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# SOLDIER



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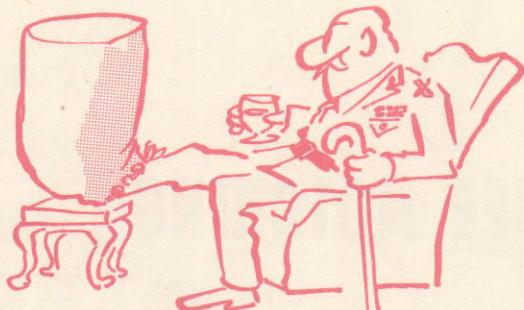
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Next month's SOLDIER will include special articles on the Far East by PETER J DAVIES and FRANK TOMPSETT, who have been visiting Singapore, Malaya, Brunei, British North Borneo, Nepal and Hong Kong; a further report from Germany by RUSSELL MILLER and ARTHUR C BLUNDELL on the Women's Royal Army Corps dog handlers; and more cartoons by Larry.

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Britain's part-time soldiers needed every ounce of endurance and enthusiasm on their weekend marathon

# TOUGH TEST for the Terriers

Story by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by PETER O'BRIEN

**T**REKKING between London and Brighton is becoming quite a popular pastime. Old crocks (both mechanical and human) do it; Members of Parliament do it; housewives, hikers and headmasters all do it.

But those foot-sloggers who finally manage to stagger smugly into Brighton

would probably not be feeling so healthy if, en route, they had done among other things a *Sten* gun shoot, a night compass march, an assault course and a river crossing. More than 300 Territorial Army soldiers did just that recently—and nearly all were still vertical at the end of the exercise.

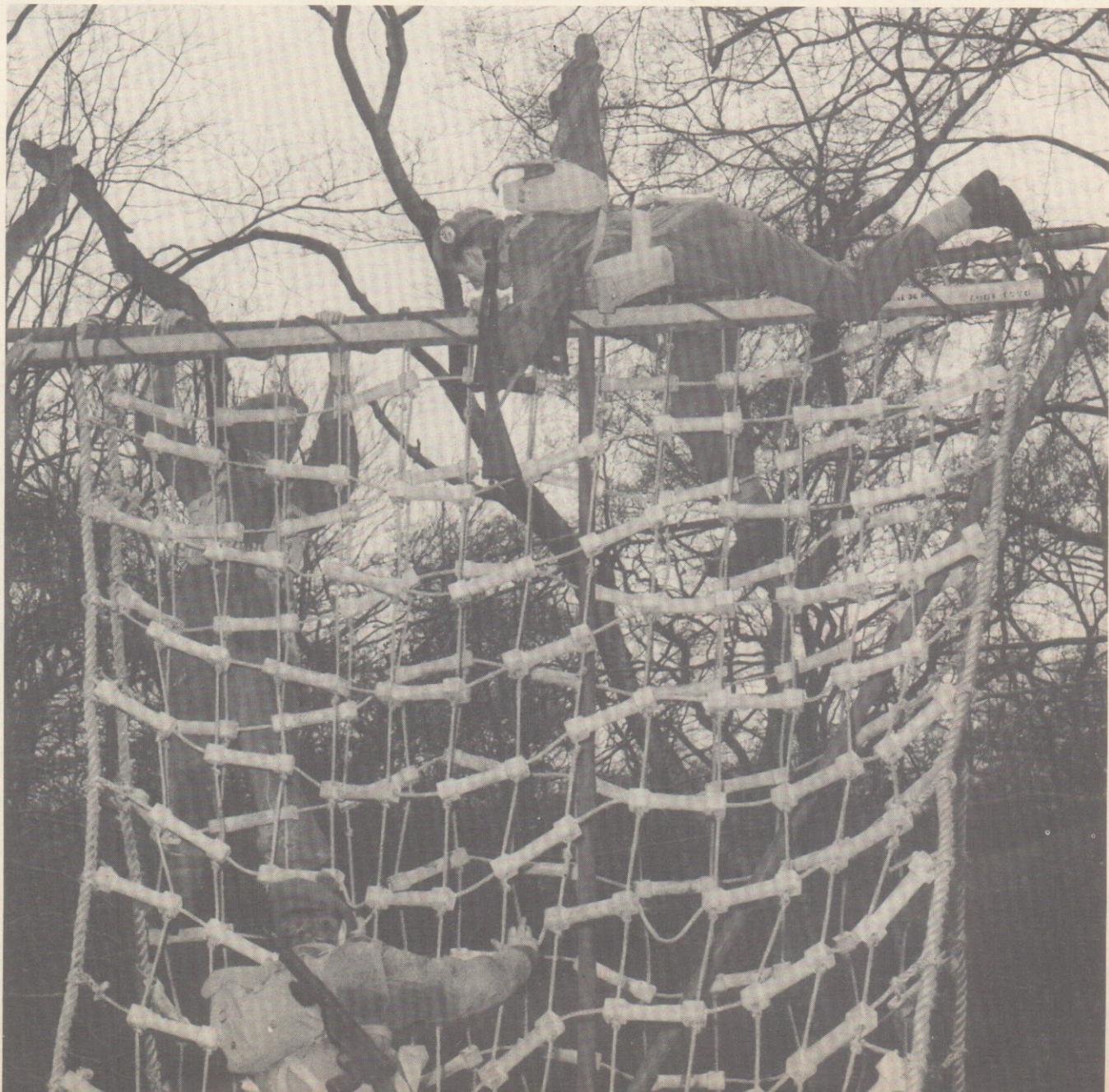
The occasion was the 1963 Courage

Trophy marathon, one of the toughest weekend exercises yet devised for Terriers. It tested map-reading, bivouacking, rescue work, compass marching and, above all, endurance.

Forty-two teams from 19 units started from Brighton promenade. Each team comprised eight men—officer, senior non-commissioned officer and six other

OVER . . .

Struggling over scramble netting is no easy job after the sort of trials these Terriers have already undertaken.



ranks, of whom two were drivers. From early Saturday morning to the finish on Sunday evening, each team had to be completely self-supporting—no outside help of any kind was allowed.

At exactly ten o'clock on a grey, cold morning the first team of six men marched off, watched by Alderman William Button, the Mayor of Brighton, and complicated driving tests were started on the promenade.

In *Champs* and *Land-Rovers* the two drivers from each team had to pass through a narrow gate, reverse into a box only a few inches wider than the vehicle, drive through a narrowing alley and then negotiate the nearside wheels through a narrow lane of white blocks. Points were deducted if the vehicles touched any obstacles.

Meanwhile, for the marchers, the first stop was at a *Sten* gun range six miles outside the town. Through Brighton streets, crowded with Saturday shoppers, the part-time soldiers set themselves a

crisp pace and some even started doubling. The last couple of miles was uphill to the range at Wellcombe Bottom where each soldier fired ten rounds before moving off to the second stop at Plumpton Race Course.

Already some competitors were beginning to feel the strain. Odd men lagged behind their teams while fitter soldiers carried two weapons and the officers and non-commissioned officers worked hard to keep up spirits and energy.

At Plumpton, the drivers were busy brewing up tea and stew and, after nearly 16 miles of brisk marching, some teams arrived looking a little haggard and wet from heavy showers. But food, tea and a rest put them back on their feet and raring to go.

The third phase of the exercise was

a map-reading rally in vehicles, giving a physical respite to the marchers. Covering an indirect route with hidden checks, vehicles had to arrive at controls exactly to time—points were deducted

for early or late arrival. The rally ended at Ashdown Forest where the teams were to spend the night.

As soon as they arrived the weary soldiers began erecting their bivouacs with the weather worsening and rain pouring down through the trees. Here and there, tired limbs were being massaged, but spirits were still high.

Soon after dark the teams formed up for the last trial of the day—a three-mile night compass march. By now it was raining in torrents, making it very hard going across open country in ankle-deep mud. The teams had to march on a bearing, cross a stream, collect another bearing from a check point and return via the stream to Ashdown Forest. In the dark, wet night the march was a real test of endurance.

But by early Sunday morning the weather cleared a little and piping hot breakfasts being prepared outside every bivouac put new heart into the Terriers. First phase of the day was a straight-

forward timed drive to Richmond Park where the marathon was to begin again in earnest.

From Richmond Park the teams marched to an assault course at Wimbledon Common. It started by crossing a stream, then climbing a barred gate, up scramble netting, over the top and down the other side, under a very low canopy of camouflaged wire, up three steps and a jump to the ground.

The first real exertion of the day quickly tired some of the soldiers, many of whom were still feeling the effects of Saturday's forced marching. But the emphasis was on teamwork and the stronger men helped their weaker friends through.

With no time to stop for a rest, the teams set off briskly once again to march a further six miles to Clapham Common. Swinging along the South Circular Road, the muddy, motley files of men drew curious stares from churchgoers spotlessly dressed in their Sunday best.

At Clapham, quite a reception had been arranged. A number of Territorial units brought recruiting stands and displays and set them up near the lake that was to be the scene of the water crossing. Several bands were there with school cadets in ill-fitting uniforms lurking behind trees furtively smoking forbidden cigarettes. In a nearby public house the colourful uniforms of The London Irish Rifles' Pipe Band created a good-natured stir even though the pipers steadfastly refused to play their bagpipes in the saloon bar.

First item on the programme for the arriving teams was lunch on the last of their food supplies. Then, watched by a large crowd, the Terriers paddled across the lake in rubber dinghies and doubled to a 20-foot-high platform where the luckless drivers were strapped to stretchers and lowered precariously to the ground by ropes. Even when the anxious "stretcher cases" arrived safely, their ordeal was not over; they had to be

passed through a hole in a brick wall and carried to a waiting ambulance.

Then it was more marching to the Duke of York's Headquarters in Chelsea where the marathon ended. Waiting to applaud the exhausted, but triumphant, soldiers was a crowd of friends and relatives.

Many of the teams came in at the double and The London Irish Rifles collected a couple of pipers somewhere on the route to precede their entrance. In addition to all the other tests, the teams had marched at least 30 miles by the time they arrived at Chelsea.

Mr John Profumo, the War Minister, presented the prizes and stayed at the gates to speak to the teams as they arrived. Later, at the presentation parade, he congratulated them all on completing the marathon.

With 946 points, the team from 1 Company, 10th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, won the marathon—and a huge tankard trophy with a beer mug for each team member. Second and third places also went to paratroopers—Headquarters 44 Independent Parachute Brigade Group and 2 Company, 10th Battalion, with 901 and 827 points respectively. Fourth came "D" Company, 3rd Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, with 817 points.

The marathon ended with a celebration party at the Duke of York's Headquarters with free beer all round. And on Monday morning, all the part-time soldiers were back at work—many, no doubt, a little stiff.



For the drivers the marathon started with intricate tests on the promenade at Brighton.



The winning team strides out of Brighton. There is plenty ahead to test a man's stamina.



The day's forced marching has ended—aching limbs are massaged before the night compass march adds another test to the list.



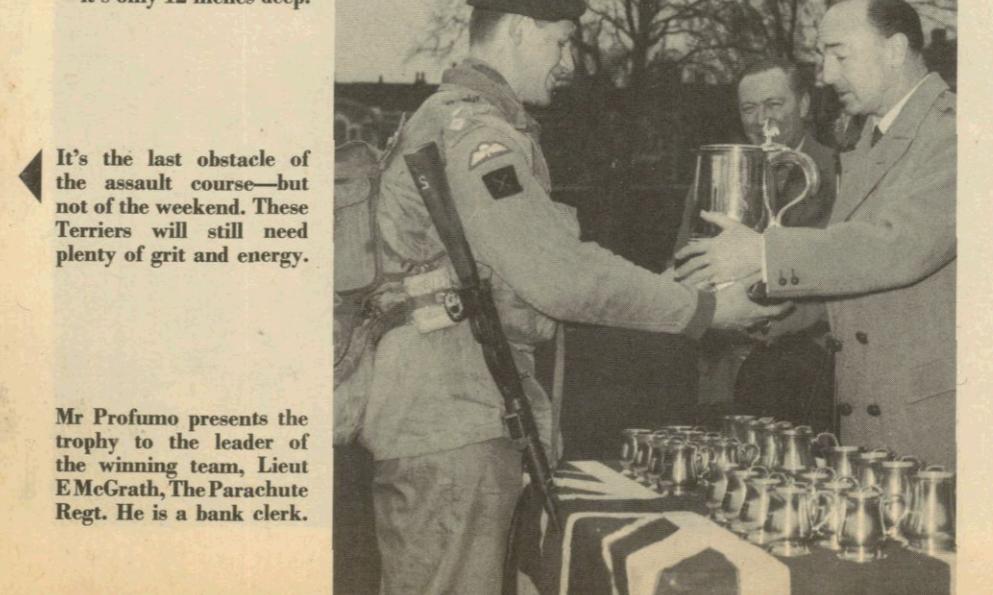
All in a weekend's work—a "stretcher case" being lowered to the ground at Clapham Common during the Civil Defence rescue.



After a strenuous forced march, it's not very easy to shoot straight with a *Sten* gun. But the scores will be vital for success.

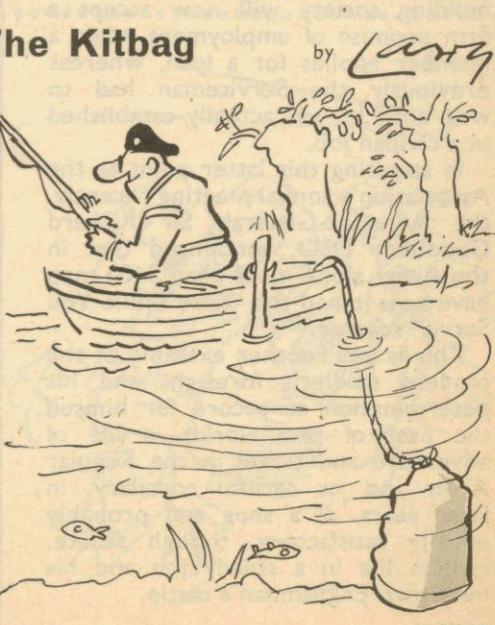


Paddling furiously across a lake at Clapham Common, the Terriers did not have to worry about falling in—it's only 12 inches deep.



It's the last obstacle of the assault course—but not of the weekend. These Terriers will still need plenty of grit and energy.

Mr Profumo presents the trophy to the leader of the winning team, Lieut E McGrath, The Parachute Regt. He is a bank clerk.



PAGE 7

## SOLDIER to Soldier

**T**ODAY, 49 "job-finders" in Britain's principal cities and towns will find work for 49 ex-Regular Servicemen and women. On average this happens every working day in the lives of the job-finders, who are themselves ex-Regulars now employed by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen.

This 78-year-old organisation is a magnificent insurance for the Regular soldier who, at the end of his service and frequently at an age which is becoming increasingly less acceptable for a new entrant into many jobs, seeks a second career for himself.

His military service, and the qualities which it has bred and fostered, still count for much, of course, but as the World Wars so rapidly recede into the past, so diminish proportionately the acclaim of the conquering hero, the public sympathy and the sentiment which once might almost alone have guaranteed a civilian post.

Today, the Serviceman comes out into a competitive and perhaps apparently unfriendly world. He may be fortunate enough, in this day of ever-increasing technology in the Army, to possess qualifications which ensure him a future but, in any case, he can—and largely does—turn to the Association, his own organisation financed by the Services and taking no fees for placing him in employment.

Last year, more than 70 per cent of ex-Regulars registered with the Association.

It is well that every recruit to the Navy, Army and Air Force should know that the Association, fully backed by the Services, is there to look after his interests and will not only endeavour to find him a job but help him throughout civilian life.

Moreover, the Association is now playing its part in the "Save While You Serve" housing scheme, for a building society will now accept a firm promise of employment when a member applies for a loan, whereas previously the Serviceman had to wait until he was actually established in a civilian job.

In stressing this latter point at the Association's annual meeting recently, the Adjutant-General, Sir Richard Goodbody DSO, announced that in the Army alone more than 3400 men have now joined the "Save While You Serve" scheme.

This is yet another example of the modern soldier's foresight and his determination to secure for himself the best of two worlds—a life of adventure and travel in the Regular Army and its natural corollary, in later years, of a snug and probably equally satisfactory, though sedate, civilian life in a steady job and his very own Englishman's castle.



## THE RANGE GOES

*In less than eight hours, and without moving from his seat, one soldier can now do the job that formerly kept a butt party of twenty-four men busy for four days*

Stories by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL



It is the little electric motor that does all the work. It will raise or lower the target—and automatically records the number of hits.

As the men fire, their hits are being recorded in the control hut behind them. They will know the scores immediately after firing finishes.

## ALL-ELECTRIC

**W**HAT woman can compete with the charms of Alma? She is efficient, obedient and hard-working—it is small wonder that hundreds of soldiers in Germany have fallen head over heels for her. And although her suitors would readily admit that Alma is not everybody's cup of tea, any shooting enthusiast would immediately recognise her obvious talents.

For Alma is an electro-mechanical range at Sennelager, one of three that are now revolutionising the British Army's shooting. Alma works entirely by electricity. The targets are controlled from a hut behind the firing point, hits are recorded automatically and no butt party of any kind is required.

The improvement over ordinary ranges is tremendous in every respect. Shooting in the Army can be a frustrating business—to soldiers firing it often seems the men in the butts are half asleep; for the miserable butt party it means craned necks and complicated hand signalling; and to cap it all the telephone between the firing point and the butts never seems to work properly when the scores are being totalled.

Alma first went into use at Sennelager

in September. Since then it has come through every trial (including the worst spell of weather for many years) with flying colours. Now it is planned to instal Alma's equipment on every classification range in the Army. Two types of equipment—one German and one British—were installed and tried out. The British equipment was chosen.

Like an ordinary range, Alma has rows of targets at three distances from the firing point—100, 200 and 300 yards. Each wooden target is hinged to a small electric motor embedded in a concrete box flush with the ground. From a control box behind the firing point all the jobs previously performed by a butt party of 24 men can be done by one man—and much more quickly—just by flicking a few switches.

