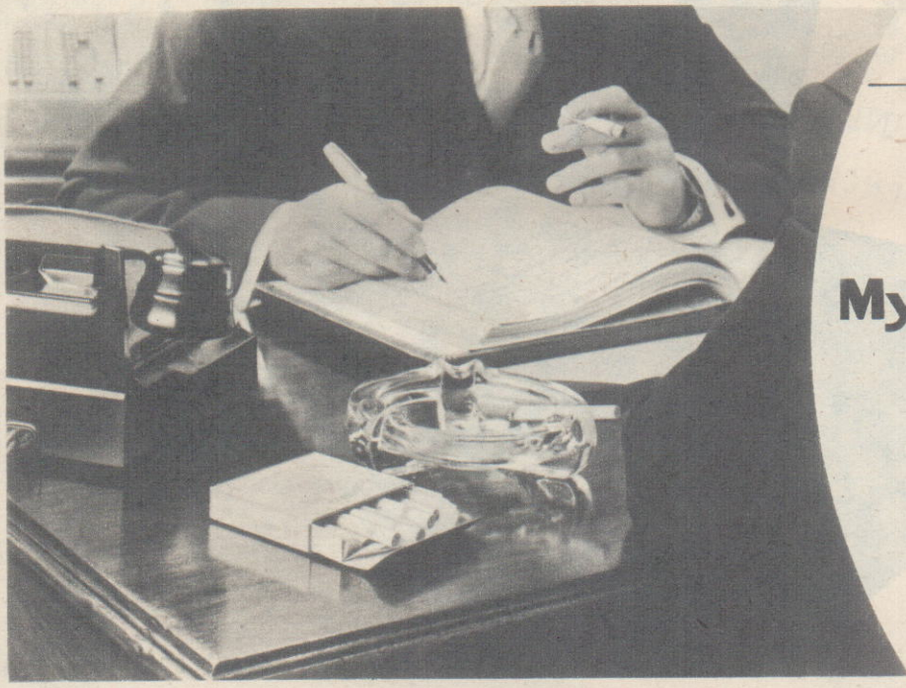
SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

MAY 1957

NINEPENCE



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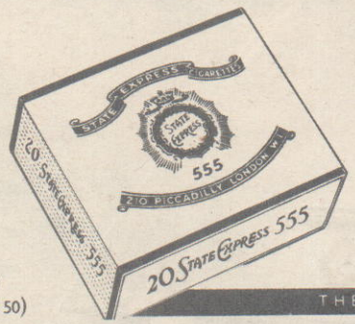

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(BLOCK LETTERS) Soldier, May '57.

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AGE 24

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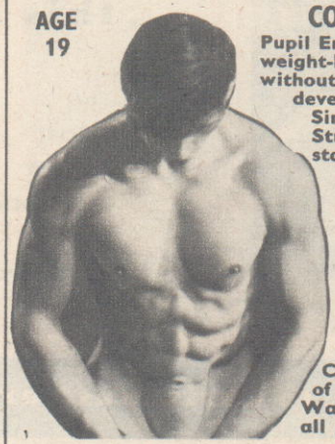
Maxalding is not only the fastest muscle building method known to science, taking many of its followers up to WORLD CLASS in strength and development, but it also bestows speed and stamina, as proven by the large number who excel at games. Pupil W. Redhead (right) has won awards for strength and physical development, and regularly plays for his local soccer team, being top goal scorer and noted for his energy and freshness right through a game.



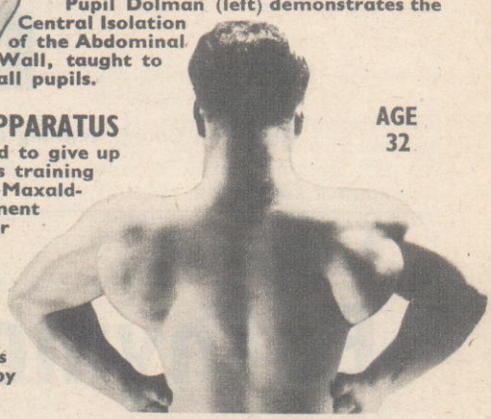
AGE 19

COUNTY STRENGTH CHAMPION

Pupil Eric Dolman (left) was a keen clubman and weight-lifter, but remained at a "sticking point" without any measurable increases in strength and development before taking up Maxalding. Since enrolling he has established County Strength records and proved speed and stamina by engaging successfully in boxing.

ABDOMINAL CONTROL

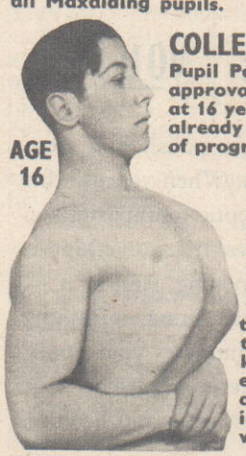
One of the great Maxalding discoveries is that of Abdominal Control, giving internal fitness and laying the foundation of health. Pupil Redhead (top right) shows the flat and well-toned abdomen which won him the title of "BRITAIN'S BEST ABDOMINALS." Pupil Dolman (left) demonstrates the Central Isolation of the Abdominal Wall, taught to all pupils.



AGE 32

GAINS WITHOUT APPARATUS

Pupil A. R. Smith (right) had to give up weight-lifting and apparatus training through a knee injury. With Maxalding he increased his development and strength to a greater degree than when training with apparatus. He is shown performing the Maxalding Back Spread which adds inches to chest size in a short time, and together with the Abdominal Controls shown above are mastered by all Maxalding pupils.



AGE 16

COLLEGE BOY—JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHT

Pupil Peter Williams (left) took up Maxalding with the approval and encouragement of his father and is shown at 16 years of age after a few months' Maxalding. He is already a 5' 10" heavyweight with a 44" chest and years of progress ahead of him.

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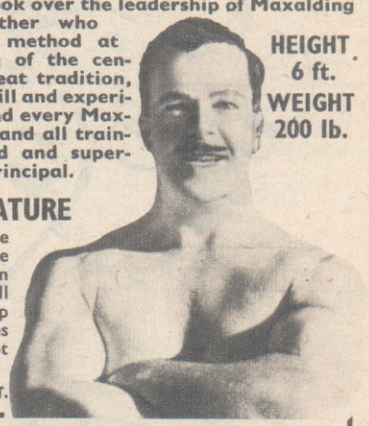
COURT SALDO (below) Principal of Maxalding, has spent a life-time in the study and application of scientific training. He was "born" into the profession and took over the leadership of Maxalding from his father who founded the method at the beginning of the century. This great tradition, knowledge, skill and experience are behind every Maxalding course and all training is planned and supervised by the Principal.



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Vol. 13, No. 3 **SOLDIER** MAY 1957

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

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THE ARMY HONOURS "LORD WELFARE"

Lord Nuffield, 80 years old this year, has subsidized the three fighting Services to the tune of some £2,000,000

AS this issue of SOLDIER appears, the Army expects to be honouring Lord Nuffield, the man who has done more to brighten life for the Serviceman than any other private individual in history.

He will be the Army's guest at a dinner party in Grosvenor House Hotel, London.

Five years ago the Royal Navy expressed its thanks in similar fashion. The Army's tribute is being paid in the year that Lord Nuffield celebrates his eightieth birthday.

From time to time the shy millionaire who is a walking welfare state pops in unannounced at the Nuffield Centre, that ever-popular resort of Servicemen at the back of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in London. Once he casually asked a young soldier for his views on the Nuffield Trust. He soon learned that the soldier had never heard of it.

Every Serviceman who has served since 1939 is in his debt: Lord Nuffield.

The fact that Lord Nuffield, personally, has never courted publicity may have contributed to the soldier's ignorance. For a long time he has kept himself discreetly out of the news and the public eye. Disliking London, he tries to avoid spending a night there.

Lord Nuffield was formerly Sir William Morris, of Morris Motors. By 1939 he had already given away vast sums to hospitals and universities. In that year, with conscription under way, he offered to start his Trust Fund for the Forces. If war came suddenly, he wanted to ensure that men called up would not be abruptly cut off from all their familiar comforts.

The shares he gave were worth £1,650,000 at that time. The idea was to devote the interest from this sum to providing and improving Services welfare.

So great, however, was the rush of men into uniform that, before the first dividend fell due in May 1940, there was no ready money to meet immediate requirements. The vast capital sum could not be touched—and never has been.

To meet the emergency along came Lord Nuffield with another offer of £50,000 in cash. His co-Trustees put up a similar amount, raised by the simple expedient of borrowing on the strength of things to come. Thus, Services' welfare under the Nuffield Trust got off to a good start—and the men of the British Expeditionary Force had radio sets by the hundred.

Once the interest on the capital investment started rolling in there was never any danger of financial setbacks. During the war years annual income averaged £87,500. In recent years the figure has been nearer £200,000.

From the beginning grants have been made to each of the three Services to use whichever way they choose. Additionally, equipment of all sorts is provided.

The Army alone has benefited by about £356,000 since 1939. This sum has been spent exclusively on things of direct concern to the Army and does not take

OVER . . .

At Singapore they dive by courtesy of Lord Nuffield.

At the wheel of a 1911 Morris.

When this picture was taken Lord Nuffield was an Honorary Colonel in the Royal Artillery (Territorial).

"LORD WELFARE" *cont'd*

into account clubs, swimming pools and so on which are provided from, or aided by, the Trust for all three Services.

When the grand total for the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force is totted up it comes to something like £2,000,000. Of this a mere one per cent has gone on administrative costs, due to the fact that the Trust has always been run for the Forces by the Forces.

Grants have been made to the Army to provide tennis and squash courts, cricket mats, boxing rings, judo and fencing equipment, sailing and rowing boats, radio and television sets, rediffusion installations, camping and climbing outfits, sports gear, bicycles, skis, cinema and stage accessories, hobbies, musical instruments, even garden furniture and motor buses.

All this reads rather like a catalogue from a big London store—with no price tags.

Of the £356,000 spent so far on the Army's welfare, the women's Services have had £48,000. During World War Two one young woman had the misfortune to lose her wig in a fire. The Nuffield Trust promptly provided her with a new one, plus a replacement in case of further mishaps.

Swimming pools in Singapore and Gibraltar are cool, clear examples of the value of the Nuffield Trust. It provided these and financially assisted other swimming pools in Britain, Malaya and Aden.

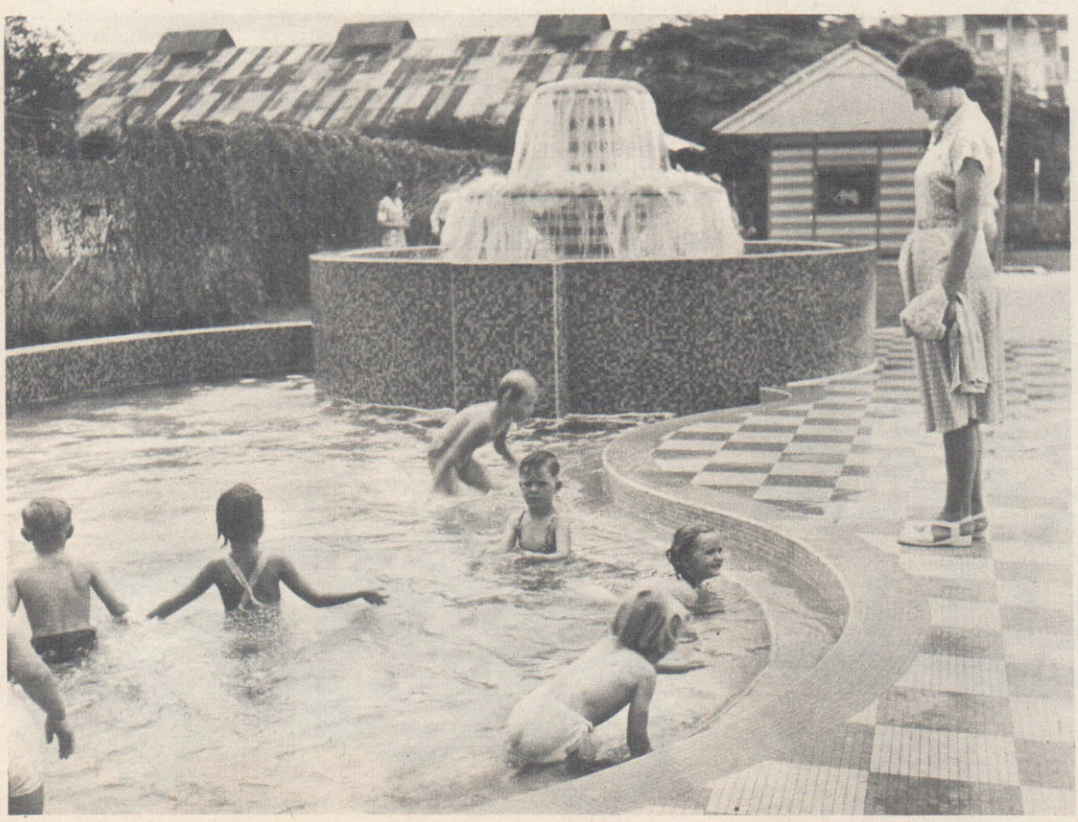
The Nuffield Centre in Adelaide Street, London, the Junior Officers' Club in Eaton Square, and the United Services' Club, Portsmouth, are well-known examples of Lord Nuffield's benefactions. The Trust has also rallied to the assistance of smaller clubs in this country, in Malta and Hong Kong. Many ex-soldiers will remember with gratitude the wartime Nuffield clubs and rest centres which were to be found everywhere from Iceland to Basra, Nassau to Madagascar.

Best-known of all, the Nuffield Centre was started in Wardour Street, near Piccadilly, during World War Two. A German bomb landed on the Café de Paris next door, so by pulling down a connecting wall and rebuilding a bigger and better Nuffield Centre eventually emerged.

The present location, formerly Gatti's Restaurant, was taken over in 1948. For as little as two shillings the soldier-visitor today has his meal prepared in the same spotless kitchens once used by famous chefs. Lady Nuffield makes a point of looking in every time she visits the Centre. She always likes to know just what's cooking for the troops.

It was outside the present building that Lord Nuffield once overheard a London policeman remark: "Just the job, a place like this. Keeps the lads off the streets."

While that may not have been



Above: The swimming pool built by the Nuffield Trust at Gibraltar. Left: At Singapore Servicemen's children also sport in a Nuffield pool.

the primary purpose, the Nuffield Centre has in fact provided Servicemen and women from all over Britain and the Commonwealth with a place of call, whether on duty, on leave or passing through London. Over nine million persons, including guests, have been through the doors in search of food, entertainment or relaxation (a device operated by an attendant counts all visitors).

Almost 10,000 artists of stage, films, radio, television and concert hall have appeared at shows and given their services free. Nowadays, it would be difficult to find a variety performer who has not "played" the Nuffield Centre. For many of them it has proved a stepping-stone to success.

The BBC has not only televised shows from the Centre, it holds auditions there four times a week.

The secretary at the Centre, Miss Mary Cook, contrives to

Just another gift: The Firefly fleet in the Canal Zone.

organise both Forces shows and BBC auditions and patiently sits through most of them, which means that there is hardly a stage joke about second-lieutenants, sergeant-majors and quarter-masters she has not heard, with variations, during the past 14 years.

Mrs. Margaret Robinson, MBE, can claim an even longer record of service with the Nuffield Trust. She has been secretary since its inception.

During the early days her office was in a building near St. James's Park. When the blitz on London was at its height she took the precaution of dialling her own office number before setting out each morning. One day, sure enough, the familiar ringing tone was missing and so, concluded Mrs. Robinson, was her office. She never went to see for herself, but promptly took herself off to Kensington. She has had an office there ever since.

All requests by Army units for grants from the Nuffield Trust have to be submitted to the War Office, but Lord Nuffield continues to scrutinise those involving more than £250.

Why, it might be asked, should Lord Nuffield, having presented the Forces with a sum originally worth more than one-and-a-half million pounds, want to bother himself with the expenditure of a mere few hundreds?

The answer: he loathes extravagance and waste.

BILL COUSINS.

Lord Nuffield pours out tea at the Nuffield Centre's opening in 1948 . . . and Lady Nuffield prepares to cut a cake for a special occasion.

In the Nuffield Centre are photographs of hundreds of entertainers who have performed there. Below: The right crowd and no crowding.

SOLDIER to Soldier

"ANY coward can secrete a bomb under a staircase, but it takes a man to get it out."

That was the *Daily Mail*'s comment on the award of the George Medal to Sergeant Anthony Taylor, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Three bombs had already exploded in a police station in Cyprus when Sergeant Taylor arrived and began to search for more. He found one concealed in the wall under the stairs, with a time pencil protruding from it. Knowing that the bomb was liable to go off at any moment, he began to prise out the pencil, breaking the end off in the process. Just after he freed it, and while he still held it in his hand, the striker in the pencil operated—harmlessly.

A full-length film was once built around a situation not one whit more dramatic. To Sergeant Taylor the feat was all in the day's work. He had already dealt with ten similar bombs.

This George Medal was richly earned. It is, moreover, a welcome honour for a supposedly "tail" Corps whose members may be called on to show courage of the coldest kind.

WHEN Members of Parliament debated this year's Army Estimates they did so under a handicap: they did not know the nature of the impending changes which, they were told, would "determine the structure of the Army for a generation to come."

Of unusual interest was the War Minister's statement that 15,000 men now serving in the Army were the product of boys' units and apprentices' schools. Of these, 2000 were officers, 2000 warrant officers and over 4000 sergeants. 'Since about one-third of the 15,000 have less than five years service, I think I am not exaggerating when I say this is a remarkable and desirable result," said Mr. John Hare. "That is why we thought it right that boys' units should be renamed Junior Leader's units."

