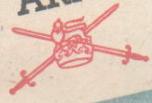


SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1955



NINEPENCE



The Corps of Royal Military Police is 100 years old. Parading for the occasion at Woking were Sergeant E. Scattergood in mounted uniform of 1900 and Chelsea Pensioner G. W. Hoyle, a former military policeman.

Photo: SOLDIER Cameraman W. J. STIRLING.



from Tea

A cigarette and a cup of tea—two of the minor pleasures of life, but such as few would be without. This is as true of the members of Her Majesty's Forces as of most of us.

As the official caterers to Her Majesty's Forces, Naafi has the task of ensuring that a cup of tea and a cigarette are always readily available.

So it is that Naafi serves more than 154,000,000 cups of tea a year and is one of the biggest-buyers of tobacco in the United Kingdom. Behind the scenes the vast network of Naafi's buying, testing, sampling and distributing organisations deliver blended teas and tobaccos and cartons of cigarettes wherever Servicemen and their families may be.

To see that Servicemen and women enjoy to the full their tea and tobacco is but one of the many and varied duties of . . .

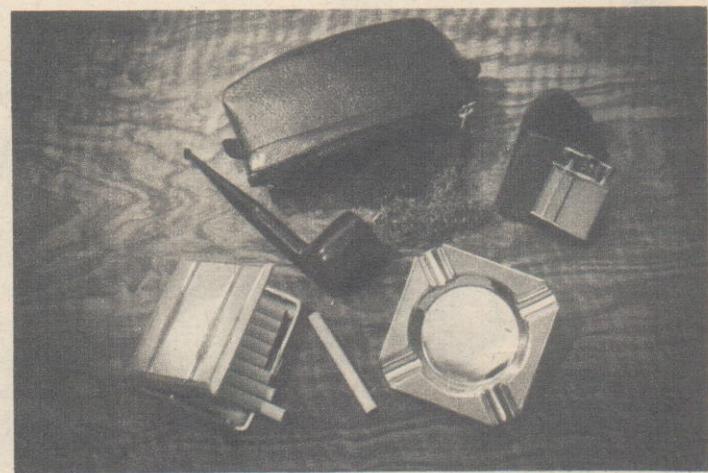
to Tobacco

... this many sided

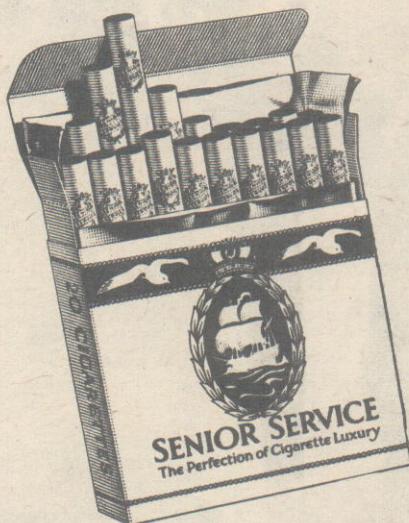
NAAFI

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A good head is never unruly but even the best hair needs the brilliant touch of Cussons Imperial Leather Brilliantine. It is a luxury that flatters even the finest head of hair.



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LUCOZADE
replaces lost energy!

They're never out of sorts, never overtired. They make a point of pausing, regularly, throughout their day for a glass of sparkling Lucozade to replace lost energy. How wise they are! Lucozade contains glucose, energy-giving, health-giving glucose, carefully blended with important flavouring ingredients. It stimulates the appetite, it refreshes, and it provides energy when it's needed most. Try it and see! Doctors and nurses use Lucozade in hospitals, nursing homes, clinics and schools.



LUCOZADE
the sparkling glucose drink

radio & record enthusiasts

THIS IS THE RADIOPHONIC FOR YOU



The new, compact and reliable EKCO Auto-radiogram TRG238, with its excellent performance, is the ideal table model for anyone serving abroad.

This five-valve superhet radiogram plays up to eight 7", 10" or 12" records at three speeds. Five-position tone control, to suit both radio and record playing; precision-built amplifier, and high-quality 6" speaker ensure outstanding reception.

Fully tropicalised, housed in a well-constructed walnut veneer cabinet with gold-coloured inlays—this is just the radiogram for the radio and record enthusiast! Go and see the TRG238 for yourself—it is quite superb in appearance and performance.

EKCO Radio

Model TRG238 is for use overseas. In BAOR you can buy it through your NAAFI. Elsewhere it is distributed only through EKCO agents. At 'home' a similar model can be obtained from any registered EKCO Dealer.



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If you were Ken Wharton

—the famous racing driver,
and had just got back to the pits
after 15 laps at Goodwood,

what would you do?

Have a CAPSTAN



—they're made to make friends

Everything goes with



SAUCE



A GESTURE TO THE GERMANS

By way of a "Thank you," 2nd Infantry Division staged Rhine Army's biggest musical event — at Dusseldorf

"THE General had an idea," ran a headline in a German newspaper. Two days later, 50,000 residents of the Dusseldorf area indicated that they thought the idea was a good one.

The General was Major-General J. H. O. Wilsey, who commands 2nd Infantry Division, and who served in the first Rhine Army with the Dorsets. His idea was that the massed bands of his division should stage a Retreat as a gesture of goodwill towards the Germans, or, as an official announcement put it, "as a special mark of gratitude and appreciation for the co-operation and understanding shown by the local authorities in the Second Division area, in solving many complex problems that have arisen over the past few years."

A little more co-operation from the German authorities, and the great Rhine Stadium at Dusseldorf became available for the occasion. Formal invitations went out to senior German officials in the Division's area to be present as guests of honour. By poster and newspaper announcement, the invitation went out to everyone else: "Admittance is free to all-comers."

In sports clothes and formal best, the Germans went to the stadium

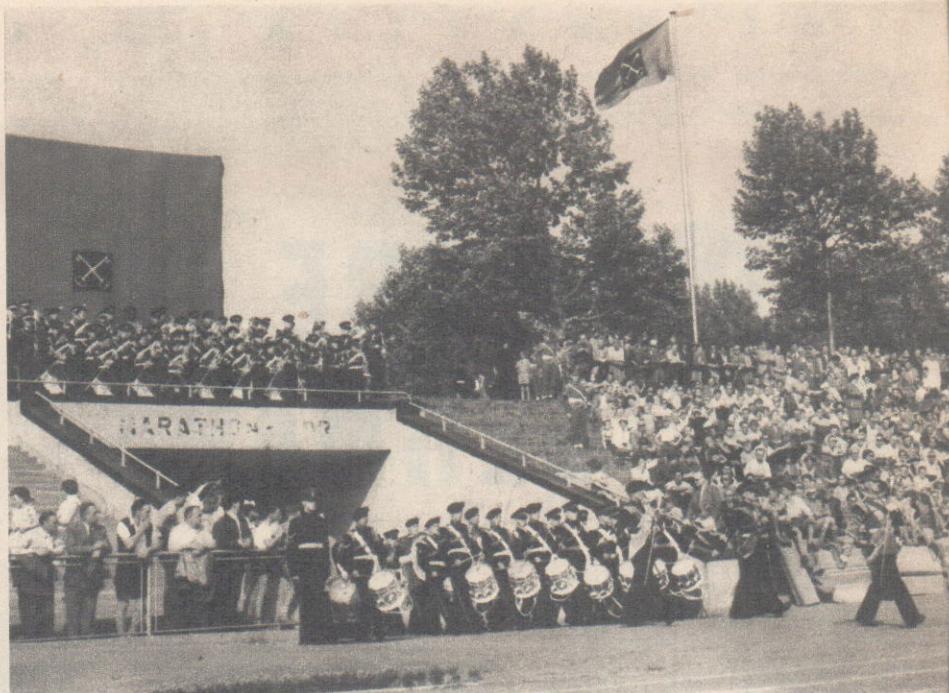
OVER →

Resplendent in all their panoply: the front row of the massed drums of 4th Guards Brigade. Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.



A GESTURE TO THE GERMANS

continued



Left: Sentry drill: Besides Cold-streamers, Scots Guards were also on parade.

Below: The massed bands and corps of drums in one of the final items.

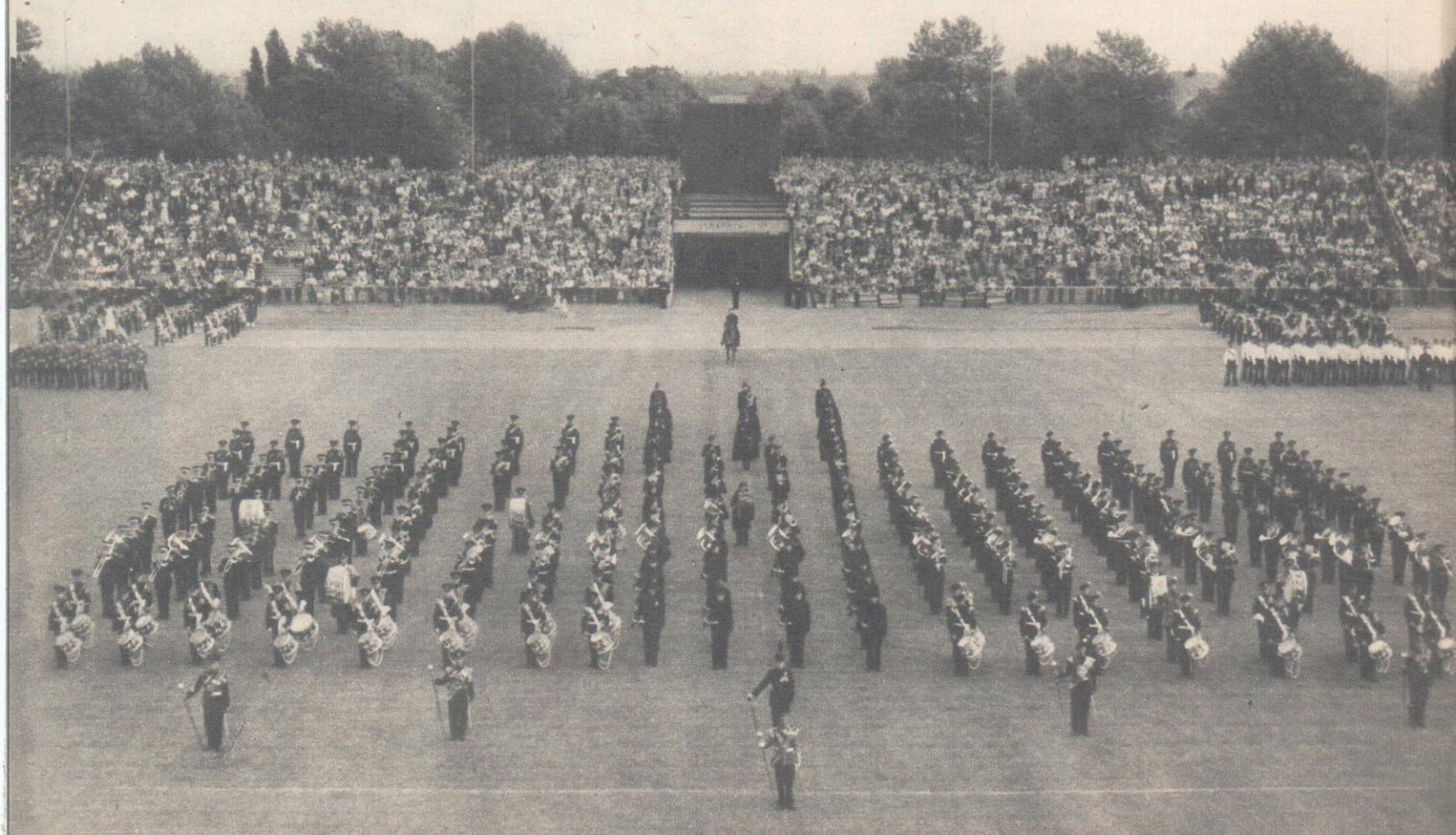
on a sultry Sunday afternoon. They crowded the terraces and the rim of the arena, where Guardsmen stood by poles from which flew flags of the Commonwealth and Western Germany and, of course, the crossed keys of Second Division. They saw the biggest musical event the Army has yet staged in Germany.

They clapped every item, from the opening fanfare by the trumpeters of the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers (standing

Enter the drums. Above the gate is the band of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

before an outsize divisional flag) to the last strains of the last march-off. In particular, they clapped and hummed to the beat of the quick march "Old Comrades," by the massed bands. They were so busy clapping that the vendors of ice-cream and sliced coconut did little trade.

A four-fold corps of drums—from the 1st Battalions of the



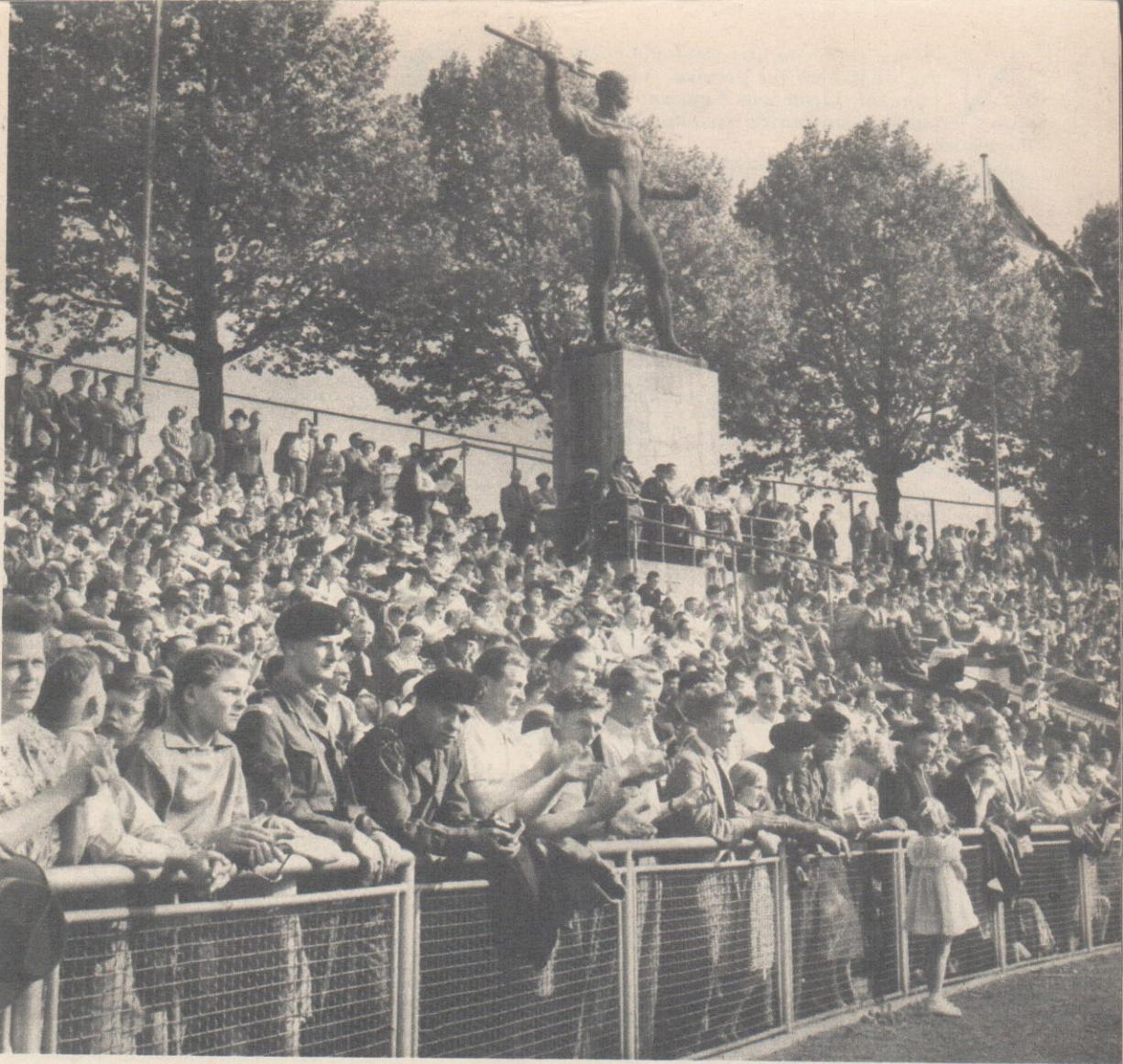
Suffolk Regiment, Lancashire Fusiliers, Royal Welch Fusiliers and Worcestershire Regiment—were the first to march and counter-march in the arena, led by five drum-majors.

