

JULY 1960

SOLDIER



THRILLS AND SPILLS ON THE DOWNS

(See page 33)

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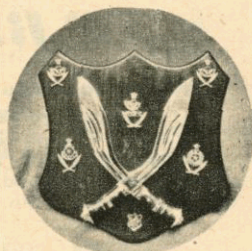
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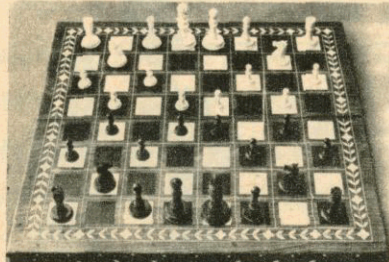
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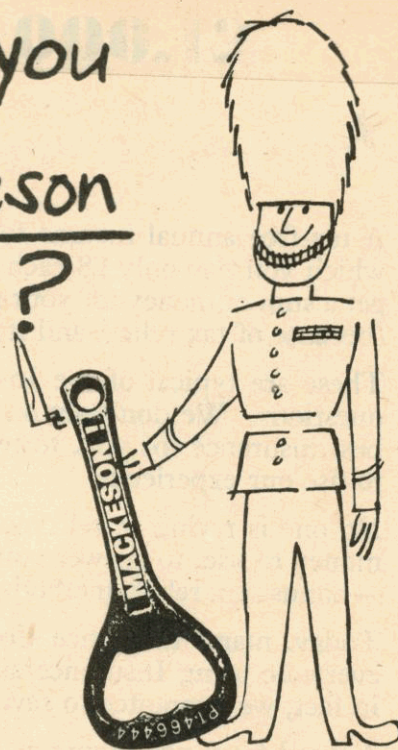


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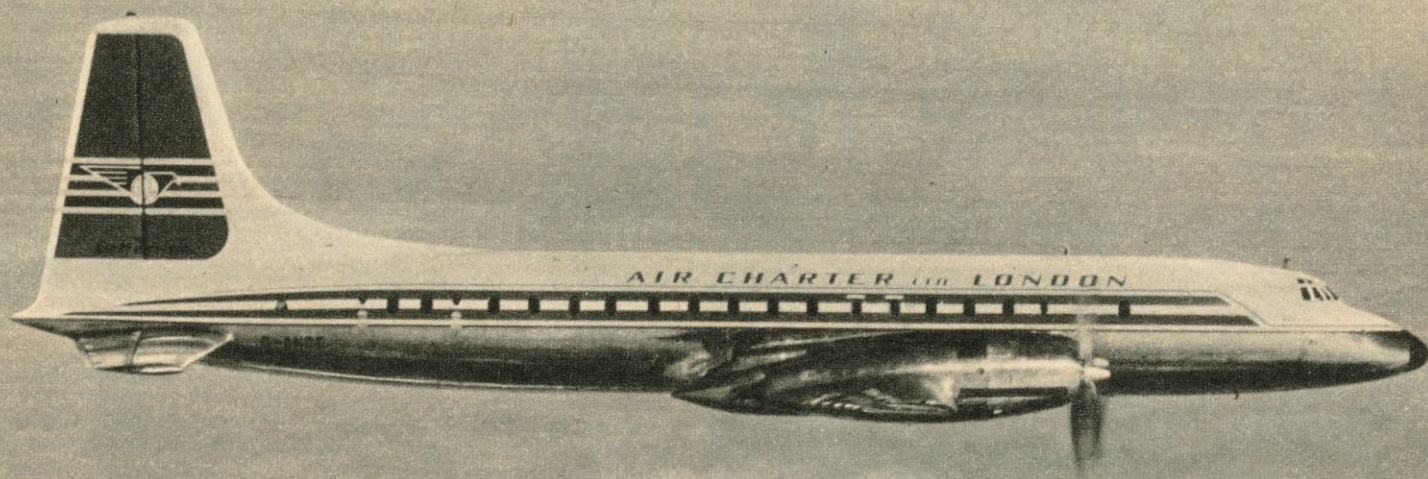
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“THE WHISPERING GIANT”

SPEEDS EAST

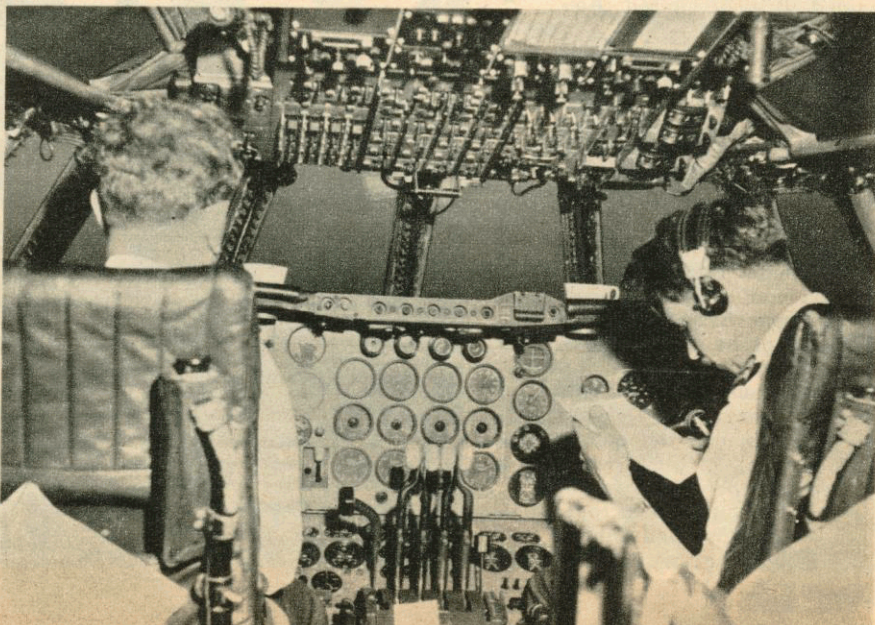
Britannias taking Servicemen and women and families from Britain to the Far East and back have cut the flight time from three-and-a-half days to 21 hours. These “Whispering Giants” fly to Singapore and Hong Kong and sometimes on to Australia and Christmas Island. Recent passengers, at the start of a seven-week tour of Army stations in the Far East, were SOLDIER Staff Writer PETER N. WOOD and Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT, and this is the story of their flight . . .

AN hour has passed since the giant *Britannia* took off from Gatwick, in Sussex. Only 20 hours ahead, but nearly halfway across the world, lies Singapore, terminal point of a 7,600-mile trooping flight which a year ago took three to four days.

“Captain Lane speaking,” says a voice on the loudspeakers. “Our course takes us across France, over Switzerland—we are now crossing the Alps—and down the east coast of Italy. Then across Northern Greece and Western Turkey to Istanbul.”

It is late afternoon. Some of the passengers are already nodding. Others peer through the cabin windows at the panorama of snow-capped peaks glinting in the rays of a setting sun.

The “Whispering Giant” speeds eastwards and the cabin comes



The flight deck of the Britannia is a complexity of electronic controls. In front of the pilot and his navigator are some of the 103 dials which are constantly scanned by the crew. Over their heads is the aircraft's fire control system.



Above: Carrying baggage and wearing overcoats which will soon be discarded, outward bound passengers emplane at Gatwick.

Below: During the refuelling stop at Istanbul, QARANC nursing officers while away the time in the airport gift shop.



to life as the troops, all in civilian clothes, and their families settle down for the remaining hours to the first refuelling stop at Istanbul. After the first exciting half hour of take-off and climb, the children begin to fidget, no longer entranced by the mysteries of flight and now as blasé as the experienced travellers who have long been immersed in books.

Amidships, the bar has quietened down after the initial rush for cans of beer and cigarettes at half-a-crown for 20.

Two of the four trim hostesses dispense drinks, collect the empty cans and wash up the plastic glasses. Forward, their colleagues prepare babies' bottles in the galley, look after an airsick child and busy themselves with the comfort of the adults.

Time for dinner, and round come the neat plastic trays and cutlery, miniature salt-and-pepper pots and a piping hot meal.

Down, to Istanbul, a blaze of twinkling lights as the *Britannia* lands. Soldiers on their first tour abroad, families, nurses, girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps, a Gurkha officer and a Royal Navy petty officer, all thankful for the chance to stretch their legs, file across the tarmac and into the polyglot chatter of the airport lounge for a welcome glass of fruit juice. Then a beeline for the exchange bureau and the postcards and stamps, followed by a leisurely stroll round the shops crammed with fascinating curios.

Meanwhile, out on the apron, airport workers scutter like ants

around the *Britannia*, refuelling, testing and checking. Inside the cigar-shaped hull another team clears away the debris of a five-and-a-half hour flight, sweeping, tidying and disinfecting.

"Passengers . . . charter flight H.C. 0051 . . . aircraft . . . please," says an indistinct, accented voice and the flight, by now a gently regimented platoon, straggles out to its temporary home.

With 1835 miles behind them the passengers expertly fasten their safety belts and lean back nonchalantly as the *Britannia* sweeps off the runway into the night.

"This is the captain. We shall fly the next leg of 3180 miles at an average speed of 364 miles an hour over Turkey and Western Persia to Abadan, down the Persian Gulf to Karachi and across the Arabian Sea to Bombay."

Half an hour later the hostesses are serving another meal. Then, just after midnight (British time), the cabin lights dim and seats tip back. Some passengers sleep soundly, some fitfully, one or two read and occasionally a chubby, braceleted arm waves from one of the babies' "skycots" fixed to the edge of the baggage rack.

The *Britannia* speeds onwards, the rhythmic throbbing of its four propellers and rushing sound of the turbo-jet engines accentuated by the silent cabin.

A few snatched hours of sleep pass, then it is time for breakfast before touching down at Bombay. Down the gangway, now become a bridge between west and east, the passengers step into



Mrs. N. D. Southam, wife of an RAMC sergeant, puts her small son in one of the ten skycots, fixed to the racks, which carry babies up to 12 months.



Hostess Brenda Lewis makes up baby's bottle. The galley also stocks fresh milk and tinned foods for the children.



Chief Hostess Anne Marriott operating the cabin lighting control panel.

the burning heat of the midday Indian sun.

A drink, biscuits, postcards, stamps, souvenirs . . . then away again with a fresh crew and hostesses on the final leg of 2590 miles to Singapore.

"Captain Jennings speaking. The weather forecast is good and we expect to be in Singapore half an hour after midnight."

The bar opens again but there are fewer customers now. O.C. Flight brings round the disembarkation cards for completion. More babies' bottles. Children over-tired, become more restless. Hostesses move quickly and quietly along the gangway, ad-

justing seats, pouring more and more cups of orange squash and putting more and more water in each so that they do not upset the children.

On the flight deck Acting Captain M. W. J. Butterfield, the copilot, watches the radar screen pick up the Nicobar Islands as "George", the automatic pilot, holds the *Britannia* on course. Beside him the First Officer, Mr. J. G. Allum, eyes the innumerable dials on the panels. To his right the Senior Engineer, Mr. R. Neve, logs fuel consumption while Chief Navigator D. Page, the Company's senior navigator, checks the flight plan.

In the rest room behind the flight deck Captain E. N. Jen-

nings, the company's senior pilot, chats with his relief navigator and relief engineer. Singapore is the end of the road for her passengers, but Captain Jennings and his crew will fly the *Britannia* via Guam to Christmas Island then to Honolulu, Vancouver, Reykjavik and back home, encircling the world, to Gatwick.

Back in the cabin the flight has become timeless. Watches set to British time say it is Saturday afternoon, but outside it has been dark for hours.

The *Britannia* drones on across the Indian Ocean and time now races past. The aircraft tilts her nose down towards Singapore's international airport. Hostesses

collect the debris, passengers put on shoes discarded for comfort, tighten eased-off ties and collect their hand baggage.

With a no longer frightening roar of reversed engines the *Britannia* touches down on the runway and taxis up to the terminal buildings. A cheery farewell from the hostesses, a word of thanks in reciprocation and the passengers file slowly down the gangway.

For many there is still the long trek up-country to face after a night's rest, but Singapore still seems the end of a journey that, though exhausting, has taken a few hours instead of the three to four weeks' sailing of yesteryear's Far East trooping.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOUR *Britannias*—each costing a million and a half pounds—make up the Far East air trooping fleet, which plies between Britain, Singapore and Hong Kong.

Two fly under the colours of Air Charter Ltd., part of the Airwork Group, and two under the colours of Hunting-Clan, now also part of the group which is being re-named British United Airways.

The *Britannias* fly at about 17,000 feet with the passenger cabin pressurised at 3000 feet. Controls are electronically operated. On the flight deck there are 103 dials, 291 switches, 75 magnetic indicators, 70 warning lights and 998 fuses.

Sufficient food, all pre-packed and dry-iced, is carried on the basis of a meal every eight hours, plus light refreshments.

Each *Britannia* can carry up to 103 passengers in rearward facing seats, and ten babies. The *Hermes* aircraft which previously operated over the Singapore route took three and a half days and carried only 57 passengers.



At each stop passengers disembark while the aircraft is refuelled and its cabin cleaned. Hostesses help to carry the young children.



Trim flowerbeds at Bombay Airport nostalgically suggest home, but a burning sun destroys the illusion.

TWELVE YEARS OF JUNGLE BASHING

FAR EAST REPORT: 2



A patrol of the Suffolk Regiment warily crosses a log bridge, weapons at the ready in case of ambush. The Suffolks accounted for nearly 200 bandits.

THE emergency in Malaya—long since dubbed “the forgotten war”—will be declared officially at an end on the last day of this month.

But the British Commonwealth troops—from Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, East Africa, Nepal and Malaya—who, for the past 12 years have been waging a grim, “cat-and-mouse” war with Communist terrorists in the jungles, swamps and rubber plantations, will not give up the fight.

They will continue to seek out and destroy the remnants of the once 13,000-strong force of guerillas who have taken refuge in the jungles on the Thailand border.

The ending of the emergency, however, will mark the final phase in a bitter struggle in which British troops, fighting under

difficult and unaccustomed conditions, have played an outstandingly gallant and effective part.

More than 80,000 officers and men from 63 Commonwealth units (including 50,000 from 38 British Army Infantry regiments) have taken part in the campaign and more than 500 have been killed and nearly 1000 wounded. But, up to last month, the troops and the Federation's Police Force had killed 7000 terrorists, wounded nearly 3000 and captured nearly 3000 more.

The Malayan campaign, which disproved the theory that the

Infantry had had its day, also proved yet again how adaptable and inventive the British soldier is.

Operating in small, mobile gangs from secret hide-outs in the steaming jungles, the terrorists could strike swiftly and hard and then disappear without trace. But it was not long before the troops who were rushed to Malaya in June, 1948, found ways of bringing them to battle and learned the hard way how to live in the jungle and outwit the bandit in his own backyard.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers, for instance, went into battle floating silently down a river in rubber car tyres; the Queen's Royal Regiment paddled to a terrorist camp in dug-out

canoes; the men of another unit cycled 20 miles to surprise and capture a bandit in his lair; and the Devons went into action by train, concealed under tarpaulins in steel wagons. One Gunner officer even took a bow and arrow on patrol.

Later, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, which holds the record for the longest spell in the jungle—122 days—discovered a way to parachute safely into trees. Gunners manned searchlights to direct night bombers on to their targets and, when the inhabitants of outlying villages were terrorised into helping the bandits, the Army placed them in settlements and gave them cooked rations so that no food could be passed to the enemy.



hastily despatched to Malaya from Britain in June, 1948, carried out a dual role in their armoured cars and on foot and accounted for 66 terrorists.

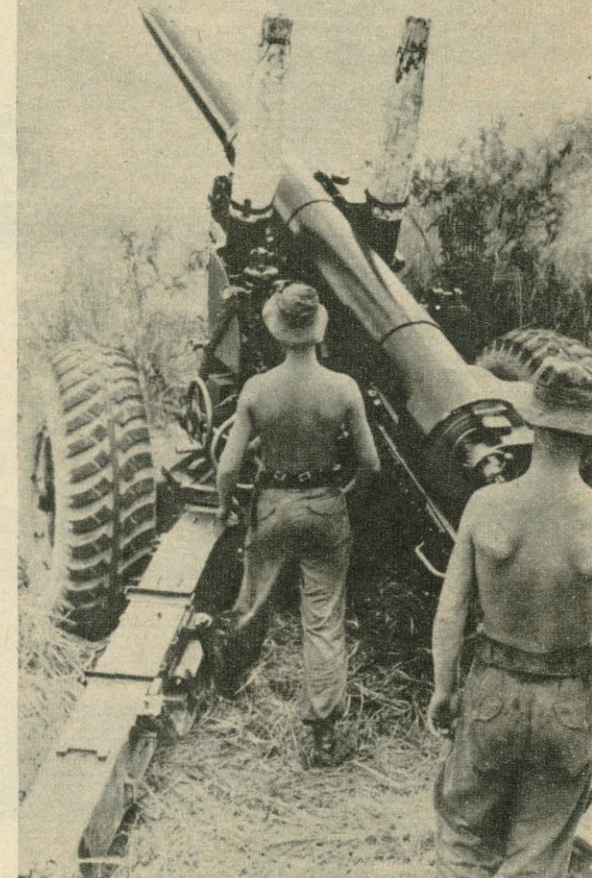
Between them, the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards captured more than 250 terrorists. The men of No. 3 Company, RASC, have now covered more than 10,000,000 miles delivering supplies to the troops.

As the campaign grew in ferocity more troops were sent to Malaya from Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and East Africa and the local Malay Regiment expanded from two to seven battalions and the Federation Regiment. Eight battalions of the Brigade of Gurkhas have been in constant action since 1948 and claim 1616 dead terrorists.

Of the 38 British Army Infantry regiments who have fought in Malaya none achieved greater success than the 1st Battalion, The Suffolk Regiment, which had 199 bandit casualties to its credit. One Suffolk patrol killed two terrorists within 24 hours of the murder by them of three civilians. Other patrols accounted for two guerilla leaders who had a price of £1500 on their heads. In their two-and-a-half years in Malaya,

Left: With his flame-thrower, the Infantryman sears the forest edge in the vicinity of a suspected terrorist camp. The Malayan campaign was an Infantryman's war learned the hard way.