One of the most heartening moments in the debate was when Mr. R. T. Paget told the House of a recent visit he had paid to a reform camp for young Mau Mau in Kenya. Since his remarks appear to have attracted no attention elsewhere, SOLDIER makes no apology for quoting Mr. Paget on this camp:

"It was run by a Captain Gardner, whose name I am happy to mention because I think he is a man of great genius. He had been a Regular sergeant-major in the Sappers and had become quartermaster captain. He took over these 1200 or 1400 young Mau Mau and determined to make the camp into a public school.

"Captain Gardner set these young men to work to build their form rooms and technical instruction shops. He scrounged material and he scrounged instructors. He made a farm out of desert country. He built 14 football pitches and a sports ground, and he created a morale and enthusiasm which is good to see. In fact, when I mentioned this immensely moving development to the District Commissioner, he said, 'Yes, the thing is a damned nuisance to me. Three or four times a week some blasted little boy here breaks into a shop, takes the proceeds round to the police station, and says, 'Now can I go to Wumumu?'

"That is perfectly true. Captain Gardner has created such enthusiasm among these young people that they now have a Wumumu old school tie. (*Laughter.*) The boys from there get the best jobs. When the railway apprentices scheme was begun there were 6000 for the 60 places and 20 of those chosen were Wumumu boys. There is a Wumumu old school hall in Nairobi. The staggering thing about this experiment is that the cost, including board, is £23 a year per boy and Wumumu could provide quite an effective battalion because there is the morale there, there is enthusiasm and there is the desire to learn."

SOLDIER understands that Captain G. Gardner left the Army to run this settlement.

THE Royal Marines were understandably proud when Colonel Samuel Bassett, of that Corps, celebrated recently his 50 years in uniform. He joined as a lad of 16, having fled school.

Colonel Bassett's fine span of service has already inspired people to ask, "Is this a record?" just as they did a few weeks ago when a naval petty officer completed 50 years service. Alas, Colonel Bassett will have to serve until 1975 if he is to equal the achievement of Gunner Samuel Parsons, who enlisted in the Royal Artillery at Devonport in 1844 at the age of 19 and was discharged in 1912, having served for 68 years, 216 days. He remained a Gunner all his life. On his discharge papers this sprightly 87-year-old was desdescribed as having "fresh complexion and white hair." He held the Crimea Medal with clasps for Balaclava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. Throughout his service he had no entries in his conduct sheets. He died in 1915, drawing a pension of 1*s* 6*d* a day.

In 1855 the senior quartermaster of the Grenadier Guards, Joseph Payne, retired after 54 years and six months service. He had served at Corunna and Waterloo and saw one-and-a-half years service in the Crimean War.

The Royal Navy can trump the Army with the example of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo Wallis. At about the age of four his name was "wangled" on to various ships' books, thus enabling him to draw pay until he became a serving midshipman. He was a lieutenant in 1808, a rear-admiral in 1851 and an admiral of the fleet in 1877. He died in 1892 at 101, still drawing full pay. He very nearly achieved the distinction of being on the public pay-roll for a century.

Your playing field is his memorial: the late Brigadier-General R. J. Kentish.

In the days before footballers tucked their shirts in: Brigadier-General Kentish is seen behind the late Queen Mary at an Army football final.

SPRINKLED through *Who's Who* are the names of hundreds of all-but-forgotten British generals, many of them of great age. The entries against their names are contributed by the individuals themselves, and for the most part are dry listings of ranks attained and appointments held.

One long-standing entry (which will not be found in the next *Who's Who*) differed in style from the others. It was that of the late Brigadier-General R. J. Kentish, in whose memory a plaque has been unveiled at Aldershot central sports ground by a fellow Royal Irish Fusilier, Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer.

General Kentish's biographical entry contained this:

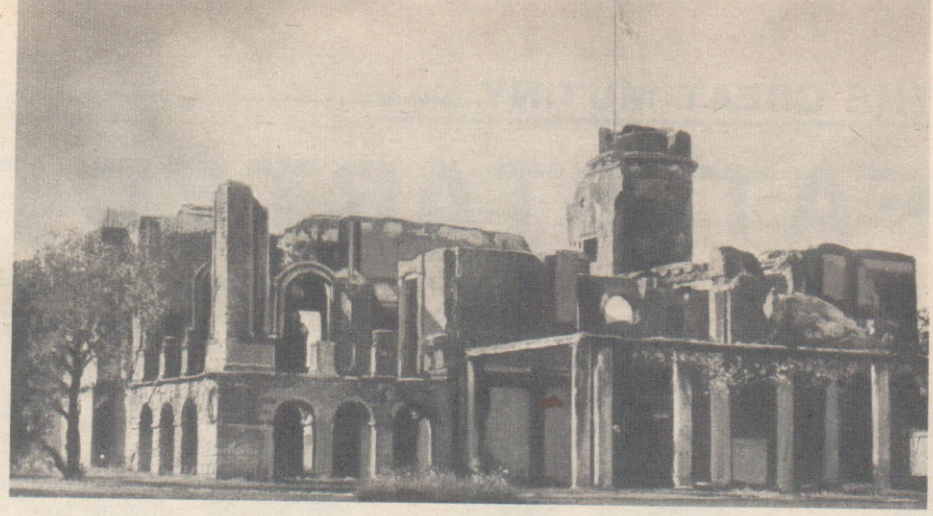
". . . a strong advocate of the policy of placing the private soldier on his honour, which led to the abolition of picquets in the Aldershot command, 1910, and subsequently in the whole Army; originated at Aldershot in 1908 the scheme for providing adequate recreation grounds for the troops; in 1914 officially appointed by the Army Council to extend the scheme to Great Britain and Ireland; in 1919 he continued the scheme until he retired from the Army, 1922; and in 1925 he founded the National Playing Fields Association."

When Brigadier - General Kentish entered the Army from Sandhurst in 1897 a recruit could by no means be sure of finding those "generous facilities for sport" which the posters of today proclaim. Officers had plenty of opportunities for field sports; for the troops it was often a different story. Thanks to men with the vigour and vision of Brigadier-General Kentish, sport made tremendous strides in those shake-up years which followed the Boer War. More and more officers began to take part in sport with their men. Whether or not the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, there is a case for arguing that the *esprit-de-corps* formed on the playing fields of Aldershot stood the Old Army in good stead at Mons and Ypres.

In retirement Brigadier-General Kentish still took a busy interest in Army sport, as well as serving the British Olympic Council. Even after Hitler's war he was to be found, from time to time, accompanying the Army football team to Paris or Brussels.

Today the inspection of the Army's hundreds of playing fields the world over is the responsibility of a brigadier.

From 1857 to 1948 a Union Jack flew day and night over the Residency at Lucknow, scene of the famous siege. The last flag is now in Windsor Castle.



One hundred years ago the British Army faced an awesome challenge in India . . . but vigorous leadership and plenty of hard marching carried the day

THE GREAT MUTINY

IN 1857 the British soldier found himself fighting for his life in India, that restless sub-continent which his fathers and grandfathers had pacified. The native troops Britain had trained began to turn against their masters.

For a long time the people of Britain failed to realise how great was the threat to their kin, their prestige and their prosperity. There had been mutinies before, but they had always been quickly suppressed. Then reports of massacre and siege began to mount—and the public looked around angrily for scapegoats.

Not all the indignation was vented at the right targets. There *had* been bumbling in high places, both civil and military. There was bumbling, too, even after the Mutiny started. But India was saved by the vigour of new, mostly younger, leaders, men who knew that quick, ruthless action can always confound an undisciplined, leaderless enemy, no matter how great the apparent odds. Men like fiery John Nicholson, slain in the hour of victory at Delhi, saved British rule from dissolution.

"As a study of war," says the Army's historian, Sir John Fortescue, "the Indian Mutiny is naught. Every strategical and tactical principle was disregarded, and rightly disregarded, by the British commanders with, practically, perfect impunity."

Says another historian, Major E. W. Sheppard: "The result of the Mutiny . . . remains for all time a standing example of the superiority of mind over matter, of the triumph of the intellectual and moral qualities over the purely physical."

For many British soldiers, it was a campaign of long, death-stricken marches in volcanic heat. At this time there were not 300 miles of railway in India. The mobile columns which defeated the rebels covered prodigious distances. Sir Hugh Rose's men marched 1000 miles to Kalpi and thence to Gwalior; once they fought a battle at 110 degrees in the shade, losing nearly as many men from heatstroke as from enemy fire. Captain Clowes's troop of 8th Hussars marched 2000 miles, and a squadron of the 17th Lancers performed a comparable feat.

The new Enfield rifle served the troops well—save that on some days of great heat the bullets could not be rammed home in the breech.

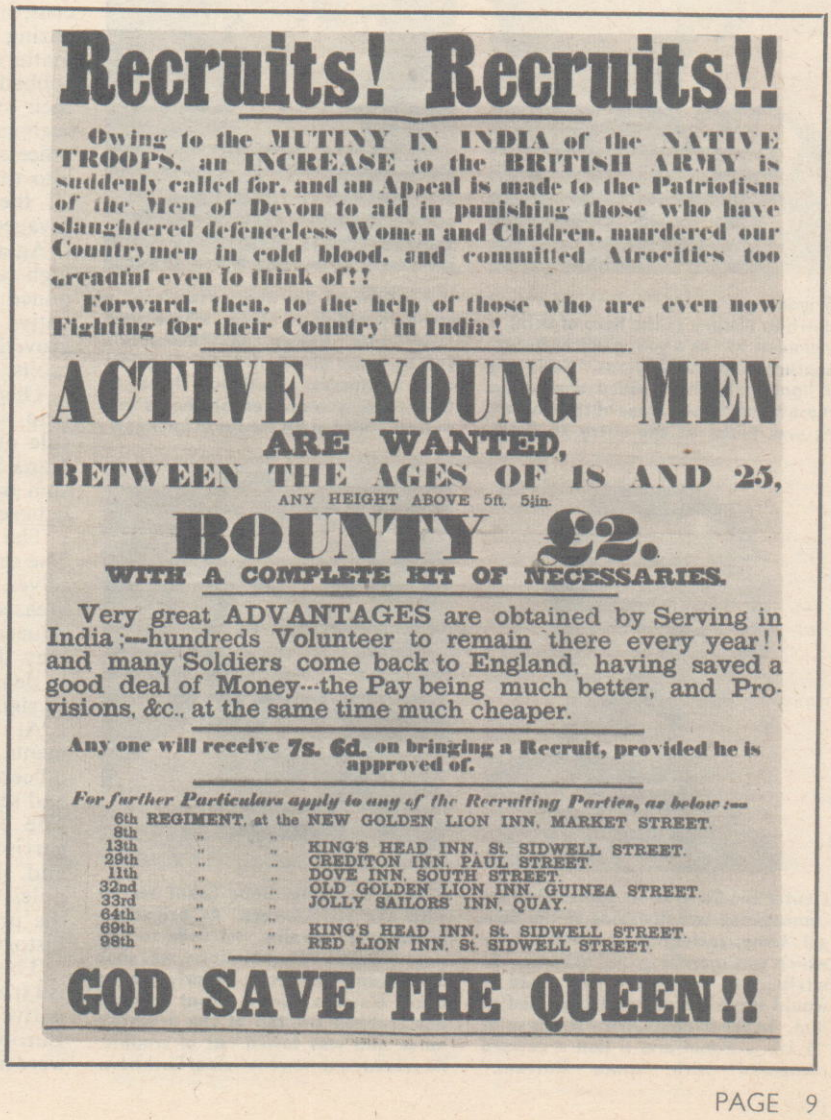
By 1858 India contained the biggest British Army that had ever been assembled in any one country overseas: eight regiments of Cavalry and 68 of Infantry.

It was possibly the last major campaign in which a fortified city was besieged with scaling ladders as in Wellington's day and loot was sold for distribution among the troops—though, as usual, many troops were cheated out of their due.

Among those regiments which remember with especial pride the part they played in putting down the Mutiny is the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The 1st Battalion, then the 32nd Foot, defended the Residency at Lucknow so stubbornly that the Regiment as a special honour was converted to Light Infantry. At Bodmin this month it is to celebrate its feat of 100 years ago. Fortescue considers that the 14th Hussars and the 86th Foot (Royal Ulster Rifles) were unsurpassed. Many Royal Artillery troops and batteries earned honour titles during the Mutiny.

One hundred and eighty-two Victoria Crosses were awarded (as many as were earned in World War Two). All troops who took part in the suppression earned the Mutiny Medal, the last to be awarded by the Honourable East India Company in the name of the British Government. After peace was restored the East India Company ceased to exist and India was ruled directly by the Queen. The native regiments became the magnificent Indian Army which endured until 1948 and was then split into the India and Pakistani armies of today.

The ferocities committed by both sides during the Mutiny are best forgotten. What deserves to be remembered is the example of those matchless leaders who kept their heads and refused to be awed by the magnitude of the problem which faced them; and the guts of the men who footslogged and fought in sickness and violent heat. **OVER . . .**



Recruits! Recruits!!

Owing to the MUTINY IN INDIA of the NATIVE TROOPS, an INCREASE to the BRITISH ARMY is suddenly called for, and an Appeal is made to the Patriotism of the Men of Devon to aid in punishing those who have slaughtered defenceless Women and Children, murdered our Countrymen in cold blood, and committed Atrocities too dreadful even to think of!!

Forward, then, to the help of those who are even now Fighting for their Country in India!

ACTIVE YOUNG MEN

ARE WANTED,

BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 25,

ANY HEIGHT ABOVE 5ft. 5in.

BOUNTY £2.

WITH A COMPLETE KIT OF NECESSARIES.

Very great ADVANTAGES are obtained by Serving in India;—hundreds Volunteer to remain there every year!! and many Soldiers come back to England, having saved a good deal of Money—the Pay being much better, and Provisions, &c., at the same time much cheaper.

Any one will receive 7s. 6d. on bringing a Recruit, provided he is approved of.

For further Particulars apply to any of the Recruiting Parties, as below:—

6th	REGIMENT,	at the	NEW GOLDEN LION INN, MARKET STREET.
8th	"	"	
13th	"	"	KING'S HEAD INN, St. SIDWELL STREET.
29th	"	"	CREDITON INN, PAUL STREET.
11th	"	"	DOVE INN, SOUTH STREET.
32nd	"	"	OLD GOLDEN LION INN, GUINEA STREET.
33rd	"	"	JOLLY SAILORS INN, QUAY.
64th	"	"	
69th	"	"	KING'S HEAD INN, St. SIDWELL STREET.
98th	"	"	RED LION INN, St. SIDWELL STREET.

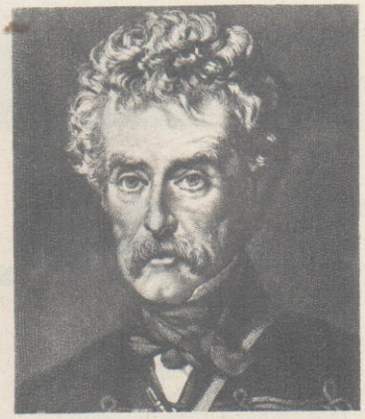
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!!

The Mutiny inspired many calls for volunteers. This one was addressed to active young men of Devon.

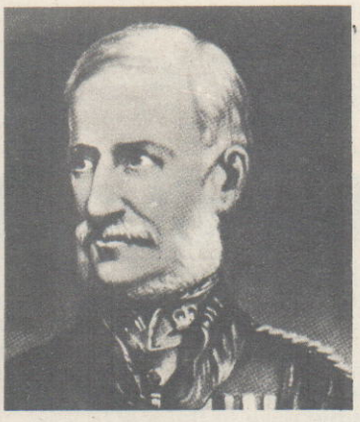
FAT STARTED THE FIRE

The Mutiny was sparked off by a rumour of "unclean" cartridges. Sieges and massacres were followed by great man-hunts—but one of the boldest enemies was a woman

Brigadier-General John Nicholson went down to history as the Hero of Delhi, a legend at 35. As a young officer he was captured by the Afghans. Becoming a "political," he pacified one of the most bloodthirsty areas of the Punjab. He was killed at the entry to Delhi.

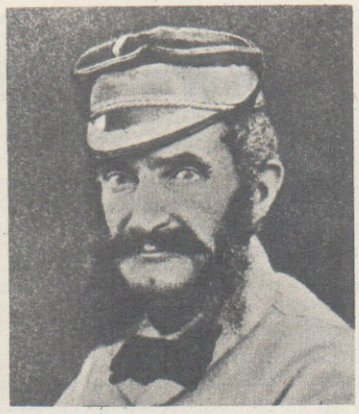


Field-Marshal Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell) was sent to India as Commander-in-Chief when the Mutiny broke out. He personally led the column which relieved Lucknow. Was reproved by Queen Victoria for exposing himself to danger too often.



Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, a strongly religious officer whose men were once known as "Havelock's Saints," won the first victory against the mutineers, smashed them at Cawnpore, won nine engagements in a month, then led his troops to Lucknow.

Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram commanded two divisions of the Bengal Army, including Havelock's force which was marching on Lucknow. As a tribute to Havelock, Outram said he would leave the glory of the relief to him. In the Bombay Army it was said: "A fox is a fool and a lion a coward compared with James Outram."



General Sir James Hope Grant served with the 9th Lancers. As brigadier-general of cavalry, he rode to the siege of Delhi. When his horse was shot under him, his native orderly offered Grant his own horse. Grant refused, but grabbed the tail of the orderly's horse and was towed out of trouble. He served in the two reliefs of Lucknow.

AT Dum-Dum, near Calcutta, a school had been set up to train the sepoys in the use of the new rifled musket which was to replace the old smooth-bore Brown Bess.

A lascar, a humble magazine-man, asked a high-caste sepoy for a drink of water. The haughty sepoy replied that his brass drinking-bowl would be defiled by the touch of low-caste lips. Caste meant nothing, retorted the lascar. Soon high-caste and low-caste would all be one. The cartridges for the new rifle were to be smeared with beef fat and hog's lard.

This statement, readily accepted, set India ablaze. Merely to touch beef-fat was a revolting prospect to a Hindu, to whom the cow was sacred. Hog's lard was equally abhorrent to the Muslims, to whom the pig was unclean. Yet the sepoys were expected to put these substances to their mouths, when they bit off the ends of the cartridges.