Then came massed bands—from the 17/21st Lancers (“borrowed” from the 6th Armoured Division) and the 1st Battalions of the Suffolks, Lancashire Fusiliers and Royal Welch Fusiliers—which paused in their marching for two solemn selections.

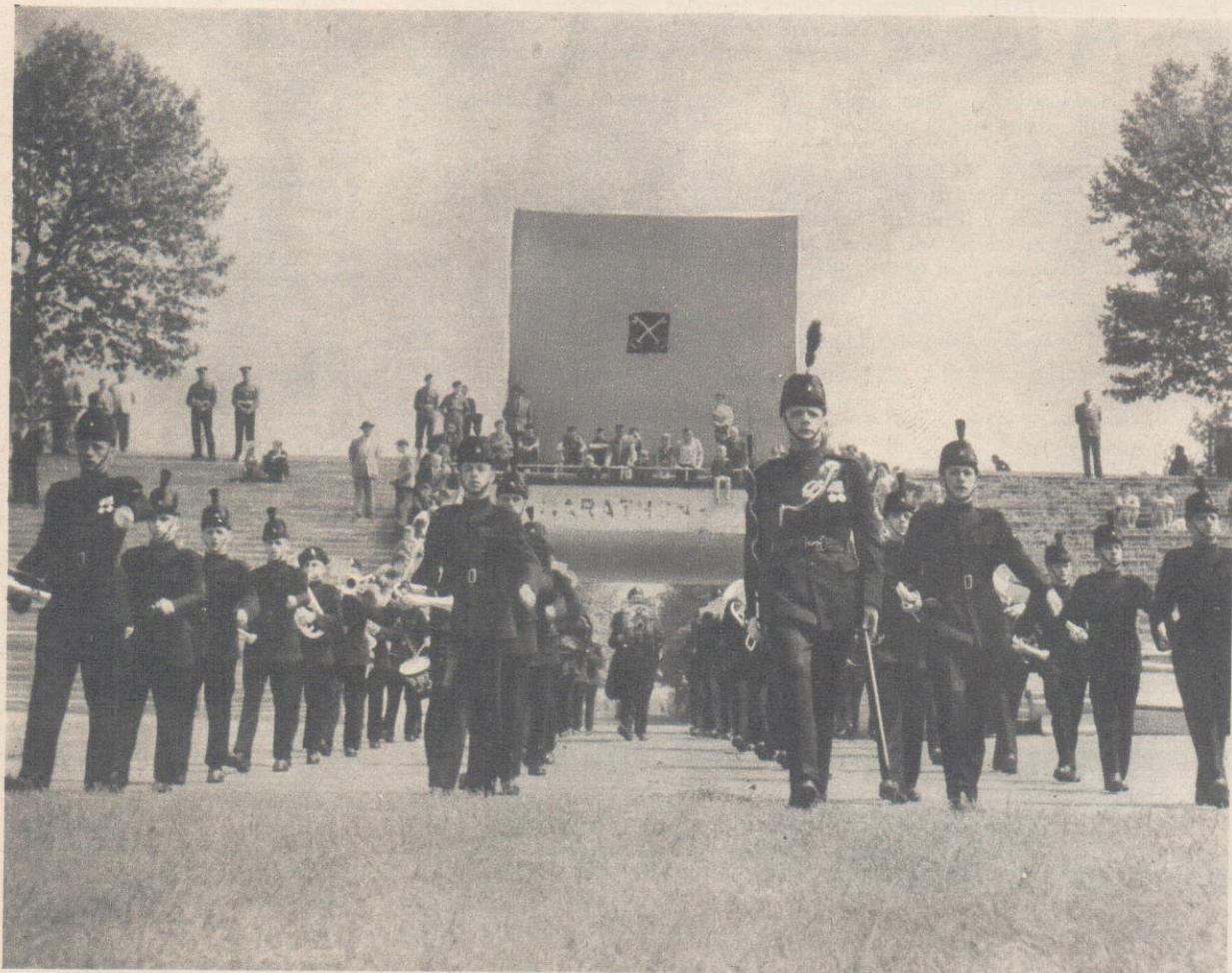
Next came a display by the 4th Guards Brigade. Led by an officer on horse-back, drill detachments from the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards (in red tunics) and 2nd Scots Guards (in tight-fitting white jackets) were played out by the massed drums and pipes of the 1st Grenadier, 2nd Coldstream and 2nd Scots Guards, to give an impeccable demonstration of sentry drill.

After the scarlet and majesty of the Guards came a complete contrast. The massed band, bugles and pipes of the 1st Battalion The Royal Ulster Rifles, green-clad, entered the arena at their traditional 160 paces to the minute. Their marching over, they paused while a solo bagpiper played “Oft in the Stilly Night.” Then the Ulsters’ buglers sounded Retreat, the flags were lowered, and the Ulsters took their places for the finale.

As the spectators thinned away from the Rhine Stadium, a thunderstorm burst. They went home soaked—but still whistling and humming “Old Comrades.”



Soldiers of 2nd Division mingle with their guests.



Major-General J. H. O. Wilsey, who commands the Division. Left: At 160 paces to the minute, the Ulsters march in. This picture was taken at rehearsal.

NOT one reader in fifty thousand could say what were the peculiar claims to fame of Lieutenant Lancelot Gibbs and Captain Patrick Hamilton, both of the British Army.

Both were pioneers—and earned the dubious rewards of pioneering.

Lieutenant Gibbs undertook in 1910 to give a demonstration of flying at Durango, near Bilbao, in Spain. Thirty thousand people turned out to watch. When the flimsy machine was wheeled out they began to handle it roughly, to throw stones and flourish weapons. One man advanced on Lieutenant Gibbs with a knife, saying it was impossible for man to fly. The crowd began to shout "Down with Science! Long live Religion!" Gibbs, who showed considerable courage, was led away under a shower of stones. The aircraft and its shed were burned to the ground.

About the same time, Captain Patrick Hamilton undertook to give a flying demonstration in the Argentine. He, too, was stoned by the mob, but for a different reason—he refused to fly in impossible weather.

What happened to Gibbs and Hamilton the history books do not tell. They were men of an almost-forgotten age, which is nevertheless very recent; an age when audacious young officers of the British Army developed a new fighting medium and laid the foundations of the Royal Air Force's magnificent forerunner: the Royal Flying Corps.

The other day there was an echo of those brave times in the announcement of the death at 93 of Major-General Sir John Capper, formerly of the Royal Engineers. More than 50 years ago, Lieutenant-Colonel Capper was sent by the War Office to America to invite the Wright Brothers to continue their experiments in Britain. The Treasury, however, declined to underwrite the venture. It is unlikely that the Wright Brothers would have been stoned if they had come to Britain. With some reluctance, the public had admitted that man could fly, but there were still many in high places who saw no military future in aviation.

Mind that man!
Relax . . . he is a hitch-hiker about to grab himself a lift. This happened at an American Armed Forces Day display at Bad Hersfeld, in Germany. Two tanks roared across the arena and a string of men fell to the ground from under the tanks' bellies (via a trapdoor). Then the tanks returned, drove over the men and picked them up again. Not a manoeuvre to be tried on too-rough ground—but it has interesting possibilities on a battlefield.

SOLDIER to Soldier

General Capper later secured authority to build a famous dirigible, the *Nulli Secundus*, which, in 1907, with the General as co-pilot, made a record flight for "gasbags" of its type. During World War One he pioneered yet another fighting medium: the tank.

A handful of soldiers reached the rank of major-general in the flying arm, years before air marshals were invented. One of them at least is still alive: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard, "Father" of the Royal Flying Corps. He had great difficulty in entering the Army, repeatedly failing his examinations, and finally came in by way of the militia. In 1912 they gave him ten days in which to learn to fly; after that he would be over age. He won his certificate in seven.

This year there is another reminder of the great part played by the Army in fostering military aviation. The Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough—whence Capper and Cody set off, in the *Nulli Secundus*—is celebrating its jubilee. In this event the Army can feel a founder's pride. SOLDIER hopes to tell more of this story in a later issue.

ANOTHER question: who was Colonel David Bruce? What was his claim to fame?

Soldiers who have served in Malta owe him a debt. That island was, for generations, scoured by "Malta fever." In the 1880s David Bruce, surgeon to the Army Medical Service, visited the island and traced the source of the fever to the milk of the island's goats. It was Colonel Bruce, too, who took a leading part in tracking down the carrier

of sleeping sickness—the tse-tse fly—in Uganda.

But he was only one of many in the Army's pathology service who made fever-ridden garrisons healthy. Under their lenses came the killer organisms of dum-dum fever, dysentery, enteric, black-water and yellow fevers, plague, anthrax, leprosy, tetanus and typhoid. It is worth remembering that the work of Army pathology began 100 years ago this year—in the shambles of Scutari, in the Crimea. This, too, is a record in which the Army can feel immense pride.

THREE is a new appointment at the War Office: Director of Boys' Training. The task of this general officer is to carry out the recommendation of a recent Committee that boy-soldiers be trained as boys rather than as soldiers.

How to train boys has been an Army problem for generations. The celebrated John Shipp, the "charity lad" who twice won a commission, joined a boys' regiment at Colchester in 1797, at the age of 12. Three of these regiments had been formed, more with the idea of taking boys off the parish than of producing generals; but Shipp at least made his military mark. Certainly the lads were treated as soldiers; they were put into red tunics, their hair was tied so tight behind their heads they could not shut their eyes, and stocks were rammed under their chins so that they could hardly use their jaws. They were subject to flogging and incarceration in a "black hole." Much of their time seems to have been spent fighting each other, or filling each other's tobacco pipes with gunpowder. When a boy

ventured to fall asleep at night someone would put a burning candle in his hand, or a sheet of burning paper between his toes, or tie his big toes together and shout "Fire," or sew his shirt to the bedclothes. It was a strenuous life.

In the eighteenth century boys were considered battleworthy in their early teens. At 16, Wolfe was an adjutant on the field of Dettingen, his 15-year-old brother with him. At 12 the future General John Floyd rode in a cavalry charge at Emsdorf. Charles Napier, commissioned at 12, soldiered in two Line regiments and then, to his disgust, was sent to grammar school. Young sailors went to sea at any age from 11 upwards, and saw furious action against the French. One at least came stumping back to school on a wooden leg. That did not prevent him becoming a captain in the Navy. Boys were men in those days.

All through the last century there was controversy over how to treat boys at Sandhurst (until 1858 cadets were accepted between the ages of 13 and 15). The "mutiny" of 1862, when the young gentlemen withdrew to a redoubt and prepared to throw loaves at their commandant, was partly a protest at being treated as children. Their movements had been severely regulated, and they were stalked everywhere by spies who hoped to catch them smoking (snuff was permitted). After the "mutiny" many of their grievances were redressed—smoking was allowed and the cadets were even permitted to drink shandy gaff.

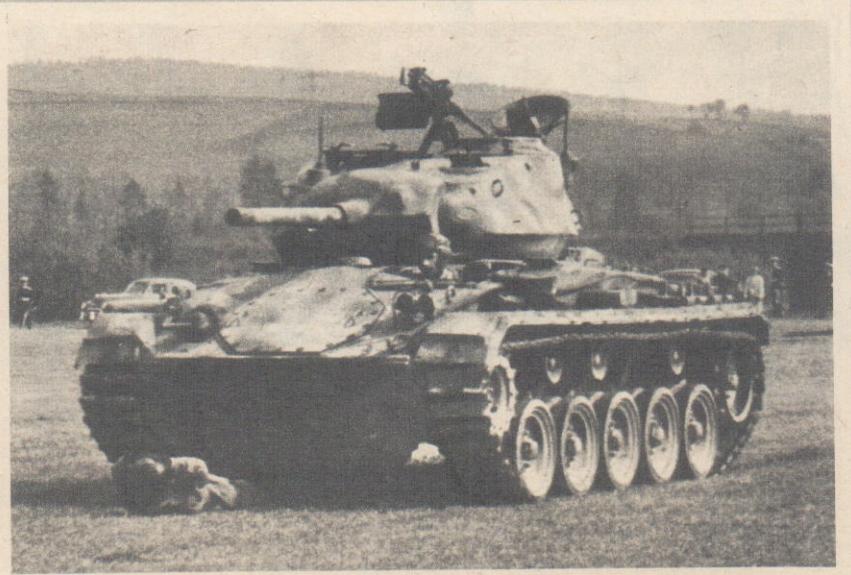
Today society decrees that boys shall remain boys longer than they used to do, which is one reason behind the Army's new training policy.

IN the general distribution of bouquets to those who helped to keep the community functioning during the recent railway strike, the Army seems to have been thrown only a modest bunch of dandelions.

In Parliament Mr. H. Wilson, instead of offering felicitations to the War Minister, demanded to know why the Army had been cluttering up the roads with horses and other "inessential military traffic."

The Army's role in the strike was an honourable one and there is every reason why the Army and the public should be proud of it. The label ROYAL MAIL was stuck on 600 Army vehicles which plied in convoys between London and the provincial centres. Through the "rat race" of London traffic these convoys moved with discipline and dignity; their young drivers did an excellent job. It is sad to record, however, that one of them lost his life in the north of England when his van hit a wall and overturned.

During the strike the Army moved by road 100,000 of its own men and women (equal to a capacity crowd at Wembley).



SOLDIER VISITS—

What's life like in the American Army? There's no need to go any farther than Oxfordshire to find out

THE MEN ON THE SKYSWEEPERS

FOR four years American soldiers have been playing an unobtrusive but vigilant role on the soil of Britain.

They are the men of five battalions of 32nd Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade, United States Army, who man the Skysweeper guns protecting American airfields in Britain. Operationally they are under the command of Britain's air defence organisation, but they are responsible for their own administration.

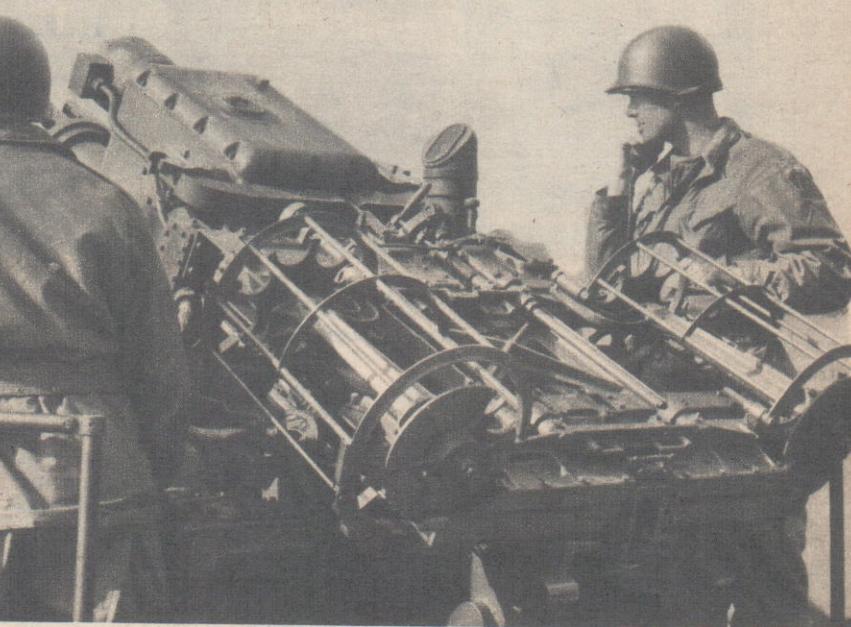
To see how they live and work SOLDIER recently spent a day on an airfield just outside Oxford with 92nd Battalion. This unit, whose men wear a cap badge bearing four crossed guns and the words "Dependable Defenders," arrived in this country two years ago to reinforce the other four battalions which have been here since 1951. Its story is typical of the American battalions in Britain.

The "Dependable Defenders" of Oxford live on a lonely, wind-swept, heavily-guarded airfield several miles from the city. They work, eat and sleep in temporary wooden huts and are on duty in three shifts for every minute of every day. As a result they have little opportunity to take weekend leave, which comes round much less frequently than in most British units.

All American Enlisted Men (the name for Other Ranks), whether sergeant, corporal or private soldier, sleep under the same roof, generally 16 to a hut. Sometimes the master sergeant, who is the senior enlisted man, has a separate cubicle in the same hut. Single officers sleep in bachelor quarters but, like the sergeants, have no mess of their own. They take their meals in the men's dining hall at the same time as the men, at a separate table (visiting British officers do the same, disguising their astonishment).

The United States Army does not allow soldiers to be employed as officers' or sergeants' mess servants or cooks. If officers or sergeants want to set up their own messes on the British pattern they must employ civilians and pay them out of their own pockets. For the same reason there are no soldier batmen in the American Army. An officer does his own cleaning or pays a civilian to do it.