Above: Gunners of 2nd Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, pound the terrorists in their jungle hiding places. The gun is a 5.5-inch medium gun which fires a 100 lb shell. Below: Speed is essential once terrorists have been spotted. Here, Australian troops scramble aboard a helicopter to be rushed into action.



FOR MORE THAN A DECADE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH TROOPS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING A DESPERATE

AND CLEVER ENEMY IN MALAYA'S JUNGLES AND SWAMPS. BUT THE END IS NOW IN SIGHT.



Armoured cars played an important part in the operations. One cavalry regiment also fought on foot and accounted for 66 bandits.

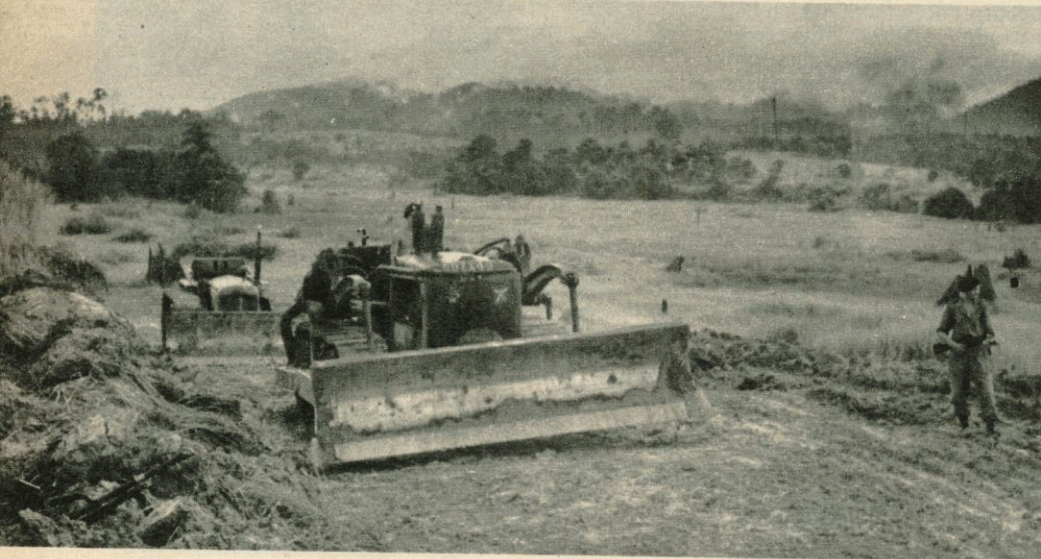
JUNGLE BASHING *continued*

the Suffolks covered more than 2,000,000 miles on patrol and wore out 15,000 pairs of boots!

The 1st Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment took part in 69 operations in eight months and eliminated 25 terrorists in the Bentong area in 35 days. One lieutenant killed five men single-handed.

Heavily outnumbered, a patrol of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment put a terrorist gang to flight. Two officers and ten men and three Iban trackers were killed but a private and a lance-corporal saved their weapons and were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Military Medal respectively for their bravery.

One of the toughest operations was carried out by the Royal Scots Fusiliers who searched the mountains near the Thailand border for terrorists, found several supply dumps and killed two men.



Left: Under the watchful eye of armed sentries, Sappers with their bulldozers construct a road between Sembilan and Pahang. Above: Men of the South Wales Borderers search a village woodstore for hidden food.



Below: An Anster, piloted by a Gunner officer, takes a close look at a suspected bandit hide-out. Right: Men of 55 Company (Air Despatch), RASC, stand by to heave supplies from a Valletta to an Infantry patrol in the jungle.



Right: Men of the Special Air Service Regiment took the war on to the bandit's doorstep when they found a way of parachuting into trees. Here, a patrol, dropped into the jungle by aircraft, cheerfully wades across a river.



Below: The 1st Devons go into action by rail. The goods train carried them to a spot opposite a bandit lair in secondary jungle while bombers and fighters attacked overhead. The attack surprised and routed a strong gang.



Left: Every man is tensed and alert as a patrol of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment fords a river in bandit country in North Selangor. One heavily outnumbered patrol of this regiment put a bandit gang to flight.

By 1957, the troops, now often taken into action by helicopter, had systematically cleared thousands of square miles of jungle in Southern Malaya and the terrorists were on the run. They fought bitterly and often bravely but, denied help from civilians and harried night and day by Infantry patrols, artillery searching fire and Royal Air Force bombers, they retreated northwards. By 1959, only some 500 hard-core terrorists were active.

The troops who have scored such outstanding successes in this gruelling campaign will be the first to give credit to the skill of the Iban trackers from Borneo who, time and again, have led patrols to bandit hide-outs by signs which have been invisible to the troops. Since 1953 nearly 4000 of these little brown men with eyes that miss nothing have served in Malaya. They are still carrying out their important work as members of the 400-strong Sarawak Rangers whose commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Baird, is the only British officer entitled to wear the shoulder title "Sarawak."

As the fighting draws to a close the British troops in Malaya can be proud, too, of the prosperity and better conditions they have brought to the country. Thousands of miles of roads, opening up hitherto impenetrable jungle and swamp, have been built by the Sappers. Signalmen have erected hundreds of miles of telephone cable and saved at least two villages from economic extinction. And the military medical authorities have drastically reduced casualties caused by the once dreaded scrub-typhus and leptospirosis.

After the fighting is over British troops will not leave Malaya. They will remain, as part of the British Commonwealth Strategic Reserve, ready to go into action should trouble break out again in the Far East.

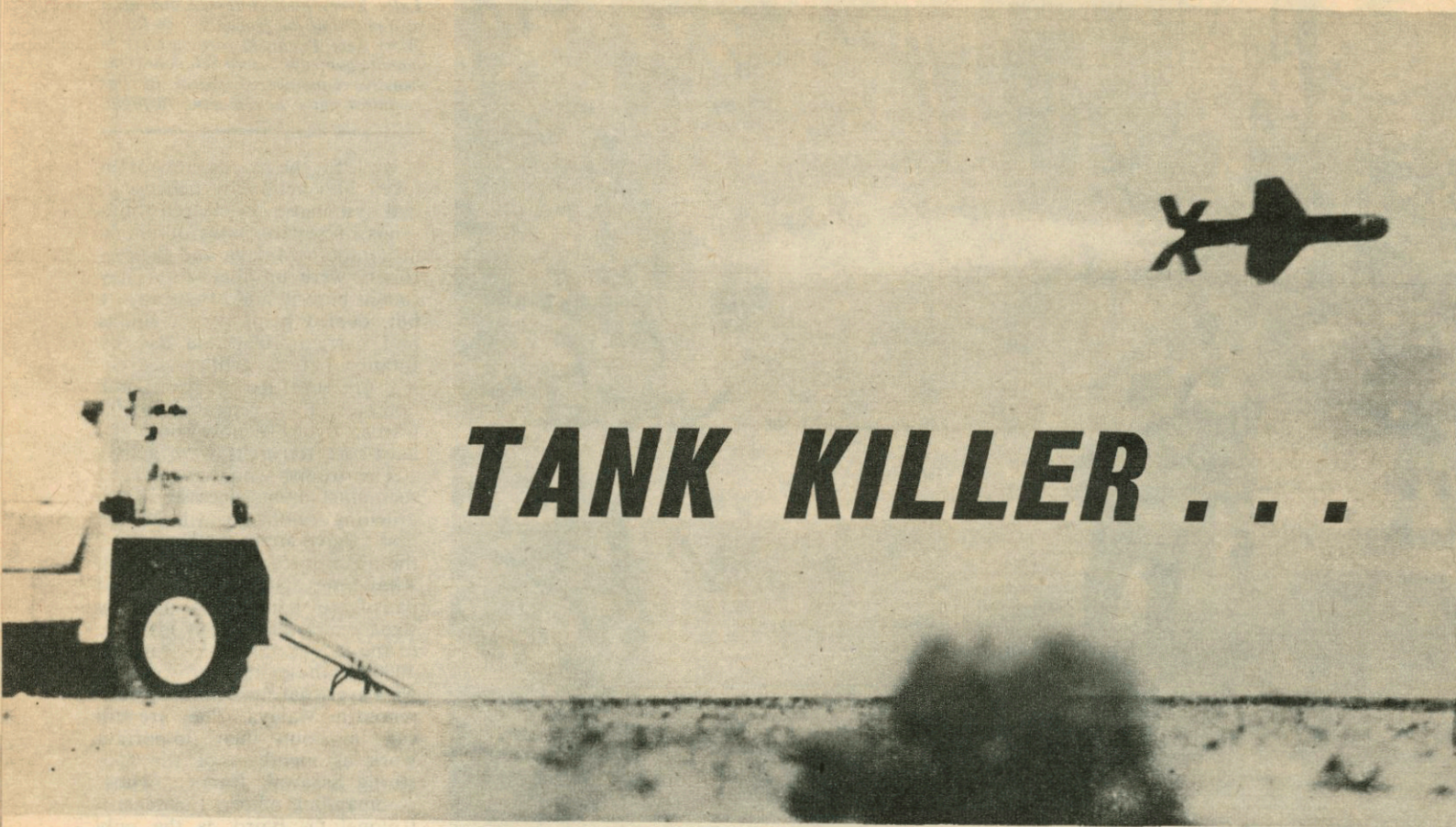
THEY WERE THERE

The following major Commonwealth units have served in Malaya since June, 1948:

ROYAL ARTILLERY: 2, 25, 26 and 48 Field Regiments; 1 Singapore Regt. RA: 105 Fd Bty, Royal Australian Artillery.

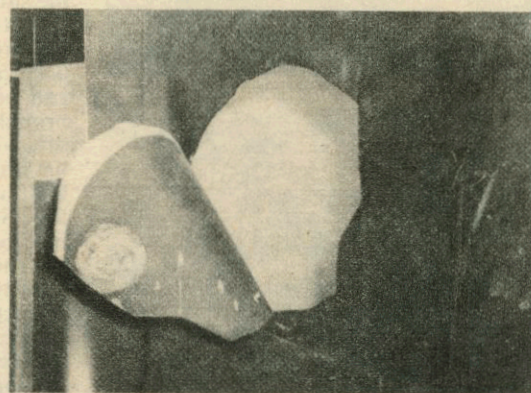
ROYAL ARMOURD CORPS: King's Dragoon Guards; 4, 11, 13/18 and 15/19 Hussars; 12 Lancers.

INFANTRY: Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards; Queen's, R. Lincolns, Devons, Suffolks, Somerset Light Infantry, W. Yorks, E. Yorks, Green Howards, R. Scots Fus, Cheshires, R. Welch Fus, South Wales Borderers, KOSB, Cameronians, R. Innisk. Fus, Worcestershires, R. Hampshires, Foresters, Loyals, R. West Kent, KOYLI, Wilts, Manchester, Seaforth, Gordons, 22 SAS, Rifle Brigade, Parachute Regt, Gurkha Rifles (8 battalions), King's African Rifles, N. Rhodesia Regt, Rhodesian African Rifles, Fiji Inf. Regt, Royal Australian Regt, New Zealand Regt and Singapore Inf Regt.



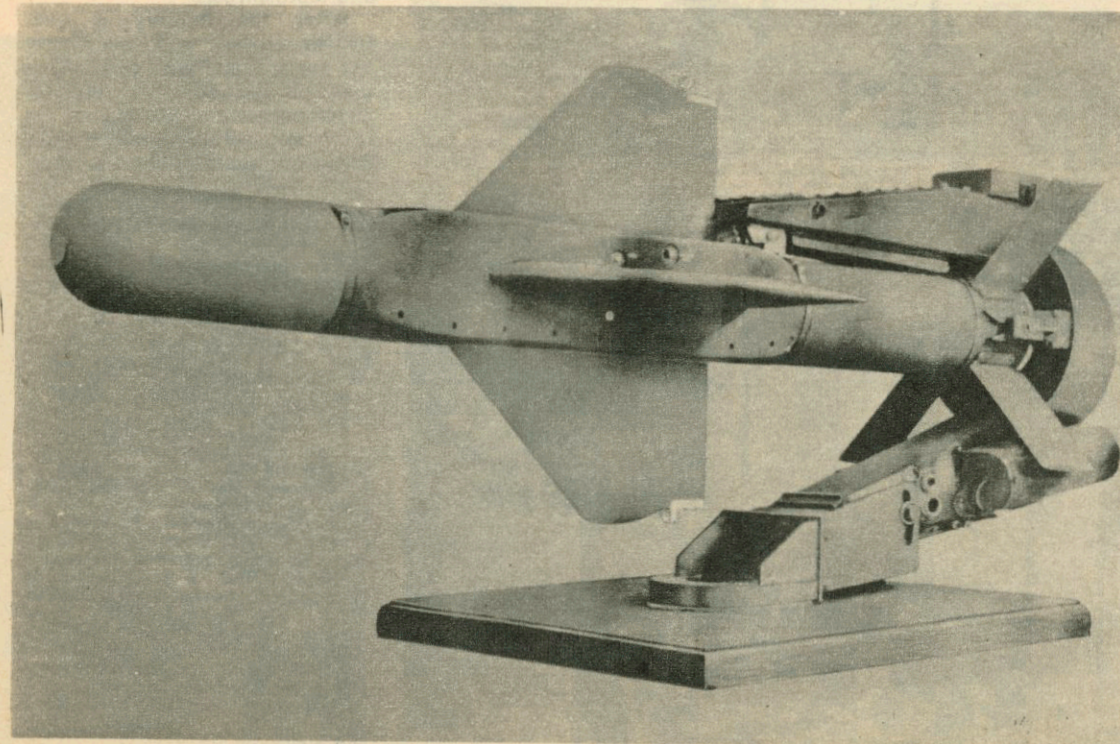
TANK KILLER...

Above: A Malkara, launched from a vehicle on an Australian range, speeds to its target. This anti-tank rocket is uncannily accurate and can knock out the heaviest tanks from very long ranges.



Left: This is what a Malkara, fired from a range of two miles, does to a half-inch thick steel plate. The white mark on the left of the torn steel is where the anti-tank rocket struck.

Below: The Malkara on its launching arm. It can be fired from fixed or mobile platforms and carried by helicopter. It weighs 200 lbs.



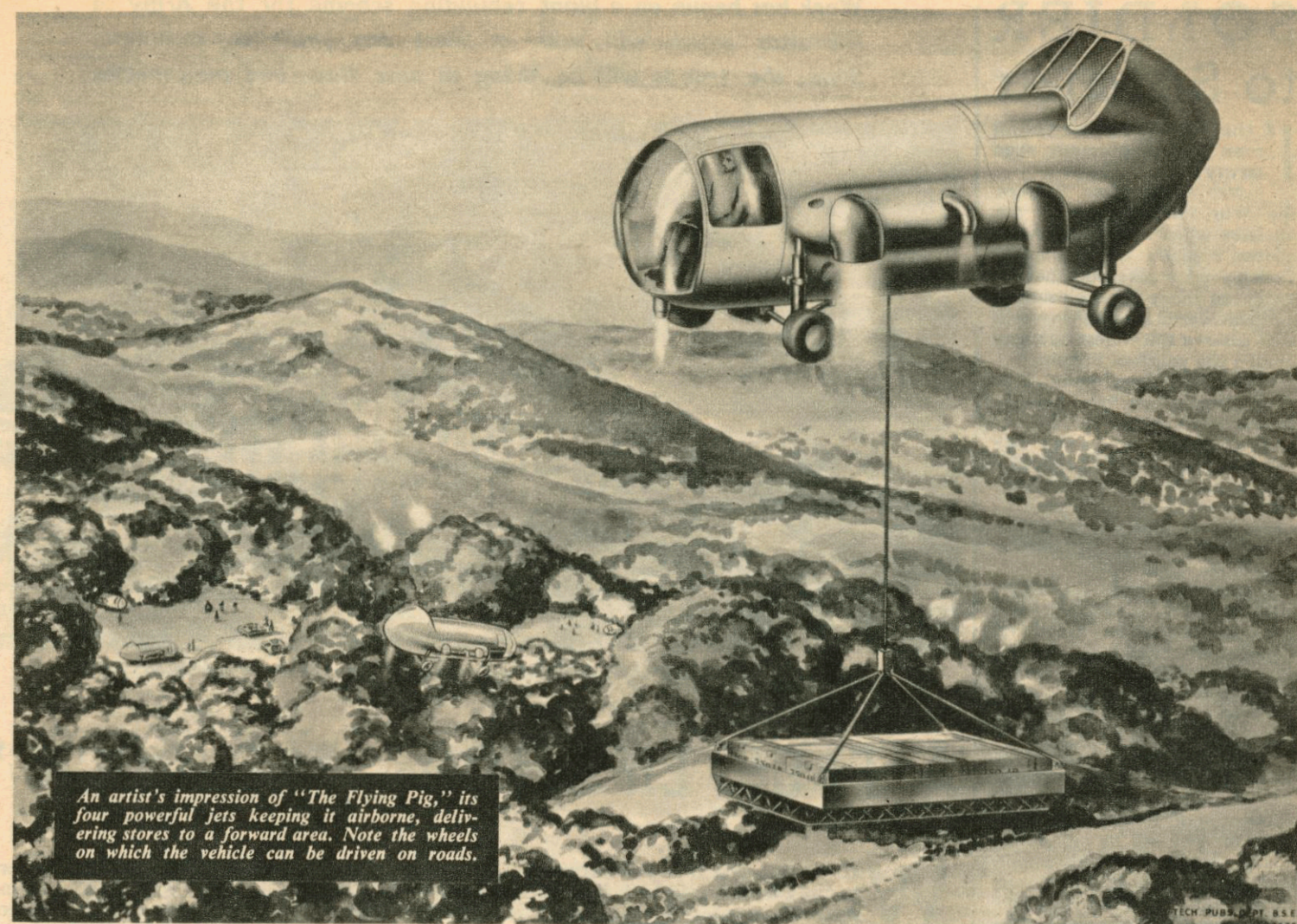
ON a desert range in the Australian outback a soldier in a fox hole pressed a button on a small box between his knees. Fifty yards away a six-foot long rocket leapt from its mobile launcher and sped, deliberately off course, towards a tank some two miles away.