Revolt had long been smouldering in the Bengal Army of the Honourable East India Company. It had flamed up here and there. The senior officials of the Company, grown complacent, had been guilty of cheeseparing and injustice in money matters. Centralisation had robbed commanding officers of their status at the head of their regiments. Many of the best officers had been tempted away into the political service. Almost all the generals were old men ravaged by the climate.

Again, the system of enlisting high-caste soldiers had undermined discipline. Off parade, native officers might be seen grovelling before Brahmin recruits.

There were native rulers, too, who were discontented with the rule of the British, among them Nana Sahib, rebuffed over a pension he had claimed as heir to a deposed king.

The Mutiny started slowly. The sepoys were unsure of themselves, afraid to accept even ungreased cartridges yet apparently reluctant to rebel openly. When they did so, delay and lenience in dealing with them were taken as signs of weakness.

At Meerut, the native regiments murdered some of their officers and the officers' wives, and set fire to their cantonments. The commander of the British garrison delayed taking action and the mutineers fled the 36 miles to Delhi. That was hardly the proudest day in the Army's history.

There was no garrison of British troops at Delhi, and when the native regiments mutinied those Europeans who could not escape were murdered. Two telegraphists stayed at their posts to the last moment, to send word across India. In the magazine, a party of three officers and six men held out for six hours, then blew up the installation. To their surprise, six of them survived, though the senior officer was murdered shortly afterwards. The other five lived to receive the Victoria Cross.

The Mutiny was now in full swing. Europeans were besieged in Allahabad, Benares and Cawnpore. The last two were relieved by a small column but the Cawnpore garrison surrendered after three weeks, on Nana Sahib's promise of their lives. All 800, half of them women and children, were murdered. Nana Sahib's hordes moved on to Lucknow, where the Europeans were thrown back and then besieged.

The main need for the British troops, supported by still-loyal regiments of the Madras and Bombay armies, was to recapture Delhi, centre of the rebellion. When that city fell the back of the Mutiny was broken. Lucknow, reached by a small force which strengthened the garrison, was at length relieved by a larger force. The beleaguered were successfully withdrawn, but the besiegers were not defeated.

Now the task was to run down and defeat the strong armies of mutineers which still controlled vast areas of the country. Carefully planned operations routed Nana Sahib, who disappeared. His fate still remains a mystery. More rebels, led by the Rani of Jhansi, a redoubtable widow, discontented by the refusal of the authorities to allow her to adopt an heir, were routed when her capital fell.

Another notable rebel, Tantia Topi, military adviser to Nana Sahib, remained at large in Central India. He was defeated at Gwalior and the Rani, who had joined up with him, died a soldier's death on horse-back, "The best and bravest of the rebels' leaders," as the victor of Gwalior, General Sir Hugh Rose, described her. For nine more months, Tantia Topi defied the British. In an area bigger than England, he and his light horsemen twisted and turned for more than 3000 miles, constantly defeated, his followers ever dwindling, until at last he was betrayed, court-martialled and hanged.

An artist's impression of the street fighting in Delhi.
By courtesy of the Parker Gallery.

"WOE TO THE BLOODY CITY!"

That was the text read by the chaplains in the tents of the British as they prepared to storm Delhi

FROM the Ridge outside Delhi, India's imperial city, the British besieging force looked down on a mighty wall.

It was seven miles long and 24 feet high, and below it was a dry ditch 25 feet wide and nearly 20 feet deep. The besieging force was not strong enough to watch more than about a mile of the wall.

The mutineers in the city made several sorties, the most determined of them being on 23 June, the centenary of the Battle of Plassey. On that day, their priests and astrologers had foretold, the British were to be overthrown. There was bloody fighting in which the 60th Rifles, the Gurkhas and the Guides put up a noble defence. The net result was the gain of one more vantage point for the besiegers.

As the days wore on, both sides were reinforced. The British were so short of artillery, however, that they had not silenced a single enemy gun, and they were so badly off for supplies that they had to buy from their camp-followers shot fired by enemy guns and picked up in the fields. Virtually, the besiegers on the Ridge were the besieged.

During six weeks General Archdale Wilson's men averaged three battles a week—for each batch of the rebel reinforcements streaming into Delhi showed its mettle by attacking the besiegers. Gurkhas and Riflemen of the 60th defended one key strongpoint against attack after attack and forged the bond that links them to this day.

Inside the City, the descendant of the Moguls had been proclaimed king and one of his sons appointed commander-in-chief. There was little discipline among the mutinous sepoys; they quarrelled, plundered and raped, and the people of Delhi petitioned vainly for them to be controlled.

On the Ridge, excitement began to mount when another column of reinforcements and a siege-train arrived under that fiery Puritan, Brigadier-General John Nicholson. Still more reinforcements arrived, bringing the strength of the attackers to about half that of the defenders.

The siege batteries were set up and, over the next few days, breached the walls. "Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery . . . draw the water for the siege, fortify thy strongholds," read the chaplains from the Old Testament in the tents of the besiegers, soon after three o'clock in the morning of 14 September, 1857. Then the columns formed up for the assault.

The 60th Rifles led the assault of the first two columns. In tremendous enemy fire, ladders were placed in the ditch, then the assaulters stormed the breaches. Meanwhile, a party of two officers, two sergeants, a corporal, a bugler and eight native sappers, each carrying a bag containing 25 lbs. of powder, advanced to the Kashmir Gate through heavy fire. Though two of the Europeans were shot dead and a third wounded, the powder was laid and the gate was blown up. Then the bugler sounded a signal to the third column to advance. All four European survivors of the explosion party were recommended for the Victoria Cross, but only one sergeant and the bugler lived to receive it.

Inside the city, there followed desperate street fighting. Nicholson's column was held up in a narrow lane in which the mutineers had installed guns and on which they were firing from the house-tops. Nicholson himself strode forward, sword in hand and called on the men to advance. Then he was mortally wounded.

By that night, the attackers had done little more than enter the city. In the dark, the mutineers, playing on the weakness of the British troops, strewed the streets with bottles of liquor. Some men drank themselves silly. General Wilson ordered every remaining bottle to be destroyed.

Slowly the troops forced their way across the city, but it was six days after the initial assault that the palace was taken and the British flag hoisted.

SIX-COURSE MEALS FOR THE ARTILLERY

AN uncommonly vivid book about the siege of Delhi was published recently: "The Red Fort" (*Werner Laurie, 21s*), **by James Leasor.**

Mr. Leasor's interest in the siege was kindled in 1946 when, homeward-bound from Burma, he was stationed in the Fort, then a transit camp. In 1951 and 1953 he returned to India to study the routes taken by the mutineers and the attacking forces, and to examine the scenes of action.

His book gives a very clear idea of *why* the Mutiny happened. It is memorable for its pen pictures of the rigours and joys of old-fashioned siege warfare: of officers and men sleeping under their beds to avoid the fierce sun; of troops arrayed in variegated rags and wearing every conceivable kind of headgear (one officer patched his uniform with green because he thought green repelled the sun); of Royal Artillery officers eating six-course dinners, prepared by a *cordon bleu* cook, before the walls of Delhi; and of a popular Irish major of the old school who, not knowing how to march his men away, shouted a few obscure orders which caused chaos, then called out, "Fifty-second, get yourselves as straight as ye can!"

Mr. Leasor reminds us, repeatedly, of the appalling stenches amid which the besieging army toiled. One senior officer, nearly mad with nausea and disgust, explored the camp fringes and found "65 enormous animal carcases heaped together in a mountain of putrefaction." A working party was detailed to do something about it. Inevitably cholera raged.

The Gunners bombarding the great walls fired so hard and so long that their faces were blackened and "it was hard to tell Indian from British." In the final assault the British stacked together the bodies of their dead comrades and stuck scaling ladders on top of them. "Thus even the dead helped in the assault of Delhi."

After the last Mogul had fallen—and what a startling glimpse Mr. Leasor gives of his stinking, lustful court—the British troops plundered, against orders. "Later," says Mr. Leasor, "an unusual number of NCOs and men bought their discharge."

The city might hold out for a fortnight, said Sir Henry Lawrence. When the relief column arrived Lucknow had resisted for 87 days—and its ordeal was not yet over

THE DEFIANCE OF LUCKNOW

THE regimental surgeon of the 48th Native Infantry felt unwell and decided to take a dose of his own medicine. In the regimental hospital he put a medicine bottle to his lips, forgetting that by doing so he was polluting the bottle for his Hindu patients.

That touched off the Mutiny in Lucknow.

The only European regiment in the city, the 32nd (now the 1st Battalion The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) was moved, along with the women, children and invalids, to the Residency, an imposing building on a plateau outside the town.

Three days after the siege began in earnest, a shell killed Sir Henry Lawrence, the great administrator, who had already led a force against the mutineers. The military responsibility fell on Brigadier John Inglis of the 32nd. His command covered 37 acres and was about a mile round the perimeter. His garrison was 927 European troops and 765 native.

The Residency also held 68 European women and 66 children, plus non-combatant natives of both sexes. Outside the walls were 6000 British-trained mutineers, multiplying rapidly. Sir Henry Lawrence had estimated that Lucknow could hold out for perhaps a fortnight.

The mutineers' first assault, opened by exploding a mine, was beaten back. They continued trying to mine their way into the garrison; but the 32nd contained a number of old Cornish tin-miners and, under the direction of a Captain Fulton of the Royal Engineers, they sank countermines. When the enemy mines reached these, Captain Fulton would be waiting, listening to the picks. As the first man broke through, the officer would shoot him with a pistol, then have the enemy mine blown up before the other enemy miners could return.

Day and night, the garrison were on duty. Officers took turns at sentry-go with the men. After a day in the fortifications, a man might be expected to work most of the night on some other urgent task.

After 67 days, about a third of the European soldiers had died and the survivors were in bad shape. Each day brought (in Tennyson's phrase) "death to the dying and wounds to the wounded." Word came from Major-General Henry Havelock, with the relief force that he could not reach Lucknow in fewer than 25 days and adding, "Do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand." Havelock had recaptured Cawnpore and there seen what had happened to the Europeans, who included a detachment of the 32nd and a number of the Regiment's families. In Lucknow, the General's gloomy news caused a number of the sofar loyal natives to desert.

Three weeks later, the dispirited garrison was refreshed by news that the relief force was near and could be expected in a few days. The next day, firing was heard in the distance, and the besiegers made a desperate attempt to overcome the garrison.

All that day, the relief column slashed its way through the mutineers, and in the evening entered the garrison. It had fought 12 battles to get there and suffered 700 casualties.

The siege had lasted 87 days, and it was not yet over. The hordes of mutineers outside the gates were too strong for the combined force to overcome. The force lacked transport to carry the women, children, sick and wounded, and in any event was not strong enough to escort them. Outram, who was now in command, had to feed a bigger garrison and house the newcomers in the shot-torn buildings. The second problem he solved by sending out troops to capture a group of palaces, thus extending the area of the garrison. The rations, he found, would hold out for a few more weeks.

So the ordeal of Lucknow entered a new phase, often described as a blockade rather than a siege. Day after day the reinforced garrison sallied forth to spike enemy guns and destroy houses and batteries.

Life inside the garrison was still miserable. Gun bullocks were slaughtered for meat; the reduced grain ration could not be turned into bread because there were no bakers, and the garrison ate flour cakes. Lack of vegetables caused illness. For tobacco, men used leaves, tea and tree-bark. The weather was getting cold, and they were still in their thin summer clothing. The hospitals were overcrowded, an amputation was as good as a death warrant.

Meanwhile, a new Commander-in-Chief, the veteran Sir Colin Campbell, was organising a new relief. An assistant commissioner in the Bengal Civil Service, Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, left Lucknow in disguise, with a sepoy, and penetrated the enemy lines to guide Campbell's force over the last miles of its advance. In doing so he became the first civilian to win the Victoria Cross.

One obstacle Campbell's force had to overcome was the Sikandur Bagh, a fortress on the outskirts of Lucknow. It was breached and the 93rd Highlanders (Argyll and Sutherland) and Punjabi troops raced for the hole in the wall. Inside, there was fearful hand-to-hand fighting. The British troops, remembering Cawnpore, gave no quarter. By sunset there were 2000 dead rebels and no living ones in the fortress.

That same day, Havelock pushed out of the garrison towards the relief column, and the next morning, under fierce fire, was shaking hands with the garrison's deliverers. Two days later, the women and children and invalids were moved from the Residency to a place of safety outside Lucknow. Four nights later the troops followed. Lucknow, held against overwhelming odds for nearly five months, was abandoned. Campbell needed all his men for the relief of Cawnpore, which was again menaced. Havelock left Lucknow a sick man. Two days later he was dead.

For the women and children and sick, there was more hardship before they reached safe and settled quarters. For the troops, there was much more fighting to be faced. On a plateau known as the Alam Bagh, outside Lucknow, Outram with six exhausted battalions totalling fewer than 5000 men and a few guns, kept 120,000 rebels, a fifth of them trained sepoys, occupied for the next four months until Campbell, with more urgent matters settled, returned to retrieve Lucknow.

One who died in the fighting for Lucknow was the tempestuous Major William Hodson. He raised a body of irregular Cavalry, Hodson's Horse, which became a crack unit of the Indian Army.

Illustration: "Memories of the Mutiny," F. C. Maude, VC.

Mine? yes a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!

Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him—the murderous mole!

Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!

Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before——

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more.

From Lord Tennyson's "The Defence of Lucknow"

A CALL TO THE PALACE

The Wiltshire Regiment win a new silver trophy put up for competition by all the units of which the Duke of Edinburgh is head

"Well, there it is. I can't hand it to you — it's too heavy," said the Duke to Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter.

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.

Left: One member of the Wiltshires' team was there in person to collect his prizes: Ex-Private L. Brazington.

The Duke of Edinburgh chats with Old Comrades of the Wiltshire Regiment.

IT was a proud day for the Wiltshire Regiment when a party of officers accompanied by members of the Regimental Old Comrades Association went to Buckingham Palace to see their Colonel-in-Chief, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

They went there to receive the "Duke of Edinburgh's Trophy," a silver cup competed for by all Army, Royal Marine and Royal Air Force units of which the Duke is Captain-General, Colonel-in-Chief, Colonel, Honorary Colonel or Honorary Air Commodore. It was won last year, the first since the inception of the contest, by the 1st Battalion The Wiltshire Regiment, serving in Cyprus.

The Duke handed the Trophy to the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. A. Hunter DSO, who took back with him to Cyprus replicas of the cup and medallions for seven of the eight members of the winning team. The eighth, Private L. Brazington, now a civilian, was at the Palace to collect his prizes personally. Also present was the Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General B. A. Coad.

The competition, which is designed to encourage a corporate spirit among the units linked by the Duke of Edinburgh, is a test of marksmanship, agility and endurance. Each team consists of an officer, a warrant officer or sergeant, a corporal and a private all over 26 years of age and one of each rank under 26.

There are three parts to the competition. In the first, competitors have to sprint 80 yards to a 25-yard firing point and fire five rounds, all in 40 seconds. Then each has to carry another fully equipped member of the team for 200 yards to the 25-yards firing point and fire five more rounds, all in two minutes. Finally, dressed in battle order, the team marches five miles in 65 minutes, then sprints 80 yards and fires five rounds in one minute.

In the second part each member fires ten rounds with a Sten gun at two targets, and then ten rounds at one snap target 25 yards away. In the final test the team has to run three miles on a track in full battle order, but without weapons, in 16 minutes. (Army record for three miles is 14 mins 7 secs.)

In addition to winning the Trophy, the 1st Battalion The Wiltshire Regiment also scored the highest total in the marksmanship practices; Captain G. T. L. Graham, with 154 out of a possible 160, was the highest individual scorer. The winning team in the three-mile run were the 1st Battalion The Liverpool Scottish (Territorial Army). Runners-up for the Trophy were the 1st Battalion The Welsh Guards and third were the 1st Battalion The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Only eleven of the 18 units eligible to compete took part in the competition last year. The rest, including three Royal Marine Commandos of which the Duke of Edinburgh is Captain-General, were unable to compete because of operations.

Among units eligible to enter the competition are the 1st and 2nd Battalions and the 3rd Militia Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment; two New Zealand units—the 1st Battalion The Hawkes Bay Regiment and the 1st Battalion The Otago and Southland Regiment; and the Edinburgh University Training Corps (Territorial Army).

THIS PAGE was held till the last minute to carry a summary of the revolutionary White Paper on Defence

● CALL-UP TO END AFTER 1960 ● CUTS FOR RHINE ARMY ● WE LEAVE KOREA, JORDAN, LIBYA ● BIG NEW RECRUITING DRIVE FOR ARMY ● MANY OFFICERS AND NCOs TO GO

THE BIGGEST SHAKE-UP

MR. DUNCAN SANDYS, Minister of Defence, describes his new defence plan as "the biggest change in military policy ever made in normal times."

The Communist threat remains, but (he points out) its nature has changed since Korean days. Hence there must be a new approach to the whole problem of defence. This can be done with some confidence now that the megaton bomb has arrived, and rockets have become highly developed.

The two tasks for Britain's armed forces are:

to play their part with those of Allied countries in deterring and resisting aggression;

to defend British colonies and protected countries against local attack, and to undertake limited operations in overseas emergencies.

No country, nowadays, can protect itself in isolation. Hence the North Atlantic, South-East Asia and Baghdad alliances.

In the Government view, Britain has been carrying a disproportionately large share of the burden of Western defence, bearing in mind that Britain, apart from the United States, is the only power working on the "nuclear deterrent."

"It must be frankly recognised that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons," says Mr. Sandys's White Paper. Hence the overriding consideration of all military planning is to prevent war rather than to prepare for it. Pending some form of international agreement, "it is unhappily true that the only existing safeguard against major aggression is the power to threaten retaliation with nuclear weapons."

The Royal Air Force already holds a substantial number of British-made atom bombs. Soon the British megaton bomb will be tested and then a stock will be manufactured. These weapons would be delivered by means of medium bombers of the V-class and by ballistic rockets (the United States will be providing some medium-range missiles of this type).

