

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1955

NINEPENCE



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Please send me details of how I can emigrate to Australia for £10, and the explanatory leaflet  
"AUSTRALIA INVITES YOU"

Name ..... Rank .....  
Address .....  
I expect to be released in ..... (month) ..... (year) .....

they're full of life on  
**LUCOZADE**

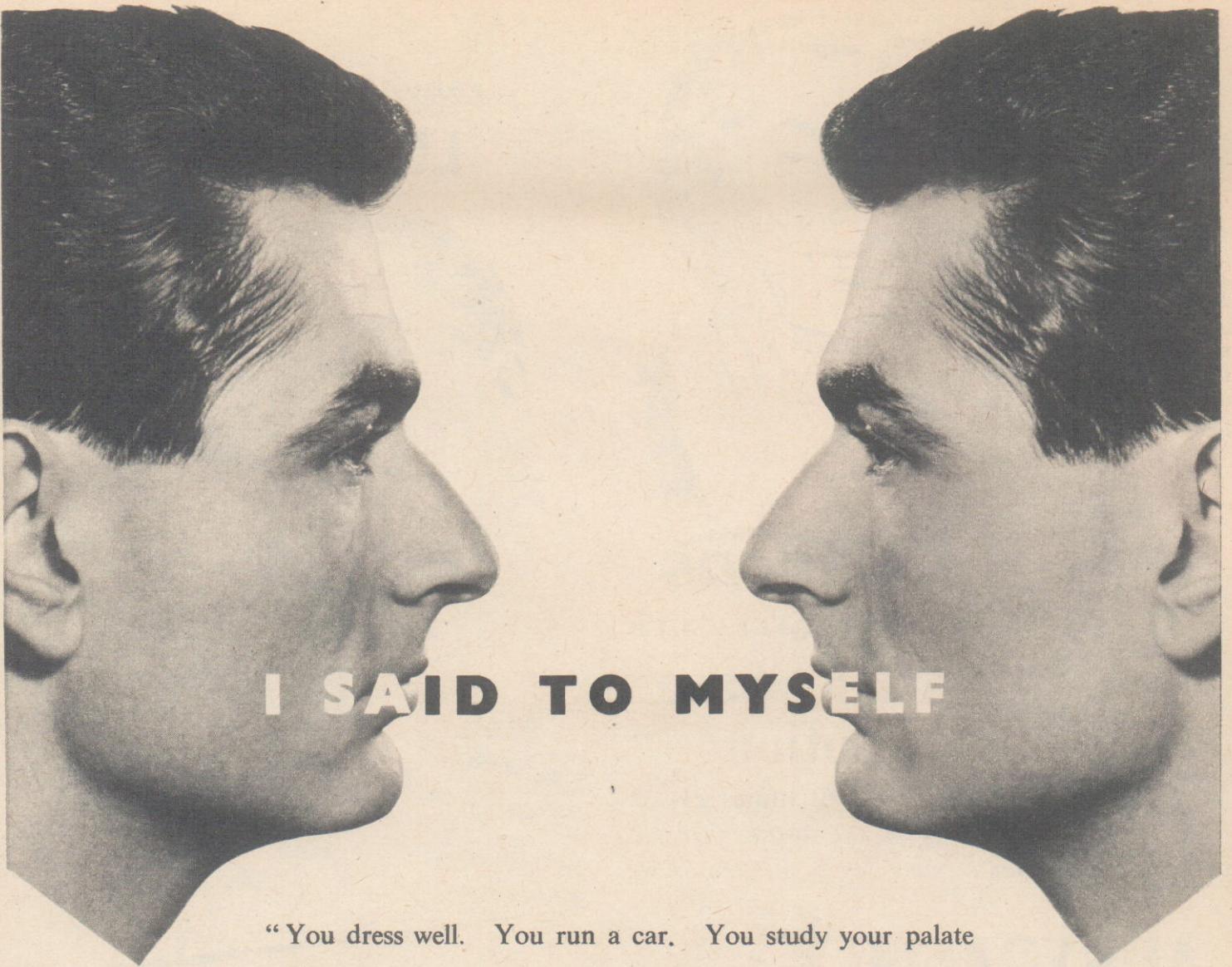


## LUCOZADE replaces lost energy!

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





## I SAID TO MYSELF

"You dress well. You run a car. You study your palate when you lunch and dine. Why don't you smoke the best cigarettes, when there's only a few pennies in it?"

... So now I smoke

**3/11 FOR 20**

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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
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# STATE EXPRESS 555

*The Best Cigarettes in the World*

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**A machine which measures human energy will tell if recruit training is too tough or not tough enough**

You can drink while wearing the Imp —as demonstrated by Drummer C. Fletcher of the Middlesex Regiment.

## HOW MANY BEANS MAKE A ROUTE MARCH?

**D**O recruits work too hard in their ten weeks basic training, or could they work harder without undue physical strain? Do lads who had heavy manual jobs before call-up need less recruit training than those who were clerks? Is the Army food ration sufficient in quality and quantity to replace lost energy and at the same time to feed growing bodies?

The Imp, a portable machine which measures physical energy, will supply the answers to these and other similar questions that have occupied the Army's medical authorities for a long time. The information it records is expected to throw fresh light on the physical-fitness value of recruit training and may bring about changes which will enable the recruit to use his energy more economically than at present. It will also help to provide new facts and figures about the soldier's diet which may lead to a different scale of Army rations.

The Imp (short for the Integrating Motor Pneumotachograph) is being used by Army and civilian specialists of the Medical Research Council's Expenditure Survey Team to discover how much energy Army recruits expend in their basic training.

It consists of a combined face-mask and air-flow meter which is attached to an electronic apparatus in a pack worn on the back or in two pouches. The amount of exhaled air is recorded and at intervals samples of it are pumped into a plastic bag. These samples are later analysed to find out how much oxygen has been used. The oxygen consumed represents the amount of food burned up in the body and this in turn can be expressed in calories, or units of energy.

The Imp weighs only six pounds and is worn by volunteers for up to nine hours a day in periods of two to three hours for three separate weeks of their basic training.

Those subjected to the survey represent a cross-section of physical types. They do the same duties and training as other recruits but sleep separately and without the masks.

Their day begins when one of the survey team rouses them with a gentle shake (this avoids shock which might cause a physical upset) and takes samples of their breath. These are later analysed to find out how much energy they have exhausted in their sleep and to determine the recruits' general

OVER ➤



While Major J. M. Adam removes air samples, the inventor, Mr. H. S. Wolff, checks temperature shown by a thermometer on the air-flow meter.



How much energy is needed to clean a pair of boots? The Imp will provide the answer.

## HOW MANY BEANS?

continuing

physical condition. Then, until first parade when they put on the Imp for the first time, they record every activity they perform on a daily diary sheet which is made out in periods of one minute.

At first parade the survey team takes over. Observers with walkie-talkies report to a mobile laboratory every movement the men make and every posture they adopt. These are recorded on an electric computer in periods of half a second. The observers watch the men in every phase of

their training—during the five-miles endurance route march, rifle and foot drill, at games and physical training and even floor polishing. One observer had to accompany a volunteer on “janitors.”

After last parade the masks are removed, the samples of air are taken from the packs and the men begin again to record their own activities until they go to their beds.

In this way the survey team builds up a comprehensive record of how much energy is

used not only for each activity but throughout the whole day. Until the Imp was invented it was possible to test only separate activities and then only for a short time.

The survey team also records the amount and types of food that recruits consume: in other words the energy they feed into their bodies. Every item is weighed to within one gramme and listed before being served. At each meal observers note how many cups of tea, slices of bread, pats of butter they consume. The observers also carefully weigh the left-overs on the men’s plates. The men themselves record the food and drink they buy in the canteen and away from barracks. By these means the survey team is also compiling a valuable record of common likes and dislikes.

Recruits from the Middlesex Regiment and the Green Howards have already worn the Imp. They were among the first of six Infantry regiments selected for the survey, which will take two years to complete. The result of the experiment in hard facts and figures will not be known for at least a year after that. Later the survey may be extended to recruits of other arms, to soldiers who have completed their recruit training and possibly to overseas stations.

“The Imp will be able to supply information we have always wanted but have never been able to acquire before,” Major J. M. Adam, a physiologist of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who is in charge of the survey, told *SOLDIER*.

“Among other things it should tell us how much physical strain certain types of men can stand and how quickly their stamina can be built up; the rate of recovery after violent physical exertion and the stage in training when recruits learn to use their energy economically. It may also give valuable information on load carrying.”

Major Adam has conducted physiological investigations among Servicemen in the tropics and in sub-zero climates. For a time he was with the Naval Tropical Research Establishment in Singapore. He also spent the winter of 1951-52 in Korea, studying the physical stress borne by soldiers in the front line.

Working with Major Adam in the team are three members of the Medical Research Council’s staff, Dr. H. E. Lewis, Mr. H. S. Wolff and Mr. J. G. Fletcher. Mr. Wolff is the inventor of the Imp.

In charge of the dietary section is Sergeant T. W. Best, of the Army Catering Corps, who was chef to Field Marshal Sir William Slim when he was Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

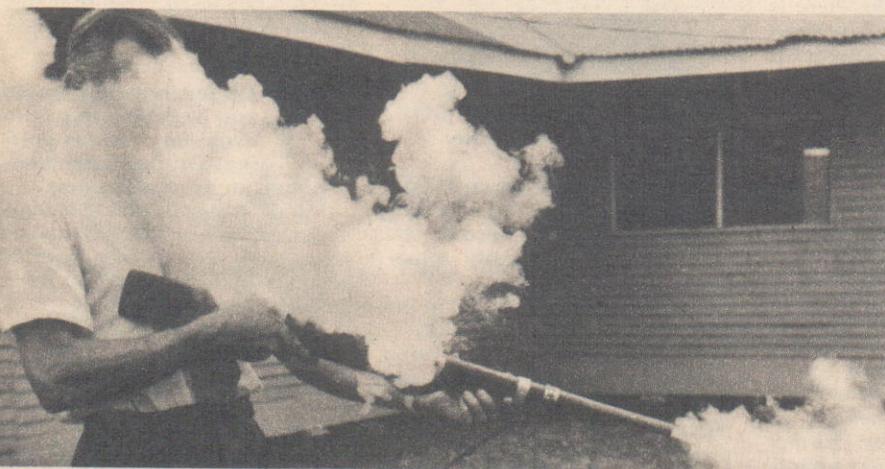
“One curious thing I have already learned,” the sergeant says, “is that Yorkshires of the Green Howards eat more fish and chips than Londoners of the Middlesex Regiment.”

E. J. GROVE

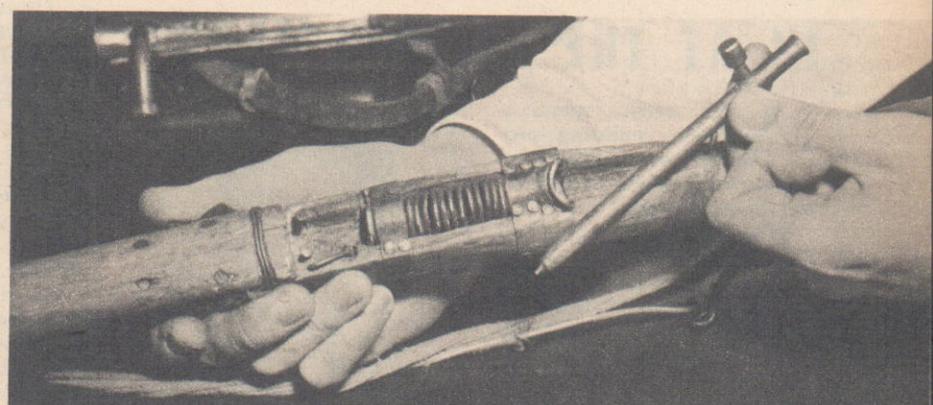
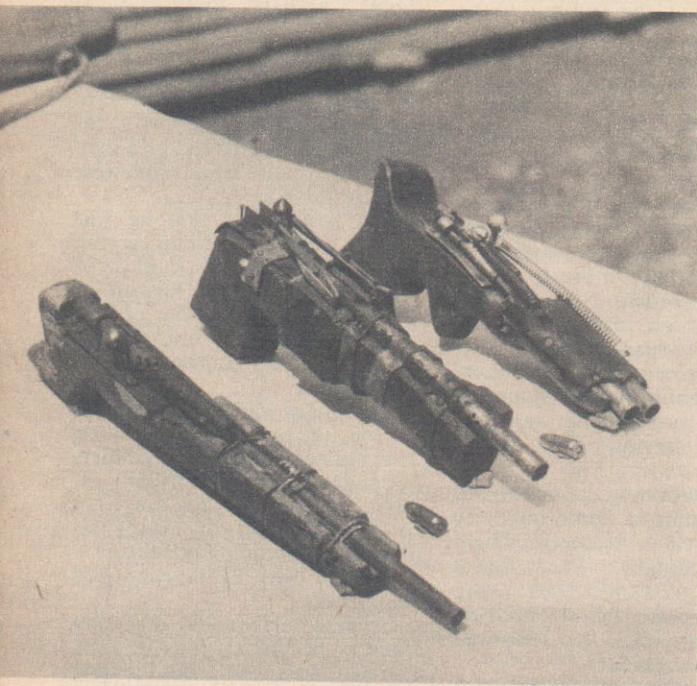


An observer with a walkie-talkie records the movements of two volunteers during some strenuous PT.

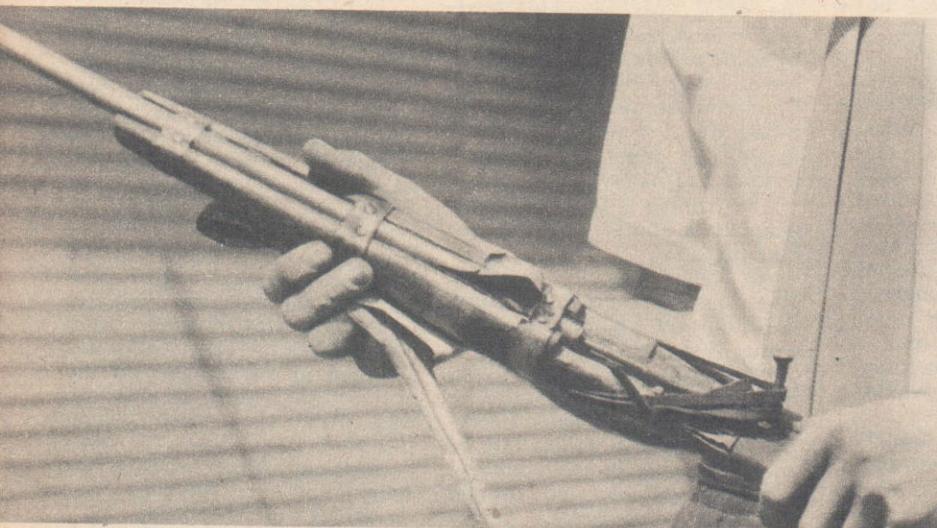
# SCRAP-HEAP ARMOURY



Risky job is testing captured Mau Mau firearms, to see if they can be described as lethal weapons in court proceedings. Left: Mau Mau pistols. They usually blow up after 10 or 15 rounds.



Mau Mau gun without trigger. The spring is released by pulling out a pin. Below, left: This gun blew up when tested. It has a rubber "spring." Right: "KLA" stands for Kenya Liberation Army. All Mau Mau weapons bear numbers.



An early Mau Mau "gun." The terrorist fires by striking the cartridge with a stone—or a hammer if he has one.

**A** SOLDIER'S best friend may be his rifle, but a Mau Mau terrorist's best friend is unlikely to be *his* firearm.

Only one in seven Mau Mau has a precision-made weapon—a stolen pistol, shot-gun or rifle. The remainder depend on spears, *pangas* (knives), bows and arrows and the primitive guns pictured on this page.

Life for the Mau Mau armourer is hard. He has no workshop but the bush or his hut. He is short of tools, materials and know-how. When he builds a gun, it is likely to have a piece of piping for barrel, and for breech-mechanism a door bolt worked by strips of rubber cut from an old inner tube.

So crude are firearms of Mau Mau manufacture that many of them will fire ammunition of several calibres. Their range is rarely more than 25 yards. They are slow-firing, since empty cartridge cases have to be dug out, or pushed with a ram-rod, after each shot. The guns usually blow up after firing a few times.

For all that, guns made by Mau Mau have killed or injured people at whom they have been fired. They have been made in quantity, too: the security forces have captured nearly 3500 of them.

# S O L D I E R to Soldier

ONE of the handicaps of producing a monthly magazine is that it is very hard to scoop the world with a topical titbit. Take, for instance, the story of Corporal W. B. Harries, of the Royal Army Pay Corps. Hearing that this alert young man had discovered, in Hong Kong, valuable deposits of beryl (the main source of the "wonder metal," beryllium) SOLDIER sent a signal to Army Public Relations in the Colony asking for the Corporal's photograph, which arrived with praiseworthy dispatch. But before SOLDIER could go to press the newspapers had smelled out the story.

At the moment it is not quite clear whether Corporal Harries (he has applied to buy out) can afford to retire for life, but his prospects are rosier than those of most of us.

Corporal Harries did not idly stumble across his find. With hammer and rucksack, with curiosity and persistence, he penetrated an old Japanese shaft, cut for defence purposes, and there found a 30-inch seam of beryl (a normal seam is four inches). It may be worth many millions.

"Join the Army and Make a Fortune" would hardly be a fair slogan. It is perfectly fair to point out, however, that Corporal Harries was a student of Sixth Army Higher Education Centre, which has run courses and excursions in geology over the past

two years, under Major G. P. Brewer, Royal Army Educational Corps. Parties of between 25 and 40 soldiers roamed the rocks of Hong Kong at weekends—and doubtless still do. Here is an impartial, outside tribute from Mr. B. P. Ruxton, Lecturer in Geology at Hong Kong University:

"The finding, for the first time, of the beryl reflects great credit on the Sixth Army Higher Education Centre... Major Brewer, who has been responsible for the geology courses, is himself a keen mineralogist who has instilled a love of the subject into many young men in the Army. His efforts have been well rewarded in the finding of a new and interesting mineral in Hong Kong by one of his pupils."

Incidentally, another former member of Major Brewer's band, Sergeant Leonard Berry, is now a lecturer at Hong Kong University.

Maybe (the laggards are saying) there's something in this Education after all.

What are YOU studying?



Corporal W. B. Harries.

THE Royal Army Ordnance Corps has an excellent sporting record. Its teams are usually somewhere near the finals.

So it is interesting to find in the *RAOC Gazette* this reminder:

"The best and most real value from sport is obtained when the largest number of people are playing some game or other and playing it because they like it, and not because some shiny prize is waiting at the summit to be picked up."

That is the sort of thing which needs to be printed regularly. Pot-hunting is not a widespread vice in the Army. Most soldiers go in for sport because they like it.

The Army has been accused often enough of being obsessed with sport—but at least it is *sport*, and that's more than can be said for much of the peculiar activity which makes headlines in the newspapers: champion golfers throwing their clubs at caddies, tennis players lying on the ground and sulking, star footballers behaving like prima donnas.

Sport tends to become less and less like sport as fierce publicity is thrown on it. It does not help a cricket captain to know that a band of smart alecks are ready to cable round the world their wisecracks about his supposed errors of judgment.

Not long ago the secretary of the MCC, Mr. Ronald Aird, said of Test Matches: "I am told by some people that these games are no longer any fun to play in. That seems to me a great pity. If a Test Match or any other cricket match is no longer fun to play in, it is not worth playing."

The trouble is that too many people talk about sport: too few take part in it.