The impact of a bullet striking the target sends an impulse to the electric motor which automatically records a hit on that target in the control box.

Old soldiers were a little sceptical at first in trusting their jealously-guarded shooting prowess to electricity. But even they were convinced when a rifle was clamped to a stand, aimed at a target and fired 20 times—in the control box, 20 hits were recorded.

The German equipment was rejected when it was discovered that near misses were being recorded as hits. This was because it worked by a tiny, sensitive microphone instead of by impulse—and the noise of a near miss was sometimes sufficient to be picked up by the microphone and recorded as a hit.

On ordinary ranges, soldiers have to wait some time while scores are collected in the butts and passed back to the firing point by telephone. On Alma, firers can be told their score immediately they have finished shooting.

One hundred and sixty soldiers can do their annual classification shooting in one day on Alma. Normally it would take four days.

The control box is even fitted with an electric fire to keep the operator's feet warm and the equipment is so simple that a soldier can learn to operate it in under five minutes.

Two consoles are laid out logically with the controls for the three lines of eight targets one above the other. Each target has its own switch for raising or lowering, a meter (like a car milometer) which records the scores, and a button which resets the meter to zero. Master switches can raise or lower all eight targets at once if required. Alternatively, the controls can be set so that the target falls immediately it has been hit.

Since September, Alma has suffered very few teething troubles. Even during the severe cold spell the equipment worked perfectly until snow seeped into the concrete boxes which house the electric motors and froze in blocks of ice so solid that the motors had to be removed and thawed out.

At present, electricity is provided by a portable generator, but it will be laid on from the mains when a further five electric ranges—two extending to 600 yards—are added.

Experiments are now being carried out to fit electrical equipment on Sennelager's field firing ranges so that moving targets can be controlled electrically from one point. The redundant German equipment on Alma is to be used to assist initial experiments.

Apart from the obvious assets, the remaining very real advantage is that soldiers really enjoy firing on Alma—especially when the targets are set to fall when hit. And the knowledge that all the work is being done by electricity and not by their harassed mates, means a lot.

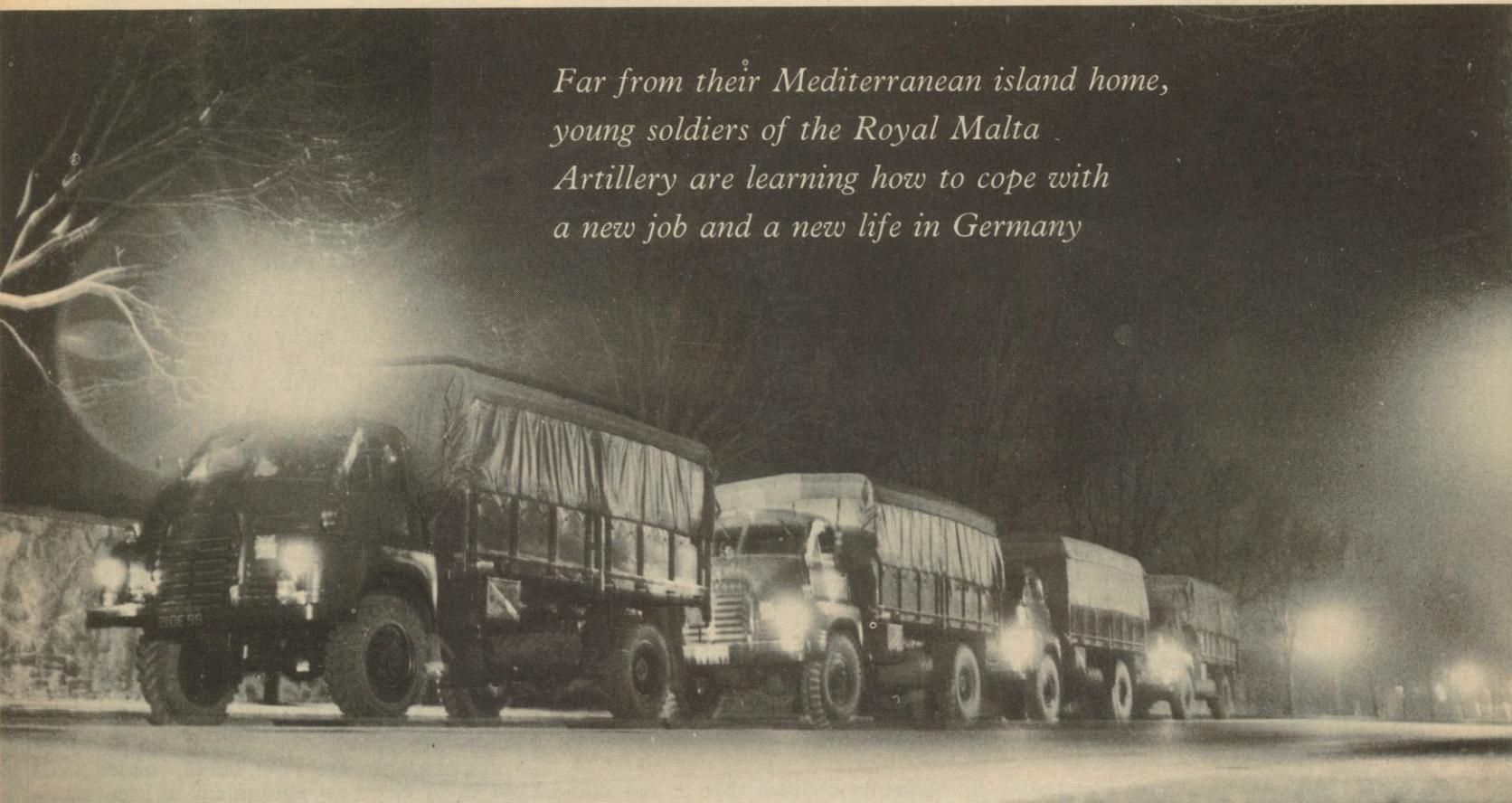
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At these simple controls, one man can raise or lower the targets together or singly. They can remain upright—or fall down when they are hit.

# THESE GUNNERS

*Far from their Mediterranean island home, young soldiers of the Royal Malta Artillery are learning how to cope with a new job and a new life in Germany*



For many new arrivals straight from Malta, the great distances are a lasting impression. They all undergo an intensive driving course to get them used to German roads, traffic and road signs.

**G**RIMY Dortmund, in the heart of Germany's smoke-belching industrial Ruhr, is used to soldiers. In the bustling streets, British and German troops are a common sight and the arrival or departure of military units used to arouse little local interest. Until the Royal Malta Artillery appeared on the smoky scene.

For the Germans were astonished when they heard British soldiers speaking in a strange tongue that bore not the slightest resemblance to English! The soldiers were men of 1st Regiment, Royal Malta Artillery, serving in Northern Europe for the first time in their unit's history.

This unique and little-known unit of the Regular British Army is learning a new role with Rhine Army—temporarily its guns have been laid aside and it is

doing a Royal Army Service Corps transport job.

New conditions of service had to be drawn up to enable the Royal Malta Artillery to serve abroad. Formerly, young Maltese men joined the Regiment to serve at home only, but in 1961 they were made liable for service abroad for periods up to a year without their families, and new short-service soldiers were introduced to serve six months at home and two-and-a-half years abroad.

The Regiment arrived in Dortmund last year. Now it has completely settled down, both to its new job and its new environment. Most of these Gunners are very young, short-service soldiers (their average age is 18) who have never before been outside Malta GC. From their tiny island home, where their sober lives were rigidly controlled by the

Church, they moved to industrial Germany and a new world of flashing neon lights, strip clubs, all-night bars, escalators, trams and many more everyday sights that none of them had ever seen.

For many, it was the great distances that made a lasting first impression. At home the longest drive would be from one side of the island to the other—in Germany they are driving hundreds of miles along the endless asphalt ribbons of the autobahn network.

With only 12 quarters for families, most of the married men have had to leave their wives and children behind, but to ensure that its soldiers get home fairly regularly, the Regiment charters a German civilian aircraft to fly them to Malta at cheap rates.

Considering the potential difficulties, there have been surprisingly few major problems for the Regiment's Command-

The officers and men of the Royal Malta Artillery have one over-riding regret while in Germany—that they are Gunners without guns. For their history is steeped in artillery traditions. The Regiment is a direct descendant of the Maltese Militia Coast Artillery, raised in 1801 to man and maintain the island's coast

defences. During World War Two the Maltese Gunners defeated outright an Italian E boat force in the biggest coast defence action of the war, and when 170 German bombers were daily attacking Malta, the Royal Malta Artillery was at its guns. During one month alone, 102 enemy aircraft were shot down.

# BEAR A CROSS

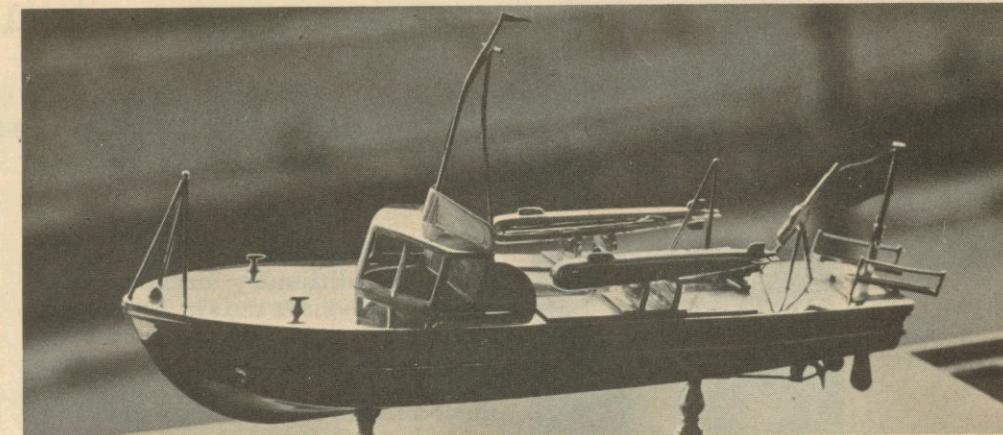
ing Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel George Micallef. Acclimatizing his men to their new life has turned out to be a comparatively straightforward task. Before leaving Malta, a Royal Army Service Corps team helped the Maltese with initial training in transport techniques and now a vigorous training programme operates in Germany.

Major E W Parnis, who is responsible for driver training, has found his biggest problem to be teaching recruits German road signs. When the Regiment collected its vehicles from Belgium, the convoy got lost in Aachen and drove off in four different directions. To their credit, the Gunners all arrived at Dortmund before dusk.

Royal Malta Artillerymen wear the same uniform as the rest of the British Army—the only difference is in their cap badge, of Royal Artillery design with a George Cross behind the gun. Pay and conditions for the Maltese soldiers are slightly different but this situation may change when they are reviewed next year.

The Regiment also has its own doctors and dentists—they do not serve in the Royal Army Medical Corps or Royal Army Dental Corps.

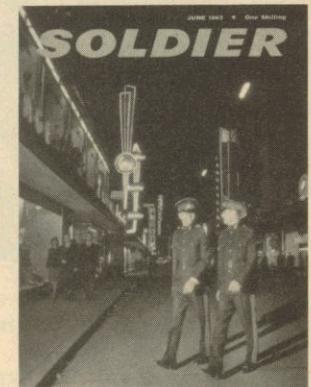
In Germany, the Regiment has a double language barrier. Many of its soldiers are only just mastering English—now they have to attempt to learn a little German. Maltese, basically an Arabic tongue, does not help much with either language.



This silver model commemorates a proud moment in the Regiment's history—defeating Italian E boats which attacked Malta in 1941.

In sport, the Regiment has already made its mark, reaching the divisional finals in table tennis and hockey and the Rhine Army water polo semi-finals. The Regimental football team was narrowly defeated in the quarter-finals of the Army Cup.

Life in Germany is not easy for men of the Royal Malta Artillery. On top of lengthy separation from their families, they have to cope with a new job entirely different from their normal routine, complicated language problems and less pay than the rest of the Army. But they are coping—and coping with commendable equanimity.



COVER PICTURE

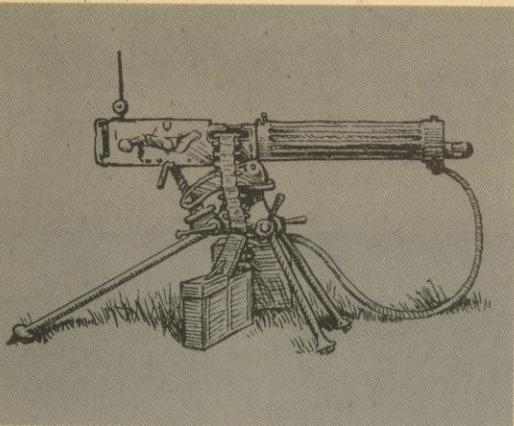
Neon lights make a kaleidoscope of colour as two soldiers of the Royal Malta Artillery stroll across a street in Dortmund.

It is a far cry from their homes in Malta for both Lance-Bombardier Charles Fenech (right) and Lance-Bombardier George Cilia, pictured here by SOLDIER cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL.

Bombardier Cilia has his own formula for enjoying Germany: "Rather than go out often, I save as much money as I can from my pay and go out on the town only once every month. And then I really have a good evening."

Both long-term soldiers, they will be serving a year in Germany before returning to Malta.





1



2



3

1 Maxim machine-gun: it was invented after Maxim got a sore shoulder from a rifle recoil.

2 Sir Hiram Maxim. The first demonstration of his invention very nearly ended in disaster.

3 Maxim machine-gun in action during World War One—it could fire 600 rounds a minute.

## The Army's MEDALS

by MAJOR JOHN LAFFIN



The reverse of the South Africa Medal with a lion stooping to drink by a bush. Ribbon is in orange with blue stripes.

## - 18 - SOUTH AFRICAN

Among the most disappointing medals are those for the South African campaigns of 1834-53. They cover three separate campaigns against the Kaffirs but as no bars were issued the only way to tell for which campaign a medal was awarded is to check with the regimental roll.

The obverse shows the diademed head of Queen Victoria with "Victoria Regina." The reverse depicts a lion stooping to drink near a bush. Above is the wording "South Africa" and in the exergue is the single date, 1853.

First campaign commemorated is that of 1834-35, in which the 27th (Inniskillings), 72nd (Seaforths) and 75th (Gordons) took part, apart from colonial units. The Kaffirs raided Portuguese territory, then invaded British possessions. After suffering great hardship

the small British force was able to restore order. In 1846 the Kaffirs, this time led by the famous chief, Sandilli, again went on the warpath and caused much trouble before being subdued the following year. These British units saw service: 6th (Warwicks), 27th, 45th (Nottinghamshires), 73rd (Black Watch), 90th (Perthshires), 91st (Argylls), part of the Rifle Brigade and detachments from the 7th Dragoon Guards.

Most serious of the three wars was caused by Sandilli in 1850 and involved a large British force including 12 Infantry battalions. Sandilli and his Kaffirs were driven into the mountains where the British troops fought an arduous and sometimes desperate war before peace was proclaimed in March, 1853.

The campaign is notable for the issue of Sir

It nearly mowed down the  
it devastated the Dervishes  
it was too fast-firing for  
This was...

## SIR HIRAM'S

**G**RIMLY the small British expeditionary force waited as 20,000 Dervish horsemen swept towards them. Suddenly, from the wings of the compact British line, crackled a harsh mechanical rattle. An invisible hur-

ricane swept the ranks of the thundering riders, line after line withered before its fury until, panic stricken, the Cavalry broke and fled. Hiram Maxim's machine-gun, had been used to terrible effect for the first time in battle.

General Staff;  
at Omdurman;  
some Governments;



A deadly barrel points skywards: in both World Wars the *Maxim* was widely used on both sides.

## DEADLY MAXIM

This, the Battle of Omdurman, finally proved the efficiency of the new *Maxim* gun. The eight guns used were credited with 15,000 of the Dervish casualties—yet the very efficiency of this weapon had almost caused it to be abandoned.

On his arrival from America as an electrician, a friend advised Maxim: "Hang your electricity and invent something which will enable Europeans to cut each others' throats more effectively." In 1884, after years of experimenting, Maxim produced a gun with the most destructive firing power ever contemplated.

A sore shoulder gave him the idea. Firing an American rifle, he noted the terrific recoil that left his shoulder black and blue. Realising the power of this action he incorporated it in his gun to achieve rapid, automatic fire.

He quickly advertised that "Hiram Maxim, the well-known American electrician, has invented a gun with a single barrel which fires by the energy of its own recoil at a rate of over 600 rounds a minute." So unbelievable was this claim that no one seriously credited it. General opinion regarded it as just American bragging.

The War Office became interested when someone noted the enormous number of cartridges Maxim was applying for on his invoices. An official visited Maxim's workshops in Hatton Garden to ask what was happening to

all these cartridges. Maxim told him he was using them in a gun with a rate of fire of 600 rounds a minute. "I can't believe it until I see it!" replied the official. "This gun costs £5 a minute to fire," said Maxim. "You provide the cartridges and I'll fire it for you."

Impressed by Maxim's claims, members of the General Staff, under Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clark, attended a demonstration of the new weapon at Enfield. Anxious to impress his audience, Maxim fired off 670 rounds in one minute. The effect was disastrous. Spectators staggered about shattered by the noise, some almost stumbling into the line of fire. In that one minute Maxim nearly wiped out the General Staff.

The War Office was at last impressed. But it was contracted to the munitions manufacturer, Zaharoff, for the earlier hand-operated machine-gun, the *Nordenfeldt*. A direct descendant of the *Gatling*, the *Nordenfeldt* had all the disadvantages of hand-operated machine-guns. Fired through a number of rotating barrels, it had to be cranked, like a barrel organ, in order to fire. It was very inaccurate, needed up to five men to operate it and could jam easily.

