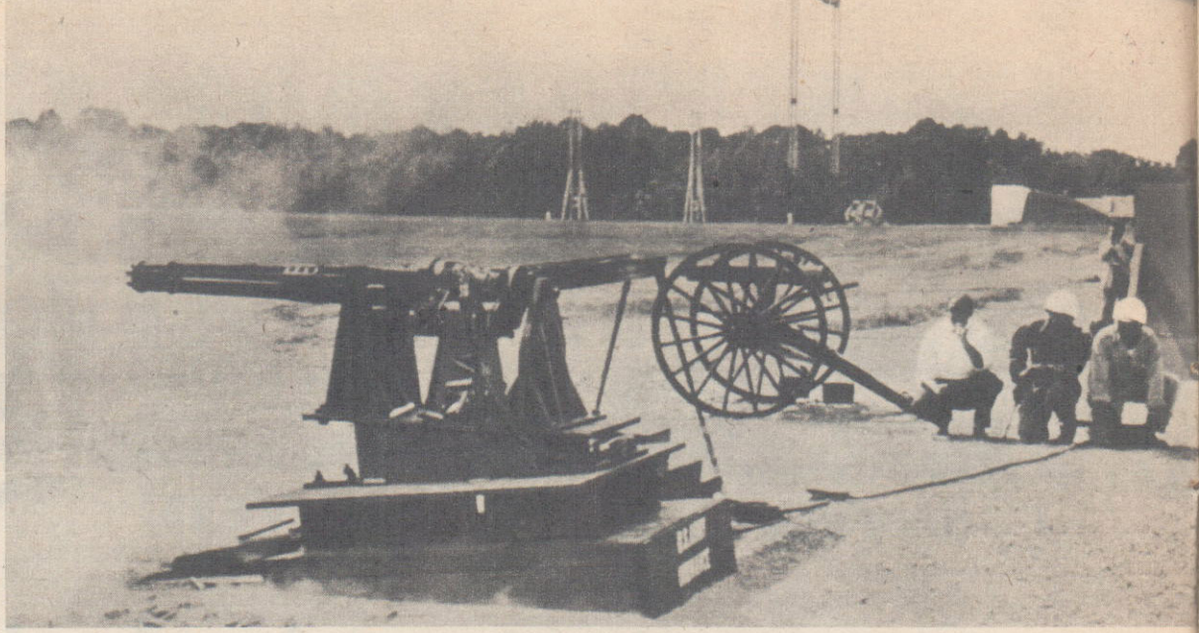
Old comrades' associations may live on long after the units on which they were based have ceased to exist. Thus, many veterans of the Irish regiments disbanded in 1922 still meet regularly. So do men who served in such long-outmoded units as Cyclists' Battalions.

The 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards once had two old comrades' associations at the same time. In 1922 when the 5th Dragoon Guards and the 6th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards became amalgamated under the title 5th/6th Dragoons, the two old comrades' associations refused to merge. Each jealously preserved its own identity, held its separate re-unions and ran its own benevolent schemes. Not until 1929, two years after the Regiment was re-named the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, did they agree to unite.

A number of old comrades' associations have been formed, not from men of a specific unit, but from those who survived some outstanding battle. The once-flourishing Defenders of Ladysmith Association, 3000-strong in 1900, can now claim only 200 members, most of them in their 80's. The Old Contemptibles Association, formed from those who fought at Mons in 1914, now musters only 11,000 members, the youngest of them in their early sixties.

This year their march through London was attended by ex-Sergeant-Major John Holmes, aged 75, from California, a veteran who has crossed the Atlantic specially to attend 15 of these annual parades. The oldest member on parade was believed to be 91-year-old Mr. Lewis Richardson of Portsmouth. He had accompanied the British Army into Egypt in 1882—and lived to see the year when it marched out.

* *See also the review of the British Legion's newly published history on page 26.*



Above: A revolving gun of 1790 —was this where Gatling got his idea? Right: The 9000-rounds-a-minute modern version seen on an American proving-ground — with an old Gatling gun in the background.

# THE GATLING GROWS UP

***A machine-gun invented nearly 100 years ago inspires a new cannon for supersonic aircraft***

**DOCTOR Richard J. Gatling started more than he could guess when he produced his first machine-gun during the American Civil War.**

Developing the principles he patented in 1862, American engineers have produced a machine-cannon with a rate of fire reputed to be more than 9000 rounds a minute. It has six barrels, uses 20-millimetre ammunition and has been designed for mounting in supersonic aircraft.

It is a long way from the Gatling gun first produced for the Federal troops and later used by British soldiers in minor campaigns. Dr. Gatling's gun consisted of several barrels, usually ten, mounted round a central axis and rotated by a hand-crank. As each barrel came to the top of its circular movement, a cartridge was fed in from a trough by gravity. The barrel moved on to the right and the breech closed. At the bottom of the circle, the round was fired and the empty case was extracted as the barrel rose on the left.

The first models achieved 250 rounds a minute, but this rate of fire was gradually stepped up until, after 20 years, there were Gatlings driven and fired by electricity which pumped out 3000 rounds a minute.

The Gatling, however, had its drawbacks. Its many barrels and their water-cooling system made it heavy. It was not very accurate, particularly in the hand-cranked version which wobbled as the crank was turned.

Once, at Gibraltar, when 18 soldiers with rifles competed against 18 sailors manning a Gatling, the Gatling fired more rounds a minute, but the rifles put more bullets in the target. The Gatling had one other serious defect which was celebrated in Sir Henry Newbolt's line:

*The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel's dead.*

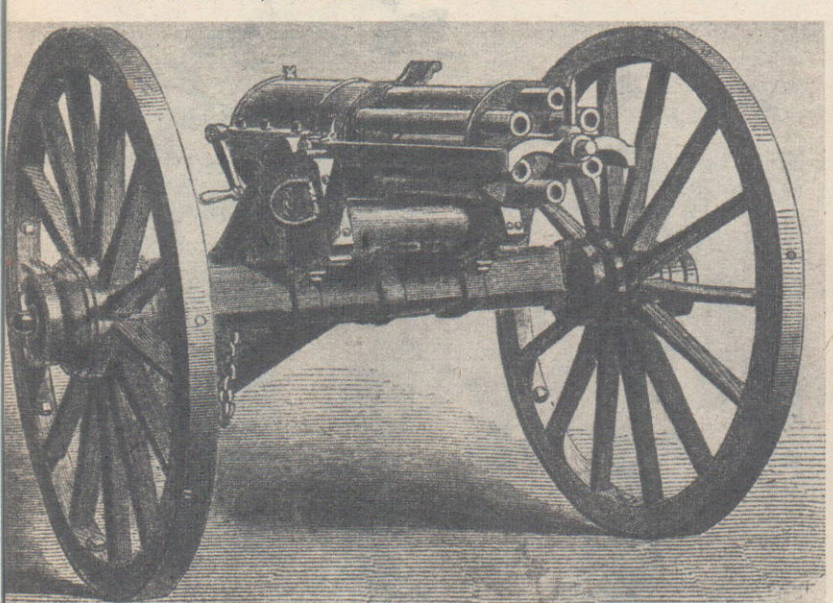
The American Government was slow to appreciate Gatling's invention, and it was not until a courageous salesman of the newly-formed Gatling Gun firm demonstrated his "line" in battle that it was adopted. Gatlings were later sold in China, Japan, Turkey and Egypt, and were manufactured for the Tsar's Army under the name Gorloff.

In Britain, it was not until 1870 that the Gatling was tested in competition with three other types of machine-gun and came out on top. A committee recommended the formation of Gatling batteries consisting of 12 .45-calibre guns, 106 officers and men, and 90 horses. Gatlings did come into use, but the War Office was not to be hustled into adopting machine-guns for the Army generally. There was much opposition from the Royal Artillery experts at Woolwich, and the lack of success of the French *mitrailleuses* against the Prussians in 1870 had done nothing to inspire confidence in this new weapon. The fault lay with the users rather than the tools; the machine-gun was not yet seen as an Infantry rather than an Artillery weapon.

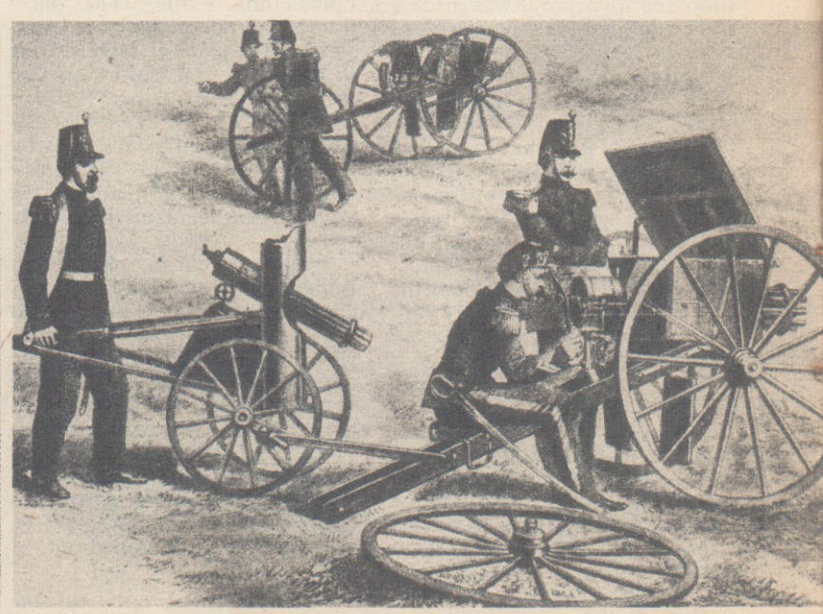
The Gatling, however, saw a good deal of service in minor campaigns, including the Ashanti and Zulu Wars, and was with Kitchener in the Sudan. On the results achieved, it was thought that machine-guns were all very well for cutting swathes into hordes of savage, but not of much avail (and perhaps ungentlemanly) to use against trained European troops.

By the time the British Army came round to the idea of putting machine-guns into general service, Hiram Maxim had invented one much lighter than the Gatling and less likely to jam, and so the Maxim was adopted.

The Gatling, the first really practicable machine-gun, went into history, leaving half its name in American slang. "Gat" was still the word for a firearm when the era of the gangster film arrived.



The hand-cranked Gatling as first used in America's Civil War.



The French *mitrailleuse* as used against the Prussians in 1870.

# Gilbert HARDING'S ARMY

Mr. Gilbert Harding: he wonders "whether the time has not come to abolish the Queen's Commission as such, or to make it all-embracing."

**MR. GILBERT HARDING, who plays party games on television, writes numerous chatty articles and lavishes his praise on a well-known brand of indigestion tablet, is ready to talk on any subject at the drop of a hat.**

One of these subjects is the British Army.

Sometimes he talks sense about it, sometimes not.

What are Mr. Harding's qualifications in the military field? "I have never been fit enough to be in the Services," he once wrote in *Illustrated*. "But I have been a policeman and pounded a beat in Bradford, and I know something of the tiresome tyranny that little men can invent to plague those in their power."

At that time he was discoursing on "bull," and the views he expressed were by no means unreasonable. Just as a woman fortifies her pride by polishing and scrubbing in the kitchen, so (he said) a soldier fortifies his pride by being and looking smart. "But," he wrote, "there is a world of difference between such labours of love and the kind of senseless work sometimes imposed upon raw Army recruits solely to kill time and satisfy some sergeant."

Fair enough.

Less fair were his remarks, in 1953, on National Service, when he bemoaned the fate of young men being "bellowed at by morons" in the "tedious, squalid and regimented discharge of an imaginary duty."

Now Mr. Harding is sounding off about the Army again, this time in his "Book of Manners" (*Putnam, 12s 6d*). He thinks that the dividing of the Army into commissioned and uncommissioned ranks is a bad thing, because it leaves the uncommissioned with a sense of inferiority, a "chip on the shoulder." He does not advocate the abolition of ranks of all kinds, but he does wonder "whether the time has not come to abolish the Queen's Commission as such, or to make it all-embracing." Why, he argues, draw a line above the rank of sergeant-major, thus making all who are above it members of "a superior and exclusive caste"? He feels it would be absurd if, in commercial life, a man on rising above the "rank" of deputy assistant under-manager became "magically translated into a Brahmin, forbidden by caste laws to mix socially with any of his old colleagues"

Proclaims Mr. Harding: "I do not want a People's Army shambling about unled, and I see no reason why a soldier shouldn't salute his superiors in rank and jump smartly when they tell him to. But they are all soldiers, are they not? Not sheep-soldiers and goat-soldiers."

Does Mr. Harding want privates to salute corporals?

It is tempting to take the last paragraph first. What do private soldiers think of Mr. Harding's idea that they should salute their corporals—if that is what he means? How do corporals feel about saluting sergeants? Is this really going to be a popular Army reform? If Mr. Harding does not mean to introduce saluting among the lower ranks, at what level is he going to introduce it? Surely, wherever he draws the line, he will risk creating a favoured "caste"?

Ever since it was raised, the standing army has been composed of officers, who held the Sovereign's commission, and other ranks. At one time the two groups were so far apart, socially and educationally, as to incur the taunt of "the worst people led by the best people."

In other armies a similar rank structure existed, though the social gap was not always so great. The officers in those other armies may not have held commissions from their sovereigns, but they carried approximately the same responsibilities, and enjoyed roughly the same privileges, as the officers of the British Army. Countries in the grip of revolution — like France and Russia—threw away the distinctions between officers and men and introduced a back-slapping *camaraderie* which quickly proved disastrous. Before long it was necessary to restore the traditional rank distinctions.

It may or may not be an ideal arrangement to have an Army divided into commissioned and uncommissioned ranks, but the important thing about it is that it works. Another important thing about it is that today there is nothing to stop the uncommissioned from joining the ranks of the commissioned, if they have the necessary qualities; nor is it necessary for them to pass through all the NCO ranks in order to do so. If commissioned rank were abolished, a future general might be expected to work his way through every rank in the Army, with the result that by the time he became a general officer he might well be too old and tired to do the job. As it is, a man with obvious qualifications for leadership at the middle or higher levels skips a few rungs on the ladder. This is not favouritism or privilege; it is common-sense.

Mr. Harding wonders whether the Queen's commission should be "all-embracing." In principle there is no objection to giving the humblest soldier a parchment from his Queen, styling him "trusty and well-beloved," but what would happen? There would still be privates, corporals, sergeants, sergeant-majors, lieutenants, captains, all performing the same functions as before.