An officer of the Queen's Westminsters recently had some hard, but not wholly unmerited, words to say on this subject:

"British newspapers are filled, day after day, with interminable details of sporting events. Everywhere the British people talk of sport in a way that is pointless, tasteless, tedious, and usually boring and uninformed. In his

love of sport the Englishman is aggressive and unreasonable. Foreign competitors are always portrayed as taking part solely to avoid being sent to Siberia."

The officer who said that was Chris Chataway—one man who cannot be accused of inactive participation in sport.

Oh yes, there's a lot to be said for a friendly Army game, between a couple of obscure teams whose only object is to enjoy themselves.

HOW much money would you be willing to pay to avoid an overseas posting? Or, for that matter, to obtain an overseas posting?

Either proposition sounds unethical, but in the memory of scores now serving exchanges of postings could be arranged for a financial consideration.

This curious state of affairs is recalled in a recent issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* by Brigadier M. C. A. Henniker. An officer would receive a letter from the War Office warning him for embarkation, perhaps for Egypt, perhaps India. Soon afterwards "the same officer would receive a letter from a firm in London, saying that if he did not want to go abroad the firm knew of another officer who was prepared to go instead for a consideration. Quite large sums were paid in this way."

The writer says that he was offered £300 to continue serving in India for two years, in place of another officer who wished to delay his posting for that period. "I did not accept, but no one would have thought the worse of me if I had."

Exchanges were also permitted in the uncommissioned ranks. The notice which listed soldiers for posting overseas "usually invited anyone who did not want to serve abroad to report his name in the company office."

And all this was happening 30 years ago!

Brigadier Henniker does not trace back this curious custom. It was a hang-over from the days when officers bought their commissions and their subsequent steps of promotion. All that ended in 1871, amid a tremendous cry that the country was going to the dogs. As a sop, officers were allowed to negotiate exchanges between themselves, as they had always done, provided that the Commander-in-Chief approved, and provided equally that the reason for the exchange was not one which called in question the character or the efficiency of either party. This concession was vigorously attacked in Parliament, on the ground that a form of purchase was still, in effect, being tolerated; the Navy, it was pointed out, neither received nor sought any such privilege. But the critics were overborne.

## IN AT THE FIRST ATTEMPT



Sergeant Adrian Lester.

national diploma in design. It was at Camberwell that he first began painting in oils.

Sergeant Lester is one of the new and growing school of landscape artists who paint representationally but limit their range of colours. He employs only black, white, light red, Indian red, yellow ochre, chrome yellow and viridian, which is green. Thus he may paint a blue sky in black and white, a ploughed field in chrome yellow or a field of grass in Indian red.

"I paint what I see in form but use the colours I would like to see," he says.

At present Sergeant Lester is concentrating on portraits and still life.



The camp's councillors represent the administrative, medical and engineering branches. The present three members are (left to right) Colonel J. R. Cole, Colonel W. D. Hughes and Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Edgar.

# THESE OFFICERS SERVE ON THE TOWN COUNCIL

**Town and camp are so closely allied at Aldershot that three serving officers are appointed to the local council**

**W**HEN the Mayor and Council of Aldershot move through the streets of their borough in solemn procession, sandwiched between the colourfully robed aldermen and the councillors walk three Army officers.

In no other town does this happen. Aldershot Borough Council has the distinction of being the only local government body on which the Army or any Service is represented. The Secretary of State for War nominates three members of the council, who sit with the citizens' elected representatives and take a full share in their debates and decisions.

The appointments are as old as Aldershot's civic history. In 1857, when the quiet little village was turning into a mushroom town on the edge of the first permanent camp established for the Army, it acquired a board of health for its administration under the Public Health Act; and at the same time three representatives of the Army were appointed to the board.

There was good reason for this unusual move. An Army medical officer had reported on the "disgustingly foul state of the village of Aldershot to which men resort every evening in large numbers."

A complaint about the lack of drainage, and also about the conduct of lodging-houses in the town, was laid by the Army before the magistrates. Obviously the Army was going to be greatly interested in every aspect of the town's development.

The board of health was promoted, first to urban district council in 1894 and then to borough council in 1922, when the town received its charter, and the three military members were retained.

The most potent reasons today for continuing the arrangement are to be seen in a map of the town and in the council's accounts. The map shows that more than half the area inside the borough boundary is owned and occupied by the Army; and the accounts reveal that the Army's contribution to Aldershot's exchequer "in lieu of rates" amounts to nearly a quarter of the town's total income from rates. Altogether the well-being of town and "camp" are very much bound up. The town was born to serve the troops and still depends on them for much of its living; the Army gives employment directly to many Aldershot people and indirectly through tradesmen, to many more.

But the picture has changed a little since 1939. Then, the camp held field force units and the men had their families and homes there and did their shopping and sought recreation in the town. Today most of the barracks are occupied by training establishments, full of young soldiers who spend less time in the town and at week-ends depart for homes elsewhere. Light industries are now providing employment for some of the men and women whose livelihood would otherwise have depended on what the soldiers' spend. The trend is not serious, however.

"Relations between the two have never been closer," says Colonel J. R. Cole, the senior of the present military councillors. "The Coronation and Aldershot's military centenary have brought soldiers and civilians together more than usual."

Colonel Cole believes that Aldershot is a town which likes soldiers. One practical expression of this liking is that the borough council imposes no resi-

dential qualification for Servicemen who want to join the waiting list for council houses. A soldier may apply while still serving, and if he can do so early enough his application may even have reached the top of the list by the time he leaves the Army. At present the waiting period is five or six years.

When the first military representatives joined the board of health, they were headed by Lieutenant-General Sir William Knollys, commanding "the camp at Aldershot," with whom sat a lieutenant-colonel and a captain. Now, whenever a new Colonel A/Q, an Assistant Director of Medical Services or a Commander Royal Engineers (South) is appointed to Aldershot District, he is also nominated to the

Borough Council. Colonel Cole is the present administrative representative, and the medical and engineer councillors are Colonel W. D. Hughes and Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Edgar.

In the council chamber, the military members sit on the aldermanic bench, and on ceremonial occasions take precedence after the aldermen and before the councillors. If their voices are not often heard in public debates, that does not make them exceptions among "back-bench" councillors.

It is in committee that most of their work is done. Colonel Cole is a member of the Finance and General Purposes Committee, Colonel Hughes of the Health Committee and Lieut.-Colonel Edgar of the Highways and Housing Committees.

They receive no "directive" from the War Minister, but are naturally anxious to put the Army's point of view. On a subject of military interest they consult the district commander.

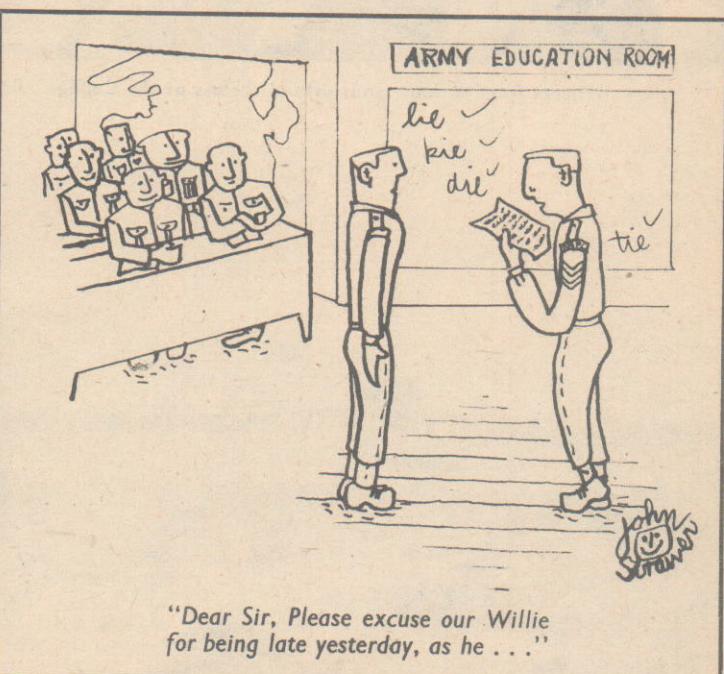
The military councillors do not always see eye-to-eye on municipal matters or vote the same way.

How do the officers avoid becoming involved in political factions? "On the whole," says Colonel Cole, "Aldershot Council is not very political. In a controversial matter of a purely domestic nature, which does not affect soldiers, we seldom speak and normally do not vote."

Like their civilian colleagues, the military members may find that being a councillor leads to other honorary work. Colonel Cole, for example, was co-opted on to the committees which arranged Aldershot's Coronation and centenary celebrations.

"Being a councillor is an unusual experience for a serving officer," he says. "It gives one an idea of the work there is to be done in local government, and how one might usefully pass one's time later on in retirement."

**RICHARD ELLEY**



Emblem of Quetta (and also of Camberley): the Owl.



# QUETTA JUBILEE

*The Staff College founded by Lord Kitchener on the Baluchistan plateau is 50 years old. Field-Marshal Montgomery taught here*

**S**TAFF officers! I know those Staff officers. They are very ugly officers and very dirty officers!"

This anguished cry by the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in Victoria's reign, was echoed with delight by regimental officers. Through most of the last century the Staff officer was looked on as something of a pariah. Regiments boasted (right into the 'nineties) that no officer of theirs had ever volunteered for Staff College. Those who did succeed in being posted to Camberley were suspected of a desire to

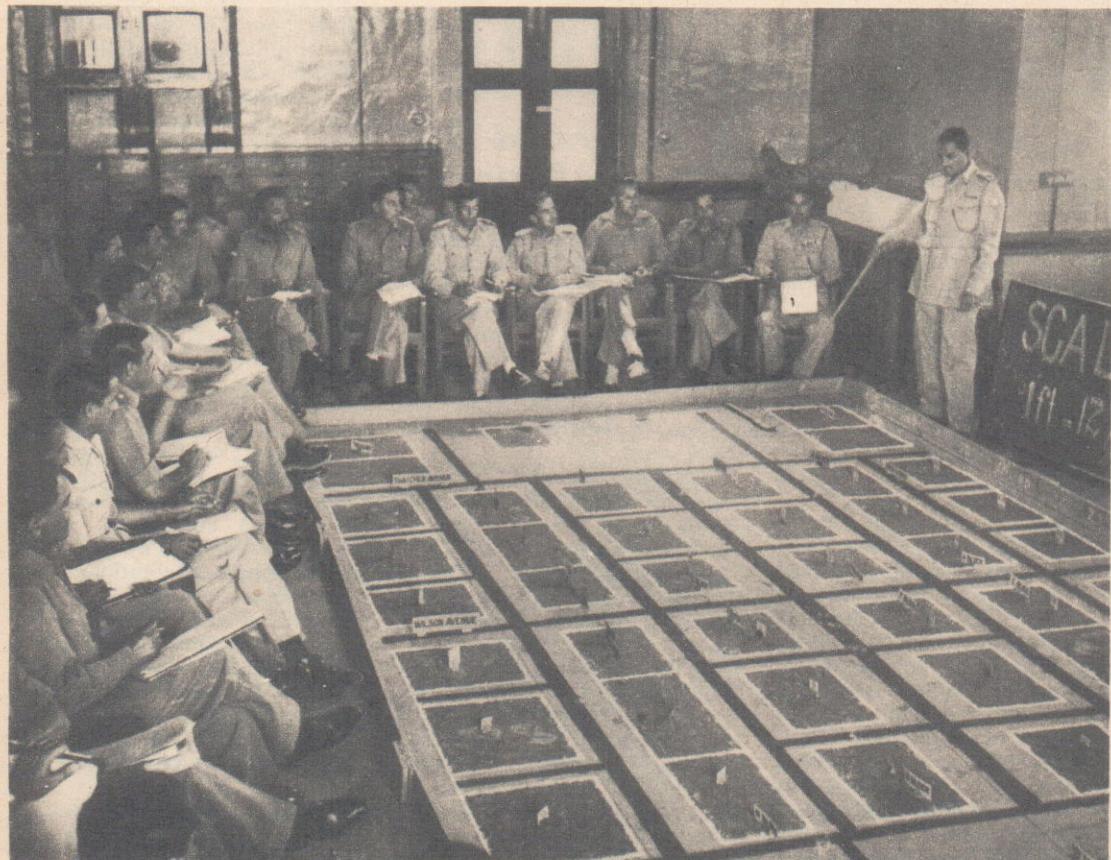
dodge regimental duties, or to marry: both of which were grave offences.

Of course, there were brilliant officers with the letters "psc" after their names—as even the old Duke admitted. But not until

the late years of the nineteenth century, when a new professional spirit began to permeate the Army, did it become the "done thing" to take a Staff course. Then came the Boer War, which revealed in many quarters a grubby state of Staff work. Soon afterwards, in a surge of reform, it was decided to open a second Staff College—in India. Henceforth ambitious officers in the Indian Army would not have to

Well-remembered by British troops: the racecourse at Quetta.

First Pakistani Commandant of Quetta: Maj-Gen M. A. Latif Khan.



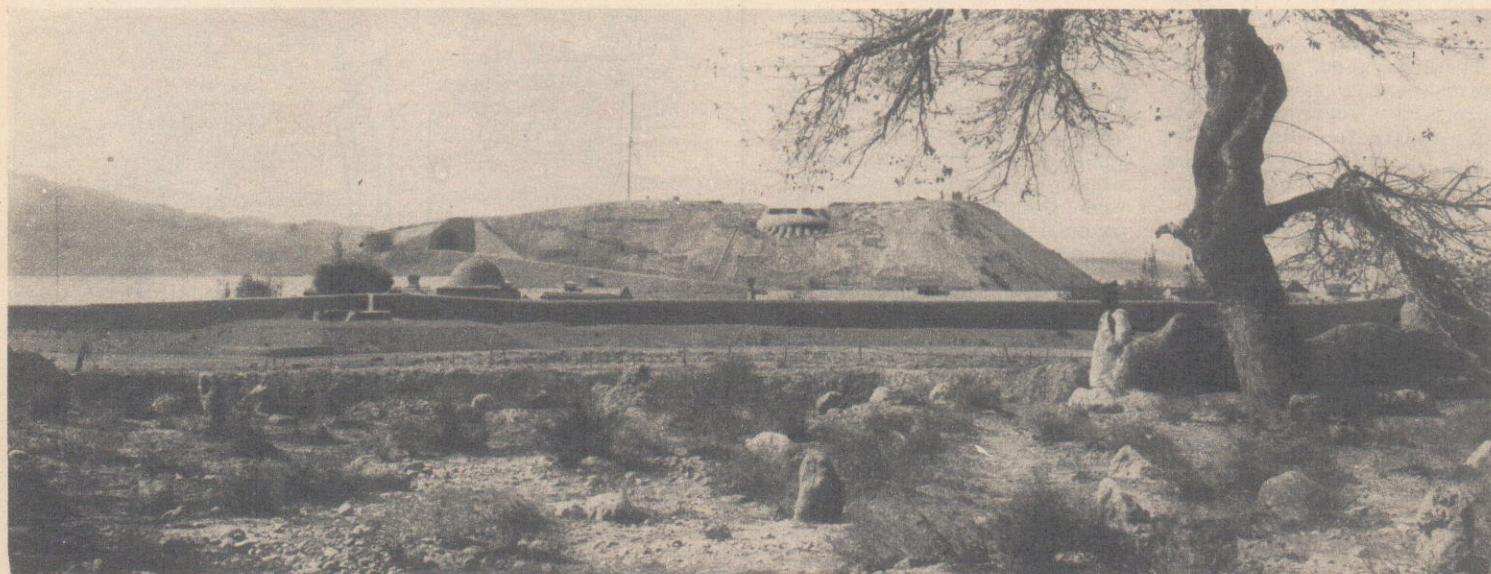
Officers from various lands attend a class at the College. Below: the Fort at Quetta.

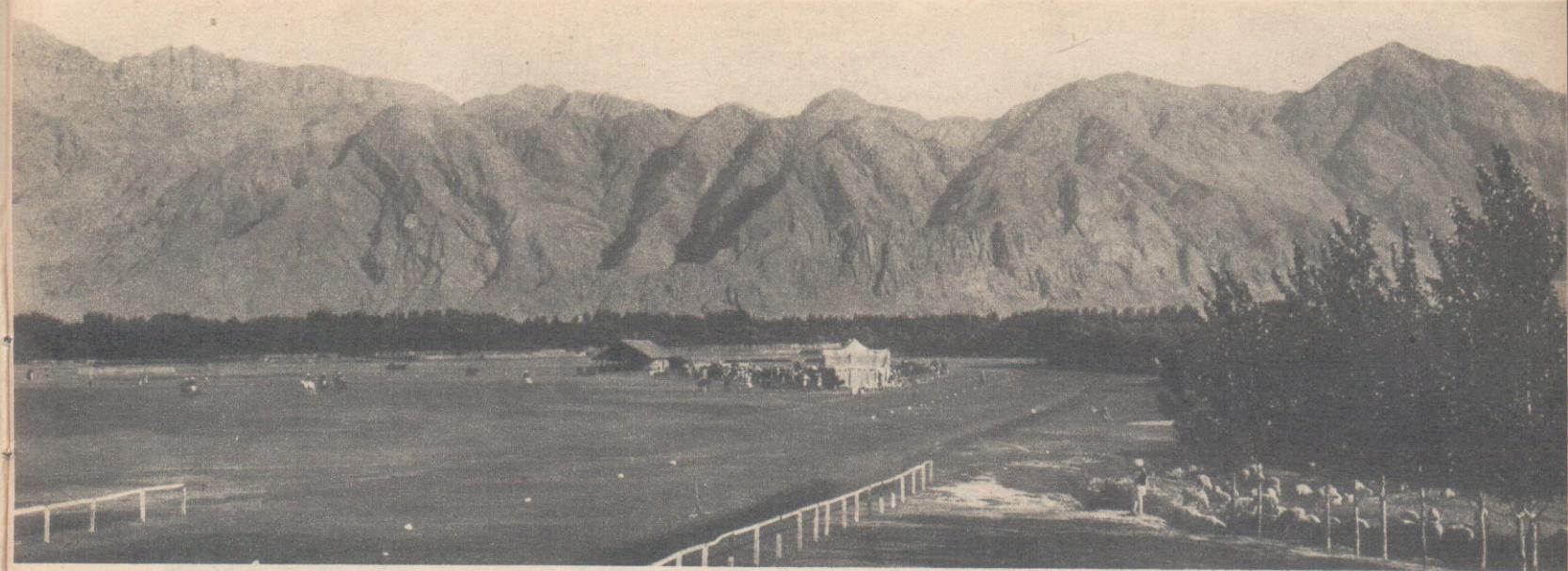


travel to Britain in order to improve their professional prospects—at heavy cost to themselves.

Lord Kitchener, then Commander-in-Chief, India, was the prime mover. The new College was first located at Deolali in 1905, then two years later it moved to Quetta, 6000 feet up on the Baluchistan plateau, near the Afghan frontier.

Today the Command and Staff College at Quetta, through which so many famous British soldiers have passed, is the premier military institution of Pakistan, and is fully maintaining its high traditions and reputation. This





year it celebrates its golden jubilee.

Until 1941 Quetta and Camberley were the only two Staff colleges in the British Commonwealth (a third was opened at Haifa, in Palestine). Among those who have taught or studied at Quetta are Field-Marshal Montgomery, Deverell, Auchinleck, Slim, Blamey (Australia) and General Lord Ismay. Through its doors have passed four Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff and six Commanders-in-Chief India.

Some 20 years ago a lean, impatient colonel arrived at Quetta and began to teach his personal version of the military gospel. Ten years later, by rigidly applying that gospel, the colonel, now a field-marshal, was able to take the surrender of vast German armies on Luneburg Heath.

The lean enthusiast was Colonel Bernard L. Montgomery. His gospel was the now-familiar one which goes like this: first, create the atmosphere of success; second, strip the problem of its "muckage"; third, learn to pick good subordinates, to back and trust them; fourth, know what you want and go all out for it. Along with all this (as his biographer, Alan Moorehead, tells) went much far-sighted teaching

about airpower and mobility.