While the War Office weighed up the merits of his new weapon, Maxim decided to try his luck in Europe. There he found, as in England, Zaharoff had contracted most of the countries on the *Nordenfeldt*. However, Maxim succeeded in getting trials for his gun from various governments. In Italy, a *Maxim* was dropped into the Mediterranean for three days. On fishing it out the Italians were delighted to find it fired from the very first shot.

It was possible to fire in single shots or bursts at a selected rate. However, when Maxim claimed that the gun would still fire even if its crew were killed, the French found it too hard to swallow. A member of the French General Staff refused to believe it and, when the gun fired itself, he walked off exclaiming that he had seen it but still did not believe it. When Maxim visited Germany he found Prince Edward had already been acting as an enthusiastic salesman for his gun.

Having seen the weapon in action in trials in Britain, the Prince highly praised it when visiting the Kaiser. At a demonstration at Spandau the German ruler was impressed. This was the gun which the Germans were to use with

devastating effect in World War One.

At last Maxim got his wish. His automatic machine-gun was tested against the *Nordenfeldt*. In a three-day competition over an Alpine range the *Maxim* proved a vastly superior gun in every respect.

However, not every state was so enthusiastic. When told its firing rate and the cost of cartridges, the King of Denmark sadly remarked: "This gun would bankrupt my little kingdom in two hours." The Chinese, also dubious about a gun with such an insatiable appetite for expensive ammunition, commented: "This gun fires altogether too fast for China."

But the tide was turning, and the British Government placed orders for *Maxims* capable of firing 1000 rounds in four minutes. With American astuteness, Maxim bought up the *Nordenfeldt* company, eliminating his only rival and gaining the markets already opened up by the earlier gun. After years of residence in Britain he became a naturalised British subject in 1900 and was knighted in 1901 by Queen Victoria.

His life was coloured by accidents which were more amusing than disastrous. Typical was the launching of his new company, to be called the *Maxim Gun Co.* On the first issue of his company's files someone printed the heading, "The *Maxim Gun Co.*"

T GLYNN



## CAMPAIGNS

Harry Smith's Gallantry Medal. Sir Harry, for a time Commander-in-Chief of British forces in South Africa, made a dashing, adventurous ride with 250 men of the Cape Mounted Rifles from Fort Cox to strengthen the besieged garrison at King William's Town.

Later he obtained permission, through the Colonial Secretary, to award a special medal to about 30 of the riflemen. The reverse has the inscription: "Presented by His Excellency Sir H G Smith . . . for gallantry in the field." The obverse shows a lion over the date, 1851.

Ordinary medals for the three campaigns are not rare although given only to survivors. Naming is in indented Roman capitals and the ribbon is orange watered with two wide and two narrow dark blue stripes.



## IT WAS A GREAT RECOVERY!

Who has the toughest job in a peace-time Army? A good case could be made out for the recovery teams of REME.

Pictures by Frank Tompsett

THEY deal with massive weights and straining cables; recalcitrant masses of metal half buried or submerged in water; tanks and vehicles upside down in ravines, toppled in ditches, bogged to the axles. And by day or night, in all conditions, it is the job of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' recovery men to get these stranded vehicles back on their tracks or wheels and haul them off for repair.

Recovery is an exhausting and dirty job, potentially dangerous and calling for great physical effort and perfect team discipline. A good recovery team must be commanded by a junior leader of genuine merit, be self-supporting and able to cook its own food. It must be perfect at map-reading, mine-clearing, the neutralising of booby traps, be able

An unexpected recovery job. Before the exercise started a *Champ* overturned on icy roads and was badly damaged...

... the commander of the exercise and his driver were taken to hospital. The *Champ* was then towed away.



to operate radio, carry out emergency repairs, interpret map markings, understand Army organisation, recognise unit numbering, colouring and all the other multifarious signs used by the Army.

It must be trained in first aid and compass work, be expert in concealment and camouflage, show an exemplary standard of road courtesy, know something about applied mechanics and about soils and their characteristics.

The problems that can face these dedicated men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers were demonstrated when Territorials of 107 (Ulster) Independent Infantry Brigade Group held a recovery exercise in the rolling hills west of Belfast.

After supposed Infantry fighting, damaged and stranded vehicles lay scattered over the countryside, in bogs, streams and ditches, on roads and hillsides. The Brigade's recovery groups had to extricate them and tow them to a back-loading point on a deserted airfield. And, to add to the difficulties, the job was to be carried out at night.

Exercise "Blackjack" was designed to test recovery elements of the Brigade's Infantry Workshop, Light Aid Detachment, 601 Company Workshop, the Light Aid Detachment of 245 Regiment, Royal Artillery, and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' sub-unit of Queen's University Officer Training Corps.

"Blackjack" got away to a shock start. The young officer in charge of it, Second Lieutenant W J Anderson, of

All round the exercise area, recovery teams were dealing with sticky problems like this.



*Scammell* positioned on firm ground, anchored with a gun plank driven into the earth between its rear wheels.

There was talk of distance bars, snatch hooks, draw bars, track clamps, bulldog grips, frapping, mousing... Cables were attached, a check rope anchored to break the vehicle's fall, and crisp commands and unequivocal hand signals set the business of recovery in motion.

The vehicle was righted, winched out of the bog on to firm ground, manoeuvred into position behind the *Scammell*, and hoisted into the front-suspended tow position. Then the massive recovery vehicle moved slowly off, pumping diesel fumes into the night air, on its 20-mile journey across icy roads.

Corporal Cecil Harvey, a lorry driver in civilian life, commanded this team. With him were his brother, Lance-Corporal John Harvey, Lance-Corporal Eric McCracken and Craftsman William McAllister. There is a strong family tradition in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers of 107 Brigade, including Lance-Corporals William and Desmond McCabe (father and son), the three McFarlane brothers (a fourth is serving with the Brigade's field ambulance), and the three Robinson brothers.

One of the biggest brigades in the Territorial Army, 107 Brigade is generally reckoned to be unsurpassed for keenness. There was no National Service in Northern Ireland, and every Ulster "terrier" is an enthusiastic volunteer.

"One of this Brigade's great strengths," said Brigadier Jeffries after the exercise, "is the high standard of the so-called minor units. I was most impressed with the efficiency with which this exercise was carried out despite the accident to its commander. Recovery is no easy task even in daylight, and the fact that this was carried out on a very dark night without hitch or injury is proof of a fine standard of training."

And as dawn broke over the airfield and revealed the "casualties," recovered over a wide area of County Antrim, in an orderly row at the back-loading point, Major Finlay summed it all up: "An ambitious exercise well carried out."

K E HENLY



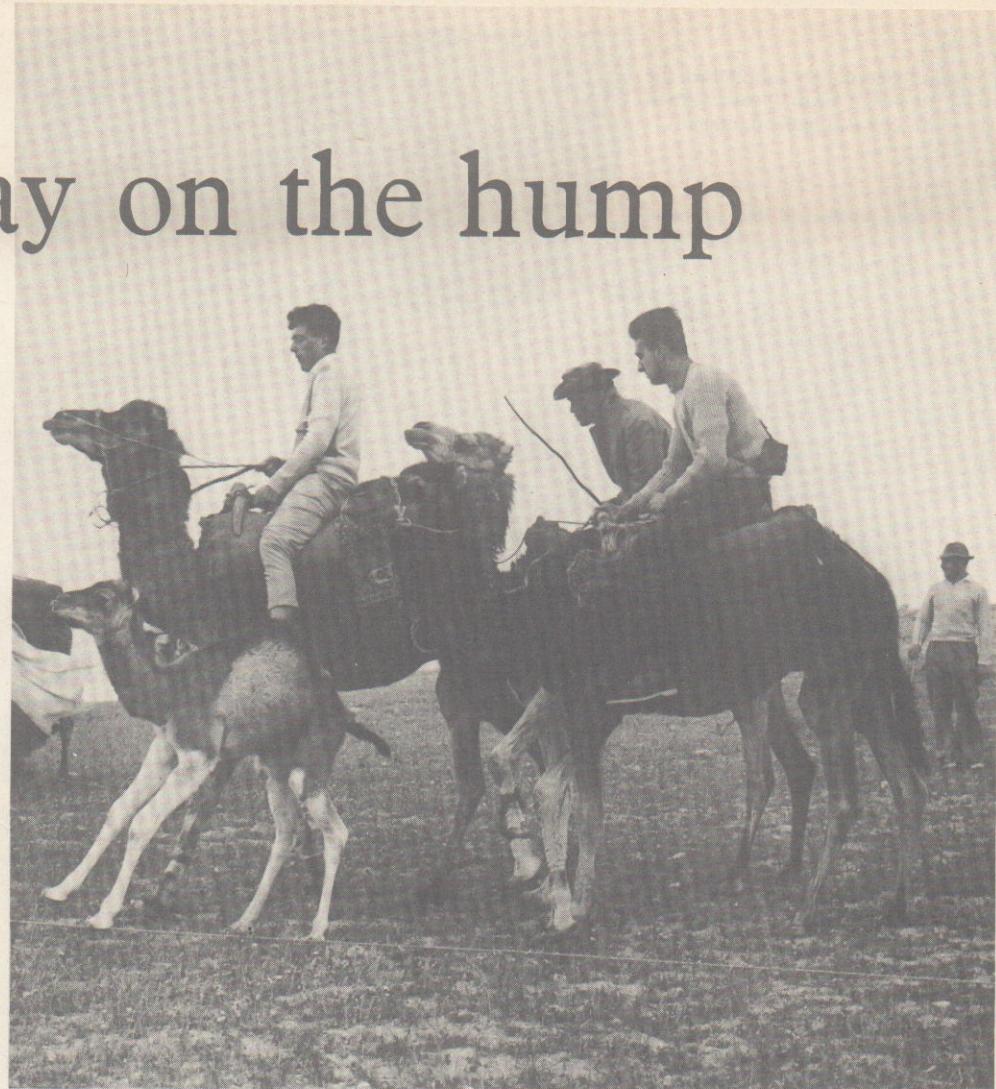
# Holiday on the hump

**S**EVENTEEN soldiers clung precariously to seventeen mangy humps as the camels climbed awkwardly to their feet at the start of a three-day trek into the Libyan desert. The riders were silently congratulating themselves on having remained mounted, when suddenly it happened. . . .

A giant camel, with a young Royal Army Service Corps officer on board, detached itself from the party and headed for the horizon! At a high rate of knots, the ship of the desert disappeared rapidly in a cloud of dust with Second Lieutenant Philip Petersen vainly attempting to stop his mount. But the camel would not be persuaded and rider and beast parted company. The officer thudded unceremoniously to the sand, fortunately unhurt and undeterred. He picked himself up, rejoined the party and mounted another, smaller and more docile, camel.

The trip was all part of an adventure training programme for men of 38 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, stationed at Tripoli. Seventeen of them joined a small party of Royal Air Force and American airmen who had hired the camels for a holiday-with-a-difference in the Tarhuna district.

After this first undignified incident, the "camel corps" soon got the hang of remaining astride its ugly mounts. Enthusiastically shouting Arabic words of command—zaa and barra mean go and oos, oos means stop—the soldiers



Some of the intrepid "camel corps" astride their mounts. Lieutenant Petersen is on the left.

moved into the desert. Driver D Walker, from Northern Ireland, had a little trouble with his steering—the wretched camel didn't seem to understand Arabic spoken with a strong flavour of Irish.

Several Royal Army Service Corps

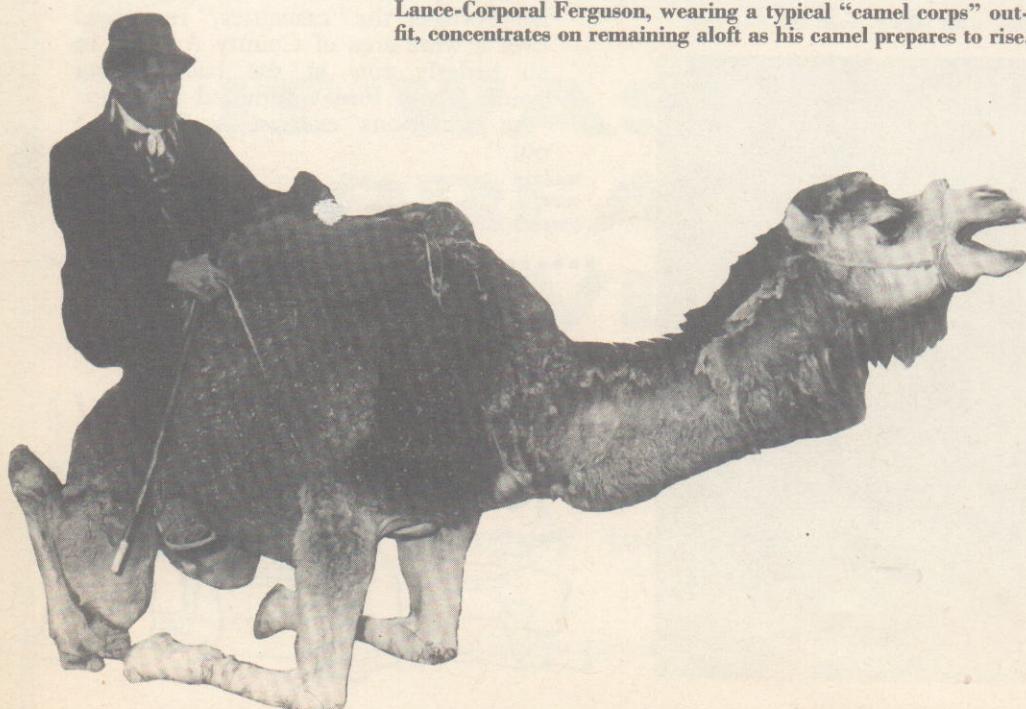
badges were in evidence, but generally it was a "dress as you please" affair with jeans and windcheaters most popular, though Flying Officer Leslie Littler, the leader of the party, sported a genuine pair of baggy Arab pants.

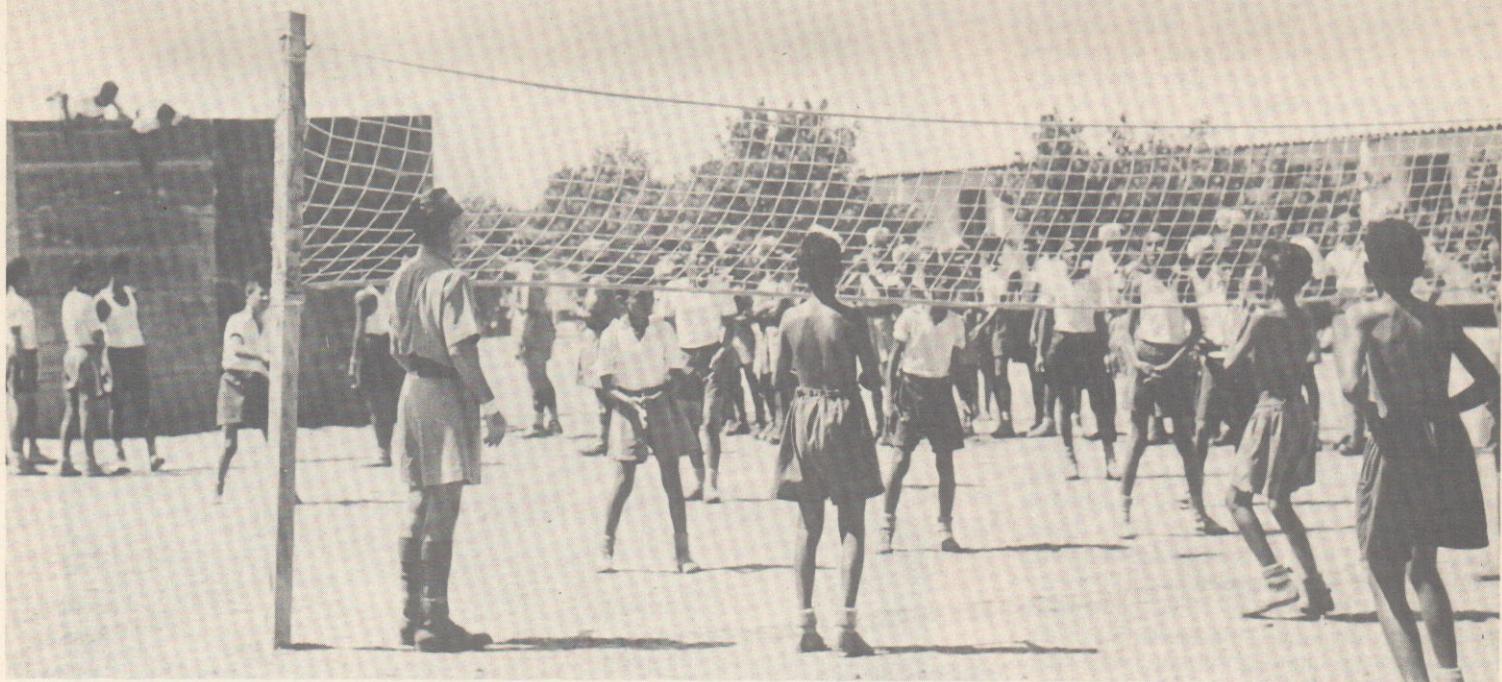
Swaying from side to side, the caravan moved along with the European riders attempting to look as if they were born in the saddle. They may have fooled themselves, but they certainly didn't fool the nomadic Arab desert dwellers.

The caravan spent three days in the desert with the soldiers travelling about 50 miles "on the hump," camping in the open and cooking their own meals. During the trek, they visited an ancient farmhouse to see a 400-year-old petrified body known as the "Dead Man of Tarhuna," searched Roman ruins and made friends with the villagers at Sugh El Guma and Sidi Sharaf.