By itself, the nuclear deterrent is not enough to ensure world peace. "The frontiers of the free world, particularly in Europe, must be firmly defended on the ground." Britain is ready to provide her fair share of men, but she cannot afford to keep up her existing contribution. So, in the next 12 months, the British Army of the Rhine will be cut from 77,000 to 64,000, and probably there will be further reductions after that. The forces will be reorganised to yield more fighting units and to include atomic rocket artillery.

The number of aircraft in 2nd Tactical Air Force in Germany will be halved by the end of next March; but some of the squadrons will have atom bombs. NATO's naval forces will still be necessary to defend Atlantic communications against submarines.

★

On top of her European commitments, Britain has military burdens in the Middle East and South-East Asia. The Middle East guards the right flank of NATO and is the gateway to Africa. Britain must be ready to defend the Aden Colony and Protectorates and certain territories on the Persian Gulf. Hence land, sea and air forces must be maintained in that area and in East Africa. Moreover, Britain is a member of the Baghdad Pact, which is designed to prevent the encroachment of Communism. In emergency, there would be bomber squadrons in Cyprus equipped with nuclear weapons.

British troops are being withdrawn from Jordan and will be progressively reduced in Libya.

In South-East Asia Britain will help in the external defence of Malaya when that country attains independence. She also has a commitment under the SEATO and ANZAM defence systems to prevent Communist encroachment. It is proposed to maintain in the Far East a mixed British-Gurkha force and certain air force elements, together with a "substantial garrison" in Hong-Kong and a small naval force based on Singapore. Britain will also contribute two battalions to the Commonwealth Strategic Reserve, in which Australia and New Zealand are represented.

The last British troops, roughly a battalion, are to be withdrawn from Korea.

Garrisons in British colonies and protectorates are to be cut wherever possible. Such cuts, however, mean that a strong Central Reserve must be maintained, so that reinforcements may be rushed overseas. For this purpose a substantial transport fleet is being built up by the Royal Air Force. At present it includes Comet IIs, Beverleys and Hastings; later it will have Britannias. Civil aircraft will supplement it.

The Royal Navy and the Royal Marines still provide an effective means of bringing power rapidly to bear in peace-time emergencies. Henceforth the main elements of the Royal Navy will be based on a small number of carrier groups, each composed of one aircraft carrier and supporting ships. The number of large ships will be cut to the minimum. Cruisers will be reduced and replaced by new ships of the Tiger Class, now under construction. Some of the smaller ships will carry guided missiles. Many reserve vessels, including battleships, are to be scrapped.

This new defence plan, with its reduced call on manpower and its emphasis on highly trained mobile forces, makes it possible to consider cutting out National Service. The Government are to plan on the basis that there will be no further call-up after the end of 1960; but if voluntary recruiting fails, there will have to be "some limited form of compulsory service." Parliament will shortly be informed of measures to whittle down the numbers of men being called up.

The Royal Navy is largely composed of Regulars. In the Royal Air Force two-thirds of the present strength are Regulars, though 31,000 of them are on three-year engagements. But the Army presents "the greatest difficulty." There are some 164,000 Regulars, of whom fewer than 80,000 are serving on engagements of over three years.

Soon there is to be a big new recruiting campaign—with improved barracks, more married quarters, better recreational facilities, and wider opportunities of employment in civilian life.

The Territorial Army will be trained and equipped as a fighting force primarily assigned to defending the homeland. Those two divisions earmarked for action in support of NATO may be diverted to home defence, since they could not be ready for action on the Continent in less than three months.

There is to be a further drive to cut down the strengths of headquarters, depots and bases, to eliminate duplication in such fields as signalling and to civilianise tasks like storekeeping, accounting, maintenance of equipment, policing and catering.

★

Shrinking the armed forces to the required size will take several years. The combined strength of the three Services is now about 690,000. During the next 12 months it will be cut to about 625,000. By the end of 1962 the total strength of the three Services, on an all-Regular footing, should be stabilised at about 375,000 (excluding Colonial and other overseas troops).

"The large reduction in the size of the forces will inevitably create some surplus of officers and NCOs," says the White Paper. "The proportion will differ for each Service and for the various ranks and branches. Those whose careers have to be prematurely terminated will be given fair compensation and will be helped in every way possible to find suitable employment in civilian life."

Many defence establishments will be closed. Work will cease on all types of fighter aircraft more advanced than the supersonic P1. The supersonic manned bomber, which could not be put into service in less than ten years, will be abandoned.

As for guided missiles, "the agreement in principle for the supply of American rockets should result in savings of time and money, and will enable work to be concentrated upon more advanced types."

DEATH IN THE HILLS

End of a terrorist. British troops blow up the hide-out of EOKA's second-in-command when he refused to surrender in a ten-hour battle in the Troodos Mountains.

Below (right): The cunningly concealed entrance to the hide-out was revetted with corrugated iron and rocks.

Below (left): Three of the four terrorists who were taken alive and their captors.

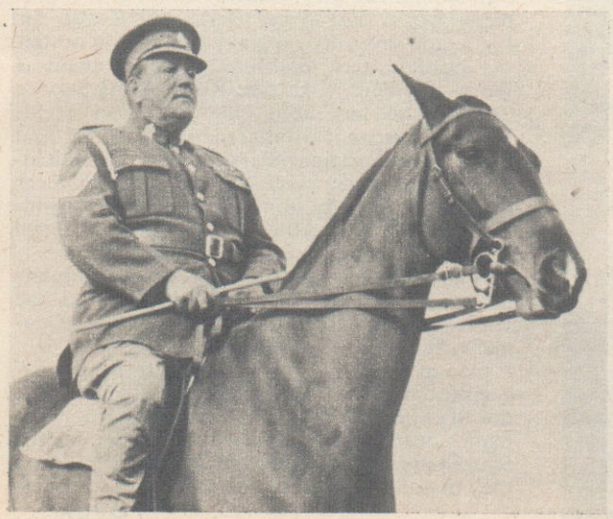
THE SADDLE CLUB CARRIES ON

DESPITE all the inconveniences of garrison life in Cyprus, a flourishing Army Saddle Club exists in Nicosia with smaller clubs in the main garrison towns—Episkopi, Famagusta and Dhekelia.

The Nicosia Club is located at Waynes Keep Camp, looking towards the Kyrenia mountains, where operations have taken place against terrorists. Stables and club-house have been built from scratch.

When the Army first evacuated the Canal Zone of Egypt, 20 horses were brought to Cyprus by Sergeant A. D. Dickson BEM, Royal Army Veterinary Corps. Now there are 40. The club is self-supporting. Its members include soldiers and a fair sprinkling of children.

From time to time the Army Saddle Club competes in popular gymkhana events with the Royal Air Force and Civil Saddle Clubs.

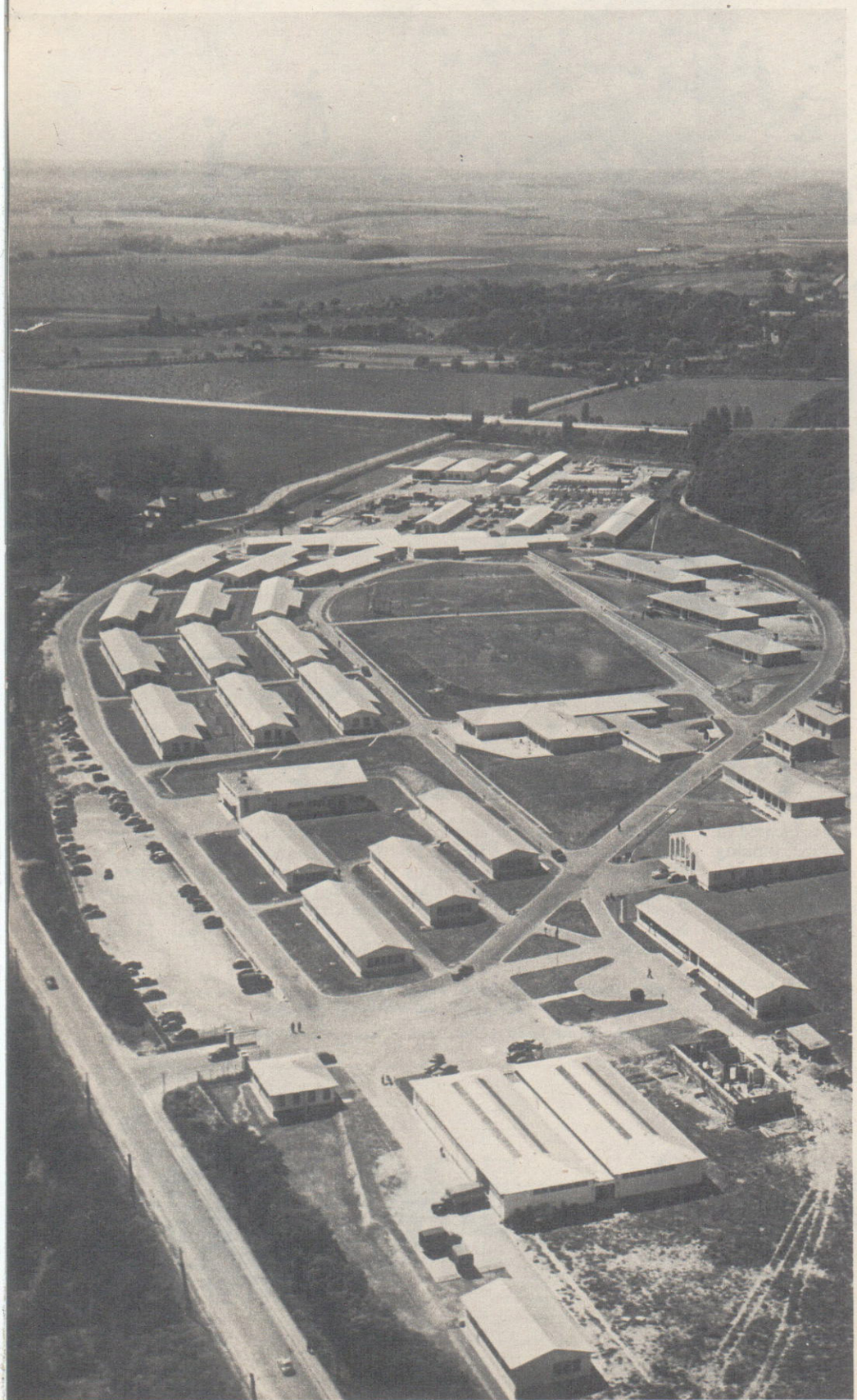


Left: Sergeant Alex Dickson BEM, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, served in both world wars. His only son is a Royal Marine Commando.

Below: Members of the Army Saddle Club under "starter's orders" at Waynes Keep.

SIX HUNDRED BRITISH SOLDIERS WORK SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE SERVICEMEN OF 12 OTHER NATO NATIONS AT SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED POWERS EUROPE IN PARIS

The Shape of SHAPE



An aerial view of the international camp at Voluceau, home of most of the British soldiers who serve at SHAPE. The building in the centre of the camp is the international club.

THE British soldier posted to SHAPE to join the 600 other British soldiers there is likely to find himself in an office commanded by an American officer with a French second-in-command.

The senior warrant officer may be Dutch, the NCOs Belgian, Canadian and German and the typists and clerks from any of the countries belonging to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (excepting only Iceland and Portugal). He may even sit at a desk with a sailor at the next desk and an airman at another.

He will line up for his morning coffee in the "all ranks" international canteen with perhaps an Italian colonel in front and a Norwegian air force officer behind him. On the sports field he may play baseball with the Americans, football with the French or try to teach Canadians and Danes how to play cricket.

If he is married he may live in an international village and his children will go to an international school. If he lives in barracks he may sleep in a hut housing the men of eight different nationalities.

SHAPE is the inter-Services organisation which controls NATO's land, sea and air forces in Europe. Even the land on which it is built is international property, given by the President of France.

SHAPE's commander, General Lauris Norstad, is an American air force officer. His deputy is Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery and the chief naval deputy is Admiral Sala of France. In every one of the staff divisions, officers and men of the 13 nations—wearing different uniforms but each with the same SHAPE badge (two golden swords and a white shield on a green background)—work side by side. In at least one division 12 nations are represented.

For the British soldier there is no language problem. English and French are the official languages (British officers have to know both).

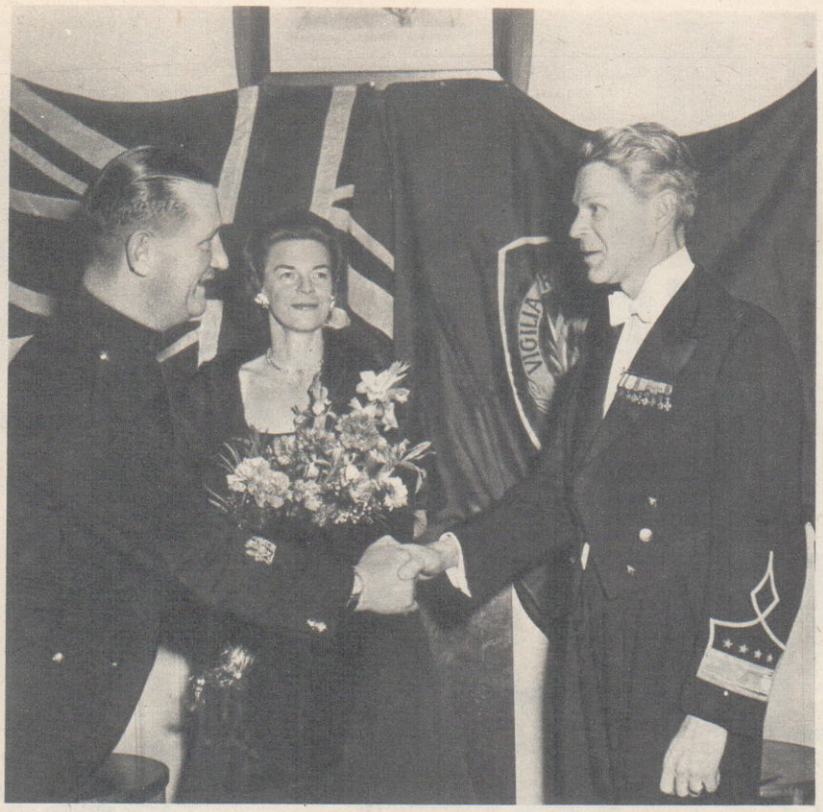
Next to that of the United States, the British element is the largest. It includes about 100 Staff officers from the rank of field-marshal to lieutenant, and nearly 500 men who belong to the British Support Battalion. They come from 27 regiments and corps.

The largest of the units in the British Support Battalion, which is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Glanville MC, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is the British Clerks' Company, whose 120 Army clerks, 50 Royal Air Force and seven Royal Navy clerks help to staff the headquarters' divisions. One of them is Warrant Officer R. Davies, Royal Army Service Corps, who has been chief clerk to Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery since 1949 and is one of the original SHAPE staff. The Field-Marshal's former chief clerk, Warrant Officer R. Adams, recently joined SHAPE after spending two years at Allied Land Forces Central European headquarters at Fontainebleau.

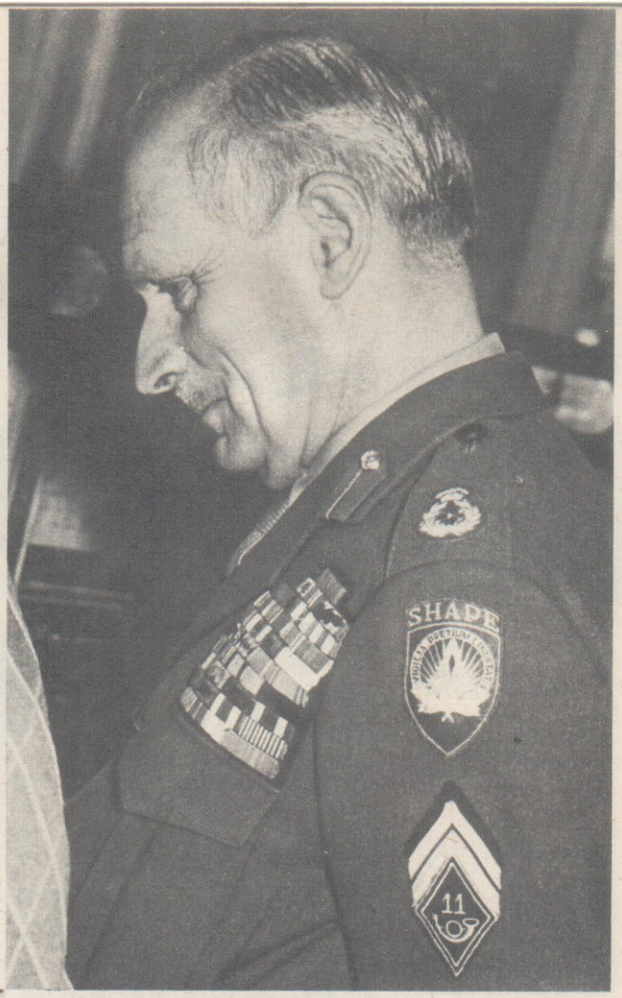
Many of the men in the Clerks' Company occupy a barrack hut with clerks from the United States, Holland, Greece, Norway, Denmark, Italy and Germany.