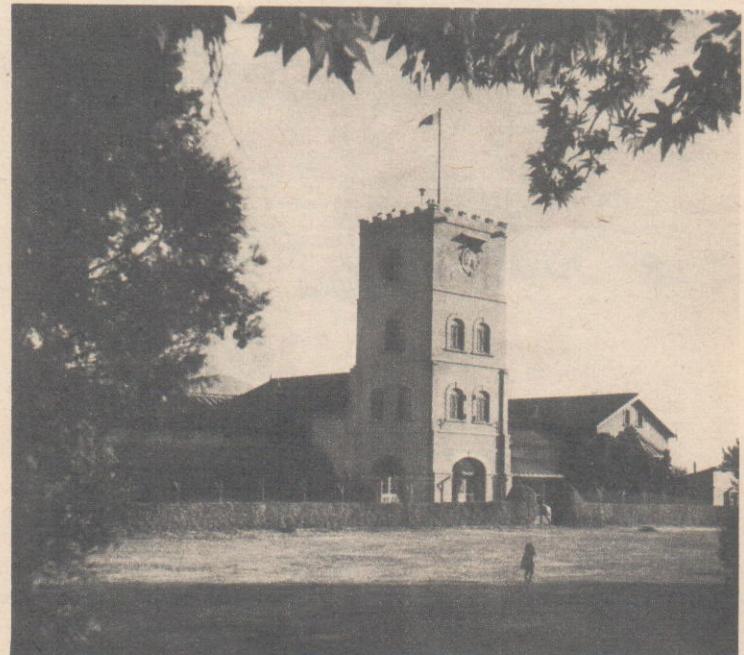
On the present course at Quetta are students from Australia, Britain, Canada, France, Iraq, Turkey, and the United States. In recent years officers from Egypt, Iran and New Zealand have also attended courses. Students are trained for various second grade appointments and also undertake advanced professional studies to prepare them for high grade command and staff appointments in later life.

The College suffered very little as a result of partition, only the property of the officers' mess being divided in agreed proportions. Untouched was the most valuable possession of the College, a library of 16,000 books. Before partition it was recognised as one of the two largest and best-equipped libraries in the sub-continent.

Last year was a notable one in the history of the College, for the first Pakistani officer was appointed as Commandant: Major-General M. A. Latif Khan. There have been 19 commandants before him.

Quetta was at various times a base or staging post in the Afghan wars. Sometimes known as "the Aldershot of India," it was one of the more popular stations. Its winters could be severe, however.

On a sultry night in 1935 Quetta was the scene of a catastrophic earthquake, which rocked the Baluchistan uplands and buried 20,000 people in the mud-walled town of Quetta and cost the lives of 10,000 others nearby. The cantonment area was largely spared, though the Royal Air Force barracks collapsed. In an astonishingly short time 12,000 British and Indian troops under Major-General Sir Henry Karslake began the work of rescue, helped by the women of the garrison. Against the stench and dust soldiers had to wear their gas masks. They laboured strenuously, but after several days large areas had to be cordoned off with barbed wire, Nature being left to do the necessary work of hygiene.



The church-like tower of the Command and Staff College, Quetta.



They passed through Quetta: Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery (who, as a colonel, preached his "new gospel" there in the nineteen-thirties) and Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.



"Left, left, left, right,  
left—pick 'em up,  
man, pick 'em up."



PHELVIN

## PHELVIN: his page



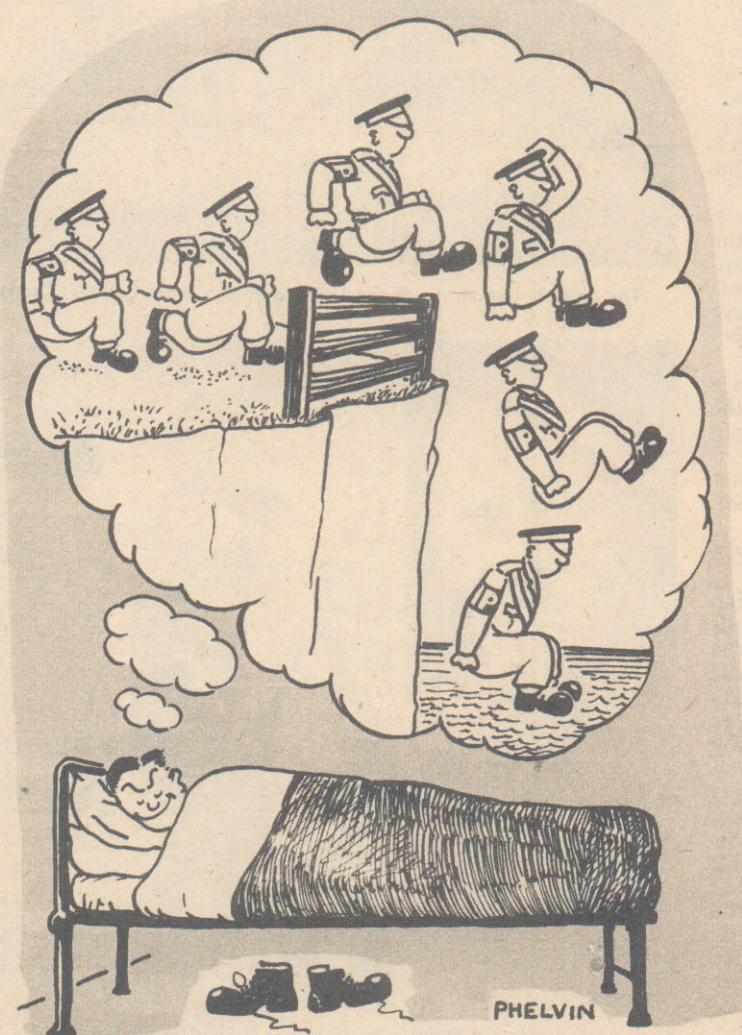
PHELVIN

ON and off, Corporal George Phelvin, Royal Army Medical Corps, has contributed to *SOLDIER* for many years.

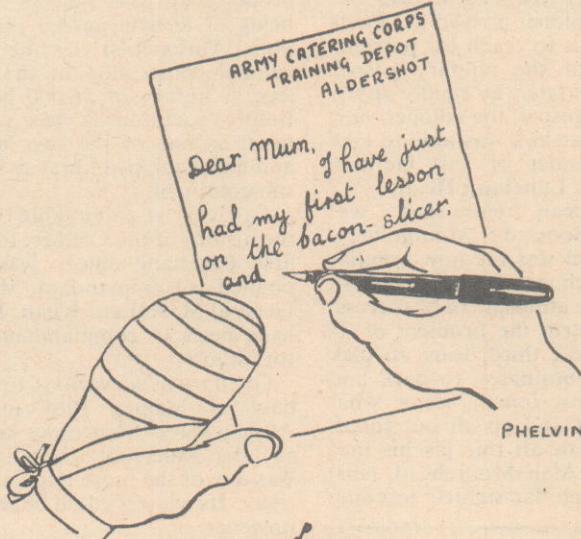
A Londoner, he joined the Cameronians at 18, and soldiered with them in India from 1936-43. He is especially proud to have served with them against the Japanese in the fighting retreat to India. Repatriated to Britain in 1943, he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, then served in 8th Parachute Battalion under the quadruped DSO, Colonel A. S. Pearson. Jumping into Normandy on D-Day, he landed on a roof and broke his ankle. "Demobbed" after the war, he found himself "all at sea," rejoined in



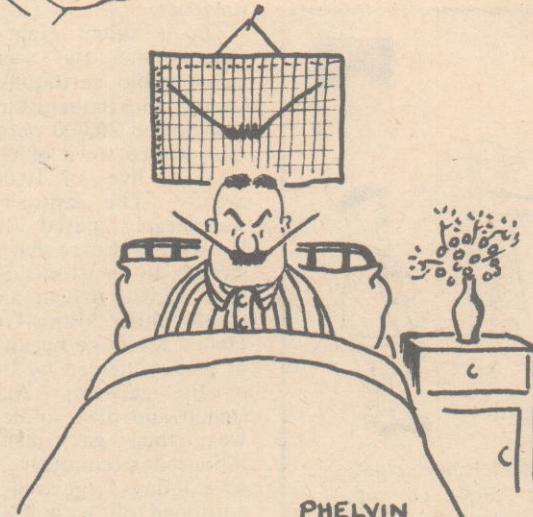
1948. Last year he completed a three-year tour in Malaya, is now at the Military Hospital, Shorncliffe. His 22 years are up in 1958. Corporal Phelvin is self-taught. He started drawing "funny faces" in the war and a pal said "Try *SOLDIER*." Ambition: "to be a really good cartoonist." He has a wife and four children.



PHELVIN



PHELVIN



PHELVIN



## A WARNING TO THE INDIGO MEN

*In the scorching blue hills of Aden, painted tribesmen lay low when the Life Guards and Seaforths appeared*

**B**ACK in Aden for the first time in more than 50 years, the 1st Battalion The Seaforth Highlanders have been helping to keep in order the "indigo men."

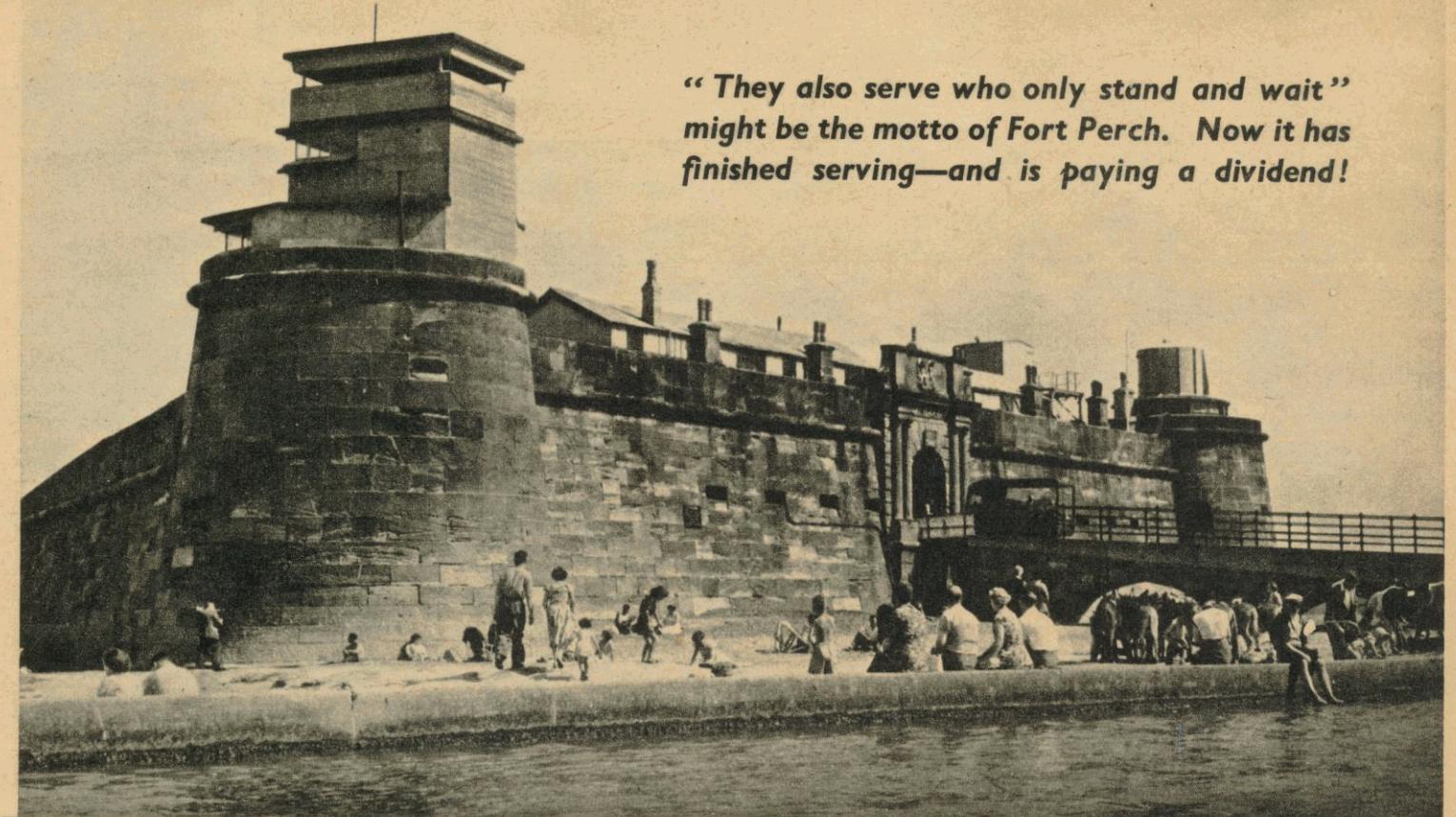
These are lawless tribesmen who are said to paint their bodies blue, to blend with the background of their torrid mountain territory near the Yemen border.

The Seaforths, and a mechanised detachment of the Life Guards, were flown from the Canal Zone to Aden, to reinforce the Royal Air Force Regiment and the Aden Levies (also officered by the Royal Air Force) in ground operations. One of their first duties was to help relieve Fort Robaat — a mountain stronghold in the frontier area, which had been cut off. Earlier attempts to relieve the fort had resulted in loss of lives, but the column to which the Seaforths and Life Guards contributed accomplished the task without incident.

Pictures on this page (by Private D. Steen, Army Public Relations) were taken when the Seaforths joined a column to demonstrate the strength of the security forces in Western Aden.

Seaforths move forward to picket high ground while their convoy passes. Below: Trucks plough through the soft sands of the Urquab Pass.





Fort Perch towers above the sands where holiday-makers sport. Below: The most popular "museum piece" for children is the 3.7 anti-aircraft gun.

Photographs: FRANK TOMPSETT.



"They also serve who only stand and wait" might be the motto of Fort Perch. Now it has finished serving—and is paying a dividend!

## GUNNERS LEASED

THE Gunners of Wallasey, in Cheshire, were shocked when they heard of plans to turn Fort Perch, which has guarded the Mersey for nearly 130 years, into a fairground.

"It would have been like drinking beer in a cathedral," said Mr. A. E. Pickford, chairman of the Wallasey Branch of the Royal Artillery Association and a World War One Gunner.

So the Wallasey Branch decided to save the old fort, which had been "disbanded" last year, from the indignity. They asked the War Office whether they could lease the fort for six months and set up an exhibition in aid of the Royal Artillery Charitable Fund. The War Office agreed and as a result the fund is richer by more than £1000.

Fort Perch, which stands on a rocky promontory at nearby New Brighton, was taken over by the Wallasey branch early this year. In their spare time and without pay, volunteers cleaned out the old barrack-rooms and installed a collection of old weapons and uniforms which had been lent by the Cheshire Regiment and the family of General Sir Charles Napier. Ancient guns, including two diminutive one-pounder brass guns of 18th-century vintage, were loaned by the Royal Artillery Museum at Woolwich and a 3.7-inch anti-aircraft gun was sent by the local Territorial Army unit—420 (Lancashire and Cheshire) Coast Regiment, Royal Artillery.

Then the women members took a hand. They scrubbed out the garage in the fort and set up a canteen, decorating one of its

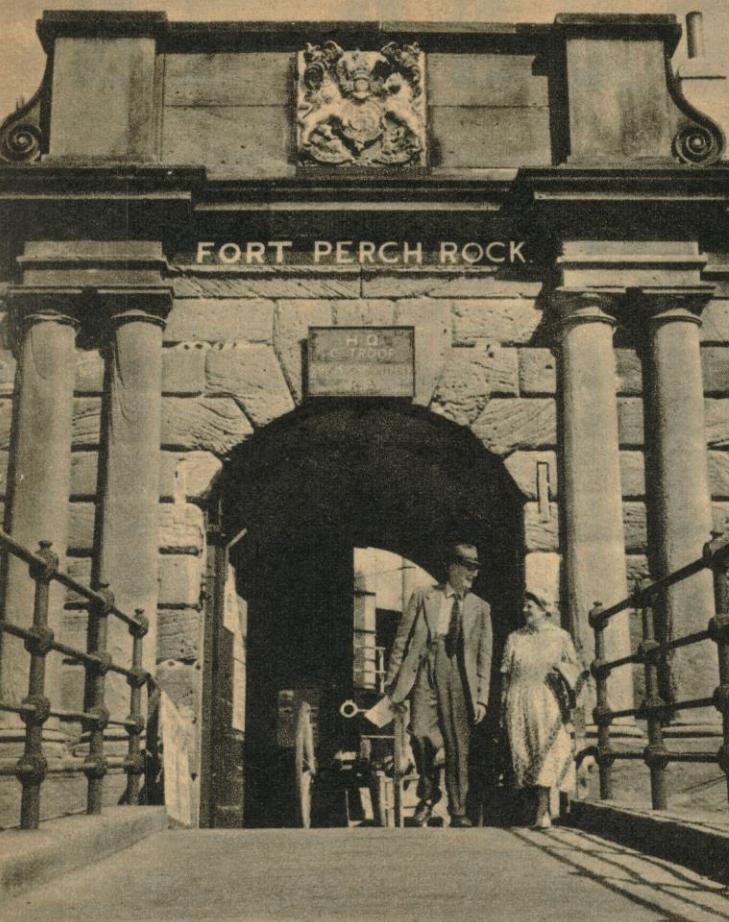
walls with a swastika flag captured from Rommel's advanced headquarters in North Africa.

For years visitors to New Brighton had wondered what lay behind the sandstone walls that frowned disdainfully on the cockle and whelk stalls and the gaudy ice-cream parlours. This summer, on payment of a shilling, they were able to see for themselves.

They have inspected the empty gun emplacements; peeped into the vast underground magazines where a shell hoist which used to haul ammunition to the guns more than a century ago is still in perfect working order; they have climbed to the look-out towers and descended into the dungeon where prisoners of a past age expiated their sins.

Like many other old forts that dot the coasts of Britain, Fort Perch has led a placid existence. Its guns fired only once in anger—early in World War Two when a German U-boat was reported to be trying to penetrate into the Mersey. The result of the action was never known.

The construction of the fort was begun in 1826 after a generation of wrangling as to who should pay the bill. Not even the Napoleonic invasion "flap" could

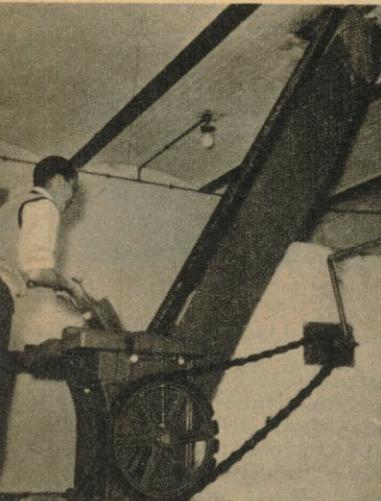


Sergeant J. Hughes revisits the fort in which he served. With him is Bombardier G. Connell. Left: The entrance.

Right: The officer who planned the fort gets a "credit." What was that odd eightpence for?

By Order of the	
Master General & Board of Ordnance	
PERCH ROCK BATTERY	
Expense	£ 27065.0.8
Actual Cost	£ 26965.0.8
Commencement	31 March 1826
Completion	30 April 1829
Surrounded by Captain Kitson Royal Engineers	

## A FORT TO HELP FUNDS



end the dispute. The Government wanted the Corporation to build a lighthouse in which the Army could install its guns and thus save the expense of a separate fort. The wily Liverpudlians proposed that the Government should build the fort and they would put a lighthouse in it. Four years after Napoleon died, the Government agreed to build the fort and the Corporation the lighthouse—as separate buildings.