The Arabs who had hired out the camels were completely mystified by the whole business, especially when they were unable to get a satisfactory answer to the question: "Why don't you use your motor-cars?" How could the drivers explain to them the proud Royal Army Service Corps boast of the number of vehicles they can drive? And now they can add camels to the list.

*From a report by Michael S Simon, Army Information Officer, Libya.*





The young Arabs play sport on four afternoons every week—volleyball is one of the favourite pastimes.

## School with a waiting list

**P**HYSICAL training and drill every morning before breakfast; extra work two evenings a week and training on Sundays—all for the princely pay of 65s a month! Hardly the sort of conditions to start queues at the recruiting offices, yet last year there were seven applications for every one vacant place at the Federal Regular Army Apprentices School in Aden.

British soldiers, seconded to the Federal Army of Southern Arabia, have been largely responsible for the formation and success of the School, which prepares small boys to become top-flight soldiers in their own army.

Founded two years ago by Captain Kenneth Sedgewick, Royal Army Educational Corps, who commands the Education Wing of the Federal Army, the School started with virtually nothing

but the enthusiasm of a small, dedicated staff. By the sacrifice of many off-duty hours to improve existing limited accommodation, the School gradually took shape at Lake Lines, the headquarters of the Federal Army Training Battalion.

Today, there are about 120 boys at the School between the ages of 13 and 17. In addition, a small primary school has been opened with about 90 pupils which is providing the Apprentices School with a nucleus of recruits. But there is no worry here. Last year the Apprentices School was so popular that there were 223 applications for the 32 available places. Entrance is determined by an annual examination taking in Arabic, mathematics and general knowledge.

Apprentices, joining at 13, are fitted out with Federal Army uniforms (appropriately scaled down) and paid a

small wage—starting at 65s a month and rising to man's rates of pay when they join the Regular Army at the age of 17½.

The School is organised into three platoons to give the boys as much responsibility as possible and to help instil leadership. There are fierce inter-platoon contests in drill, sport and

OVER . . .

•••••

Force Education Officer, Maj Joseph Rynn, RAEC, demonstrates his skill to boy soldiers of Form 2B in a woodwork lesson.



shooting with cups awarded at the end of each term.

Daily, at 6.30, the School turns out for physical training, drill or swimming before breakfast. The morning is occupied with lessons in Arabic language and literature, English, mathematics, history, geography, religion, woodwork and science. Older boys also study map-reading and first-aid.

Four afternoons a week are devoted to sport and now the School—after months of developing various games and skills—is starting to arrange regular fixtures under the auspices of three senior instructors of the Army Physical Training Corps. Track and field events are being encouraged and recently the apprentices were mainly responsible for the Education Wing winning the Training Battalion inter-company athletics shield.

Two evenings a week are given over to "prep" and one evening is devoted to hobbies, principally art, woodwork and drama. It is hoped that these activities will lead to the School adopting the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme and with this aim in view, adventure training is organised on most Sundays.

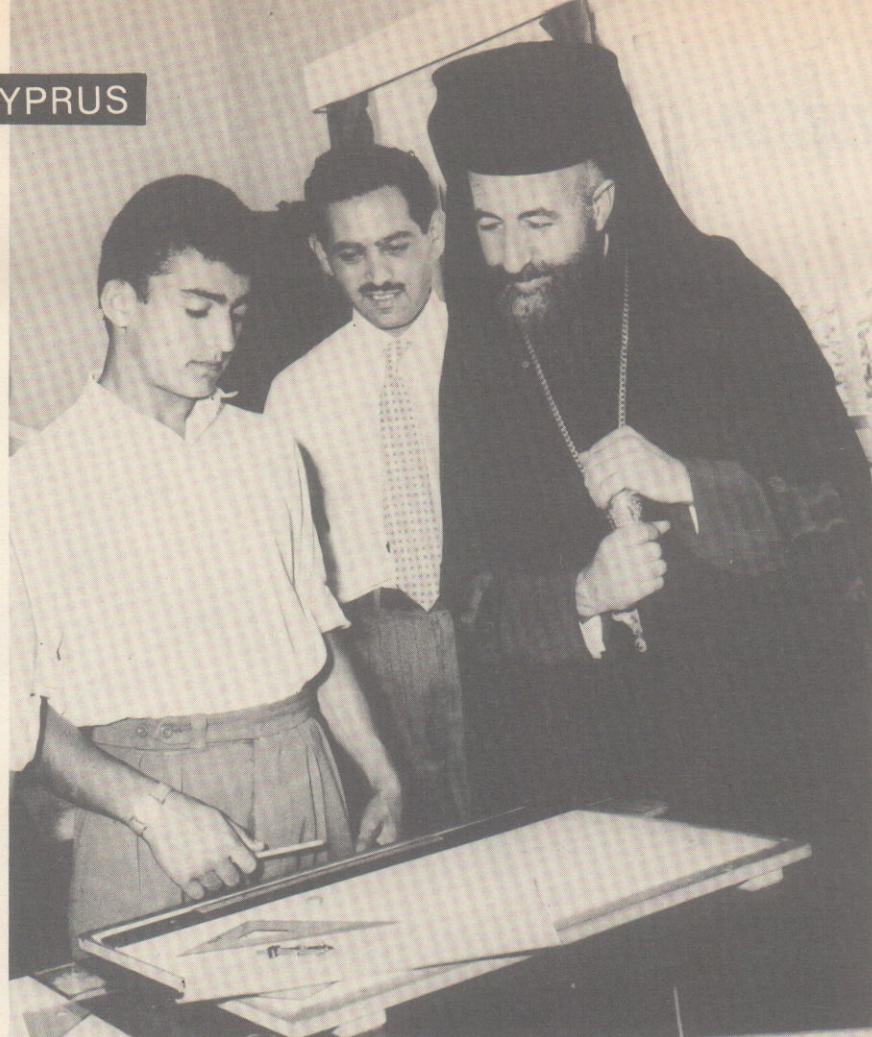
Captain Sedgewick started the primary school, as a supplement to the educational facilities within the Aden Protectorate, mainly for the sons and relatives of serving or ex-soldiers. Ninety children aged seven and upwards have a syllabus which is integrated with that of the Apprentices School.

The School assembly hall, until recently a dirty, empty building, now has a large stage with all the necessary lighting and curtaining, orchestra stalls and rows of fitted benches. The walls are filled with neatly painted rolls of honour. In the hall, Bandmaster Tom Cunnell trains the school choir, which now has quite an extensive repertoire including "Clementine" and "Old King Cole." He is also starting a school band.

With a staff of ten Arab teachers, in addition to British personnel, the Federal Regular Army Apprentices School is firmly established. And soon the Federal Army will begin to feel the benefit of its young apprentice recruits.

*From a report by T R Coombs, Army Information Officer, Aden.*

## CYPRUS



Archbishop Makarios visited the School and saw how Cypriot youths were training to be skilled tradesmen under the auspices of the REME Command Workshop at Dhekelia.

## —And they queue here, too

**T**WO thousand miles from Aden, another apprentices school conceived and operated by the British Army is even more popular, with 16 applications for every vacancy. It is in Cyprus, where youths between the ages of 15 and 19 study at the Apprentice Training School of 48 Command Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, at Dhekelia.

This School is quite different from the Aden project—here the object is to improve the standard of technical proficiency in Cyprus and produce skilled tradesmen for work as civilians in the island's War Department installations.

The idea of training apprentices at the Workshop was introduced in 1956 by its then commander, Lieutenant-Colonel A G Elliott. The first apprentices were recruited the following year for a five-year course working on the bench with skilled civilian tradesmen.

Initial experimental changes were made until the present School was opened in 1960, at a cost of £5000. Now 61 Cypriot youths are being trained at the School and of the 21 apprentices who have so far completed the three-year course, 13 are working in 48 Command Workshop.

Apprentices are recruited annually. Last year 340 boys applied for the

21 vacancies. Applicants are tested in English and mathematics before the final choice is made at a selection board.

After six months' initial training in mathematics, engineering science and drawing and workshop practice, the apprentices are selected to continue training in one of four trades—vehicle mechanic, electrician, fitter or metal machinist. Selection is dictated by aptitude and what civilian tradesmen are likely to be required by the time the apprentice finishes his training.

With a weekly wage of between £2 10s and £4 10s for the next two-and-a-half years, the youths are given practical and theoretical training by full-time school staff and workshop personnel. A system of rewards and incentives operates successfully and maintains enthusiasm. Class leaders get extra pay, and awards for the best examination results are made annually. Apprentices who complete the course attain at least a Class III trade classification and pass the appropriate City and Guilds Intermediate Examination.

Fully trained as skilled tradesmen, they are under no obligation to work for the War Department—they can take their newly-acquired knowledge and skill anywhere they like.

*From a report by Army Public Relations, Cyprus.*

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# COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR C WRIGHT

THE day war broke out, young Charlie Wright asked permission to get married. He was given just four hours—time to kiss the blushing bride and leave for the coast to take part in the biggest war the world had ever seen.

That was on August 4, 1914. Today, Company Sergeant-Major Wright, 77 years old last month, is still every inch a soldier. At The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, he is in charge of No. 1 Invalid Company. And he runs his job and his life by the strict military principles that he accepted nearly 60 years ago and by which he has lived ever since.

Charlie enlisted in the Royal Marine

Artillery in Portsmouth, in 1906. Training in those days lasted for 18 months—with whole days of “square bashing.” When his squad was taken out into the Solent for gunboat target practice, he was seasick—but he was the only man to hit the target ten times in ten shots.

After passing out as a first-class Gunner, Charlie was persuaded to join his brother, a bandsman in The Devonshire Regiment. He applied for a transfer and went to Devonport—not to join a cruiser as originally planned, but the 2nd Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment.

At Malta in 1910, Charlie decided yet again that he “fancied a change” and transferred to the Corps of Military

Still every inch a soldier, Sergeant-Major Wright has a lot of responsibility looking after a ward of invalid pensioners at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea.



Foot Police. Three years later he passed his driving test and changed for the fourth and final time to the Army Service Corps.

After his lightning wedding, Charlie was soon on his way to France with the British Expeditionary Force. His company was aboard an old collier which took them right up the Seine—and when they disembarked, every man was covered from head to foot in coal dust.

Twice during the war he rescued pilots from crashed aircraft. The first time he was on the scene too late to save two men in a blazing plane, but on the second occasion he dragged a wounded pilot clear and later learned that his life had been saved.

Sergeant-Major Wright was at Mons, Ypres and the Somme. After the battle at Dunkirk, he returned to England in 1917 and was promoted sergeant. After a spell in India, he left the Army in 1927.

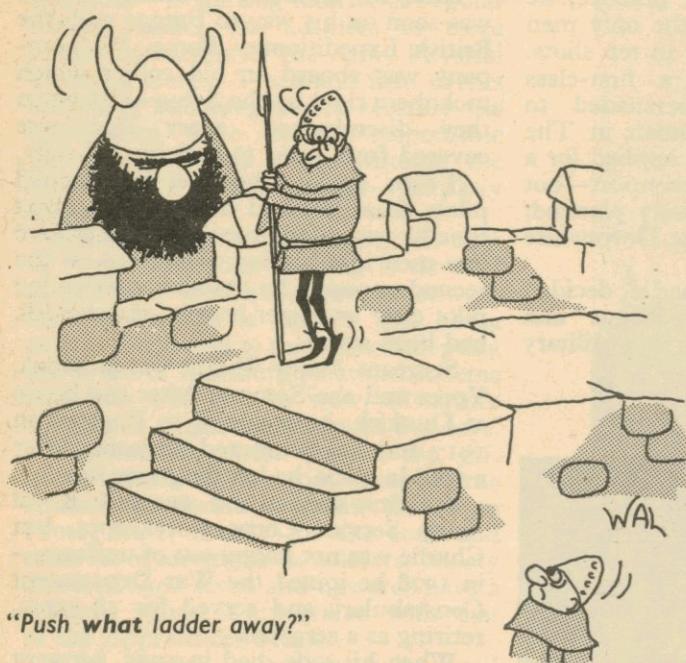
His first civilian job was as a Royal Army Service Corps storekeeper, but Charlie was not happy out of uniform—in 1928 he joined the War Department Constabulary and served for 18 years, retiring as a sergeant.

When his wife died in 1955, he went to Chelsea and has now become one of the home's most enthusiastic advocates. “I think Chelsea is the finest home there is . . . good food, good rooms, good people . . .”

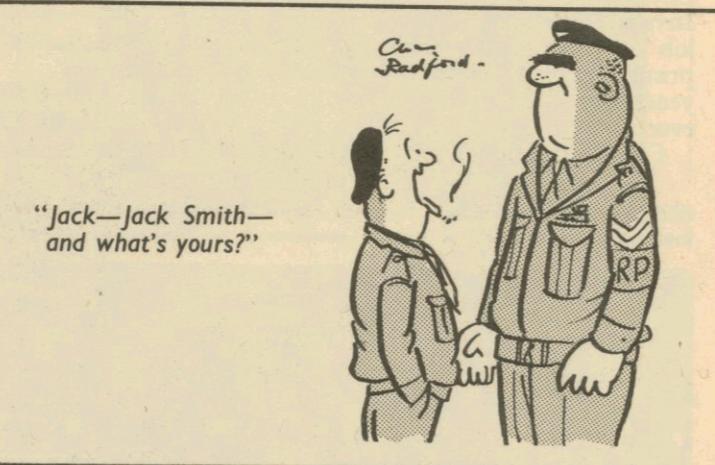
Every day, rain or shine, Sergeant-Major Wright leaves the hospital for an afternoon walk that normally takes him anything up to three miles—and four at weekends. In 1960, with three other pensioners, he flew by jet to Copenhagen. “I’ve never had such a time in my life. They treated us like Royalty, we were even on television. I don’t know that I want to make any other trips, though, I’m quite happy to stay here in Chelsea.”



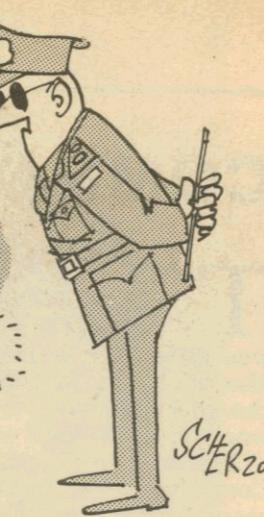
## HUMOUR



"Push what ladder away?"



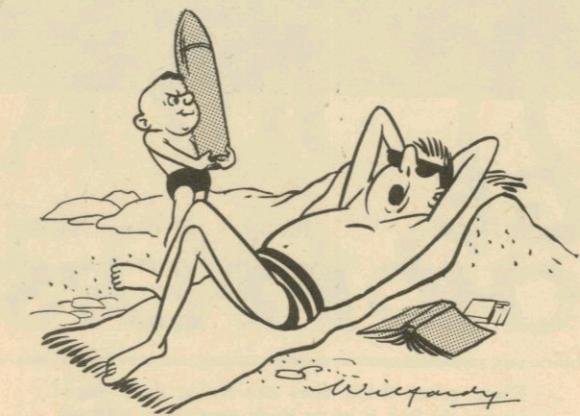
"Jack—Jack Smith—and what's yours?"



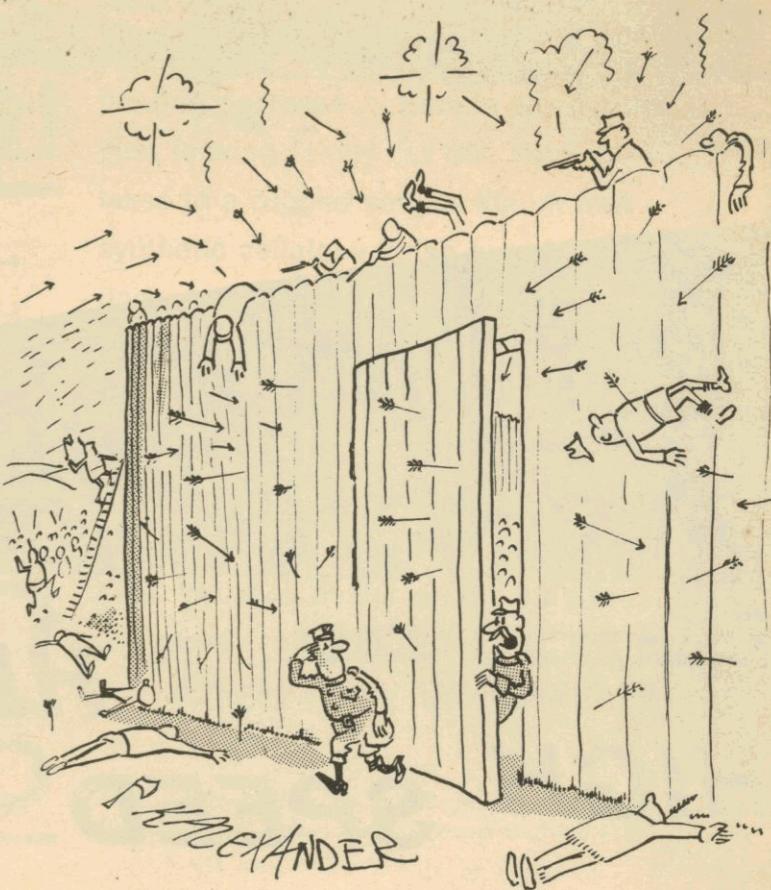
SCHERZO



"And mark it 'Highly secret and confidential'!"