"Ah," Mr. Harding will say, "but the sergeants and corporals will no longer have chips on their shoulders." Now Mr. Harding must have visited sergeants' messes in his time. Did he find them hotbeds of jealousy and frustration? Did he find the regimental sergeant-major envious of the second-lieutenants? Of course he didn't, and he won't.

Mr. Harding must know, too, that "rank" distinctions in the business world are just as marked as in the Army, sometimes much more so. A man's progress in a firm is marked by such curious privileges as being given a special type of armchair and carpet, a key to a private lavatory, and the *entrée* to a dining-room with table-cloths, flowers and waitresses. It may not be possible to draw a sharp dividing line between what Mr. Harding calls the "sheep" and the "goats" but everybody knows that the two classes do not self-consciously seek out each other's company.

And whereas a working man may never see his manager or his directors for weeks on end, it is an odd day on which a private soldier does not have some kind of contact, formal or otherwise, with an officer.

**A STUDY of the Grivas diaries and correspondence (discovered thanks to the alertness of men of the Blues) shows that the terrorists in Cyprus have had their disciplinary troubles.**

A letter addressed to Grivas from one "Thalis" describes jealousy between two adherents. Then the writer continues:

"This, I must report to you, happens also with others. It seems to me that only with understanding each other and collaborating can we go forward. Officers, title-holders, rank-holders and subordinates don't fit here. When a few think that they are made to order about others and others are there to worship them we won't get anywhere. I'm writing this because some people's brains have got too much air. They seem to have forgotten that we are a secret conspiratorial organisation and not the regular Army where the simple soldier has to shine the sergeant's boots and anything he might be ordered to do."

Thalis concludes: "If you think I am wrong please tell me . . ." It seems probable that he has been informed by now that even in a terrorist organisation there has to be somebody to give the orders and somebody to carry them out.

In this captured correspondence evil jostles uncomfortably with farce. Grivas proclaims his need for "men who do not fear death and who do not love life," but the quality of his recruits and their reluctance to liquidate traitors disappoint him. While negotiating to buy mines and barrels of amatol he grows indignant because one of his henchmen has "forgotten" to pay a grocery bill. A successful purchase of explosives inspires him to say: "Thank God at last.

Something important will be achieved with God's help . . ."

One of Grivas's followers complains that the searches by British troops are becoming "fantastic" in their thoroughness. Another asks, "Do you agree with the kidnapping of British padres?" Another, possibly in a thirsty moment, says, "I consider that we should stop the boycott against Coca Cola."

For the Security forces there would appear to be a lesson to be learned from this entry in Grivas's diary, at a time when he is on the run:

"I decided to shoot across the road Perevasa-Panayia, which we succeeded in doing. Although I noticed traces of fresh footmarks on the way and new empty English cigarette packets and realised that soldiers had passed that way, I decided to continue the march because there was no other way out."

**Note the contrast in beret styles: On left is General Gilles, commanding recently-arrived French parachute troops in Cyprus, with Brigadier M. A. H. Butler, commanding 16th Independent Parachute Brigade.**

**WHEN a reviewer praises a war book as being "honest" and "unflinching" you can be fairly sure that it has been written by somebody with a lively eye for the seamy, somebody who in all probability was a misfit in uniform and suffered from an unconquerable distaste for discipline.**

This kind of book is largely a product of our own century. The first war to produce any large crop of personal stories was the Peninsular War. Anyone who has gone through those diaries and reminiscences will agree that the general outlook of the writers, in spite of the most harrowing experiences, was sanguine, cheerful and—in the main—respectful to military authority, though not always to the politicians. If the other type of book was written it did not find a publisher.

These reflections are prompted by a visit to the excellent exhibition, "The British Soldier," organised by the National Book League in their Albemarle Street premises, once the town mansion of that distinguished soldier, the Marquis of Granby. The League, faced with making a representative selection of military writings and prints, did not waste any space on the muck-and-misery school, yet no one could say that the effect of the exhibition was to glorify war. The trouble with an exhibition of this type is that the more valuable literary wares must be displayed in glass cases, leaving only two arbitrarily chosen pages to be scanned.

It has been quite a season for military exhibitions. In London the two outstanding ones were the Victoria Cross Exhibition in Marlborough House and the exceptionally fine display by the Grenadier Guards, who were fortunate in having St. James's Palace in which to stage their trophies.


**Here's a SOLDIER from a different stable: it is a new magazine published in Kansas. On its cover is a Nike ground-to-air missile.**

**THE revelation by a member of the Medical Research Council that Army recruits during their training period spend 14 hours out of 24 in a lying or sitting position may shock a sergeant-major here and there, but a simple feat of subtraction shows that these recruits are on their feet ten hours in the day. Which is not bad going.**

The fallacy in this sort of announcement seems to lie in the implication that only those on their feet are doing useful or soldierly duties. Is a spell in the lecture-room or behind the wheel of a truck to be written off as rest? Would clerks be better soldiers if they stood up to type? They would certainly be worse typists.

Incidentally, it is probably much more fatiguing to sit motionless on a horse outside the Horse Guards than to stroll round the West End. Lying down can be pretty strenuous, too, if it means lying on the ground tinkering with the sump of a vehicle.

**STAGE farces like "Reluctant Heroes" and "Worm's Eye View" have always stopped short of depicting that traditional butt, the sanitary orderly, going about his duties.**

No such reticence is shown by the producers of "No Time For Sergeants," a farce about life in the United States Air Force, now at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. On arrival at his first camp, Private Will Stockdale, a dimwit from the Georgia backwoods, is seized upon by an unscrupulous sergeant and appointed "permanent sanitary orderly," a post which he is assured is a great honour. He takes a simple pride and delight in his latrine labours and, for the benefit of an inspecting colonel, arranges an ingenious line of "bull" which produces the loudest laugh in the play, and possibly the loudest laugh in London.

It seems probable that members of the audience unversed in these matters will be shocked at the sociable nature of the seating arrangements in Private Stockdale's comfort station. There ought, perhaps, to be a note in the programme saying that any resemblance between this establishment and its counterpart in the British Army is purely coincidental.

**THE Select Committee on Estimates which recently criticised the Services' food supply organisation seems to have been critical, too, of Service jargon. These exchanges speak for themselves:**

Just in passing, is it within your competence to ask someone not to use the word "loanees"? Is it one which commends itself to you?—Not particularly (*page 81*).

Is there such a word as servery?—There is (*page 95*).

## They Found The Diaries

**Pictured above are the four troopers of the Royal Horse Guards who captured the diaries of the notorious General George Grivas, the Eoka terrorist commander in Cyprus. They are (top to bottom): Trooper John Freestone, Trooper Thomas Ansell, Trooper Arthur Hobbs and Trooper Maurice Bowler.**

**The diaries have been published in an official Government booklet entitled "Terrorism in Cyprus."**

# THESE ARE THE ARMY'S MEN FOR MELBOURNE

***Once the pentathlon was almost exclusively an officers' sport, but at this year's Olympic Games Britain will be represented by the first all-NCO team***

*Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.*

**OFF to Melbourne this month fly the British Army's entrants for the Olympic Games. Only one of them is an officer.**

Unusual interest is focused on the team entered for the modern pentathlon, the five-in-one contest which calls for high proficiency in those arts once judged to be indispensable to the complete soldier: riding, shooting, running, fencing and swimming.

Until 1947, pentathlon in Britain was almost a monopoly of Army officers and officer-cadets. In that year, however, a National Serviceman, Lance-Corporal Andrew Martin of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, won the British championship. The following year he was in Britain's Olympic team (and came 20th). The 1948 Olympics, too, saw the first Royal Navy representative in a British team, Lieutenant G. A. G. Brooke, DSC.

The broadening of the pentathlon field continued, and in 1952 the Army had only one representative, Lieutenant J. Percy, in the Olympic team. The others were Flight-Lieutenant L. S. Lumsdaine, Royal Air Force, and Lieutenant J. A. Hewitt, Royal Marines.

This year the Army has two out of three places, but for the first time no officers will represent Britain. The team will be:

**Company Sergeant-Major Instructor G. R. Norman, Army Physical Training Corps.** He is 29, was reserve for the team which went to the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki, represented Britain in Budapest in 1954 and is this year's Army champion. He is a consistent all-rounder.

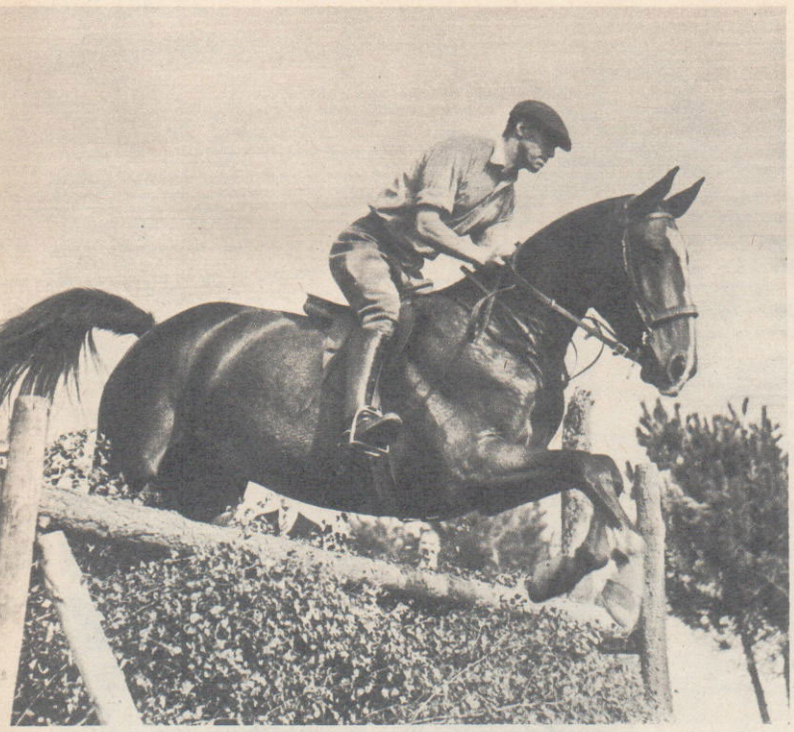
**Sergeant D. Cobley, Royal Air Force.** He is 27 and represented Britain in Budapest in 1954 and in Switzerland in 1955. He was last year's British champion and is this year's Royal Air Force champion. A strong runner, he gives promise of being in the first three in the running event at Melbourne.

**Corporal of Horse T. Hudson, Royal Horse Guards.** The "baby" of the team at 20, he is considered capable of equalling the world's best pentathlon time at swimming and of being within a second or two of Sergeant Cobley at running.

Standing by to fly to Melbourne if sickness or accident should befall one of the team, is the reserve, Staff-Sergeant Instructor M. J. Howard, Army Physical

**OVER...**

**Led by their coach, Captain G. Boon, the pentathletes ride through a Surrey wood.**



Over a jump goes CSMI G. R. Norman, the Army's pentathlon champion.

# MEN FOR MELBOURNE *continued*

"220 yards in 26 seconds—Go!" Speed stamina training for pentathletes.

Training Corps. He is 27, an all-rounder who has four times finished in the first ten of the British championship and has won the combined Services fencing at the Royal Tournament.

Accompanying the team as manager will be Lieutenant-Colonel O. G. W. White, DSO, Commandant of the Army School of Physical Training. Colonel White, a notable hurdler of the 1930s (one Army hurdling record he set up in 1933 is still unbeaten), organised the pentathlon for the 1948 Olympics.

The pentathlon team is preparing for Melbourne at the Army School of Physical Training at Aldershot. Assisting is Captain J. A. Hewitt, Royal Marines, who represented Britain in the 1952 Olympic pentathlon at Helsinki, and whose own chance of making the Melbourne team vanished when he broke a leg steeple-chasing.

The team begins the day's training with an hour's shooting under the direction of Major V. H. Viney, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, a former Army pistol champion. At Melbourne, the team will fire 20 shots at 25 metres. The target is man-size but the high scoring area is small. The shots are fired in four groups of five, the wait between groups being the worst part. Competitors choose their own weapons and the British team will take .22 match pistols. "Some very useful scores" have been returned in practice at Aldershot, according to the last report.

From pistols, the team changes to *epée* for the next session. Here the coach is Company Sergeant-Major Instructor H .W. Andrews, fencing master at the Army School of Physical Training and a former Army and inter-Services fencing champion.

In the pentathlon *epée* event each competitor meets every other competitor (if the increase in competitors is consistent, this will mean between 50 and 60 bouts each this year). The point goes to the man who makes the first hit. Quite early in their training, the Olympic pentathletes went to London to meet a team which included four internationals. The match was not under pentathlon conditions, but the pentathletes delighted their supporters by taking the first hit in most bouts.

After an hour's fencing, the team goes over to the Mons Officer Cadet School track for an hour-and-a-half or two hours of running.

"He puts us through it," said the team of their coach, Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor S. J. Coleman, senior Amateur Athletic Association coach, who has been placed himself in British decathlon (ten event) championships. QMSI Coleman bore out their words by making them run 220 yards in 26 seconds several times—for "speed stamina."

"He's showing results," says Colonel White. The Olympic

pentathlon distance is 4000 metres (about two-and-a-half miles) across country, and Sergeant Cobley has been returning times which have never been beaten in pentathlon, with the others not far behind him.

Nobody knows whether the Melbourne course will be flat or hilly, a factor which can make quite a lot of difference. Available "intelligence" is that a course near Melbourne is almost certain to be flat, but the team may go to the Salisbury Plain area for some training over a hilly course. The change, at least, will do them good.