Much of the men's life on the



A Skysweeper, America's latest anti-aircraft gun, keeps watch on a United States airfield near Oxford. The gun detachments are on duty every minute of every day.

Photographs: W. J. STIRLING

base centres in the Service Club. Here are nightly entertainments which include floor shows, dances, pool, bridge and whist drives and, once a week, a bingo drive with a "jackpot" prize of £150. There is also television, which most of the troops find dull after the livelier and more varied sponsored shows in America. From sound-proof telephone booths men can speak to their families in the United States at a cost of £1 a minute.

The men also have their own canteen where at almost any hour they can buy American food—hamburgers, waffles, chilli-con-carne (a kind of curry), chicken noodle soup, cole slaw and so on. They receive a weekly ration of 200 tax-free cigarettes or 50 cigars.

Every American unit in

Britain has the same food prepared in exactly the same way at breakfast, lunch and supper. The cooks adhere strictly to a master menu worked out months before by nutrition experts at the Pentagon. Most of the food is sent from America.

The American soldier probably has the largest wardrobe of any soldier in the world. It includes two "Ike" jackets and

pairs of trousers (walking-out dress), three fatigue uniforms, a raincoat, trenchcoat, poncho, three winter and five summer shirts, two walking-out shirts, six "T" shirts, ten pairs of socks, six pairs of short pants and two of long, two pairs of combat boots, one pair of rubber waders and one pair of walking-out shoes. It costs the American Government

OVER

Practice alerts keep the Gunners on their toes. Note the "steel pots" laid out ready.





Left: "A" Battery of 92nd Battalion won the Presidential Citation in Korea—as their unit board shows. Above: A handy line in mess tins, which the American soldiers call canteens.

THE MEN ON THE SKYSWEEPERS

continued

247 dollars (about £85) to equip each man.

Uncle Sam's soldier is the second highest-paid in the world (the Canadian private receives higher basic pay). The basic pay of a private first class (equivalent to a British lance-corporal), with less than two years service, is 99.37 dollars (about £35) a month. After two years he is paid another £6 a month. A sergeant with less than two years service is paid 145.24 dollars a month (about £50) with an increase of £6 after two years. All American soldiers in Britain receive an overseas allowance which ranges from eight dollars (about £3) a month for a private soldier to 22.50 dollars (about £8) for a master sergeant. In addition every man receives a maintenance allowance of about

£2 a month out of which he has to replace worn-out clothing (he can buy this from Army stores or from a civilian shop so long as the article conforms to Army standards). He pays for his own boot repairs and laundry. Because laundry is expensive some units may instal washing machines.

Almost all married officers and enlisted men in Britain have their families with them and live out in civilian accommodation. They are paid handsome quartering allowances, ranging from about £18 a month for a private without children to about £35 a month for a master sergeant with three children. All in, a married sergeant living out with his wife and one child is paid over £100 a month.

These high rates of pay explain

why British and American car dealers are doing a roaring business among American soldiers in Britain. At Oxford they have set up sales stands on the airfield and are able to offer their cars tax-free. Many soldiers have bought small British cars but most prefer the larger American models which are shipped from the States free of tax, duty and shipping fees. At least half the cars at the Oxford base are owned by enlisted men. But American soldiers are not allowed to re-sell their cars on the British market; they must sell them to another American Serviceman or take them back to the United States.

Off duty relations between private soldiers and NCOs are more free and easy than in the British Army. But on duty officers and non-commissioned officers receive the correct form of address and men jump to it with the same celerity as the

British soldier—or find themselves "up before the man" (the slang term for being placed on a charge). Warrant officers are entitled to a salute and enjoy the same privileges as officers.

"Short back and sides" is the rule for haircuts. With that proviso, any style, from the "crew cut" to the "English," may be worn.

Blanco is unknown—all equipment is washed—but the American soldier spends as much time "blitzing the brass" as his British counterpart does on "spit and polish."

The way of dealing with a soldier on a charge differs from that in the British Army. The complaint is heard by an officer in the absence of the alleged offender, who is brought in alone afterwards and given the chance to put his case. Punishments tend to be more severe but are all designed to be useful and generally take the form of extra work.

Handing round cigars to celebrate promotion is an old American Army custom.



The American salute at the "shoulder arms"





It costs the American Government £85 to clothe and equip a soldier. Clothing includes a raincoat, 16 shirts, eight pairs of pants and 10 pairs of socks.

Married men restricted to camp are allowed to have their wives and children visit them.

Every six months an Inspector General visits each unit to hear complaints. The interviews are confidential and complaints can be made by any rank without asking the permission of his commanding officer.

Church parades are not compulsory (they never were in the United States Army) but every man is issued with a Bible and must attend "character guidance" lectures given by the padre. These lectures may take the form of advice on how American soldiers should behave in Britain. They are told—as British soldiers serving abroad are told—that they are ambassadors. They are warned against becoming involved in quarrels and making it too obvious that they are better paid than the British soldier. They must always be smart and alert, friendly and understanding.

—and when standing to attention with the rifle.



Security precautions on American airfields in Britain are strict. On duty every soldier has to wear an identity tag.

On no account must they refer to an Englishman as a "Limey" (American soldiers, incidentally, dislike being called "GIs").

The American Army in Britain is as cautious as the British Army abroad in allowing soldiers to marry foreign girls. Application has to be made to the commanding officer who, with the padre, investigates not only the background of the girl but the character of the soldier. At least two months elapse before permission is given.

In each of the three years which they serve in Britain, American soldiers are given 30 days' leave. They pay their own fares, but, like British soldiers, are entitled to concessionary rates on British Railways. Most men spend their leaves touring Britain but many go to France, Germany or Italy. As a special reward for good work or smartness soldiers may be given several days' leave to go on free "morale flights" in

the United States Air Force freight planes which fly regularly from Britain to the Continent. Some men have been as far as Tripoli, Nice, Naples and Rome.

When an officer or enlisted man above the rank of private first class is promoted he gives cigars to all his friends and colleagues. This can set him back a week's pay if he is popular and may mean giving away 300 cigars. He is allowed to buy 200 cigars from the Post Exchange for this purpose. When a soldier has a birthday the cooks bake him a cake and distribute it to all the men.

The American Gunners have struck up friendships with many British units. The 92nd at Oxford has exchanged visits with the 612 and 622 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiments (Territorial Army); and the 39th Battalion, also in southern England, competes in sports twice a year with 39th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regi-

ment, Royal Artillery. At Bushey Hall in Hertfordshire men of the 32nd Brigade Headquarters play cricket and baseball against soldiers from nearby Anti-Aircraft Command. Some American soldiers have taken up the ancient game of bowls.

Officers of the five battalions attend British Army courses at the School of Land/Air Warfare at Salisbury. Recently 92nd Battalion fired its Skysweepers in an anti-tank role on the ranges at Lulworth.

Oxford has become very fond of its guests from the other side of the Atlantic and goes out of its way to make them feel at home. Local newspapers run news for American Servicemen.

In Oxford's City Hall a room has been turned into a rest centre and refreshment bar for American soldiers off duty. Every few weeks the city authorities hold dances for their American guests

OVER

No American Army unit is complete without its bowling alley.



THE MEN ON THE SKYSWEEPERS

concluded

and when dances are held at the airfield they find hostesses.

Representatives of the Battalion are invited to all civic functions. Recently a score of American soldiers took part in a seven days' university course on international affairs and lived in Merton College with British students. The experiment is to be repeated.

American children are allowed to attend British schools if their parents prefer to send them there rather than to the American Air Force school.

The giving is not all one-sided. The 92nd Battalion regularly invites city dignitaries to spend a day at the air base and holds parties for British children. Soon after it arrived the Battalion "adopted" the Dr. Barnardo's Home at nearby Abingdon and in a few months had collected more than 1000 dollars (about £350) with which it bought the children toys, a projector and screen, a wood-working lathe, three sewing machines and several bicycles. All the children were treated to a Christmas party at

the airfield.

"Relations between the people of Oxford and the Americans could not be better," says Miss Joyce Kirtley, a British girl employed at the American Air Base as Community Relations Officer. "We have put scores of soldiers in touch with British families who are anxious to show them what Britain and the British are really like. Many of them have married British girls."

Here are a few colloquial expressions in everyday use by American soldiers, with their British equivalents: Steel pot—steel helmet; sack—bed; hash marks—service stripes; Hershey bars—overseas service stripes; patch—flash; deuce-and-a-half—a two-and-a-half-ton truck; apple pickers—air police; jack—corporal; tube—rifle barrel; pushing the panic button—getting nervous; chicken—"bull"; pigs in a blanket—sausage roll; the shop—company office; grade—rank; selectee—National Serviceman; out in the world—in civilian life. E. J. GROVE



Yanks at Oxford: Two Gunners stroll past Magdalen College. Below: American soldier students get down to studying at Merton College.



American touch football is like rugby—but quicker and tougher. Below: The juke box in the canteen at Oxford plays six records for a shilling.



Below: PFC J. Hensley, with his tuba, poses with members of Luton Girls' Choir, whom the American Gunners' own band accompanied recently at a concert.





HE GOES BY 'BUBBLE'

IN days of old, commanders-in-chief went about their occasions on horseback, or by coach.

Today the man with the biggest command in the Western world, General Alfred M. Gruenther, flits about France in this "bubble" helicopter, of American construction. So do senior members of SHAPE staff (one of whom is seen in the picture above).

First glimpse of this aircraft in the sky suggests that design has not advanced much since the days of Bleriot, but the craft is nimble and reliable. Few machines can provide better visibility. The occupants cannot hope to travel incognito, however—they enjoy little more privacy than a goldfish. Note the SHAPE flash emblazoned on the front of the "bubble."



DO YOU LET YOUR WIFE GO TO DANCES?

WHEN a married Serviceman is posted abroad, without his wife, there are one or two little matters on which both parties should reach agreement. One of them is:

Should the wife go to dances and parties while he is away?

"It's got to be faced," say the authors of a sixpenny booklet "Over The Seas And Far Away," published by the National Marriage Guidance Council for the help of married Servicemen.

"English husbands are, on the whole, a queer breed. They seem to think that their wife should be attractive to them and nobody else. They also have an even queerer idea that once she's married she won't be attractive to other men. Actually, it's the opposite—she'll have the added poise of a married woman and be more sure of herself."

A soldier on leave abroad has as good a time as he can, the booklet points out, "so don't grudge Mary her fun. She'll know how to look after herself. She'll know—as every woman does—if anyone is getting too fond of her, and then it's up to her to put a stop to that friendship *at once*." Not recommended is the compilation of a definite list of "people she may go out with."

Each couple must make their own agreement on this topic—and then stick to it, says the booklet.

Husbands overseas are cautioned about paying attention to letters from busybodies who, under the pretext of giving a little "news from our street," let slip casually that they saw Mary going out with Joe or Walter, "knowing perfectly well that you and Joe don't get on and that Walter used to be keen of Mary."

"Probably the truth is that she simply walked to the end of the road with him or met him quite by chance; but by the time the letter has reached you and loneliness has set in, you might be tempted to believe this gossip. Don't! It comes straight from the devil. Send it back to him!"

The booklet does not make the mistake of under-estimating the strain of separation, or of saying that sexual abstinence is easy. What the advice boils down to is: *Trust each other; stay loyal; keep your mind suitably occupied.*

All three Services have endorsed the booklet.

ALL THIS, AND A URIAL TOO!



THREE was a welcome overseas touch to this year's Royal Tournament. Added to the standing attractions like the Musical Ride, the Musical Drive and the Royal Navy's gun competitions were displays by the massed pipers and drummers of the Arab Legion from Jordan and the pipe band of the Pakistan Police.

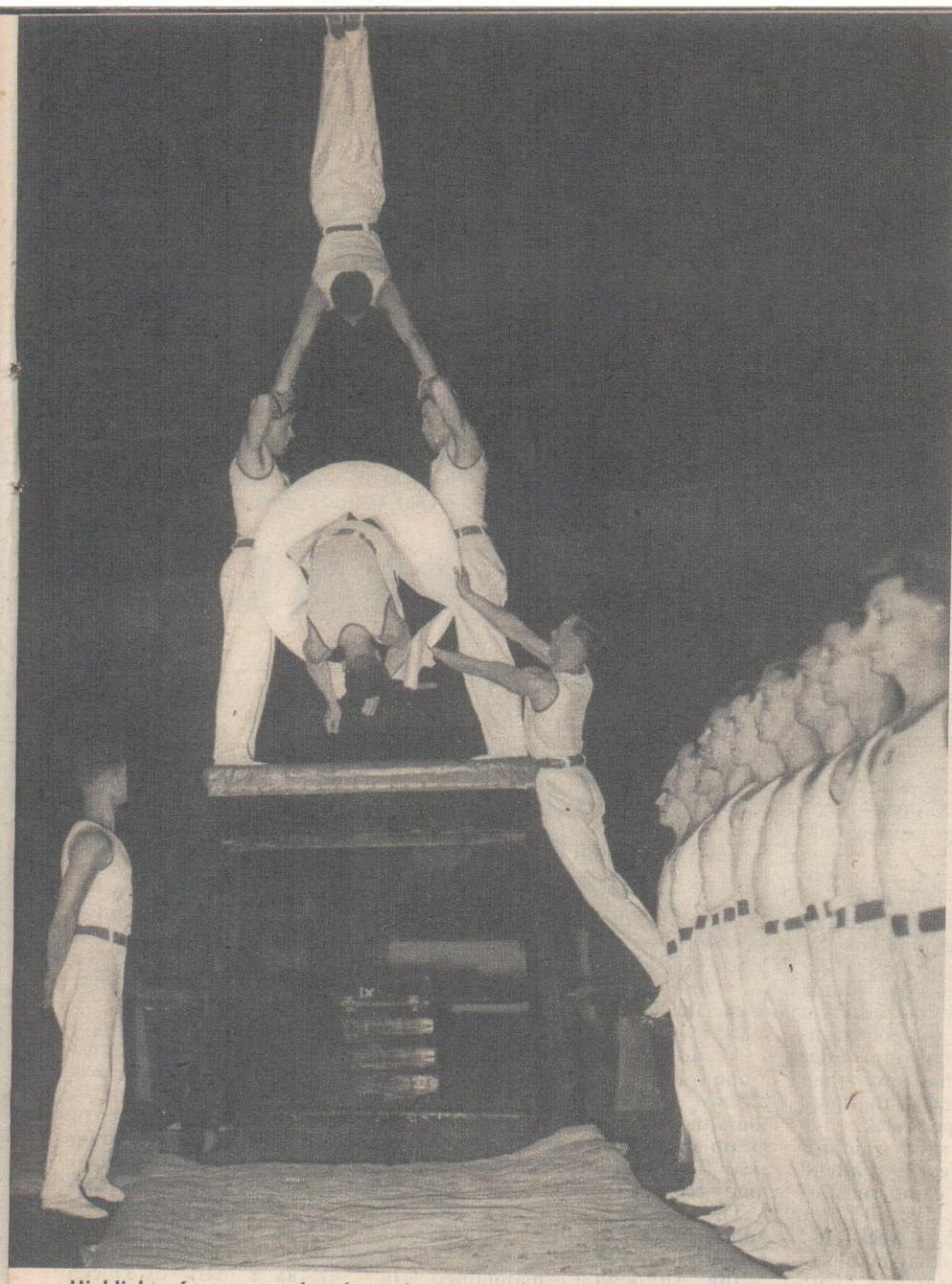
How many spectators knew, until they read their programmes, that the land from which the Arab Legion bandsmen came was "the only non-Commonwealth country which fought with British troops from the beginning to the end of the war"?

And how many could have identified the impressive mascot of the Pakistan Police as a urial, a mountain sheep found in the Punjab? This mascot is trained to follow the band leader without any lead or signal. "He is, however, temperamental, and when in a certain mood his antics are very spectacular."

An outstanding item of this year's programme at Earls Court was the display of advanced gymnastics by the Army Physical Training Corps. Memorable, too, was the Pageant of Infantry, which began with the bowmen of Crecy and ended with a demonstration of drill on the new automatic rifle by men of the Coldstream Guards.

Presenting arms with the new automatic rifle in the Pageant of Infantry are men of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards. Below: a drummer of the Arab Legion.





Highlight of a spectacular show of advanced gymnastics by the Army Physical Training Corps. (Next time, why not a jump through a flaming hoop?)

The Drum Major of the Arab Legion Band, Sergeant Mustapha Hamed, consults with his officer, Lieutenant Zaki Kamal. The band has been touring Britain.