The soldier moved a tiny joy stick on the box and the missile swerved in mid-air back on course and struck the tank amidships.

It was a striking demonstration of the accuracy, range and killing power of the Malkara, the remarkable new anti-tank missile developed in Australia, which is now being issued to units of the Royal Armoured Corps.

The Malkara (the Australian aboriginal name for shield) is a wire-operated missile which, it is claimed, can destroy the heaviest known tank. It has a two-stage solid propellant rocket motor, weighs only 200 lbs and does not require a stabilised platform. Several can be carried in a helicopter and dozens in a troop carrier aircraft and it can also be launched from fixed sites, tanks, armoured cars or lorries, landing craft and even motor-torpedo boats.

The weapon may also be fired and controlled by one man who can take shelter away from the launching site and direct the missile to its target by a control box which passes messages along an electronic cable to the Malkara's guidance system to keep it on course. This guidance system cannot be jammed by enemy radio.



An artist's impression of "The Flying Pig," its four powerful jets keeping it airborne, delivering stores to a forward area. Note the wheels on which the vehicle can be driven on roads.

AND A LORRY THAT FLIES!

WITH a deafening roar, a fleet of two-ton lorries carrying assault troops, ammunition and bridging equipment, rises vertically from the ground and flies off at nearly 250 miles an hour towards an objective 100 miles away on the other side of a 14,000-ft high range of mountains.

Skimming the mountain tops, the airborne lorries glide towards the enemy, touch down on a road two miles from the target and ride to the forming-up area on their own wheels.

Above them appears another wave of flying lorries, firing rockets and machine-guns to keep the enemy's heads down.

A Wellsian phantasy? Not at all. Plans for the production of a wingless, vertical take-off lorry—already nicknamed *The Flying Pig*—which can also be driven

along roads like a conventional vehicle, is in an advanced stage of development.

The Flying Pig, brain child of the Bristol Siddeley Engine Company, who describe it as "one of the most interesting developments in air transport since the Wright Brothers first took to the air," is designed to be driven by a powerful gas-turbine, jet propulsion engine which, driving downwards, can lift at least seven times its own weight.

Within seconds of taking off vertically from the ground (or a ship), a one-ton flying lorry, able to carry a payload of two tons for 150 miles or one ton for 190 miles, could be speeding to its destination at 230 miles an hour. It could operate up to 15,000 ft if fitted with pressurised cabins.

Militarily it would have a wide range of capabilities and could be used as a troop carrier, supply truck, a light reconnaissance "aircraft," a mobile gun, rocket platform or an ambulance. On the road it could be driven on its four wheels at speeds of up to 60 miles an hour.

Unlike the *Hovercraft* which rides on a cushion of air (see

SOLDIER, August, 1959), *The Flying Pig* would be lifted and driven forward in flight by downward thrusting jets and would, therefore, be able to cross any type of terrain.

Although only 20 ft long, it could lift heavier loads (and fly faster) than the largest modern helicopter and would be cheaper to produce.

On the road, *The Flying Pig* would be driven by a secondary gas-turbine engine.

One important advantage *The Flying Pig* would have over the helicopter is that it could be flown inside transport aircraft to trouble spots overseas. At least six could be carried in a *Beverly*.



SOLDIER to Soldier

Is there a future for young men in the Nuclear Age Army?

Mr. Christopher Soames, the War Minister, asked this question when addressing Army cadets recently at Wellington College—a famous school that has produced many famous soldiers.

He answered it himself in words that deserve the widest publicity among the youth of Britain.

"Over the years ahead," he said, "there are two possible trends of change in defence affairs. Either statesmen will reach agreement over the control of nuclear arms or, if they fail, the world will continue . . . under the shadow of the power of destruction and the obliteration of mankind.

"Whichever path the world follows, heavy responsibility will fall upon our forces. If the first happens the need for a conventional force is obvious. If we fail to achieve reduction and control of nuclear armament the Army's responsibility will be very great. It will be the soldier's job to ensure that our interests are capable of being protected in a conventional manner. If that fails, all hell will be let loose."

The choice is frighteningly simple. Either Britain's military forces remain strong and constantly ready for any eventuality or they wither, in size and capability, and leave Britain and the Commonwealth militarily and politically weak and defenceless.

The answer to the problem lies in the hands of Britain's youth, a generation which has more cause to be grateful for the sacrifices its fathers and grandfathers made than any other in our history.

The challenge today is no less vital and urgent than the challenge that faced the generations which fought for Britain's existence at Mons and Passendaele, Alamein and Normandy.

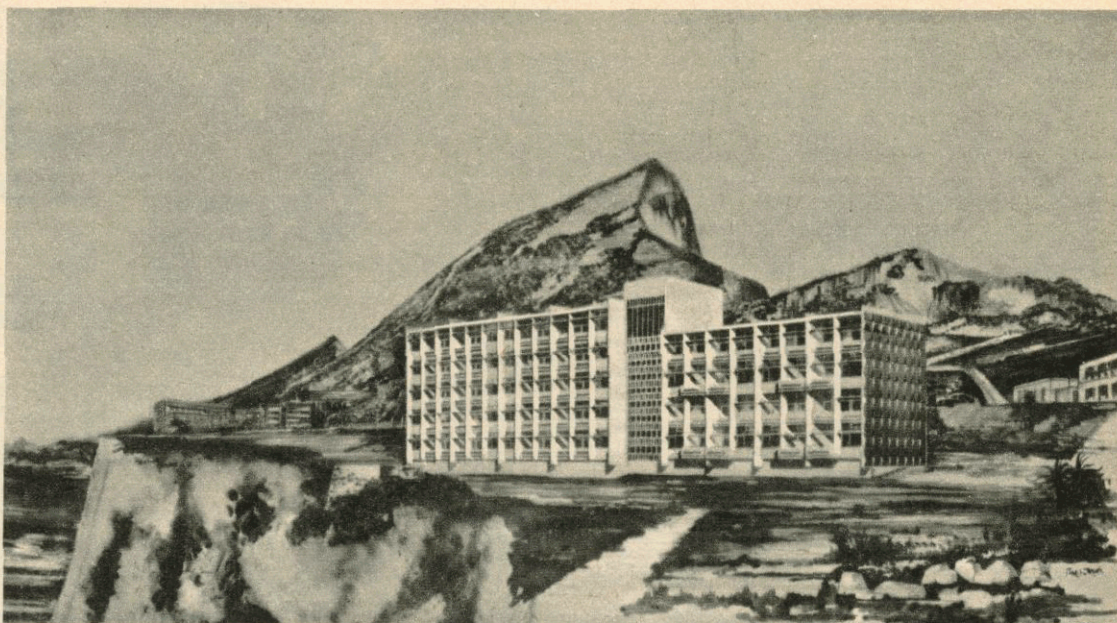
With some justification, youth always blames previous generations for the state of the world. Today's youth will have only itself to blame if it shirks the issue and leaves the world in an even worse state for its own children.

It is somewhat chastening to learn that the weapon which won the Battle of Agincourt more than 500 years ago still has its military uses.

And, in all places, in the United States of America where the Utah National Guard have been issued with bows and arrows and are to be trained in archery. "The bow and arrow is an ideal weapon for men dropped behind enemy lines," says Major-General Maxwell Rich, the Adjutant General of the Guard.

Anybody slung any good slings lately?

Work has begun on a giant rebuilding scheme for the Army in Gibraltar which will take at least ten years to complete. Soon, the troops will be living in new flats and maisonettes



An artist's impression of the new blocks of flats and maisonettes soon to be erected near Jacob's Ladder.

A FACE-LIFT FOR "THE ROCK"

WITHIN the next 18 months British soldiers and their families in Gibraltar will be living in the most up-to-date and attractive quarters in the Army: four- and five-storey blocks of flats and maisonettes gazing out over the Mediterranean to the North African coast and across the Bay of Gibraltar into Spain.

The project, on which work has already begun, is part of a larger plan, costing several million pounds, to move the garrison out of its present old and scattered buildings in the city and rehouse it—complete with a new Fortress Headquarters, barracks, married quarters, stores, messes, clubs and a cinema—in a

new military town to be erected at the southern end of the famous Rock.

The proposed new town, which is unlikely to be completed for at least ten years, will cover less than one square mile of The Rock (about a third of its total area) and will be confined to the land south of the dock area in the

Europa district. As a result there will be a considerable saving in administrative and maintenance costs. To improve communications, the tortuous bends and bottlenecks in the present road system will be ironed out and a new 1250-ft long tunnel will be blasted through The Rock to link Europa with Little Bay, Camp Bay and Rosia Bay, in the west.

Not all the cost of the scheme will fall on the British taxpayer, for a substantial sum will be raised from the sale for private

development of present Army buildings in the city.

Many new buildings, including a five-storey Fortress Headquarters overlooking the sea, a barrack block, a medical centre and officers' married quarters (flats for junior, houses for senior, ranks) will be erected on the Buena Vista plateau in the south-west. In this area, too, buildings will be pulled down to make way for a ceremonial parade ground and the barracks of the Gibraltar Regiment will be enlarged and modernised.

One of the largest buildings will be a new 530-ft long three-storey barracks for an Infantry battalion. The block will be in four separate sections, each housing a company, and rooms are arranged in groups of four, with eight men to a room. Messes and a junior ranks club will be provided in adjoining buildings.

The new sergeant's mess—a three-storey block with a magnificent sea view—will be erected at the top of a nearby 140-ft cliff. The present officers' married quarters will be converted into offices.

At the northern end of North Gorge, behind Buena Vista, there will be a new Garrison Education Centre, which will also serve as a briefing and lecture hall, and White Store, an 180-year-old building near the Royal Navy Victualling Yard at Rosia Bay, will be converted into a Royal Army Service Corps bakery to cater for all three fighting services on The Rock.

The 230-year-old South Barracks, where the Fortress Engineer Regiment will continue to be housed, will undergo considerable alteration and modernisation and some buildings will be demolished and replaced by garages, a junior ranks club and a unit shop.

On the south-west tip of The Rock, Bleak House, built in 1828 and for many years a Royal Artillery mess, will become a NAAFI families' shop and club, and a cinema to seat 300 will be erected on the site of the present Europa Barrack hutments. Lawns and gardens will be laid out in front of the Princess Royal Block, which will continue to accommodate the Women's Royal Army Corps.

The first block of other ranks' married quarters, now being built at the foot of Jacob's Ladder on the west side of Europa Road, will contain 28 two-bedroom flats and maisonettes, each with a drawing room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom and private sun balcony. It is one of six blocks—one 15 storeys high, another 13 and a third 11—which together will house more than 250 families.

To help beautify the new cantonment hundreds of trees and shrubs are to be planted as soon as the sites of the new buildings are prepared.

K. E. HENLY



"... handling his spade like a sculptor's knife ..."

CRAZY DIG THAT SPADE!

IT'S an old saying that you join the Navy to see the world and the Army to re-arrange it (nobody has yet found out why anybody wants to join the Royal Air Force, so, for the purpose of this little heart searching, we can safely ignore them).

Every man to his own trade has always been the cry, and if there is one thing on which the soldier is an acknowledged authority, it is holes.

Mind you, the Army has always been fortunate in always having plenty of the basic material to hand. It stands to reason that a sailor would look a bit silly trying to dig a hole in the middle of the Bristol Channel, whilst an aircraftman would be highly unpopular digging a hole just anywhere, in the middle of a runway, for instance.

No, digging a hole is a man's job, a soldier's job. And, as much as we detest digging them, holes and the use of them have formed a major part of British Army history for centuries.

When you join the Army, the first thing you are issued with is a rifle, and you are urged, cajoled, and bullied into treating it like a brother. "Your rifle," you are told rather pompously, "is your best friend, and don't forget it, you 'orrible lot!"

One thing they don't tell you about is your worst enemy—the spade.

Soldiers are never issued with spades. They don't have to be. Like NAAFI tea, they are always with us. Wherever you go—jungle, desert, or swamp—whatever else is in short supply (important things like beer and cigarettes), one thing you can always be sure of finding without even looking is a big heap of spades.

To go with the heap of spades is an even bigger number of holes to dig. Large ones and small ones, square ones, round ones, shallow ones, deep ones, and all for different reasons and for different purposes. The air raid trench comes first, war or peace. And while you sweat over



your first faint scratchings in a foreign soil, ten to one the Company Sergeant-Major will come strolling by and you all know what he will say: "Now, lads, that trench has got to be deep enough for me to stand upright in, and don't forget I'm seven feet four inches tall. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha," we laugh, dutifully, and, when he is out of earshot, Nobby Clark will invite him to lie down in it and try it for size. That doesn't help. You can get a bit of your own back by undercutting the side of a hole to make the footholds a bit shaky, but it only causes more spadework.

As in every other walk of life, the artist is always with us, and whether he is digging a gun pit or the special hole where all the "Going Home" rumours come from, you will see him there handling his spade like a sculptor's knife. The walls must be as smooth as a lance corporal's approach to a regimental sergeant-major. Not a stone must show, and, if a spring is tapped in the process of digging, it must be carefully and invisibly channelled off into the next section's hole.

This, of course, is only a form of "escapism," because no problems are solved by running away from them. A hole is a hole. The Army dug them in the bow-and-arrow days to keep the big, clumping war horses out. The Army digs them today to keep great big rockets in. The holes get bigger and better, but the spade doesn't get any larger.

More pay is not much help in this problem. You can't dig a hole any faster smoking a cigar than you can with a Woodbine. Change the mid-morning tea and a wad to champagne and sausage roll and the hands will still get blisters and the hole still waits to be dug.

"Chalky," a fellow recruit who joined up with me, had a good idea—or thought he had. He told the platoon sergeant that he belonged to a religious sect that didn't dig the earth for fear of harming all the little things that lived in it and asked to be "excused spades."

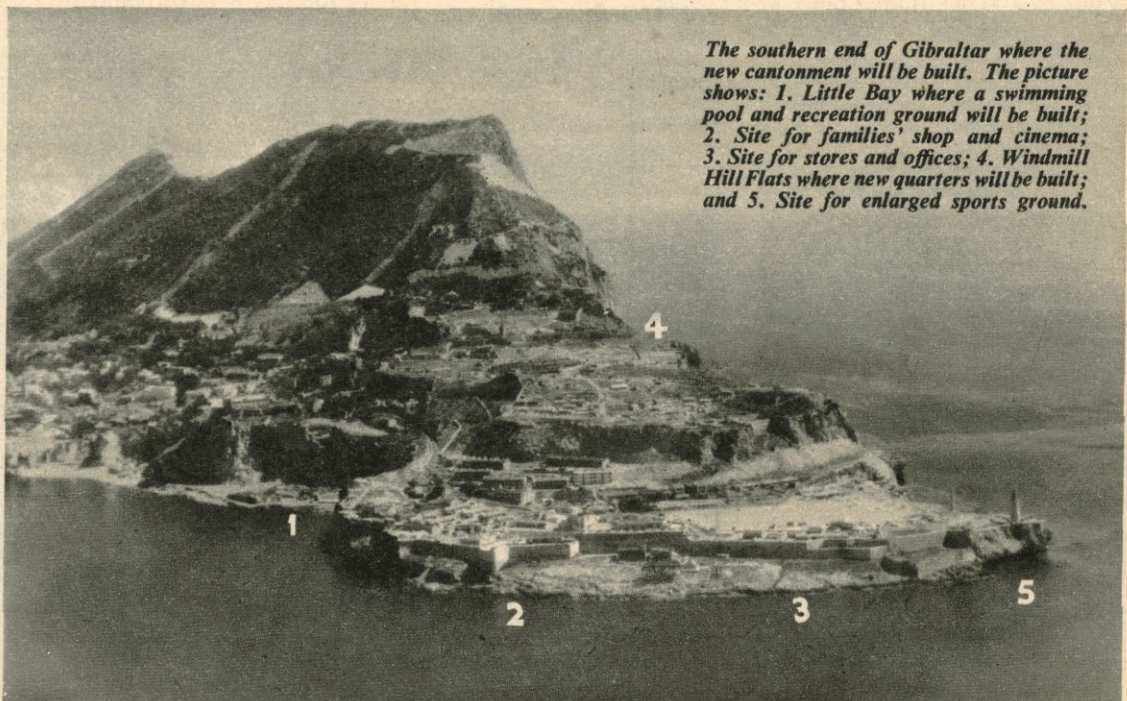
The Sergeant took away the spade with a few gentle words, then told the lad to run along to his barrack-room and get his dinner-fork "because," he said, "if you dig your hole with that, you can see better what you are digging and you won't harm your little friends."

"Chalky" finished digging his hole at one o'clock in the morning and changed his religion in what was left of the night.