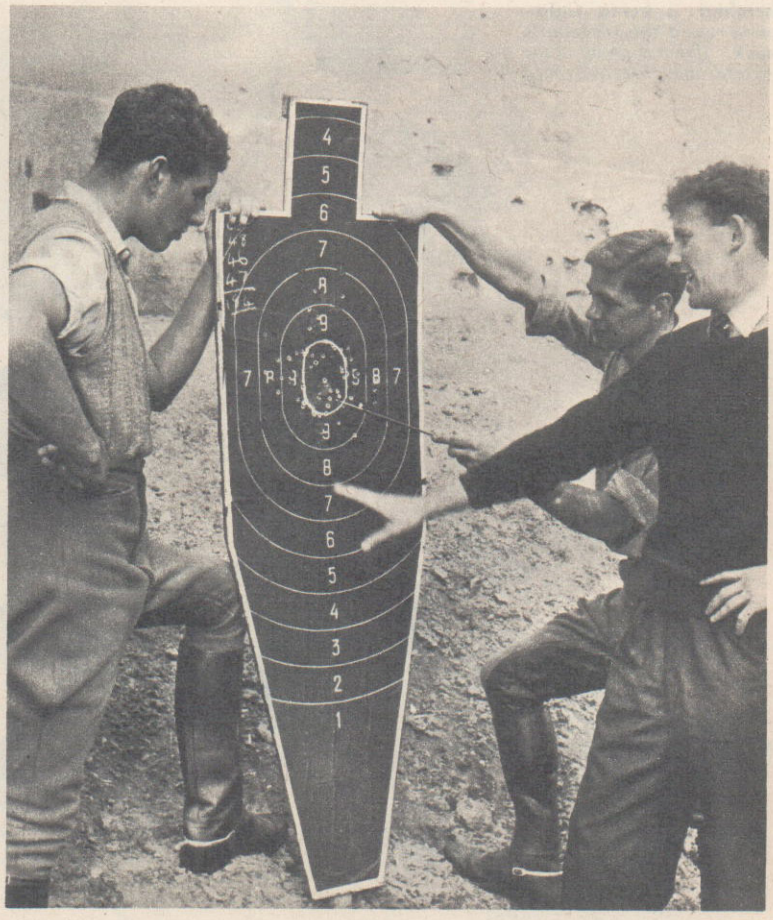
After lunch, the pentathlon team drives off across the Hog's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

"Ignore that chap on the floor. He's just a television cameraman." CMSI Norman and SSI Howard, both left-handers, practise fencing under difficulties at Aldershot.

Pentathlon men. Left to right: Corporal of Horse T. Hudson, CSMI G. R. Norman, Sergeant D. Cobley, RAF, SSI M. J. Howard (reserve) and Lieut-Col. O. G. W. White (team manager).

Left: Corporal of Horse T. Hudson and CSMI G. R. Norman at pistol practice.
Below: Examining their score with SSI M. J. Howard.



# THE HOLY STRANGLERS

*For centuries the secret gangs of Thugs had waylaid travellers in India and strangled them in the name of their goddess. It was left to a British officer, Captain William Sleeman, to wipe them out. One of the multi-murderers alone boasted 931 victims*

**SINCE 1945, the British Army has had the task of rooting out terror gangs of many kinds, but none so secret and dedicated as the Thugs against whom a handful of British officers pitted themselves in India just over a century ago.**

The officers were young men in the service of the Honourable East India Company, most of whom had left their regiments to take administrative posts in the Government of the country. The Thugs were religious killers whose origin was lost in history, men who counted their murders in hundreds.

Once (legend said) Kali, goddess of destruction, killed a monstrous demon with her sword. From every drop of his blood, as it touched the ground, sprang a new demon, and the work of killing these was so hard that Kali had to pause to wipe the sweat from herself. From the drops on her arms she created the first two Thugs, gave them her handkerchief and ordered them to finish off the demons. When they had done so, she told them to keep the handkerchief and use it to destroy those who were not of their kind.

So the handkerchief was the instrument used, with great skill, by the Thugs for their murders. In one corner was knotted a silver coin, consecrated to Kali, and this was gripped in the left hand. The other end went round the victim's neck and then a quick twist completed the kill.

The Thugs would gather in the autumn, when the rains were over, and set out for a season's killing. Each gang was carefully organised. It had a leader or *jemadar* who qualified, in part, by having the means of keeping a gang for a month or so (a very highly-qualified leader was known as a *subedar*). The remainder of the gang consisted of stranglers, enticers, grave-diggers and assistants of various kinds.

The gangs worked the main roads, where travellers were passing on journeys which might take months. Their favourite victims were merchants and money-carriers employed by bankers. Travellers to be avoided were women, carriers of holy Ganges water, poets and members of low castes such as washermen, musicians, dancers, artisans, oilmen, sweepers and fakirs.

The enticers, posing as innocent travellers themselves, would join a band of wayfarers on a pretext of mutual protection against bandits. At nights, eating curry round the camp fire, there would be merry parties. When the company reached a *bhil*, or killing ground, usually chosen in a grove distant from a village, the party would be even merrier until the leader received the signal that the graves had been prepared. Then he, too, would give his signal, usually a command like, "Bring the tobacco."

In a few minutes the murders would be done. The men who had dug the graves (with pick-axes dedicated to Kali and venerated by the gang) would slit the bodies, to prevent them swelling, and then bury them. Soon, all traces of the crime would have vanished and the Thugs were ready to go on their way with the booty. Later, they would make a sacrifice to Kali, a ceremony in which sugar was offered. In an eight-months season, one gang might kill a thousand travellers.

There were variations in the form of Thuggee. One minor type was carried on by water Thugs, who enticed travellers on to their boats for a river journey, murdered them and disposed of the bodies through windows made for the purpose in the sides of the craft. There was a window on each side, and the one away from the nearest bank was used.

The Thugs had numerous superstitions. A sneeze was a bad sign, and many a traveller unknowingly saved his life by catching a cold. A Thug's turban falling off, an encounter with a maimed man or a woman with an empty pitcher, or an ass braying in front of a party were among the many bad omens. Meeting a woman (preferably pregnant) with a full pitcher was a good sign. An ass braying on the left of the party was good, but it was a really fine omen if it was followed by an ass braying on the right. A hare heard on the left was also good.

Though Kali was a Hindu goddess, Moslems as well as Hindus were among her Thug devotees. The secrets of Thuggee were handed down from father to son, and the men were frequently encouraged by their womenfolk. Two Englishwomen who met some captured Thugs in Lucknow Gaol were moved to pity because the prisoners were convinced that their way of life was right and regretted only that they could not hand down the tradition to their children.

**Thugs at work: The handkerchief is being tightened round the traveller's neck.** *(From a group in the Victoria and Albert Museum.)*

So well were the secrets of Thuggee kept that the British had been in India more than two centuries, and governing the country for half a century, before the practice attracted official notice. Suspicion was aroused because soldiers of some of the native regiments did not return from leave. Those soldiers had found their graves in a *bhil*.

At the beginning of last century, one or two gangs were rounded up. Then Captain William Sleeman captured a band which included a leading Thug named Feringia. He talked.

At first Sleeman disbelieved his tales, until the Thug took him to a *bhil* where troops dug up the bodies and confirmed the man's story. Largely as a result of the report which Sleeman sent to his superiors, a Department of Thuggee with wide powers was set up and Sleeman took charge.

It was a difficult and perilous task which he and his officers faced. Not only did the Thugs conceal their crimes, but they were protected by some of the native rulers and large landowners, who took a discreet rake-off. Victims were often murdered hundreds of miles from their homes, in a country with poor communications; thus it was months before they were known to be missing. Bankers whose money was lost and relatives of the victims were reluctant to help: the men and money had been written off, so why worry? Only promises that they would not be called on to give evidence in a court would persuade them to speak.

The Thugs themselves dispersed widely at the end of an expedition, going back to till their land or to trade. Some, even, were soldiers of the native regiments, who would take leave to go on a Thuggee expedition and then return to their units. Most of them were very good soldiers, too.

But Captain Sleeman and his officers were persistent. A piece of loot, identified by a friend or relative of a victim, might lead to the capture of a Thug. Then, a promise of total or partial pardon was given in return for information. Those Thugs who talked were known as "approvers."

**As a junior officer he wiped out a centuries-old conspiracy of murder: Major-Gen. Sir William Sleeman.**

**Kali, wife of Siva the Destroyer, goddess of the Thugs. After her was named Kali-ghat, or Calcutta.** *(Picture: Victoria and Albert Museum).*

A gaol for Thugs was set up at Jubbulpore and here, by painstaking interrogation, the stories of the gangs were built up from information supplied by approvers. If items of information were sometimes contradictory, it was not necessarily the approvers' fault. So vast was the scope of their crimes that they had to be forgiven if their memories were vague. Some confessed to several hundred killings each, by their own hands, over 10 or 15 years. One admitted (or boasted) 931 murders in 40 years; a second had 719 killings to his account and regretted that he was caught before he had reached his thousandth; a third had 508 over 20 years. The murders committed by the gangs of which they spoke numbered thousands.

Gradually, information about the gangs was amassed and evidence built up. Thugs were arrested individually and in bands, detachments of soldiers being detailed to help in the round-ups.

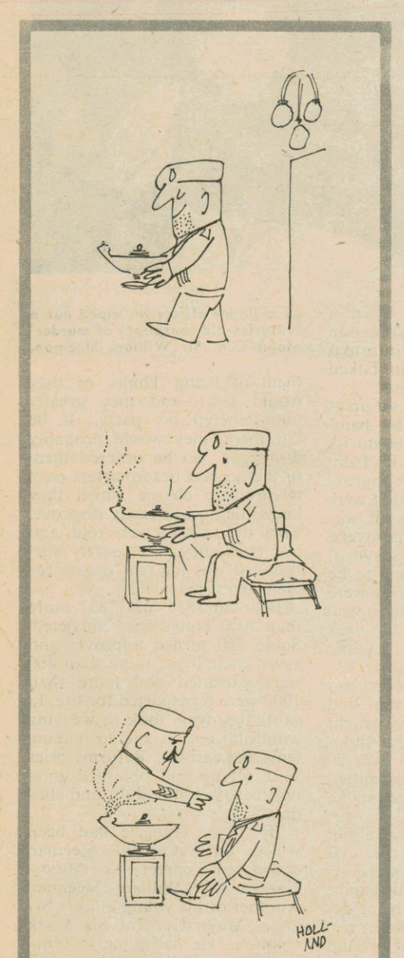
When the presence of a band was reported, quick action was necessary. One young officer, with only six men, discovered large gang. He could not accuse them of being Thugs, or they would fight—and they greatly outnumbered his party. If he left them, they would probably disappear. So he ordered them to the nearest headquarters on a trumped-up charge which they knew they could easily disprove. They did as they were told, and not until they were safely surrounded was the real reason for their arrest revealed.

Between 1831 and 1837 more than 3000 Thugs were convicted. Some 500 turned approver and saved their lives; more than 400 were executed and more than 1000 were transported for life. In gaol, approvers took to weaving wool and cotton and to making tents and carpets. Reformatories were set up and obtained good results with both adults and children.

By 1860, Thuggee had been wiped out. Captain Sleeman ended his career as Major-General Sir William Sleeman. Another of his young officers became Major-General Sir Mark Cubbon. He had gone to India in 1800 and did not leave the country until 1861, when he died at Suez.

**RICHARD ELLEY**


"Johnson—get in step!"

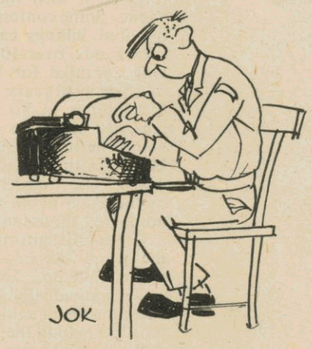



# SOLDIER HUMOUR

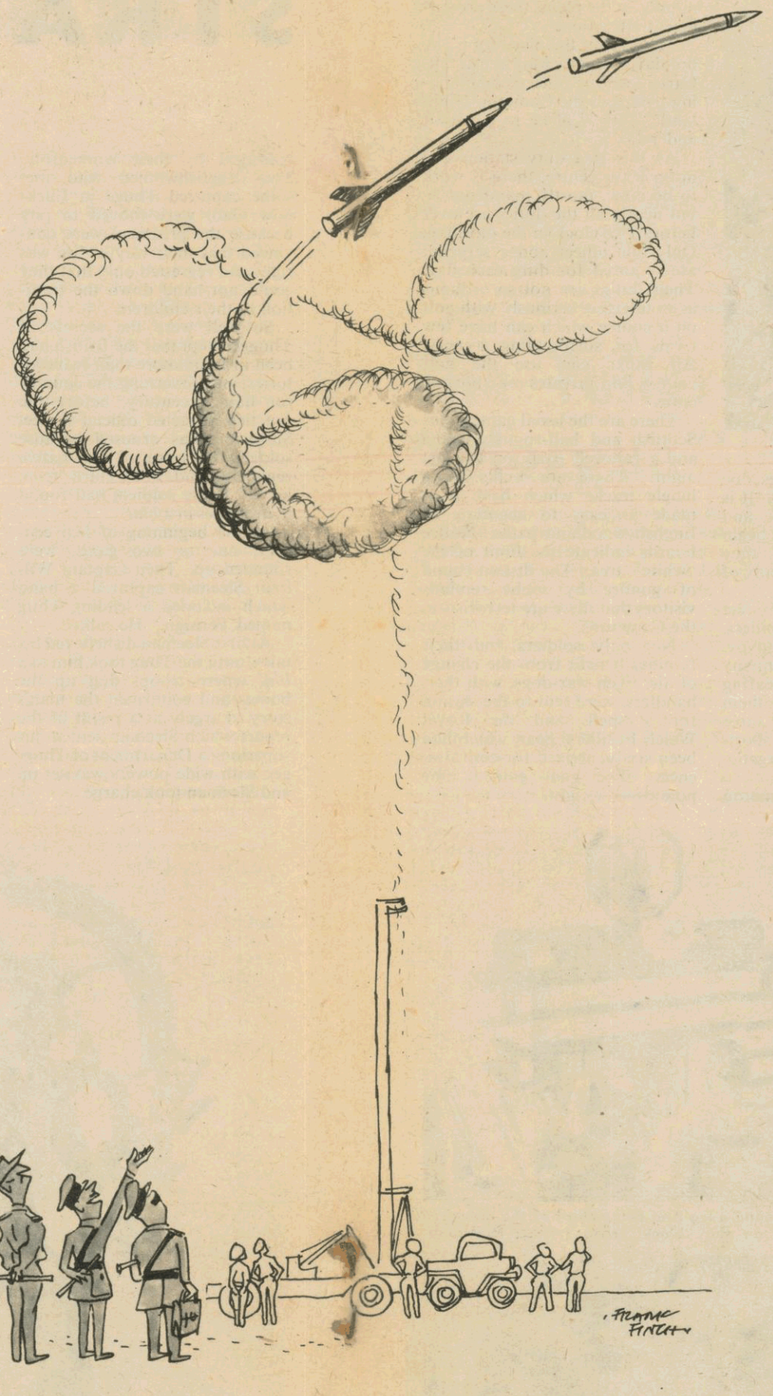
**THIS is the age of the cartoonist. Scores upon scores of people with a gift for drawing—soldiers among them—are finding a market for their humorous ideas.**