"All right, so you've found a beautiful big shell on the beach—now go away and let Daddy sleep"

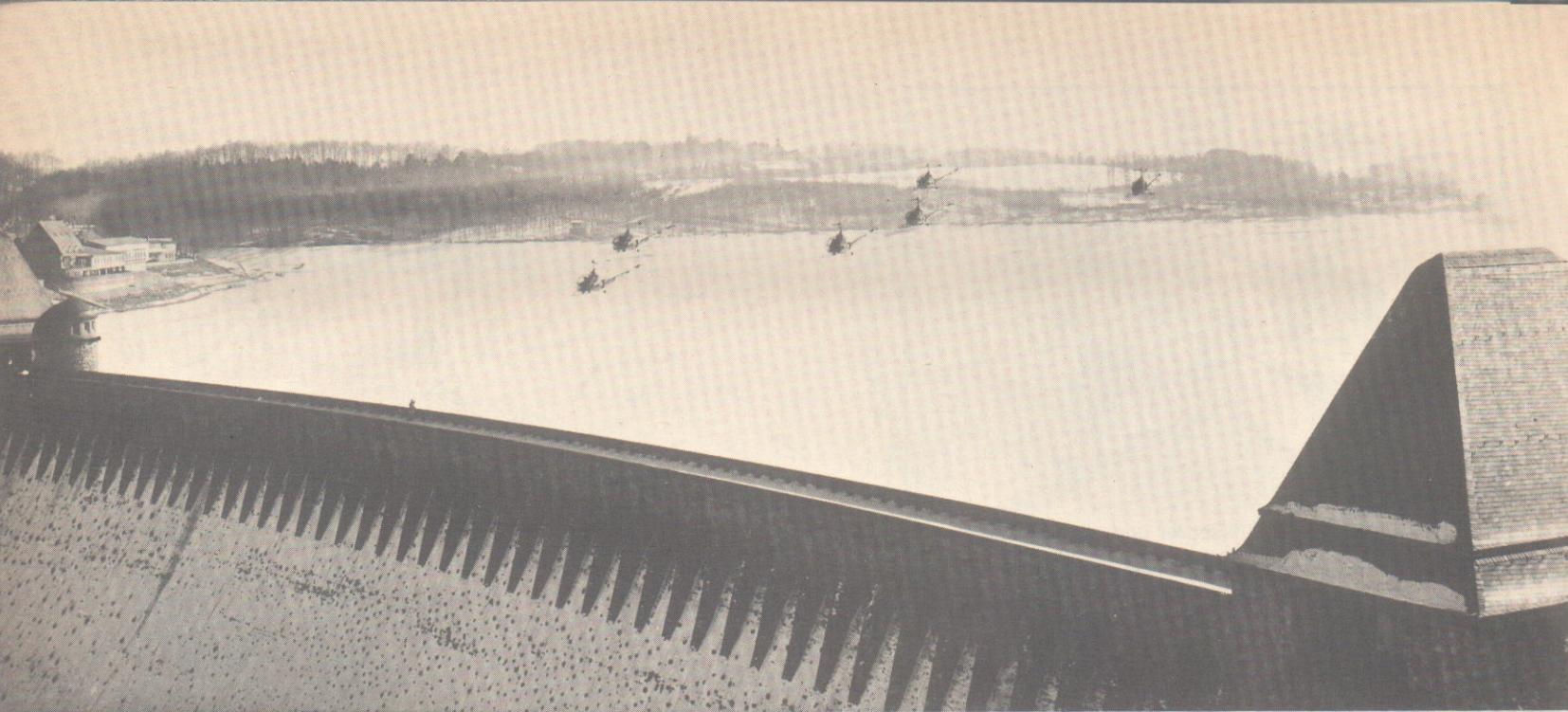


"Don't forget, Carson—cork tipped"

### Home from the sea

From Oban to Brixham, Britain's harbours fascinate the holiday-maker as the fishing boats come in to unload their catch. Here, as a sturdy craft heads towards Bridlington, hungry gulls wheel and scream in her wake, ready to pounce on titbits thrown to them as the crew clean the fish.





Six helicopters fly over the huge Mohne Dam in Germany in preparation for a "contour run."

## HIGH SPEED

## HEDGE HOPPERS

These pilots think they are flying quite high!  
Under six feet is often their maximum altitude.



CANADIAN helicopter pilots in Germany have perfected a new low-level flying technique that is so daring it even made a World War Two fighter pilot nervous!

They call it "nap of the earth" flying and it means hugging the ground—sometimes as low as twelve inches—at speeds of up to 100 miles per hour. It requires cast iron nerves, great flying skill and powerful concentration.

The men who have developed the new technique are pilots of the Reconnaissance Squadron of Fort Garry Horse, part of the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade Group stationed near Soest. They fly CH-112 (Hiller) helicopters, one of the most powerful recce machines in the world.

With a top speed of more than 100 miles per hour and a cruising speed of about 95, the helicopters are also highly manoeuvrable—and they have to be. The Canadian pilots fly them, at a maximum height of about six feet, up gulleys and over folds in the ground to avoid presenting a target. By fast approach they hope to spot an enemy before the enemy spots them.

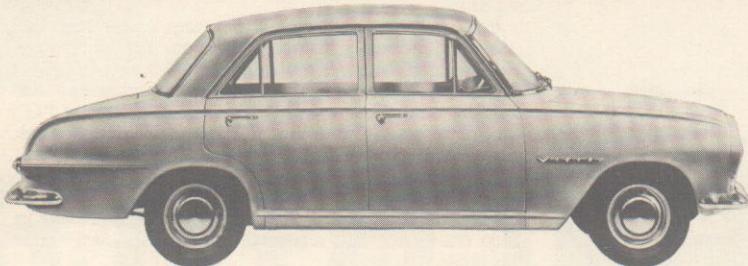
Skimming along the surface of the ground demands light but sure handling of the controls and a lightning quick response to the unexpected—gusts of wind, telegraph lines. On the alert constantly for power lines, wires, trees and fences in all kinds of weather, contour flying puts a terrific mental and physical strain on the men—they cannot relax even for a split second.

A former fighter pilot who visited the helicopter troop's base and was taken out for a typical "contour run" was noticeably glad to get back to ground!

The pilots, all former armoured corps officers, are also pioneering a new type of battlefield reconnaissance using helicopters in conjunction with scout cars.

On a recent exercise they supported ground troops round the clock despite fog, heavy cloud and rain squalls. The pilot and observer work as a team and after taking into account pre-planned patterns of artillery fire, air activity and enemy anti-aircraft positions, the observer searches the ground with binoculars locating enemy positions and determining size, layout, vehicles and equipment.

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# THE STAFFORDS TAKE TO WATER



ONLY the hula-hula girls were missing when men of the 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, recently combined business with pleasure while training at the coastal resort of Malindi, Kenya. They had waving palms, a clear blue sky, white sandy beaches and the warm Indian Ocean—but they somehow missed the dusky maidens who traditionally go with such a setting!

The Battalion devoted its mornings to training and exercises and set aside the afternoons for swimming, under-water fishing, surf riding and boating.

With an accent on military watermanship, the training comprised a full day's river crossing by "C" Company assault pioneers, floating a *Mobat* anti-tank weapon on a petrol-drum raft and familiarisation with assault boats and dinghies. In the afternoons the men took to the water like ducks.

Five members of the Sergeants' Mess spent a day in deep sea fishing and returned with 19 fish, each about ten pounds in weight.

## RIGHT LEFT and CEN TRE

### KAMAU THE KIKUYU

TO 450 officers and men of the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—a son! The Battalion, which has twice recently served in Kenya, has adopted a 13-year-old Kikuyu waif and saved him from a life of despair in the slums of Nairobi.

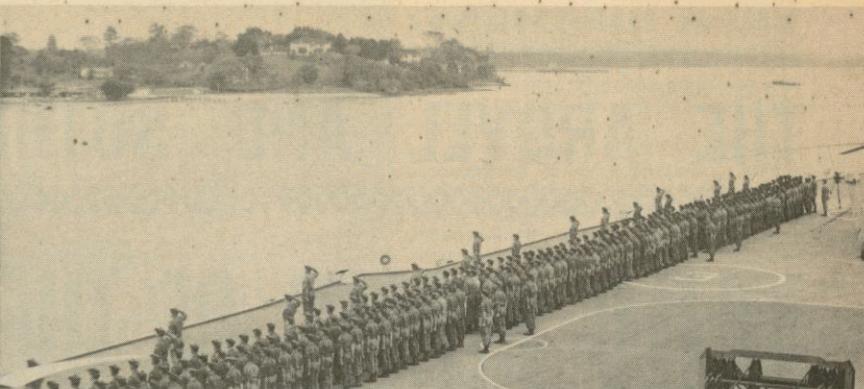
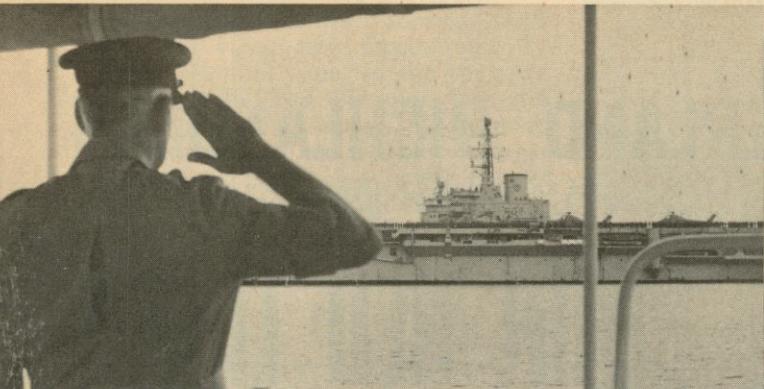
The boy, Augustino Kamau, was one of seven children deserted by their mother. Kamau lived in the back streets of Nairobi by foraging for food in dustbins and rubbish dumps or stealing from gardens.

A missionary worker found the boy and took him to the Starehe Boys' Centre where he was adopted by the Dukes. So far they have paid nearly £40 for one year's keep and are raising money to pay for a further year.

Regular reports on his progress at the Centre are being sent to Yorkshire and in return the Battalion sends gifts to Africa for its adopted son. The boy was recently visited by Captain "Chuck" Ivey of the Dukes who is temporarily attached to the King's African Rifles. Captain Ivey spent some time with Kamau and told him something about his "regimental foster-fathers."



After 24 years' service in the British Army, Warrant Officer G Burdon had still not had enough—so off he went to join another Army on the other side of the world! Now a corporal instructor in the Royal Australian Engineers at the School of Military Engineering in New South Wales, he retains his British Army pension while serving in Australia. Forty-three-year-old Corporal Burdon now lives in Liverpool, New South Wales. Picture shows Corporal Burdon and Captain N J Neve, a Royal Engineers officer on exchange to the Australian Army, preparing a cable-carrying rocket for firing.



Returning from active service against the rebels in Brunei, men of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders, and the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, took part in an unusual salute to the Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, General Sir Nigel Poett DSO. The soldiers were on board HMS *Albion*, the Royal Navy Commando carrier. As the ship sailed past Fairey Point at Changi, about 1000 troops paraded in three ranks along the whole length of the port side of the flight deck. General Poett took the salute from his launch, the Royal Army Service Corps manned *Minoru*.



A unique ceremony was held for the last time at Normanton Barracks in Derby recently before The Sherwood Foresters' Regimental Depot closed down. The ceremony of hoisting a scarlet tunic up the flag pole commemorates the action of an officer of the 45th Foot, Sherwood Foresters, at the storming of Badajoz in 1812 during the Peninsular War. Although wounded, a young subaltern, James Macpherson, climbed a tower, tore down the French flag and hoisted his own blood-stained tunic. Sergeant Bill Bates performed Normanton Barracks' last ceremony of Badajoz Day escorted by two soldiers wearing the uniforms of 1812. And to mark the end of 86 years during which the Foresters have been housed in Derby, a silver model of the Regimental Memorial Tower at Crich has been presented to the town.



Talk about coming in two-by-two! There is a good reason for the strong family atmosphere of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots—it has 19 sets of brothers. There are, in fact, 39 brothers in the Battalion—the three Cuthbertsons and 18 pairs. It is a record for the Battalion, which is

wondering if this is indeed a British Army record. Left to right in pairs the brothers are the Yorkstones of East Lothian, the McCallums of East Lothian, the Cuthbertsons (3) of East Lothian, the Kings of Edinburgh, the Reids of East Lothian, the Brockies of Edinburgh, the Farrels



of Edinburgh, the Fitzsimmons of Midlothian, the Cowes of Staffordshire, the Hendrys of Edinburgh, the Dignans of Edinburgh, the Marshalls of Elgin, the Smiths of Edinburgh, the Buchanans of East Lothian, the Butlers of East Lothian and the Archibalds of Kent. Three pairs of

brothers—the Connollys of Fife, the Gallachers of Edinburgh and the Dunns of Northamptonshire—were not present when this picture was taken at Medenine Barracks, near Tripoli. The Battalion came back from North Africa, to Tidworth, in April this year.

# THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

## KILTED HEROES OF THE "THIN RED LINE"

The thin wail of Argyll bagpipes has been heard in the last two decades all over the world wherever trouble has flared and the formidable Jocks have been needed



The immortal "Thin Red Line." Only two deep, the 93rd stand firm at Balaclava and face the Russian Cavalry charge.

**I**N the steep, windswept streets of historic Stirling, in the cheerless public houses over pint glasses, in the stone cottages where the lowland plains meet the craggy Highlands, they talk endlessly and affectionately about "Our Regiment."

To the people of Stirling, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders are an integral part of their lives and families. The Regiment and the people belong to each other. The fortunes of the Argylls are scrupulously followed, their reputa-

tion jealously guarded, their actions interminably discussed.

Perhaps a legacy of fierce Scottish clan and tribal loyalties, this "family feeling" was born within the grey, brooding walls of Stirling Castle, ancient home of the regiment. It still exists so strongly that today it is no easy job getting into the Argylls. The 1st Battalion is right up to strength and has a strictly limited recruiting capacity. Only 12 men were admitted during the last quarter . . . many more were turned away.

By one of the earliest regimental

amalgamations, the 1st and 2nd Battalions of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were formed in 1881 from the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders and the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders.

Duncan Campbell of Lochnell raised the 91st at Stirling Castle in 1794, and by 1881 the Regiment had already served in South Africa, at the historic retreat to Corunna, at Waterloo, in India and in the Zulu War.

Meanwhile the 93rd were raised in Sutherland in 1799 when England was at war with France. Recruits were enlisted at special parish meetings by a nephew of the Earl of Sutherland who walked down the ranks of men and offered a pinch of snuff to those he wished to join—it was probably the last occasion on which a Highland chieftain exercised his feudal rights in such a manner.

After active service at the Cape of Good Hope and New Orleans, the Regiment served in the Crimean War. Later, in India, the 93rd earned six Victoria Crosses before breakfast during the Relief of Lucknow.

After the amalgamation, the 1st and

The "Thin Red Line" was formed at the Battle of Balaclava on 25 October, 1854, during the Crimean War. The 93rd Sutherland Highlanders faced a large force of Russian Cavalry. As the Cavalry began to charge, Sir Colin Campbell rode down the front of the Regiment and warned the 93rd: "There is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand!"

At a rapidly increasing gallop, the Cavalry bore down. But the Scottish soldiers stood firm and fired their muskets with such skill and accuracy that the Cavalry wheeled, scattered and retreated.

A famous correspondent of "The Times" described the two lines of Highlanders as "that thin red streak tipped with a line of steel." And after the Cavalry retreated, Sir Colin admitted: "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep."

Today the "Thin Red Line" is commemorated in the distinctive red and white dicing on the headdress of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

2nd Battalions went their separate ways until 1915 when they fought side by side for the first time, in the trenches at Ypres. The 2nd Battalion was the first to arrive in France at the outbreak of World War One and fought in Europe for the whole of the war, while the 1st Battalion was in India, France and Greece.

During World War Two, the Argylls fought in every theatre. When Japan entered the war in 1941, the 2nd Battalion was in Malaya. Hopelessly outnumbered, it was cut up by Japanese tanks after a month of continuous fighting. But, starving and fever-ridden, small parties of Argylls carried on the battle for weeks while what was left of the battalion withdrew to Singapore. There, after more fighting, the survivors were captured—it was the end of the old 93rd Highlanders.

Since World War Two, men of the "Thin Red Line" have earned themselves a reputation for fighting in almost every trouble spot. Wherever trouble has flared, the Argylls have been there.

In Palestine, they spent three years keeping the peace between the Jews and Arabs. Then, after a spell at home, they moved to Hong Kong because of the troubled state of the Far East. When Britain joined the war in Korea in 1950, the Argylls were the first to arrive with The Middlesex Regiment. After Korea, the Argylls were in British Guiana, Berlin, Suez and Cyprus.

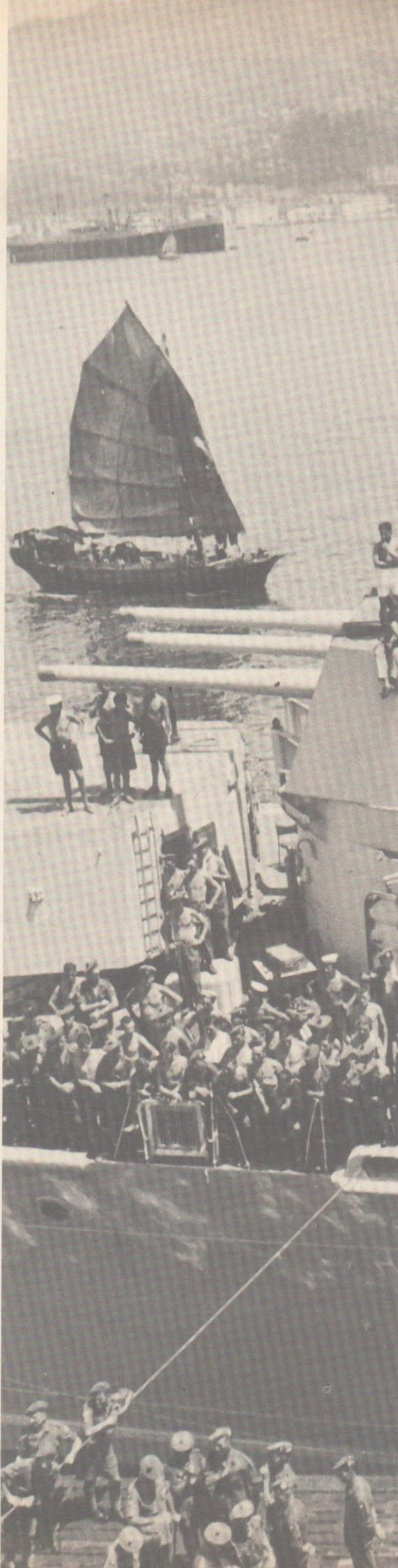
Now, men of the 1st Battalion are in Edinburgh, providing the Royal guards at Balmoral and training hard. But they are chafing at the bit to get abroad again, for although they are as close to Stirling Castle and home as they will ever get, garrison duties do not appeal to the Argylls—they are all looking forward to moving early next year to Singapore.