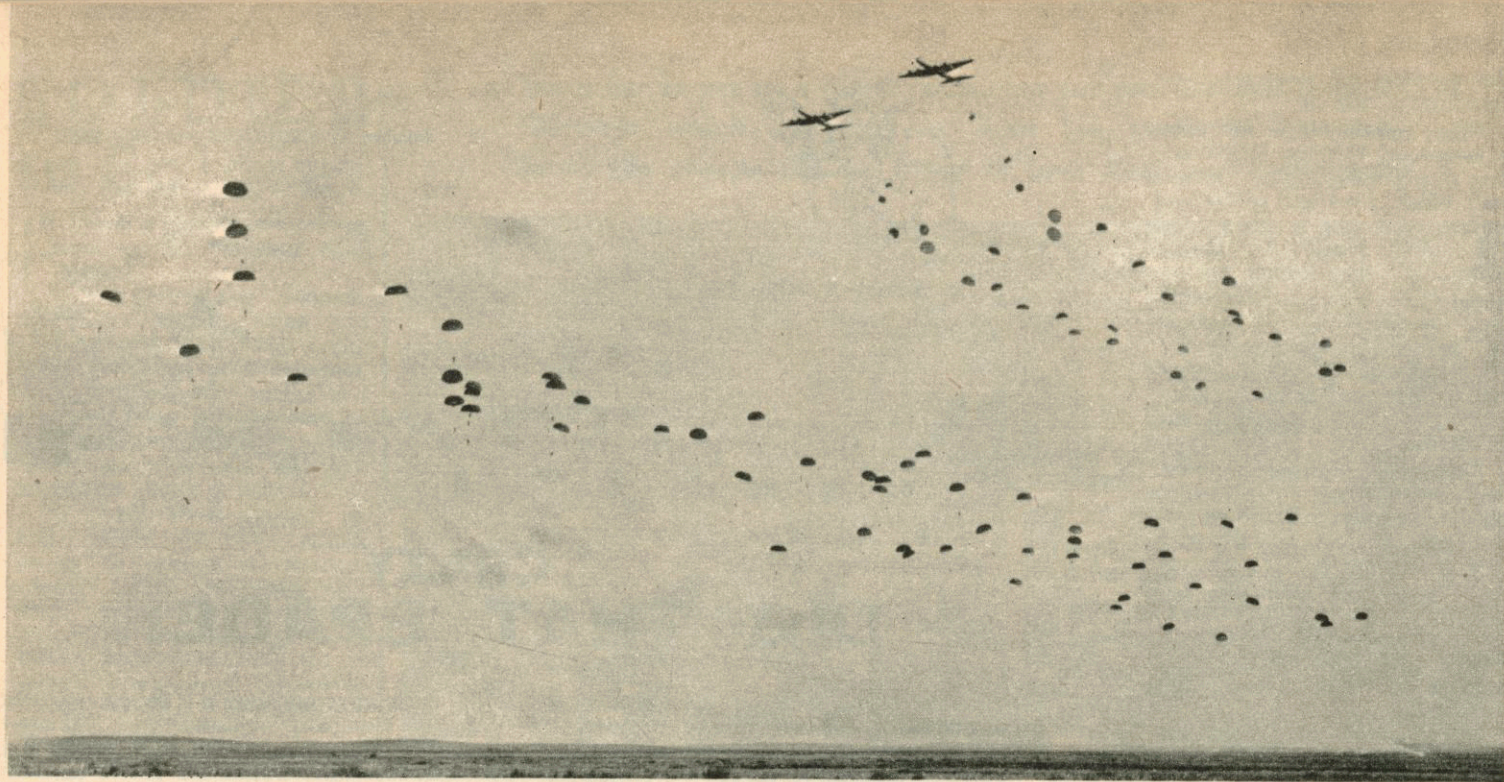
So, all you young soldiers wherever you are, treat your rifle as a friend by all means, but always treat a spade and a hole with the greatest of respect.

OSCAR KETTLE

"... and you won't harm your little friends ..."



The southern end of Gibraltar where the new cantonment will be built. The picture shows: 1. Little Bay where a swimming pool and recreation ground will be built; 2. Site for families' shop and cinema; 3. Site for stores and offices; 4. Windmill Hill Flats where new quarters will be built; and 5. Site for enlarged sports ground.



Above: The second wave of Hastings flies in to disgorge the paratroopers on a wild heath near Morphou in north-west Cyprus.

DOWN AND OUT—

In the biggest military exercise in Cyprus since the end of the emergency, paratroopers, with their vehicles and weapons, dropped out of the sky at dawn and only ten minutes later were in action

FROM out of the early morning sun a score of heavy aircraft—Hastings and giant Beverleys in two waves, one above the other—swept low over the Troodos Mountains in Cyprus.

Suddenly the sky was dotted with tiny figures as 550 soldiers tumbled out and swung rapidly on their billowing parachutes to the scrub-covered earth below. With them, on platforms suspended from six and seven parachutes joined together, came their light vehicles and trailers, heavy weapons and ammunition.

Ten minutes later there was no

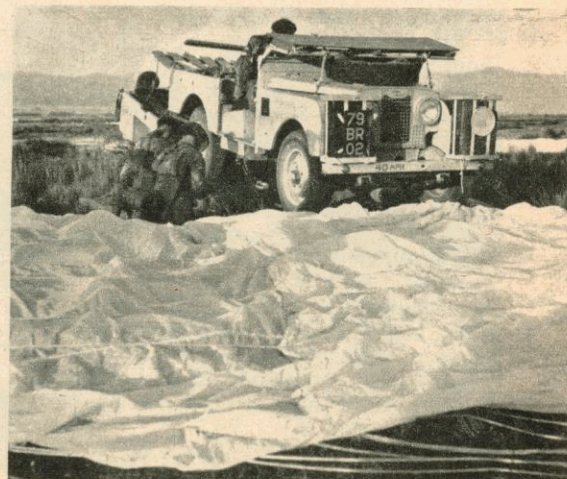
sign, except the dying spirals of smoke from the dropping-zone markers, that an assault airborne landing had been made. The aircraft had long since disappeared and the paratroopers had collected their vehicles, guns and ammunition and were on their way to the first objective—an airfield and a bridge a mile away.

Exercise "Swiftsure," the biggest exercise held in Cyprus since the end of the emergency, had got away to a fine start, thanks to the remarkable speed and efficiency of the men of 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment and 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group, who had been flown out from Britain.

The paratroopers were landed in the Morphou area, in advance of an imaginary seaborne assault near Xeros, to secure a bridgehead and, with follow-up troops, to drive inland and rescue 2000 civilians in a mining community in the hostile country of "Morphia."

Also taking part in the battle

Left: Suspended on multiple parachutes, vehicles and supplies float gently to earth. Note the Land-Rover and its trailer about to land in the foreground.



Right: Paratroopers go into action to free a 1-ton truck from its platform 30 seconds after it has landed. The driver has already started the vehicle's engine.



Above: An armoured car has been hit and the supporting troops dash into action. The exercise lasted for two days and was fought out among the Troodos foothills.

IN TEN MINUTES

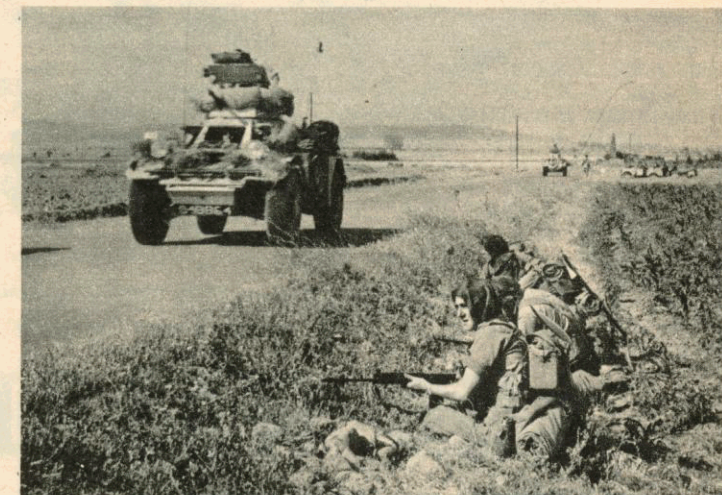
were "A" Squadron, 12th Royal Lancers, a troop of 33rd Field Engineer Squadron, Royal Engineers, detachments of the Royal Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Air Force Regiment. It was the last exercise in Cyprus for the 12th Lancers before returning to Britain to be amalgamated with the 9th Queen's Lancers.

Hours before the main body of paratroopers landed, 30 men of 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, had dropped in the dark five miles from the target area to set up markers and beacons on the dropping zone and to destroy a troop of armoured cars known to be hidden in a nearby wood.

The plan succeeded and before dawn the rest of 2nd Battalion took off from Akrotiri airfield in 14 Hastings, each carrying 30 paratroopers, and five Beverleys, each with 20 men, vehicles, guns and ammunition.

After swiftly over-running their first objectives the paratroopers pushed on rapidly through the wooded foothills of the Troodos Mountains, cutting off enemy armoured cars and Infantry from the scene of the rescue operations.

The exercise, which lasted two days, was watched by Major-General K. T. Darling, Director of Operations in Cyprus and other senior Army officers.—*From a report by Captain R. J. R. Stokes, RA, Military Observer.*



Ferrets of the 12th Royal Lancers, on their last exercise in Cyprus, patrol the road while the paratroopers reorganise before attacking an airfield.

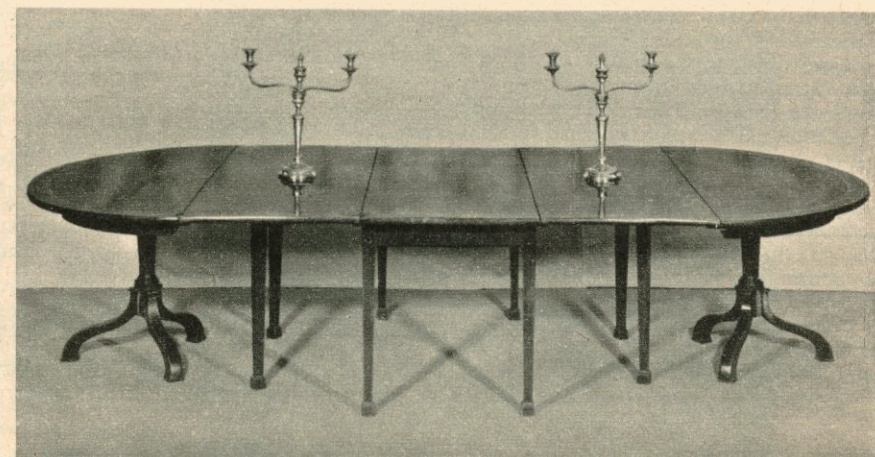
THE ARMY'S WEDDING GIFT

AMONG the hundreds of gifts presented to Princess Margaret on the occasion of her recent wedding were a beautiful 18th-century, five-leaf mahogany dining table and a pair of Georgian silver candelabra (shown right), from all ranks of the British Army.

The table, made in the reign of George III, is 10 ft. 8 ins. long, with a border of Kingwood set in a broad arrow pattern.

The gifts were presented to Princess Margaret at Clarence House by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Francis Festing, and the Adjutant General, General Sir Hugh Stockwell, who conveyed to Her Royal Highness the Army's congratulations and good wishes.

The gifts were purchased from voluntary subscriptions donated by every unit in the British Army.



..... ESCAPE 7



As the German guard burst into the room Major Newman hid behind the door, crowbar at the ready, while the lieutenant dived under the sofa.

HE WALKED THE PLANK

IN the pitch darkness of a February night in 1942 two British officers crept out of their hut in a German prison camp, crawled towards the 12-ft high double barbed-wire fence and began searching.

In a few moments they found what they wanted—a 20-ft wooden plank conveniently left there by fellow prisoners. Carefully, so as not to disturb an armed German sentry only 50 yards away, they lifted the plank high above their heads and thrust it through the strands of wire to make a bridge across the six-foot gap between the fences.

Noiselessly, they swarmed up the first fence, crawled across the plank and lowered themselves gently to the ground over the second fence, to freedom.

One of the officers who got away from the Germans that night and, three months later, after a series of unusual adventures, was back in Britain, was Major Philip Newman DSO, MC, of the Royal Army Medical

Corps. He took back with him a sketch map of a German airfield which was later destroyed by the Royal Air Force.

Major Newman, now a surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital, London, stayed behind with the wounded in France after Dunkirk and was captured on 4 June, 1940. The Germans allowed him to remain with the wounded, who were first sent to a French hospital at Zuydcoote and then to a German hospital at Dieberg, near Frankfurt. Later, he was sent, with his patients, to a hospital in a converted factory at Erfurt and then to Schleiz, near Weimar. Gradually, the number of patients decreased as they re-

covered and were sent to permanent camps and by August, 1941, Major Newman felt free to escape.

Two weeks later the opportunity came. With another medical officer, Major Newman, dressed in civilian clothes smuggled into the hospital by a French prisoner who had been allowed to work outside, forced a way through the window of their room, climbed on to the roof and jumped over the barbed-wire fence. Their freedom was short-lived for after walking for nearly two hours they were arrested by a suspicious village policeman and sent to a special camp for "determined escapees" at Spangenberg, near Kassel.

The camp at Spangenberg was inside the two-foot thick walls of a 12th century castle, set upon a hill and surrounded by a wide,

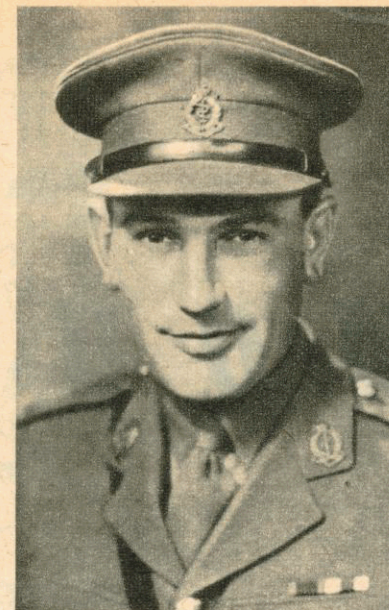
deep moat constantly lit at night by searchlights. No prisoner had escaped from Spangenberg for 300 years and none would get away now, boasted the Germans.

Unknown to them, however, more than 100 prisoners in the castle were already trying to tunnel their way out when Major Newman arrived.

It was a highly-organised affair. A hole had been dug in the shower rooms and eight men, on two-hour shifts, went down every day to dig out the wet earth and rock and pass it back in jam tins to fellow prisoners who scattered it among the gardens. By the time Major Newman joined the escape party the tunnel, electrically lit and ventilated by a pipe constructed of milk tins, with a make-shift bellows at the top end, was some 30 yards long.

Major Newman took his turn in the tunnel until, suddenly, he was removed to other quarters, told he could no longer be trusted as a doctor and that he would be repatriated to Britain with severely wounded men

Major Philip Newman, now a surgeon in a London hospital, won the DSO for remaining behind with the wounded in France and the MC for eluding the Germans.



For three days and nights two British officers who the Germans believed had already escaped, lay hidden in a tiny hole in the prison compound. When the hue and cry died down they calmly walked to freedom over the barbed wire on a wooden board

TO FREEDOM

under a prisoner exchange scheme.

Several days later, the major was on his way by train to France with more than 1200 wounded soldiers, but on their arrival in Rouen they were told the scheme had been cancelled.

Most of the prisoners were immediately sent to Poland but Major Newman was left behind in a Nissen-hutted prison camp at Sotteville, near Rouen, to look after some 250 seriously-wounded soldiers. Then, in January, 1942, after a major and 14 men had broken out of the camp, the Germans announced that all the remaining prisoners would be sent to Poland in ten days' time.

It was then that Major Newman hit upon a plan. He and another officer would remain hidden in the camp while the rest were sent away and escape after the hue and cry had died down. It worked and completely fooled the Germans.

With a lieutenant of his own Corps, the major hastily set about

digging a hole in their quarters. They had enlarged it to three feet deep, five feet long and four feet wide on the night before the camp was vacated.

Just before the prisoners were paraded next morning, Major Newman and the lieutenant put on civilian clothes they had bartered for cigarettes and squeezed into the hole with a groundsheet each, a supply of food they had scrounged and saved from their own rations, and a crowbar stolen from the guards. Their fellow prisoners hastily nailed a metal sheet over the hole, placed a stove on top to hide the cut marks in the floorboards and hurriedly joined the parade.

Minutes later the camp was in uproar. The Germans had missed the two officers and were searching every nook and cranny. But they found no trace and were misled by other prisoners into believing that Newman and the lieutenant had already departed under the perimeter wire.

Hardly daring to breathe, Major Newman and his comrade

stayed crouched in the tiny hole for three days and nights and on the third night made their break for freedom. It almost ended in disaster.

As they were levering up the metal sheet with the crowbar, the stove toppled over with an appalling crash. Hastily they took cover, the lieutenant underneath a sofa, and Major Newman behind a door, crowbar at the ready in case of trouble.

Seconds later a German guard burst into the room and, incredibly, went out again without noticing the two British officers. The opportunity was too good to miss. Before the guard could raise the alarm, the two officers crept out, found the plank and were away, bound for the town of Beaumont-le-Roger to make contact with the French Underground. On the way, the lieutenant, who was suffering from influenza and had bad feet, decided to hide up so the major went on alone.

When he reached Beaumont-le-Roger Major Newman found it was full of German troops. Pausing only to make a sketch map of the Luftwaffe night-fighter base there, he tramped the countryside in search of French Underground agents whose identities had been given him before his escape.

After a week he had found no one so he decided to walk to Paris to contact a Frenchman who had served as a liaison officer in his unit. On the way he was stopped by a Frenchman in Rouen who, learning that Newman was a British officer, took him to his home where he hid for three weeks.

The Major could not have fallen into better hands. The

Frenchman was a de Gaulist who obtained a false identity card for him and later introduced him to another Frenchman who said he could get him to England.

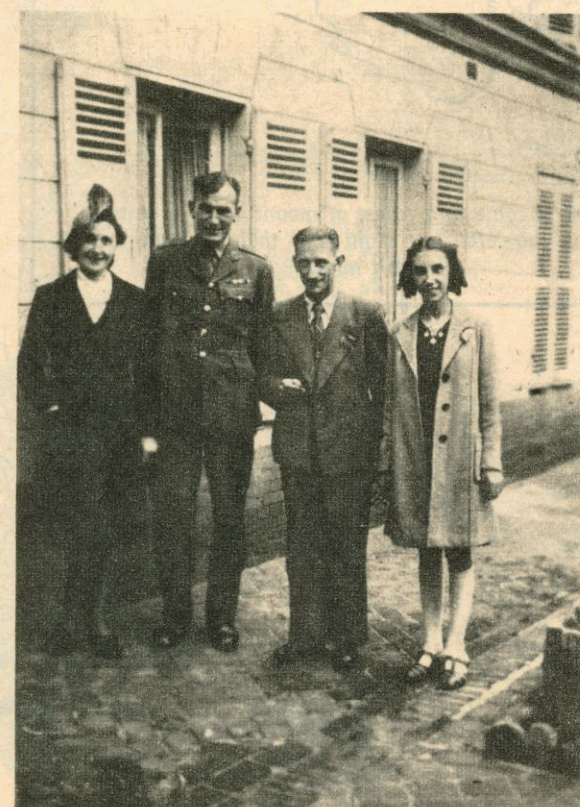
Unfortunately, the plan fell through so the Major set off by train for Tours where he contacted another agent. Next day he took a bus to La Celle St. Avant and was met by a Frenchman on a bicycle who accompanied him past a score of German guards who took both men for local Frenchmen, to Le Haye Descartes. From there, Major Newman was conducted by a boy on a bicycle across the boundary and through a German border patrol to Abilly, in Unoccupied France, from there by a girl to Le Blanc and then to Argenton where he boarded a train for Toulouse.