Stands Scotland where she did? A handsome piper from Pakistan.

With the urial mascot: Drum Major Muhammad Hussain, who trained on band courses with British Infantry regiments.





Recruits take the oath by swearing on the Crucifix and reading an affirmation in Maltese. The Adjutant is Captain J. D. Dixon, Highland Light Infantry. Left: Malta's own Infantrymen go over the top in a determined bayonet charge during a recent exercise.

INFANTRYMEN OF MALTA

WHEN the King's Own Malta Regiment—the only Infantry unit of the George Cross Island—went into suspended animation at the end of World War Two, its long and proud history was brought to an untimely halt.

Three years ago, the Maltese Government decided to set up a Territorial Force on the lines of Britain's Territorial Army—and the Regiment was given a new lease of life.

Today, the King's Own Malta Regiment (Territorial Force) is a thriving unit, growing month by month. Most of its officers and men work in the Royal Naval dockyards at Valletta. Some are direct descendants of the original

Maltese Volunteers who were formed into the Maltese Light Infantry a century-and-a-half ago.

Few volunteer units can show keener members. One man has to walk nine miles from his home to the parade-ground in St. Francis' Barracks at Portes des Bombes in Floriana. Many come straight from work to spend two hours drilling and weapon training and then walk several miles home. It is rare that fewer than 100 turn up on each of the three training evenings per week.

Although they need train for only 32 hours a year and attend the annual 14-day camp, most of the men put in at least 50 hours and volunteer for week-end camps. Sometimes they take part in combined exercises with British troops and the Royal Malta Artillery.

The sergeant-major gives a lesson on the Vickers. The officer is 2/Lieut. N. Jaconi, Malta's champion sprinter, who represented the island in the 1953 Olympic Games.



The only Infantry unit of the island, the King's Own Malta Regiment, has a history which goes back more than 150 years

Their band, 35-strong, is reputed to be one of the best in Malta. The Bandmaster, Mr. J. Camilleri, composed some of the music that was played when the Queen visited Malta last year.

Already the unit has built up a fine sporting reputation. It has its own team of publicists which tours the island giving cinematograph shows of the unit's activities. This scheme is attracting many recruits.

The Regiment is raised and administered by the Maltese Government for service only in Malta. Although it is maintained partly from British Army funds, and appears in the Army List, it is not included in the official list of Corps in the British Army.

The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Cassar Torregiani, and most of the officers and NCOs are Maltese, but the second-in-command, the adjutant and three of the four permanent staff instructors are British Regulars. Interpreters are on duty at all training parades.

The unit officers' mess is in one of the island's oldest buildings—the officers' guard room in the Governor's Palace. Its walls are covered with regimental crests and badges of most of the British regiments who have served in Malta since 1800. The latest was painted by an officer of 40 Royal Marine Commando in 1948. So that the paintings may be preserved as an historical record the Sappers are forbidden to redecorate the walls.

The King's Own Malta Regiment had its beginnings in the Maltese Light Infantry which was formed in 1800 to help a British Expeditionary Force defeat the French, who were besieged in Valletta. In com-

memoration the regimental cap badge incorporates the letters "MDCCC."

The Maltese Light Infantry took part in the expedition to relieve the British garrison at Porto Ferrajo on the island of Elba. In this action, says the regimental history, two ensigns were wounded leading a bayonet charge—"the first of a long list of men to shed their blood in the service of the British Crown in a regiment that was part of the British Army on active service outside Malta."

In 1802 the Maltese Light Infantry was disbanded but most of the men enlisted in the new provincial battalions. Then in 1805 the Royal Regiment of Malta was formed and placed on the strength of the British Army.

After Napoleon's downfall all Maltese regiments were disbanded and re-formed into the Royal Malta Fencible Regiment. In 1861, as a mark of Queen Victoria's favour, this was turned into an artillery corps. For 28 years the island was without its own Infantry unit.

Having been brought up in the tradition of Gunners, the young men of Malta did not, at first, take kindly to the formation in 1889 of the Royal Malta Regiment of Militia—a volunteer Infantry unit. Tales were spread of the "cat-o'-nine tails" which the officers of the new regiment would use on the slightest pretext, and as a result not one volunteer came forward. Finally, a member of the Council of Government, Dr. E. L. Vella, gave the lead by becoming the first recruit. Others quickly followed.

In World War One the Regiment took over the defence of Malta when the British Infantry battalions left the island. Many officers and men volunteered for service abroad and were posted to British regiments.

In 1921 the Regiment was disbanded but soon afterwards was replaced by the King's Own Malta Regiment. In World War Two it had four battalions, all of which served in Malta.

NEW TANKS FOR OLD

UNTIL two years ago broken-down Centurion tanks had to be shipped from North Africa to Britain to be repaired. Now they are stripped and rebuilt in Benghazi.

"New tanks for old" might be the slogan of No. 3 Base Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. As soon as the worn tanks arrive, by land or sea, teams of British soldiers, German technicians (many of them former prisoners-of-war who chose to stay on in Libya) and Arab technicians and labourers go to work on them, stripping them down to the bare hull. All the 20,000 parts are inspected. **OVER** →

A big job for REME in Libya is rebuilding all worn-out Centurion tanks and heavy lorries in Middle East



A crane lifts a Centurion's 20-pounder into position so that it can be fitted to a repaired turret. Below (right): A rebuilt tank, which went in a complete wreck several weeks before, emerges from the Benghazi workshops.



After removing tracks, wheels and axles British soldiers strip the hull of all its parts.





A study in labour relations: Lieutenant-Colonel K. F. Kinchin presides at a workers' council meeting of Italian, Arab and British section leaders in the Tripoli workshops once owned by Alfa-Romeo and Lancia.

NEW TANKS FOR OLD

continued

Worn equipment is cannibalised or sold for scrap.

Then comes the long process of rebuilding, with inspections at every stage. Re-conditioned engines, shipped from Britain, are bench-tested before being installed. When the tanks are fully assembled they are road tested and given five coats of paint.

In another shop, a similar rebuilding job is performed on Land Rovers from all over the Middle East.

At Tripoli, in the former Italian Alfa-Romeo and Lancia workshops, broken-down and smashed-up three-ton and one-ton lorries are rebuilt at the rate of .75 a month by No. 1 Base Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Every vehicle is stripped to its last nut and bolt and engines are repaired or replaced. New parts are

turned out on machinery which formerly belonged to the Italian workshops.

The speed at which the lorries are rebuilt owes much to the results of time and motion study introduced by the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel K. F. Kinchin. A reorganisation of the workshops lay-out is being planned to increase the production rate further.

To prevent loss of production through labour disputes (the Libyans do not always see eye to eye with their former Italian conquerors) Lieutenant-Colonel Kinchin has set up a works council—probably the only one of its type in the Army—which meets once a week under his chairmanship.

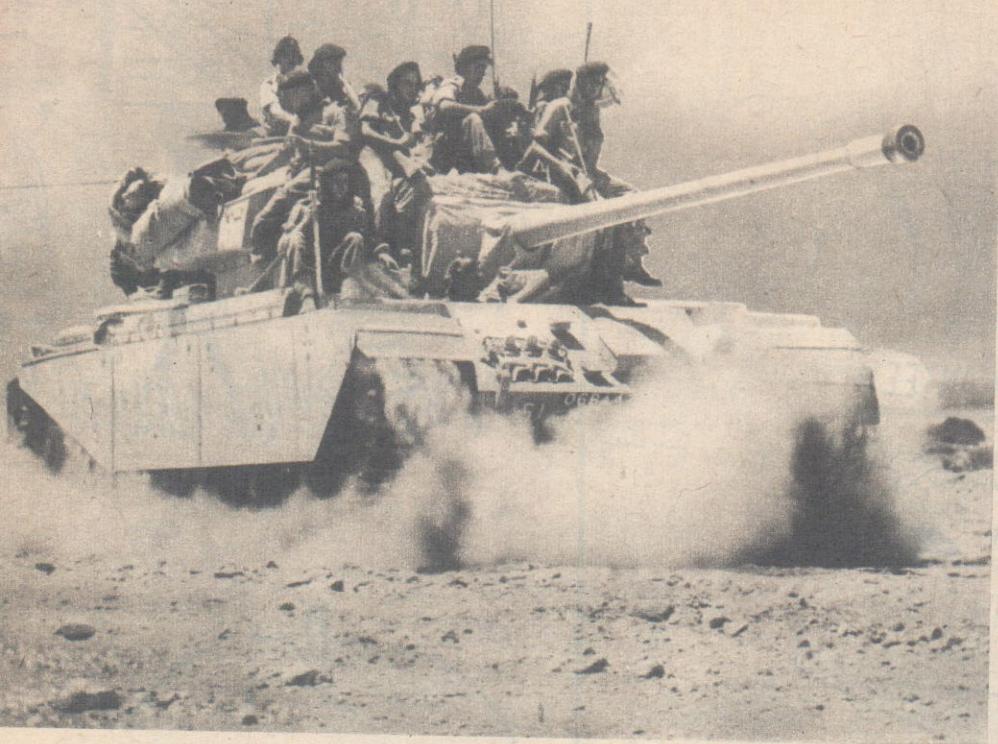
No. 1 Base Workshops also repairs most of the wireless sets, binoculars, watches and compasses used by the Army in Libya.



The "doctor" with the stethoscope is Major F. W. Maynard, listening to the heart-beat of a re-conditioned lorry engine.

An Arab blacksmith at work on one of the Army's forges at No. 1 Base Workshops.





A Centurion tank carries men of the South Staffordshires to the front.

Photographs: Corporal W. G. Walker and Private D. Steen



No more will British soldiers tread these hot rocks.

LAST PERFORMANCE IN THIS THEATRE

THE British Army in Egypt has put on its last big show—the final big-scale exercise before it quits the Canal Zone next year.

There were all the elements of a farewell performance. In the wings, being groomed to take over after the evacuation, Egyptian Army officers, now attached to British units, watched and applauded. The final curtain rang down to the explosion of a simulated atom bomb.

The proceedings were called "Exercise St. Cuthbert" after the

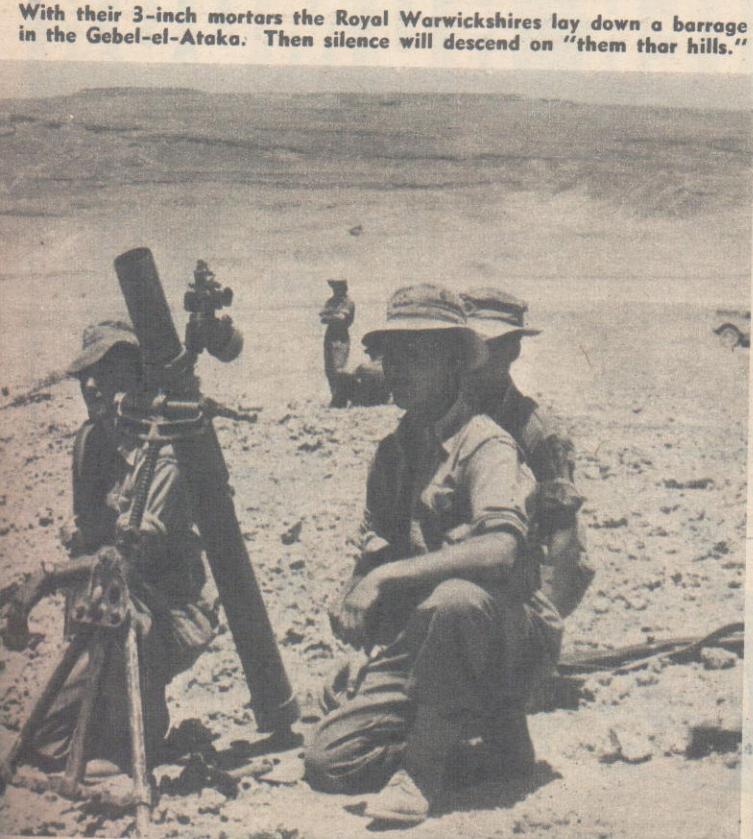
English saint who lived alone for eight years in a hut on the desolate Farne Islands off Northumberland. The British Army in

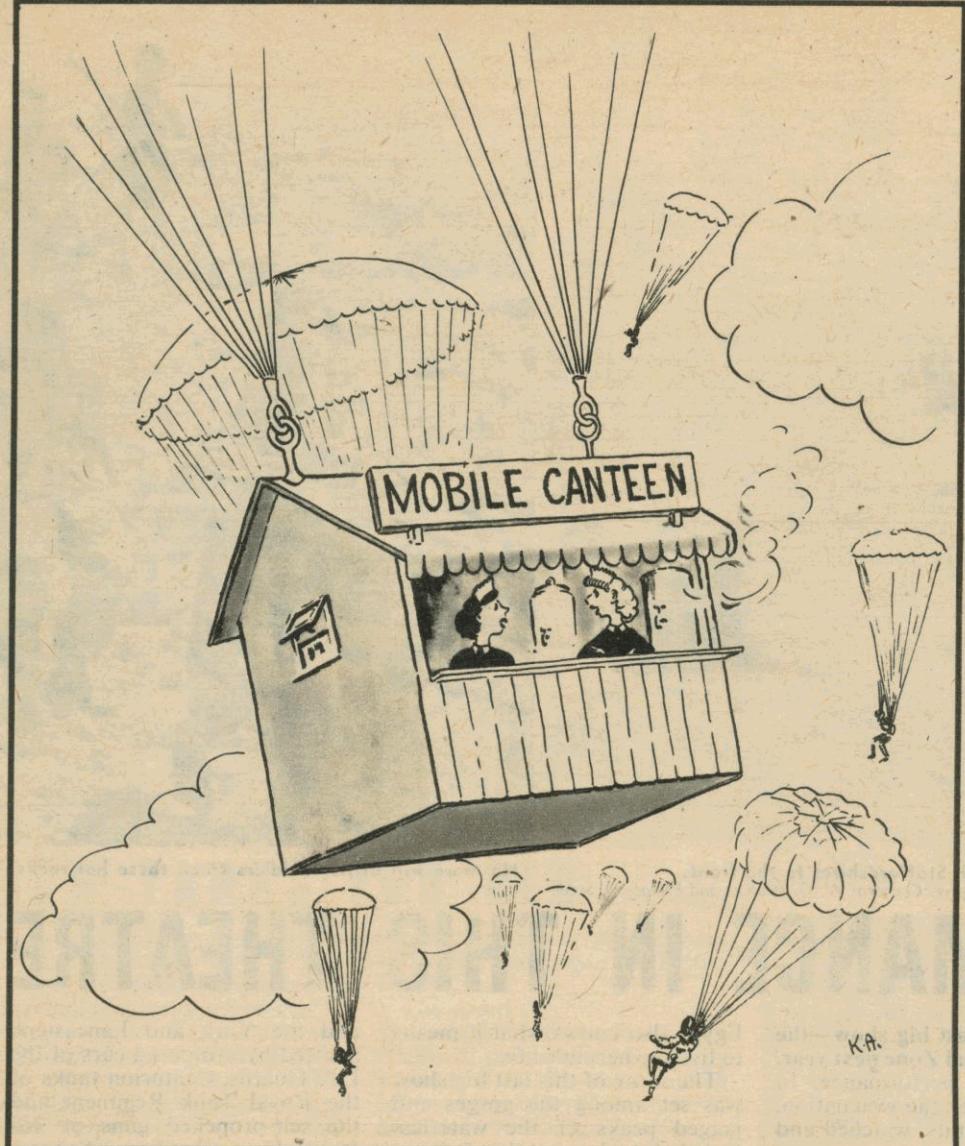
Egypt also knows what it means to live the hermit's life.