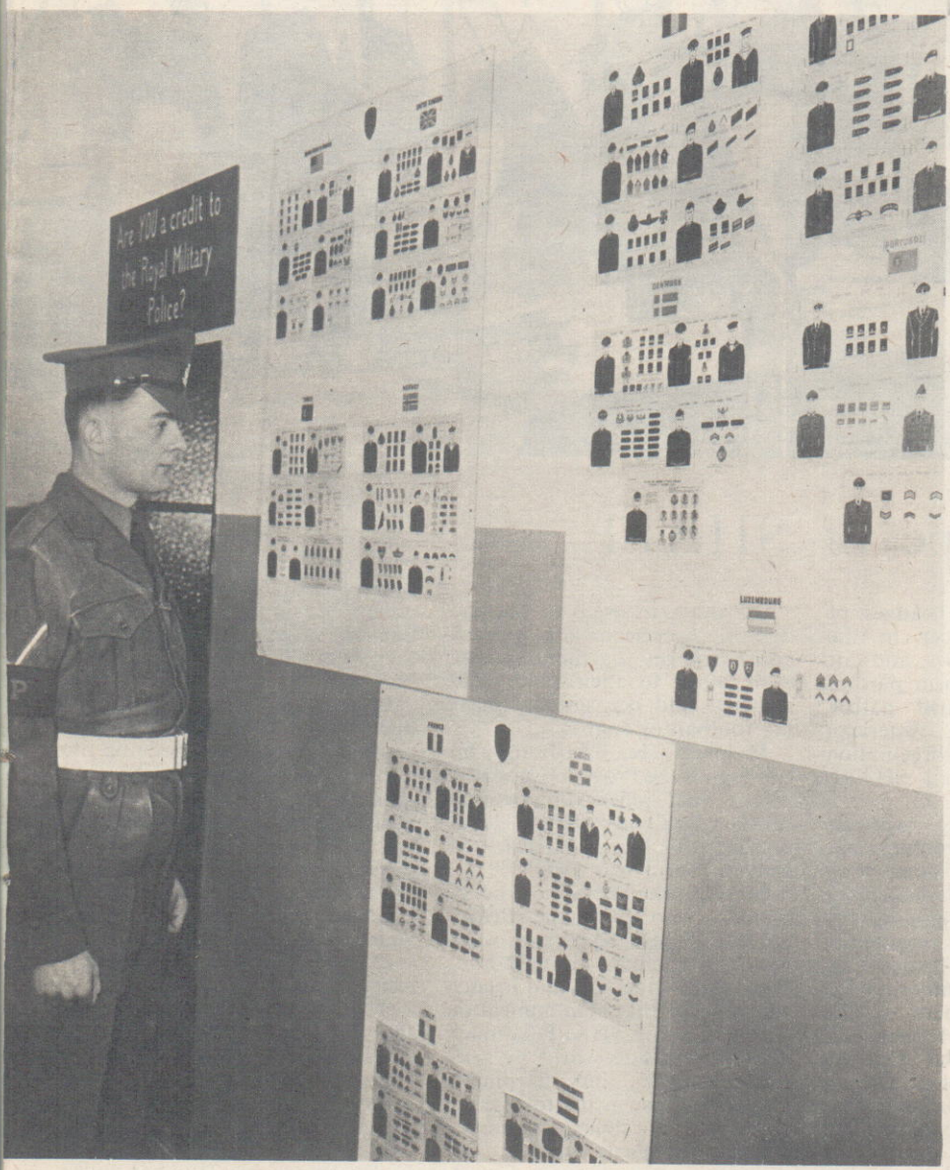
One of the first British soldiers to be seen by a visitor to SHAPE is a military policeman of the SHAPE Provost Company on guard at the main headquarters entrance. With United States military policemen and French gendarmes they man all four entrances to the headquarters

OVER . . .



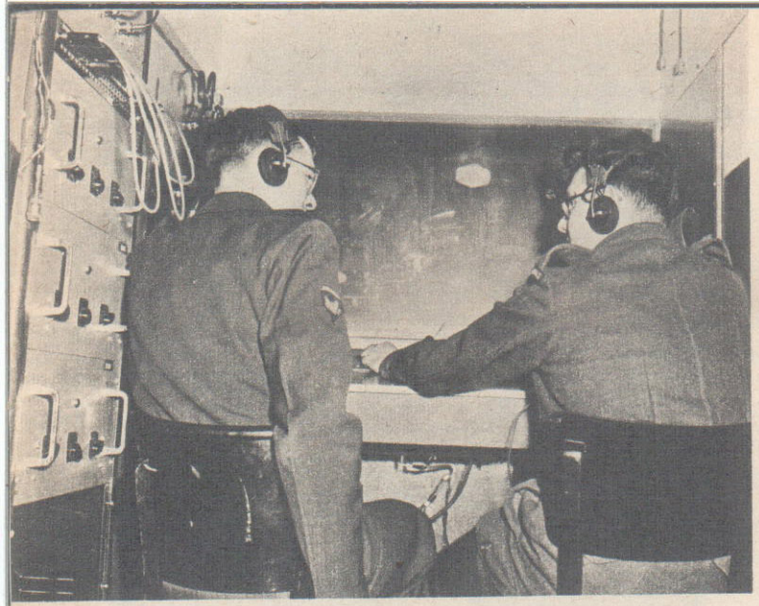
Above: RSM R. Boyde, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, greets the Supreme Commander and Mrs. Norstad at a ball given by the British Sergeants' Mess. Below: All Military Policemen at SHAPE must know all NATO rank badges.

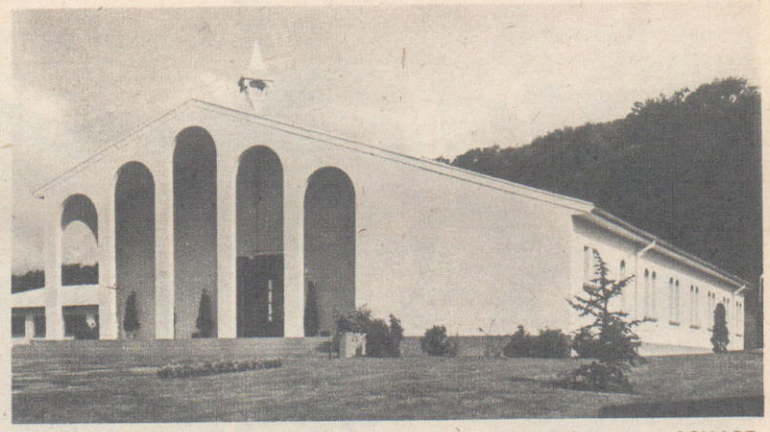




Above: Field – Marshal Montgomery wears corporal's stripes. They were awarded to him by the 11th Battalion, Chasseurs Alpins, a famous French regiment. The King of Denmark is the only other holder of this honour.

Corporal Irene Croft, a United States WAC, at work on SHAPE's telephone exchange. Below: In SHAPE's communication centre a US WAC operates a teletype machine.





The Chapel at Voluceau is used by the men of all the NATO nations of SHAPE.

Above: A British soldier and an American at the simultaneous interpretation control panel in SHAPE's conference room.

Olivia de Havilland, the actress, was one of the international team at a Twenty Questions show during a "NATO Nite" at SHAPE.

Warrant - Officer R. Davies, RASC, chief clerk to Field-Marshal Montgomery since 1949.

The Shape of SHAPE *(continued)*

and must know the badges of rank of every officer in the NATO armies, navies and air forces. They also form part of the international road patrol, which operates in American vehicles, and the three-nation security guard on all SHAPE buildings.

One of their big tasks is looking after the two huge car parks, which hold more than 1600 vehicles, and the helicopter landing-ground. Sometimes they are called away for ceremonial guard duties at the British Embassy in Paris. Recently they led a parade of members of the British Legion and French soldiers of World War One to the Arc de Triomphe. During the Four-Powers conference at Geneva last year a score of them were on plainclothes duty at the British Legation there.

Off duty, as well as on, the British, American and French policemen get together, inviting each other to their clubs and canteens and occasionally playing football or rugby.

Major A. K. Charlton, who commands the Provost Company, was a Staff officer on General Mark Clark's American Headquarters in North Africa and Italy in World War Two.

Men of the Royal Corps of Signals, who form the British SHAPE Signal Squadron, work round the clock in eight-hour shifts with American and French soldiers in the communication centre, keeping SHAPE in touch with the outside world by teleprinter, radio and telephone. One troop also helps to operate SHAPE's wireless transmitter stations near Paris; another, with American and French Signalmen, maintains the internal telephone system. British and American Signalmen together control the simultaneous interpretation equipment used at conferences when languages other than French and English are spoken.

British soldiers also help to operate SHAPE's international transport pool. It is made up of United States and French car companies and a Royal Army Service Corps transport platoon whose men drive all SHAPE's heavy transport. The drivers are also trained to take over, if necessary, the fleet of civilian buses, which carry the headquarters staff to and from Marly-le-Roi every day.

The longest-serving member of the RASC platoon is Sergeant Albert Leach, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's No. 1 driver. Since 1950 Sergeant Leach has driven the Field-Marshal more than 130,000 miles in Europe in his Humber Pull-

man. Corporal Vivian Vaughan, RASC, drives the Field-Marshal's No. 2 car, a Humber Super Snipe, which is used for local journeys.

Repairs to all British vehicles at SHAPE are carried out by men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, whose workshops also look after British vehicles used at Allied Land Forces Central Europe Headquarters at Fontainebleau. Attached to the workshops is a Royal Army Ordnance Corps stores section.

There are also a few Sappers who supervise works services and operate the British Army Post Office. Another Sapper, Staff-Sergeant J. North, is in charge of the map stores, which contain 19,000 maps of 400 series covering the world.

One British soldier with an unusual job is Lance-Corporal John Young, Royal Army Service Corps. Because British soldiers do not care for the long, crusty French bread he works in a French civilian bakery making 300 pounds of British-type loaves every night.

Apart from the men of the Clerks' Company who live in the international barrack hut inside SHAPE at Marly-le-Roi, all British soldiers who do not have their families with them are accommodated in an international barracks at Voluceau, about a mile away.

Here, British, French and American troops have their own one-storey barrack huts and separate dining halls (if they wish to eat together they can do so at the international all-ranks canteen at Marly-le-Roi). They all share the International Services' Club, which has a self-service canteen, a games room, television and reading rooms and a large lounge where dances are held. At Voluceau, too, the men of all the nations attend the same church and cinema and use the same sports fields (there are other sports pitches at Marly-le-Roi). Only the British have a warrant officers' and sergeants' mess. It was built at the request of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.

There are no officers' messes at SHAPE. British officers who are single, or married but without their families, live in bachelor quarters at Marly-le-Roi. They take their meals in the international officers' club or in the all-ranks canteen. Married officers, and men with their families, live either in SHAPE Village or in civilian accommodation.

One occasion when most of the men of the different nations get together off duty is the weekly Bingo (or Housey-Housey) Drive held in the all-ranks canteen. Prizes vary in value from a half-crown bottle of eau-de-cologne to a £700 motorcar, which can be won once a month. The Special Services Unit organises many other off-duty recreations, arranging coach trips to Fontainebleau, sight-seeing tours of Paris, and nights out at the theatres and night clubs. It also publishes a weekly news-sheet.

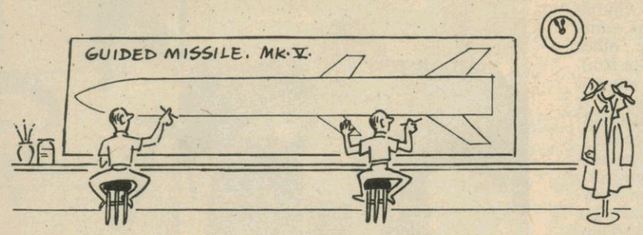
The men of each national element tend to play their own games between themselves, although occasionally a British team will play the French or Americans at soccer or baseball. The No. 1 international soccer team is composed entirely of British soldiers, but the reserve side includes three Frenchmen, three Dutchmen, a Belgian and an American. Until recently an American soldier played in the British rugby fifteen and a British lance-corporal in the American football team. **E. J. GROVE**

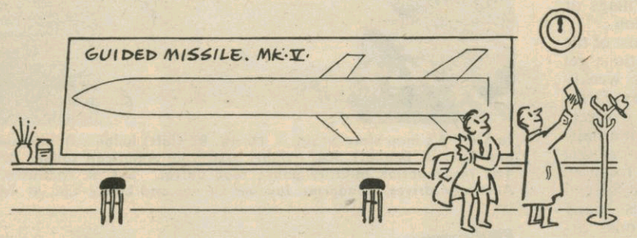
In SHAPE's map store S/Sgt. J. North, RE (left) helps a Danish soldier and SAC D. Bennett, RAF (right) assists an American sailor. Below: The three-nation military police road patrol. Sgt. R. McCarty, the American driver, Gendarme Jacques Olivier and Lance-Cpl. M. Miles.

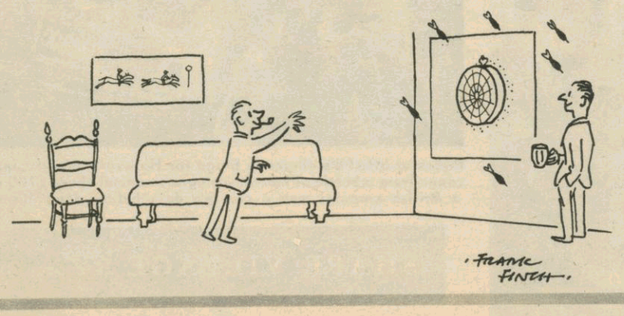
Below: British, Dutch, Norwegian, American and Danish soldiers get down to a game of cards in an international barrack hut at SHAPE.

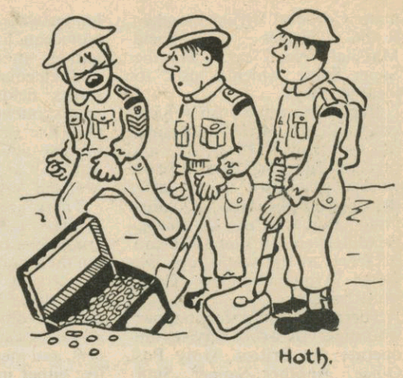
Prizes at SHAPE's all-ranks Bingo (or Housey-Housey) contests range from a bottle of eau-de-cologne to one of these £700 cars. A British corporal won a car two days before demobilisation.

SHAPE VILLAGE see page 33







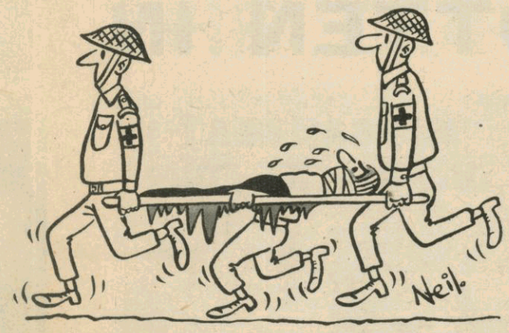


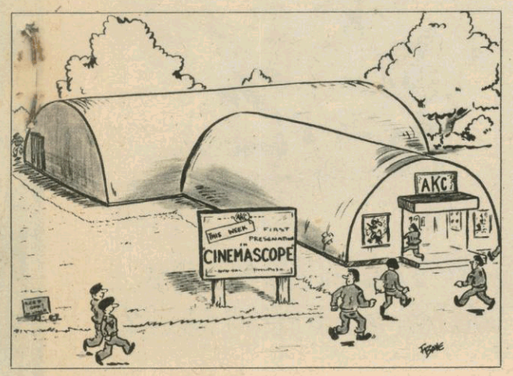
"Yes, very nice, but it's mines we're after."

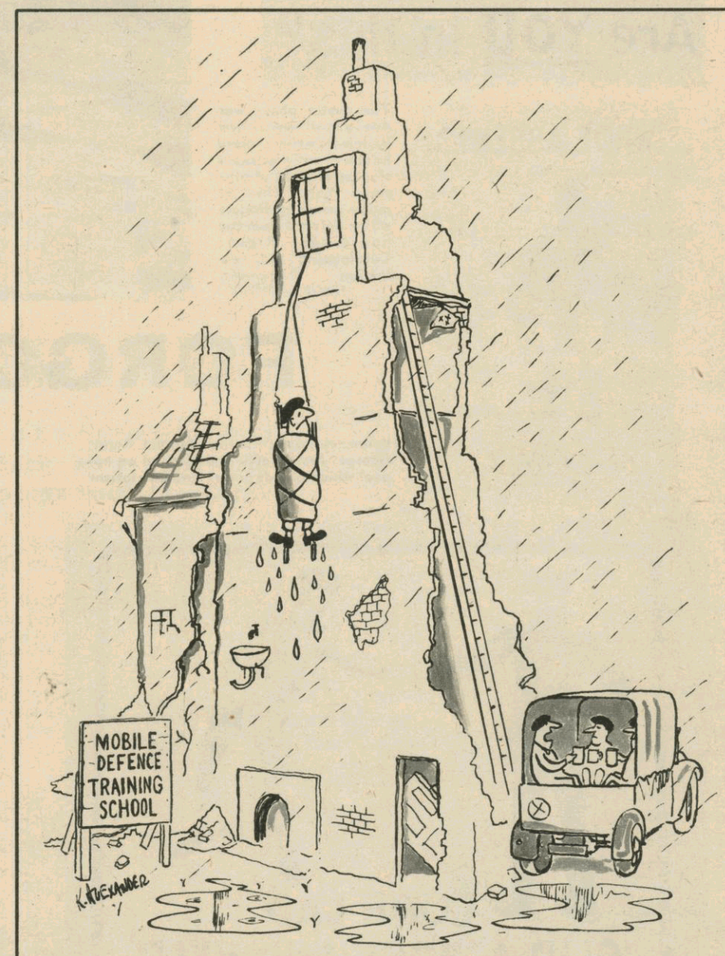
Soldier Humour

"I'll peel YOUR skin off in one piece if you don't get a move on!"

"How is it you're only carrying one can at a time when the rest are carrying two?"
"I expect it's because they're too lazy to make two trips, sergeant."

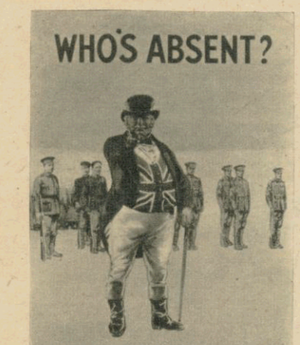






"Who's taking up Nobby his tea?"