Now less than 100 miles from neutral Spain, Major Newman made his way to Marseilles where he was put in touch with a courier of the "Organisation Pat" escape link led by Dr. Albert Marie Guerisse, better-known as Lieutenant-Commander Patrick O'Leary, RN, who received more than 20 gallantry awards from Britain, the United States and France for his work in World War Two.

A week later, Major Newman was free, having been conducted over the Pyrenees by a secret route to Barcelona and from there to Madrid and Gibraltar and by ship to Scotland.

Major Newman later received both the Distinguished Service Order, for his courage in remaining behind with the wounded in France, and the Military Cross, for his gallantry in escaping, from King George VI at Buckingham Palace.

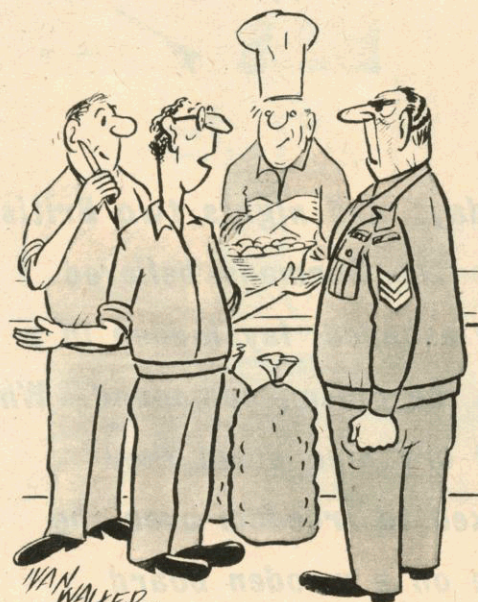
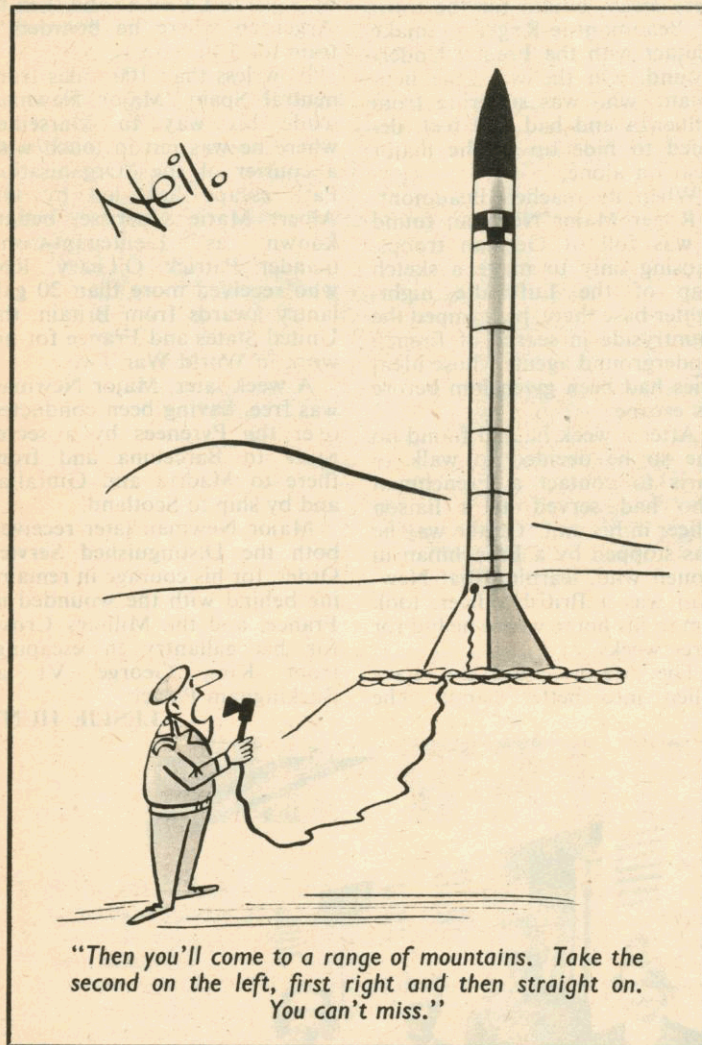
LESLIE HUNT



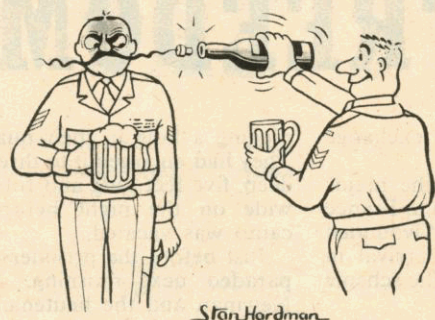
In 1944 Major Newman returned to France and met again a French family (shown here) who sheltered him after his escape.



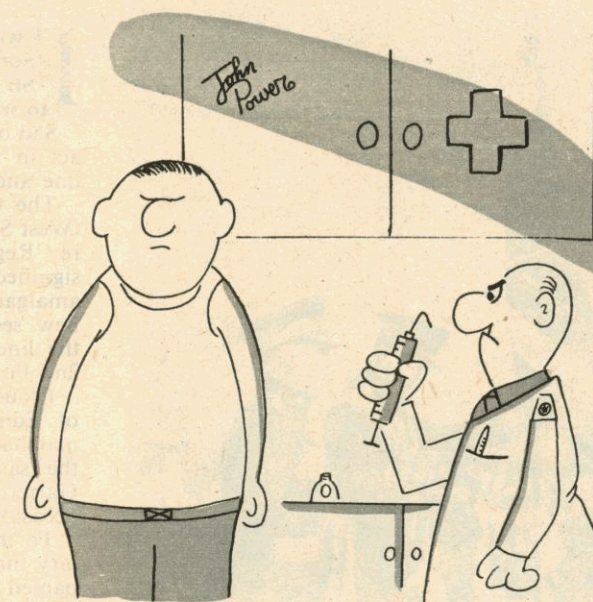
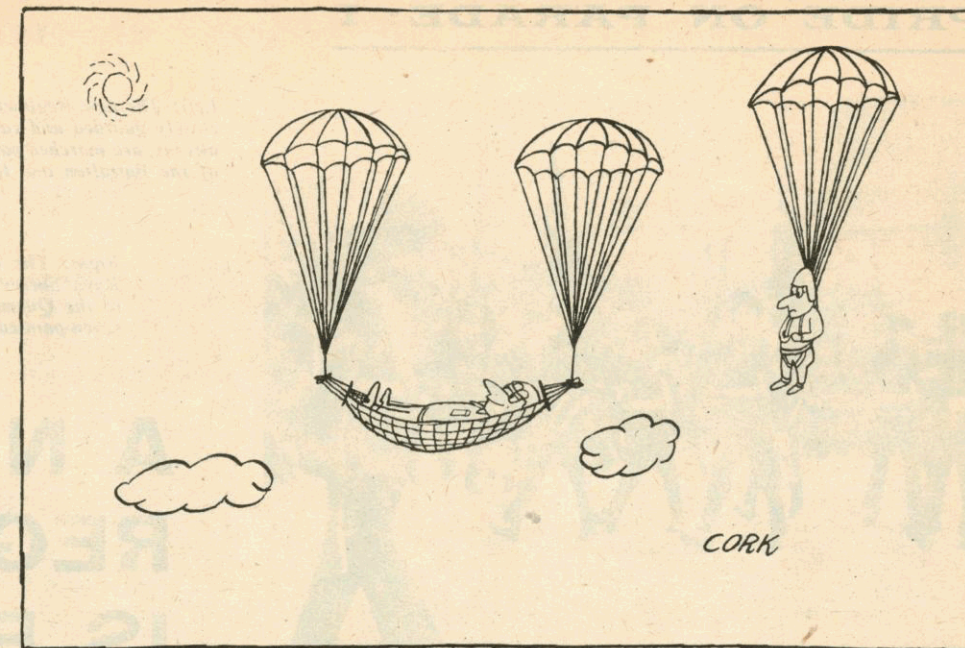
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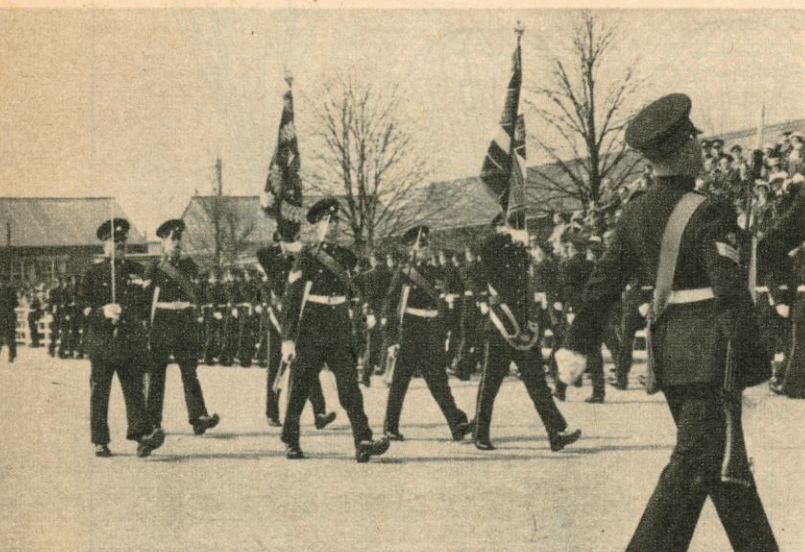
"But surely you appreciate, Sergeant, that in peeling off the skins, much of the actual food value is lost."



"You don't have to blanco that, Johnson. That's your week-end pass."



"Where did you say we got the new chap from, Sergeant-major?"



Left: The new Regiment's new Colours, closely guarded and carried by two sub-alterns, are marched past to join the head of the Battalion and lead it off parade.

Right: The cap badge of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment embodies the lamb of the Queen's Royal Regiment and the seven-pointed star of the East Surreys.



A NEW REGIMENT IS BORN

IT was a sad but a proud day for the newly-formed Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment drawn up on parade in their "Blues" at Bury St. Edmunds and for the hundreds of old soldiers who had come to watch them.

Sad because it marked the final act in the disbandment of two fine and closely allied regiments—The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) and The East Surrey Regiment; proud because it signified the final stage of their amalgamation and the birth of a new second oldest regiment of the line (The Queen's were the 2nd Foot).

Proud, too, because the Duke of Edinburgh, dressed in field-marshal's uniform and wearing the sash of the Order of the Garter, had come to do the occasion honour.

To the strains of stirring military marches, the Duke, accompanied by General Sir Gerald Lathbury DSO, Commanding Eastern Command, Major-General J. F. Metcalfe, Colonel of the new Regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. White, who commanded the parade, inspected the Battalion. He then returned to the dais to watch the old Colours of the two former regiments being trooped through the ranks and marched off parade for the last time.

Then the Battalion formed hollow square and the new Colours of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment were uncased, laid on piled drums in the centre and consecrated. Two majors stepped forward, picked up the new Colours and handed them to the Duke who presented them to two kneeling lieutenants.

"It is now up to all of you, both serving and retired," said the Duke, "to see that these Colours represent the true welding of the two parts into a united, happy and efficient whole. Guard them well and may success and glory attend your future."

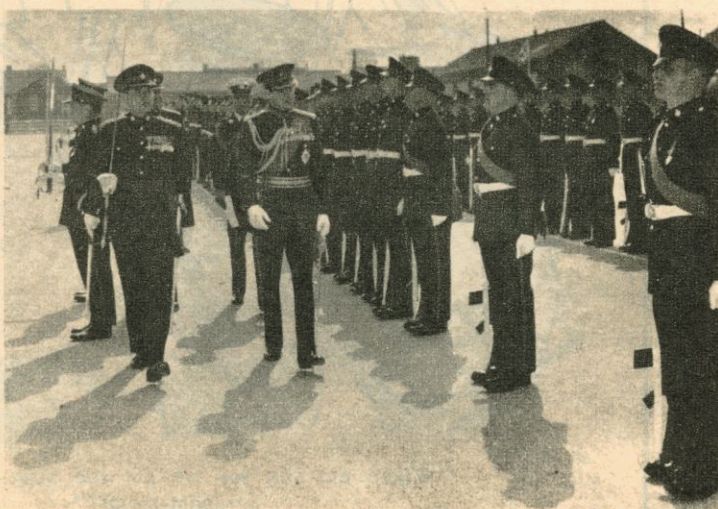
The Battalion reformed in line, the drums were unpiled, the two lieutenants with the new Colours slow marched to the centre of the line of guards and led the Battalion past the Duke in review order.

● The old Colours of The East Surrey Regiment, which were on parade for the last time, were presented in 1903 by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and those of The Queen's Royal Regiment in 1947 at Singapore. They are to be laid up in the Regimental Chapel at Guildford Cathedral.

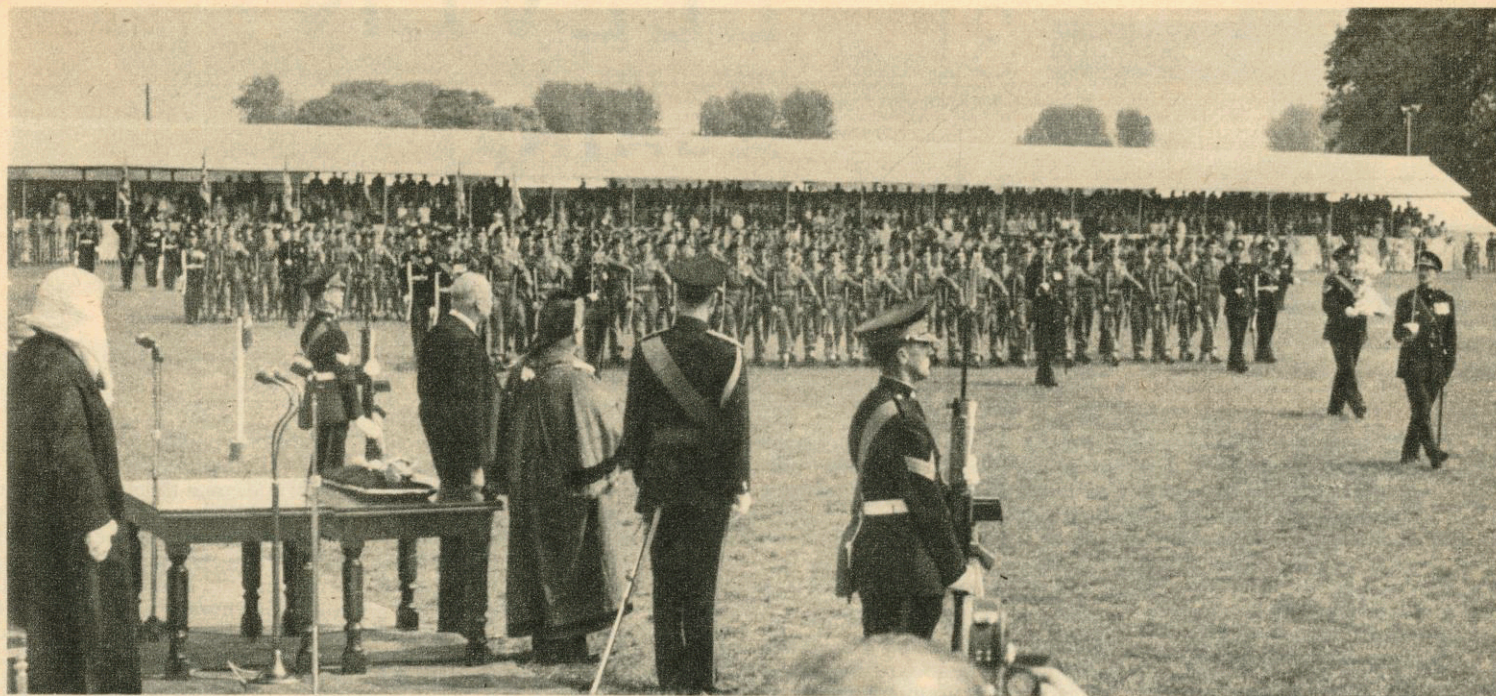
Both former regiments served as Marines. The Queen's were raised in 1661 to garrison Tangier where its distinguished service was recognised by the award of the oldest battle honour in the British Army—"Tangier, 1662-1680." This battle honour is retained on the Colours of the new Regiment.



Above: The Duke, dressed as a field-marshal, hands the Queen's Colour to Lt. T. Trotman. This was the first occasion on which a member of the Royal Family had presented Colours to an amalgamated regiment.



Left: The Duke inspects the new Regiment, accompanied (on his right) by the 1st Battalion's first Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Col. G. A. White.



Two Royal Dukes and the Mayor of Windsor prepare to take the salute as the Regiment marches past. Note the sergeant carrying the silver statuette.

Pictures: SOLDIER, Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN

THE DUKE ACCEPTS A FREEDOM

IT was a proud day, too, for another newly-amalgamated regiment —The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire)—when, before ten thousand spectators, its Colonel-in-Chief, the Duke of Edinburgh, received on its behalf the Freedom of the Royal Borough of Windsor.

In brilliant sunshine underneath the historic grey walls of the famous Castle, the Regiment, led by its Colonel, Major-General B. A. Coad, formed up in Home Park. The Queen's Colour Party and the Regimental band in their "Blues" and the troops in khaki contrasted strikingly with the blue and scarlet robes of the members of Windsor Corporation and the colourful regalia of the mayors, town clerks and mace-bearers of all the Berkshire boroughs.

The parade commander, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Woolnough, stepped forward and invited the Duke and the Mayor of Windsor, Alderman John Procter, to inspect the Regiment. They accepted and, to the muted strains of a military march, walked up and down the lines of troops, pausing here and there to exchange a word with a soldier, then returned to the saluting base.