The scene of this last big show was set among the gorges and jagged peaks of the waterless Gebel-el-Ataka, south of Suez. The chief actors were the men of four Infantry regiments—the South Staffordshires, the Royal Scots, the Royal Warwickshires

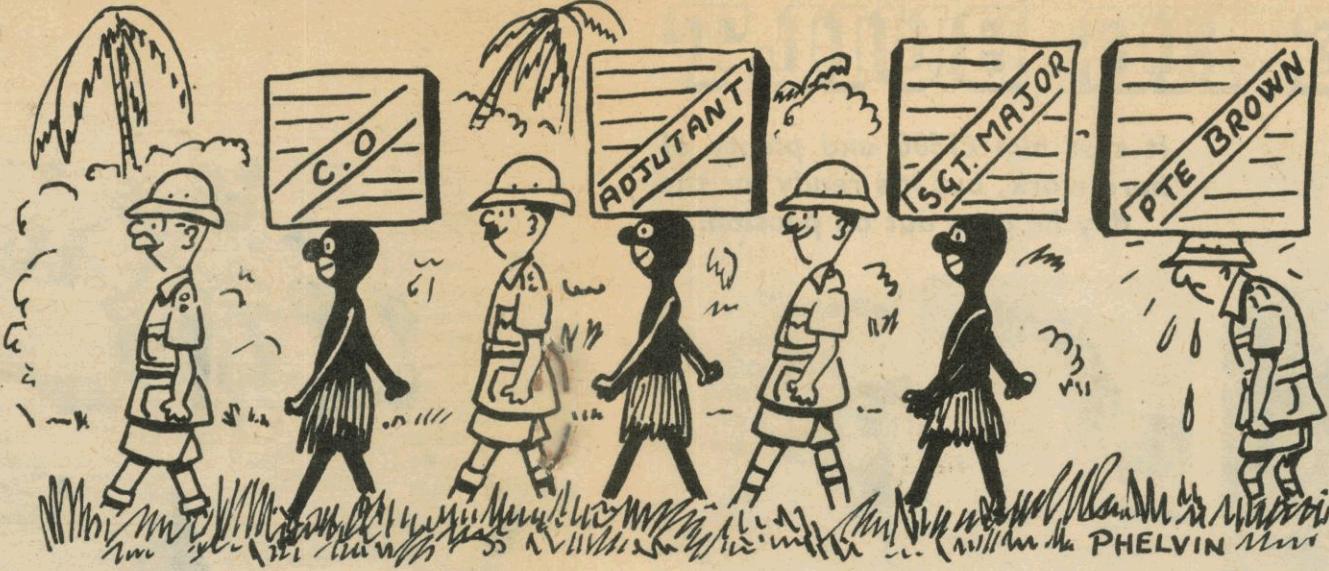
and the York and Lancasters, assisted by armoured cars of the Life Guards, Centurion tanks of the Royal Tank Regiment and the self-propelled guns of 3rd Royal Horse Artillery. Sappers of No. 3 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers provided noises off and Royal Air Force Venoms screeched overhead.

For an Old Testament land, an Old Testament beard. The wearer is Pioneer Sergeant D. Lewis, of the South Staffordshire Regiment.

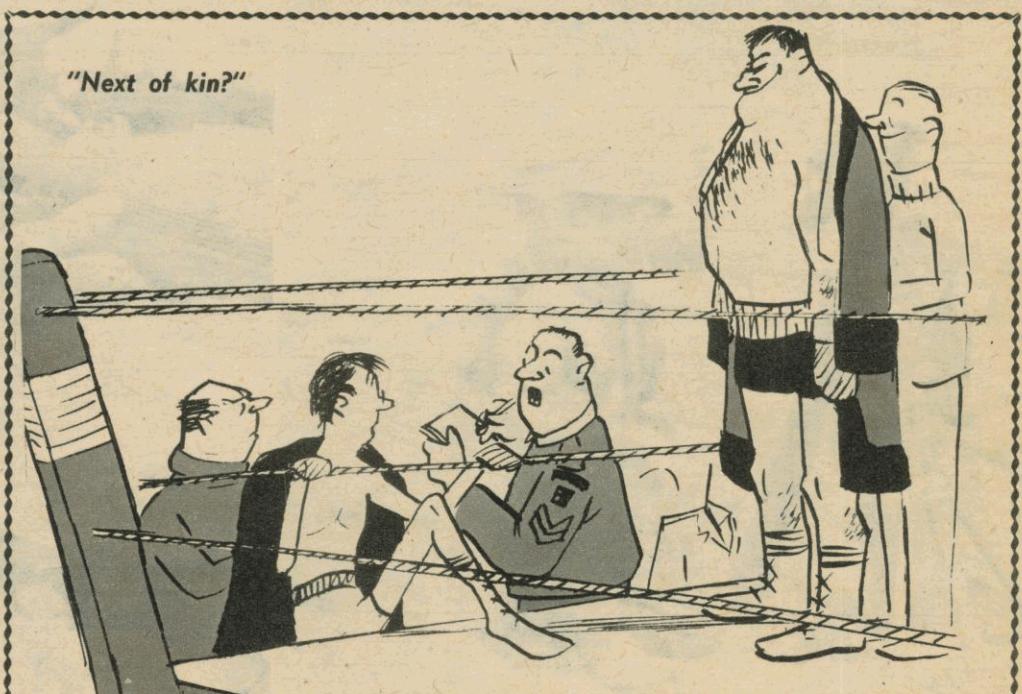
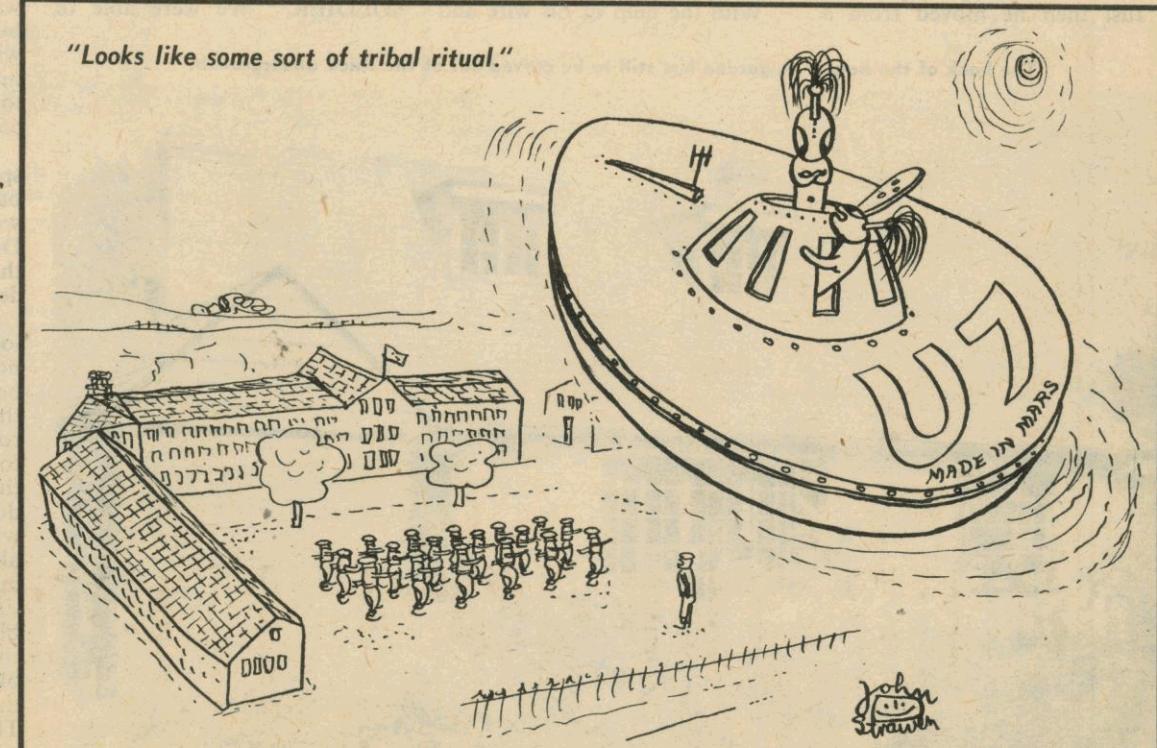
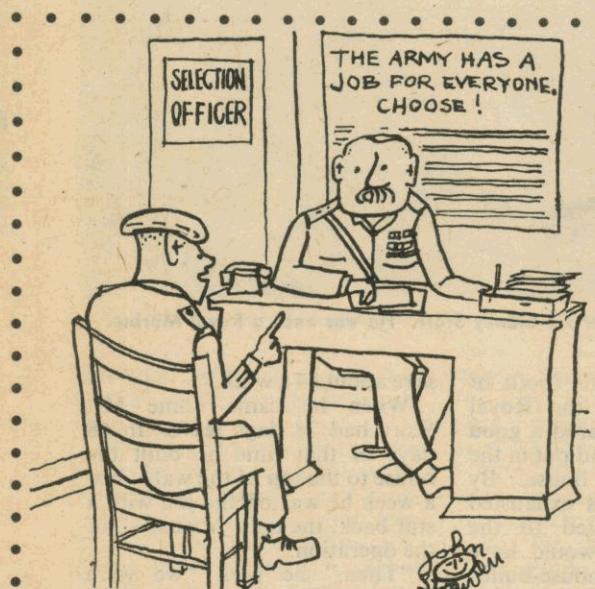




SOLDIER HUMOUR



"A little sandpaper back and sides, sergeant?"



THE HOUSE HE BUILT



Nearly finished: the house at Great Bookham, Surrey.

Photographs: W. J. STIRLING



WO 1 Sidney Storr. He was once a Royal Marine.

ANY Regular with a few more years to serve, and thoughts of commuting his pension to buy a house, might take a hint or two from Warrant Officer Class One Sidney Storr, of the Royal Army Educational Corps.

Mr. Storr, an instructor at the Higher Education Centre at Catterick, is well equipped to instruct on how to have a home of your own and full pension. While serving, he has built a house for himself.

It started seven years ago. Mr. Storr, once a Marine and later a Gunner sergeant, determined to have a home ready for the day he leaves the Army on pension.

Just then he moved from a

private house into married quarters. With the money raised by selling his own furniture and the remains of his war gratuity, he bought a little under an acre of ground at Great Bookham, Surrey. (Later he raised money to carry on building operations by selling half the plot.)

With the help of his wife and

two of his three sons (both of whom are now in the Royal Navy) Mr. Storr cleared a good deal of the ground and put in the foundations of his house. By then, his money was exhausted—and he was posted to the Middle East. That would have discouraged many house-builders, but the posting was accepted as a challenge, and an opportunity.

"Then," he says, "we were stuck for money again." This time he obtained a loan from the local council under the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act. With interest fixed at two and three-quarters per cent, this is a cheaper way of borrowing than from a building society. The mortgage will be paid off on the very day in 1961 when Mr. Storr expects to leave the Army on pension at 55.

Since then the Storrs have spent their leave periods on the building site. The last floors were going down when SOLDIER visited the house, and there remained little more than decoration to be done.

The principal room is the lounge, running right across the house. To one side of it are two bedrooms. On the other side are the entrance hall, another bedroom, the kitchen, bathroom-toilet and a cloakroom. Above there is a big loft with two dormer windows and another window in the gable which would allow the loft to be converted into bedrooms.

The walls are of concrete blocks faced with plaster. Over the concrete floors are parquet blocks (cheaper than lino over the years, says Mr. Storr) or tiles. The roof is made of cedar shingles, which are handsome,

ON LEAVE



Builders' tea-break is religiously observed, morning and afternoon.

give good insulation and are easy to work, since they can be planed or sawn.

Mr. Storr calculates that the house so far has taken 310 working days of 16 hours, with additional contributions from Mrs. Storr and the boys. When completed, it will have cost a total of £1500, and the Storrs have already been offered £4000 for it.

"But my wife won't hear of selling," says the man who built it.

The only help the Storrs have received has been a little technical work in connection with the plumbing, drainage, sewerage and

wiring, which must comply with the local by-laws. "It cost less than one per cent of the total," says Mr. Storr.

"Any soldier who can save some money and likes to put himself out can build a house as I did," he claims. "There are all the facilities for learning in the Army education centres at home and overseas."

Mr. Storr preaches what he practises. In the trades wing of

the Higher Education Centre at Catterick, he teaches carpentry, upholstery and bricklaying.

**RICHARD
ELLEY**

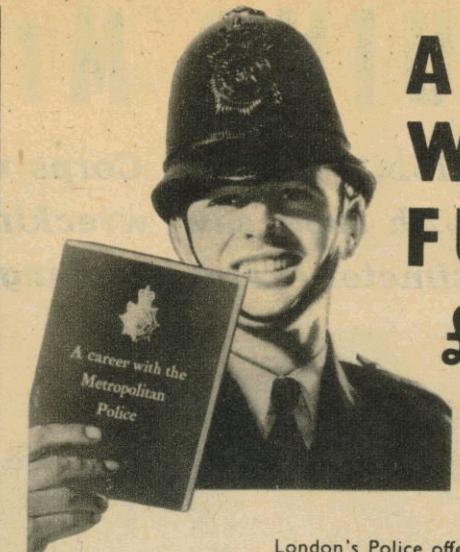


The name-board of the house recalls a memorable holiday in Cyprus. Below: Bricks for the spacious fireplace came from a demolished wall.



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RESCUING Mr. MacGREGOR

Men of the Mobile Defence Corps will go into action with rope, saw, wrecking bar, goggles, dosimeter — and smelling salts.



UNTIL you know how to rescue Mr. MacGregor, of MacGregor's Stores, you will never be an efficient member of the new Mobile Defence Corps.

Mr. MacGregor is a harmless, but by no means unharmed, shopkeeper in a village near London which has been shattered by atomic blast. He has to be lashed in approved style to a stretcher and lowered down a 20-foot ladder (preferably feet first).

Some of Mr. MacGregor's customers are in worse plight. One of them has to be rescued from the fourth floor of a block of flats, on an improvised jib.

The Army already has a number of shattered villages which it uses for street-fighting exercises. Now it uses a shattered "village" at Epsom for rescue exercises.

When **SOLDIER** called, the troops training were all Territorial volunteers from 259 and 489 (Cinque Ports) Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiments. They will form the nucleus of the first battalion of the Mobile Defence Corps—No. 1 (Cinque Ports) Battalion, based on Dover and Folkestone.

The Army's 36 battalions will be manned by volunteers, most of whom will come from the Territorial heavy anti-aircraft regiments now due for disbandment, and by National Servicemen who have completed their full-time service. About 7500 National Servicemen will be selected each year to do their part-time service with the Corps. They will spend 15 days in their last month in the Army training at one of the Corps' centres.

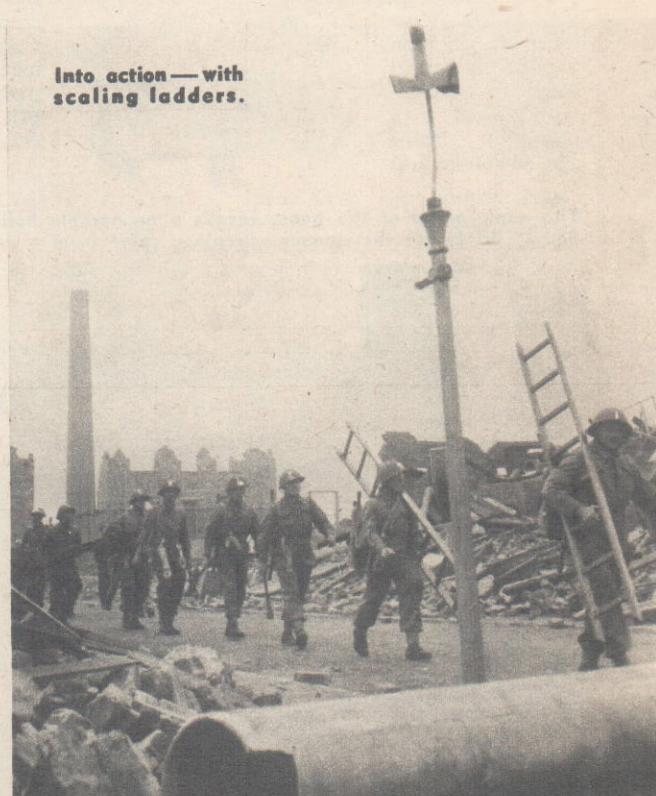
The training centre at Epsom consists of buildings specially designed by Home Office architects to represent a village devastated by nuclear weapons and high explosives. The illusion is heightened by a fire-raising team which with old oil, paraffin and smouldering rubber can produce clouds of smoke and flames at a moment's notice.

This centre is the only one available for training the Army at present. Another will soon be constructed in Cumberland and

Left: Skilfully roped to a stretcher, Mr. MacGregor is lowered down a ladder to safety.



The man-pack kit of a Mobile Defence soldier.





Smoke and flame and heaps of rubble give an authentic blitz atmosphere to the rescue operations. Right: a rescue from a "tenement."

eventually every command will have one of its own. A fire-fighting centre will be established in Northern Command. Until the Army has its own trained instructors the students at Epsom are being taught by Home Office experts in civil defence.

Each battalion, as at present organised, will have three rescue companies and one ambulance company. Rescue companies will consist of three platoons, each of six sections of eight men. The section leader will be a corporal.