Working closely with the Regular battalion, the Regiment has two Territorial Infantry battalions and an affiliated Gunner regiment. The pipe band of 277 (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) Regiment, Royal Artillery, recently won the world championship title in a civilian musical competition.

Like all regiments of The Highland Brigade, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders find it a source of constant frustration to turn away recruits because they are up to strength. Men have either to live in the recruiting area or have a very strong family connection to be eligible to join the "Thin Red Line." And the men that are being turned away at the recruiting offices are lost to the Army—when they find they cannot get into the Argylls, they invariably forget the Army as a career.

Recruits to the Regiment do their first ten weeks' training within the great grey walls of Stirling Castle where, nearly 170 years ago, the 91st was clothed and equipped as a regiment of the Highland Corps. The traditions and loyalties born then have been strengthened by the years.

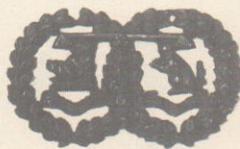
Off to fight again, the Argylls prepare to leave Hong Kong for Korea aboard HMS *Ceylon*. ▶



Regimental mascot of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders is a pony named Cruachan, an old battle cry of the Campbell clan. The first pony was presented to the Regiment in 1929 by Princess Louise.

Among the Regiment's treasured possessions is an ivory sword from a swordfish. While the 91st were sailing home from the Cape, a swordfish attacked the ship and left its sword sticking in the side.

It was acquired by a man who later became regimental sergeant-major and who carried it as a walking stick throughout the Peninsular War. In 1869 it was presented to the Regiment and until recently was carried by the regimental sergeant-major on the anniversaries of eight different battles. Now it is too fragile and is preserved in the Regimental museum.



The regimental collar badge combines crests of the Argylls and Sutherlands.



One of the Army's biggest cap badges, it is now worn by pipers and Terriers.

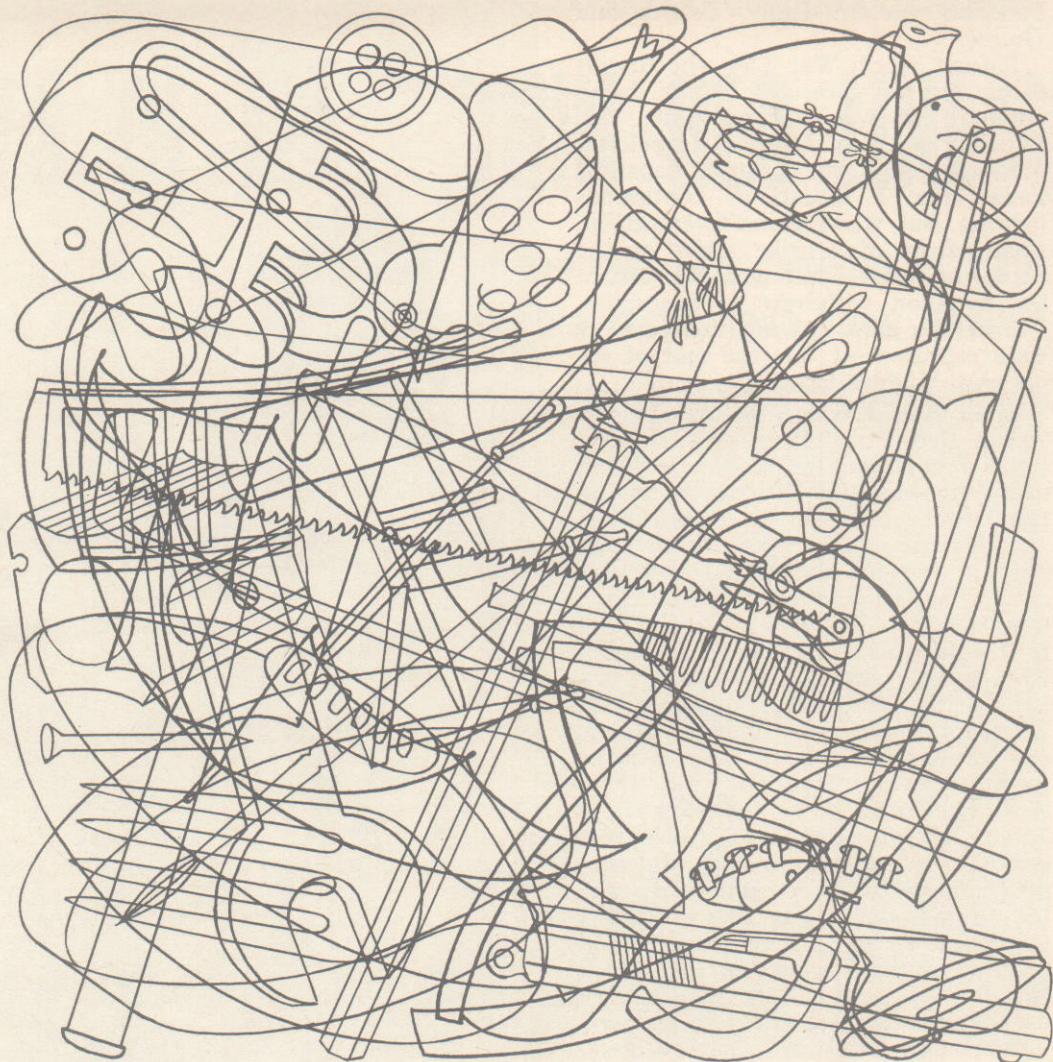


The regimental button for all ranks.

In sport, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have built up a formidable football reputation. It started in 1934 when the 2nd Battalion won the Northern Command Cup two years in succession and were runners-up in 1936. During the next two years the Battalion won the all-India Durand Cup and the Secunderabad Area Cup. In 1955, the Regimental football team reached the finals of the Army Football Cup and this year reached the semi-finals.

Also this year the Argylls became the first Scottish regiment ever to compete in the finals of the Army Inter-Unit Boxing Championships.

# And A Few More Lines . . . !



ONE of the most popular of **SOLDIER**'s recent competitions was the maze of lines in the December issue. It produced a huge crop of entries from all three British Services, from all walks of life and from every corner of the globe.

So here is another similar puzzle to test your ingenuity. Hidden in the higgledy-piggledy squiggles and the odd straight line are the outlines of familiar objects. List as many as you can of these and send in your list to reach **SOLDIER** by Monday, 22 July, 1963.

The senders of the first correct, or nearest correct, solutions to be opened by the Editor will win these prizes:

- 1 A £10 gift voucher.
- 2 A £6 gift voucher.
- 3 A £4 gift voucher.
- 4 Three recently-published books.
- 5 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER** and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in **SOLDIER** since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.
- 6 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

There are also three special prizes, of a bound volume of **SOLDIER** (March, 1960, to February, 1962), for the best entries from Junior Leaders, Army Apprentices, Junior Tradesmen and Junior Bandsman; from British Gurkhas; and from serving soldiers not in the British Army.

## RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:  
The Editor (Comp 61), **SOLDIER**,  
433 Holloway Road, London N7.

2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 61" label printed on this page.

3 British Servicemen and women and Services-sponsored civilians may compete for prizes 1 to 6 and for the special prizes where appropriate; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 and the third special prize where appropriate.

*The correct answers and winners' names will appear in the September issue of **SOLDIER**.*

This month's  
"HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?"  
feature is on Page 30

Watch out for **SOLDIER**'s new photographic competition! There will be sections for portraiture and landscapes (town or country) and special prizes for Army children and young soldiers. Full details will be given in the August issue, so make sure of your copy now!



Action at the Army hockey cup final between the Devon and Dorsets and 45 Regiment, Royal Artillery.

## They thought it was a girls' game

**A** GAME that was once banned on the grounds that it would hold the Army up to ridicule is today second in popularity only to football. The game is hockey—a fast, tough sport played with enthusiasm by schoolgirls as well as soldiers.

In fact the schoolgirls and women players were indirectly the cause of hockey getting off to a slow start in the Army. Early this century some commanding officers, no doubt dreading the consequences of soldiers taking up a schoolgirls' game, forbade their men to play it.

But hockey soon overcame that setback when it became obvious that the game, when played by men, was as fast and as tough as any other Army sport.

This year's Army champions are 1st Battalion, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment, who beat 45 Regiment, Royal Artillery, the Rhine Army winners, in an exciting final played in Germany.

With the red shale pitch in excellent condition, the game started in ideal conditions at a very fast pace with both teams playing fast, open hockey. After 14 minutes the Devon and Dorsets opened the scoring with a hard drive from a penalty corner. Nothing daunted, the Gunners fought back and equalised with a cracking shot after 26 minutes of play, and half-time was signalled with the score level.

Both teams settled down quickly in

the second half and there was still little to choose between them. After 14 minutes a hard centre from the Devon and Dorsets left wing was neatly deflected into the net by Sammons. Encouraged by this success, the Devon and Dorsets pinned the Gunners in their own 25-yard area for long periods with Burke, the Gunner goalkeeper, making some good saves.

The Devon and Dorsets, now clearly on top, scored again. They seemed to be

lasting the pace far better than the Gunners and although 45 Regiment never gave up, the final whistle sounded with the Devon and Dorsets worthy winners by three goals to one.

The Devon and Dorsets are the first Infantry battalion to win the Army Hockey Cup since 1938 when the formidable 2nd Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, became champions for the eighth time.

Hockey first became popular as an



All eyes on the ball as the Devon and Dorsets break up a Gunner attack at the Army hockey final.

Army sport after World War One, although the game is one of the oldest in existence. Not very long ago, a 514 BC *bas relief* was discovered in Greece showing six figures playing hockey. The shape of their sticks was somewhat different to those used today but there was no mistaking the game.

The Greeks learned the game from the Persians and passed it on to the Romans. In Britain, hockey did not arouse much interest until the 1880s when the English Hockey Association was formed.

The Army hockey championship started in 1909 and between the two World Wars the Army fielded every year one of the strongest teams in the country. Almost always there were international players among them—such stars as Captain M H Cork and Warrant Officer T E Parslow, both of the Army Educational Corps, Captain H T Heard, Royal Engineers, and Captain C W Cook, Army Dental Corps, all of whom played for Ireland.

In one of the few games played by both the Army and the Women's Royal Army Corps, age seems to matter less than in other games of comparable speed. Warrant Officer Parslow, later lieutenant-colonel, chairman of the Army Hockey Selection Committee and the Army's leading hockey umpire, was still playing first-class hockey in 1948 at the age of 52. More recently, the War Office (Military) team won the Army title in 1960 and 1961 with a team with an average age of nearly 39.

With the honours shared about equally between officers and other ranks, the Army has always had more than its fair share of top-flight hockey players, drawn mainly from the corps rather than from Infantry and Cavalry.

A junior championship was started three years ago and is now flourishing. The title has twice been won by Junior Leaders of the Royal Engineers and once by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.



An anxious moment for the Gunner goalie during an attack by the Devon and Dorsets, the winners.

Below: Major-General G F de Gex presented the cups and medals to both teams after the game.



## SPORTS SHORTS

THE Army's all-amateur, all-Regular, Soccer team has retained the Inter-Services Championship title. The first game in the three-cornered contest ended in a draw for the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy. Then the Army decisively beat the Navy by four goals to two.

Deciding factor was Scottish International Corporal Charles Gough, who captained the Army team and scored two of the goals. The Army clinched the title with an unexpectedly easy victory by four goals to one over the Royal Air Force, Lance-Corporal Bert Butcher, Royal Military Police, scoring a hat-trick.

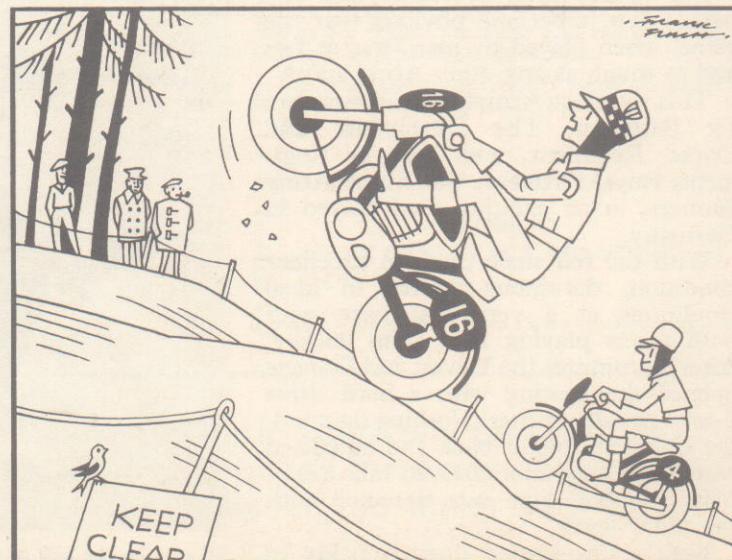
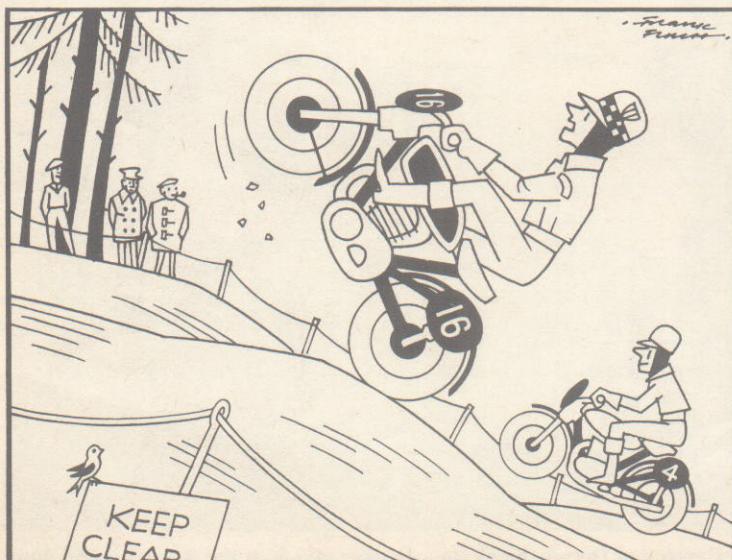
For the fourth year in succession, the Army retained the Inter-Services Cross-Country Championship. Army placings were: 3rd, L/Cpl T Toole (Green Howards); 6th, C/Sgt G R Burt (Para Bn); 7th, L/Cpl E Pomfret (10th Royal Hussars); 8th, L/Cpl D Gibson (1 Trg Regt, RE); 9th, Pte C Harris (Para Bn); 10th, WO M Bryant (RAOC).

The Royal Navy beat the Army by six bouts to five in the Inter-Services Boxing Championships and took the title for the first time in 27 years. Both teams had previously beaten the Royal Air Force—the Army by nine bouts to two and the Navy by six bouts to five.

What a sporting year for the 10th Hussars! For the third year in succession they have taken the Rhine Army modern pentathlon, squash rackets and captain and subaltern's polo cups, in addition to the Army Soccer Cup. In the final they played the United Kingdom winners, 1st Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters, and won by 2-1. The 10th also hold the 4th Divisional, Brigade and Rhine Army Soccer titles and have now become the first Cavalry regiment to hold both the Army and Cavalry Soccer cups.

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 34.



The Women's Royal Air Force retained the Inter-Services Netball Championship title, defeating the Women's Royal Army Corps at Aldershot by 30-26.



The Army won the Inter-Services Cup in the Near East Ski Championships held on the difficult north face of Mount Olympus at Troodos, Cyprus. The 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, narrowly defeated the Near East Air Force "A" team in the inter-unit event.

For the first time since 1959, the Territorial Army XV beat the British Army, by 11 points to eight, in an exciting and open game at Coventry. Fine goalkicking by fullback 2/Lieut I Moffatt (Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry) gave the Terriers their lead.

A last-minute effort by a Sandhurst cadet wing-threequarter gave the Inter-Services Rugby Championship to the Army in the match against the Royal Air Force at Twickenham. Five minutes from the end, with the Army losing by three points to six, Officer-Cadet Colin Simpson streaked down the left wing, scored a try near the touchline and converted with a magnificent kick to give the Army an 8-6 victory.



Competing for the first time in the Devizes-Westminster canoe race, two officers of the 4th Battalion, The Wiltshire Regiment, Territorial Army, carried off the Reserve Forces Trophy in the senior event. Lieutenants Simon Boddington and David Marris canoed along 125 miles of canals and rivers in 25½ hours.

Beaten by both the French and Belgian Soccer teams in the Kentish Cup competition, the all-amateur British Army team is sorely missing the young National Service professionals. Although losing by eight goals to nil to the French, the British team did well to prevent the score running into double figures. The Belgians won 5-0.

The Army Rugby Cup has been won by a Welsh unit for the twentieth time. The 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards—Rhine Army champions—retained the title after a hard-fought final at Aldershot against 28 Company, Royal Army Ordnance Corps. A good keen game, with much kicking but little running with the ball, ended with the Guards winning by two penalty goals and a try (nine points) to a penalty goal and a dropped goal (six points).