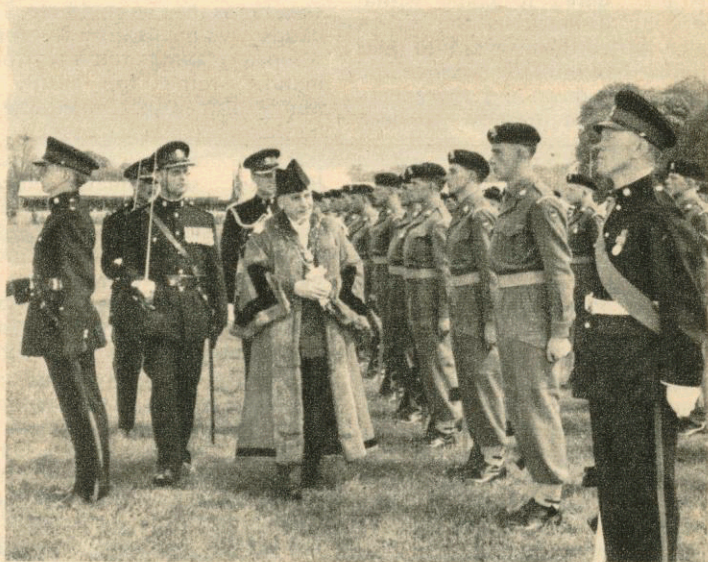
The Mayor called upon the Recorder to read the Scroll of Freedom and, addressing the parade, recalled the many famous battle honours won by the two regiments—The Royal Berkshire Regiment and the Wiltshire Regiment—which had handed over more than 200 years

of traditions and history to the safe keeping of the new Regiment.

The Duke of Gloucester then presented the Scroll to the Duke of Edinburgh who signed it and told the Regiment: "The identification of regiments with counties is a peculiarity of the British Army and shows that the Army derives its strength and spirit from the citizens in every walk of life. The county association is one reason why our Infantry battalions have a reputation for the most humane behaviour in the most critical situations all over the world."

The Band struck up and the Regiment, in review order and preceded by Sergeant E. Murdoch carrying a silver statuette presented in honour of the occasion by Windsor Corporation, marched past the dais where the two Royal Dukes and the Mayor stood at the salute.

Then, "with bayonets fixed, Colours flying, drums beating and bands playing," the Regiment marched proudly through the streets of Windsor, the first town to present its freedom to the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire) since its formation.



Above: Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Mayor inspects the ranks of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire). Below: Having signed the scroll, the Duke of Edinburgh shows it to the Duke of Gloucester. On the extreme right is Major-Gen. B. A. Coad.



ELEVEN men of the 66th Foot stood back to back, firing over the bodies of nearly a hundred of their fallen comrades into the massed ranks of a screaming horde of 10,000 Afghans who had swept down on them from all sides.

Yelling defiance, the little band of heroes formed up and charged and behind them scampered the Regimental pet, a little white dog.

Never in the history of British arms did soldiers fight more gallantly than the men of the 66th Foot (later the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment) at Maiwand in the Second Afghan War on 27 July, 1880.

The Second Afghan War had resulted from the massacre at Kabul in 1878 of a British envoy, Sir Louis Cavagnari, with about 80 of his staff and escort of guides, by wild and undisciplined troops of the Amir of Afghanistan. In the course of the campaign, Burrows was sent out to reconnoitre when an Afghan force was reported to be moving on Kandahar. His brigade numbered about 2000 and included six companies of the 66th (about 490 men), one troop of six guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, six smooth-bore guns previously captured from a mutinous Afghan force, the 1st Bombay Grenadiers and 30th Bombay (Jacob's Rifles), each about 550 strong, 3rd Bombay Light Cav-

When approaching the village of Maiwand at about 10 a.m., the Brigade came upon the whole of Ayoub Khan's army, also on the march and stretching for miles across the plain—horse and foot—as far as the eye could see. The bands with Burrows' force stopped playing and the Commander, rather too hastily as things turned out, formed line of battle.

Burrows, it seems, had advanced his force into an open plain well beyond the village of Maiwand, in front of which ran a deep *nullah* (water-course), which could have been made extremely strong. In this *nullah* he put the baggage transport, with a company of the 66th to guard it, and then formed most of his remaining Infantry into one long two-deep line, with five companies of the 66th on the right.

Ayoub's force was made up of 6000 regular troops and 3000 wild Ghazi tribesmen with some hundreds of disaffected troops from Kandahar roused by a proclamation calling upon the Afghans to destroy the hated *Feringhee* and re-occupy the holy city of Kandahar.

Late in the afternoon, Ayoub intensified his Infantry attacks and at last Jacob's Rifles and, to a lesser extent, the Bombay Grenadiers, were so shaken by the ferocious onslaughts of the white-robed Ghazis that they were forced to retreat.

The British line now resembled a triangle, with the Berkshire men forming its apex. All round them swarmed masses of Afghan horsemen and regular Infantry, while hordes of yelling Ghazis, brandishing shield and *tulwar*, added horror to the scene.

The 66th went back to the *nullah* in front of Maiwand, and there Lieutenant-Colonel Galbraith, the Commanding Officer, and several of his officers, were killed. There also the Regimental Colours, after a series of desperate efforts to save them, fell into the hands of the enemy. Just past the *nullah* was an enclosure, in which a mixed force of Berkshire men, Jacob's Rifles, and Bombay Grenadiers held out for some time, until they were driven off to the Kandahar road.

The last stand of the gallant Berkshire men was in a garden. Standing back to back, they fought like lions against tremendous odds until their ammunition was almost gone and then launched their famous charge.

"Standing in the open, back to back, firing steadily and truly, every shot telling, surrounded by thousands, these men died, and it was not until the last man had been shot down that the Ghazis dared advance upon them . . . History does not afford any grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and Country than that displayed by the 66th Regiment on 27 July, 1880."

The victorious Afghans pursued the fugitive British force to Kandahar but, pausing overlong to plunder the Brigade's baggage, missed the opportunity to inflict more serious casualties. Of the 276 all ranks of the 66th killed and missing only about 20 were lost on the retreat and some of them were killed by villagers who went into action on the line of march. The Brigade's total casualties (not including followers) were 20 officers and 980 men.

In 1881 the 66th Foot became the 2nd Battalion, Princess Charlotte of Wales' Berkshire Regiment, and in 1886, in recognition of the gallantry displayed by the 1st Battalion (formerly 49th Foot) in the Sudan War, the Berkshires were made a "Royal Regiment. Now The Royal Berkshire Regiment has been amalgamated with The Wiltshire Regiment to become The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire).

ERIC PHILLIPS



Back to back, the 66th Foot hold off Ayoub Khan's army in the Maiwand garden.—Reproduced from the picture "The Last Eleven at Maiwand," by Frank Feller.

Hemmed in on all sides, the Royal Horse Artillery break through with their guns.—From the picture "Saving the Guns at Maiwand," by R. Caton Woodville.



★ ★

At Maiwand, eighty years ago, a handful of British soldiers, standing back to back, defied a

PAGE 24

★ ★

screaming horde of 10,000 Afghan warriors and saved their comrades from overwhelming disaster

PAGE 25

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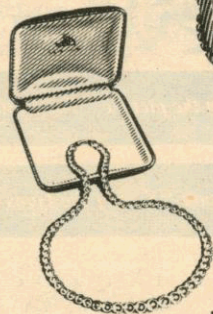


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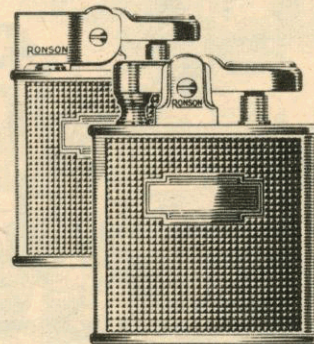
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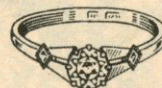


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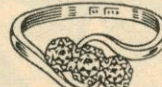
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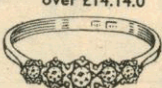
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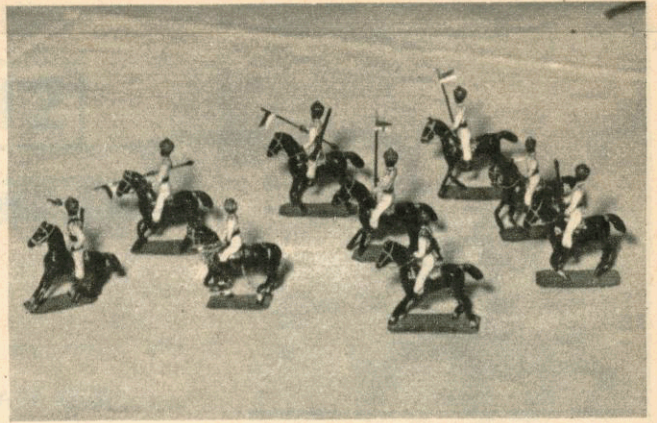
James Walker

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77 BRANCHES IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

The Maharajah of Baroda's Bodyguard, all one-inch high, charging into action. They have worn the same uniform for 300 years.

THE LILLIPUT LEGION

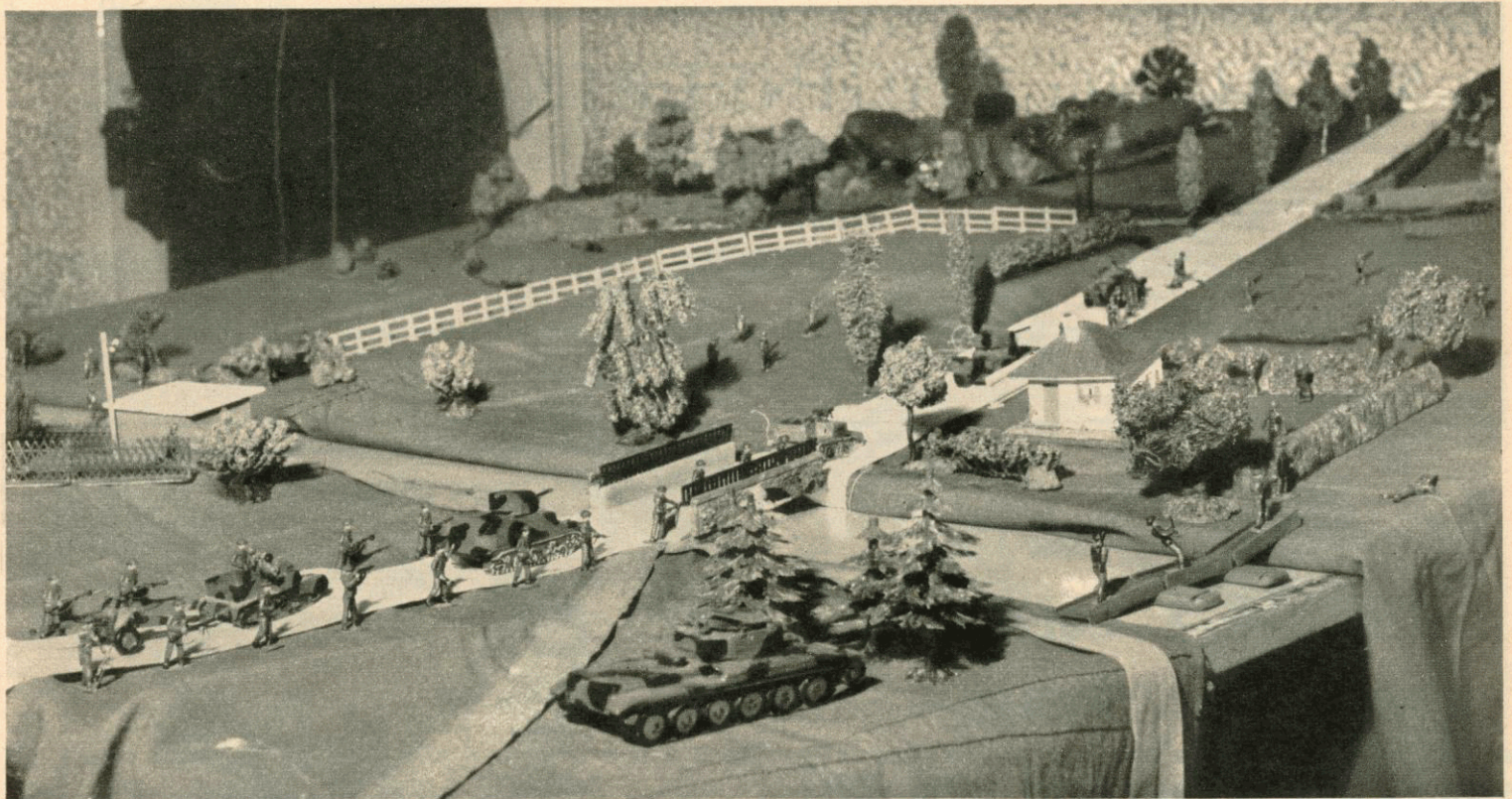


ON a sitting-room table in a house in Hounslow, French Spahis, their burnous flying in the wind, charged the Maharajah of Baroda's Bodyguard while the Royal Scots Fusiliers and a nine-pounder gun detachment, dressed in the uniforms they wore at Waterloo, looked impassively on.

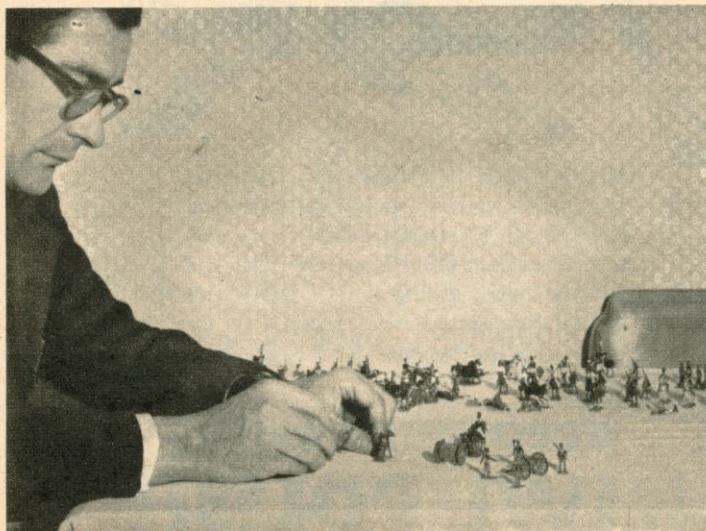
They were part of a remarkable collection of more than a thousand

model soldiers, from the early 1800s to World War Two, belonging to Major C. H. Reavley, of the Royal Army Service Corps.

Major Reavley is not only an ardent collector of model soldiers and an enthusiastic "war games" player. He makes the models himself. First, he constructs the moulds in fine dental plaster, then casts the figures in lead and paints them in a quick-drying spirit paint which



Above: Flanked by tanks, men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment attack across a river during a "War game." Note the man falling off the pontoon bridge. Below: Major Reavley arranges a scene from the Battle of Waterloo. In the foreground is a nine-pounder gun-detachment about to go into action.



does not soil or rub off. Each model is correct in every detail, thanks to Major Reavley's long and careful research into scores of military history books.

Each model, to the scale of one to 72, is one-inch high without its headdress, and four of them, wrapped in tissue paper, fit snugly into a matchbox.

Whenever he has the opportunity, Major Reavley uses his models for "war games"—a recent development of the collector's art which has become popular both in Britain and the United States of America.

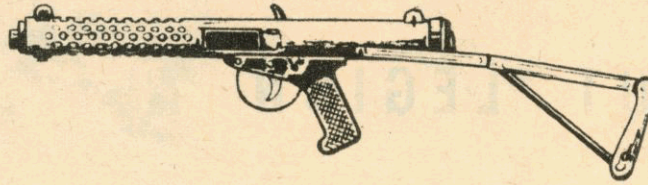
The two players first plan their moves on a map, rather like a general staff does before a battle, and, when the opposing forces meet, the terrain is copied in miniature on a table.

The initial positioning and movement of troops is governed by Field Service Regulations and the "battle" proceeds in bounds, each bound consisting of a move of a unit within allotted limits or the firing of a number of weapons. Casualties are estimated according to the types of weapons fired and the degree of protection and cover of those fired upon.

When Major Reavley recently left Britain for Aden he took his model soldiers with him—packed in some 250 matchboxes inside a stout suitcase. It will not be long before his Lilliputian Legion receives reinforcements: models of Arab soldiers of the Aden Protectorate Levies created from life.

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FAMOUS FACES

COMPETITION 26

HERE are parts of the faces of seven famous people—four Britons (two field-m Marshals, a former colonel and a politician), a Frenchman, a Yugoslav and an American film star.

When you have identified them send your answer to SOLDIER.

The sender of the **first** correct solution to be opened by the Editor may choose any two of the following recently-published books: "The Great Wall of France" by Vivian Rowe; "Freely I Served" by Major-General Stanislaw Sosabowski; "It Always Rains in Rome" by John F. Leeming; "How to Sail" by John Fisher; "No Man's Enemy" by Alexander Berry; and "Looking In, Looking Out" by Charles Humana.

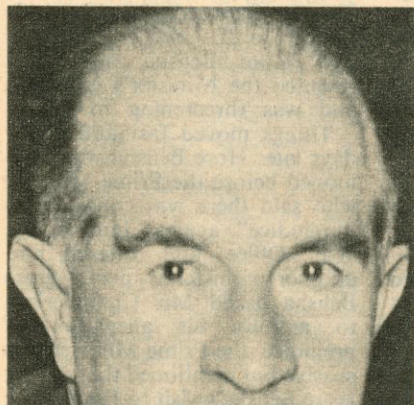
The sender of the **second** and **third** correct solutions may choose whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957.

The senders of the **fourth**, **fifth** and **sixth** correct solutions will be sent SOLDIER free for 12 months.

— All entries must reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 25 July.