A battalion will have about 120 vehicles—more than 50 of them ambulances and the rest converted three-ton lorries for carrying men and equipment. Tracked vehicles for cross-country work may also be included.

In the rescue sections every man will carry 38 pounds of equipment in a special man-pack. This will include a 40-ft coil of rope, wire bonding, hammers, pliers, a cold chisel, pruning saw, wrecking bar, entrenching tool, dust goggles, a blanket and a first-aid pouch. He will also carry an axe and a second coil of rope round his waist. In one breast pocket he will have a bottle of smelling salts and in the other a fountain-pen type dosimeter to warn him of the presence of radioactive dust.

During his 15-days' course the soldier will undergo practical exercises in rescuing injured people from heights, depths and confined spaces. He will be taught how to penetrate smoke-

filled houses wearing a respirator to which is attached a long breathing tube. Air is pumped to him by a compressor. He will learn how to shore up dangerous buildings and to use oxy-acetylene cutting equipment.

The Mobile Defence Corps will have its own distinctive cap badge. Suggested designs, which include a phoenix above crossed swords, are being considered by the War Office Dress Committee.

At present it is unlikely that women volunteers will be included in the Mobile Defence Corps. If there are sufficient volunteers, however, they may be used for ambulance driving.

A masked soldier crawls into a smoke-filled house. He trails a long breathing tube.



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Left: Pipes and drums lead the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers on their farewell march through Nairobi. Above: Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Maxwell, after signing the freemen's roll, receives an illuminated scroll from Nairobi's Mayor, Alderman R. S. Alexander.

NAIROBI HONOURS INNISKILLINGS

EVEN the rainy season relented when the 1st Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers paraded in Nairobi to receive an outstanding honour: the freedom of a colonial city. Europeans, Africans and Asians all lined the streets to bid farewell to this Irish regiment.

Nairobi's gesture was an expression of thanks from the people of Kenya to all British battalions which have served in the Emergency, whether patrolling the city's pavements or threading the bamboo thickets.

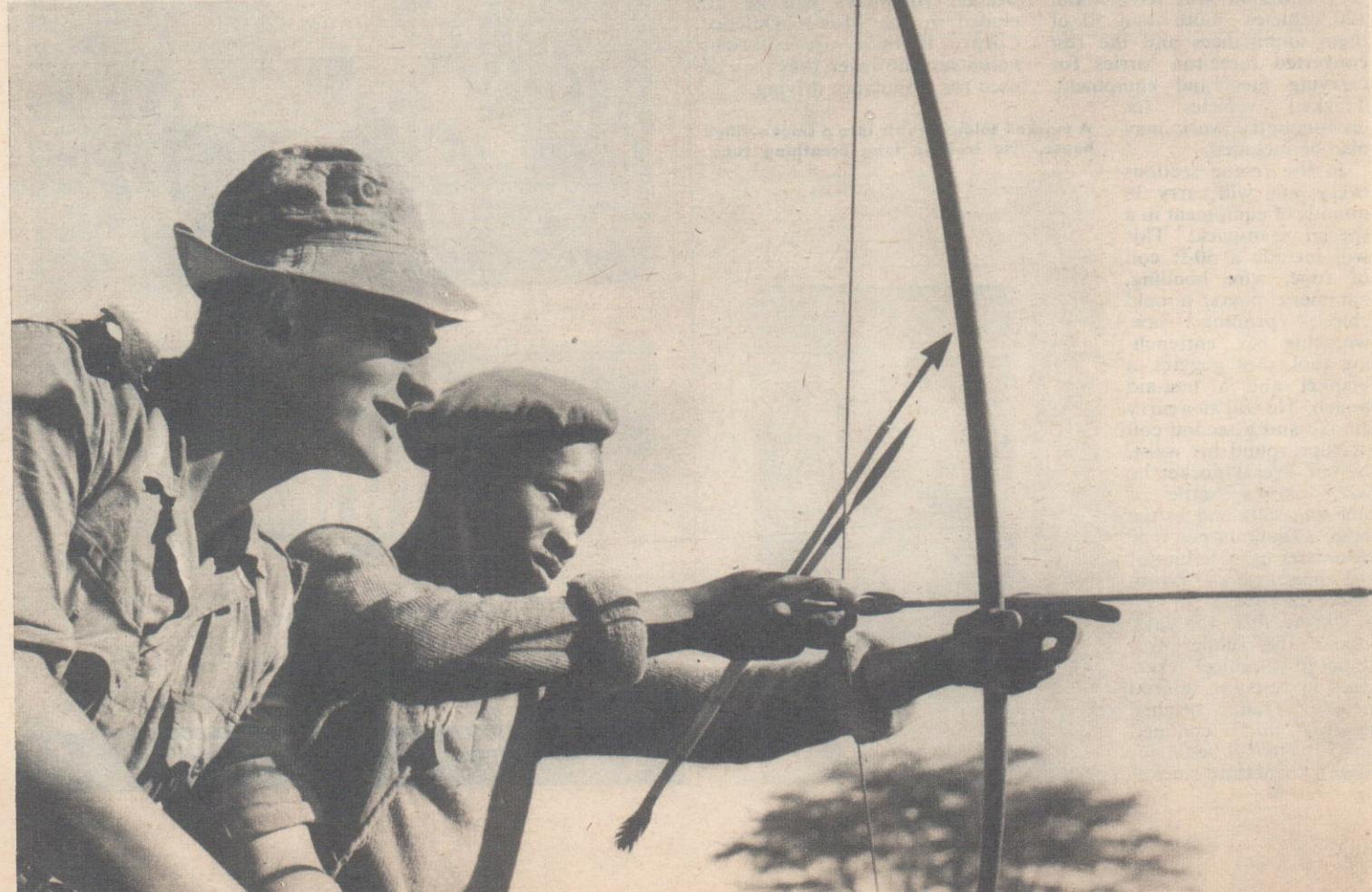
"When you came to Kenya in 1953 the Emergency was at its worst," said the Mayor of Nairobi. "As everyone knows, conditions are now much better—and you, the Inniskillings, can claim a big share of the credit and thanks due to the Colony's Security Forces."

During their 21 months in Kenya the Fusiliers have been hosts to, and guests of, the tribesmen. They fraternised most successfully with the Masai—like the Irish, a fighting race. They held *barazas* (meetings) for the Kikuyu, at which spear and arrow contests were followed

by demonstrations of modern Infantry firepower—and of aerial attack. The Africans danced; so did the Irishmen. It all helped to bring the Africans into closer contact with the British Army and to instil confidence against Mau Mau.

The Fusiliers, who are being relieved by the 1st Battalion The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, are to be Demonstration Battalion at the School of Infantry, Warminster. They have seen post-war service in India, Hong-Kong, Malaya, Jamaica, Egypt and East Africa.

The happy warriors: an Inniskilling Fusilier and a Wakamba Bowman. As guests or hosts, the Fusiliers got on well with Kenya's tribesmen.



IN THE MORNING THE TREES BLED WHITE . . .

On the biggest rubber estate in Malaya young Welsh soldiers ensure that the rice does not go to the wrong people

F.R.A.

The sign the terrorists hate to see.

OUTSIDE the *kongsi* (small village) is a sign in the form of a disc bearing the letters F.R.A. The letters stand for Food Restricted Area. They could also stand for Fusiliers' Rice Administration.

The Fusiliers are the men of "D" Company, of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Welch Fusiliers, who are on duty on the largest rubber estate in the Federation of Malaya. It covers more than 14,000 acres, employs 4000 workers, is surrounded by jungle and is 10 miles from a public road. Ever since the beginning of the Emergency it has been menaced by terrorists.

The Fusiliers live in tents at the centre of the estate beside the administrative buildings, shopping centre and officials' bungalows. Their task is to protect the planters and tappers and to enforce the strict food control regulations which are the Government's strongest weapon against the enemy. To perform this task, two platoons maintain patrols where the jungle meets the rubber and search for enemy camps within a mile or two of the estate. The other platoon is deployed guarding *kongsis*, where the rubber tappers live. Each *kongsi* is protected by a double barbed wire perimeter fence and a small police post, shared by a corporal and four Fusiliers.

A detachment remains in a *kongsi* for ten days. There is always at least one man on duty. During daylight, smartly turned out in shirts and shorts, boots and puttees, with hackles in their berets, the men mount guard at the village gates and patrol the wire. At night they wear jungle green slacks and shirt, jungle hat and rubber-soled boots. Always alert, they guard against an enemy who may attempt to break in silently and rush the post in the hope of capturing arms, or who may seek to obtain food stealthily from a sympathetic villager.

One night a light flickered in the trees, outside the wire. A Fusilier took aim at it and the sound of the shot brought out the rest of the detachment, at the double. The 19-year-old corporal sent up a flare and amid the strange shadows it cast was one shadow which was not that of a tree. It moved rapidly—eluding Bren and rifle bullets. In the morning a cut strand of wire was found where the light had been seen, and the rubber trees were disgorging white latex from the wounds inflicted by the Fusiliers' bullets. Just a trivial incident in the seven years emergency, but it shows that the young Welshmen are on their toes.

The day's work starts early.

Because the latex in the bark of the rubber tree flows more freely in the cool of the morning, the tappers are out among the trees as soon as it is light enough to see. At three o'clock, the cook is escorted to the police station where he collects the breakfast rice for the whole village.

The estate owners purchase the rice, cook it, and sell it at cost to employees and their families. There are many advantages to this system. The tappers get a better quality of rice than they used to buy for themselves; they are unable to supply the terrorists with rice because they are not allowed to have any uncooked rice in their houses; and the person who previously did the household cooking now goes out tapping, thus adding to the family income.

Three times a day, the Fusiliers watch the rice from the time it leaves the police station until it is cooked and issued to the villagers. Just before dawn, the tappers assemble inside the gates with their bicycles and buckets ready to be off as soon as the gates are open. A young Fusilier stands by and watches that every-



"Ow, you're tickling!" A tapper is searched at the *kongsi* gate.

one leaving is searched by the police and has his identity card checked. While he jokes and passes the time of day with the tappers, his comrades and a number of policemen, concealed in carefully prepared positions, cover the gate with their weapons. More than once unwary village guards have been surprised in the half light by terrorists when the

gates were first opened.

The job the young Welshmen are doing calls for patience and tact, good humour and a firm hand. By the complete fairness and impartiality with which they enforce the sometimes irksome Emergency Regulations they have won the respect and admiration of the common folk.—Report by Captain F. S. Napier, Military Observer in Malaya.

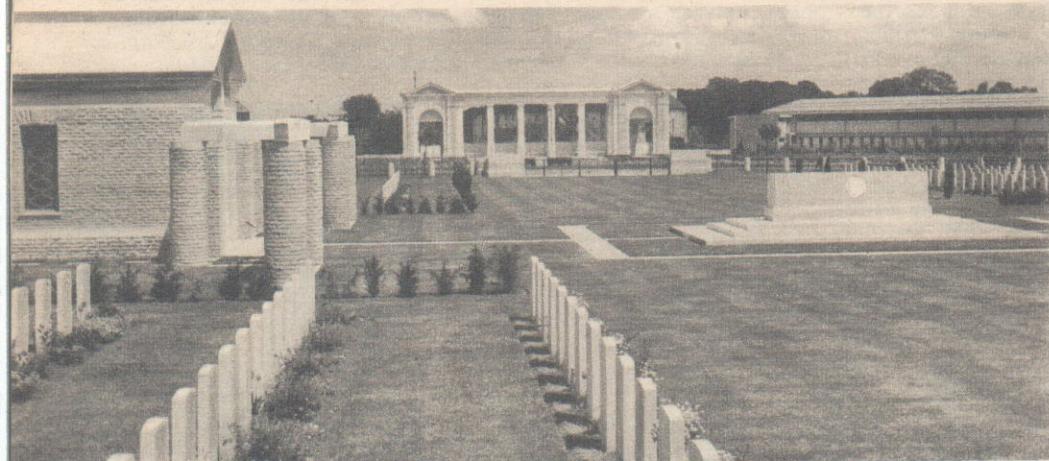
Three Fusiliers and a war-dog patrol the standing rubber. In these "forests" lightning marksmanship is a first essential.





“IN NORMAN EARTH”

The Duke of Gloucester, with General Jean Ganeval of France, inspects the Guard of Honour drawn from the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery and the French Infanterie Coloniale. Below: A general view of the Bayeux Memorial.



WHO WAS HE?

HE was a Devon man, a soldier of fortune, blunt, taciturn, cautious, rigidly honourable and addicted to chewing tobacco; . . . embarked on his first campaign before he was 17, to avoid arrest for beating-up an official who arrested his father for debt; . . . smuggled himself through France to carry a message to a British commander; . . . fought for the Dutch at two notable sieges; . . . fought against the Dutch in several sea battles, where his ignorance of naval matters was a joke and he ordered his ships to “Charge the enemy” and “Wheel to the right”; . . . was offered the colonelcy of a regiment which had once captured him in battle—but was turned down by the regiment; . . . was imprisoned in the Tower, where a milliner who looked

after his linen became his mistress (when her husband died, she married him and became a duchess);

. . . pacified Scotland and became its governor;

. . . intercepted a compromising letter addressed to a mysterious “T,” copied it and allowed it to go on its way—it was delivered to him;

. . . made a famous march from Scotland to London, forced Parliament to dissolve itself, became uncrowned King, then restored the monarchy;

. . . remained in London to carry on government when Court and Parliament were driven out by plague;

. . . was known as the Father of the Standing Army.

(For answer, see page 38)

“**I**n this memorial we commemorate the men of the Commonwealth who fell in the Normandy campaign and who are buried in Norman earth—earth from which many of their remote ancestors must have sprung.”

With these words the Duke of Gloucester recently unveiled the Bayeux War Memorial which honours 1837 soldiers who were killed between the Normandy landings and the crossing of the Seine and have no known graves. Their names are inscribed on panels of Portland stone.

The memorial is the third built by the Imperial War Graves Commission to soldiers of the British Commonwealth and Empire who fell in World War Two and have no known graves—the others are at El Alamein and Hong-Kong.

The ground on which it stands was a gift of the town of Bayeux, one of the first French towns to be liberated. Nearby is another war cemetery where 4000 identified Commonwealth soldiers are buried.



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In Atom Warfare We Must Have Plenty of Infantry

IT is wishful thinking to suppose that "one can muddle through a war by 'push-button' methods, without sending in the 'boys'."

"At present the Western Powers are basing their strategy on bombs that are too big and on armies that are too small, whereas the East has both at its disposal—the big bombs as well as the big armies."

These are the statements of Lieutenant-Colonel F. O. Miksche, one of the more cosmopolitan of military commentators. He wrote his new book "Atomic Weapons and Armies" (Faber and Faber, 25s) at Caxias, in Portugal, where he was Professor of Tactics at the Portuguese Staff College. Earlier he was Czechoslovak Military Attaché in Paris, but resigned before the Communists seized power in Prague; before that he was on General Eisenhower's staff at Versailles, and before that with the Headquarters of the Free French Forces. In this book he refers to the Austro-Hungarian Army as "the army of my forefathers." The diagrams in it, incidentally, are by a former member of the Royal Hungarian Army.

Thus, there is nothing parochial about Lieutenant-Colonel Miksche, whatever one thinks of his arguments. It may be added that any military strategist who "sticks his neck out" these days, when the science of war is in the melting-pot, is a brave man. As it is, the author is inclined to be reticent about the challenge of the H-bomb.

Lieutenant-Colonel Miksche believes that the Infantry will still be vitally necessary in atomic battles. Even in Korea, where no atomic weapons were used, "it was very often the tank which had to be protected by Infantry when attacking." The foot-sloggers went in advance, to clear the ground of mines and bazooka nests. Korea also showed that "as soon as the Infantry on one side went to earth, it imposed its fighting methods on the other side."

Atomic warfare, says the author, instead of furthering the development of mechanised armies, could easily provoke a contrary course in which Infantry would once again play an important part. "A sniper or machine-gunner, lurking in his deep dug-out, and such easily camouflaged weapons as bazookas and mortars, may well prove to be more dependable than many of the modern and costly engines of war."