The fort took three years to build and cost £26,965 0s. 8d.—exactly £100 less than the estimate. That sort of thing never happens nowadays.

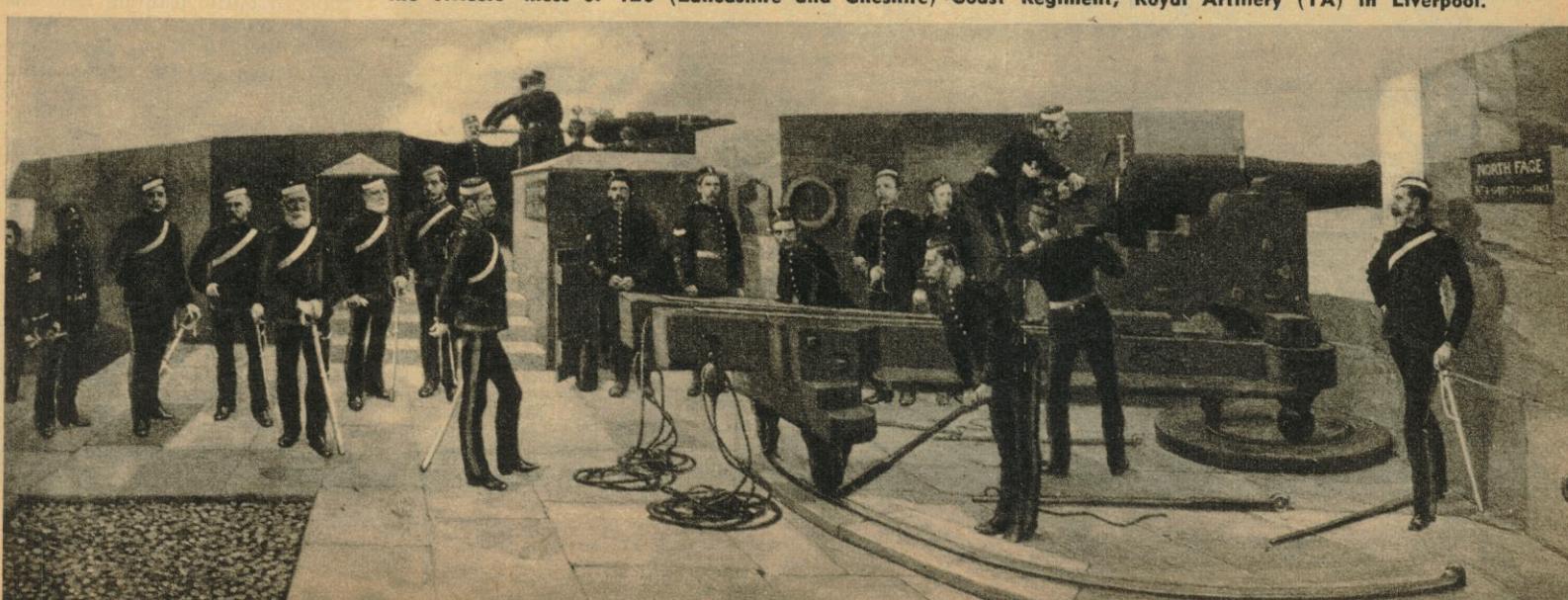
Originally Fort Perch had 18

guns, 16 of them 32-pounders and two, one in each tower, 18-pounders. They were peashooters compared with today's coastal guns, but large enough in those days to sink any enemy ship that might dare to sail up Rock Channel only 900 yards away.

As the power and range of naval guns increased, strengthening of the fort became necessary. In 1861 68-pounders were installed; in 1899 six-inch guns. A new wall was built inside the original one and the space between filled with sand. The guns were now protected by a parapet varying from 50 to 104 feet in thickness.

After the war the fort was no longer held in readiness. But it still serves a useful military purpose—as a strong-point to be captured in the amphibious exercises which the Royal Marines hold on the Mersey every year.

Left: The civilian caretaker of Fort Perch, Mr. D. Corcoran, demonstrates the 100-year-old shell hoist. Below: This painting of the 15th Lancashire Volunteer Artillery at gunnery practice in the fort adorns the officers' mess of 420 (Lancashire and Cheshire) Coast Regiment, Royal Artillery (TA) in Liverpool.



# BATTLEGROUND IN THE BRECKLAND

THE MODERN ARMY TRAINS  
WITH THE LATEST WEAPONS  
OVER COUNTRYSIDE WHERE  
SAXONS AND DANES FOUGHT  
WITH SPEARS AND CLUBS

**C**ENTURION tanks, their machine-guns chattering, churn their way between grass-covered mounds where the Bronze Age men buried their dead in communal graves.

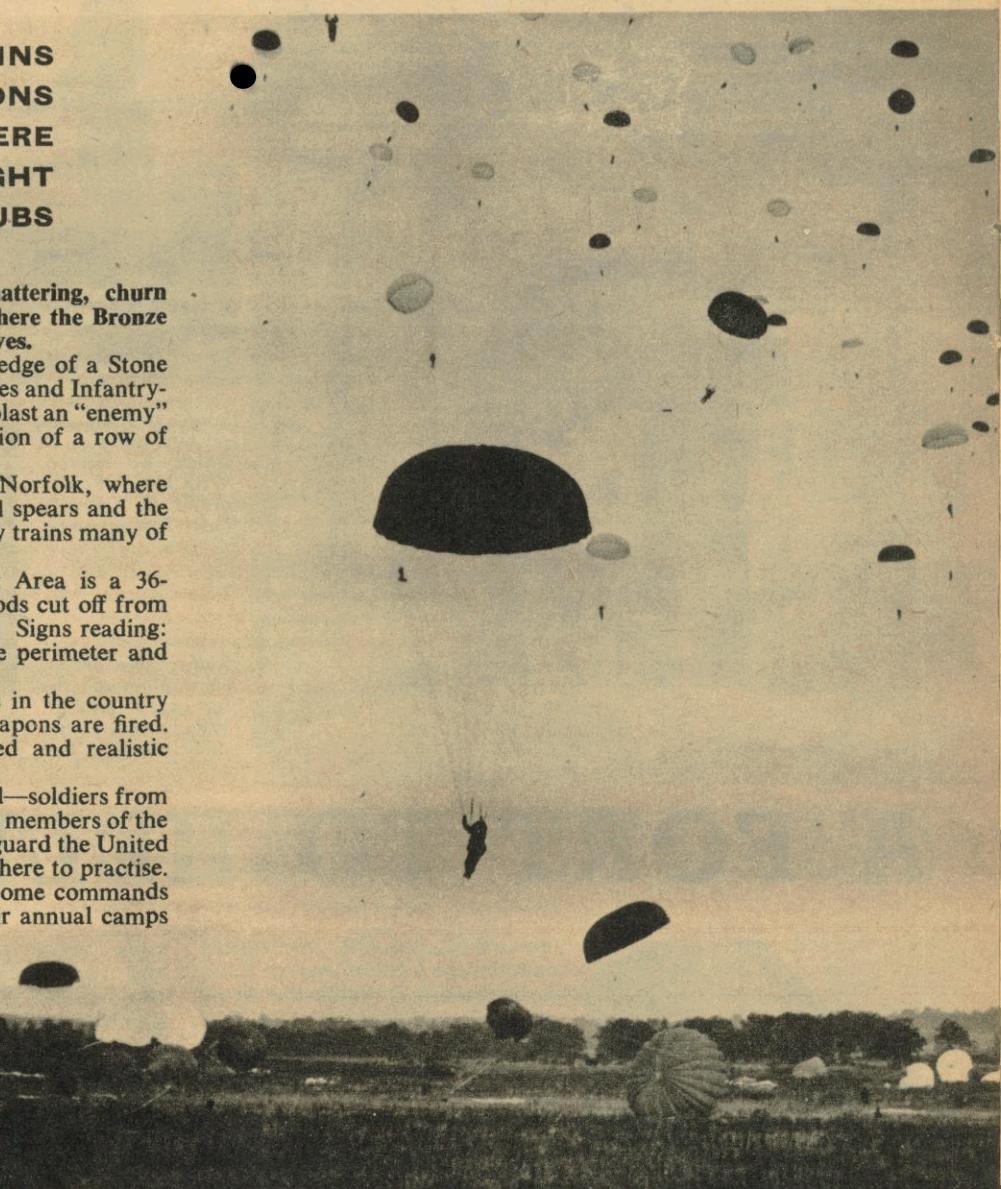
Gunners lob 25-pounder shells from the edge of a Stone Age flint quarry; parachutists float down from the skies and Infantrymen spray moving targets with their Brens and Stens, blast an "enemy" stronghold with mortar bombs and fight for possession of a row of cottages in the ruins of a 16th-century village.

Here, in the heart of the Breckland district of Norfolk, where Saxons and Danes fought each other with clubs and spears and the Romans later set up military encampments, the Army trains many of its soldiers in the use of modern weapons.

Eastern Command's Stanford Practical Training Area is a 36-square-mile island of rolling heathland and pine woods cut off from the outside world by barbed wire and road barriers. Signs reading: "Keep Out. There Are Bombs Inside" surround the perimeter and line all the roads leading to it.

This is one of the largest battle training grounds in the country and one of the few where all types of orthodox weapons are fired. On most of its 50 ranges live ammunition is used and realistic exercises of up to brigade strength can be staged.

Each year more than 50,000 are trained at Stanford—soldiers from Regular and Territorial Army units, Army cadets and members of the Home Guard. American anti-aircraft Gunners who guard the United States airfields in Britain with their Skysweepers go there to practise. In summer, when Territorial Army units from all home commands and men of the Army Emergency Reserve hold their annual camps



Right: Parachutes over The Breckland. Territorials of 44 Brigade, 16th Airborne Division descend on Stanford Training Area.

Below: Watermanship is taught on Stanford Water. These boatmen are Territorials of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.



at Stanford more than 4000 pass through every fortnight. Every year some 8000 cadets, most of them from units in Eastern Command, spend two weeks under canvas there and fire their small arms on the classification ranges.

In the whole of England there are few places more suitable for modern battle training than the Stanford Practical Training Area. As farmland it was never very productive and for years before the Army took it over the few hundred inhabitants of the six small villages it contains had been fighting a losing battle against two plagues—rabbits and the pernicious ragwort weed. Curiously, since the Army moved in the rabbits have all been killed off by myxomatosis and the ragwort has, inexplicably, stopped growing.

The Army requisitioned the area temporarily during World War Two as a training ground for divisions destined for Normandy. The villagers were evacuated, hoping to return at the end of

the war, but in 1948, after a public inquiry, the Army was allowed to buy it as a permanent battleground. Most of the land belonged to Lord Walsingham, who commanded battalions of the Royal Norfolk Regiment in both world wars. He, too, had to leave his home.

The decision raised an outcry in Norfolk and among archaeologists and ornithologists all over the country, for there are many ancient monuments dating back to the Neolithic Age and several bird sanctuaries in the district. But the villagers were more than satisfied when the Army provided them with new homes outside the area in exchange for their former out-of-date flint cottages and charged them only the rent of a few shillings a week they had previously paid.

Now it is the unusual privilege of the former inhabitants of the six villages—Stanford, Tottington, West Tofts, Buckenham Tofts, Langford and Sturston—to return to their native heaths only when they are dead or when they wish to visit the grave of a relative buried in one of the churchyards. When a former inhabitant dies he may be buried in his native village if his relatives wish and if the Army gives its permission, which it does whenever it is asked.

The Army also mollified farmers who owned land on the outer areas of the district by allowing them to continue growing crops there. But the Army accepts no responsibility for damage to the crops if shells or bombs fall in their fields.

When the area was handed over in 1948 the Army also promised to protect the archaeo-



Men of the Hereford Light Infantry set up a mortar position in a clearing among the woods.

Below (left): A new Army head-dress? No, just two men of the Herefords dressed up to represent Mau-Mau. Right: In the shelter of an old school troops wait for the order to attack.

logical treasures, bird sanctuaries and churches. Proof of how it has kept its word is the praise the Army receives from the authorities who from time to time inspect the battleground. All the ancient monuments, which include many Bronze Age barrows and Stone Age flint mines, are marked and wired off and no bombs or shells are allowed to fall on or near them. Tanks and heavy vehicles are not allowed to use Peddars' Way or Icknield Way, reputed to be the two oldest Roman roads in Britain, which run through the battle area. Ringmere Pond, a unique stretch of water whose silt deposits are said to record every climatic change since the last Ice Age, is out of bounds to troops. So is Fowlmere, one of the finest bird sanctuaries in the country, where ornithologists are still allowed to pursue their studies.

The four churches—at Tottington, Stanford, West Tofts and Langford—are protected by wire barriers ten feet tall and are out of bounds to all except the Army land wardens who keep the graveyards tidy when they are not shooting vermin on the ranges. Services are no longer held in the churches and the furniture and fittings have all been removed. Some were used to refurbish the Army garrison church at Colchester.

All other buildings in the area—including seven country mansions, 16 farmhouses, 132 cottages, three schools, two public houses (whose mouldering walls are scrawled with sardonic "Sold Out" notices by disappointed soldiers directed there in fun by the permanent staff), and a post office—are used for training but not as targets. They provide



OVER



Stanford Church is out-of-bounds to all except the land wardens. Note the tall fence and big padlock. Right: The village pub at West Tofts still bravely advertises its brew but the cellars have long been dry.

headquarters buildings and billets on all-night exercises, and their dilapidated condition adds realism to manoeuvres.

The battle area rejoices in names which fit picturesquely into the operation orders of today: Bunkers Hill, Maggot Box Plantation, Foxtail Cover (headquarters of range control), Cock-hat Corner, Mousehall, Smokers' Hole, Frog Hill, Blackrabbit Warren, Shakers' Furze and Madhouse Plantation. In the last, it is said, a frustrated farmer

hanged himself many years ago.

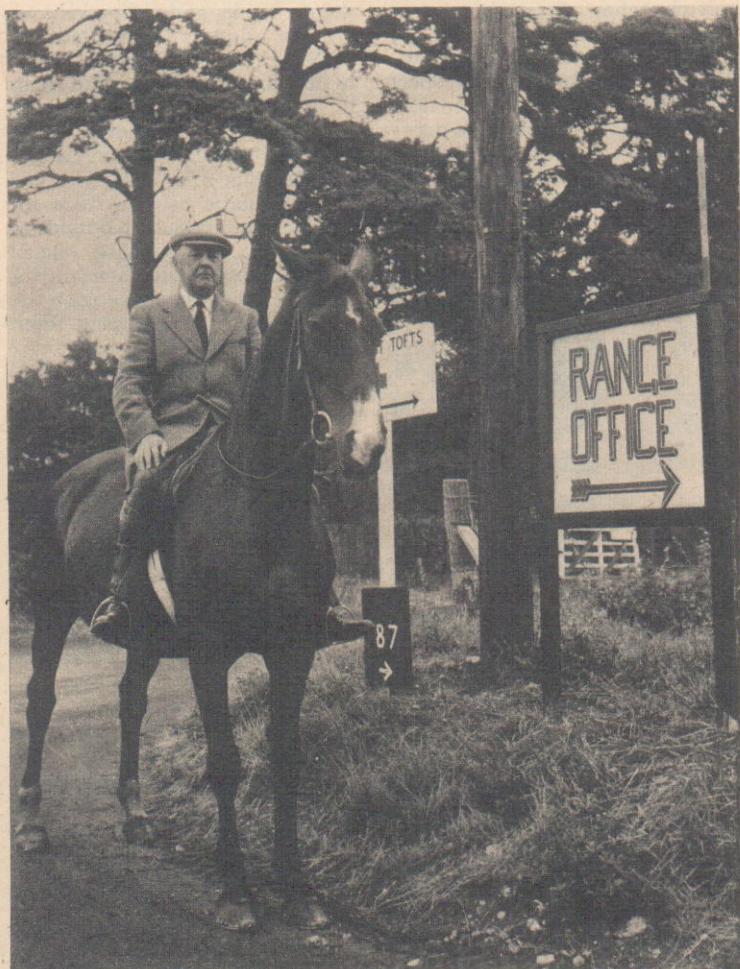
To administer the battle area the Superintendent, Brigadier D. W. Bannister, a retired officer, has a staff of fewer than 30. They maintain the ranges, make and repair targets, drive the four tractors which clear the fast-growing bracken, man the range control office during firing, guard the road barriers, put out fires and look after the two hutted camps where visiting units are accommodated. Last year they also had the job of burying



the thousands of rabbits which had died during the myxomatosis epidemic.

Brigadier Bannister, who was deputy commander of Home Counties' District in 1952, enjoys the distinction of having two Army horses on charge to help him in his duties. One belonged to the Royal Horse

Artillery and the other to the Household Cavalry before being posted to Stanford. The Brigadier rides them over parts of the training area where even jeeps cannot penetrate, to check range maintenance and to seek out "blinds" which might have been overlooked by the troops who had fired them. E. J. GROVE



Left: Brigadier D. W. Bannister sets off on "Salome" (once of the Royal Horse Artillery) to visit areas unsuitable even for jeeps. Below: Range staff make and repair all the targets used on the 50 ranges.





Made in England, Made in Germany—some of the toys at Waldniel.

## TOY FAIR

In the biggest NAAFI warehouse  
in the world were 4000 toys—  
all laid out to please four men



Dolls for soldiers' daughters — this Christmas.

**I**T was any child's paradise. In gay-coloured profusion, toys were spread over tables, benches and shelves—4000 toys, and all different.

There were tricycles and snakes-and-ladder sets, all the equipment a space-man needs (except a full-size space-ship), tanks, guns, trains, ships, dolls'-house furniture, aeroplanes, sewing-machines and a typewriter.

There were rubber motor-cars, electrically-driven motor-cars, fly-wheel-driven motor-cars, remote-control motor-cars (including one with a dog which poked its head out of the window and barked) and even old-fashioned clock-work motor-cars. And there were dolls by the score, from grinning little black boys to stately ladies in party frocks.

But it was a toy-fair that no child saw. Not until the Christmas display stands go up in Rhine Army's NAAFI shops will it inspire the cry of, "Mummy, I want . . ." For this display was laid on for the benefit of four men only—the men who buy the toys that NAAFI will sell in Germany next Christmas.

It was in high summer that they made their decisions, in the huge NAAFI warehouse at Waldniel, near the new headquarters at Moenchengladbach. Months earlier, NAAFI's representatives had selected these 4000 samples from the toy fairs at Nuremberg, Brighton and Harrogate. Now the experts were getting down to brass tacks and ordering the Christmas stock.

Methodical, business-like, but not too solemn—how could they be?—the four men made their way slowly from table to table. Deliberately they examined each toy. They watched and listened as four independent clockwork monkeys played four different musical instruments. They backed an electric car between the legs of adjoining tables. They blew a toy saxophone. They tried out a crane with an electromagnetic grab. It would be pleasant to think that they tested the thousand-shot water-pistol to the thousandth shot, but there is no evidence that they did.

Having seen each toy, they discussed it and decided how many to order. The price was one of the principal guides to a decision. "We rely on the statistics of previous years," said Mr. E. J. Jeff-

frey, the warehouse manager. "Then we also remember such factors as the popularity of 'space' toys and 'atomic' weapons, which is increasing."