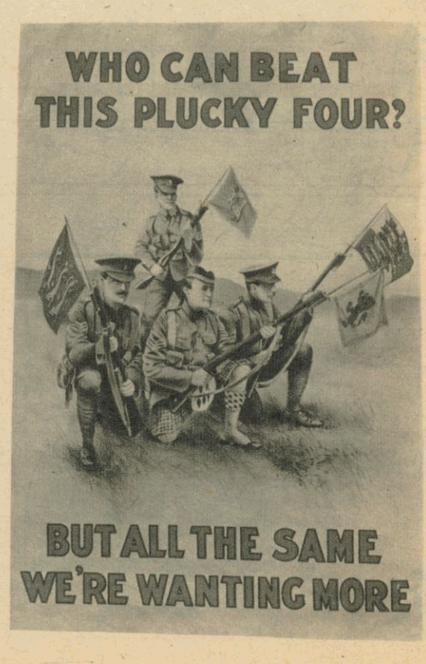
Are **YOU** in this?



The poster above was designed by Lord Baden-Powell. Note hands - in - pockets slacker at right of picture. Left: One of many accusing fingers which pointed from the hoardings. Right: Cataloguing the collection. *Photographs: FRANK TOMPSETT.*

FORGOTTEN IN

Below: Hands across the Channel. Right: George, Jack, Taffy and Mick in an appeal which blends poetry and patriotism.



A poster without words—but its meaning is hardly in doubt.

A VC winner finds himself on the hoardings. Below: All good pals and jolly good company.

THE CUPBOARD

The Quartermaster of a Territorial battalion in Staffordshire found a bundle in the back of a cupboard—a bundle of cajolements, warnings and reproaches

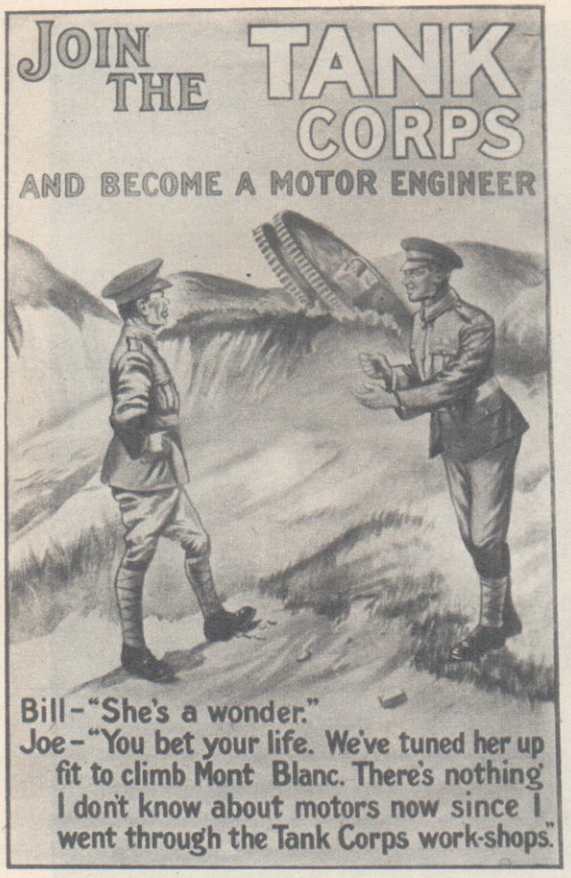
MORE than 250 recruiting posters, mostly relating to World War One, were found recently in an old cupboard at the Whittimere Street headquarters of the 5th Battalion The South Staffordshire Regiment, of Walsall, Staffordshire.

The Quartermaster who unearthed them was puzzled to know whence they had come.

A week later it was discovered that the posters belonged to a collection which, in 1937, had been valued at more than £5000.

They were formerly the property of the late Mr. Frederic Bull, a Walsall business man who spent much of his life searching the country for additions to his collection. He bequeathed it to the local Territorial battalion on his death in 1943.

Mr. Bull's friend, Mr. G. C. Swann, who looked after the posters **OVER . . .**



Yes, but let's see Joe extract that tank in the background!

A poster from the days when the Army could offer adventure in aircraft.

It wasn't quite like this in Flanders—but this was probably a post-war poster.

FORGOTTEN IN THE CUPBOARD *continued*

How the pay went up from a shilling a day: A 1919 poster.

until the end of he war, said that the offer of £5000 had come from an agent representing a Government department. Mr. Bull had refused.

After a report to that effect had appeared in a newspaper Mr. Bull received another caller, a representative from an American War Museum, who asked him to name his figure.

Mr. Bull stressed that the collection was complete as far as World War One was concerned.

A great many of the posters were of the "We want YOU" period before conscription came in. Some appealed to patriotism, some to the spirit of vengeance; others were designed to nag the conscience, like this: "THERE ARE THREE TYPES OF MEN: Those who hear the call and obey; Those who delay; and—The Others. TO WHICH DO YOU BELONG?" This was the period of "What did YOU do in the Great War, Daddy?" with a guilty-looking Daddy sitting uncomfortably in an armchair trying to think of a good story. Girls were even exhorted from the hoardings to give up boy friends who did not enlist.

One poster bore a photograph of No. 2 Wykeham Street, Scarborough after the German bombardment of that town. "It was the home of a Working Man," said the poster. "Four people were killed in this house, including the wife, aged 58, and two children, the youngest aged five. Seventy-eight Women and Children were killed and 228 Women and Children were wounded by the German raiders —"MEN OF BRITAIN! WILL YOU STAND THIS?"

In those days, violation of the British homeland was something new and terrible.

There were other posters inspired by enemy excesses. One of them was "Avenge the *Lusitania*." And there was, of course, "Remember Belgium."

In 1915 the posters bearing Lord Kitchener's portrait were beginning to carry the threat of conscription:

"Does the call of duty find no response in you until reinforced —let us rather say superseded— by the call of compulsion?"

Fourteen months after the war began the posters proclaimed that there must be 30,000 recruits a week if conscription was to be avoided.

One poster in the collection, showing a Briton striking a German in the face, is 12 feet high and 16 feet long.

Others carry appeals to save flour, eat less bread and to refrain from feeding animals on grain.

By modern standards many of the 1914-18 posters were "corny" —but they had bite.

A once-famous poster which could be reissued with advantage today.

Inspections are solemn and dignified occasions—well, nearly always

"A FINE BODY OF MEN"

—BUT HOW DO THEY KNOW?

"I AM not a very regular soldier," said Field-Marshal the Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel of the Welsh Guards, when he inspected that Regiment not so long ago, "but I have developed an eye. And you look smart. When I say that I know what I am talking about."

How does the experienced inspecting officer judge the quality of a unit? What does he really look for as he walks up and down the ranks?

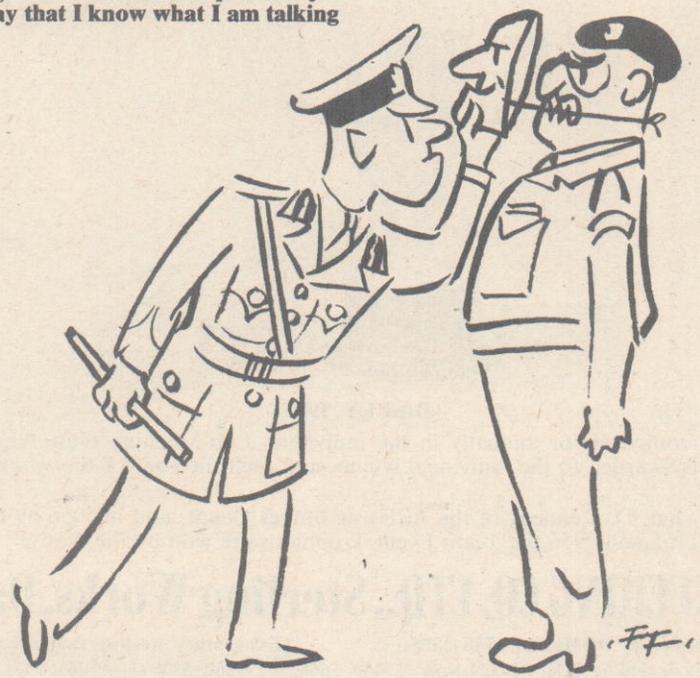
Smartness of turn-out? Yes, but it would be a strangely inefficient unit which was not superficially smart after days of preparation.

"Your battery is all right," an inspecting Gunner officer once told a battery commander. "I can see it in the men's eyes." Wags would say that this test could not be applied to Guardsmen in bearskins.

Another inspecting officer may judge the troops from the way they hold themselves, from the tilt of their chins, from the facial expressions which may show pride and confidence or—occasionally—boredom and long-suffering. A soldier may think his face is a mask, but by the time an officer has reached general's rank he has had experience in reading behind masks.

How do the men answer when questions are put to them? The general may be less interested in what they say than in how they say it. Again, are the subalterns bursting with confidence or do they seem mildly apprehensive?

The commanding officer will be too old a hand to betray any anxiety. There is a story of a battery commander at Woolwich who accompanied the inspecting general along the front rank of his men. "I have never seen such an untidy collection of ruffians in my life," said the general. "Ah, but you haven't seen the rear rank yet, sir," was the reply.



"... experience in reading behind masks ..."

Another officer who believed in disarming criticism in advance was the eccentric Major Colin Campbell, of the 35th Foot (Royal Sussex). At the turn of the eighteenth century he accompanied a lieutenant-general on an inspection of a new Scots draft at Gibraltar. The draft were poor specimens; and one was so stunted and mis-shapen that Major Campbell darted up to him and bawled, "Well, doubly damn me—but you're an ugly bastard, my dear." Then, turning to the senior officer, he said: "He seems conglomerated, my dear—from 'con' and 'glomo' as we used to say at St. Andrew's, my dear."

* * *

Ever since inspections began (and that is going back some time) units have been at pains to discover the pet obsession of an inspecting officer. What is his speciality? Is it rest-rooms? Or education? Or drains? One general at least was always anxious to establish that every man had a spare pair of boot laces.

In his book "The Army in My Time" Major-General J. F. C. Fuller waxes facetious about some of the old-time inspections. He tells how one general, failing to find any evidence of unhygienic practices, suddenly halted as he was about to be led into the officers' mess and demanded a ladder. This was laid against the wall of the mess, whereupon the general solemnly mounted it and surveyed the roof. To the apprehensive officers below he announced, "A bird has been here." The adjutant made a note of the fact in his book and the party then went into the mess for refreshment.

General Fuller also tells how junior officers had to produce all their instruction manuals, neatly packaged. These were then counted, to ensure that the officers were duly educated.

In the old-time Army not every regimental officer knew his men's names. Inspecting officers resorted to the trick of asking subalterns, "What's that man's name?" According to Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, "the great thing was to give an answer of some sort and give it quickly, whether it be the right one or not." A soldier named Smith knew better than to correct a subaltern who said his name was Brown.

Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, as Inspector-General of Cavalry, always insisted that chin-straps should be worn on the chin—something none of his predecessors had worried about, with the result that the path of Cavalry operating at speed was strewn with lost headgear. Allenby would not tolerate, either, the Cavalryman's fondness for putting a rag or an old sock in the bottom of his rifle-bucket. He had an unerring eye for detecting those buckets which contained a foreign body.

Allenby was one of the generals who could be playful in an inspection. "Do all your men wear socks?" he once asked a squadron commander. In spite of the officer's affirmative answer, Allenby had one of his troopers dismount and take off his boots. The man was barefooted. Later the general confided, "He was my batman once. I never could make the fellow wear them; I wondered whether you had been more successful."

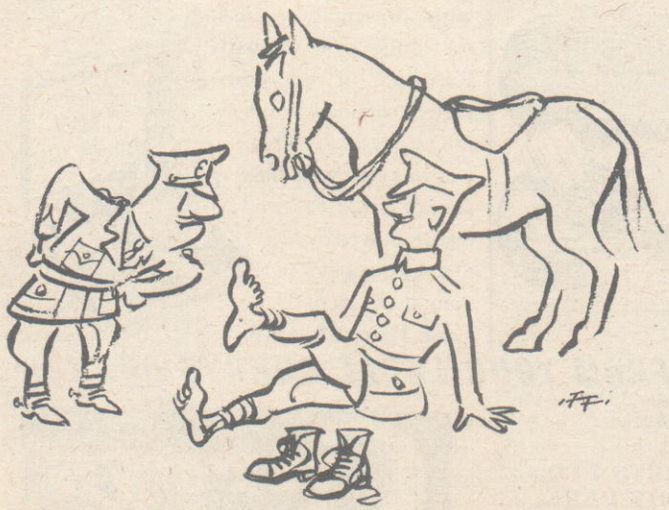
Not all generals have the knack of asking private soldiers the right sort of questions. One who was particularly tongue-tied in such circumstances was Field-Marshal Earl Haig. He would ask about food and billets, but that was as near as he could get to small-talk. Egged on by his Staff to strike a more personal note, he asked an elderly soldier, "Where did you start the war?" The reply shook him. "I didn't start the war," said the soldier. "The Kaiser did." It has also been said of Haig that, while visiting a unit in the trenches he saw a man removing lice from his clothes. "Picking them out, I see," said the Commander-in-Chief. "No, sir," said the soldier. "Just taking them as they come."

Inspecting a battery during World War One, General Sir Henry Rawlinson approached a subaltern seated on his horse at the head of his section.

"Where did you get your Military Cross?" asked General Rawlinson.

"Borrowed it for the occasion, sir," replied the subaltern.

After a scandalised hush, it turned out that there had been a misunderstanding. The subaltern thought General Rawlinson had said, "Where did you get your miserable horse?"



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A HELPING HAND FOR YOUNG LIBYA

The Army is training young artisans in a desert kingdom where technicians are all too scarce

IN workshops on the outskirts of Tripoli, British soldier-tradesmen of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are teaching skilled trades to Libyan Arab apprentices.

In the tele-communications section, in the instrument shop and on the main floor of the workshops, boys from 14 to 17 learn to be the artisans of an independent and developing nation.

Created in December 1951, the United Kingdom of Libya was the first off-spring of the United Nations. Inevitably in such a young state, the shortage of skilled tradesmen is acute and the offer of the British Army to train the craftsmen of tomorrow has met with ready co-operation.

All the apprentices are enrolled from the Tripoli Arts and Crafts School, which was founded in 1899 to educate orphan and abandoned boys. The success achieved by the School in basic education and in turning out artisans has long been recognised.

The apprentice scheme of No. 1 Base Workshops started in April 1955 at the instigation of the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel K. F. Kinchin. A prime mover from the very outset has been Mr. George N. Brooks, a civilian officer who has specialised in wireless repairs since his war-time service with 4th Indian Division. He was quick to adapt the new scheme to his own particular trade and worked long hours to devise a method and course of instruction.

The theory of winding, circuit-tracing, fault-finding and fine soldering were but a few of the subjects to be taught the lads before they could take their place at the work-bench. Individual coaching proved to be the secret. Language difficulties had to be overcome but the British Army instructors were amazed at the rapid progress made.

Commanding No. 1 Base Workshops, outside Tripoli, is Lieutenant-Colonel K. F. Kinchin, REME.

Staff-Sergeant Bob Spiller, REME, watches apprentice Mohammed Hassan operate an engraving machine. *Photographs: Sergeant J. F. Lawrence*

After their morning's work in the military workshops, the lads return to the Arts and Crafts School in Tripoli for afternoon studies. They spend much of their leisure in pottery making or brass engraving.

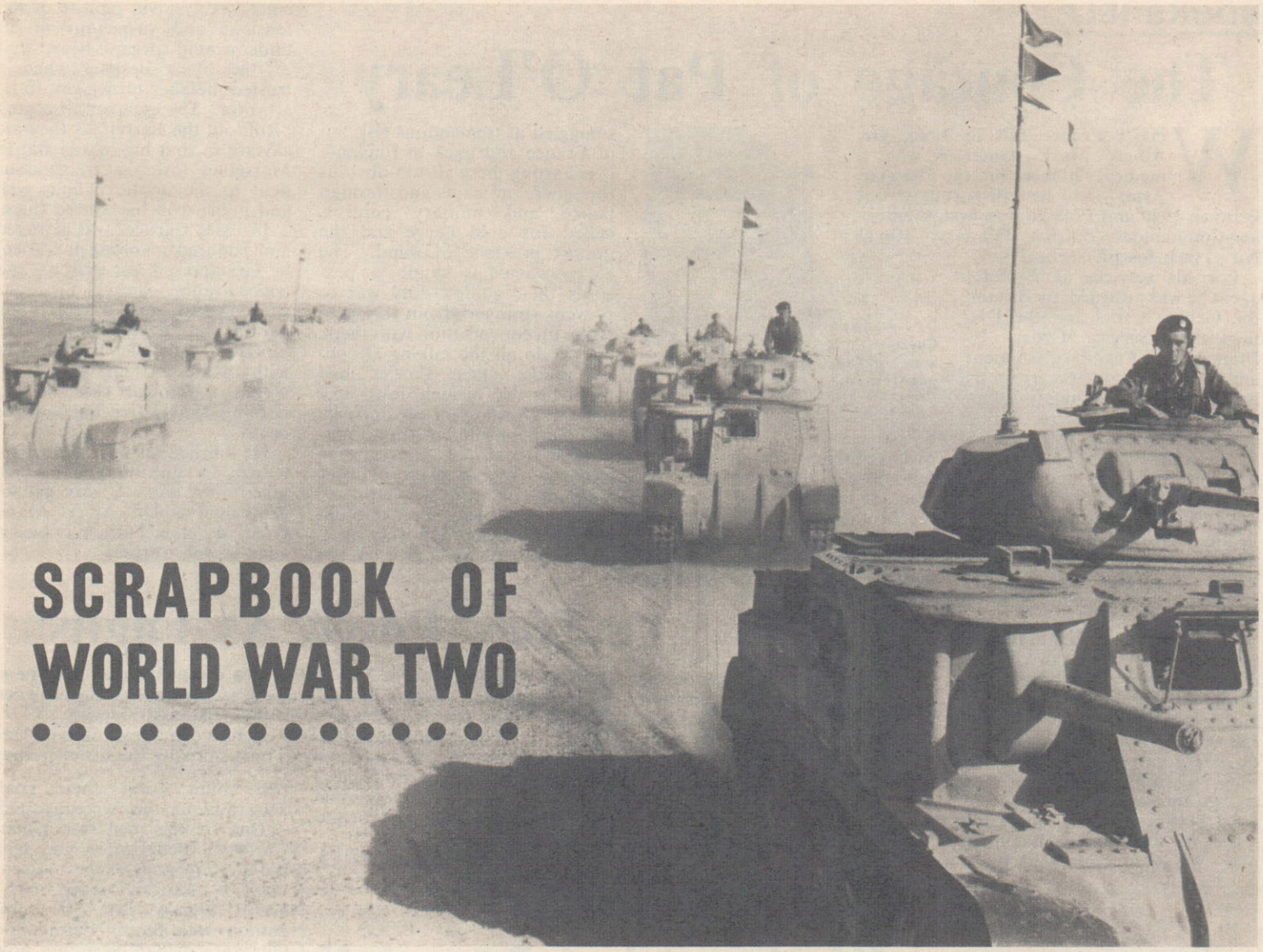
Following the success of the Wireless Repair Section, the apprentice scheme was adapted to other fields. Staff-Sergeant Bob Spiller, REME, in charge of the Instrument Shop, now takes young Arabs in watch-making and the repair of compasses and binoculars. Staff-Sergeant Spiller enlisted on Boy's service in 1943, and was later an instructor at the Army Apprentices School at Arborfield.