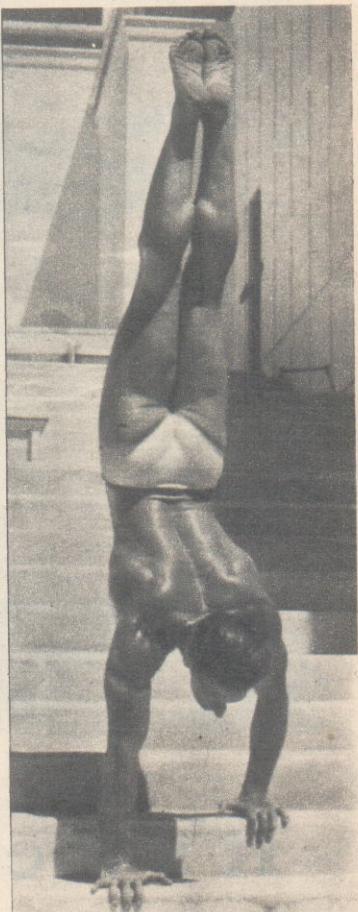
His case is that Infantry will always be necessary to cover the flanks and rear of mechanised striking forces; otherwise the armour, penetrating boldly, will become cut off by A-bombing, tactical or otherwise, and then harassed by enemy Infantry, until

brought to a halt.

Psychologically, many of the complicated services upon which soldiers come to depend are a bad thing, thinks Lieutenant-Colonel Miksche; they hamper an army and diminish its tenacity. "Wars are seldom won by luxury armies."

Not the least thought-provoking item in this book is the reminder that, at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, railways and electric services were functioning again on the third day after the bombs fell and telephones a week later.

But those were not H-bombs.



GOING downstairs the hard way is the man who taught the British Army tough tactics in the Western Desert: Oscar Heidenstam. He is co-author with David Johnson of "Modern Body Building" (Faber and Faber, 12s 6d), in which this picture appears. The book teaches a system of body-building by progressive resistance exercises.

Oscar Heidenstam was a Staff captain in the Army Physical Training Corps during the war and for a time held an appointment at Sandhurst. After the war he was NAAFI's sports organiser in the Middle East.



The Boorn Brothers' pre-war cabaret act.

SONG AND DANCE TEAM LED ENEMY A SONG AND DANCE

THE stream of books by and about the members of the war-time French Section of Special Operations Executive runs on apace.

Latest addition to the list is "No Banners" (Allen, 18s), by Jack Thomas, the story of the brothers Newton, Alfred and Henry, who trained, parachuted and suffered together, and who were known as the Twins.

The Newtons were comedians, appearing in cabaret as the Boorn Brothers in France when the war broke out. As the Germans swept across France, they piled their mother, father, wives and Alfred's three children, two dogs and a cat on to an elderly motor-cycle combination, which Alfred was to drive. There was no room for Henry, but as they argued about what he would do, a German aircraft flew over and killed a cyclist a few yards away.

Henry followed the combination on the man's bicycle.

In Unoccupied France, the brothers started a nuisance group, passing on news from London, until their dependents left for England under a scheme arranged by the American Consulate. The brothers, by then conscripted by the Vichy French into a labour gang, escaped, made their way unguided over the Pyrenees and, via Spanish gaols, to Gibraltar, where they learned that their family had been drowned in a torpedoed ship.

In London, all the brothers asked was a couple of tommy-guns and a bunch of hand-grenades to take back among the Germans. Instead, they allowed themselves to be commis-

sioned and trained as agents, learning tricks of unarmed combat from a sergeant who admonished them, "Be 'uman, sir. Don't make 'im suffer. Kill the bastard right away."

Eventually they arrived in France, where their main task was to pass on their training to the men and women of the Resistance, but they could not forego having a little fun on their own. They threw grenades into a German troop train, blew up a car full of Gestapo men and a radio detection van and arranged with their Resistance colleagues to grease the entire output of sixteen trucks from one factory with mixtures containing abrasives and corrosives.

At last, the Gestapo caught them, though not without a fight. In captivity, Alfred jumped from a third-story window, in an attempt to avoid questioning and to warn friends. Torture failed; then came Buchenwald.

A combination of cunning and enterprise kept them alive amid the horrors of the concentration camp. They even got in another blow at the Germans, when Henry, in a railway working party, was able to "hide" a whole train full of anti-aircraft rounds, with the result that the flak died when bombers raided Erfurt.

Comedy about Commandos

MR. EVELYN WAUGH dedicates his new novel "Officers and Gentlemen" (Chapman and Hall, 12s 6d), to Major-General Sir Robert Laycock. He explains that no incidents in this wry comedy of the Commandos are identifiable with the realities of "those exhilarating days when he led and I lamely followed."

One occasion on which Mr. Waugh "lamely followed" is told in "The Green Beret" by Hilary St George Saunders. General Laycock in 1941 was in conference on board HMS *Waspire*, in the Mediterranean. His force of Commandos was very much on trial. Unexpectedly, in came a figure in shorts, solar topee and beard. It was his liaison officer Captain Evelyn Waugh, Royal Marines. "What brings you here?" asked the harassed Laycock. Waugh replied: "Merely loyalty, sir."

This anecdote, suitably disguised, would have fitted well in Mr. Waugh's new novel, a continuation of "Men at Arms." Lieutenant Guy Crouchback, Royal Halberdiers, has been sent home from the Dakar affair in disgrace, with his brigadier. A Very Important Person comes to their aid, and sends a minute to the War Minister ("Pray inform me today on one half-sheet of paper . . .") inquiring why they are not found duties suited to their talents. So they are taken under the wing of Hazardous Offensive Operations.

The action moves from London to the dismal isle of Mugg (near the cocktail isles of Rhum, Egg and Muck), where Commandos are training, thence by way of Cape Town and Cairo to Crete, in time for the debacle. Frustration and anti-climax dog the happy warriors as in the earlier book; the Wrong Types prosper and the Right Types freeze them. Among the fascinating characters are the elderly colonel "Jumbo" Trotter, with a genius for attaching himself; the boulder Trimmer, who is saddled with Operation Popgun,

laid on largely to placate the press; and Ian Kilbannock, the young peer who specialises in bringing out the social shortcomings of senior officers. The behind-the-scenes glimpses of high-level office warfare are often excruciating. Anyone who believes that the Commandos are no subject for Mr. Waugh's wit and irreverence should read something else—but he will miss a good deal of fun. It would be interesting to know how amusing General Laycock found it all.

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Left: Brigadier H. B. Shaw leads the hunt as it sets out for a Sunday morning run. Behind him is Lance-Corporal M. Kitchen. Above: This brush belonging to one of the largest foxes the Hunt has caught is displayed in the Benghazi Officers' Mess.

There's never a hedge to jump, but there's still good

sport in the Army's—

BARBARY HUNT



Photograph by courtesy of Journal of Royal Army Veterinary Corps

WELLINGTON'S officers set the example. In the Peninsula they hunted any kind of quarry, with any kind of mongrel, over any kind of country, in and out of the French lines. They did not often kill a fox (says the Army's historian) and when they did it was never killed according to the rules. But they hunted.

Nobody would pretend that the Cyrenaica desert fringe is good hunting country. But the Army's Benghazi Barbary Hunt does not waste time sighing for green meadows and inviting hedges; it just goes out and hunts.

Its pack of dogs (the Hunt refuses to call them hounds) are mixtures of at least five different breeds which hunt by sight instead of smell. The mounts are light, high-spirited and sure-footed Italian, Arab and Barbary ponies. The riders, who range from Brigadier to private soldier and include civilians and their families, pay no subscription. The upkeep of the pack is paid for by the Master.

The Hunt goes out over the iron-hard, rocky, semi-desert of the Libyan Plain where a fox can slip through a narrow fissure, too small for a dog to follow but large enough to trip an unwary horse, and escape by a labyrinth of underground passages.

Yet the days when the Benghazi Barbary Hunt returns without a kill are rare; often it has two or three in one day. Between breakfast and lunch on New

Year's Day, 1953, the Hunt found six times and killed four foxes. Last year the pack ran a wolf to exhaustion and the Master killed it with his crop.

Dogs which hunt by scent are at a disadvantage over this kind of country. So, when the Hunt was formed in 1951, it was decided to add Salukis to the pack of part-pointer, part-fox-hound, part-spaniel and mongrel dogs. The salukis, though not strong enough to pull down a fox, can run much faster.

Their job is to head off the fox, make him turn and lose speed so that the heavier and slower pack can close up for the kill. This means that runs are short—rarely more than two miles—and the fox is caught quickly or not at all. But the runs are very fast, which adds to the excitement. The field goes flat out over stretches of slippery rock and shingle, but so sure-footed are the mounts that falls are rare.

Some of the mounts are privately owned but most belong to the Benghazi All Ranks Saddle Club, whose members pay a small subscription each month

Over rock-strewn semi-desert like this ride the Benghazi Barbary Hunt.

and can join the Hunt whenever they like.

Since the Hunt was formed the pack of dogs has more than trebled in number. There are now nine couples of mixed-breed dogs and two-and-a-half couples of salukis. Some were recently presented by the Royal Scots Greys before they left Cyrenaica.

The Master, Brigadier H. B. Shaw, formerly Commissioner of the Cyrenaican Police Force in Benghazi, is one of the founders.

Lance-Corporal M. J. Kitchen, of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, who is a groom to the Saddle Club, is a whip. Before joining the Army he was groom to the Worcester Park Hunt in England. He sometimes accompanies the Hunt officials when they go to Arab villages to buy new mounts.

Relations between the Hunt and the Arabs are very cordial, for foxes do much harm in the lambing season.

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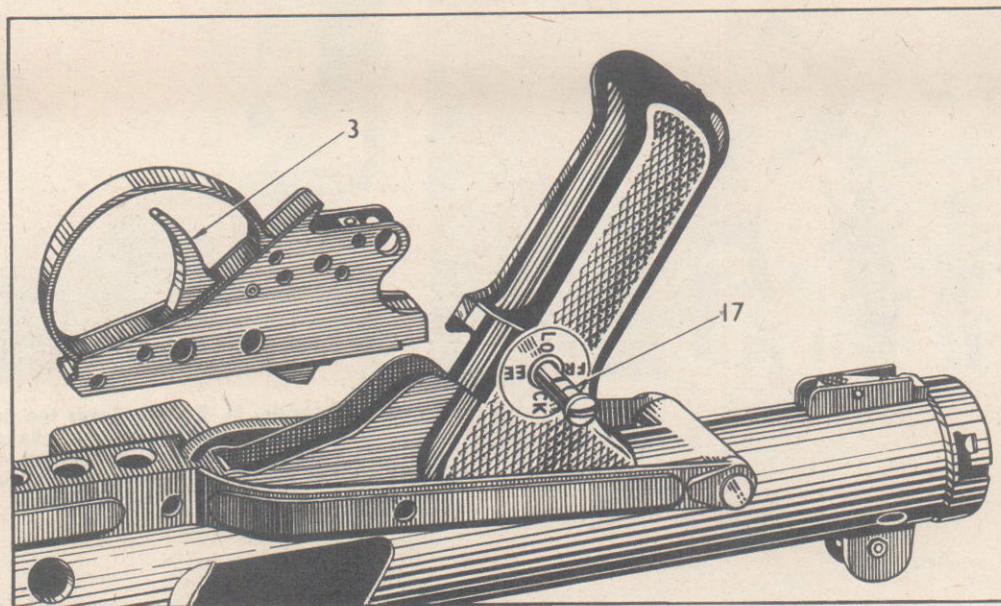
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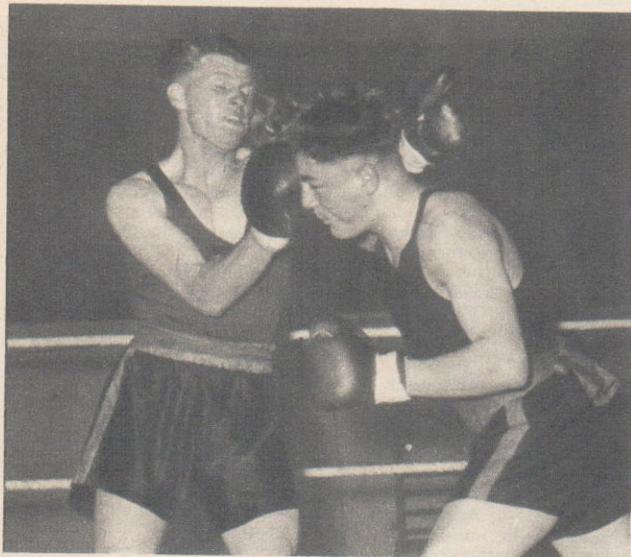
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ORDNANCE PACKS THE KNOCK-OUT PUNCHES



Private J. Insoll, RAOC (right), who won on points, lands heavily to the cheek of Corporal H. Heath. Below: A close shave for Fusilier M. Cole (right) who fell to Private R. Seward, RAOC.



A few seconds after this picture was taken Lieutenant J. Kelly (left) was counted out. His opponent was Private M. Moylan, RAOC.

SEVEN of the eleven bouts in this year's Army inter-unit boxing finals held in Germany were won by knock-outs, all handed out by the 4th Trade Training Battalion, RAOC.

On the receiving end were the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers, Rhine Army champions, who were beaten by eight fights to three.

This was the fifth successive Ordnance victory. The 4th Battalion won in 1951-3 and the 6th Battalion last year.

A surprise was the defeat of Lieutenant J. Kelly, Lancashire Fusiliers, who had won his eight previous fights with knock-out punches. This time he himself was knocked-out — by Private M. Moylan, a 19-years-old National Serviceman who has won 185 of his 200 contests.

In the semi-final of the Army Football Cup the Durhams were beaten by the Regimental Depot, RAOC (Feltham), not the RAOC Depot (Chilwell) as stated in SOLDIER.



Lieut-General Sir Hugh Stockwell presents the championship shield to Second-Lieutenant D. Ross, vice-captain of the Ordnance boxing team.



An owner leads in his horse: Corporal Cyril Allwood, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, entered his horse Improper (gift of a former commanding officer) in Rhine Army's Race Club meeting at Sennelager. It won a handicap hurdle race with Trooper C. Taylor, of the same regiment, up. All three look pleased.

WINNERS

Lance-Bombardier M. Elliott, of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, with the championship cup he won at this year's Sword, Lance and Revolver competition at the Royal Tournament. He finished only one point ahead of Sergeant E. Scattergood, Royal Military Police (see SOLDIER'S cover).



LETTERS

WHITE CHEVRONS

The rank badges mounted on brassards as worn with the new combat suit (SOLDIER, June) would appear to be the solution to a very pressing problem. At present each NCO, when in shirt sleeve order, seems to have his own idea as to how to make himself identifiable. These ideas range from brass chevrons to arm bands of dubious manufacture and even ink on denims. Would it be too much to hope that these brassards, which would appear to be a "steal" from our Canadian brothers-in-arms, may become a universal issue?

When did the practice of painting chevrons originate? Is it true that it is not "laid down" that they will be painted? Today, uniformity seems to apply to units rather than to the Army as a whole.—Sergeant J. D. Shaw, 6th Royal Tank Regiment, BAOR 12.

★ The practice of painting chevrons is a fairly old one, dating back almost to World War One. There has never been a published regulation about it. SOLDIER learns that white chevrons, either of mercerised silk or cotton, are to be a general issue.

THAT RENOVATOR

Comments on the use (and misuse) of the web-equipment renovator (Letters, June) were of great interest to members of Training Company, Depot, Somerset Light Infantry. If the renovator is properly applied in the first place, renewal is not necessary for weeks. The method of application is the secret. The cleaner must be treated as a polish, applied sparingly and evenly over the whole surface and well rubbed in with a brush. Properly cleaned equipment looks good. It is admitted that the initial outlay is greater but in the long run the new cleaner is far more economical.

We have found that recruits undergoing their ten weeks basic training used, on average, 12 blocks of Blanco at a cost of 5s whereas five tins of the renovator at 4s 2d are sufficient. Over a longer period the saving would be considerably greater. Normal stains can be removed quickly and easily; the renovator does not dirty hands and clothing; application is a much cleaner task; a vast saving of time is effected; the cleaner does not run and ruin battledress in wet weather. The staff at this depot are emphatically against a return to the old drudgery.—CSM K. Brice, Somerset Light Infantry, Taunton.

After reading so many complaints about the new web-equipment renovator, I feel that it is high time someone put in a good word. I have used it for more than three months and find it far superior to Blanco.—"Ordinary Squaddie" (name and address supplied).

★ In Parliament The War Minister has described this renovator as "neither popular nor fully efficient." A new version has now been introduced.

PROMOTION

What is the age limit for substantive promotion for a battery quartermaster sergeant or a warrant officer, class two? Is it 45?—BQMS (name and address supplied).

★ War Office policy is that a soldier who has reached 45 should not normally be given substantive promotion. The



reasons are: (a) that the normal age limit for promotion to WO I is 40 years, and (b) that promotion to the rank of BQMS or WO II of soldiers who have reached 45 would curtail the career prospects of younger soldiers by causing a block in promotion.