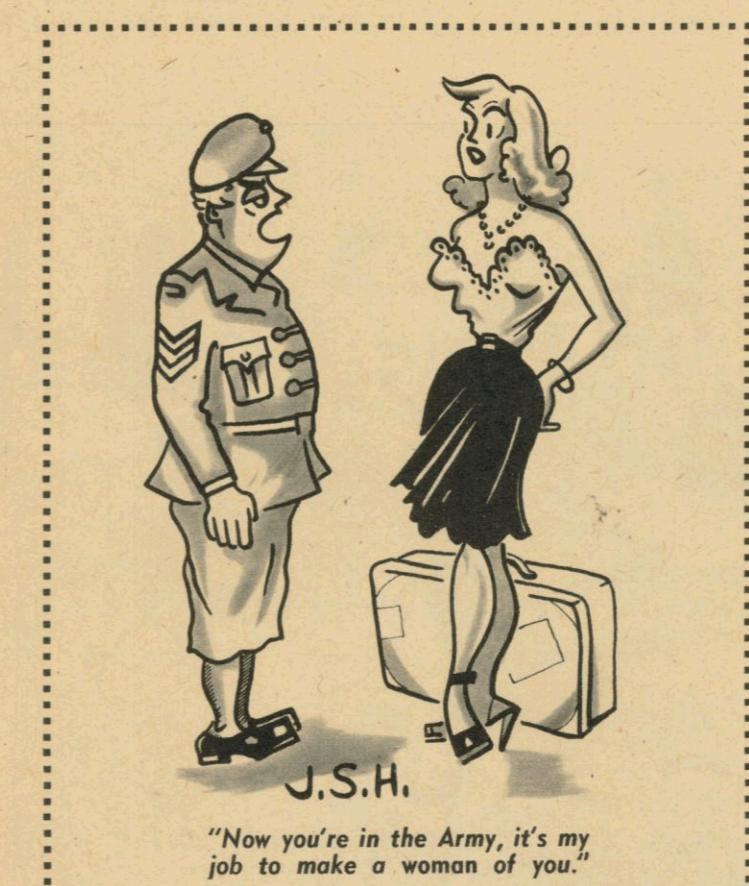
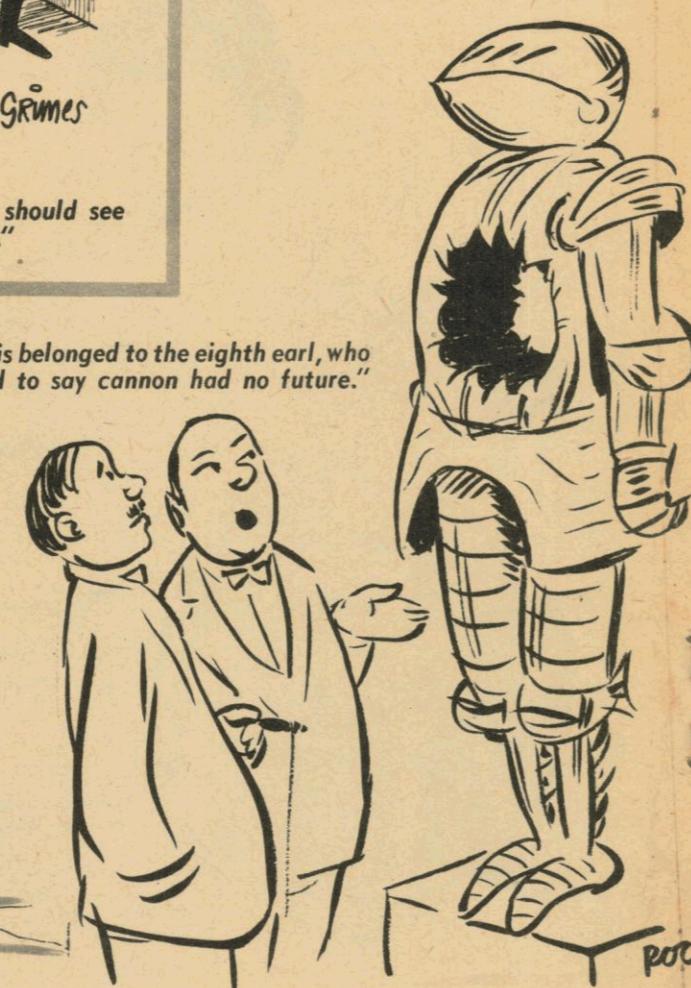
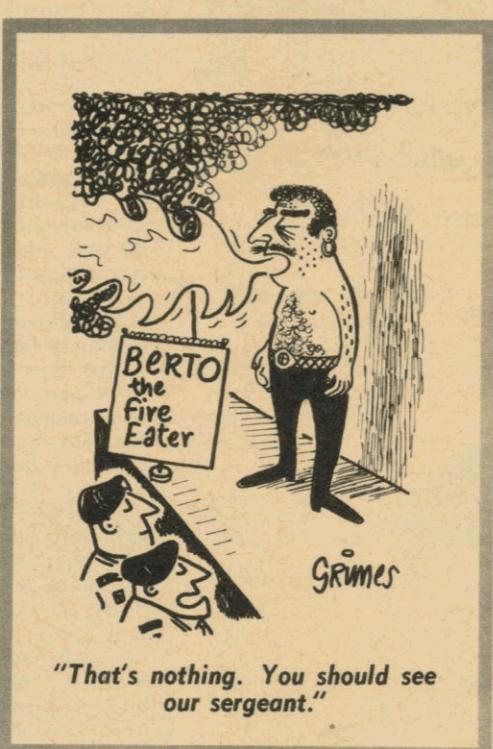
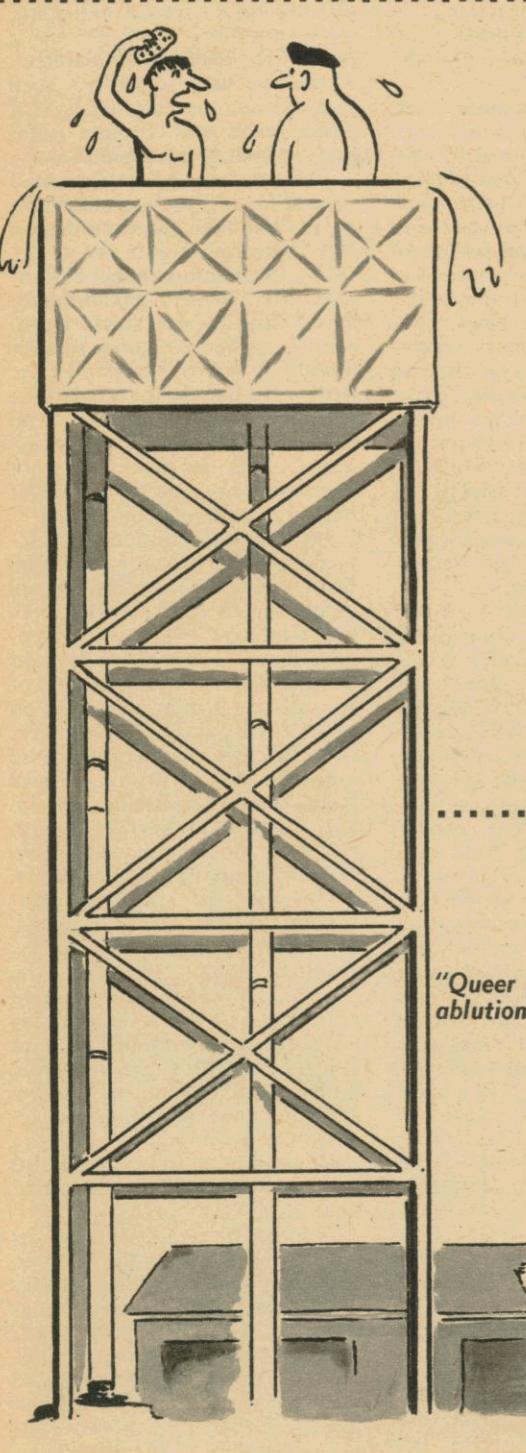
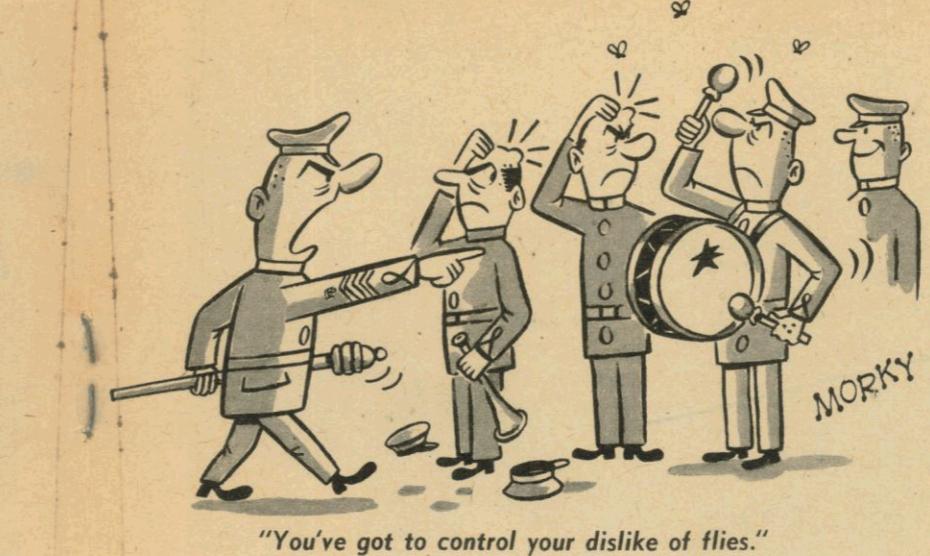
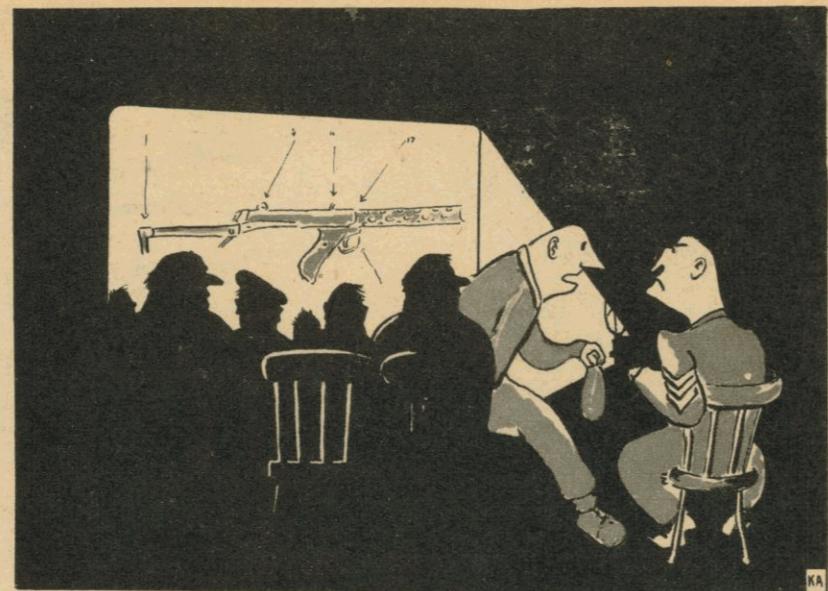
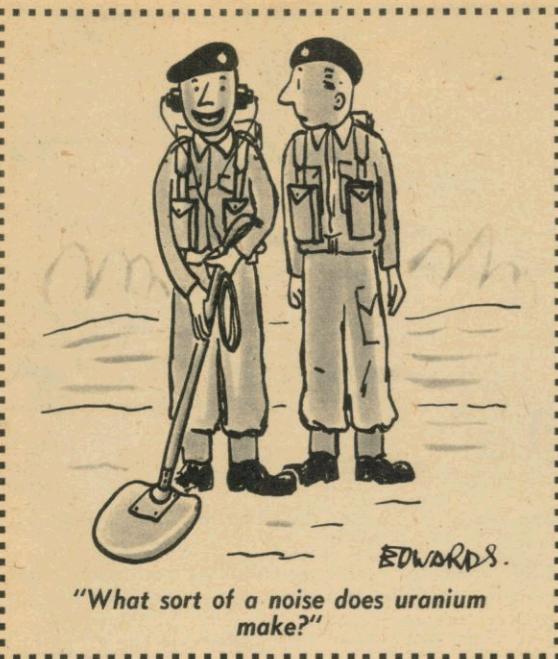
The toy fair was only a small part of Mr. Jeffrey's responsibilities. Waldniel is the biggest NAAFI warehouse in the world. On its 180,000 square feet of floor space are housed 18,000 different items, making up stock worth something like £250,000. It takes a staff of 400 (of whom 12 are British) to handle the work. One is Mr. Walter Sinclair, who strings and re-strings tennis rackets. This has been his work for 41 years—and he has never played a game of tennis.

Into the warehouse come shipments direct from Australia, Spain and Italy, transferred from ship to train by NAAFI's agent in Rotterdam; direct supplies from France, Holland and Denmark; and ship-loads of stores from Britain, unloaded on to NAAFI's own quay at Krefeld. Biscuits, cheaper than those imported from Britain, arrive from NAAFI's Berlin bakery, and 100,000 packets of potato crisps a month are sent from NAAFI's factory in Dusseldorf.

Out they go again, in great lorries, to 300 canteens, clubs, shops and stores in Germany, Belgium and Holland. The depot's rail wagons are shunted in and out of the warehouse by a steam-engine without a furnace—it is filled with steam at a static boiler—to avoid the risk of fire.

Though the warehouse is accustomed to handling goods by the ton and the gross, it will also break down packets to serve odd quantities.

Goods pass rapidly through its stock-rooms, but in the tobacco store they shake their heads sadly at one small item which is hanging fire. NAAFI's only snuff-taking customer on the Continent of Europe has been posted away. The stock the warehouse acquired to supply him awaits the next addict.



FRANK  
FINCH

"I say, you chaps, you know  
I meant 'right wheel.'"



## KOREA ROUND-UP

The Dorsets (whose Korea tour is now over) fought their own Imjin battle. This year's monsoon was the worst since British troops entered Korea. Bridges were washed away and all roads leading to 1st Commonwealth Division were cut off by flood. The officers' club on the north bank had

to be evacuated by helicopter. Troops met the occasion with resource and good humour. Above: A Commonwealth jeep washed downstream is recovered with the aid of an American amphibious vehicle. Below: The Dorsets build a river wall to divert the water from their camp.





The Dorsets held a summer fun fair. A big attraction was this mechanised version of tipping the bucket. Below: A lady who has appeared on SOLDIER'S back page turned up in Korea in the flesh: Debbie Reynolds. Corporal David Cornick, Royal Military Police, (left) met her at an American camp. So did some of his Commonwealth comrades.



Below: In Korea's Bisley British troops competed with Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Americans—and Ethiopians. The Commander of 1st Commonwealth Division, Brigadier G. R. D. Musson, congratulates champion individual rifle shot, Lieutenant Brian Edwards, of the Dorsets.



# A note to young men about money matters

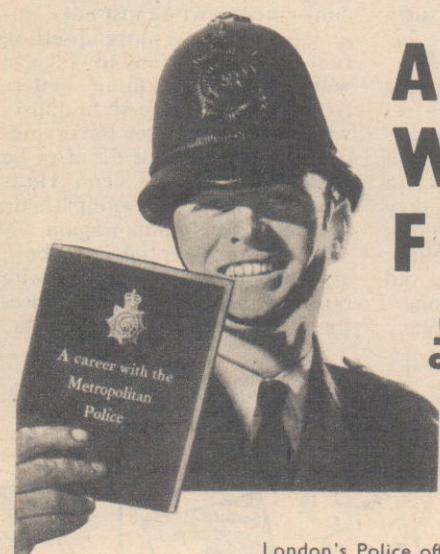
MONEY in the bank is far safer than money in the pocket or in the home; and because there is no longer any need to carry more loose cash than is necessary, a banking account is a real encouragement to save.

Have you thought of opening a current account at Lloyds Bank? It is a sensible thing to do. Whether your income is large or small, at Lloyds Bank you will find your affairs attended to in a very friendly atmosphere.



Have you read "Banking for Beginners"? Ask for a copy at any branch of Lloyds Bank.

**LLOYDS BANK**  
LIMITED



**A JOB WITH A FUTURE**  
**£445 A YEAR**

plus £20 London Allowance from the day you start training. Rent-free accommodation or a generous Rent Allowance.

Join the  
**METROPOLITAN**  
**POLICE**  
and get on!

London's Police offers you a career of interest and variety with good prospects. Highest ranks, with salaries of £2,000 upwards, are open to all. Pension of half-pay after 25 years or two-thirds after 30 years. Excellent opportunities for sport. If you are between age 19 and 30, 5 ft. 8 ins. or over and in good health, write today for interview. Return fare to London refunded.

If you have not done your National Service and wish to make the Police your career, you can apply to become a Senior Cadet on registering under the National Service Acts. Pay for Senior Cadets is £4 8s. 2d. weekly, plus certain allowances. At 19 you become a Constable on full pay.

— POST THIS COUPON TODAY! —

To: Dept. 1636, Scotland Yard, S.W.1.  
Please send illustrated booklet which tells me all about the Metropolitan Police.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

# TO BE A SOLDIER'S WIFE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**Scores of Army wives read SOLDIER. Here is an article written by one of them who has worked out her own sensible philosophy**

**I**T is my firm belief that all girls should go on a course before marrying soldiers.

Most of them have the mistaken idea that life in married quarters will just be a continuation of life under mother's roof, only in a different part of the world. If they could but enter this adventure with an open mind—ready to leave behind the old methods and sense of values, ready to start life afresh!

I have been in quarters a good few years and have seen several gay newly-weds turn into disillusioned naggers, merely because the wife could not or would not adapt herself to new conditions.

The first hard lesson to be learnt by a Service wife is that she takes second place in her husband's life. This is a bitter pill indeed. But the Army is his first love and his ever-demanding mistress. Moreover, the wife must not complain about it. She must not try to cut him off from those little "dos" in camp. He still wants to be "one of the boys." And if he is put on guard on that important anniversary, it's too bad. Causing a scene, sending the poor chap off in a filthy temper, only makes matters worse; he will probably be surly to his officer, slack about his duties, and end up in trouble.

There may be times when rage with the organisation which returns her husband to her dead-beat, perhaps even injured, will well up and cause her to beg and plead with him to return to Civvy Street. There will be times, usually after extra spells of duty, when she will trot out the old threat of "going home alone." But when she watches him take

part in a large parade, pride for her man, and something of his pride for the regiment, will touch her woman's heart and may even bring the foolish tears.

The second requirement is to be a superb actress. When her husband is at home, she must make him feel he is needed. But when schemes or courses drag him away, then she must be independent to the nth degree. Alone she must cope with artful children, sudden illness, and (that bane of many Army wives) the pay that doesn't arrive. One of my most trying experiences was living for three weeks, without money, in a foreign country. The shops did not give credit, I was forbidden to get a job, there were no pawnshops, and I did not know anyone well enough to overcome my abhorrence of borrowing. But even in these circumstances a wife must not complain. Nothing is more upsetting for a soldier than to receive worrying, complaining letters from home. A wife should also, when he returns, keep the crying-on-his-shoulder stuff till after he has bathed, fed and slept. He is not likely to be very sympathetic before he feels human again.

The third essential is to be a versatile housekeeper. A wife must not be dismayed by houses that are far too large or far too

small. Married quarters go from one extreme to another. One day it may be paraffin stoves and straw mattresses, tomorrow an electric cooker, a refrigerator and a maid.

At least, there is no fear, as the family increases, of being turned out. Many wives who started their married life in rooms or with relatives have admitted that the removal of this worry alone has made all the difference. And, talking about houses, a wife should keep the spring-cleaning till the manoeuvres start—it's a good antidote for loneliness.

Among other things, a soldier's wife must be a good mixer, and willing to join in the social life of the camp. Her neighbours will come from all walks of life. Different classes, different creeds, different colours; some amusing, some irritating, like those who try to wear their husbands' rank. *There is no rank in married quarters.* All wives are treated alike.

And because all wives are treated alike, they have the same styles of furniture. That could be depressing, but it's amazing to see how different the houses become as each wife puts out her individual "bits and pieces," and arranges the tables and chairs more to her liking. Occasionally, of course, the Army will want to come in and count the dishes and spoons, but at least she does not have to hang an "inventory of equipment" behind every door.