**SOLDIER welcomes illustrated jokes about the Army and pays for all those published.**

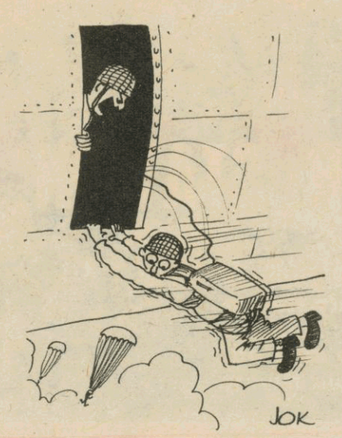
**The only stipulations are these: ideas must be original and drawings must be executed in black ink on white paper. Shading should be kept to a minimum.**



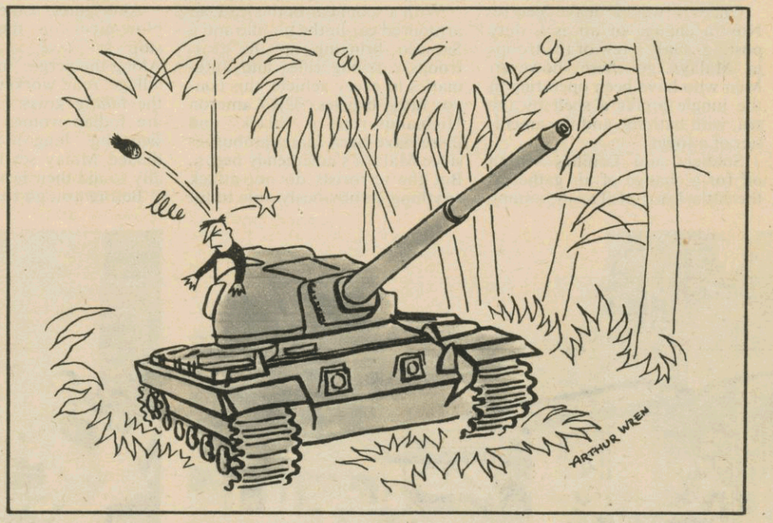

*"deAR MOtheR% i H av E failE(d my clERks) COursE? . . ."*

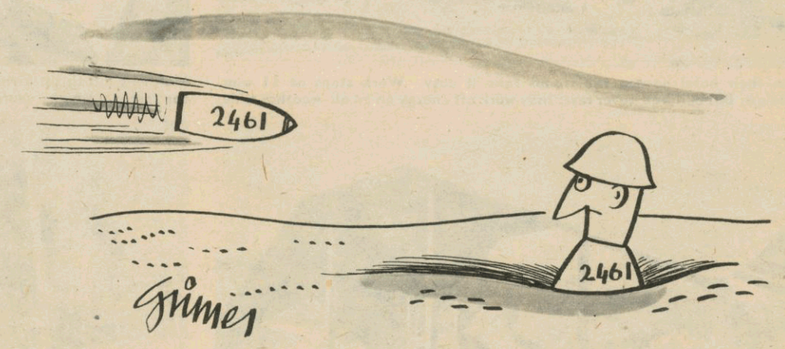


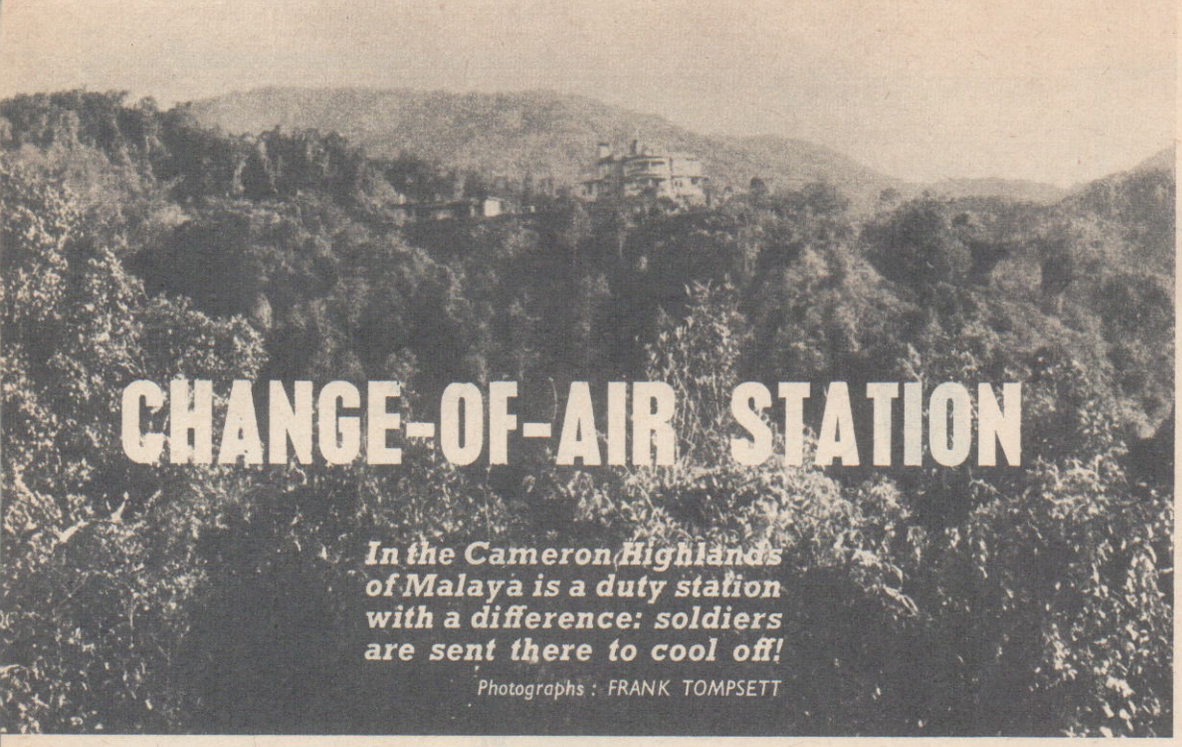

*"And this, gentlemen, is our new guided missile for intercepting guided missiles."*




*"Confidence, Willoughby, confidence!"*



# CHANGE-OF-AIR STATION

***In the Cameron Highlands of Malaya is a duty station with a difference: soldiers are sent there to cool off!***

*Photographs : FRANK TOMPSETT*

**AMONG the more oddly named Army establishments is the Change-of-Air Station, Malaya.**

It is situated in the Cameron Highlands, 5000 feet above sea-level, where the air is crisp and cool after the moist heat of the plains and prickly heat and other tropical skin troubles disappear magically. There are English flowers—and the roses bloom four times a year.

Once it was a leave centre. Now a change of air is a duty posting. Only a few of the troops in Malaya go there, however. Men who have been operating in the jungle prefer a spell by the sea, with bathing, and the amenities of a town.

Soldiers and families setting off for a change of air gather at the little town of Tapah, among the tin-mines, to join the daily convoy to the Highlands.

With a scout car in the lead, an armoured car in the middle and a Saracen bringing up the rear, troops carrying rifles and automatics in every vehicle, this convoy fairly bristles. The Cameron Highlands road is "black" and there have been many ambushes since Malaya's emergency began. But the terrorists do not attack anything so obviously able to hit back hard as this convoy.

For 40 miles the road rises, one hairpin bend after another. It is nearly all low-gear work and those in vehicles at the rear begin to wonder if the air to which they are changing is composed only of petrol fumes.

Aborigines, some with six-feet blow-pipes on their shoulders, stop to wave at the convoy. Along the verges, miles from any village, road workers are clearing the *lalang* grass. Among them are Indian women in gay *saris*, swinging long-handled, short-bladed Malay scythes energetically round their heads.

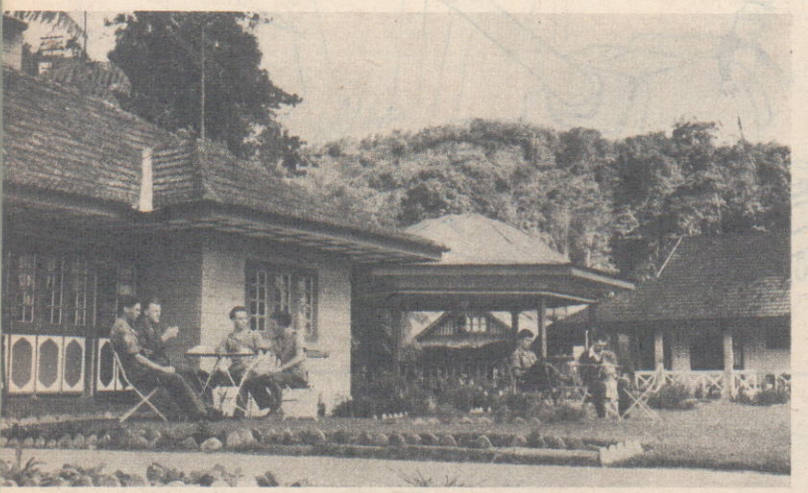
Before you go to the Cameron Highlands, the only information available from old hands is: "Lovely place. Cool enough to sit round log fires and have blankets on the bed." After long sweaty months in the plains these are sufficient attractions.

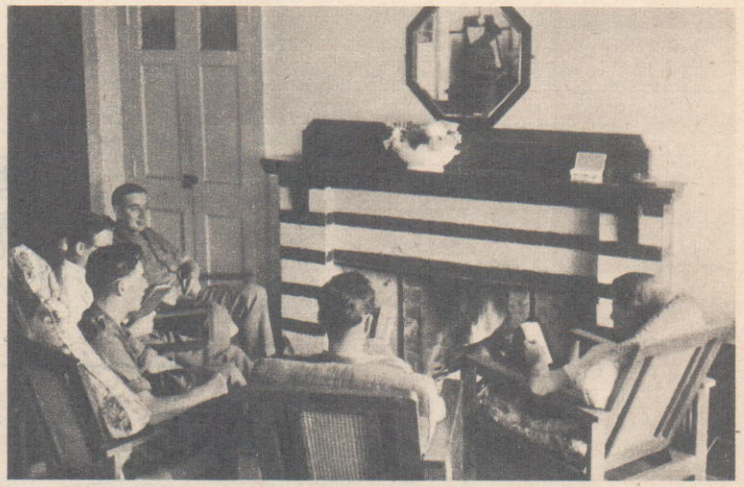
"This is not the place for a gay holiday," says Major A. R. Carter, who is officer commanding troops in the Cameron Highlands. "It's a place to sit down and relax."

As this is a duty station and not a leave centre, there is work to be done, mostly maintenance, but nearly all the duties are over before 11 o'clock in the morning. Only one officer and a sergeant are required for duty each day. Their duties are not so arduous as to interfere seriously with golf on a course which can have few rivals for surrounding scenery. All ranks can use the golf course, and privates may borrow clubs.

There are the usual games, plus Scottish and ball-room dancing and a farewell party on the last night. There are walks along jungle tracks which have been made as easy to negotiate as English woodland paths. Notice boards indicate the limit of the "white" area. The distant sound of gunfire by night reminds visitors that there are terrorists in the Camerons.

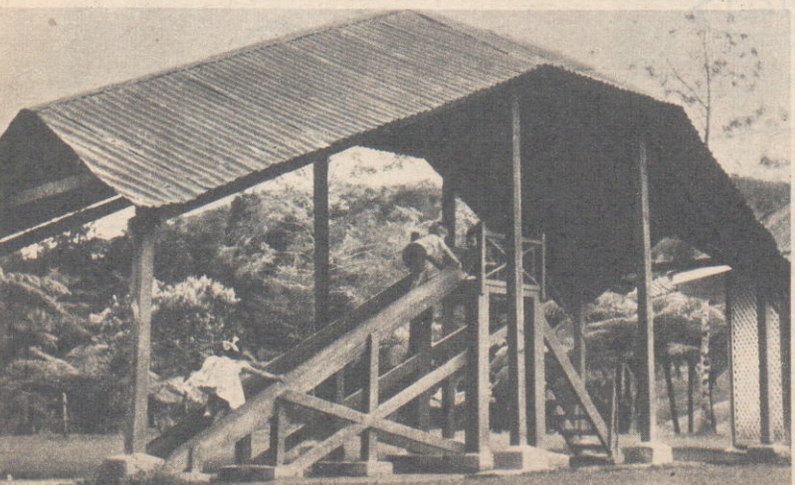
Not only soldiers and their families benefit from the change of air. Ten war-dogs, with their handlers, were sent to the station for a spell, and the Royal Welch Fusiliers' goat, which had been seedy, arrived for convalescence. The goat gained nine pounds in weight.





**In their hotel garden the troops take it easy. Work stops at 11 a.m. Below: But children never rest; they work off energy on an all-weather slide.**

**Malaya's big thrill: Sitting round a log fire. Below: Part of the armoured car escort which operates on the "black" road to the Highlands.**



His job is making wounded soldiers: Sergeant R. Sinclair with some of his "props" which include custard powder, golden syrup and egg-shells.

# The Toilers in the "Morgue"

This "fractured" skull was simulated with broken eggshells and Plasticine.

**IN a corner of a foreign field lay the hideously disfigured body of a soldier. The sight was such that a sergeant, glancing at it, wobbled at the knees and then slumped down in a faint. Whereupon the corpse sat up, laughed, and said, "That fooled him."**

Those injuries had been skilfully faked by members of 29 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps. Their object is to teach officers and senior NCOs of 4th Infantry Division in Rhine Army how to give first-aid to casualties in a nuclear war.

The student who fainted was paying the highest compliment to Sergeant Denis Griffiths and Sergeant Robert Sinclair, of 29 Field Ambulance, whose job is to produce "dead" and "wounded," using custard powder, golden syrup and similar props.

They carry out their work in a small office appropriately nicknamed "The Morgue," transforming healthy soldiers into battle casualties covered with blood, blisters and burns. Smashed arms and legs are simulated by moulding Plasticine at the joints and inserting pieces of broken bone obtained from the cookhouse. Pieces of egg-shell affixed to the head represent a fractured skull.