Now the blue overalls of the apprentice, each bearing the shoulder title REME in English and Arabic, have appeared in the machine shops. Here the centre-lathe, the milling machine and the universal grinder have come to be accepted as natural tools of trade by the 20 apprentices engaged on the main floor.—*Report by Major A. Digby, Military Observer.*

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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

SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO



General Grant tanks "on the march" in the Western Desert.

Below: A British armoured division shows its paces "somewhere in England." The tanks appear to be Cromwells or Comets.

The Courage of Pat O'Leary

WHEN France fell in 1940, Dr. Albert Marie Guérisse was a medical officer in the Belgian Army—and he still is today. But between 1940 and 1945 he was, first, Lieutenant-Commander Patrick O'Leary, Royal Navy, then Joseph Cartier.

For his services as a secret agent he was awarded, by Britain, the George Cross and the Distinguished Service Order; by France, the Legion d'Honneur and the Croix-de-Guerre; by Belgium, high national orders and the Croix-de-Guerre; and by America, the Medal of Freedom.

As recently as 1950, in Korea, he won American and Korean decorations for bravery in rescuing a badly wounded man.

Not before time, his extraordinary war story is now published as "The Way Back" (*Cassell, 16s*). The author is Vincent Brome.

Dr. Guérisse escaped to Britain in 1940, was trained as a secret agent and then put ashore in the south of France in 1941, as Lieutenant-Commander Patrick O'Leary. His luck was out and he was imprisoned—but not for long. In a film-like escape he dashed through a hospice for old folk, bolting down a long table where the inmates were lunching, and was then concealed by a

Dr. Albert Guérisse: "a very gallant gentleman." *From "The Way Back" (Cassell).*

Mother Superior in an old chest full of vestments. Finally he reached freedom hiding behind the Mother Superior's skirts.

In Marseilles, calling himself Joseph Cartier, he joined forces with Captain Ian Garrow, "a big, powerful, moon-faced Scot, a survivor of the last stand of the 51st Highland Division at St. Valéry in the days after Dunkirk, who had set moving the beginnings of an escape organisation in Marseilles." After Captain Garrow's arrest, "Cartier" took over the organisation. Henceforth he was concerned in the acceptance and onward transmission of "parcels" (as escaped Allied airmen were called) and many hundreds of them were smuggled at tremendous risk out of France and back to England.

Escorting these all-too-obvious foreigners on trains and through police and military controls called for cold nerve and the utmost presence of mind. The escapers acted as "dumb" as possible; their guide's duty was to prevent strangers from trying to strike up conversation with them, and to do all the talking at control points. Once "Cartier" had to sit his two airmen down at a table in a restaurant car opposite two German soldiers. In his nervousness one of the airmen knocked over a glass of beer belonging to one of the Germans. That was a nasty moment; but there were plenty of nastier ones.

Mr. Brome's book gives an uncomfortably vivid picture of the tensions and suspicions in an underground organisation, and of the black despair when a trusted member turned out to be a traitor. The escapers who sang "Roll out the Barrel" as they ate caviare in that big luxury flat in Marseilles owe a tremendous debt to the heroic people, rich and poor, who harboured them.

In 1943 "Cartier" was betrayed and endured revolting treatment in Gestapo offices, prisons and concentration camps. Twice he was locked naked for long periods in a refrigerator—"a bloodless snowman frosted over with white sat in crucifixion within the metal case, feeling nothing, slowly freezing towards death."

He finished his war in Dachau, helping to fight the typhus which killed 50 a day. A very gallant gentleman is Dr. Albert Marie Guérisse, alias Patrick O'Leary, alias Joseph Cartier.

They Posed As English

ONE afternoon in May, 1943, two escaped Italian prisoners-of-war, covered in mud, rode brazenly through the crowded main streets of Nairobi on their battered bicycles.

They spent the night in a hyena's den a few miles outside the town. Next day, masquerading as pipe-smoking Englishmen, they were back in Nairobi, eating meal after meal in the best restaurants to build up their strength for the next stage of their escape.

Three months later and only a few miles from their goal, Mozambique, they were arrested.

One of the men was Count Carlo de Bellegarde, who tells the exciting story of their adventures in "African Escape" (*William Kimber, 18s*). His companion was Baron Ferdinando Quaranta di San Severino, now Italian Consul in Seattle.

The Count and the Baron escaped from the British prison camp at Londiani, Kenya, in a cart piled with empty olive oil tins. During their 2000-miles journey southwards—on foot, by cycle, bus and train—they often sought refuge in jungle where natives were afraid to go for fear of wild animals. Their sole protection against lions was an electric torch. Several times they collapsed from hunger.

A talent for impersonating Englishmen served them in good stead. Once they were invited to lunch by the British Resident of a town in Tanganyika, and politely excused themselves, saying they had a previous engagement. When travelling in a train in Tanganyika they shared a sleeping compartment with a British officer and a civilian who were going on a big-game expedition.

Their narrowest escape was when they came face to face with two armed British soldiers out on a clandestine shooting expedition. They passed themselves off as British officers.

The book makes an interesting addition to the now growing library on "How *They* Escaped from *Us*." There is a friendly foreword from Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Godson, who commanded the camp from which the two men escaped.

THE 100-HOURS WAR —by One Who Missed It

REGULAR soldier, prize-winning novelist and Cotswold farmer, Robert Henriques comes from a Jewish family which has been established in England for two or three centuries. During World War Two he joined the Commandos, then became a top-level military planner at Combined Operations Headquarters. He served in the British Army, in all, for 30 years.

When Israel attacked Egypt last year, Colonel Henriques flew out to ask Mr. Ben Gurion if he could be of any help, but the war was over before he got there. He was feeling considerably frustrated until the Israelis suggested that he should write a history of their short, sharp and successful campaign. He completed his book in five weeks, including much rushing around in Sinai. The result is "One Hundred Hours to Suez" (*Collins, 16s.*). It has been censored by the Israelis, but only on points of security.

The author's description of the spirit of the Israeli Army is of exceptional interest. Many of its leaders served in the British Army; others, since 1945, have been on courses in Britain. Nevertheless, the differences between the two armies are many.

"Although Israeli units can be extremely smart on a ceremonial parade, there is very little discipline in the normal sense. Officers are often called by their first name amongst their men, as amongst their colleagues; there is very little saluting; there are a lot of unshaven chins; there are no outward signs of respect for superiors; there is no word in Hebrew for 'sir'."

Yet in battle the Israeli soldier accepts military authority without question. "I cannot explain, I cannot begin to understand, how or why it works," writes Colonel Henriques.

Israeli training is on normal lines, says the author, but much more rigorous than in the British Army. He checked on various cross-country exercises and rated them "about fifty per cent tougher than the training standards of British Commando troops and American Rangers during the last war."

One of the odd features about an Israeli mobilisation is that "if a driver—no matter his age—says that he wants to go to war along with his vehicle, he is allowed to do so."

As a military tactician, the author was shocked by many apparent inadequacies in the Israeli plan. The attack succeeded only because the commanders "threw away the book." They dropped a parachute brigade on a spot 40 miles from an enemy airfield, 180 miles from their own —and were debarred, by their own rules, from trying to neutralise airfields on the soil of Egypt proper. "Against more resolute and steadier troops the tactics employed by Israel in Sinai would have meant, not spectacular successes, but bloody disasters," writes Colonel Henriques. As it turned out, half the Egyptian Army was routed at a cost, on the Israeli side, of 180 killed and four captured.

The author's pen pictures of the Israeli Army at work are sharply revealing. Deftly he sketches the brusque, proud, prickly "Sabra" types (Israelis born in Israel) and gives, very effectively, the feel of a young Army that is not afraid of being attacked by five neighbours at once.

Saluting—for Alertness?

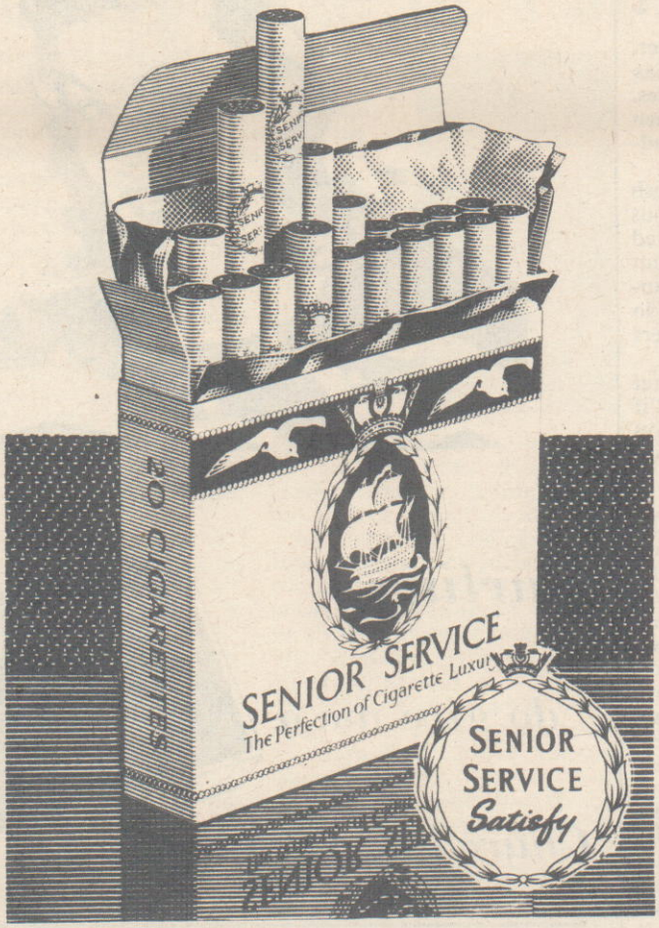
FOR the benefit of young men on the edge of National Service, and those contemplating the Army as a career, Brigadier M. C. A. Henniker has written "Life In The Army Today" (*Cassell, 10s 6d*). **It is penned with pride, affection and understanding.**

As Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer says in a foreword, this book is perhaps better for not being official, though it contains much official information about pay, prospects and so forth. Suitably, the author ends with some glimpses of soldiers in action.

Some will find his views on saluting unorthodox, in that he gives as the prime reason for the custom the need to cultivate and display alertness (most of us were taught that saluting was a mark of respect to the Queen's Commission).

"In the Army, if you fail to notice an officer, and therefore fail to salute him, you are proving that you are not alert. You are proving that your mind is not on the job, and that if you went into action like that you would soon be a useless casualty whom stretcher-bearers would have to carry. That is why the Army insists upon smart saluting; it is a test of alertness . . .

"Behind the act of saluting there is also a gesture of trust and confidence between the two men who salute one another. There never was in the past, nor is there today, the slightest suggestion of one man being inferior and saluting his better. When the trumpeter salutes, and the colonel acknowledges that salute, they both act as comrades in arms. Each is aware of the presence of the other because both men are fully alert."



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One of the eight blocks of flats which house SHAPE's officers. Right: Warrant Officer R. Cowper, RASC, and his family in the sitting-room of their fourth-floor flat. They have American, Italian and Belgian neighbours.

Central Heating, but no Garden

An international community lives at SHAPE Village in modern flats built on a 50-acre estate which once belonged to a maharajah

THE luckiest soldiers in Paris, as they themselves admit, are the married ones who live with their families at SHAPE Village in the attractive garden-city suburb of St. Germain-en-Laye.

They may have had to wait a year to qualify for a home there, having lived meanwhile in French hotels or in private rooms.

SHAPE Village, which houses more than 300 families, is set among the wooded slopes of the 50-acre estate of the Château d'Hennemont, once the home of an Indian maharajah and, in World War Two, an army headquarters first for the Germans and then the Americans. About a third of the families are British and another third American.

They live in blocks of flats which are sited among the trees at different levels to conform with the rural surroundings. One of the men's blocks is built in a curve so that not more than 75 yards of it can be seen from any one spot.

To most housewives straight from Britain, and even to some who have lived in modern Army quarters in Germany, the flats at SHAPE Village are an unaccustomed luxury. Each flat is centrally heated, with constant hot water, refrigerator and combined gas and electric cooker. Rooms are spacious and well furnished, but families have to provide their own bed linen, curtains, carpets and crockery. There are no fixed light fittings; all lamps are on balances which can be adjusted to almost any position. One refinement which all wives appreciate is a double sink built at waist level. There are no gardens, but every flat has an outside balcony.

Rents are high (about £25 a month, including the charges for heat and light, for a five-roomed flat) although considerably less than for similar accommodation, even if it were obtainable, elsewhere in Paris. Some families living in hotels or rooms in private houses pay as much as £50 a month. But generous local overseas allowances cover the increased cost of living.

No wife in SHAPE Village need feel lonely, even though she may live—like Mrs. Joyce Cowper, wife of Warrant Officer R. Cowper, Royal Army Service Corps—in a top-floor flat with an American family below her, an Italian family on one side and a Belgian family on the other. Mrs. Cowper and her neighbours go shopping together, either in the local markets or at the Families Shop at SHAPE Headquarters, and they all belong to an international wives' club which arranges tours in Paris and seaside trips. Some families of different nationalities even arrange their holidays together.

The SHAPE Village School, housed in a converted farmhouse on the d'Hennemont estate, takes 800 pupils, from five to 18 years, from 13 nations. Among them are several Czech refugee children. The school is administered by the French Government and nearly half the pupils are French.

The British section, numbering about 100 and taught by five British women teachers, has its own separate classes, but every child receives two hours French lessons a week. Senior pupils, who have their classroom in the Château itself, may take an intensive French course of 12 hours a week.

Some parents prefer to send their children to French schools elsewhere in Paris.

SHAPE Village also boasts a thriving Boy Scout troop made up of boys from seven nations and a Brownie Pack. It has a "Teenagers Club" which meets in the Château.

A Dutch boy and a Canadian girl at Sunday School in a room at the Château d'Hennemont.

Photograph: Corporal M. Chase

ESCORT IS ANGLO-GERMAN

THE latest German Army unit to be formed in the Hanover area is a company of military police.

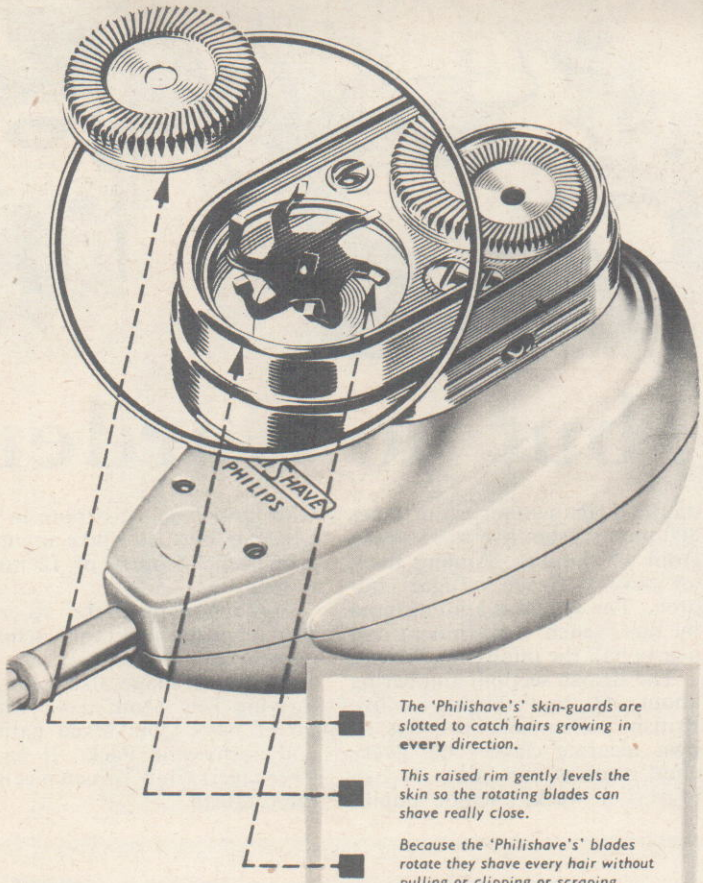
Within a week of their arrival the Germans were working side by side with military police of the British Army.

Two of them joined an escort of 194 Provost Company to accompany Lieutenant-General H. E. Pyman, Commanding 1st (British) Corps, on a visit to German and British units.

In the front seats are Maat Treinzen and Corporal Barry Corney, of Letchworth; in the rear seats Lance-Corporal Eric Davies, of Stafford, and Unteroffizier Lennerts.