Persuaded to try for more titles after winning the Army lightweight championship, Private Brendan O'Sullivan, Army Catering Corps, won both his bouts at the ABA Championship at Wembley and became Amateur Boxing Association Lightweight Champion of Great Britain—the only soldier to hold a national crown this year. He beat London champion Brian Anderson and Ken Cooper of Birmingham, both on points. Of the other five Army champions to reach Wembley, Lance-Corporal Bob Rea, Private Johnny Morrison and Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier lost in the semi-finals and Lance-Corporal Tom Menzies and Private Ernie Lofthouse were beaten in the finals.



Both the Army and the Women's Royal Army Corps were beaten by their Royal Air Force counterparts in the annual Cyprus Inter-Services Athletic Championships, held at Akrotiri. Six records were broken during the day, including one by Sapper McFarlane who salvaged some of the Army's honour with a winning long jump of 21 feet 4 inches—4½ inches better than his 1961 record.

Twelve inches lost the Army the Middle East Command Inter-Services Athletic Championships at Aden. With just one event to go, the Royal Air Force led the Army by four points—everything depended on the result of the sprint relay. The Army got off to a good start but in the last leg the Royal Air Force gained ground to win by a foot.



Inter-Services soccer champions in Malta for 14 years, the Army finally lost the title this year after being well beaten by the Royal Air Force by nine goals to nil. Earlier the Army had beaten the Navy 3-0. The Air Force are the new title holders, beating the Navy 8-0.

Army boxers proved too strong for both the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy in the Middle East Command Inter-Services Boxing Championships at Aden. They scored 22 points to the Air Force's 18 and the Navy's 12.

Soccer star Wilf Mannion returned to the football ground of his boyhood days to captain a Green Howards invitation team in a charity match against a Middlesbrough team. The Green Howards team was made up of past and present soldiers of the Regiment and Mr Stan Hollis VC kicked off. The game ended in a draw—four goals each.



## It's a Sporting team!

THE football team of the tiny British Service community in Naples has been awarded the Naples Referees Cup for the most sporting team of the year. And this is no mean achievement, for the team has only 67 personnel from which to select its players—and 27 of these are majors and above!

The award, more commonly known as the Allied Forces Southern Europe Sportsman's Cup, is made by a panel of civilian referees. The British team—average age well over 30—has won the cup three times in the last four years in the face of strong Italian opposition. At the end of this season it was third in league placings.

Back row, left to right: PO Writer J Walker, RN; Sgt J J Mulholland, RAPC; Cpl. J E Cartwright, RAF; Sgt R J Lane, RAF; Sqn Ldr H A Pollock, RAF. Front row, left to right: Leading Writer A Egin, RN; Cpl F Hopkins, RASC; Sgt R W Berridge, RASC; Cpl J A Beaumont, RAF; Cpl F L Beaumont, RAF; Sgt J Morris, RAF.



Junior Gnr Perry jumping high for the ball at a line-out.

## JUNIOR GUNNERS ON TOP

JUNIOR LEADERS of the Royal Artillery retained the Army Junior Rugby Cup after an exciting final against the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Engineers, played at Woolwich. The Gunners won convincingly by 27 points to three, but the Sappers kept the ball in the Gunner half for long periods.

At the start of the second half, the Sappers, six points down and with only 14 men, really turned on the pressure. But they were unlucky. As no score materialised, the sting went out of the Sapper game and in the last quarter of an hour the Gunners added 13 points.

The standard of play bodes well for the future of Army Rugby—one of the Gunner Junior Leaders, Junior Battery Sergeant-Major Lines, has already played for the senior Gunner side at 17 years of age.

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## In defence of HAIG

WHY is it that we never read of the brilliant and startling action by Haig, in the autumn of 1917, when 200 tanks broke clean through the German

lines at Cambrai and could have gone on to Berlin if there had been any reserves at all to call upon?

Haig has been criticised for persisting in attacks on the Somme and at Passchendaele. Faced with the French collapse at Verdun in 1916, the great Nivelle

disaster and mutiny, and the impending disintegration of the Russian armies in 1917, Haig had no option but to hit as hard as he could. He was justified. Ludendorff said of Passchendaele: "The impressions I was continually receiving were terrible."

## LETTERS

### Origin of Khaki

I am very interested in the Army and I often read your magazine. I wonder if you can help me. I would like to know how soldiers' uniforms came to be khaki in colour, where the word comes from, and where and when this uniform was first worn?—Henry Phillips (aged 9), Newton Court, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

\* The language in general use in the old Indian Army was Urdu, and khaki is the Urdu word for dusty. Khaki-coloured uniform originated in India in the 1840s and was worn by a few British units during the Indian Mutiny. Regiments dyed their own conspicuous white clothing with such substances as curry powder and coffee, thus producing an effective camouflage. Khaki went out of use for some years after the Mutiny, but was worn again during the Afghan War in 1878.

### Bingo!

I can well imagine that you are tired of this request, having published the information more than once in the past decade. Would you please oblige me with a list of "Tombola" calls?—WO I A G Stunell, 36 Regt, RA, Wksp, REME, BFPO 34.

\* SOLDIER has never published a list of Tombola—Housey-Housey—Lotto—Bingo calls, but does so now. No doubt readers will provide alternative calls and fill in the gaps. Generally speaking the units are called as "On its own, number \_\_\_\_\_. Twenty, thirty and so on are called as "Blind 20" etc. Numbers like 44 and 55 are called as "All the fours—44" etc. Other numbers are called as "Two and eight—28" etc.

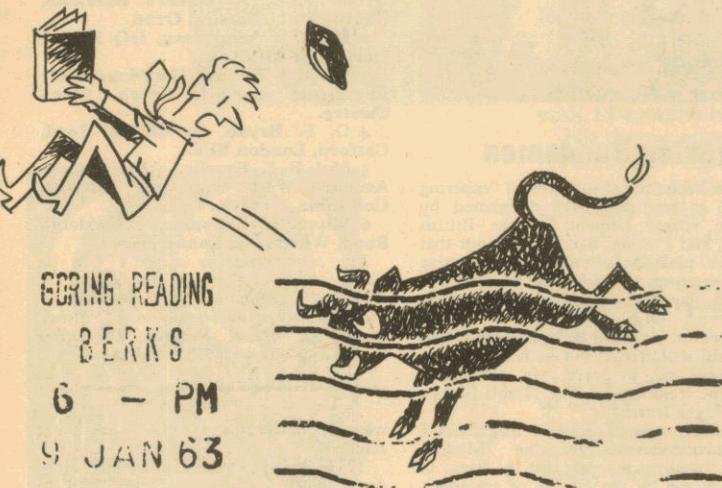
Special calls, as we know them here, are: "Kelly's eye" (1), "Dinky-doo" (2), "Doctor's orders" (9), "Downing Street" (10), "Legs 11" (11), "One doz" (12) and similarly "Two doz" etc., "Unlucky for some" (13), "Sweet 16, never been kissed" (16), "Key of the door" (21), "Dinky-doo" or "Two little ducks" (22), "All the threes" (23).

Your article omitted to credit The Rocket Troop with its Naval honours. Lieut John Fuller and 20 other ranks of The Rocket Troop were present at the bombardment of Algiers on 27 August, 1816. In 1847 there were four survivors to

### Vickers in Action

I read with interest your reference to the Vickers medium machine-gun firing "a last triumphant burst" across the ranges at Warminster (SOLDIER, July, 1962).

Perhaps you and your readers will be interested to hear that this gun has not yet outlived its usefulness. It was fired in action at dawn on 12 December, 1962, when we took Limbang from the Brunei rebels. I am glad to be able to report that the guns gave a good account of themselves that morning and enabled our troops to secure the town. Unfortunately the tactical situation did not permit background music and the wearing of ceremonial uniform!—Sgt L G Wakeling, RM, Support Company, 42 Commando, RM, BFPO 605.



● 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.

claim and receive the Naval General Service Medal, 1793-1840, with the clasp ALGIERS. These were Lieut Fuller, Sgt Edward Howe and Gns Joseph Allen and Daniel McLeod. Sgt Richard Thompson was killed—the only fatal casualty in the detachment.—Cdr W B Rowbotham RN (Rtd), 22 Ashley Gardens, London SW1.

### Royal Salutes

I have been a serving Regular soldier of the Fiji Military Forces for ten years and was for some time a member of the Saluting Battery of the Force.

During the Royal Visit to Suva on 3 February, 1963, when I was again a member of the Saluting Battery, some questions arose which I was unable to



The Royal Horse Artillery firing a Royal Salute in London's Hyde Park.

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## REUNIONS

**Army Physical Training Corps Association.** Annual reunion dinner, 14 September. Details from Sec, Army School of Physical Training, Queen's Avenue, Aldershot, Hants.

**The Gordon Boys' School Old Gordon Boys' Day at School, 3 June; annual inspection, 27 July.** If you are an Old Gordon Boy please attend one or both events. A note to Bursar of intention would be welcome; quote school number. 19th, 22nd and 23rd Bns, King's Royal Rifle Corps (109th, 110th and 111th TRB). Meet 3pm, 9 June, near Borough War Memorial at foot of Wimbleton Common. Decorations to be worn. Details from Hon Sec, W H Hearn, 15 Dartmouth Road, Ruislip, Middlesex. (Tel. Ruislip 8579).

**The Gordon Highlanders' Association and 14th London Regiment (London Scottish).** Reunion dinner, 15 June, at Elizabeth Rooms, Co-op, Parliament St, Nottingham. Tickets 15s 6d and details from Sec, E Matthews, 35 St Mary's Crescent, Ruddington, Nottingham.

**Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment (TA).** Presentation of Colours by Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother at Luton Hoo, 13 July, 1963. Members should contact Adjutant, 1 Beds Herts, 28 St Andrew Street, Hertford.

**Military Provost Staff Corps.** Reunion dinner at Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Saturday, 13 July. Further details of Corps weekend etc from Hon Sec, Past and Present Association, MPSC, Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex.

## MORE LETTERS

photograph. If the soldier in question was employed on duties which necessitated stud-free footwear there would be no studs present, likewise if it was newly-issued footwear worn for a short period without studs to ensure firm seating.

The picture may have been good from a photographic point of view and very "pretty" if one appreciates a soldier sitting among a lot of cuddly toys in a NAAFI shop. Let's have pictures typifying the Army and the men and women in it. I do not think that this one does.—A Coles, 61 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.

### Museum in USA

Readers of SOLDIER may be interested to know just what a hobby can lead to. Shortly after World War Two I started collecting various items of militaria and now have a museum of nearly 4000 items representing 92 countries. The display is set out in two large rooms and is open to the public daily, admission free.

I have about 55 tunics, mostly from Britain and the Commonwealth, and complete uniforms of an officer of The Northumberland Fusiliers; an officer of the 2nd Hyderabad Lancers; Northumberland Volunteer Artillery; Highland Light Infantry; a bandsman of the Fiji Islands Defence Force and a mess uniform of the 17th Lancers. In addition the collection contains headdresses, badges,

prints, books and insignia far too numerous to mention.—Elton M Manuel, The Military Museum, PO Box 14, Newport, Rhode Island, USA.

This section of Mr Manuel's museum shows a distinct Scottish flavour.



### Capering Bandsman

I am a member of the band of "capering foals" as we have been designated by certain retired elements of the British Army, and I would like to point out that we are pleased to receive constructive comment from anybody who has seen our drill display, and is therefore in a position to comment on it.

However, it should be made known that the drill was carried out with the utmost precision and, in every way, conformed with the traditions of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

In many newspapers and magazines I see advertisements for the "Modern Army," and yet it seems that the Army of today is run by the officers of yesterday.

To all those who wrote in praise of our drill display I say "Thank you"; to those who wrote in condemnation I can only say: "Move with the times."—Bandsman D J Amphlett, Band, 1st Bn, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, BFPO 17.

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 30)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Lower branch stump of middle tree. 2 Height of fence post between machines. 3 Bottom of leading machine's front mud-guard. 4 Rear machine's footrest. 5 Width of notice board. 6 Size of number on front of leading machine. 7 Left arm of spectator on right. 8 Shoulder title of leading rider. 9 Front of saddle of No. 16. 10 Stick of middle spectator.

## PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 58 (March—Picture Quiz) were:

1 L/Cpl J Butler, RPC, HQ 23 Group RPC, St David's Barracks, Graven Hill, Bicester, Oxon.

2 WO I A Armstrong, HQ RASC, Dortmund, BFPO 20.

3 Sgt W J Tibbles, The Manchester Regiment, Ardwick Green, Manchester.

4 G. F. Bryan, 39 Clifton Road, Catford, London SE6.

5 Maj B K Favelle, 2186 Mathers Avenue, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

6 Raymond C Thomas, 294 Oakleigh Road, Whetstone, London N20.

The correct answers were: 1 Gen de Gaulle. 2 Cricket. 3 (b) (A section of Whitehall). 4 Policemen. 5 Peter Ustinov. 6 (c) (Paratrooper knee-protectors). 7 Mickey Rooney. 8 Queen Victoria. 9 Justice. 10 Maurice Chevalier.

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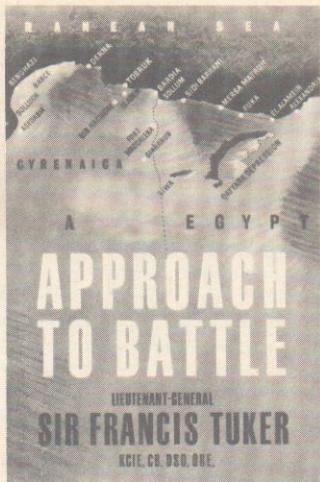
Among the many facilities available through the Institute of Army Education is assistance to Army parents with handicapped children.

Many parents may not be aware of the fact that the Institute can and does offer advice and guidance on the type of education provided for children suffering from physical or mental handicaps.

The Institute maintains a list of special day and boarding schools which exist in Britain for handicapped children and can give information on the help provided by specialised voluntary bodies.

Readers of SOLDIER who are interested should apply through the Chief Education Officer to the Commandant, Institute of Army Education, Eltham Palace, London SE1.

All letters will be treated in the strictest confidence.



## "POP-GUNS" IN THE DESERT

WATERLOO may or may not have been won on the playing fields of Eton, as Wellington may (or may not) have said, but the Bengazi handicaps of World War Two were lost on the inadequate training areas of Britain and in the Staff College.

Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Tuker DSO expresses this opinion very forcibly in "Approach to Battle" (Cassell, 50s), a critical commentary on the Western Desert operations from the autumn of 1941 until the end, 18 months later.

His theme, adapted from Marshal Suvorov's "Train hard: fight easy," is, "If the approach is good, the battle will be easy." He seeks the approach to the Desert battles in the "spell-binding traditionalism" of the Staff College in the 1920s, and to the reluctance of many officers to serve abroad, where they might be "forgotten," though it was only overseas that they might expect to get into their minds the conception of a full-size division.

He stresses freedom of thought as essential to tactics. "There is no such thing as tactical doctrine. . . . The interest of officers and men in this subject must be maintained at all costs; therefore, on no account should it be made the subject of an examination." He admits that the staff colleges, at home and in India, produced excellent staff officers—but not commanders.

The author has much to say on the employment of artillery, and points out when concentrations would have been more effective than the barrages of World War One mentality. He thinks too few guns were brought to bear at the main point of attack in "Second Alamein" and says this is why it took Eighth Army 12 days to break through.

Many humbler members of Eighth Army than the author wondered why those 3.7in

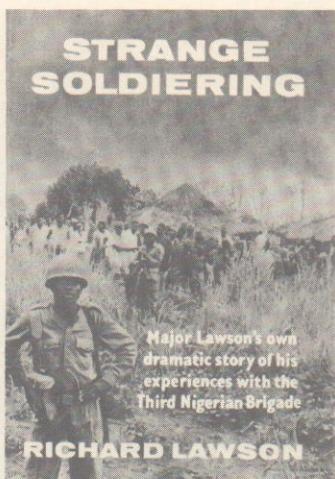
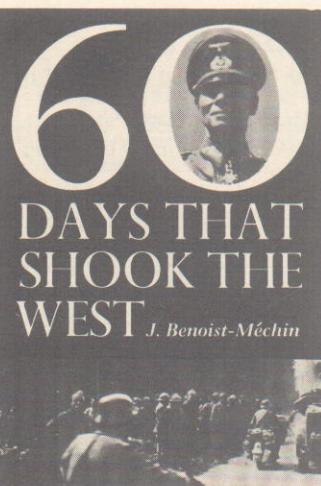
anti-aircraft guns, which thundered so noisily and ineffectively against the Luftwaffe, did not follow the example of the German 88mm and adopt an anti-tank role. In fact, a few were clumsily adapted but, says the author, GHQ Cairo "resented" this usage. Some of the few had a notable success at the time of Gazala and in a footnote the author goes so far as to suggest that this one tactical innovation could have brought victory at that time.

Sir Francis is heavily critical of the system which sent British troops to war with two-pounder tank and anti-tank "pop-guns." He says a six-pounder had been approved and tested before the war but was held up because someone ruled it must shoot over hedges—obstacles which were not very common in the Desert.

As commander of the famous 4th Indian Division, the author played a notable part in various phases of the campaign. One time he failed to achieve his object, however, was when he operated single-handed. The Gazala battle was at its height when he finished a task he had been given and was released to rejoin his Division: "I drove *ventre à terre* for Cairo and GHQ. Arrived there, I ran upstairs to the Chief of the General Staff. . . . I told him that if Auchinleck did not go out to the Desert at once, take charge, concentrate all he could lay hands on and strike a heavy blow in the northern sector in order to wrest the initiative from Rommel, then we were in for the most unnecessary disaster of the war. . . ." This dramatic intervention was unsuccessful; Auchinleck remained in Cairo.

This is the frankest first-hand account of the Desert campaign yet published. It is absorbing to the lay reader and essential to the student.