Blood is made from a mixture of custard powder, water, golden syrup and a red dye, vaseline being added for congealed blood. Burns are painted on with make-up grease and blisters come out of a bottle of collodion, a colourless sealing compound used by photographers.

Each first-aid course lasts a week and is designed to show how lives may be saved in a nuclear war if prompt action is taken by the wounded man himself or his comrades. Students take an oral and practical test at the end of the course, which sets the standard of a St. John Ambulance first-aid certificate.

Sergeant D. Griffiths puts the finishing touches to a mutilated hand.

**Serving the last gun at Nery, on the morning of 1 September 1914.** *From the picture by F. Matania, by courtesy of the Royal United Service Institution*
*The Nery gun was at the Victoria Cross Exhibition in London this Summer*

# "Come on—Who's for the Guns?"

*Nery is a proud name in Royal Artillery annals . . . and this year was a proud occasion in the annals of Nery Day*

**IN a fierce encounter at Nery in France in 1914, "L" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery won three Victoria Crosses before breakfast.**

When this year the Battery, now part of 2nd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, celebrated Nery Day in Germany, all three Victoria Crosses were on view together for the first time. Two of them were presented to the Battery and the third was worn by the only living recipient.

On the night of 31 August, 1914, during the retreat from Mons, the Battery bivouacked in an orchard at Nery, near the Oise. At dawn heavy mists delayed its departure. As the guns were being limbered up a patrol of the 11th Hussars rode up with the news that German cavalry were closing in. Almost at once high explosive shells burst over the village and there was a rain of machine-gun and rifle fire from 600 yards away.

The Battery presented a mass target and most of the horses—some 150 in number—were shot down where they stood. While hurrying up from Brigade Headquarters the Battery Commander was knocked over and temporarily disabled.

At this stage the Battery Captain, Captain E. K. Bradbury, shouted: "Come on—who's for the guns?" Three of the 13-pounders were unlimbered and manhandled into action, under devastating fire, each round of ammunition being carried over 20 yards of bullet-swept open space. One gun was quickly silenced when a shell struck the wheel and soon afterwards there was a burst alongside the second gun, killing or wounding its detachment.

The third—and only remaining—gun now began a lone and desperate fight against 12 German guns on the distant ridge. It was served by Captain Bradbury, Lieutenant J. D. Campbell (who was killed at an early stage), Lieutenant L. F. H. Mundy, Sergeant David Nelson, Corporal Payne, Gunner Darbyshire and Driver Osborne. After Lieutenant Mundy had been several times wounded his place was taken by Battery Sergeant-Major Dorrell; then Captain Bradbury fell, his legs blown off. Between them Sergeant-Major Dorrell and Sergeant Nelson, who was wounded, continued to serve the charmed 13-pounder.

By this time, unexpectedly, 4th Cavalry Brigade had arrived on the scene, and supporting it was "I" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery. Attacked from the flank, the Germans lost all but four of their guns. By a quarter to nine in the morning the battle was over.

Victoria Crosses were awarded to Captain Bradbury (posthumously), to Battery Sergeant-Major Dorrell and Sergeant Nelson.

Battery Sergeant-Major Dorrell, who was commissioned in the field, brought the remnants of Nery Battery home, later returning to France as a battery commander in 38th Welsh Division. Sergeant Nelson was also commissioned in the field. When the casualty station to which he was taken was over-run by the Germans he escaped across France. He held the rank of major when he was killed in action in 1917.

Lieutenant - Colonel Dorrell took place of honour at the Nery Day celebrations at Hildesheim. He was one of 14 old comrades of World War One who journeyed from Britain to attend. Three of them were wounded and captured at Nery.

Alongside Lieutenant-Colonel Dorrell at the Battery's march past stood Mrs. D. Nelson, widow of Sergeant Nelson. She presented her late husband's Victoria Cross to the Acting Battery Commander, Major I. E. Courtney. Lieutenant - Colonel Dorrell handed over to the Battery the Victoria Cross won by Captain Bradbury. He did so on behalf of Major A. J. Creudson MC, nephew of Captain Bradbury, who was unable to attend.

Because of the sudden death, two days before the parade, of the Battery Commander, Major C. T. Vesey MC, the usual Nery celebrations were curtailed.

**Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Dorrell, who was Battery Sergeant-Major when he won his Victoria Cross at Nery, inspects the Battery at this year's Nery Day celebrations. He joined the Army at 15, "but they put me down as 19."**
*Photograph: Sapper A. Brown*

**Victoria Cross winners attended many regimental parades this year. Below Mr. H. Whitfield VC (left) and Mr. G. H. Eardley VC, MM, formerly of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, arrive to take a regimental salute at Shrewsbury.**

# The Walking-Stick Brigade Was Ready

**In 1938 a volunteer police force of the British Legion embarked at Tilbury on the first stage of a journey to Czechoslovakia . . . but the journey ended at Southend**

**ON an October day in 1938, 1200 men of the British Legion, wearing civilian suits, peaked caps and carrying walking sticks, marched through London, headed by the band of the Welsh Guards.**

**"Where are they going?" asked the onlookers. The more knowledgeable answered: "To Czechoslovakia, to keep the peace."**

The British Legion Volunteer Police Force, as it was styled, embarked at Tilbury in two troopships, which sailed as far as Southend, then dropped anchor.

That was the end of the journey. The members of the force were thanked for their public spirit—and disbanded.

This curious, almost-forgotten episode is recalled by Graham Wootton in "The Official History of the British Legion" (*Macdonald and Evans, 25s*).

It came about this way. After Hitler demanded the transfer of the Sudetenland to Germany, Mr. Neville Chamberlain suggested the use of an international body to supervise the transfer of the disputed territory and to prevent collisions. It is not clear how the British Legion came to be recommended for this rôle, but the Legion President, the late Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, played a leading part in the negotiations, and personally laid proposals before Hitler. Then came the Munich agreement, which altered the whole political situation.

Instead, there was to be a plebiscite and the question was: should Britain send ex-Servicemen or Regular troops, or both, to the plebiscite areas? Soon the plebiscite idea was abandoned—and with it the "expedition" of the British Legion.

Says Mr. Wootton:

"The public-spiritedness of the rank-and-file Legionary in responding to the appeal to form a Volunteer Police Force deserved the greatest praise. No fewer than 17,000 of them offered their services at a time when they had no real conception of the terms of service or of the conditions under which they would be released from work. All they knew was that they were needed to play a part in an international crisis."

During the nineteen-thirties the British Legion had made many contacts with German ex-Servicemen. In 1935, "such was the Legion's standing in Germany that on 21st July a few of the delegation were accorded the presumably rare privilege of being shown round a concentration camp. The one chosen was Dachau. They recognised it for what it was, but accepted the statement 'that the country is still in a state of revolution and that the subversive forces are by no means quiescent.' The delegates were told they could ask for any cell to be opened; what they were not told—according to a footnote by Mr. Wootton—was that most of the solitarily confined prisoners at Dachau were SS men in disguise.

It would be wrong to suppose from this that British Legion visitors to Germany were on all occasions insincerely treated. Between ex-Servicemen of the two countries many genuine bonds of friendship were formed.

Mr. Wootton's history contains much of domestic rather than of general interest, but the story that emerges of the rise of the British Legion is an inspiring one. It was born in the disputatious years after World War One, when it looked as if what the poet said centuries before was about to be proved true once again:

*When peace is once more made and all things righted,*
*God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.*

A variety of ex-Servicemen's organisations were busy belabouring, not only the Government, but each other. Some were violently Left Wing, others were anti-officer. Earl Haig let it be known that he would preside over a representative body of ex-Servicemen only when they suppressed their angry rivalries.

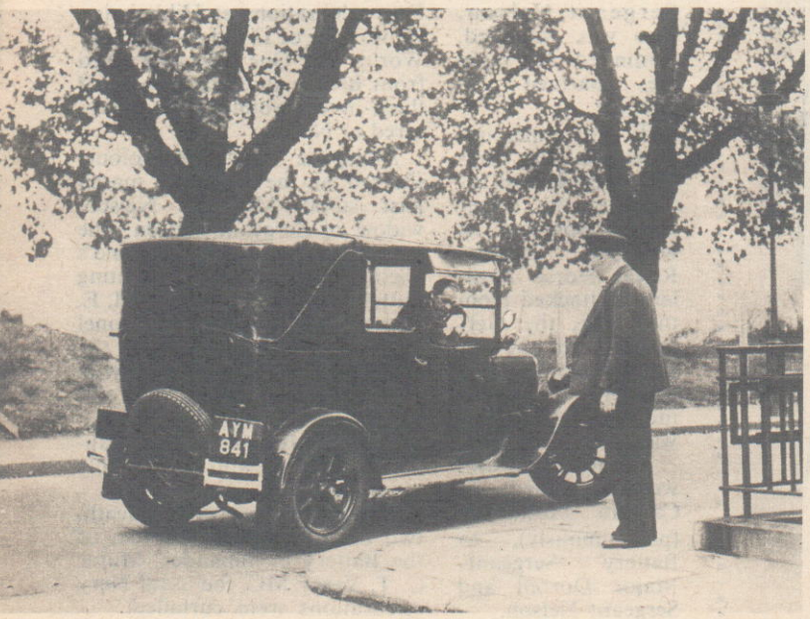
Not without great difficulty, the British Legion was established in 1921, after 48 other suggested titles had been proposed and rejected. As Mr. Wootton says, "There were those in Westminster and Whitehall who regarded with suspicion and even fear the emergence of a united ex-service movement." Those fears proved to be unfounded. The Legion had many stormy patches but it quickly earned the respect of the country at large.

Today it has more members and branches than any friendly society and all but two of the giant trade unions. It has an income of £1,000,000 a year and assets exceeding £3,000,000. Among its good works are its poppy factory; its village settlement and sanatorium for the tuberculous; a tweed factory and a chair factory; a marketing organisation for selling the work of disabled men; a car attendants' company and a taxi school.

In another sphere, it has fought and won many thousands of pensions appeals. For 22 years it pressed for the compulsory employment of disabled men—and finally won.

In a foreword, Sir Ian Fraser, president of the Legion, mentions that 60 per cent of the present membership (which exceeds a million) is made up of those who served in World War Two and afterwards. "There could, I think, be no greater commendation of its work than that a Society founded in one generation should continue to appeal to another in wholly altered circumstances and that both should work together . . ."

**It is estimated that nearly a quarter of London's taxi-drivers are products of the British Legion's training school. Here an instructor watches a trainee reversing.**




## BUTTONED UP

Button-fanciers, who are more numerous than might be supposed, will approach with due reverence Major H. G. Parkyn's "Shoulder-Belt Plates and Buttons" (*Gale and Polden, £2 2s*), with its 550 illustrations. As far as a layman can judge, Major Parkyn has the subject all buttoned up.

## 'Ram That Tiger'

**TWELVE years after the event, the story is now told of a remarkable action in Normandy in which a Sherman tank deliberately rammed a German Tiger tank and put it out of action.**

It happened near Cagny during the battle for Caen when the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards were held up by German tanks and anti-tank guns.

The troop commander, Lieutenant J. R. Gorman, went forward in his Sherman and suddenly spotted four German tanks, two of them Tigers, less than 200 yards away. His own gun was out of action so there was only one thing to do. He ordered his driver, Lance-Corporal Barron, to charge the nearest Tiger at full speed before its gun could be brought to bear. The Sherman hit the Tiger amidships and both crews took cover in different ditches.

Lieutenant Gorman ran back and brought up a "Firefly"—a Sherman with a 17-pounder gun. Taking cover behind a hedge he fired two shots at the rammed Tiger, setting it on fire, and then engaged the other Tiger but was forced to break off the action. Next morning the rammed Tiger was captured.

For this exploit Lieutenant Gorman was awarded the Military Cross and Lance-Corporal Barron the Military Medal.

The story is told in "The Guards Armoured Division, 1941-1945" (*Geoffrey Bles Ltd., 25s*), by Captain the Earl of Rosse and Colonel E. R. Hill, DSO.

The book is a more detailed account than the "Short History of the Guards Armoured Division," written by Major-General G. L. Verney and reviewed in SOLDIER in September last year. It deals with the Division's activities from the day the Guards first took over tanks until they lost them.

**King Hussein of Jordan, with Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Young DSO, MC (and two bars), author of the book "Bedouin Command" reviewed below.**
*Photograph by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. William Kimber.*

# Just Like Being LBW . . .

**IN peace and war for nearly 40 years British officers had trained and led the Arab Legion. From a scratch force of 1000 men in 1920 they had moulded it into a crack fighting formation numbering 60,000.**

Then, one evening in March this year, the axe fell.

Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Young, DSO and triple MC, was called away from a cinema and told by his brigadier: "Glubb is out." So were two brigadiers and two lieutenant-colonels.

The shocked silence was broken by the telephone bell. The brigadier answered it, looked at Lieutenant-Colonel Young. "Now you're out," he said.

"It was like being given lbw at a cricket match," writes Lieutenant-Colonel Young in "Bedouin Command" (*William Kimber, 21s*).

The author of this "regimental soldier's book" (as Lieut-Gen. Sir John Glubb describes it in a foreword) commanded a bedouin regiment for three years. However low his opinion of politicians, he has a high regard for the bedouin soldier. In many ways, he says, they were like the Commandos with whom he served in World War Two.

"The bedouin are individualists, smart and well-behaved, hardy and quick on the uptake . . . In finding their way about they are more than a match for the British soldier. They did not get bored or demand a lot of looking after."

There were some unusual characters, not the least of which was a Holy Man who was vowed to silence and lived with a score of cats. He was known to speak only twice, once when he called for food after being seriously ill and once when he caught his finger in a car door.

The author commanded the Arab Legion brigade during the flare-up in Jerusalem in 1954 when war between Israel and Jordan seemed imminent. After a truce was called he persuaded the British Consul-General to telephone the Israeli civil governor to ask if the Israelis intended to attack. The civil governor told him they did not and that night the Arab Legion kept guard without magazines on their automatics or rounds in their rifles.

The Arab Legion is now styled the Jordan Arab Army.

# Man Behind The PIAT

**A CROQUET ball shattered the headmaster's greenhouse at Bedford School.**

All the boys in reasonable throwing range were questioned, but the culprits (who were never found out) were much farther away. There were four of them, and they were hidden with a mortar which they had made from a wooden tube, loaded with black gunpowder.