A broad, the Army wife must live either on Army rations or cope with odd and expensive



"... how to be ladylike while climbing into a one-tonner ..."

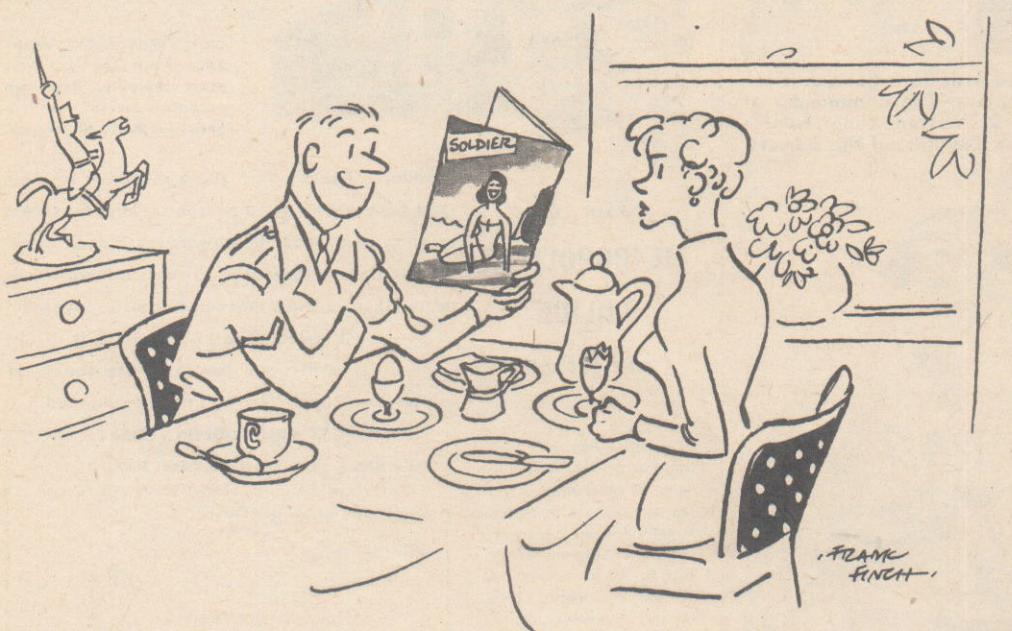
foreign foods. Of course, there's always NAAFI, but NAAFI prices outside England are a bit breath-taking—it's the cost of packing and shipping, they'll say.

A wife ought to be a dressmaker. Foreign clothes have a way of falling apart after the first wash, or shrinking so much they end up on the children's dolls. This, after you have paid the earth for them. NAAFI again, you say? Yes, NAAFI do their best, but after travelling several miles to the nearest shop, you discover they have only two specimens of the article you're after. One is "Extra Double Outside" and the other a hideous purple you wouldn't be seen dead in. Your laugh comes later, when you see two of your neighbours who got there before you wearing identical dresses.

Travelling—ah! About the only thing I haven't travelled in is a tank, and it would never surprise me if one pulled up at the door. Every soldier's bride should know that abroad there may be little or no local transport, so the Army runs a sort of taxi-service. The large regiments have buses which make regular trips to all the necessary places. But if you're going to a small unit, it would be as well to take lessons on "How to be ladylike while clambering in and out of a one-tonner in a tight skirt" or "How to preserve your perm whilst travelling in a TCV."

For every illusion shed, there is much wisdom gained. I lost my last vestige of self-pity and realised just how lucky I was when I met a wife who was an orphan. Having no one to send her letters, she used to write for all the free samples, pamphlets and catalogues advertised in the magazines. So she had some mail.

A soldier's wife must be an old-fashioned wife, but also an adventurous one. She must find her main interests in the home, yet be ready to pack and leave it at short notice to start life afresh in an entirely different place. To the girl who expects to lead her own life in her own way it may sound a bit grim. But the compensations are great.



"The Army is his first love . . . his wife takes second place . . ."



## It's the appetising taste of Guinness that goes so well with food

HAPPY DAYS! What fun it is to discover the good things of life for yourself. And then to introduce them to your friends. Guinness is very much 'one of those things'. Its rich, velvety taste is wonderfully *right* with up-at-the-counter, cut-off-the-joint types of food. Every sip of Guinness is a

sheer delight, for here is a drink that's quite unlike any other. Mellow. Satisfying. A natural brew from a famous family firm. Never varying—always goodness itself. Something really worth drinking. That's Guinness for you. Try one yourself—with your very next meal.





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PAGE 26

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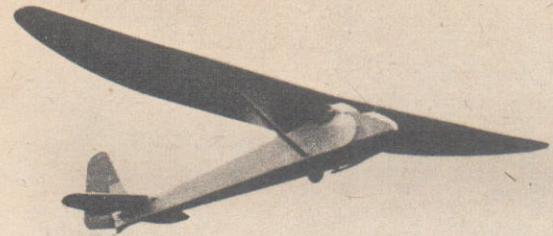
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"Rudolph," the Army's twin-seater trainer, launched by a winch, takes SOLDIER for a flip.



Right: Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Deane-Drummond was "test pilot" for Skylark III.

## SPORT

THE ARMY GLIDING TEAM BROKE NO RECORDS BUT THEY FLEW A LONG WAY AND MOTORED STILL FARTHER TO BRING EACH OTHER HOME

# Any More for The Skylark?

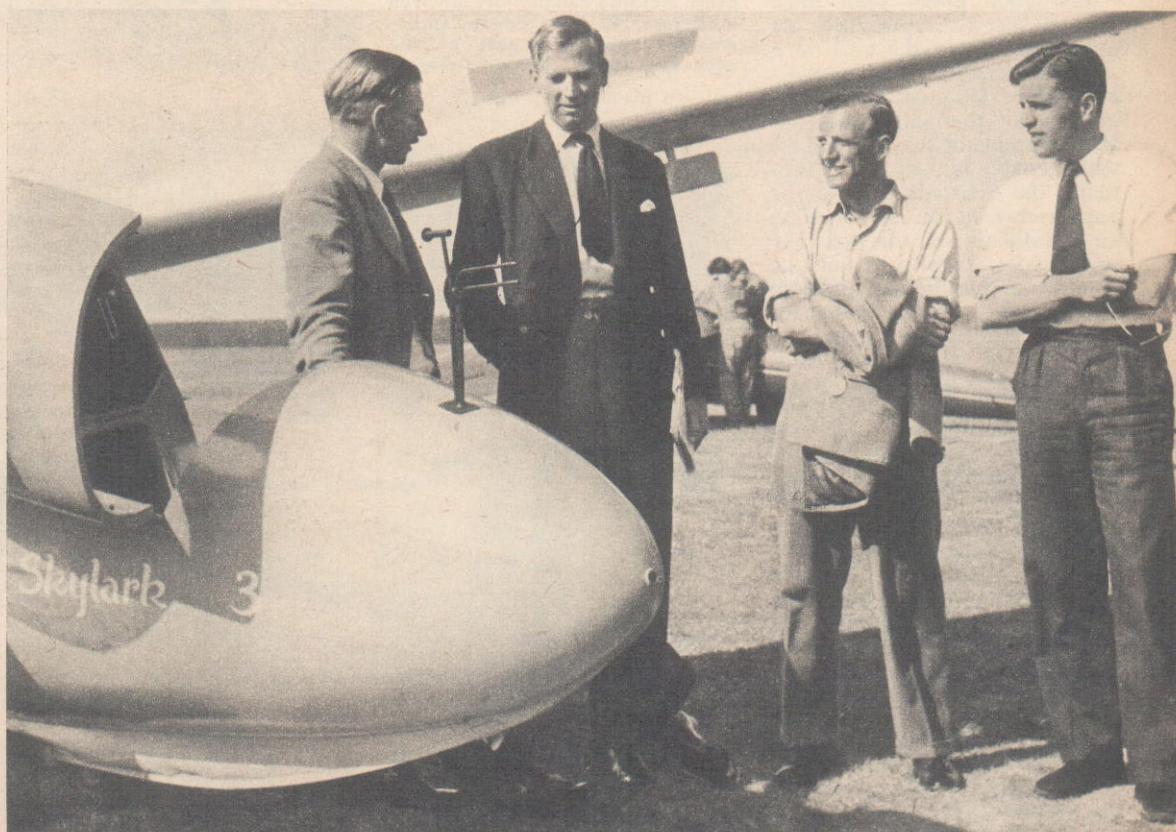
If you go soaring in a Skylark, as did members of the Army team during the National Gliding Championships, there is no question of sending for REME to recover you.

Delightful hours spent "up in the blue", flitting from one thermal to another, may involve your team-mates in a 100-miles drive over crowded roads to "rescue" you. In turn you may have to drive 100 miles to recover the next man.

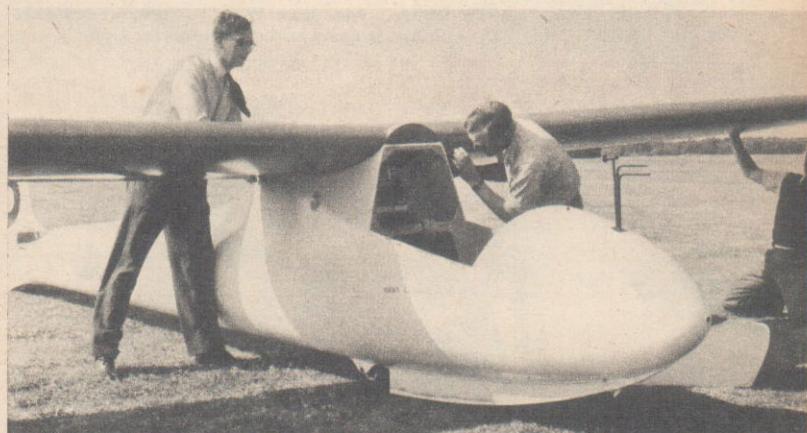
From Lasham, in Hampshire, the Army team made one trip to Lyme Regis on the Dorset coast to collect Major Charles Dorman and Skylark II, and on another day to Crewkerne in Devon to bring back Captain E. G. Shephard. The four members of the team took turns to fly the glider, so Major Donald Macey and Captain Peter Ball also had their spells aloft.

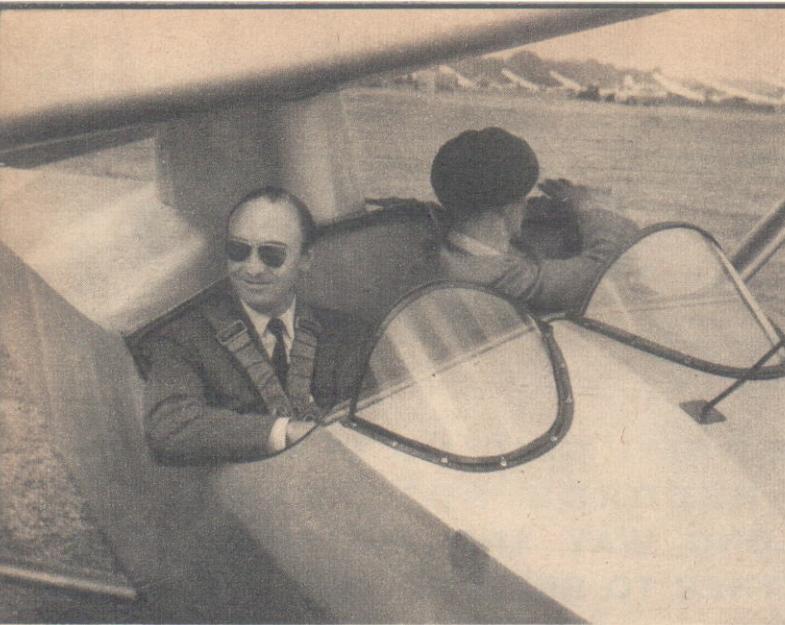
Thus, to take part in competitive gliding, you require a high degree of enthusiasm as well as certain agreed qualifications. An Army entrant must possess the silver "C" badge, granted after he has flown five hours continuously, covered 50 kilometres cross-

OVER →



A few tips from Lieut-Colonel Deane-Drummond for three members of the Army team. From right to left: Capt. Peter Ball, Capt. E. G. Shephard, and Major Donald Macey. Left: Brigadier Sir John Hunt, of Everest fame, prepares to explore the heights over Lasham. Below: The Army team fit the main section of the wing to the fuselage of Skylark II.





## SKYLARK Continued

country and reached a height of 1000 metres, after being released.

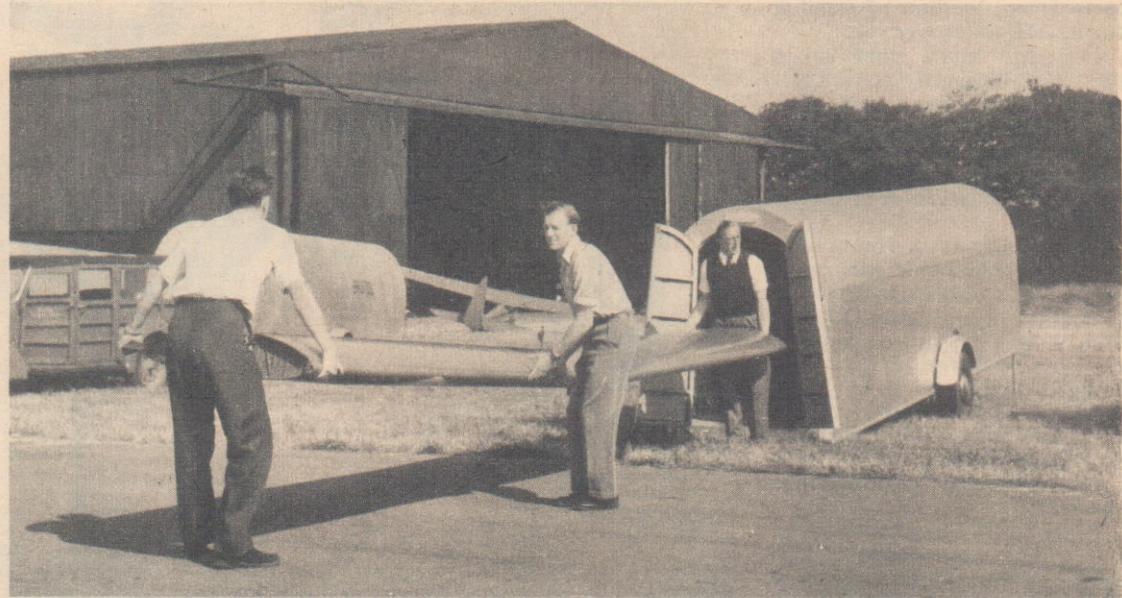
The good glider pilot must have a shrewd appreciation of topography from the air and a sound understanding of climatic conditions. He must develop an instinct for thermals, those upward currents of sun-warmed air which enable him to rise. Eventually the thermals cool to the temperature of the surrounding air and die out. At this point the pilot coasts downwards until he reaches another thermal and—up he goes again. He can do that for hours if conditions are right.

Sun-baked fields of pasture or corn, stretches of asphalt, are all productive of good thermals and the shimmering roof of an isolated farmhouse can be a finger-post leading to them. Woods and water are no help, and are carefully avoided. In many countries of, say, the Middle East the abundant hot air would provide little assistance to the glider pilot as it would tend to be of the same consistency. In Germany, where Army gliding has flourished in the post-war years, conditions are good.

When the pilot runs out of hot air, he looks for a convenient landing place—a football pitch is big enough—and touches down. Then the task of recovery starts.

Modern gliders contain a percentage of fibreglass which makes them brittle, and they have to be handled with great delicacy. A glider like the Army's Skylark II is dismantled into four main sections; these are then stowed

**Within two hours** Mr. John Profumo MP flew from London in a power-operated aircraft, delivered a speech and went for a trip in a glider. Right: "Your task for today." Every morning competitors received a briefing. Below: From the trailer emerges the main part of the wing that keeps Skylark airborne.



away in the cigar-shaped envelope in which the glider takes the road. Often recovery will be a night operation. In landing the craft may have suffered damage, which must be thoroughly repaired before it is sent aloft again. One competitor from Lasham landed in a field in

Mr. John Wills (second from right) was world champion for three years.



which was an angry bull; his glider was temporarily disabled. Bulls are a less common source of danger than children.

The Army team did not soar to record-breaking heights or distances at Lasham nor did they expect to in such strong company. They had the consolation of knowing that the Army's leading exponent of this sport, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Deane-Drummond MC, who was an individual entrant in the championships, had been given the honour of flying the prototype Skylark III. He was beaten to the title of British champion glider pilot by Philip Wills, world champion from 1952 until last year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Deane-Drummond was one of the first British soldiers to parachute operationally in World War Two. He is possibly better known as the man who spent 13 days and nights in the cupboard of a German guard room as an escaped prisoner after Arnhem.

The facilities at Lasham for soldiers who wish to glide are abundant and cheap. They can learn while still serving. Courses are run regularly and membership of the Army Gliding Club assures facilities with other clubs.

At Lasham SOLDIER met Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Benson, late Royal Ulster Rifles, who had left the Army when he visited a gliding club for the first time five years ago to induce his nephew to take up the sport. The youth declined, so the Colonel stepped into the cockpit.

Now a robust 58 years of age, the sun-tanned, shirtless Colonel Benson, who has piloted a glider to 7700 feet, was quite a figure in the merry-go-round of the National championships at Lasham. And there was no hot air about his claim to feeling "as fit as a fiddle."

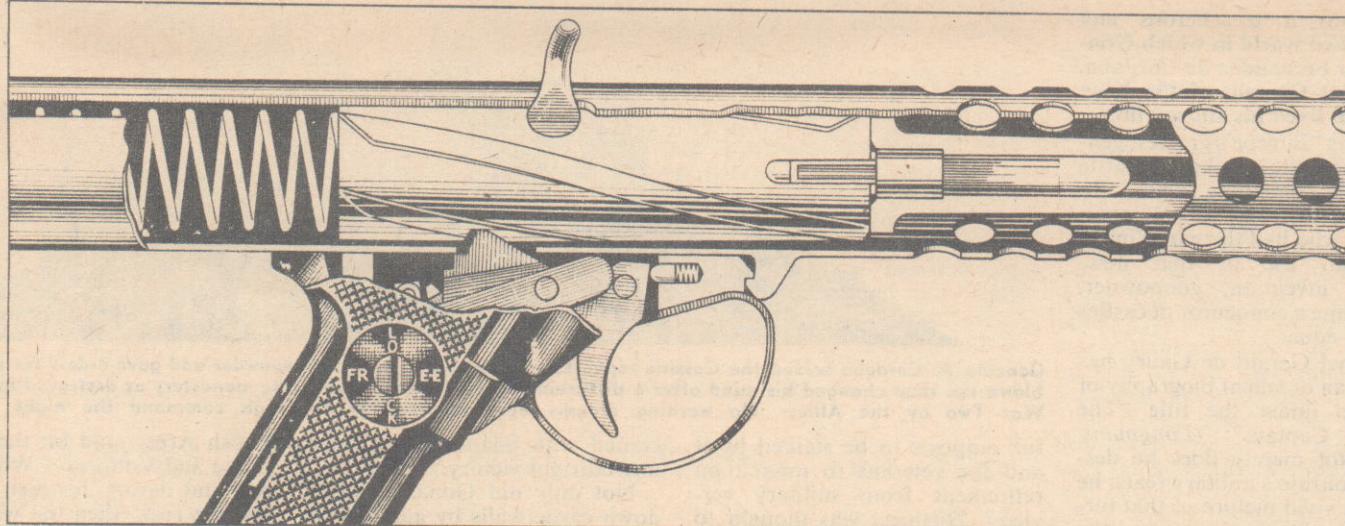
[See also "A Great Story—With a Grim Beginning"—Page 31.]