100 YEARS OLD

Here is a picture from an Aldershot barrack-room of a coal bunker which has reached its century. How's that



for a record for Army equipment? The crest appears to be that of the Board of Ordnance.—W. F. Ward, Victoria Road, Aldershot.

NOT ENOUGH!

Having arrived in England after serving nearly four years overseas I was given a total of 79 days leave. Surely, I should be entitled to more than this?—"Trooper" (name and address supplied).

★ The maximum disembarkation leave to which this soldier was entitled was 50 days. To that he would add a quarter of his accumulated privilege leave, which is 30 days for the four years spent abroad. As he was a month short of the four-year period one day was deducted.

NAME PLATES

Mention of Major Hammersley, a pioneer of the Army Physical Training Corps, in a book review (SOLDIER, July) answered a question I had been meaning to go into for some time: why Hammersley Road at

Is it a record? Eight members of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess, Singapore Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, received Long Service and Good Conduct Medals on one day. At the "gong-wetting" ceremony in the mess are: standing, from left—Lieut-Col J. M. W. Howe, commanding the Regiment; Brigadier B. E. Whitman, Chief Engineer, FARELF; WO II Dodd, Major-General J. C. Walkey, Engineer-in-Chief (who presented the medals); WO I Snape, Col H. L. Chesshyre, Chief Engineer Singapore Base District; WO II Sayers, Maj (QM) F. Harrison. Kneeling: WO IIs Martin, Hill, Stone, Collins and Sergeant Chick.



• **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.

Looking up "wart" in my dictionary, I was startled to find that it could mean "a subaltern." How come?—"Wart" (name and address supplied).

★ In Victorian times, and even in World War One, newly joined officers in certain regiments were known by their superiors as "warts" and even addressed as such. It was considered necessary to snub subalterns heavily. Midshipmen were also "warts".

MILEAGE

It appears that: (a) A man who occupies quarters or leased accommodation is refunded the full amount of travelling allowance; (b) a man who provides his own private accommodation is penalised to the extent of the first 3s weekly of his fare (or £7 16s per annum).

It seems unfair that a man who relies on the Army to provide him with cheap quarters, furniture, electricity, coal and other amenities, or the man in leased accommodation whose rent is subsidised to the extent of £4 10s weekly, should have a full refund of travelling allowance and the man in private accommodation not.

The man in private accommodation causes far less expense or trouble to the Army, pays a far higher rent than his quartering charges would be, and, additionally, usually pays general and water rates, plus normal civilian rates for electricity, coal and gas. Also he provides his own furniture and linen. Thus his expenses are already far greater than those of his counterpart in quarters.—"Fair Play" (name and address supplied).

★ Before the "three shillings" rule came in, full costs of travel had to be paid by all ranks who were in private accommodation. In view of the difficulties of obtaining private accommodation close to the place of duty, it was decided to assist those in private accommodation by paying expenses in excess of three shillings per week for journeys of over two and under 15 miles. This was considered to be a fair compensation.

—L. V. Weeks (ex-RAOC), 15 Whitby Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

★ National Servicemen who are quantity surveyors are not commissioned as such, though they may become officers in the ordinary way and be employed on quantity surveying without receiving special payment.

A direct short-service commission in the Royal Engineers can be granted to a quantity surveyor provided he passes: (a) his final Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors' examination; (b) the Royal Engineers' preliminary interview board, and (c) War Office Selection Board. His officer training would be carried out at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, after commissioning.

If a university student who has never served in the Forces applies for a regular commission he must pass the Regular Commissions Board. This can be done as a civilian and is subject to acceptance by the War Office Commissions Board. He must still undergo basic training, which covers 11 weeks in the ranks and 16 weeks at officer cadet school. Candidates may complete the basic training phase during university vacation by applying through the commanding officer of their university training corps.

FILMS

coming your way

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

PASSAGE HOME: Diane Cilento, only woman amid a crew of 30 men and a cargo of pedigree bulls, is woed by drink-sodden skipper Peter Finch. She prefers second-mate Anthony Steel. Skipper sulks, but when a storm rages reveals his better qualities. Saving of ship (and prize bulls) cures him of both wine and woman.

THE SHIP THAT DIED OF SHAME: Ex-crew of war-time motor gunboat use same craft for smuggling. Conscience-stricken George Baker and Bill Owen try to make amends. In a fight Richard Attenborough and Roland Culver perish, defiled ship heels over as reformed characters are saved. Film with obvious moral. Book by Nicholas Monsarrat.

CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT: Rock Hudson, 19th-century patriot, rises from highwayman to leadership of an underground society in Ould Oireland, fights fist battles and duels, scales prison walls, finally wins the hand of Barbara Rush.

THE DAM BUSTERS: Based on the famous exploit led by the late Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, VC, in destroying the great Ruhr dams. Acclaimed as a first-class film. Richard Todd plays Gibson. Others in the cast include Michael Redgrave, Basil Sydney, Derek Farr, Laidman Browne and Ursula Jeans. Screenplay by R. C. Sherriff.

UNDERWATER: Bikini-clad, flipper-wearing Jane Russell and Richard Egan find romance under the sea when they only wanted sunken treasure. To perfect the technique of love-making in the aqua lung took three years of effort and three million dollars. There are some excellent shots beneath the Caribbean.



THE FAMILY TOUCH: Corporal Edward Curran, of Hamilton, Lanarkshire, was in Germany with 91 Car Company, Royal Army Service Corps, when his son Phillip was with 1st Battalion The Black Watch. The boy was too young to go to Korea, so his father asked for him to join his unit. "I told Phillip I expected him to be a sergeant before he was 21," said Corporal Curran, "and to my delight he has done it." Another of the Corporal's sons is in 45 Royal Marine Commando.

MEDALS GALORE

I was most interested in the article "92 Men—With 359 Ribbons Up" (SOLDIER, June).

I do not in any way wish to start a medal competition, but I thought readers might be interested in the number of medals worn by the Brigade of Gurkhas' Coronation contingent in June 1953. When the contingent marched away from Buckingham Palace after receiving Coronation Medals from the Queen it displayed 716 medals distributed among 159 officers and men. This in itself is something of which to be proud, yet the great majority of these were young soldiers in the pipes, drums and bugles with a mere two medals each. The real "representative party," which also included young soldiers, wore 532 medals among 84 officers and men. One Gurkha officer had 14, another 13. —Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Murray, Liaison Officer, Brigade of Gurkhas.

BOAT ROCKING

As to the Army's crash, bang methods on the parade-ground (Letters, June), I recall that at the Commando Training Depot during the war soldiers and Marines usually drilled on the same square. When we asked the Marines why theirs was more of a shuffle than a drill movement the reply we received was, "So as not to rock the boat," suggesting that it was a practice they had followed since their first early days at sea. They never stamped their feet; it appeared to be quite a lazy movement, with no snap in it at all. Shuffle or no shuffle, the Marines never reached the high standards on the square of the Army's Commandos. —W. H. Bidmead (ex-4th Commando), 38 Talbot Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

★But the Royal Marines' drill at Royal Tournaments is second to none.

SPEAKMAN VC

Will SOLDIER settle a barrack-room argument? I say that Private W. Speakman was serving with the King's Own Scottish Borderers when he won his Victoria Cross. Everybody else here insists that he was with the Glosters at the Battle of the Imjin River. There is quite a bit of money staked on the answer. —Private T. Gray, RAMC, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Crookham.

★This shows how short soldiers' memories are. Private Speakman enlisted in the Black Watch, volunteered for Korea and was attached to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, with whom he was serving on 4 November, 1951, when he won the VC. The Glosters made their stand on the Imjin in April 1951.

SPOT LIGHT

I can imagine that you will be inundated with protests from weapon-training experts on the statement (SOLDIER, June) that the "spot light" used by Sergeant-Major M. V. Barton was of his own devising. Such

training aids were in use in World War Two. —Corporal L. J. Cavanagh, RAPC, Command Pay Office, BAOR 42.

★CSM Barton was previously an officer in the Royal Air Force, in charge of synthetic training equipment. He saw the beam-projector in use with dome-trainers and, when he joined the Home Guard, adapted it to work on the Sten gun. When the trigger is pressed it sends a beam of light in the direction the gun is pointing.

HACKLES

While I should not dispute the gallantry of the Fifth Fusiliers in winning their right to wear grenadier caps and hackles, the statement (Letters, June) that they were the first fusiliers regiment to wear a hackle in 1778 is open to question. The grotesque mitre at first worn by all grenadier and fusilier regiments to enable them to sling their fusils with ease was discarded about 1768. It was replaced by the bearskin cap on which regiments wore distinguishing hackles, that of the Royal Scots Fusiliers being a white hackle worn on the right side. I would suggest that the origin of the fusilier hackle is to be found in the adoption of this head-dress, which is part of the full dress uniform of all fusilier regiments to this day. —D. G. H. Andrews, Officers' Mess, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Churchill Barracks, Ayr.

NO MONEY IN IT

If a single man serving in Egypt pays his fare home and marries while on leave, does he, on returning to his unit, have any part of his fare refunded because he has acquired married status? This little teaser is causing a certain amount of argument in our mess. —Sgt. A. Murray, Britcom Base Workshops, REME, BAPO 5.

★No.

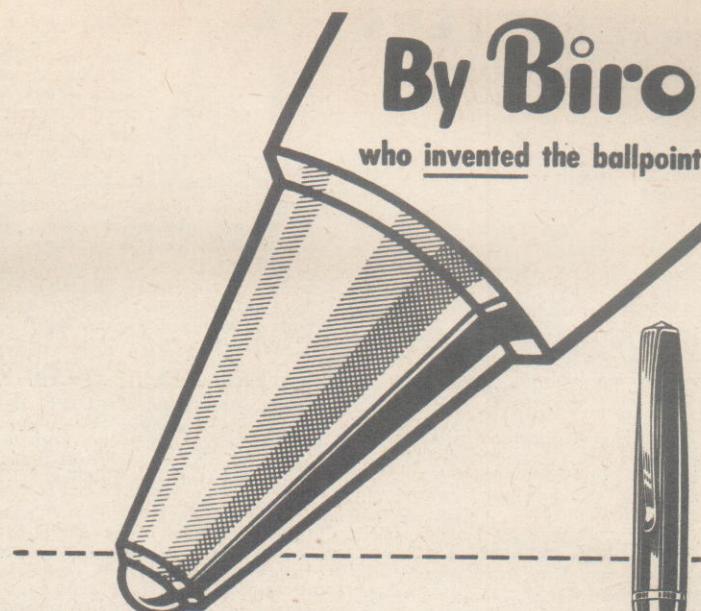
AKABA

I feel that the article on Akaba (SOLDIER, May) has given the wives of men who are stationed here false hopes of joining them in the near future. It would probably have been better had you stressed the fact that improvements to the quartering position were under way but would take some time to materialise. Furthermore, I think you were very unjust in not mentioning the Garrison Engineer, Akaba, or the Royal Engineers, who have contributed far more towards building this garrison than anyone. —Corporal A. Moss, c/o The Garrison Engineer, Akaba.

★SOLDIER stated that only 59 quarters would be provided and that the first of these were nearing completion. When our representative visited the garrison it was not known when the homes would be completed, although it was stated that they would be built as soon as possible. Some of the work was being done by soldiers other than Sappers, but there was no intention to belittle the Sappers' share.

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more LETTERS

"JOIN THE ARMY..."

Stationed in the Canal Zone, two of us decided to take a fortnight's leave in Cyprus. We flew over in a Viking and stopped at "Golden Sands" Holiday Camp. NAAFI looked after us very well indeed. We hired motor-cycles for a week and covered the island pretty thoroughly. The most beautiful trip of them all was through the Troodos mountains. From Mount Olympus we saw the whole island stretched out before us like some gigantic scale model. The last few days of our leave were spent lazing on the sands at the leave camp. I can honestly say that the best holiday I ever spent was on Cyprus—the enchanted isle.—L/Cpl. G. Arme. 3 GHQ Signal Regiment, BFPO 53.

★ As SOLDIER goes to press, Cyprus is not quite such an attractive proposition; but let's hope the disorders are temporary.

THE HIGHEST?

Reference "The Art of the Drum Major" (SOLDIER, March), I would like to stake a claim on behalf of the Royal Engineers. It was reputed during my time in the Army that Drum Major Hounsell could throw his non-ceremonial staff over the arch at the memorial entrance to Brompton Barracks, Chatham, a height of more than 25 feet. Are there any "old

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HE...

was George Monk, 1st Duke of Albemarle (1608-70), first Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. (See p. 28)

sweats" who can back me up on this?—P. Conway, 4 Gilpins Gallop, Stanstead Abbotts, near Ware, Herts.

★ SOLDIER's article referred to a throw over the arch of the Jubilee Gate at the Royal Marines Depot, Deal, estimated to be between 20 and 25 feet high.

FROM ALL OVER

Keep turning out SOLDIER. It's a wonderful magazine. Too bad the United States Army does not have something like it.—Sergeant Norman Dean, Fort Harrison, Indiana.

May I say how much I have enjoyed SOLDIER since being stationed in Germany. It is a good magazine because it is not filled with complicated articles and lectures, therefore can be read by the average soldier, or should I say "lady soldier." You see, I am a Yank "WAC." As a medic I served with the United States Forces in World War Two and in Korea. To SOLDIER I would say—"Keep up the good work."—Corporal Dolores C. Bosanko, WAC, 5th General Hospital, US Army, Germany.

I quite agree with Mr. K. Jagendorf, of New York (Letters, June). Your magazine is a treasure for folklorists who are students of English military history. I do wish we had a similar publication in our country.—Robert M. Zakovitch, Paris, France.

I was much impressed with the choice of pictures of VE Day ten years ago (SOLDIER, May). In my opinion, they show great objectivity.—Robert Opalka, 101 Schulstrasse, Wilhelmshaven, Germany.

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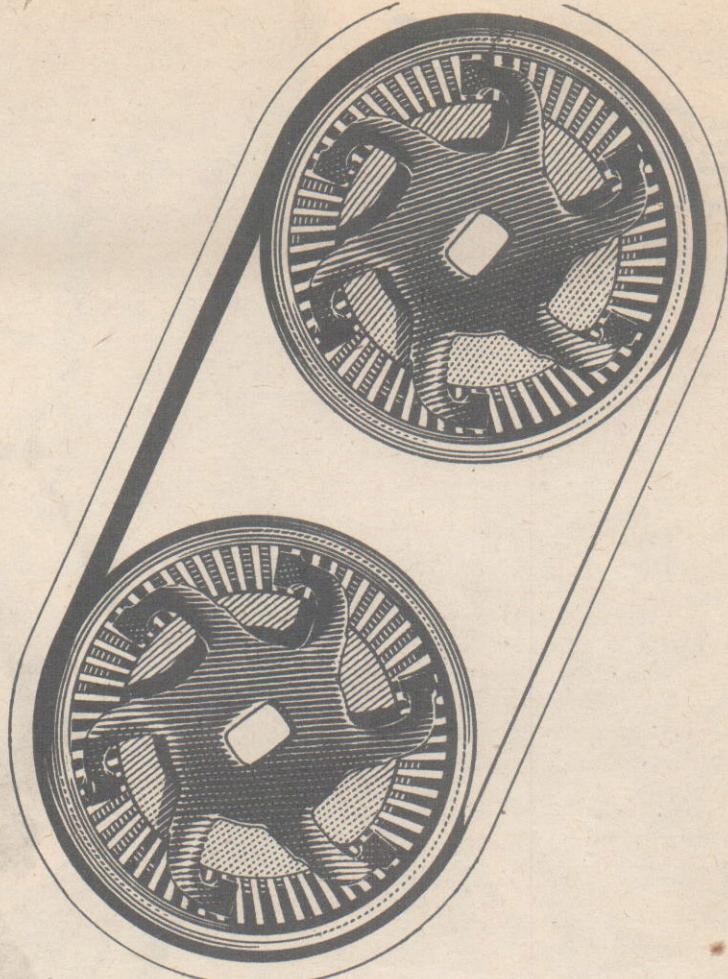
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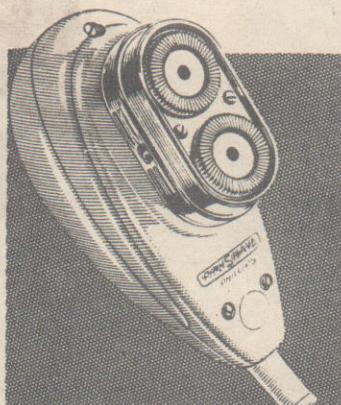
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