One of the four, now Lieutenant-Colonel L. V. S. Blacker, was to invent other more lethal mortars and to have no fewer than ten of his devices on active service in World War Two. His story is one of those told by Norman Kemp in "The Devices of War" (*Werner Laurie, 18s*).

Lieutenant - Colonel Blacker was a soldier before World War One. After being wounded in the Royal Flying Corps, he was sent by the War Office to see a mortar invented by a man named Constantinesco. The mortar was of no interest, but Captain Blacker left the inventor's workshop carrying the prototype of today's pneumatic road drill. From this was developed the first machine-gun for firing between the blades of an aeroplane propeller.

After the war Lieutenant-Colonel Blacker invented a bomb-thrower. For this he needed a weapon of .450 calibre and the only ones anywhere near his station on the North-West Frontier were in the possession of Afghan police. His servant obtained one for him—and no questions were asked.

In 1937 came the idea for the Projector, Infantry Anti-Tank, now known as the PIAT, and the prototype was assembled by a village watchmaker. Before the PIAT was developed, however, Lieutenant - Colonel Blacker used the idea for a simple weapon known as the Blacker Bombard, for the Home Guard.

Before the PIAT was manufactured, it was developed until its two-and-three-quarter pound missile could pierce four inches of armour—yet the weapon weighed only 33 pounds. By the end of the war, 115,000 PIATs had been manufactured, and at least five Victoria Crosses had been won with the aid of the weapon. From the same basic idea as the PIAT came the large Petard, fitted to Armoured Vehicles, Royal Engineers, which fired a 40-pound missile.

Lieutenant-Colonel Blacker is now engaged, says the author, on a light-weight "bent tube" mortar which he hopes will destroy tanks at 1000 yards.

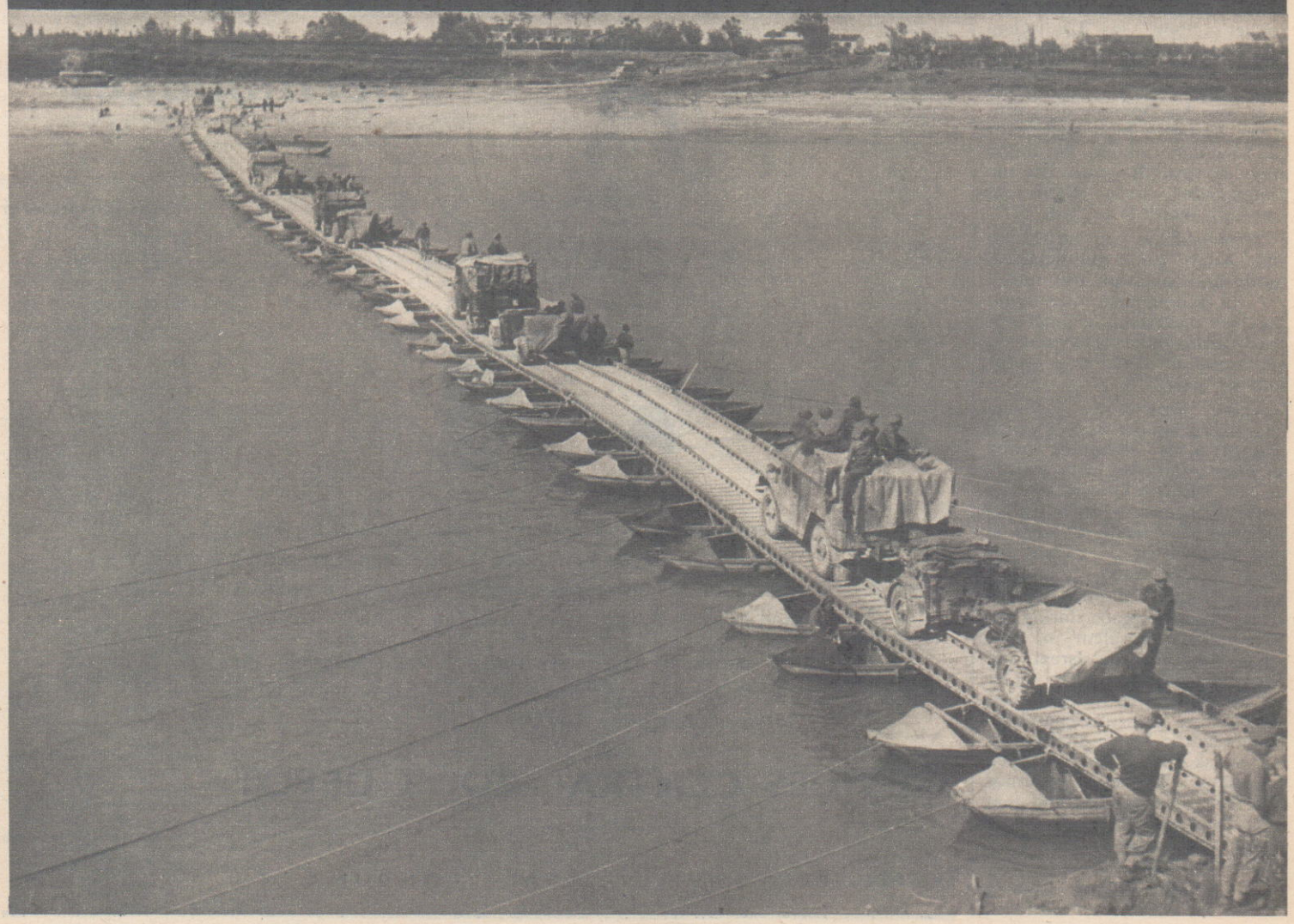
Other stories in this book are about the development of such well-known devices as Mulberry Harbour and "Pluto."

Indian Infantry ford the crocodile-infested Atbara river, on the Eritrean frontier. A pontoon carries their transport.

Reviving a SOLDIER Feature . . .

# SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Undulating under the weight of vehicles: the first British-built pontoon bridge, 620 feet long, over the Po at Occhiobello, Italy.



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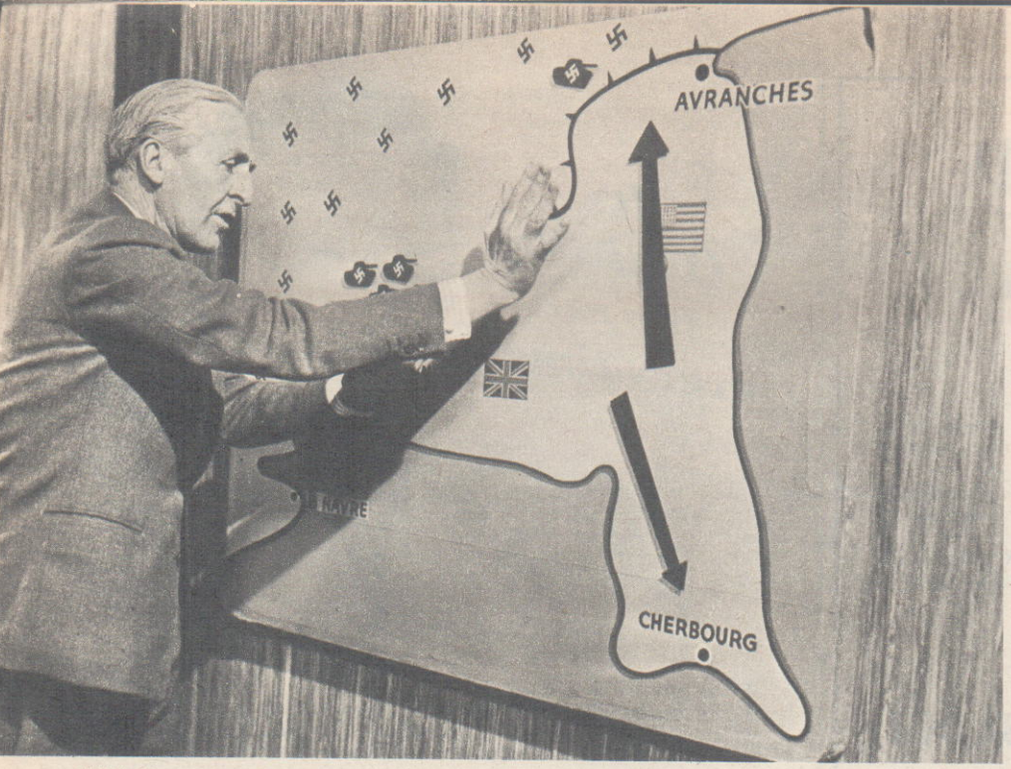



With his magnetic blackboard the General explains the Brittany invasion— on a map "wrong way up." This was how the American invaders saw France from the sea in 1944.

# He's a Television "Find"

***"Like a sea wind blasting away the fog and smog of mediocrity . . ." That was how a television critic described Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks***

**A RETIRED general who fights his battles over again with the aid of a magnetic blackboard and war-time films has become a favourite with British television audiences.**

He is Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks, who was a corps commander in North Africa and in North-West Europe. His series of talks earlier this year on "Men in Battle" won him wide acclaim as an outstanding television personality and a contract from the BBC for a similar series under the same title, beginning this month. In the new series Lieutenant - General Horrocks will deal with Dunkirk, the Normandy invasion and the Battle of Arnhem.

The original talks were the General's own idea and, like his battles, they were prepared with meticulous attention to detail. The first dealt with the battle of Alam el Halfa in August 1942, when the main weight of Rommel's attack before El Alamein fell on 13 Corps, which Lieutenant-General Horrocks had taken over only 12 days before. He explained the strategy of the battle and drew an intimate picture of how it was fought and of the men who fought it.

Not the least interesting of his revelations was that as soon as the German attack began he went to sleep so as to be fresh for the crisis he knew would develop the next morning.

Three other talks dealt with the battle for Tunis, when the General commanded 9 Corps, the invasion and break-out of Normandy and the drive to the Rhine by 30 Corps, which he led.

General Horrocks's television debut stirred the chronically bored television critics of the newspapers. The *Sunday Times* likened his first talk to "a sea wind blasting away the fog and smog of mediocrity. He was so remarkable a man, so unlike a cartoonist's conception of top brass . . . elegantly informal, a man of endearing humour and a light, sure turn of phrase that brought Lord Montgomery and Rommel and the desert and the very smell of 1942 crowding vividly upon the viewer."

The *Daily Telegraph* said he was "one of those rare people who seem to be immediately at home on the TV screen. What was more he had something to say that was worth saying . . . It was a skilful blend of personal reminiscence and expert military judgment." The *News Chronicle* called him "a big personality" and said his talks were "pungent, brilliant, unique and fascinating," and the *Daily Mail* described his account of Alam el Halfa as a "little masterpiece of exposition. He might have been discussing it informally with students at staff college."

Since the first series of "Men in Battle" General Horrocks has appeared, successfully, in several other BBC television and sound programmes, including "The Tall Story Club" and "These Foolish Things."

Even before he came before the television cameras, General Horrocks had been making headlines by his sayings. Once he stirred up controversy by saying that the British soldier lived under the "malign influence of Mum." It was because Mum spoiled him that the soldier today was softer than those who fought under Wellington, he said.

The General is also the military correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, in which he has urged that divisional commanders should be authorised to award the Military Cross and Military Medal, and corps commanders made responsible for allocating the Distinguished Service Order and the Distinguished Conduct Medal for front-line troops. He has also recommended that front-line soldiers should be given a combat badge to distinguish "a lance-corporal of 52 attacks from the cook at Army Group HQ."

Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks joined the Middlesex Regiment in 1914 and was captured that year in Belgium. He made ten unsuccessful attempts to escape.

Since retiring from the Army in 1949 he has been Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords.

As he was in the Western Desert, 1942. His first battle as a corps commander was Alam el Halfa.

Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

*concluding* **MEN FOR MELBOURNE**

Back to an Army training area near Thursley where a riding course fulfilling Olympic requirements has been rigged up by Captain George Boon, the international show jumper. In the Games the men, riding horses picked by ballot from a pool, will have to cover 5000 metres across country over 24 jumps.

Each man parades with two thin rubber bands. These hold the stirrups to his boots if he has a rough passage, but will break if he is thrown from his horse. Captain Boon keeps the riders moving. "Get back on," he shouted to one who had taken a toss and was sitting on the ground rubbing his shoulder. "Events have been won by men with broken legs."

The last stint of the training day is swimming under Sergeant-Major Instructor T. Kennedy, the Army swimming coach. The Olympic distance is 300 metres and Corporal of Horse Hudson shows promise of covering it in less than four minutes. The world's best pentathlon time is three minutes 57 seconds.

One difficulty the team and their coaches have been up against is finding competition. Pentathlon events are oddments in the sports schedule. The inter-Services championships came along during training, however, and all but Sergeant Cobley (nursing an injured shoulder) took part. CSMI Norman won the event; Corporal of Horse Hudson was 14th and SSI Howard 10th. The Royal Navy won the team championship.

**The tie of the Modern Pentathlon Society of Great Britain. The symbols it bears are a sword, a dolphin, a pistol, a spur and a winged shoe.**

**Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Wray Stuart, aged 30, of the Army Physical Training Corps, is the first soldier to represent Britain in the Olympic gymnastic contests. A former inter-Services high-diving champion and Army pole-vault champion of Malaya, he has been Britain's gymnastics title-holder for the past two years.**

## THESE GO TO AUSTRALIA TOO

**Second-Lieutenant Geoffrey Cutter, aged 20, of the Royal Army Service Corps, is one of 16 British hockey players to travel to Melbourne. An outside left, he has been "capped" seven times for Wales. He kept wicket for the RASC cricket eleven this year and in 1952 won the West of England Junior lawn-tennis doubles.**

**Trooper Roy Walsh, aged 19, of the 14th/20th Hussars, will compete for Britain in the high-board (10 metres) and spring-board (three metres) diving events. He was runner-up in the national high-board championships.**

**Private Alan Jackson, aged 20, a Royal Army Medical Corps nursing orderly, will be riding for Britain in the 116-miles Olympic cycle road race and is reserve for the team pursuit track event. He holds the British massed-start road, cross-country and inter-Services pursuit championships.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## ★ RAF's BIG ENTRY

SOLDIERS will be outnumbered by airmen in the British Olympic team at Melbourne. The Royal Air Force contingent numbers 21.