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the chamber, and fires it just before the forward movement ceases. The firing of the round while the bolt is still travelling forward provides a buffer effect and prevents the face of the bolt slamming against the face of the chamber. Upon firing, the backward action again commences.

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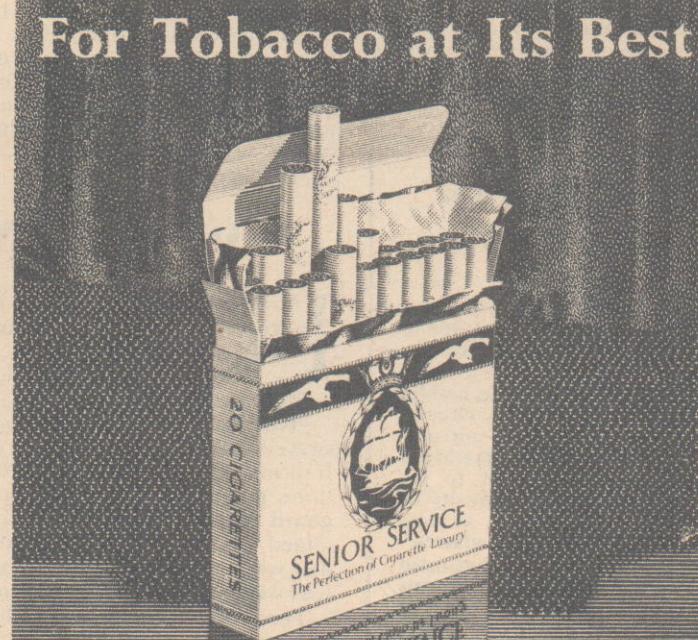
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# HE NEARLY BLEW UP CASSINO

IT was a treacherous and wicked world in which Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba, Great Captain of the King of Spain, lived his stormy life.

He was "Europe's greatest general when the smoke of battle was still something new." In other words, he was a commander who had the wit to make maximum use of that new-fangled invention, gunpowder. He became a conqueror of castles without equal.

Colonel Gerald de Gaury has written an excellent biography of Gonzalo under the title "The Grand Captain" (Longmans, 18s). Not merely does he describe Gonzalo's military feats; he paints a vivid picture of that turbulent and licentious age—the age of Columbus and Cesare Borgia—when chivalry was in its death throes. It makes good reading even in an atomic age.

Gonzalo rose to fame under Isabella, Queen of Castile and Aragon, who was determined to drive the Moors from Spain. He was her potent instrument.

Some of his northern followers had a social—and even military—handicap in that they could be smelled a mile away. "Sweating of the upper parts of their bodies, clad in leather and armour, was excessive and in summer gave a pervasive muskiness to the whole army. The bitter-sweet smell was strong and characteristic enough



Gonzalo de Cordoba seized the Cassino monastery in the early days of gunpowder and gave orders for it to be blown up, then changed his mind after a disturbing dream. Picture shows the monastery as destroyed in World War Two by the Allies. No warning dreams were reported by the high command the night before.

for outposts to be stalked by it and for veterans to miss it on retirement from military service." Dirtiness was thought to be normal, and bathing—a Moorish habit—immoral. Gonzalo, however, was a bit of a Beau Brummell; he rode clean and perfumed to battle.

Castle after castle of the Moors fell to Gonzalo's guns. When the task of expulsion was over, there were French invaders to be driven from Italy. Gonzalo fielded what in effect was a corps of light infantry—young, hardy, fast-marching men, skilled at scaling, wearing as their only armour helmets and knee-pieces. It was all in striking contrast to the current Italian notion of warfare—"the sluggish artistry of processional manoeuvres by great numbers of full-armed and plumed popinjays, or mock fighting by mercenaries supplied by contractors who were more con-

cerned with financial gain than any outright victory."

Not only did Gonzalo batter down castle walls by gunfire; he sapped them by exploding gunpowder under the walls—a new and dirty trick for those days. At one stage he took on the Turks, who had some crafty ruses of their own. The defenders on the castle walls would lower long, iron hooks and try to fish up Gonzalo's men by catching them between belt and breastplate. One leader known as the "Samson of Extremadura" was hauled up in this manner. His friends tried in vain to tug him down again, but an arquebus shot felled the "fisherman" and Samson was saved.

Gonzalo, as usual, triumphed. The populace set painted pigeons fluttering around him, and the Pope gave him a Golden Rose. He campaigned in towns which are painfully familiar to the

British Army, and on the Garigliano and Volturno. With high skill and daring, his men scaled first the rock, then the walls, of the monastery of Monte Cassino, which at that time undoubtedly was fortified. Gonzalo decided to raze the monastery with gunpowder, but during the night following his decision he had a dream in which Saint Benedict rebuked him. In the morning he countermanded the order for destruction.

His final homecoming to Spain was an occasion of great magnificence. Into Burgos paraded infantry, cavalry, great horse-engines of war, gunners and sappers, wagons of loot guarded by negroes, baggage train, farriers and forges, field flour-mills, camp followers, mobile altars with priests, bands of mercenaries, bodyguards—then Gonzalo.

The Great Captain had come home—to die in bed.

## "Fill Them Up" said the Prince

GEORGE IV, when Prince Regent, was told a sad story about officers of Line regiments.

"There were some of them who had no income besides their pay. Thus circumstanced they could not partake of the wine at the Mess, and it was painful to see them under the necessity of allowing the bottle to pass without filling their glasses."

So, in 1811, was instituted an "Allowance to Regiments at Home, in consideration of the high duties on wine," known popularly as the Prince Regent's allowance. In various forms, it helped eke out officers' mess funds until pay was revised in 1919.

The story of the Prince Regent's Allowance is one of many new features in the fourth, enlarged edition of "Military Customs" by Major T. J. Edwards (Gale and Polden, 15s). This book, first published in 1948, has become a standard reference for anyone whose work or hobby touches military history.

## "Don't Miss His Tattoo Marks"

IN Korea a British soldier due to go on guard found his boots frozen to the ground, so he went out into the night wearing two pairs of socks.

"You're a bit of a clot, aren't you?" said the surgeon who treated him for frostbite.

"Not as silly as some," answered the soldier with a smirk. It turned out that three men in the same guard, who had gone on guard in their boots, had sustained worse frostbite. The soldier who wore socks had kept his toes wagging, which saved them.

The surgeon who tells this story is Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Watts MC, who packs many lively anecdotes into his "Surgeon at War" (Allen and Unwin, 12s 6d). He served in Palestine in 1938, in Wavell's first desert campaign, in Syria, Tunisia, and Italy; entered Normandy by glider and saw service in the "Bulge" battle and at the Rhine crossing; then went on to Malaya, Palestine again and Korea.

Among his funniest stories is the one with which the book ends. In Korea a wounded British soldier who was tattooed in peculiar places was documented by the

Americans thus: "Diagnosis: Ischiorectal abscess, severe acute, with suppuration (I think this guy is nuttier than a fruit cake). Treatment wet packs, penicillin: Disposal to UK, facilities Japan. PS: Be sure to look at all of his tattoos. Jeeper's Crow, what a knucklehead."

Writes the author:

"Men die from wounds from one of several causes: haemorrhage, interference with respiration, shock, infection, or starvation. Given the facilities, all these are responsive to treatment, and the high recovery rates in modern war bear ample testimony to the way in which they are handled."

In 1940 a blood transfusion was more troublesome and time-consuming than the operation itself, says the author; by 1943 replacement of blood was as simple as refuelling a car. The development was the greatest single

factor in saving soldiers' lives.

In passing, the author has some pungent comments to make on the subject of female infidelity in war time. He says that "the women of England were either too emancipated or not emancipated enough, depending on how you looked at it. They saw nothing wrong in going out with other men whilst their husbands were overseas, but when propinquity led to the inevitable misconduct were not sufficiently adjusted to realize that the affair was a passing animal impulse: they had to romanticize it by pretending that this was the true love of their lives, that marriage had been a mistake."

There was a lighter side to this, as he recalls. It involved an RAF pilot who managed to wangle an unofficial trip back to England. Nine months later when his commanding officer tactfully broke the news that the wife from whom the pilot had been separated (officially) for three years had had a child he was given compassionate leave.



# A GREAT STORY—WITH A GRIM BEGINNING

**I**T was a single staff-sergeant who retrieved the Glider Pilot Regiment's first operation from complete disaster.

They had set off, 134 gliders strong, carrying troops to seize the vital bridges at Syracuse on the day Sicily was invaded. Most of the pilots had averaged only two hours operational flying practice—over land. The operational planners had not realised that the air over the sea cools rapidly at night, becoming less buoyant. As a result, the gliders were released too soon.

Of the 134, 47 came down in the sea. Only two found their target bridge at Syracuse, and one of these crashed, killing all its occupants. The other, piloted by a Staff-Sergeant Galpin, landed safely near the bridge, which the passengers—a platoon of Infantry—promptly captured. They were joined by troops from other gliders which had landed farther away: eight officers and 65 men

## 'It's About Me and the Missus, Ma'am'

**L**ADIES wanted to train as Welfare Officers to serve with British troops in India, Italy and the Middle East. Age over 25 and under 50."

Here is the story of someone who answered that war-time advertisement. It is written in the form of a novel, but is obviously very close to life. The authoress is Margaret Pratt; her book "Show Them The Way To Go Home" (Cassell, 12s 6d).

"You'll have to cut out blushes and modesty," the Welfare recruits were told. "You can't afford to be embarrassed or look embarrassed. You must be completely impersonal and keep sex on a clinical level... You'll have to learn how to talk with brass hats and keep the common touch; you'll have to dance with British Other Ranks and discourage familiarity; be affable in officers' messes and stay stone-cold sober; you're there to sympathise with the lower ranks but not to endanger discipline; you've got to put fresh courage into broken-hearted men; a sense of humour will be a help, but glamour will be out of place..."

Quite a job! The heroine of this story, a young war widow, opens her office in an Indian garrison which is disguised by the name of Dustypore. Senior (and junior) officers are wary about "husband-hunting" welfare women. "Women in an Army camp are always a nuisance," says one of them, "but to send a pretty girl to a place like Dustypore and tell the troops she's there to listen to everything bar nothing..." Soon war-weary troops are queuing to recite their domestic troubles to the widow with three buttons on her shoulder. Her files grow and grow, with "drab little stories; passionate little stories; sordid little stories; stories of betrayal, of lust, of dreams shattered, of death and bereavement, of sickness and birth, of poverty, of prison, of great courage and greater despair, of ignorance and hope,

of childhood crushed and tainted, of hearts and homes for ever broken." Incredibly, one or two soldiers tell her tales which are pure fiction. She teaches a husband how to put some fire into his letters home, allays the housing worries of time-expired Sergeant Jason, who is being repatriated with his 15 children and takes up the case of a soldier who wants a compassionate posting because his wife is over 40 and soon it will be too late to "start a baby." She has her own wor-

ries, too, but she cannot take those to anybody.

There is much poignancy in this story, and a great deal of humour, too. At the end of the war Dustypore is sent a prefab house, to show the troops what is in store for them. They file through it, and each man solemnly pulls the chain in the smallest room, thus irrigating the surrounding plot.

A most readable and most human tale, which should appeal to those who soldiered in India.

held on until their ammunition was spent. Then they surrendered, to be liberated half an hour later—and before the Italians had had time to demolish the bridge.

Thus, in the midst of tragedy, the Glider Pilot Regiment gained its first success. On this slender foundation were built the great glider-borne operations in Normandy, at Arnhem and across the Rhine. The story is told in "Lion With Blue Wings" by Ronald Seth (Gollancz, 16s).

The glider-pilot was a man with a double responsibility. After the exhausting task of piloting his glider to its target, he had to fight alongside the troops he had carried. The Regiment produced "total soldiers."

In Normandy, it was ruled that pilots should be employed only on defensive fighting, until they could be evacuated to fly again. Yet at Arnhem, where the glider pilots fought in defence of 1st Airborne Division Headquarters, one of their officers took command of a parachute brigade and a regimental sergeant-major took command of an Infantry battalion when all its officers were casualties.

\*The author was dropped in Estonia as a British agent in 1942 and captured 12 days later. Only after the war did he learn that gliders had been used in major British operations.

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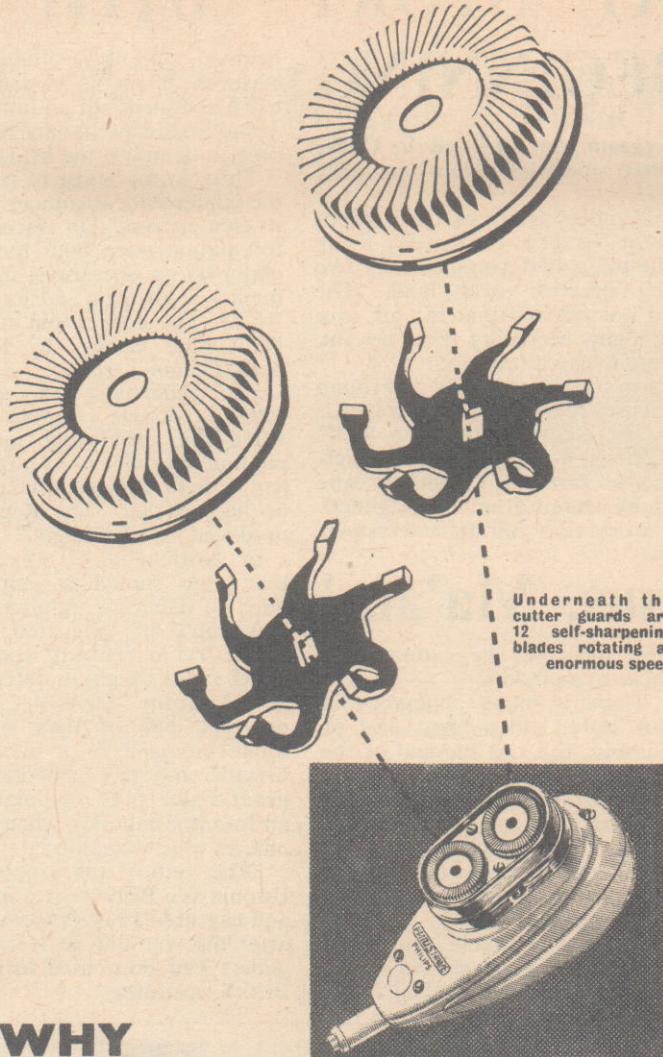
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"In one month I observed minute hairs growing on temples, well forward of present hair line. I am amazed." H. G.

**Hair Fell in Handfuls  
Now no need to Worry**

"I wish you could have seen my hair before and now it has become its old self again. It came out in handfuls. Now I have no need to worry." Mrs. R. M.

**What Hairdresser Said**

"My hairdresser remarked how long and thick my hair had grown." M. H.

**Hair Healthier and  
Thicker**

"My hair is a lot healthier and a colour I have not seen in years. Also it is getting thicker." W. L.



Typical case of receding hair in a young man. Often unsuspected at this verge of hair growth

**Crown Now Covered**

"I am using the last of the treatment, and the crown of my head is covered with fine hair. My temples show signs of hair growth also and the hair is much better all over." R. M. L.

**Hair Growing on Thin  
Patch**

"My hair has started to grow again on the thin patch. All traces of dandruff are gone." G. C.



For free illustrated literature on how to treat hair troubles fill in the form or write to Arthur J. Pye, 5 Queen St., Blackpool, S.53.

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Send free literature and particulars of treatments.

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(BLOCK LETTERS) State Mr., Mrs., Miss

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(BLOCK LETTERS) Soldier Oct. 55

# SHE'S ROSIE OF SENNELAGER NOW



"Rosie" (left) displays a travelling bag decorated with regimental badges.

FOR Miss Eleanor Irene Redgrave, a civil defence ambulance driver during the blitz, war-time London seemed quiet when the bombing died down.

She volunteered to take a Church Army tea wagon to Europe, and soon afterwards was serving out cups and cakes to troops of the British Liberation Armies.

Miss Redgrave (cousin of Michael Redgrave, the actor) has been there ever since—but few of the tens of thousands of soldiers she has met would know her by that name. To them, she has always been "Rosie."

Rosie saw the airborne landing at the Rhine crossing, when her canteen was hit. The story is often told that near the Siegfried Line she brought up tea to give to men in action. She recalls how a harassed Staff officer once told her, "You'll be serving the Germans first, if you don't stay back a little."

For the past five years, Rosie's canteen has been at Sennelager, where Rhine Army troops are in training all the year round. To keep them supplied, she has often

worked seven days a week. Appreciative letters have reached her from many units—including the Royal Scots, who recalled that she had joined in a duet at their camp-fire sing-song and listened to "your own personal song on the pipes."

"We will always remember," added the letter, "how you and your canteen were with us day and night, whatever the weather."

Individual soldiers write to Rosie from all over the world.

To Rosie, the troops are "my boys," the warrant officers and sergeants are "my uncles" and subalterns "my nephews." More senior officers she addresses by rank.

—From a report by Major D. H. de T. Reade, *Military Observer*.



## NEW RECRUITS AT SHAPE

In civilian suits, because their service uniforms have not yet been officially approved, the first Staff officers from Federal Germany have moved into Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe. Left: Colonel Richard Heuser (Air Force) is briefed by Colonel Rene A. A. Morel of the French Army. Above: Colonel Johannes Bayer (Army). Right: Lieutenant-Colonel Max Schwerdfeger (Army).



## WHO WAS HE?

HE . . . was the son of a baronet parson; . . . joined the Royal Navy as a midshipman at 14, helped carry the Army to the Crimea, served ashore with the Naval Brigade; . . . obtained an Army commission without purchase on the strength of an unsuccessful naval recommendation for the Victoria Cross; . . . changed regiments to see action in the Indian Mutiny and later transferred from Cavalry to Infantry; . . . went for a ride on a giraffe; . . . was awarded the Victoria Cross for attacking 80 rebels with 14 Indian troops and rescuing prisoners; . . . hunted five days a fortnight and made friends with the author of "Westward Ho!" while studying at the Staff College; . . . raised and commanded irregular troops in the Ashanti and South Africa; . . . studied law because he feared he would have to leave the Army owing to ill-health, and was called to the Bar;

. . . endorsed an officer's application for active service: "The son of a good soldier. His mother is a lady." (The application was granted); . . . killed three Zulu leaders with five shots in the South African wars of 1878-81, commanded a flying column and returned to Britain a national hero; . . . re-created the Egyptian Army, which had been disbanded after Tel-el-Kebir; . . . was responsible for building many of the permanent barracks which still stand at Aldershot; . . . obtained from railway companies a concession by which soldiers on leave received return tickets at single fare rates; . . . learned to ride a bicycle while Quartermaster-General and had three accidents in London; . . . had three sons serving in the Boer War, during which he was himself Adjutant-General.

(For answer, see page 38.)



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a better, fresher smoke—  
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short, as and when I  
want them, and  
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# IT'S ALL PART OF THE ARMY SERVICE—



Left: Three of the pupils at the Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School are sisters whose father is in the Royal Signals. Left to right: Lesley, Bridget and Susan Jenkins.

## A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—

**O**N Sunday mornings and on special days the girls of a school in Hampstead proudly pin on their navy blue tunics the badges of their fathers' regiments.

They are the pupils of the Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School, which is 100 years old this year. Many are orphans of soldiers; others are daughters of soldiers stationed overseas who wish them to be educated in Britain.

The school was founded as a memorial to the men who died in the Crimea. It has always been mainly supported by gifts from regiments and from individual officers, some of whom have donated scholarships. The present chairman of the Board of Governors is Lieutenant-General John G. des R. Swayne.