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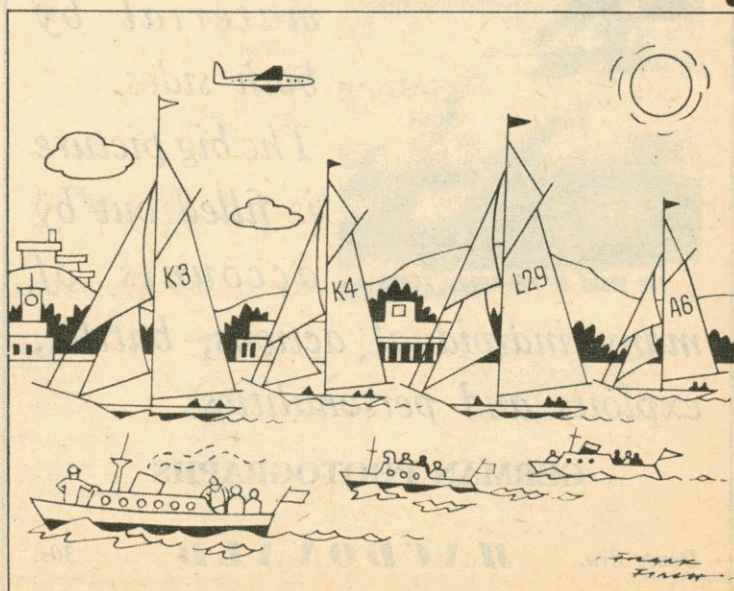
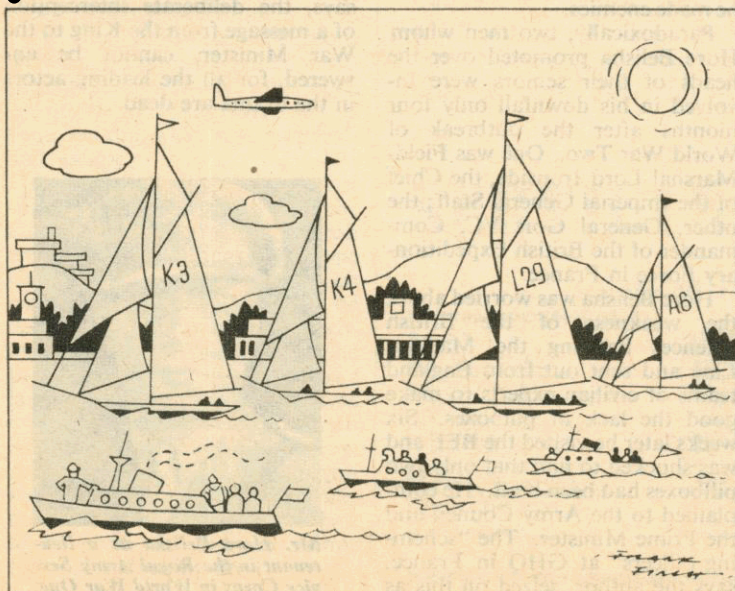
RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
**The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER,
433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.**
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 26" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Competitors may submit only one entry.
4. Any reader. Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

* The solution and the name of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, September.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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



A Conspiracy at The War Office?

NO War Minister introduced so many drastic and long-lasting reforms or was more popular with the troops than the controversial Mr. Leslie Hore Belisha.

Against the formidable opposition of the traditionalists he took the British Army by the scruff of the neck in 1937, modernised, mechanised and democratised it and prepared it for the biggest war in history.

He doubled the recruiting rate for the Regular Army in a week and almost overnight doubled the strength of the Territorial Army. He relaxed irksome restrictions, improved the soldier's standard of living by giving him new barracks and married quarters, better food, and a better uniform and introduced the scheme under which Regulars are taught a trade in the last six months of their service. He formed the Directorate of Public Relations and the School of Cookery, replaced many allegedly inefficient and old-fashioned senior officers with energetic young men, introduced promotion by merit instead of length of service, adopted a new system of commissioning from the ranks.

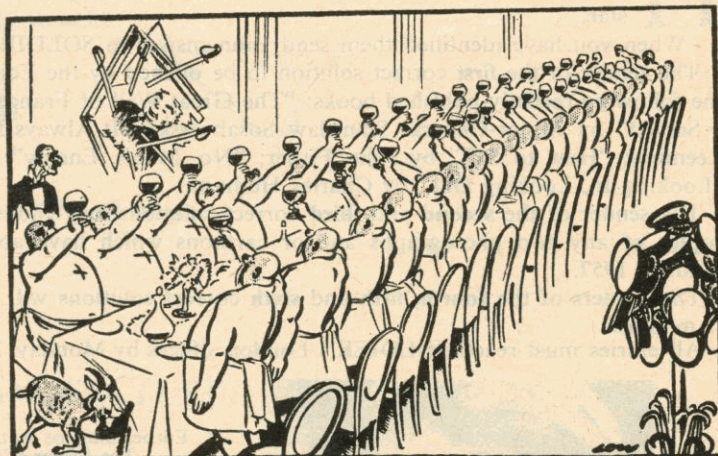
In two years he completely revolutionised the Army—and then, suddenly, was forced to resign. The news—presented under headlines like “The Brass Hats Have Won” and “Generals Resented His Drastic Reforms”—

came as a shock to the nation.

At the time, for security reasons, Hore Belisha could not reveal why he had to go. Now, 20 years after, Mr. R. J. Minney in “The Private Papers of Hore Belisha” (Collins, 30s.) advances the argument that he was the victim of a plot by high-ranking Army officers who resented Hore Belisha's Jewish ancestry, his democratic zeal and flair for personal publicity.

Trouble between Hore Belisha and the generals began during his first few weeks in office when his plan to improve recruiting by raising pay and improving conditions to make the soldier feel he was “a part of the nation and not apart from it” met with a mixed reception. Some among the generals predicted that it would not attract a single additional recruit—and were hardly endeared to him when, in nine days, more than 2000 reservists rejoined and proved them wrong.

More than one general had his



Mr. Leslie Hore Belisha's shock resignation gave rise to many anti-War Office cartoons like this one by Low of the Evening Standard on 10 January, 1940 which was captioned: “Gad gentlemen, here's to our greatest victory of the war.”

nose put out of joint when Hore Belisha, swathing a way through red tape, rescinded the rule that recruits must have at least eleven sound teeth. When told that the rule had been enforced so “that a soldier should not throw away his teeth in the face of the enemy and have to be sent back to base” he pointed out that in World War One many men with false teeth had fought and successfully masticated bully beef!

Hore Belisha, who admitted that he was a difficult man to get along with, was charged by the Prime Minister (Mr. Neville Chamberlain) to make drastic changes and he allowed nothing to stand in the way of his reforms. Not unnaturally, heads fell, rapidly and in large numbers, from the Chief of the Imperial General Staff downwards. He sacked the old Army Council and appointed a new one and fought as no other War Minister before him to clear away the cobwebs in military thinking. And, inevitably, he made enemies.

Paradoxically, two men whom Hore Belisha promoted over the heads of their seniors were involved in his downfall only four months after the outbreak of World War Two. One was Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff; the other, General Gort VC, Commander of the British Expeditionary Force in France.

Hore Belisha was worried about the weakness of the British defences flanking the Maginot Line and sent out from England teams of civilian experts to make good the lack of pillboxes. Six weeks later he visited the BEF and was shocked to find that only two pillboxes had been built. He complained to the Army Council and the Prime Minister. The “scheming officers” at GHQ in France, says the author, seized on this as

an opportunity to create trouble between Hore Belisha and Gort. Shortly afterwards, Lord Ironside visited the BEF and on his return told Hore Belisha that Gort resented the Minister's criticisms and was threatening to resign.

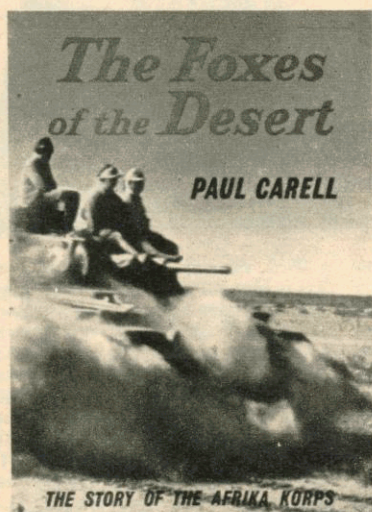
Things moved fast and a few days later Hore Belisha was summoned before the Prime Minister who said there was considerable “prejudice” against him at the War Office and offered him another ministerial post. Hore Belisha asked Mr. Chamberlain to amplify his allegation of prejudice, the Prime Minister was evasive but mentioned that during Hore Belisha's visit to France “he took little notice of the officers and was only interested in the men.” Hore Belisha refused the Prime Minister's offer and resigned.

To his great credit Mr. Hore Belisha's personal papers make no allegations of a conspiracy and Mr. Minney's implications of a deliberate intrigue, including, he says, the deliberate interception of a message from the King to the War Minister, cannot be answered, for all the leading actors in the drama are dead.



Mr. Hore Belisha as a lieutenant in the Royal Army Service Corps in World War One.

The German account of the North African campaign, by Paul Carell who has interviewed over 1,000



combatants and read all the relevant material by both sides.

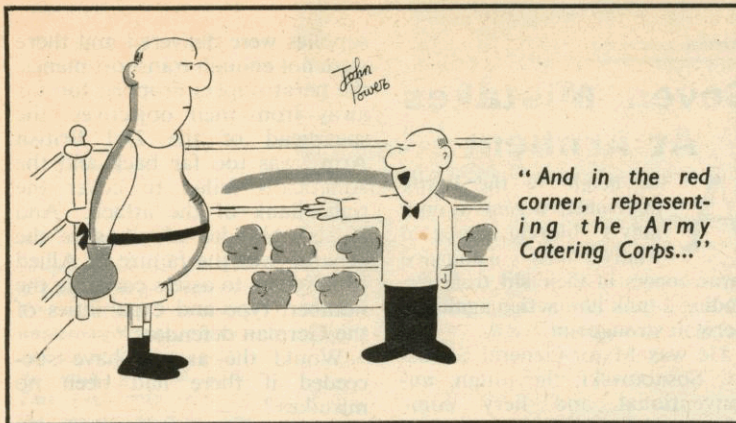
The big picture is filled out by accounts of many individual actions, battles, exploits and personalities.

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Behind The Lines in Greece

AS the conquering German troops marched into Athens in 1940, two youths on the pavement raised their arms in what looked like the Nazi salute. Each German officer solemnly returned the compliment.

The lads' gesture brought smiles to the faces of other Greeks who had been stonily watching the parade. The fingers of the raised hands were spread, and the spectators knew, as the Germans did not, that by Greek reckoning the "salute" was one of very vulgar significance.

Thus, claims one of those two youths, Greek Resistance began. He is Chris Jecchinis who writes of his own share in the war in "Beyond Olympus" (Harrap, 16s).

At first, his task was obtaining information about the naval base at Salamis, near Athens, for a Greek spy ring. He went to the base each day ostensibly to deliver newspapers. His big coup came when he heard of a map, showing all the defences and installations at the base, behind a screen in the garrison commander's office. Slipping into the room when it was empty, he photographed the map—with a camera borrowed from a German soldier.

Athens became too hot for him, and he was sent off to the British Force 133 in the mountains. He was part-British by birth, and before long was a proud and full-fledged private in the British Army.

The main task of his group was to attack German troop- and ammunition-trains, and in this they were supported by some Americans and, less-whole-heartedly, by Communist guerrillas.

At first sight, the operations were monotonously similar: explosive charges on the rails, open up at the surviving Germans as soon as the train was wrecked, and escape.

In fact, there was a good deal of variety, some of which the author provided out of boyish enthusiasm. Coming to a lone German sentry on a line which was about to be blown up, he decided to have some fun. Crouching in a bush, he made a noise he thought sounded like a hyena's laugh. The sentry's reaction was not what he expected: the man dashed into a concrete pill-box, sounded an alarm siren and began spraying the bushes with his sub-machine-gun. The operation had to be given up and the author received a dressing-down.

The attacks on trains intensified in 1944 as the Germans tried to pull back troops and materials to the besieged Reich. Much of the material and many of the troops did not complete the journey.

The author's last operation was the first in which he had the dangerous privilege of reconnoitring the spot and lighting the fuse. He had the satisfaction of knowing that 15 carriages and wagons and many tons of arms and ammunition were destroyed and that the Germans took away 20 dead and 45 wounded.

War Down Under . . .

IN the bitter campaign the Australians waged against the Japanese in New Guinea, the fighting followed the trails which led over the great ranges of mountains to the sea—and so the sea became a symbol of success.

This is the reason for the title of David Forrest's novel, "The Last Blue Sea" (Heinemann, 16s). His subject is an ill-trained battalion of conscript militiamen—nicknamed the "Chocolate Soldiers"—which is given one of the New Guinea trails to battle over.

As the operation progresses, inexperience turns to skill, cowards and heroes appear. The author describes again the fight against the jungle which went on simultaneously with the fight against the Japs, and tells of the long-drawn-out agony of the walking wounded sent off by themselves to find their way back to base on foot.

This is an honest attempt to portray soldiers in the grimmest kind of warfare, and generally it succeeds (it won an Australian literary award).

. . . And at Sea

THE Maritime Royal Artillery is rarely the subject of a novel, but in "Across the Narrow Seas" (Harrap, 12s 6d) James Pattison shows it to be a rich source of material.

His Sergeant Peter Mason, from roaming the high seas on a 34,000-ton liner, joins the 800-ton coaster *Radgate* for the invasion of Normandy. With a cargo of ammunition and petrol, the *Radgate* is not the ideal craft from which to view a battle.

Mason soon sorts out his Gunners, three soldiers and two sailors, and checks the three Oerlikons with which they are to defend the *Radgate*. He makes the acquaintance of the fiddle-playing captain who goes to sea with a large Alsatian; the one-eyed cook whose claims to a distinguished culinary and musical background are not borne out by his performances; and the mate and the engineer who look like each other and hate each other.

With this promising material the *Radgate* makes two trips to Normandy, helps bring down a German aircraft, and is finally wrecked in the storm that swept the invasion beaches a few days after D-Day. A simple tale, well and simply told.

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Seven Mistakes At Arnhem

AT the height of the Battle of Arnhem a general on a lady's bicycle careered wildly past astounded paratroopers in their slit trenches, leading a tank into action against a German stronghold.

He was Major-General Stanislaw Sosabowski, the tough, unconventional and fiery commander of the Polish Independent Parachute Brigade which fought alongside British and American paratroopers in the brave but ill-fated attempt to break into Northern Germany over the Lower Rhine.

None fought more bravely than the Polish paratroopers at Arnhem, and it is fitting that their story should be told by the general himself in "Freely I Served" (William Kimber, 25s.), a controversial book that sums up the tragedy of the Polish Army in World War Two and criticises the handling of the operation that might have ended the war in 1944.

The Battle of Arnhem was lost, says the author, because of seven bad mistakes. In the beginning, General Eisenhower preferred to combine the Arnhem attack with another thrust by the Americans in the Saar and did not give Field-Marshal Montgomery's plan sufficient priority in time. Only half the required amount of air

supplies were delivered and there were not enough transport planes, the paratroopers dropped too far away from their objectives; And the spearhead of the 2nd British Army was too far back and the Americans failed to cover the right flank of the attack. And biggest blunder of all, says the general, was the failure of Allied Intelligence to assess correctly the number, type and capabilities of the German defenders.

Would the assault have succeeded if there had been no mistakes?

"I believe," says the general, "that in spite of the planning mistakes the battle could still have been won if the land forces had shown more determination and drive."

Many will disagree with the author's outspoken opinions, but none can deny his superb courage. In World War One, at the age of 14, he fought with the Polish Resistance against the Austrian invaders, was then conscripted into the Austrian Army and at the end of the hostilities became an officer in the new Polish Army.

When World War Two broke out, General Sosabowski led the famous "Children of Warsaw" Brigade into action against the Germans, and escaped to England to form the Polish Independent Parachute Brigade, made up almost entirely of officers, which he pledged to lead back to Poland when the time came. The plan failed and the Brigade went in, instead, at Arnhem.



A MESSAGE

from the Chairman of HER MAJESTY'S FORCES SAVINGS COMMITTEE

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Corporal Davis, of 265 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, RA (TA), takes watersplash at speed—and pays for his temerity with a mud bath. This was only one of the many hazards the Gunners had to face.



THRILLS AND SPILLS ON THE DOWNS

THERE were thrills and spills aplenty on the Hampshire Downs near Tidworth when nearly 100 of the Royal Artillery's most experienced riders—Regulars, National Servicemen and Territorials, some from as far afield as Germany, Scotland and North Wales—met to decide who were the Gunners' motorcycle trials champions for 1960.

It was a stern test of skill, stamina, nerve and wits, fought out over one of the most grueling courses in Britain.

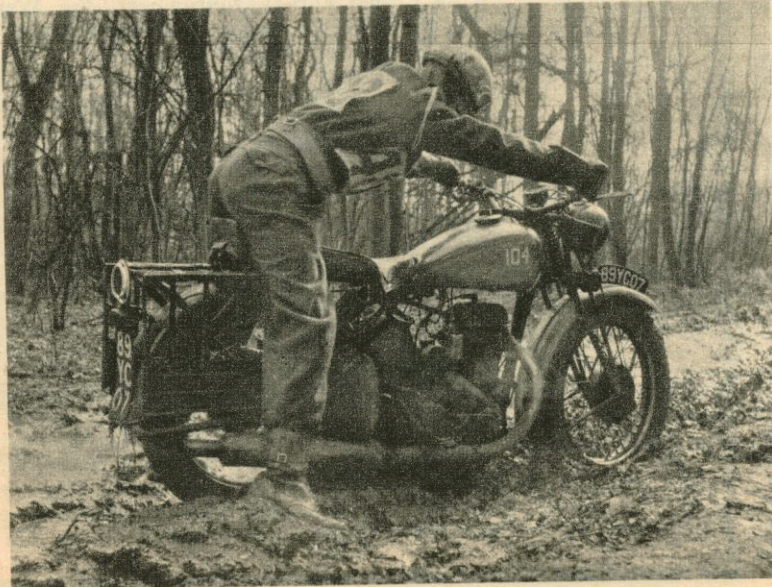
Some competitors were eliminated even before they started—disqualified by inspection teams of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers because their machines did not conform to the rules. Others lost their way in the early stages on the deceptively easy map-reading circuit over 30 miles of main and secondary roads.