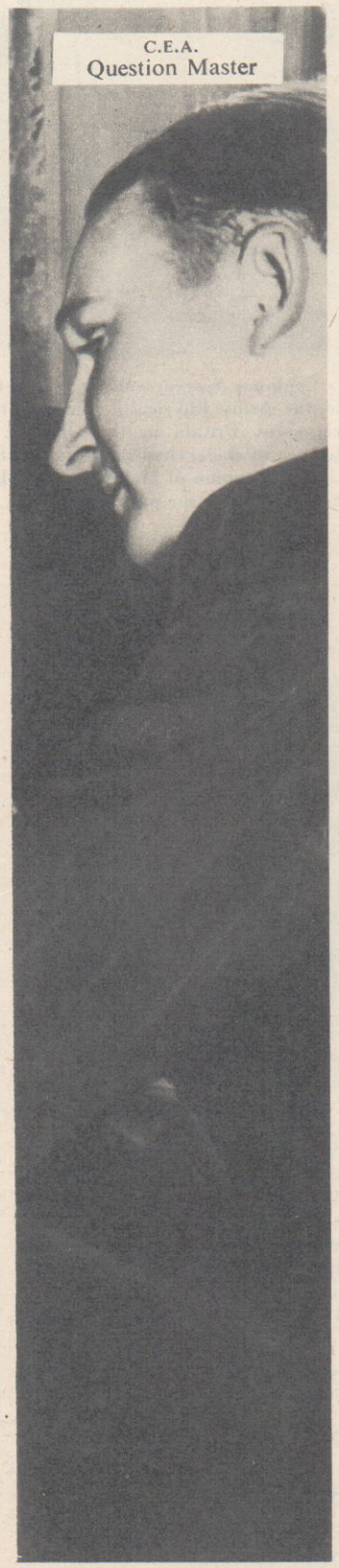
Besides Sergeant Cobley of the pentathlon team, it includes three athletes, three oarsmen, two swimmers, two boxers, two water-polo players, two divers, two hockey-players, one cyclist, one canoeist, one marksman and the manager of the boxing team.

# Careers in Electricity

This is an extract from a recorded interview with E. O. Maxwell, an established C.E.A. engineer, aged 26

## "...in Power Stations I could get variety and responsibility"


Mr. Maxwell


C.E.A. Question Master

*Q.M.:* **What first made you come into the Industry?**

*Mr. Maxwell:* I saw an advertisement for graduate training and it struck me that in power stations I could get the type of experience I wanted —variety and responsibility.

*Q.M.:* **Any particular reason why you chose this part of the world?**

*Mr. Maxwell:* Only that my people were living in the South of England so I voted to do my training here.

*Q.M.:* **After your training . . .?**

*Mr. Maxwell:* I was appointed Assistant Engineer—plant testing —Croydon B. My first ambition, of course, was to be in charge of a shift.

*Q.M.:* **Which you were. Weren't you a Charge Engineer before you were 23?**

*Mr. Maxwell:* Yes. Assistant two years and two months, then Charge Engineer. I was very keen on being responsible for staff and it suited me fine.

*Q.M.:* **What are your plans now?**

*Mr. Maxwell:* Well, my plan at the moment is to gain as much experience of the design and construction —construction side mainly—of nuclear power stations. Actually I shall be going, for two years, to one of the Atomic groups in about four weeks' time. My ultimate aim is really to get back into power stations.

*Q.M.:* **You don't see yourself spending all your time in a nuclear power station?**

*Mr. Maxwell:* Oh, no. I'm much too young at the moment to specialise. I want to get as much general experience as I can.

We'd like to publish more of this interview, but there isn't space. For details of the many careers in Electricity open to you, and the salaried training schemes available, please write to:

**The Education and Training Officer, Central Electricity Authority, 8 Winsley Street, London, W.1.**

CEA


**The National Service officer (George Baker) and his tough sergeant (Harry Andrews) in the British film "A Hill in Korea."**

# KOREA?

**THE first British film about Korea—and, incidentally, the first British film about National Servicemen—has earned a curiously mixed press.**

"This movie may not get the Army many recruits," says one critic, "but it will win them a lot of film fans." Another says it ought to be shown at the School of Infantry so that students may compete in spotting mistakes.

A third says the film is "austerely and honourably" directed and "stands pretty high in its class." A fourth dismisses it as "a Bren gun opera," and a fifth claims he has seen all the characters in other films.

The producer of a war film must make many compromises. If he shows soldiering as the dull work it often is, the audience will snore. If he shows real horror, they will be sick in the aisles. If his soldiers use front-line language, the censor will step in. If he makes them witty fellows, the critics will say they talk like radio comics. And so on.

"A Hill In Korea" (producer: Ian Dalrymple; director, Julian Amyes) steers a reasonably honest course between these pitfalls. It breaks with one irritating convention of recent years, namely that a leading performer in any British unit must be an American or a Canadian. But it clings to another convention: there is a coward in the cast. Usually, the Hollywood screen coward redeems himself in the end by a spectacular act of bravery. In this film the craven goes "round the bend" before throwing away his life to no purpose. We could have done without him.

The film is about a patrol which is cut off while reconnoitring a village. It slays vast numbers of Chinese, who attack suicidally with cacophonous noises. At length the patrol retreats to a rather improbable hill-top temple, repulses a tank with a bazooka and is dive-bombed by friendly aircraft. In the intervals men dream of Arsenal and Chelsea and there is rough badinage between National Servicemen and Regulars. The platoon funny man is a Cockney-Jewish philosopher—and he is often very funny.

Whatever its faults, this is an exciting film, worth seeing if only to argue about tactics.


# LETTERS

## LONGER CAREERS

Can SOLDIER advise me on my Army career? I am 45 years old and just completing 22 years Colour service. I have always worked hard to reach the next step up and I feel capable of serving for another 10 years. Surely regulations are not drafted to prevent a man in the prime of life, mentally and physically, from giving further of his abilities? An Army career requires from each individual constant endeavour to reach a higher standard. Age then should not be the determining factor if a man is still able to give of his best.—**"RQMS" (name and address supplied).**

★*A soldier may be allowed to continue serving beyond 22 years if there is suitable employment for him. While able to offer a man a career up to 55 in certain arms, the Army cannot guarantee longer careers to all. Sedentary posts reserved for those between 45-55 are limited in number. Senior appointments for other ranks cannot be filled by older men as this would create serious blocks in promotion. In the lower ranks many more vacancies occur for older men, who can be accepted if prepared to revert voluntarily. Coming down a step in order to carry on till 55 may seem unattractive, but the time element of all pensions is more important than the rank element. By dropping a rank a man may secure a longer career and an increased pension.*

## HARD-LYING MONEY

One of my humorous pals will insist that hard-lying money is something which is paid to prosecution witnesses at a court-martial. As a matter of interest, what is it?—**"Ignorant."**

★*Hard-lying money is paid to soldiers serving with the Royal Navy or in marine craft to compensate for discomfort caused by living and sleeping on board certain types of craft operating in the open sea. The full rate for sergeants and above is 2s per day and the rates are determined according to the type of vessel on which they are "lying hard."*

## TRANSFERS

Is it possible to transfer direct to the Special Investigation Branch, Royal Military Police? — **"Tank Wallah" (MELF).**

★*No. There is no direct transfer to this branch from other corps. A soldier wishing to serve in it must first apply for transfer to the Provost Wing of the Royal Military Police.*

## BAD CONDUCT

Can a soldier's Long Service and Good Conduct Medal be taken away from him? The question is posed in the case of a man who had completed a 22-year engagement, decided to continue serving in the hope eventually of obtaining a clasp to his medal and then got into a spot of bother, lost his rank and underwent detention.—**"Puzzled."**

★*When a commanding officer considers that the conduct of a soldier wearing the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal has ceased to be irreproachable he can withdraw it, pending a War Office decision.*

## HELIO PREFERRED

I was sorry to discover that visual signalling is no longer taught in the Army. Having first learned the value of the heliograph and signalling lamp as a young soldier on the North-West Frontier of India and having since become so painfully aware of the unreliability of the W/T set (19) as used in World War Two and in the Territorial Army at the present time, I can foresee the possibility of the General Staff searching high and low for those who know visual signalling and the Morse Code, just as they cried out for men who knew how to handle mules in Italy.—**A. L. Appleton, 2a Maberley Road, Beckenham, Kent.**

*See also article on page 38.

## ARMY RECRUITERS

When I re-enlisted in 1952 into the Army Recruiting Staff I had, five years earlier, completed nearly 16 years Colour service. Can I now claim the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal?—**WO II F. Walker, REME, Millbank Military Hospital, London.**

★*Time spent as an Army Recruiter is not allowed to count towards the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. It is granted for 18 years' normal Colour service with all its attendant commitments.*

## MEDAL EXCHANGE?

A number of former Territorial Army soldiers serving on Regular Army engagements wear the Efficiency Medal (Territorial) by virtue of embodied service during World War Two, war service being allowed to count double. Many of these men have now served 18 years with the Regular forces and, but for the Territorial Army award, would be eligible for the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Is there any method whereby the Efficiency Medal (Territorial) can be withdrawn or forfeited, or must the qualifying service for the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal be given solely on a Regular engagement? That the majority of civilian employers would expect a long-term Regular to have the appropriate Regular Army award is a point worth thinking about.—**"Efficient and Long Serving."**

★*Awards are conferred by the Sovereign for specific types of service rendered and options or exchanges are not permitted. Former members of the Territorial Army have already been given a concession which entitles them to wear their Efficiency Medal (Territorial) many years earlier than their opposite numbers of the Regular Army are entitled to a corresponding award. There is nothing to stop an ex-soldier with the Efficiency Medal (Territorial) showing a would-be employer his testimonial and character grading, as given in his discharge book.*

**● 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.**

## £100 BOUNTY

In August 1946 I started my duration-of-emergency service. Approximately two years later I enlisted for five years with the Colours and seven years with the Reserve. This I extended to 12 years with the Colours in November 1953. Can SOLDIER tell me the earliest date on which I can extend to complete 22 years as from November 1948 and also qualify for the £100 bounty? — **"Warrant Officer" (FARELF).**

★*As this warrant officer has not served nine years on his current engagement he is not eligible to re-engage to complete 22 years. If he were to change his engagement now he would place himself outside the bounty zone, because his 22-year engagement would reckon from August 1946 and he would be committed to serve until August 1961, the 15-year point of his engagement. In order to qualify for £100 bounty he must wait until the Army Act 1955 becomes effective on 1 January next and then apply to change to a 22-year engagement, reckoning from November 1948, the date of attestation on his present engagement.*

## KOREA RIBBONS

I wear the ribbons of my three medals in the following order: 1, Korea; 2, United Nations Service; 3, General Service (Malaya). I was told, however, that my General Service Medal should follow the Korea Medal, with the United Nations Service Medal last. The reason given was that the United Nations Service Medal is a foreign award and, as such, is placed after British awards. Can SOLDIER state the correct order of wear?—**"Regular Sergeant" (BAOR).**

★*When both the Korea Medal and the United Nations Service Medal have been awarded they should always be worn in that order and adjacent to each other. Even when an additional row of ribbons compels separation the sequence must be maintained. The United Nations Service Medal is not regarded as a foreign award. The ribbon of the General Service Medal (Malaya) is placed according to the date of the award.*

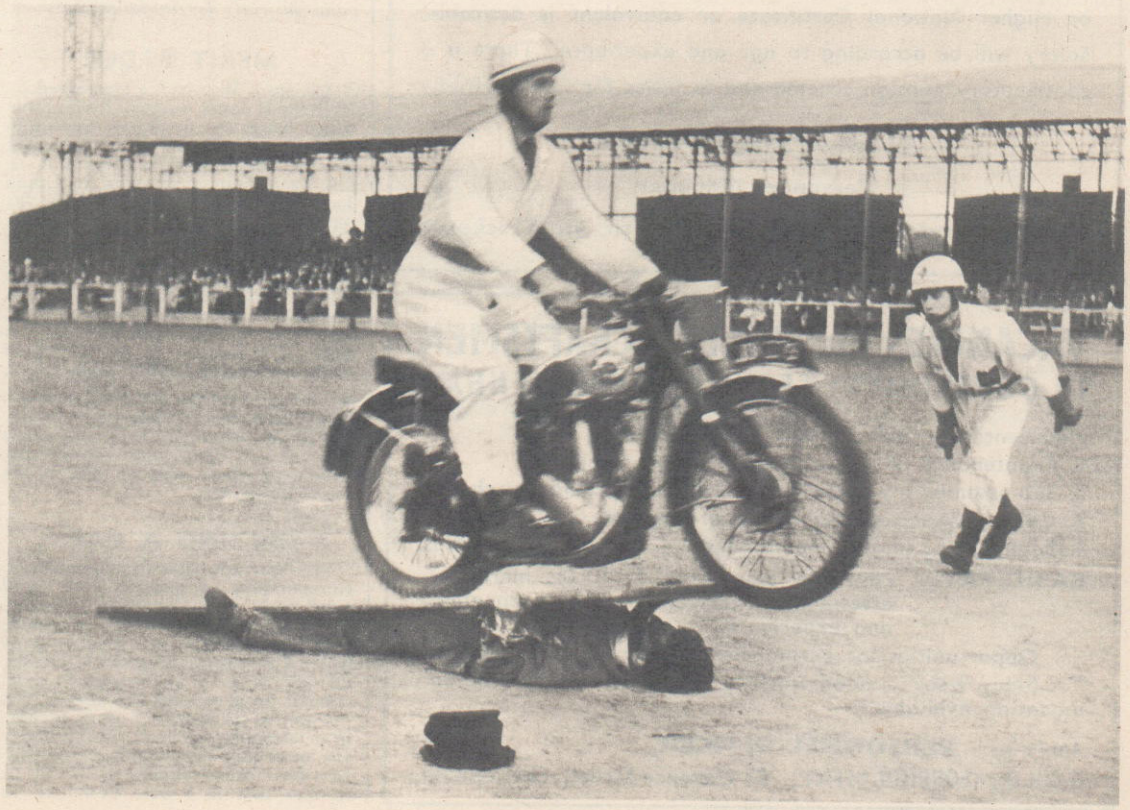
## BERLIN WEDDING

I went on leave to Germany and married a German girl. Before going, I gave notice at my local registry office for the marriage to be solemnised in Berlin and I received all the necessary papers. Can my wife travel by the military route at public expense to join me at my station or must I pay her fare on civilian train and boat?—**"Instructor."**