In post-war Vienna British military police shared a jeep with their American, French and Russian opposite numbers. This is probably the first time British and German military police have been on mobile duty together.

You must get a closer shave in comfort with 'Philishave' Rotary Action



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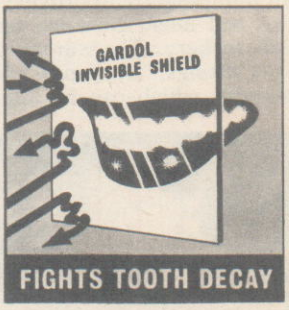

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Above: A Welch forward makes ground with a kick ahead. Right: Two Signals forwards are just too late to prevent a Welch kick for touch. Below: There's a Cup-tie look on those faces as the opposing forwards wrestle in a loose maul. *Photographs: "SOLDIER" Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL*

NO QUARTER!

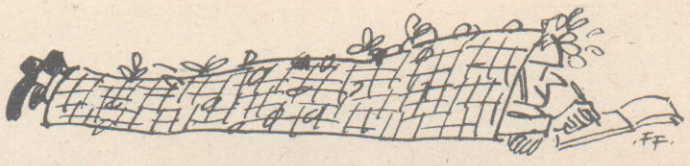
It was a safe bet that these two teams would meet in the Army's Rugby Final—but the result was a gamble

CAPTAINED by Corporal K. J. F. Scotland, the Scottish International, the team of 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals (Catterick) wrested the Army Rugby Cup from its holders, 1st Battalion The Welch Regiment (Rhine Army) by 15 points to three in a sternly fought final at Aldershot.

On their way to the final the Welch had lost not a single point and had scored 132; their opponents had lost three points and scored 117—including a win of 62-0 over the Durhams.

The Welch showed most of the enterprise in the first half; but after the interval the Signals found their feet, their cohesion, and their resourcefulness. Also, their pack proved to have greater stamina. Corporal Scotland, the Signals' lively fly half, scored two of his team's tries and converted all three. The Welch did not win their three points until they made a vigorous burst in the closing stages.

For 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals it was the sixth Cup win in nine years.



LETTERS

WARRANT OFFICERS

In your article on the Army reforms instituted by the late Lord Hore-Belisha (April) you did not mention an innovation of his which died out.

It was his belief that a warrant officer should be capable of leading a platoon in action. The result was the creation of a body of Warrant Officers Class Three.

One of the arguments in support of this idea was that prospects of promotion for officers would be improved, since there would not be so many of them chasing an ever-dwindling number of higher posts. At the same time there would be increased chances of promotion for non-commissioned officers.

Was this really such a bad idea? To put it crudely, does the country get its money's worth from its highly paid warrant officers? I do not suggest they are slacking; I merely suggest they might be given the chance to carry greater responsibilities—**J. S. P.**

"THEIR OFFICER"

The quotation mentioned in your March issue—"You were only their fathers. I was their officer"—is derived from a poem by the late Ewart Alan Mackintosh MC, entitled "In Memoriam: Private D. Sutherland, killed in action in a German trench, May 16, 1916, and the others who died."

The poet tells how the fathers of his men knew them only as "young men in their pride." The last verse runs:

Happy and young and gallant,
They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
and the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,
They screamed, "Don't leave me, sir."
For they were only your fathers,
But I was your officer.

The poem appears in "An Anthology of War Poetry, 1914-1918," assembled by Robert Nichols, published by Messrs. Nicholson and Watson.—**Mrs. E. Hurst, 77 Attenborough Lane, Chilwell, Notts.**

★*SOLDIER is much obliged to Mrs. Hurst and to other readers who identified this quotation.*

FILM CRITIC

I would like to present a bouquet to the producer of that excellent American film "D-Day—The Sixth of June," not for showing British light automatics which fire thousands of rounds without reloading, but for presenting Mr. Richard Todd as a smartly turned-out British officer. This is a policy which could be followed with good effect by our own film makers.

I suppose I have seen dozens of films from both sides of the Atlantic which portray Tommy Atkins as an anaemic semi-invalid, dressed in a uniform resembling the garb of a Trappist monk, and bearing himself like a personified question mark. I wonder if the film moguls in Wardour Street and the Service Public Relations Officers in Whitehall realise how much bad publicity results for the Services when Servicemen are portrayed by unemployed chorus boys, Chelsea bohemians and broken-down Shakespearian repertory players?

An American Marine friend remarked during a show in Singapore, "If those guys are limey doggies (soldiers) no wonder World War Two lasted six years." The Americans go to great pains to get suitable players, uniforms and equipment when the US Armed Forces are required for crowd parts; they even obtain the services of a military adviser whose name is included in the credits.

I believe that British film companies should be obliged by law to employ a retired officer as a technical adviser.

I must hasten to add that those films which have been produced in co-operation with the Services are invariably first class—"Theirs Is The Glory," "The Way Ahead," "Target For Tonight,"—to mention but a few. —**Staff-Sergeant D. G. Keatinge, HQ Malaya Command.**

★*SOLDIER cannot recall seeing an undue proportion of unsoldierly soldiers in British films, farces always excepted. Most British film companies employ military advisers when making Service films. These have no say in the casting. Undoubtedly they help to prevent many of the grosser errors, but the director is always free to disregard their advice. He is liable to say, not "Would it happen like this?" but "Could it happen like this?"*

It seems to SOLDIER that American film makers very often put a most gruesome travesty of the American fighting man on the screen. By comparison, the British soldier gets off lightly.

● 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.

CATERHAM

Is the Press rumour true that the Guards Depot at Caterham and the training establishment at Pirbright are to be merged?—**"Nulli Secundus."**

★*Yes, but the necessary rebuilding may take 10 years.*

In the foreground of SOLDIER'S cover is a Saracen armoured personnel carrier; in the rear a one-ton four-wheel-drive armoured truck.

IMITATION LEEKS

In my innocence, I had always imagined that those leeks which are issued to the Welsh Guards on St. David's Day were real.

This year I was disillusioned. The leeks, I discovered, are made of green slivers of card, wound round with white paper, and with cotton roots attached.

I have heard of factories which make artificial pips for raspberry jam. It seems that, somewhere, there is an artificial leek factory—unless (solemn thought!) these leeks are made by the Welsh Guards themselves.

No doubt there is some good reason for these *ersatz* vegetables. Probably it is the wrong season for real ones. Yet, if the Irish Guards can hand out real shamrock on St. Patrick's Day (I *hope* it is real shamrock), surely it is not beyond the resource and enterprise of the Welsh Guards to produce genuine leeks from somewhere?—**"Land of My Fathers."**

WHAT IS A UNIT?

While congratulating 15 Training Battalion Royal Army Service Corps on their victory in the Army inter-unit boxing championships, I think something should be done to prevent a training battalion or depot team being classed as a "unit." There should be two separate competitions, one for units up to 800-strong, the other for depots, corps and training battalions. This would not only give added interest but achieve greater equality.—**"Snapper."**

HOUSEY-HOUSEY

I was most interested in the article "Clickety Click and All That" 'SOLDIER, March). I always understood "five and nine, the Brighton line" to be a reference to the time the fast non-stop train takes from London to Brighton rather than the price of the ticket. Old soldiers told me that the "clickety click" for "all the sixes" came about from the noise made by callers with false teeth.—**A. Greenbat (late warrant officer, RAEC), 22 Hainthorpe Road, West Norwood, London.**

I would have thought that "five and nine" was the number of the train service that runs to Brighton. However, here is another for your collection: "What's on the floor? It's number four."—**WO 1 V. C. Cannon, Headquarters RA, 3rd Infantry Division.**

Here are a few more phrases: Benghazi flea, number three; garden gate, number eight; thirty-six, dirty Dicks; forty-three, over the bridge; forty-four, flat irons; seventy-seven, boat hooks; eighty-five, my old dad. I have heard that the bridge referred to in 43 had something to do with Khartoum. I was an earlier winner of Radio Tombola when the first prize was only £64. —**Staff-Sergeant W. Glaister, RAMC, Benghazi.**

Six and nine is also known as bilious attack or up-and-downer and 90 as "the old man."—**Private D. Nathan, RAPC, Salisbury.**

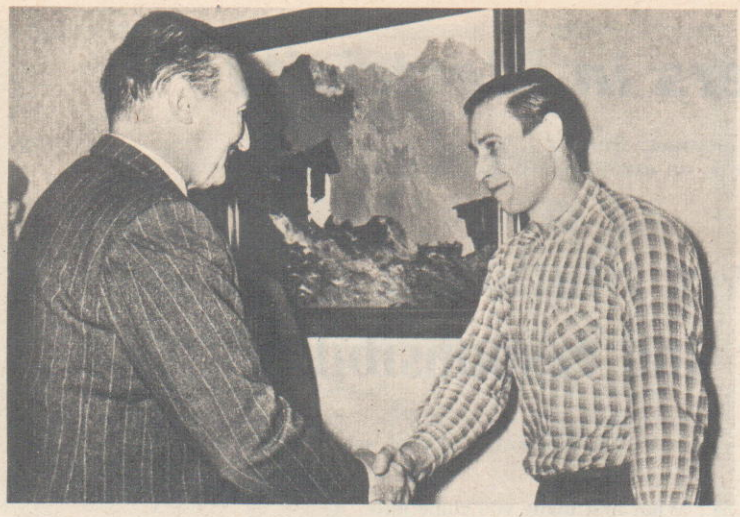
Since your article "Radio Tombola" appeared another prize has been added, namely £5 for the listener who marks off the last three numbers to be called, the sum accumulating weekly until won.—**Victor Widdowson, announcer, No. 5 Forces Broadcasting Station, Benghazi.**

★*Several readers pointed out that "six and nine" is the same either way up and can never be 96.*

MARRIED QUARTERS

I signed recently for a second period of four years on a "T" type engagement. Despite the supposedly static conditions of this engagement I am now occupying my fourth married quarter and have been ordered to move to yet another. It would appear that my only chance of a settled home is to buy my own house. If I do this is there any regulation which will help offset the financial loss I shall incur? —**"Unhappy Wanderer."**

★*No. If the offer of a married quarter is declined there the Army's responsibility ends.*



When a car crashed and caught fire in Hanover, Ludwig Wilke pulled the unconscious driver, a young British officer, to safety. The casualty was 2nd Lieutenant Patrick Keightley, son of the one-time Commander-in-Chief of Rhine Army, General Sir Charles Keightley, who is here seen thanking Herr Wilke.

EARLY MAGAZINES

I feel that the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers can claim that their regimental magazine, *St. George's Gazette*, is among the earliest regimental monthlies (Letters, March). It has been published without interruption since January 1883.—**G. N. Farrier, honorary curator Royal Northumberland Fusiliers Regimental Museum, Newcastle.**

The Army Service Corps journal, *The Waggoner*, was first published in April 1891 and has appeared without a break ever since.—**Colonel R. C. Atwill (retd.), Editor, "The Waggoner," Aldershot.**

★*An editorial note in No. 1 of the "St. George's Gazette" mentioned above says: "We have heard it said by many —'Other regiments have a paper, why not we?" Which were these other regiments?*

NO BOUNTY

In March 1945 I signed for seven years with the Colours and five on the Reserve, but extended my engagement to complete the 12 years. I received a bounty of £60. In May 1955 I re-engaged to complete 22 years. Am I not entitled to another bounty of £100? —**"Devonian."**

★*No. The bounty scheme in force two years ago did not include a re-engagement bounty. When the new bounty scheme was introduced last year this soldier was already committed to 22 years service and was therefore ineligible.*

I returned to the United Kingdom for release last August after serving for nine years, but was held back because of the Suez crisis. I was posted as an instructor to a training centre in East Anglia and in November applied to extend my service to 22 years, expecting to qualify for a bounty. I was told I was not eligible as I had not made up my mind to re-engage soon enough. Surely this is not the way to encourage men to stay in for 22 years.—**"Sweet Nothings."**

★*This soldier made his decision too late. By the time he applied to prolong his service his right to a bounty had lapsed, as had the opportunity of appealing on the grounds that he did not know the rules. In order to qualify it was necessary for him to prolong his service to 22 years before the 8½-year point on his first engagement, which was early 1956.*

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*See page 28*)

The pictures differ in these respects: doorway of grocer; curve of bottom sausage; "i" in "Family"; size of car headlamp; width of car tyre; cat's left hind-leg; hair parting of man on poster; length of photographer's cigarette; position of soldier's right arm; width of pavement in front of flower shop.

MESS SENIORITY

A member of the Territorial Army since 1932, I have always been under the impression that a warrant officer or non-commissioned officer of the Regular Army cannot hold office or have authority in a Territorial Army sergeants' mess, but is only allowed to advise on procedure.

I was posted to a unit where the permanent staff-instructor was a regimental sergeant-major of the Regular Army and was also regimental sergeant-major of the unit. As such, he had assumed control of the sergeants' mess. What is the position?—**"Stickler."**

★*Under Territorial Army regulations the president of the mess committee should be a Territorial warrant officer or non-commissioned officer, in which event the Regular Army regimental sergeant-major would be expressly excluded from the appointment. However, as the senior warrant officer, he must clearly have a large measure of control over the running of the mess and as, in accordance with regulations, the senior warrant officer or non-commissioned officer present presides at quarterly mess meetings, this is one method which enables him to exercise it. Obviously, this is a situation where a fair measure of goodwill and give-and-take is essential.*

PERMANENT STAFF

I wonder if "Army Enthusiast" (Letters, February) did a tour as a permanent staff instructor? I have been one for the past two years and as the only one in the battery, which is recruited from an entire county, I attend drill night three times a week. I travel 36 miles one night, 16 miles the next and to the other side of town the third night. I am on duty four Sundays each month and for two of these I leave home at 8 a.m. and return at 7 p.m. I spent more time with my family when we were in the Canal Zone in 1953.

The Territorial Army Association is still living in 1918 so far as furnishing married quarters is concerned. The sooner a minimum scale is laid down for Other Ranks the better. In my "home" I have £250 worth of my own furniture and carpets. The authorities cannot provide a decent stair carpet, among other things.

These are only *my* reasons for not volunteering for another appointment as a permanent staff instructor. There is my wife's side of it as well: lack of company, higher fuel and light bills, no NAAFI and no social life. Give us a Regular Army unit every time. At least you do "belong."—**"Never Again."**

A permanent staff instructor usually is posted to a Territorial Army unit much against his wishes. He is much worse off financially, especially if married, than his opposite numbers in a Regular unit. Concession coal, cheap gas and electricity are not for him and his wife cannot shop at the NAAFI, where there is seven-and-a-half per cent discount. These items put together represent to the permanent staff instructor roughly £50 a year.

There is no social life as in a Regular unit. On top of this the permanent staff instructor usually works seven days and three evenings a week. He seems to be nobody's baby and is overlooked for most things which would be beneficial to him.—**"Disgruntled PSI."**

★*The permanent staff instructor must serve the needs of the unit. Inevitably he must be available in evenings and at week-ends, the only times Territorial Army members can attend. Usually he is compensated with time off during the day.*

Furniture and furnishings for married quarters are supplied by Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Associations. Fuel, gas and electricity are normally paid for at civilian rates. Families of permanent staff instructors can shop with NAAFI, but they cannot expect to find a NAAFI shop wherever they happen to be.

The social life of a married permanent staff instructor is largely what he makes for himself. There is nothing to prevent him or his wife taking a more active interest by offering to promote some of the unit activities, such as dances and socials.

Any Regular officer, warrant officer or senior non-commissioned officer can be posted for duty on the permanent staff of a Territorial Army unit.

"WERE YOU THERE?"

"Were You There?" (SOLDIER, March) came as a surprise because I was there. The lower of the two snaps was taken in an Italian prisoner-of-war camp in Egypt. I doubt whether any of the men, apart from myself, are still serving. They were all with Royal Army Ordnance Corps and some of the names I recall were Beckett, Styles, Turner and Norris.—**Sub-Conductor H. W. Cobb, 74 Static Officers' Shop.**

I recognise the majority of the men as belonging to No. 1 Ordnance Field Park, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, with which unit I served from September 1939 to July 1941. Most of them were Supplementary Reservists and to the best of my knowledge none of them is still serving.—**WO1 A. D. Smith, REME, 5 Body Road, Donnington.**

★*SOLDIER reproduced photographs from a batch in the possession of a former German soldier. They showed British soldiers in North Africa. Efforts are being made to return them to the owners.*

GRAND NATIONAL

I read with interest the article "Captain Becher Swore Profusely" (SOLDIER, March). In the early 1920's I served under General Sir David Campbell who boasted, firstly, that he failed three times to enter Sandhurst, then got in at the fourth attempt and passed out top; secondly, that at that time he was the only man to have trained and ridden his own horse and won the Grand National. He was given six months leave to train for the race.—**L. Cooper, 52 Maple-tree Way, Scunthorpe.**

HELICOPTERS

Is it possible for a soldier in the Royal Armoured Corps to obtain a course of instruction with a view to becoming an Army helicopter pilot?—**—"Lofty."**

★*No.*

SOLDIER, the British Army Magazine, is published for the War Office by HM Stationery Office, and printed by SUN PRINTERS LTD., London and Watford. Trade distribution inquiries: PO Box 569, London, SE 1. Army inquiries: Circulation Dept., SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London, N 7. (ARChway 4381). Editorial inquiries: Editor, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London, N 7. **Advertisement inquiries: Messrs. Cowlishaw and Lawrence (Advertising) Ltd., 14-16 Ludgate Hill, London, EC 4 (CITy 3718).**

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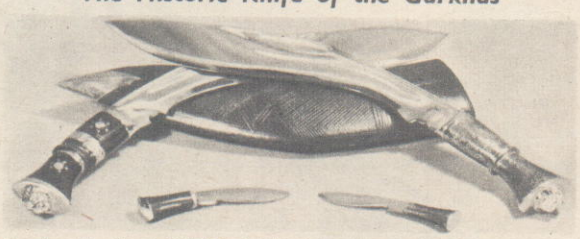

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