The real test came in the cross-country section over narrow, twisting country lanes, deeply rutted cart tracks made dangerously slippery by the previous day's rain, through hillside scrub and heather, mud and water-

splashes and up bumpy one-in-three hills. Many "ran out of road" on the hairpin bends, slithered to disaster on the steeply-cambered chalk tracks and foundered in the mud.

The result was another triumph for the reigning Army champions—296 (Royal Devon Yeomanry) Field Regiment, RA (TA)—who won both the Regular and Territorial Army team awards. Runners-up in the Regular Army team event were 31 Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, from Rhyl, champions for the previous three years.

The trophy awarded to the best individual rider also went to a Territorial—Sergeant R. Green, of 253 Field Regiment, RA (TA), who lost only 13 penalty points.



Above: A competitor comes precariously round a corner of the wood, keeping between the white tapes as he nurses his machine up and down a bumpy track.

Left: Gunner Presley, of 359 Medium Regiment, RA (TA), gets bogged down in a mud patch and eases his way out by placing his weight over the rear wheel and gently revving the engine.

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Illustrated. 11/6

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A COMPANY CAPTURES



Left: In a goalmouth scramble Corporal Green, the Royal Army Service Corps' goalkeeper, deftly catches the ball off the head of his own centre-half, Pte R. Yeats. Above: Pte Crowe, the RASC's "Young England" captain, cleverly evades a sliding tackle by the opposing captain and left-back, Pte P. Leigh.

FOR the first time in the 71-year-long history of the competition, the Army Soccer Challenge Cup has been won by a mere company team.

This unique and well-deserved honour has been achieved by 29 Company, Royal Army Ordnance Corps from the Command Ammunition Depot at Kineton—only 200 strong—who, on their way to the final at Aldershot, defeated three Royal Army Ordnance Corps training battalions, an Infantry battalion, a Royal Engineer training regiment and a Royal Army Service Corps troops column.

In the final against No. 2 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, whose team included Scotland's centre-forward Alex Young, of Hearts, and England's Under-23 international

Chris Crowe (Blackburn Rovers), 29 Company played the game of their lives and ran out worthy winners by one goal to nil.

It was a triumph for honest endeavour and fine team work over clever, individual play. The winners were quicker in the tackle and their more direct methods paid handsome dividends against a side that finessed too much and shot badly.

The game was a story of two penalties, the Ordnance Corps

THE CUP



Pte Yeats and L/Cpl Sievwright, the RASC's left-half, together clear a high ball. Extreme left is Pte Byrne who scored the only goal—from a penalty.

Pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL

scoring from theirs and the Royal Army Service Corps missing. The winning goal was scored after 13 minutes when Johnny Byrne, the Ordnance Captain and inside-left who plays for Crystal Palace, rammed the ball home at the second attempt after Corporal D. Green, the Royal Army Service Corps' goalkeeper, had brilliantly saved the spot kick.

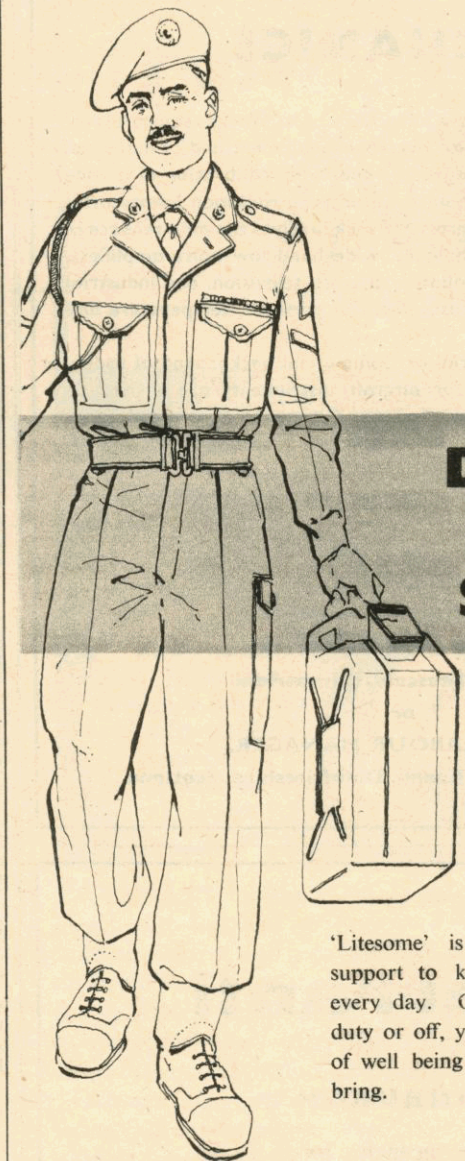
Seventeen minutes later the Royal Army Service Corps had a chance to equalise from a penalty, but Crowe's badly-placed shot was gratefully grabbed by the Ordnance Corps' keeper, Private J. Brown, and cleared.

In spite of some clever movements, and the absence off the

field for 15 minutes of an injured Ordnance Corps forward, the Royal Army Service Corps failed to penetrate 29 Company's tireless defence. Man of the match, who completely subdued 2 Training Battalion's international centre-forward, was Lance Corporal George Pring, 29 Company's brilliant centre-half.

● For the third time in four years the 46th Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment (TA), have won the Territorial Army Soccer Cup competition—a feat unequalled by any other battalion. They beat the 7th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Stenhousemuir by the odd goal in three.

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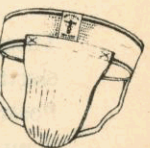
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BULLY FOR THEM!

WINNERS of this year's Army inter-unit hockey tournament, the War Office (Military) team has a remarkable and enviable record.

Formed only two years ago and composed of players who are never able to practise together because they have no home ground and work as far afield as Stanmore, Chessington and central London, the War Office team has lost only two games in that time. This season it has won 18 of its 20 matches (with the fine record of 122 goals for and only 19 against) and drawn the other two.

All the players are either officers or warrant officers and staff-sergeants and their average age is 36!

After winning the Eastern Command inter-unit championship and the London District Mid-Week League Shield (for the second year running), the War Office team recently capped a brilliant season by defeating the 1st Battalion, Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, in Germany by one goal to nil in the final of the Army competition.



The Army's hockey champions with the Army Cup. They come from seven different corps and regiments. Back row (left to right): Maj. R. Everard, Royal Tanks; Capt. E. Parry, Worcestershire Regt; WO M. Petters, RASC; Maj. H. Newman, RE; WO C. Tobin, RASC; S/Sgt W. Palmer, Royal Sigs. Sitting (left to right): Maj. C. Carter, Intelligence Corps; Lieut-Col E. Lewis, RA; WO B. Whiting, RASC; Maj. I. Hodder and Maj. L. Hearn, RASC.

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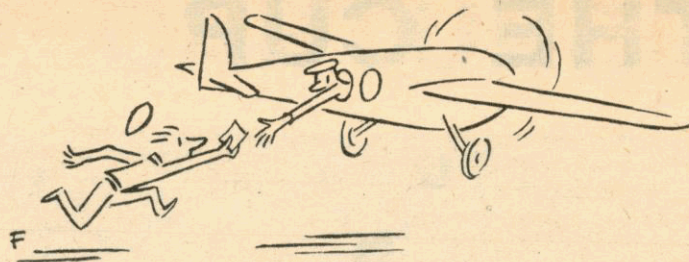
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LETTERS

ANTI-ARMY PLAYS

Something should be done to prevent plays being shown on television which present a completely false and derogatory picture of life in the British Army.

A recent play which depicted a disloyal, ignorant and insubordinate corporal kicking a dying officer must have been watched by millions. I have never before seen or heard anything more calculated to bring the Army into disrepute.

We in this Regiment, and I am sure throughout the Army, have great respect for our officers and the standard of junior NCOs has never been higher than it is today.—CSM D. Hornblower, 1st Green Jackets (43rd and 52nd), Warminster, Wilts.

JUDO

I think it's high time the Army taught judo as a compulsory subject.—Sergeant R. Turner, 4 Armd. Wksp, REME, BFPO 15.

★ Judo is rapidly becoming popular in the Army which has recognised it as an official sport. Clubs have been formed in most commands.

KILL POLITELY

Perhaps the most famous case of "having the honour to be your obedient servant" (SOLDIER, Letters, May) was the letter written by Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill to the Japanese Ambassador informing him that a state of war existed between England and Japan, which ended in that time-honoured way.

In reply to adverse criticism Sir Winston said that "even if you have to kill a man you can at least be polite about it."—Major J. P. McKeone, 4 Red Oak Close, Orpington, Kent.

GREAT CHARACTERS

The Army Physical Training Corps history (see SOLDIER, June) is punctuated with the exploits of men who are still discussed with affection.

One of these was Company Sergeant-Major Alfred Harris, a popular boxing instructor. The School at Aldershot still chuckles over his "Royal Command" performance on the trapeze over the swimming bath at Aldershot one rainy day in the early 1930s, when the Corps put on a demonstration for the King and Queen.

● **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.

Mr. Harris, preparing to swing into his act, noticed that their Majesties' attention was directed elsewhere. He coughed politely—with no result. "Ahem!" he bellowed, but still there was no reaction from the Royal party. He let go the trapeze and clapped his hands loudly. The King and Queen looked up. The Sergeant-Major bowed, said "Thank-you"—and went on with his act!

There was also RSM Alexander ("Jack") White, smallest and toughest man in the Corps in his time. Champion gymnast, boxer, diver and high jumper, he was dropped at the last moment from Britain's 1924 Olympic Games team on the grounds that as an Army instructor he could not be classed as an amateur.

"Jack" White was so keen on gymnastics that he would sneak into the gymnasium at night and practise by candle-light.

Once, he fell from the ceiling of the gymnasium at Aldershot and snapped his Achilles tendon. Told he would never perform again, he discharged himself from hospital, exercised his wasted leg for hours daily, and finally regained all his old skill.

They still talk, too, of Corporal (later Major) H.C. ("Micky") Hunt's athletic feat at Aldershot in 1920. Hurrying to the ground direct from Royal Guard duty in London, with the puttee marks still showing on his swollen legs, he won the three Army championship sprints within an hour—the 100 yards in 10 seconds, 220 in 23 seconds and 440 in 52.2 seconds. He represented the Army at athletics for

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six years and, at the age of nearly 50, won the Army hammer, long jump and hop, step and jump titles.

Such men have woven golden threads through the fabric of the Corps' history. —"Grateful, of Guildford."

WELSH LEEK

What is the difference between the leek cap badge of The Welsh Horse (Lancers) and that of the Welsh Guards?—E. T. Davies, 5 Cherry Tree Close, Cwmbran, Monmouthshire.

★ The leek worn by The Welsh Horse, which was raised in 1914 and disbanded in 1921, was simpler in design than that of the Welsh Guards. It had only five leaves. The Welsh Guards leek has eight leaves.

LONG REVEILLE

Can SOLDIER explain the origin of the "Crimean Long Reveille" and why it is played on the 15th of each month by the Black Watch?—G. A. Dunnett, 773 Ferry Road, Edinburgh 4.

★ There is no record of when or why this custom was instituted, but there are many legends about its origin. It was once thought to have been played on the anniversary of the Battle of Alma, until someone discovered that Alma was fought on 20th and not 15th September, 1854. It is still played on the 15th of each month, and the complete "Crimean Reveille" is included on a long-playing record made by the Band and Pipes and Drums of the Black Watch with the title "Highland Pageantry."—Captain C. A. MacDonald-Gaunt, Queen's Barracks, Perth.

GUNNERS IN MALAYA

I have just read "Shoot to Kill" by Richard Miers, but was surprised to find no mention of the Gunners of 48 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.

Yet Brigadier Miers, then commanding the 1st Battalion, South Wales Borderers, visited "F" Troop at Buloh Kasap, near Segamat, to thank them for the accurate fire of their 5.5 inch guns.

Nor is there any mention of the calculated policy of placing Infantry groups of four men each very close to the impact areas of artillery fire. This resulted in one leading terrorist, Ming Lee, and his bodyguard being ambushed while indulging in a spot of fishing in an area they were confident was safe. Ming Lee said afterwards he had not thought the Infantry would be so close to artillery fire—surely a tribute to the confidence the South Wales Borderers had in the Gunners supporting them.

The artillery role in Malaya was not so much to kill the terrorists as to harass them so that they should have no sleep at nights and would be kept constantly on the move, thus giving informers the opportunity to report their movements to Special Branch Officers. It was almost a physical impossibility to chase terrorists at night in

the dense jungle, and the Artillery was called upon night after night, and often throughout the day, to keep the pressure on.—RQMS T. Davies, (Ex-Troop Sergeant-Major "F" Troop), 50 Field Regiment, RA, BFPO 24.

BIG HEAD

I have an extra large cap, size 7½. Having read in SOLDIER of various boasts of other Boys' regiments and cadet units I would like to know if any of them can beat this.—Junior Signaller "Headache," Newton Abbot.

BADGES

What are the regulations governing the wearing of badges acquired in one Service while wearing the uniform of another?

During World War Two I served as an air gunner in the Royal Air Force and wore the flying badge of my trade. I am now serving in the Territorial Army and on several occasions I have seen other members of the TA wearing aircrew badges. I was proud to wear my badge many years ago and would be so again, provided the Army has no official objection to such adornments.—"Sapper" (name and address supplied).

★ The badge of a qualified pilot is the only Royal Air Force or Royal Flying Corps badge permitted to be worn with Army uniform.

RECOVERY

You published a letter from Lieut-Col Sutcliffe in the March issue dealing with recovery and 123 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Tank Transporter).

While it is true that recovery is the responsibility of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and that there is a REME workshops permanently attached to 123 Company, RASC, I must point out that recovery of its task vehicles in 123 Company is done by the regimental members. This is because 123 Company Workshops does not have recovery vehicles big enough to deal with the tank transporters.

All the tank transporter crews are trained in recovery and their tractors are fully kitted with recovery gear. In my experience as Transport Officer of 123 Company there were numerous occasions when the regimental members of the Company recovered all sorts of vehicles, including a number of Centurion tanks.

I have no wish to denigrate 123 Company (Tank Transporter) Workshops, REME. It is an excellent unit and gave the company first rate service.—Captain J. B. Massey, 31 Company, Gurkha ASC, c/o GPO, Kluang, Malaya.

ARRESTING

During service in India my regiment was frequently detailed for "Duty in Aid of the Civil Power" and we were informed that, in addition to his other powers, a soldier has the ordinary citizen's power of arrest. What is the ordinary citizen's power of arrest in Britain?—Lieut.-Col. N. M. Brodie (Retd), 21 Winter Road, Norwich.

★ The ordinary citizen's power of arrest applies to soldiers as well as civilians in Britain, and is subject to numerous statutes (Manual of Military Law, 1956, Chap. 5, para. 14 refers).

Broadly speaking, a citizen (or a soldier) may make an arrest without a warrant in a case of treason or felony and for a breach of the peace if the offence amounts to assault, occasions public alarm or obstructs a public officer in the execution of his duty.

NEUVE CHAPELLE

I was surprised that no mention was made in your interesting "Hours of Glory" article on Neuve Chapelle (SOLDIER, March) of the officer who brought out of action the remnants of the 2nd Bn, The Scottish Rifles, a few nights later. I believe this officer's

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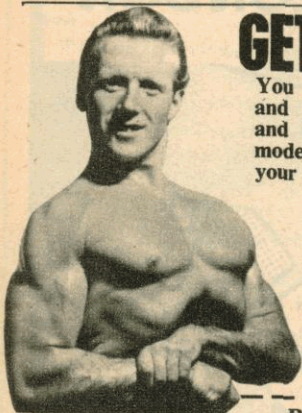
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more letters

name was 2nd-Lieutenant J. Somervell and that he lost his life at a later date.

I went over at the same time on 10 March, just on the right of the 2nd Scottish Rifles, with the 2nd Lincolns and 1st Royal Irish Rifles.—**J. Davey** (late 2 Pd Coy. RE) 44 Wyndham Road, Salisbury, Wits.

CAP BADGE

Why does the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) not have a cap badge?

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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following details: 1. Position of aircraft. 2. Pennant on L.29. 3. Windows of building on left. 4. Lower foresail of K.4. 5. Number of crew on L.29. 6. Space between men on K.3. 7. Stern of launch on left. 8. Bow wave of middle launch. 9. Funnel of launch on right. 10. Height of mast on K.3.

PUZZLE WINNERS

The winners of SOLDIER's "Who and What Are They?" puzzle in May were:

1. **Cpl. A. Hawes**, 1st East Anglian Regt., BFPO 45. 2. **WO II E. Hayward**, RE, Cowley Barracks, Oxford. 3. **Cpl. Haynes**, BMH, Tripoli, BFPO 57. 4. **Pte S. Weston**, 625 Ord. Depot, BFPO 53. 5. **Mr. P. Green**, 33 High Street, Wimbledon. 6. **Sgt. D. Pemberton**, British Army Element, HQ ALFCE, BFPO 6.

The correct answers were: 1. Nelson's Column. 2. St. Paul's Cathedral. 3. Eros. 4. Jack Hawkins. 5. Alec Guinness. 6. President Eisenhower.

I am told that it was taken away in disgrace. When will it be restored?—"Junior Trooper."

★ *Someone's pulling someone's leg.* The cap badge of the 11th Hussars is the crest and motto of the late Prince Consort. This famous Regiment is known as "The Cherry Pickers" and "The Cherubins" from its crimson overalls adopted about 1840.

COLLECTORS

I am compiling a pictorial record of cavalry officers' full dress and am anxious to obtain photographs of groups and individual officers, either mounted or on foot.

Can any reader help?—**Major H. K. Clough**, 7 Lower Ward, Windsor Castle, Berks.

I specialise in collecting badges of the Royal Engineers, and am also compiling a record of them. Photographs or drawings would be gratefully received.—**Captain B. L. Davies**, RE Survey Directorate, GHQ, MELF.

I am collecting campaign medals and badges of men of the British Army who fought in some of the notable battles from Albuera to Spion Kop. So far I have been unable to obtain the 5th Dragoon Guards' pouch belt badge and NCO's arm-badge. Can any reader help?—**J. B. Thornton**, 32 George Road, Warwick.

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