R L E



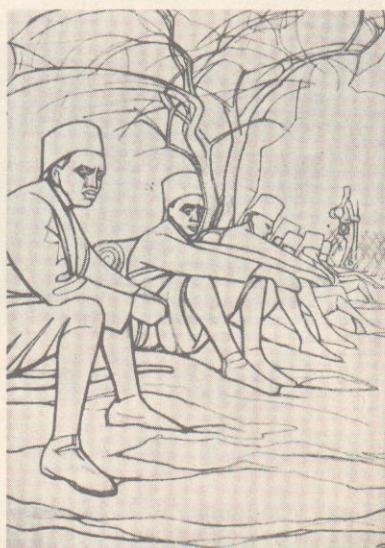
## THE ROMMEL OF 1914-18

IT is extremely hard to pin-point a reason for the current popularity of books about World War One. Forgotten campaigns, forgotten generals and forgotten controversies are being resurrected almost weekly, but more often than not there is little new in them, and it seems that until the limit of the 50-year rule is passed, virtually nothing new will emerge.

With only a few years to go, one wonders whether or not these writers are killing the goose that lays the golden egg. On the other hand, they could well be preparing the ground for a field day. If it is left to Mr Brian Gardner, the current interest will be maintained. He scored a great success with "The Big Push," in which he dealt with the Battle of the Somme.

Now, in "German East" (Cassell, 25s), he covers the story of World War One in East Africa. Because it was a sideshow, this campaign has been grossly neglected. Official histories dismiss it in a few paragraphs and what books were written on it cover only aspects.

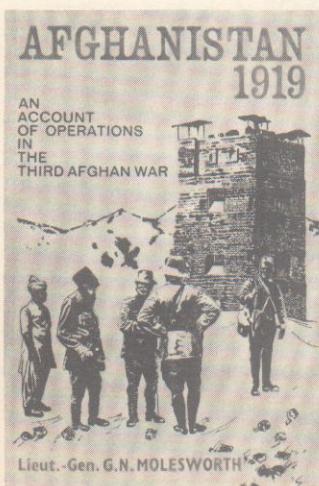
The author acknowledges that his book is garnered from others, but "German East" is, as he rightly claims, the first general



"Askari, a halt." A drawing by Lieutenant von Ruckteschell, Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck's adjutant.

account of the campaign from both sides.

He is altogether too modest. It is much more than a general account. It is a first-rate history of a campaign which has been shrouded too long. The story abounds in heroism and endurance, disaster and stupidity. Soldiers were not the only enemies. Suffering and disease struck at both sides. Malaria



mosquitoes, tsetse flies, scorpions, poisonous spiders, rhinos, lions and "jigger-fleas"—they burrowed into men's feet and left them crippled—attacked anyone and everyone.

And if Rommel was Germany's hero in World War Two, then Colonel Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck was his counterpart a quarter of a century earlier. German East Africa was hemmed in by British East Africa, Uganda, Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo and Portuguese East Africa. Thousands of miles from home, with the Royal Navy between him and Germany, Lettow-Vorbeck, with a few hundred Germans and some well-trained *askari*, was not the least dismayed. He went on to the offensive and maintained it throughout the war.

Von Lettow-Vorbeck was without parallel in this campaign. Only Smuts and Van Deventer, the two South Africans, came anywhere near him in brilliance. Little wonder that a British officer was moved to confess: "We had more esteem and affection for Von Lettow-Vorbeck than we had for our own leaders." No greater tribute can be paid to a soldier.

The war in East Africa did not end until a fortnight after the armistice on all other fronts. On 25 November, 1918, Von Lettow-Vorbeck, at the head of 155 Europeans, 1165 *askari*, about 2000 porters and bearers, and 819 women, marched into the square at Abercorn to surrender. With him he brought 38 machine-guns, one field gun and 250,000 rounds of ammunition.

This was his army. Opposing him on the Allied side had been 130,000 troops. The figures speak for themselves. One can imagine the difference these men would have made to the Allied cause if they had been released for service elsewhere.

J C W

## CONGO "PIMPERNEL"

WHEN the Belgians left the Congo to anarchy, it seemed a bit odd that for once the British Army was not called upon to help clear up the mess. But there were British officers there, in the Ghanaian and Nigerian brigades which, with little recognition, did a splendid job in bringing some peace and security to the province of Kasai.

One of these officers was Major Richard Lawson, Royal Tank Regiment, seconded to the Royal Nigerian Forces. His "Strange Soldiering" (*Hodder and Stoughton, 16s*) is a bright, yet modest, account of 18 exciting months which earned him a very good Distinguished Service Order.

Major Lawson was best known for a sideline in rescuing missionaries, but his main job was to lead a team which visited isolated communities, by light aircraft or helicopter, to persuade the people to co-operate among themselves as a start towards restoring normal life.

What made it all hazardous was the presence of fully-armed Congolese troops who were completely undisciplined and had been enjoying a life of unchecked rape, murder and pillage.

It was not the job of the United Nations troops to fight these bandits, but to treat with them diplomatically.

Since their officers were generally self-appointed, and demonstrated their status by such symbols as mahogany-cased wireless sets which they carried around, or by wearing



hockey-boots, the work called for a good deal of tact.

When an aircraft landed, the UNO soldiers were usually surrounded by an ugly-looking mob.

A lot of hand-shaking would usually calm them, but on one occasion Major Lawson lost his temper when someone poked an arrow into his back, and knocked the man down. That put everyone in a good humour.

On another trip, he and his companions acquired a derelict car and drove through Gizengist lines and across no-man's land to the Katangese lines, where they were accused of spying for the Gizengists, and badly mauled by a mob. They were rescued by Katangese officers, made sure that the



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missionaries they were seeking were safe, then drove back into no-man's land. There, the old car died, leaving them to walk the rest of the way.

Major Lawson found strange uses for publicity. After his first missionary rescue, local radio stations reported that he had succeeded by tricking murderous rebel bands. As he was about to attempt further rescues, he was extremely worried, but the Congolese were so pleased to be dealing with someone important enough to be mentioned on the air that the broadcast made his task easier.

Another time, Katangese officers declined to co-operate because the UNO party could not produce some paper of authority: they were shown a newspaper with a photograph of Major Lawson—and that did the trick.

RLE

## YEAR OF TRAGEDY

**I**T was a year of tragedy for France. In 60 breath-taking days of 1940, a world power was reduced almost to subservience, her much-vaunted army crumbling before the onslaught of the Wehrmacht's panzers. Led by the respected "Hero of Verdun," Marshal Philippe Pétain, and the less-respected Pierre Laval, France sued for peace and accepted Hitler's harsh terms.

There were those, of course, who advocated fighting on from the empire after the fall of Metropolitan France, but the majority feared they would be accused of cowardice. Charles de Gaulle shone in this, France's hour of defeat. He was prepared to be regarded as

a traitor and a deserter to rally the Free French. His action did more towards saving the honour of France than all the speeches and proclamations by defeated generals and disillusioned politicians.

The tragedy of France is recalled in J. Benoist-Mechin's "Sixty Days that Shook the West" (Johnathan Cape, 45s). The author served in the Laval government and in 1947 the French High Court of Justice condemned him to death. He was, however, reprieved and eventually freed in 1953.

Most of Benoist-Mechin's imposing book takes the form of a war diary, with the military and political situations written up each day. For a blow-by-blow account of the French disaster, this compilation is masterly. But there is much to displease the British reader.

He justly criticises the military unpreparedness both of his own country and of Britain, but his claim that Churchill needed a success story to "shake the British out of their torpor"—and ordered the shelling of the French fleet at Mers el Kebir to achieve it—is offensive.

But, bearing in mind the author's experiences, the book is objective to a degree one would hardly expect. It is compelling, and it is rarely a labour to read on. Because "Sixty Days that Shook the West" takes one through the campaign chronologically, certain aspects fall into a much clearer perspective.

Outstanding among these is the case of King Leopold of the Belgians. At the time, he was accused of surrendering his army without first consulting his allies. Looking back with the aid of M. Benoist-Mechin's book, the accusations do not appear to have been justified.

The Belgian army surrendered on May 28.

On May 25, Leopold told his government that his army could fight for another 24 hours—it fought, in fact, for another three days. On May 26, Leopold told the French Military Mission at his headquarters that "the limits of Belgian resistance are very close to being reached." On May 27, Sir Roger Keyes called the British commander, Lord Gort, to tell him that the Belgians would be obliged to surrender very soon. The next day, the battered, heroic little Belgian army surrendered.

JCW

## DEDICATED NAZI

**W**IHLHELM PRÜLLER was one of Hitler's good soldiers, efficient and a dedicated Nazi. His "Diary of a German Soldier" (Faber, 25s) is of special interest because it is one of the few translated into English which show how such young men were thinking as they went about the Führer's business in his war.

Prüller was a Viennese. He wanted to be a Boy Scout, but his parents could not afford the uniform, so in 1927 he joined the Hitler Youth, where the uniforms were free and the entertainment seemed not dissimilar. From here he graduated to being a black-uniformed SS man.

His diary starts in 1939, as he waited to march into Poland. He was captured by the Poles and released by the Russians. He served in the Low Countries and the Balkans and on the Russian front. He won two Iron Crosses, and was twice wounded, the second

## THE MOONRAKERS STORY

**O**N 9 June, 1959, The Royal Berkshire Regiment and The Wiltshire Regiment amalgamated to become The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire). Now, for the first time in its long and gallant history of more than 200 years, a complete record of service of The Wiltshire Regiment has been written by Colonel N C E Kendrick DSO, "The Story of The Wiltshire Regiment" (Gale and Polden, 30s).

The author tells of the many stirring events in which the Regiment has taken part between 1756 and 1959, from Saratoga and the siege of Carrickfergus in its early years to Italy, Burma and North-West Europe in World War Two. This book includes the record of service of the Regular battalions and of the Service battalions, Militia, Volunteers, Territorials, Home Guard and Cadets.

The foreword to this comprehensive volume has been written by the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief, The Duke of Edinburgh, and copies are obtainable at 32s 6d, postage free, from Regimental Headquarters, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, Le Marchant Barracks, Devizes, Wiltshire.

DHC

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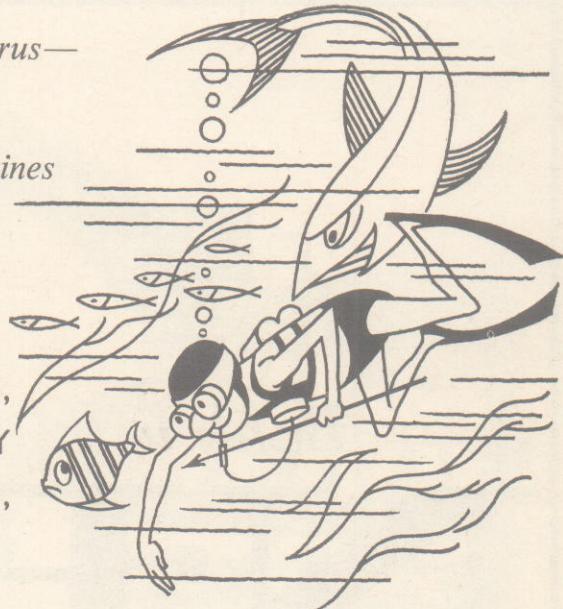
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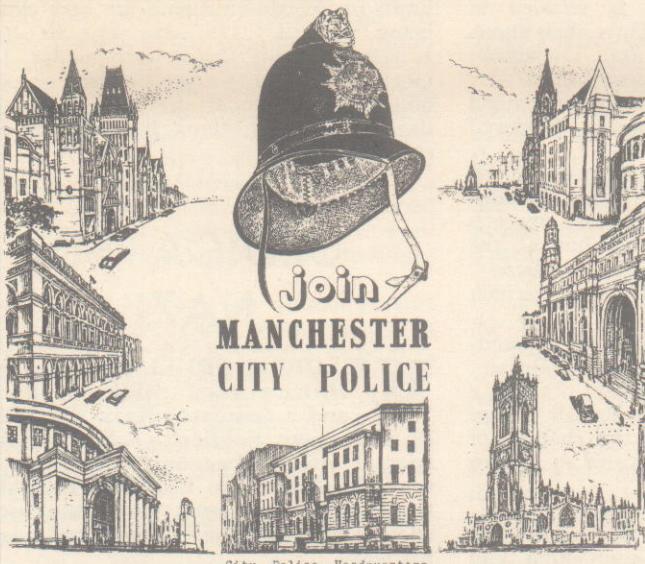
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time by French partisans, and was commissioned in 1943.

A notable feature of the diary is its lack of humour. It is possible that his translator and editor, H C Robbins Landon and Sebastian Leitner, may have had something to do with this, but not likely. Prüller was the sort of man who wrote in his diary, which was intended for his beloved young wife, that soldiers would rather listen to a broadcast speech by Hitler than receive mail from home. Humour was probably beyond his sensibility.

Early in 1945, prevented by the consequences of his second wound from leading men in battle, Prüller was taking a course to make him a political officer with a regiment or division. Though the Nazi world was crumbling about him, he would not give up hope: "We've got to stop them. . . . It can't go on like this." This is about the only time a British reader, old enough to remember 1940, gets anywhere near feeling any sympathy with him.

RLE

Wilhelm Prüller: Youth to SS man.

In 1959, record the editors, Prüller was running a small shop in Vienna. On his hand he wore a ring with the SS sign, and he made it clear that he still believed in it all, hopelessly but doggedly, and that what he had done was honourable and "right." He was, and is, a grim example of the kind of fighter a propaganda machine can produce.

RLE

## WAR IN THE WILDERNESS

Of the three Afghan wars, in 1839, 1879 and 1919, the last has been so neglected by historians that the only previous record has been the dry, official account published by the Government of India in 1926. This is more interesting for what it omits than what it contains—"for so many senior commanders, who saw it in draft, blue pencilled it so much that only the bare bones remain."

This omission has now been rectified with the publication of "Afghanistan 1919," by Lieutenant-General G N Molesworth (Asia Publishing House, 35s), which tells the story of this "little" war and the events which led up to it.

Fought at a time when the world was exhausted after the long drawn out and terrible slaughter of World War One, the Third Afghan War seems to have been regarded at the time more or less as a local sideshow embarked upon by the Government of India, and was almost unnoticed except by the participants. But the "ration strength" on the British side reached

750,000 British and Indian, and 450,000 animals were involved.

The author served throughout this short but fierce frontier war as a regimental officer with The Somerset Light Infantry. And fierce it was indeed; quarter was neither given nor expected, and no dead or wounded man could be left on the field of battle. If this were done, even accidentally, the victim faced horrible mutilation during the hours of darkness.

The terrain was wild, rugged and mountainous, and names such as Bannu, Wana, Parachinar, Tochi, Thal and Landi Kotal will rouse memories for many old Frontier hands. The actions, some in the classic tradition of frontier warfare and some far from it, are described in graphic detail.

General Molesworth later became Director of Operations and Intelligence at General Headquarters, India, where he was chiefly concerned with North-West Frontier affairs, including the activities of the notorious Faqir of Ipi.

DHC

## IN BRIEF

"ALL those who want to improve their instructional ability—whether they be Regulars, Territorials or Cadets—should find this book a tremendous help." So writes Colonel G S Powell MC, late of The Green Howards, in his foreword to "Modern Infantry Weapons and Training in Their Use" by Sergeant R C Sweeting (Gale and Polden, 12s 6d).

In this up-to-date, compact and well-illustrated little volume, the author has set out, simply, clearly and concisely, all that is necessary for instructors in small arms and other Infantry weapons to know about instructional techniques and the relevant weapons.

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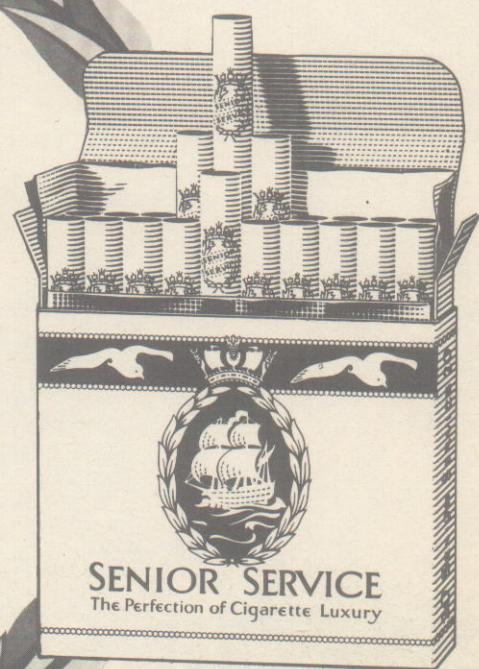
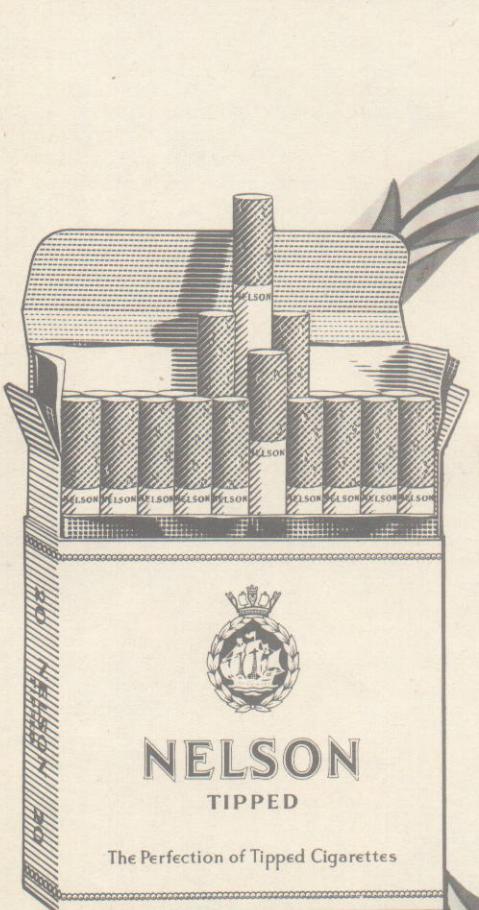
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