Until 1951 the school had its own teachers but now the girls attend local day schools and return each evening. They sleep in spacious dormitories, have their own gymnasium, gardens, a sanatorium with a resident matron and a library. They also receive instruction in dancing, music, play-acting, needlework and simple domestic economy. St. John Ambulance workers give the girls lessons in first-aid and many girls learn nursing in local hospitals.

Weekly pocket money is paid to each girl to spend as she pleases—3d for five-year-olds, 2s 6d for 15-year-olds. Over the

age of 12 pupils may go in pairs to the cinema. Parties are taken to London theatres and concert halls and on sight-seeing trips and picnics. Recently a London taxi-drivers' organisation took the whole school to Southend for the day and a number of the older girls went in a party to the Royal Tournament.

Like any ordinary school, the Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School closes for Christmas, Easter and summer holidays, when the girls go to parents, relations or friends. Orphans are found holiday homes by the Ministry of Pensions.

The School has vacancies for more pupils and application should be made to the Secretary, Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School, 65, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, London N.W.3. Fees are based on the financial position of parents or guardians and vary between about 15s a week for a corporal's daughter to £2 10s a week for the daughter of a warrant officer. They include clothing and food.



After school the lawns and gardens become a playground. Children are encouraged to organise their own amusement. Below: Three more sisters set out for playtime in the school gardens. Left to right: Leslie, Francis and Esme Tomsett whose father is in the Royal Artillery.



## —A LEAVE CENTRE FOR BOYS

**Q**UARRY HOUSE, overlooking the sea at St. Leonards in Sussex, enjoys the distinction of being the only Forces' leave centre in Britain.

Last year more than 2000 Servicemen—most of them Army boys and junior Naval ratings—spent their leave there. The boys, who sleep in four- or six-men dormitories, pay only the current rate of ration allowance, at present 4s 6d a day. Men sleep in separate rooms and pay 10s a day. The charges cover all meals and the use of a billiards and games room, a dry canteen, a club bar and a ballroom where dances are regularly held.

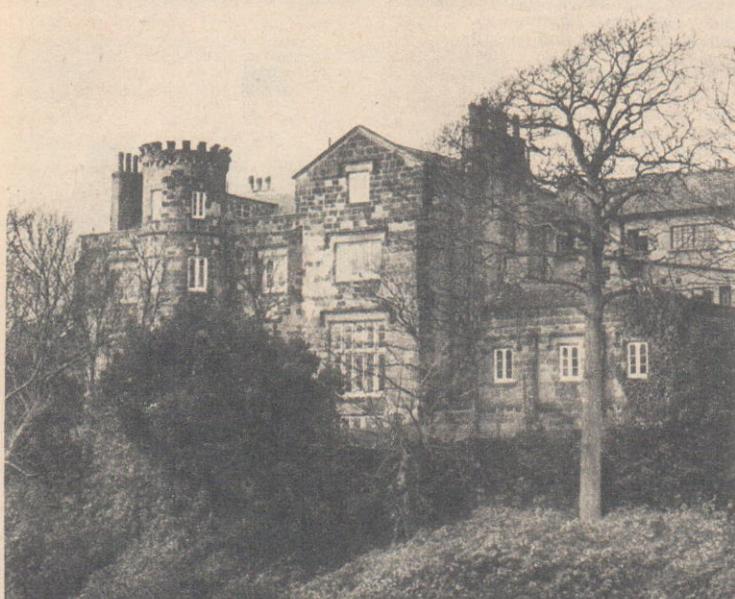
Quarry House, reputedly once the home of an eccentric retired colonel who used to fire a cannon from the roof every sundown, was originally established as a leave centre in 1920 for convalescent Servicemen.

The founder was the Reverend J. W. Guy Pearse, who had the unusual record of having been a

chaplain in all three Services: first with the Royal Navy in Malta, then with the Army and finally with the Royal Air Force in Palestine in World War Two. He died in 1949 and a plaque to his memory was recently unveiled on Founder's Day.

Until recently Quarry House was administered by a Trust Fund. Now it is run by a Services Committee and financed by all three Services.

The leave centre is open to all soldiers as well as boys and applicants should write to: The Warden, Leave Centre for H.M. Forces, Quarry House, St. Leonards-on-Sea.



The only Services' leave centre in Britain, Quarry House is set amid trees on top of a hill at St. Leonards-on-Sea, only a few minutes from the sea.

# Careers FOR YOUNG MEN in mining IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

IF YOU ARE 20 to 23, have been an N.C.O., and have a robust physique, you may qualify for training as a mine official in one of the gold, diamond or other mines in the Anglo American Corporation Group.

Rates of pay during your 2-3 year training are £45 a month (including cost of living allowance).

After your training you

may qualify at once as a shift boss, earning at least £1,000 a year. The next grade is a mine captain who earns upwards of £1,500 a year.

Board and lodging for bachelors cost £12-£16 a month. Houses for married men are available at rents of about £5 a month. For further information, please write to the Appointments Officer.

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# LETTERS

## FAMILY TOUCH

I was most interested in "The Family Touch" (SOLDIER, July). Here is a record of family service in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps:

My father, Major S. Moore, enlisted in the Royal Artillery (Mountain) in 1884, transferred to the Army Ordnance Department in 1903 and retired in 1920. His total service was 37 years.

My eldest brother, Colonel L. Moore, enlisted in the Army Ordnance Corps in 1912. He was commissioned into the Dorsetshire Regiment in 1917, transferred to RAOC in 1940 and retired in 1946. His total service was 34 years.

My second eldest brother, Major W. Moore, enlisted as a boy armourer in 1919 and was transferred to REME, on its formation in 1942. His service to date is 35 years.

My third eldest brother, Major T. Moore, enlisted as a boy clerk in 1923. He is serving at Headquarters, Northern Command. I enlisted as a boy clerk in 1925; my second eldest son, Lance-Corporal A. D. Moore, followed suit in 1951.

Three of us have received the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

With a total service record to date of 172 years and four members of the family still serving we should easily top the double century.

While all members of this family have not served continuously in the Corps they all have, at some time, worn the RAOC badge.—Major W. D. Moore, RAOC, Ordnance Directorate, Rear GHQ, MELF.

## TOO HOT

Small wonder that so many soldiers walk-out in civilian clothes during the warm weather in England. Battledress material chafes, and irritates and the flannel shirts, no matter how clean, sometimes produce a rash. How about a hard-wearing, lightweight uniform for the summer months?— "Three Year Man" (name and address supplied).

★ Soldiers walk-out in civilian clothes all the year round. And isn't our summer a little too fleeting to justify a lightweight uniform?

## BUTTONS GALORE

How many could identify the uniforms in the enclosed photograph (see right)?

The three men shown were members of "O" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery (The Rocket Troop) and were selected to drive the carriage of the Prince of Wales throughout his tour of India in 1905. The centre man was a corporal, and the others were drivers. The uniform was a gorgeous one—blue tunics with gilt buttons and the gold crest of the Prince of Wales on the left arm. Caps were of velvet, with a gold fringe on top, breeches of white buckskin, and the left boots had white buckskin tops.

I heard that the uniforms were given to the men after the tour was over. The coach was the property of the officers of "O" Battery and was lent for the tour. This photograph was taken at Lucknow, where the Royal Horse Artillery were stationed. — E. Stratford (late RFA), Hutton Village, Brentford, Essex.

★ The man on the left is wearing 169 buttons, the centre man has 175 and the man on the right 165.

★ 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.

## RE-ENGAGING?

I rejoined the Army from the Reserve to complete a 12-year engagement and have a little more than two years of this extension left to serve. What opportunities are open to me for re-enlistment or re-engagement? Can I do 22 years with the Colours? At what period would I become entitled to a bounty, if any?— "Melfite" (name and address supplied).

★ This soldier can change to a 22-year engagement and leave the Colours at any of the three-year points. Alternatively, as he enlisted before the end of April, 1952, he could re-engage to complete 22 years. Whichever method he chooses, he cannot qualify for a bounty under the present scheme.

## JOBS

As I shall be leaving the Army within the next 12 months, can SOLDIER inform me of any jobs in civilian life, apart from the prison service and the War Department Police, which are available to ex-warrant officers who have completed 22 years' service and are, therefore, over 40 years of age? I would especially welcome some information about the Corps of Commissioners. — "RQMS" (name and address supplied).

★ The Civil Service holds examinations for ex-regulars in the clerical and administrative branches. There are, at the moment, unlimited vacancies in the clerical branches. The Corps of Commissioners is an entirely self-supporting and non-charitable institution, organised in ten divisions with headquarters in London and out-quarters in the principal cities. There is an entrance fee of £2. The National Association for the Employment of ex-Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen will do everything in its power to help a man find employment.



Who were they? See: "Buttons Galore."

## QUICK CHANGE

Is it too much to hope that the shade of web equipment cleaner may, some day, be standardised throughout the Service? In a few weeks recently I wore scrubbed, dark green, khaki green, khaki and Malta stone coloured equipment. When the new renovator appeared, NAAFI sold us khaki green No. 3 (dark). A few weeks later this had to come off and No. 97 went on. In a week or so this was changed to a lighter shade.

While senior ranks of the Army can be expected to afford a cupboard full of little-used tins and cakes of cleaner, National Servicemen cannot. Moreover, the amount of soda and petrol needed to remove the new cleaner is considerable. The new renovator seems to be a perfectly good, economical cleaner and easier to apply than the old Blanco, provided one colour is chosen and retained.—“Quick Change Artist” (name and address supplied).

## DOG-ROBBERS

Since “discovering” SOLDIER here in Germany, I have never missed an issue. It has given me a much clearer picture of my British counterpart.

I enjoyed very much your story on the American unit (SOLDIER, August) and our service life and customs, which are correct except for one minor detail. Batmen (“dog robbers”) are to be found in certain units and under certain conditions. It is not, however, a full-time occupation, and dog robbers are paid extra money, contributed by the officers they serve.—Corporal Hobert C. Stout, Medical Company, 12th Infantry Regiment, US Army, Germany.

## PRINCE IMPERIAL

Readers may be interested to learn that the Prince Imperial (SOLDIER, July) is buried only a few miles from Sandhurst, where his statue now stands. His tomb, together with those of the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie, are in the crypt of Farnborough Abbey.—Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Ramsay-Fairfax, Army Catering Corps, GHQ, FARELF.

## HALF-A-FOOT

In a recent Army Council Instruction there was a list of officers’ names by regiments. After the Royal Berkshire Regiment (49th Foot) and before the Royal West Kent Regiment (50th Foot) came the Royal Marines. I remarked on this to a friend, who said he had heard that the Royal Marines were the 49½ Foot. Can SOLDIER give the reason, if any, why the Marines have been thus numbered?—Corporal R. D. Robins, HQ 18 Infantry Brigade, Kuala Lipis, Pahang, Malaya.

★Royal Marines, raised under the direct supervision of the Admiralty after the 49th and before the 50th Foot, are officially listed between the two. But don’t call them the “49½ Foot”—the Marines never do things by halves!

## CASH COMMUTATION

After reading the letter “Commuting Pension” (SOLDIER, June) I applied to commute part of my Service pension for cash. I received prompt attention from the Army Pensions Office and all possible information was given willingly, but it appears I can commute only for the following reasons: (1) to purchase (or part-purchase) a house; (2) to invest in private business; (3) to emigrate. In all cases the money is paid direct to the vendor or equivalent. There appears to be no opportunity of commuting for actual cash, which would enable one to participate in an immediate business deal without legal tie-ups.

As an ex-Regular warrant officer, I feel that we ought to have the right to commute for cash and spend this in our own way.

Does SOLDIER know of any regulation which allows me to commute and receive cash for my own purposes? —R. A. Landels (ex-Royal Corps of Signals), 16 Helsby Street, Warrington.

★No. In SOLDIER’s view (and doubtless that of the Army Pensions Office) it is better to discourage men from risking hard-earned money in ventures which may be highly speculative.

## POINTS PROBLEM

At present a Civil Servant employed by the War Department, who has served with the Armed Forces, is permitted to count his combined service towards points for a married quarter in overseas stations.

Can SOLDIER say whether an officer or soldier, who has been in the Civil Service, can count his combined service for the same purpose? If he cannot then his Civil Service colleague, with whom he is virtually in competition for a quarter, would appear to have a definite advantage over him.—“Fair Do’s” (name and address supplied).

★The Army’s points scheme for allocation of married quarters is not intended to apply to Civil Servants. Any arrangement made to allot an Army quarter overseas to a Civil Servant is a purely local matter, depending upon what quarters are available. Former employment in the Civil Service carries no points advantages.

## BANDIT WAR

The issue of the Africa General Service Medal for operations against Mau-Mau is a fitting award. I would suggest that the issue be extended to cover the tough operations carried out against the terrorists in Eritrea and on the Eritrea-Ethiopia border during 1947-51. Such fine regiments as the Royal Berkshires, South Wales Borderers, East Lancashires and others who saw action there all sustained casualties during long and arduous patrols in areas quite as difficult as Kenya.—“Footlogger” (name and address supplied).

# FILMS coming your way

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

**ESCAPE**: A group of English schoolboys makes a bid for world peace, with considerable disruption to the peace of mind of the parents of three of them. John Mills and Yvonne Mitchell play the parents; Alastair Sim the headmaster. Junior cast is headed by Jeremy Spenser and Andrew Ray.

**SEE HOW THEY RUN**: Ronald Shiner joins the Army again and becomes involved with a bishop, a brigadier, a vicar, an escaped convict and a former actress. A sergeant-major is discomfited. Cast includes Greta Gynt, James Hayter and Wilfrid Hyde White.

## THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON

A rugged American major who brands modern recruits as milk-sops is sent to cool off as commander of a school of little boys. Stars: Charlton Heston, Julie Adams and a new child-actor, Tim Hovey.

**WE’RE NO ANGELS**: Three tough convicts escape from Devil’s Island and play good fairies to a family which befriends them. Cheerful performances by Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray and Peter Ustinov.

**MARTY**: The romantic problems of a bashful butcher are solved by a plain schoolteacher. Stars: Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair.

# Get well soon!



# Say it with Flowers



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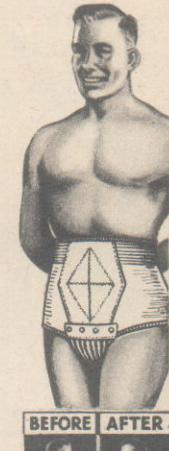
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Please send my MANLY by return.  
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ADDRESS.....

## 5 - SECOND TEST

Stand erect. Clasp hands across abdomen. Press in and up. Feel good this way all the time you wear a “Manly” with its exclusive design based on the famous “Manly” “Locked-hands” principle.

# MORE LETTERS

## SHIRT TAILS

The article "What Do You Want? You Can't Have It" (SOLDIER, July) reveals an anomaly. Clothing Regulations 1953 state: "Shirts. Position of marks—below front opening." In order to accomplish this feat it would appear essential to have the subject spread-eagled face upwards on the quartermaster's counter instead of in the vertical backwards position demonstrated in the photograph. That is, if the operation must be carried out while the subject has the shirt on.—"Hidebound" (name and address supplied).

## FIRST UNIT

The first Army unit to consist of, and deal exclusively with, mechanical transport vehicles was 77th Company, Army Service Corps (Letters, July). The Royal Engineers had vehicles of this type in the South African War, but they did not have them in one exclusive unit. Therefore, SOLDIER's statement was correct.

The formation of 77th Company ASC was, briefly, as follows: In January, 1903, a Major McNulty, ASC, then at the War Office, visited Brompton Barracks, Chatham, and asked NCO steam-engine instructors of the Royal Engineers to transfer to form a mechanical transport company. A corporal in the Royal Engineers, in those days, received more pay than a sergeant in the Army Service Corps; but ten Sapper NCOs agreed to transfer and were the nucleus of 77th Company, formed the following month.

Before World War One the Army

Service Corps produced the first track vehicle in the world. It was the "daddy" of all tanks and is still in being at Buller Barracks, Aldershot. The first tanks to go into action were manned by Army Service Corps crews, only the machine gunners being members of the Machine Gun Corps.

—Lieut. - Colonel P. N. Holden, RASC (retd.), Michaelmas Cottage, Churt, Surrey.

## MOTIONLESS GUNNER

Another myth to add to the collection SOLDIER has recently published:

A group of motion study experts investigating the efficiency of gun-detachments noticed that the No. 6 on a field-gun stood to attention during the whole drill. Long research elicited the information that No. 6 was originally appointed to hold the horses.

This one seemed funny, though implausible, when I read the account during World War Two. I have seen it several times since and it turned up again in a Commonwealth Forces' magazine. The investigation was said to have occurred "recently." By now, it seems to me to be worse than a stale joke. It is the sort of thing which harms the reputation of the Army as a whole and of the Royal Artillery in particular. —Ex-Gunner (name and address supplied).

## COVER PICTURE

Congratulations on the very fine cover picture (SOLDIER, August). So far as my recollection serves, neither mounted nor dismounted branches of the Corps of Military Police in 1900



**PRESENT FROM REME.** The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' workshops in Malta recently made this baby's operating table—the first in the island—for the British Military Hospital.

wore white belts of any description; in fact, both had polished brown leather belts long before they were adopted by other arms. One never saw a mounted military policeman in full dress without a waist belt.

I admire the conception of the picture and its setting and wish we could have more like it in SOLDIER.—Lieutenant-Colonel F. L. P. Jones (retd.), 21 Mulberry Avenue, Cosham, Portsmouth.

That picture was of particular interest to me, as I am an ex-Royal Mounted Military Policeman and served under Sergeant Scattergood when he was regimental sergeant-major of 605 Squadron at Almaza and El Ballah in Egypt until the unit was disbanded. That was a sad day for all of us; there was always a grand homely feeling in the "Mounted." Although RSM Scattergood was very strict on parade, they were certainly happy days. The officers, warrant officers and NCOs of 605 Squadron were the best I ever met during my Army service. I am proud to have been "one of the few." —John Clark, The Cottages, Maesmor Hall, Maerdy, Corwen, Merioneth.

## ANY ADVANCE?

I was interested in the century-old coal bunker (Letters, August). When I was stationed in Hong Kong in 1950 there was one which stood in Old Ordnance Yard and bore the date "1845". The Board of Ordnance shield was brightly painted. As I can remem-

ber even older bunkers than this one in various barrack-rooms of pre-1939 days I hesitate to claim this as a record.—Sub-Conductor N. W. Jenkins, 50 Command Ordnance Depot, BAOR.

There is a coal bunker in my office at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, which carries the Board of Ordnance arms and the date 1847.—WO II P. Inman, RAMC, Netley.

We here at Invicta Lines, Maidstone, can boast a bunker of the same pattern, dated 1832. Our only advice to Mr. Ward's bunker is . . . "Get some service in." —Lance-Corporal W. E. Boyd, 46 Field Park Squadron, 25 Field Engineer Regiment, RE.

The coal bunker in the married quarter I occupied at the Somerset Light Infantry Depot at Taunton last year was dated 1826.—WO I H. D. French, the War Office.

There is a coal-bunker in our barrack room which is 20 years older than the 1855 one at Aldershot. Can anyone beat that? —Boy A. Hollies, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, Victoria Barracks, Windsor.

**HE** was Field - Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, VC, who was born in 1838 and died in 1919. (See page 33.)

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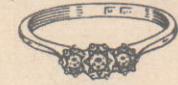
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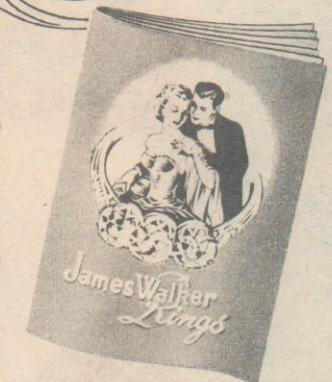
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