★*A soldier who marries in another country while on leave has no entitlement to a passage for his wife to Britain under military arrangements. Nor is there any regulation by which she can be granted free travel.*

MORE LETTERS OVERLEAF

**The things they think of . . . one of this year's stunts performed at Woolwich Tattoo by 31 Driver Regiment, Royal Artillery. The man under the board would appear to qualify for hard-lying money.**



# more letters

## SIR EYRE COOTE

I am surprised that the writer of the review "Third Greatest General" (SOLDIER, August) omits reference to Sir Eyre Coote's share in the decisive Battle of Plassey in 1757. Sir Robert Clive, finding his small army of 3000 men facing 60,000 of Surajah Dowlah, called a council of war in which the majority, led by himself, voted not to fight, Coote dissenting; later, Clive accepted Coote's advice, fought and won the great victory at Plassey. Coote was in the 39th Foot and is buried at Rockborn in Hampshire.—**J. E. Crisp, "Dilkoosha," 28 Norwich Avenue, Bournemouth.**

## "BALLOON GOES UP"

One constantly hears the expression "If the balloon goes up" as signifying the beginning of a war or crisis. This, I am sure, is wrong. I have always understood that at manoeuvres before 1914, in order that all troops should know the exercise was over—in case they did not hear the "Cease fire" or "Disperse"—a captive balloon was let up as a signal that all was, in fact, over. How then has the whole thing got twisted round in meaning?—**Lieutenant-Colonel (rtd.) P. J. M. Ellison, 92 Ebury Street, London.**

## SOLDIERING ON

Since first joining a Yeomanry regiment (Territorial Army) in 1922 I have served in the Regular Army, the Royal Air Force and, again, the Territorial Army. I have lately re-engaged for another year, making my recent service with the Territorial Army seven years. In order to join in 1950 I had to convince Royal Air Force Records that I was fully determined before they would discharge me from their Reserve: they said they regretted losing me to the Army. My character has always been exemplary. I mean to remain in the Territorial Army until I am "kicked out," but does SOLDIER think that, since my total combined service is nearly 34 years, I could be specially recommended for the Efficiency Medal (Territorial)? Or must I wait until I have done another five years?—**"Broad Acres."**

★*This enthusiast will have to do 12 years altogether in order to qualify for the medal as special recommendations cannot be entertained. Nor can he count his early Territorial service.*

## MERIT BADGE

The Boer War badge mentioned by M. Read (Letters, August) is that from which hangs the first-class decoration of the Order of Merit of the Corps of Commissionaires. The decoration itself is a 16-pointed star with the Union Jack in the centre, encircled by the motto of the Corps in silver letters on a blue background. There are three classes of the Order, awarded for eight, 13 and 18 years' service, with certain other qualifications. It is possible that the badge referred to is the third-class, worn on the right arm. It is not an easily won award.—**G. W. Harris, 4 Rutherwyke Close, Stoneleigh, Ewell.**

★*The colour of the ribbon is officially described as black, white and maroon. The badge mentioned by this reader is part of the first- and second-class Orders of Merit, and by itself is the third-class Order.*

## BUYING A CAR

"Ex-Warrant Officer's" statement on commutation of pension (July) and your reply made interesting reading. My own case supports your correspondent. My pension is 43s.1d., out of which I pay approximately 9s. income tax per week. I am occupying local council property and my salary, plus pension, is calculated as gross income in determining my rent: in fact I pay 10s. more than my neighbour. My pension therefore is reduced to 24s. 1d. It follows that if I were permitted to commute £1 of my pension for a capital sum, or even to buy a motor-car to provide outings for my semi-invalid wife, I would be relieved of both financial burdens.

It is unfair that my pension should be assessed both for income tax and a local council differential rent scheme. To take nearly half of one's pension away in this manner is an injustice, particularly when it is remembered that the pensioner has given over 20 years in the service of his country. Ex-Servicemen's organisations should petition for a relaxation of the rules of commutation.—**"Another Ex-Warrant Officer."**

★*Army Pensions Office will approve commutation to buy a motor-car only if the car is necessary for the pensioner's job. This is one rule not likely to be relaxed.*

## PIG ON THE WALL

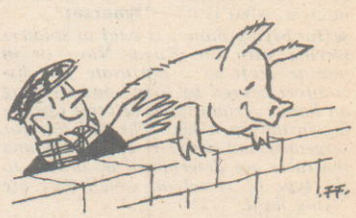
*In September a reader enquired the name of a regimental march to which soldiers used to sing:*

I put the pig upon the wall
to see the band go by.

*He thought the regiment was an Irish one. These are among the letters received:*

Irish my foot! The march is that of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, namely "The Lincolnshire Poacher." The "Shiny Tenth" will be all over SOLDIER for that one.—**C. Hinds, 17 Station Lane, Old Dalby, Leicester.**

The lines come from a parody on "The Lincolnshire Poacher." My father served with the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment between 1908 and 1920 and remembers singing the words quoted to the regimental march: indeed he sang them to me when I was a small boy.—**Michael J. Reynolds, 1 Elm Grove Road, Barnes.**



I served with 2nd Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment for seven-and-a-half years and was taught to sing the words "I put the pig upon the wall to see the Yorks go by." The march of the East Yorkshire Regiment is to the tune "The Yorkshire Lass."—**Sergeant G. Durrant, Regimental Band, Scots Guards.**

The words were sung to the tune "The Yorkshire Lass."—**Mrs. B. A. Ainley, The Rise, Cold Norton, Purleigh, Essex.**

An ex-warrant officer colleague of mine says the regiment in question is the Royal Norfolk Regiment. However, an old book on the British Army makes this reference: "Men of the Regiment de Chateuguay of Canada march and sing those words to 'The days when we went gipsying'." This Canadian regiment is allied to the North Staffordshire Regiment.—**S. R. Sellwood, Shevington Camp, Scatterdells Lane, Chipperfield.**

I have been in fairly close touch with the North Staffordshire Regiment for some 63 years and never heard the words applied to their more recent march, nor to the original march, "Romica." Incidentally, the regiment lost "Romica" in 1881 because a former German bandmaster, left behind in 1849 when the regiment went abroad, introduced it into another regiment.—**Major H. C. Fausset, late 1 North Staffordshire Regiment, Pitchfield Cottage, Thursley, Surrey.**

## EDINBURGH TATTOO

I congratulate you on the article on the Edinburgh Tattoo in your September number. It is time that this event was universally recognised as the Army's best contribution to a national event.

I am particularly pleased because it was I who originated this Tattoo. In 1949 I was asked, at short notice, to take over the production of what was called "a military display" on the Castle Esplanade. There were about 250 performers, including two bands, and about six badly placed searchlights. I was asked to prepare a programme and produce the show, which I called "The King's Men." This I did and, as there was only one stand seating 500 people on the north side of the Esplanade, the disappointed queues for admission must have numbered a thousand each night.

As a result of this success, I was asked by Scottish Command to make recommendations for the future. The memorandum which I submitted stressed that this had the makings of a really big affair, and that as it was "hitched" to a national festival, there was no doubt of its success. What I particularly emphasised was that there should be stands for 5000, and that not more than 500 performers should be employed as that was all the arena could show to advantage.

This memorandum was discussed at a meeting with the Edinburgh Corporation, and it was decided to "go big" in 1950. At the instance of the Corporation the spectacle was called a "Tattoo", and I produced it for Scottish Command in that and the following year.

Though I now have nothing to do with the production, I rather resent the so-called "historical" item which you describe. It is a travesty of history, because Edinburgh Castle was never attacked by the Camerons (or by any other Highland clan) in 1745, and so the idea of turning the battle into an international football match whereby England wins on one night and Scotland on the other is both nonsensical and undignified. Unfortunately, the Scots do not care as much about their history as you might think, which is why they pay to see it.—**Lt-Col. (rtd.) George Malcolm of Poltalloch.**

## BISHOP TO THE FORCES

Please settle an argument: I say there is a Forces' bishop, but my friends disagree.—**"Kenny."**

★*The Suffragan Bishop of Maidstone gives the Forces his full-time services. This See was abolished in 1946 but was recently revived.*

## CANADIAN VC

I frequently send my copy of SOLDIER to a relative in British Colombia and she has sent me a copy of *The Sunday Sun Weekend Magazine*, in which there is an article on Private Timothy O'Hea, VC. He is said to have emanated from Ireland and was awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry in Canada.—**Robert C. Pickerell, 20 Maricas Avenue, Harrow Weald.**

★*As briefly mentioned in SOLDIER (January), Private O'Hea won his award during a period when the Victoria Cross could be earned in peace-time for gallantry in saving life or property (it can now be won only for gallantry in the face of an enemy).*

*The article in* The Sunday Sun *tells how, in 1866, Private O'Hea, serving with the Rifle Brigade, was guarding an ammunition train dispatched by the British garrison at Quebec to Niagara, where Fenians (countrymen of his) were raiding from New York State. An ammunition wagon caught fire and O'Hea mounted it 19 times, single-handed, in the course of an hour and at last extinguished the flames. There were immigrants locked in adjoining coaches of the train.*

*In 1874 O'Hea died of thirst and exhaustion in Stuart's Desert, Australia, where he had joined an expedition to search for an explorer believed to be living with aborigines. His Victoria Cross eventually found its way to the Rifle Brigade museum at Winchester. It is the only VC won on Canadian soil.*

## SLOVENLINESS

If by "young soldiers" Ex-Warrant Officer (Letters, September) meant Boys, it is not right to say we are a disgrace to the Army. I bet that some of the men wish they could be as smart as most of us. And it is not "bull" but self-pride that makes us so.—**P. Hindmarsh, Infantry Boys Battalion, Plymouth.**

★*Obviously, by "young soldiers" our correspondent meant young soldiers, not Boys, whose standard of turn-out is high.*

## RETAINED REGULARS

Having completed 23 years of a 25-year engagement I wanted to terminate my service, but my Orderly Room said I could not do so owing to the emergency. I was under the impression that the retention of Regular soldiers applied only to those with Reserve commitments, not to those who had completed pensionable engagements.—**"Punch" (Middle East).**

★*All Regulars are retained during an emergency, but if hardship is caused to a man who has completed a pensionable engagement a special application for discharge will be considered. It is dealt with strictly on merit.*

OVER

## more letters

### DRUMS—

Ten British drums, a German Army prize, were handed back to Elizabeth College Combined Cadet Force (SOLDIER, July).

As a very enthusiastic young bandmaster in a large cadet company, I have few drums and bugles and feel sure that other drum-majors or commanding officers can help. I formed our bugle band just over 16 months ago and find it very difficult to obtain instruments at present-day prices. I have a waiting list of 40 boys and no instruments for them. Drums and bugles in any condition will help to relieve dire necessity and provide a boost to recruitment. — **Lieutenant E. W. Buckley, ACF, 32 Oak Hill, Hollesley, Woodbridge, Suffolk.**


**The Chelsea Pensioners on SOLDIER's front cover are (left to right) Sergeant J. Jones, late 19th Hussars; Fusilier S. Scattergood, late Royal Welch Fusiliers; and Private A. Rankin, late King's Royal Rifle Corps. *Colour photograph by Staff Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL.***

### —AND TIGER SKIN

I am the possessor of a tiger-skin—mounted head—in quite good condition. Perhaps there is some unit to which it would be of use as a skin for the drum section of the band?

Some time ago a volunteer unit asked for a leopard skin. I was able to donate one to their band.

I would gladly pay any charges for transport.—**C. B. Rackshaw, 8 Francis Road, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.**

### RESERVE RIGHTS

Is it possible for a soldier in Class B Reserve to purchase his discharge?—**"Light Blue."**

★*Yes, but only in exceptional circumstances would it be allowed during an emergency. The purchase price is governed by the number of years served with the Colours and on the Reserve.*

### AND THANK YOU

For the last five years I have read SOLDIER and enjoyed it very much. I believe it to be the best magazine of its type available. Thank you for some very enjoyable reading.—**Staff-Sergeant Walter Battin Jnr., United States Air Force.**

**Adjusting his helio on a Kenya hill: Lance-Corporal R. Farrow, RE.**
*Photograph: Sergeant W. R. Hawes.*

## YOU CAN'T BEAT A HELIO

**IN September SOLDIER published an account of military surveying under the headline "The Army Marked a Five-Mile Line."**

Just too late for incorporation in it arrived an article about the operations of 89 Field Survey Squadron, Royal Engineers, which is engaged on military map-making in East Africa. The Squadron is operating in conjunction with the Survey of Kenya and Government Printers, Nairobi.

These military surveyors have been working in teams of five as a safeguard against Mau Mau terrorists and wild animals. Last year, however, one surveyor was killed by terrorists and two were injured. The teams have had encounters with rhino, lion, buffalo and leopard, not to mention snakes and scorpions.

Because of the abundant sunlight, heliographs have been widely used to provide aiming marks. The more usual wooden beacons are vulnerable to damage by wild game or theft by natives, and electric lamps require a portable charging set; hence the attraction of the heliograph. The glint from a large one can be seen 100 miles away.

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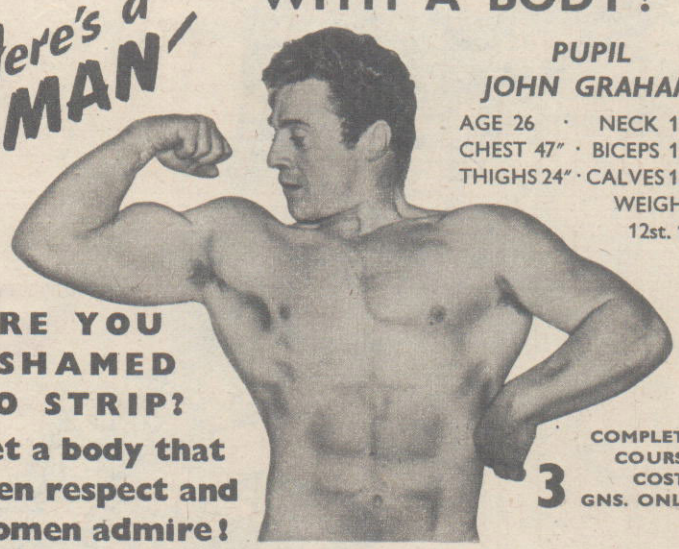

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# SOLDIER

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