

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE
AUGUST 1958



NINEPENCE



**PAGEANTRY BENEATH
THE BATTLEMENTS**
(See pages 9-10)

Colour Picture:
SOLDIER Cameraman F. TOMPSETT



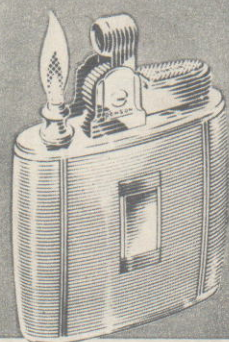
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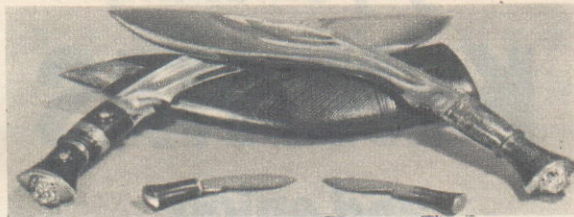
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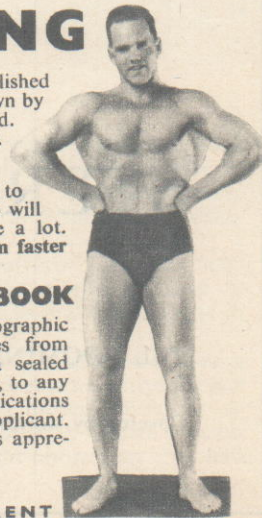
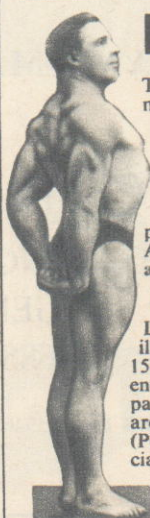
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Perched on the roofs of a street in Nicosia, a line of British soldiers watches and waits, ready for the slightest sign of rioting. The restraining hand of the Army has averted many clashes between Turk and Greek.

CYPRUS

Island on the Boil

AS mob violence between Greek and Turk threatened to boil up into civil war in Cyprus, the Army's Strategic Reserve 2500 miles away in Britain went swiftly into action.

From airfields in southern England 6000 soldiers were flown to the riot-torn island in Comets, Hastings, Beverleys and Shackletons in eight days.

It was the biggest airlift since the Berlin Blockade and never before has an active service force of any nation been moved so far or so rapidly. Some men who went by Comet were on guard duty in Nicosia eight hours after they had left Britain.

OVER . . .

PAGE 5



An anti-riot patrol, with batons and wire shields, marches through a Nicosia street. Cypriots spare only a passing glance for a now familiar scene.

Patrols search for trouble-makers. An Alsatian dog, handled by a lance-corporal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, leads men of The Royal Welch Fusiliers in a back street warren of buildings and piles of junk.



Not even a funeral cortège is sacrosanct in the troubled island. Armoured cars, called in to prevent outbreaks of violence, head the funeral procession of two Greek Cypriots shot dead in the first of the violent communal riots.





In the biggest airlift since the Berlin blockade, the Army's Strategic Reserve flew to Cyprus to strengthen the security forces. Beverley aircraft (here emplaning Grenadier Guardsmen at Abingdon), Comets, Hastings and Shackletons of RAF Transport Command, carried 6000 troops in eight days.

CYPRUS continued

The rapid appearance at a critical time of these reinforcements—men of 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, 1st Guards Brigade, 26 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery (as Infantry) and of other supporting arms—may well have halted the headlong plunge into outright civil war which at one time seemed inevitable. It was hardly a coincidence that since their arrival and up to the time SOLDIER went to press there was a noticeable lack of fighting between Greek and Turkish Cypriots.

Before the reinforcements arrived British troops already stationed in Cyprus had their fair share of excitement. At the first sign of trouble they went into action methodically and without fuss, as befits men well trained in the British Army's long tradition of keeping the peace in foreign lands. They set up guards on all military installations and calmly waited behind barbed-wire barricades and road blocks for the balloon to go up. On the main roads armoured car patrols kept constant watch for trouble-makers and in the outlying areas mobile

columns of Infantrymen stood by for instant action. In Nicosia and other large towns troops patrolled with Stens and rifles and Servicemen living outside the wire compounds formed themselves into "Home Guard" patrols to protect their families. British children were taken to and from school under guard and wives went shopping in company with armed soldiers.

When communal rioting broke out—there were few demonstrations against the British—Infantrymen in Nicosia, Larnaca and Limassol and other large towns dispersed the mobs with tear gas and baton charges. The Suffolks, stoned by a mob of angry mothers whose sons had been arrested, sprayed the women with orange dye so that they could be identified later. A petrol bomb was thrown, inaccurately, at a Grenadier Guards patrol.

Many ugly incidents were prevented by mobile columns of troops warned by spotter aircraft of the approach of would-be-rioters. Within a few minutes they were on the way to head off the gangs.

Some of these men of the 3rd Parachute Battalion, who were flown to Cyprus by Comet, were on guard duty in Nicosia little more than eight hours after they had left Lyneham airfield, 2500 miles away in Wiltshire.



GREENJACKETS

IN THE SAHARA

IN the vast, uncharted expanse of the Sahara Desert where knife-edged dunes stretch as far as the eye can see, a party of officers and men from the 1st Battalion, The King's Royal Rifle Corps—now the 2nd Green Jackets—have performed a feat never before attempted.

Without a guide, they crossed 90 miles of the desolate sand-sea from El Gatrun to Mourzouk in three Land-Rovers, relying only on their sun compasses for navigation.

It was accomplished during a strenuous training expedition by four officers and 17 other ranks of the Battalion who traversed 2000 miles of desert in 14 days from Tripoli to Mourzouk, in the Fezzan, and back.

The objects of the expedition were four-fold: to practise desert navigation; to train drivers and wireless operators in working under difficult conditions; to gain experience in desert supply and administration and to give soldiers experience of living in barren countryside.

The 60th achieved all these aims during a fascinating trek which took them across smooth *serir* (gravel) plains, into the black basalt rocks of the "moon" country, past ancient Roman and Turkish hilltop forts and on into the rolling sand-sea of the Sahara. On their journey they stayed for three days in the oasis of El Gatrun and were



On their way across the 90-mile wide Mourzouk sand-sea, four members of the 60th check their position. Left to right: Lieutenant R. Eastwood, Captain I. Grahame, Corporal L. Markwick and Corporal J. Jones.

the first Englishmen to visit some of the neighbouring villages where they were entertained by local Tebu tribesmen.

While the crews of the party's two three-ton lorries made the roundabout, but comparatively easy, journey to Mourzouk from El Gatrun, Captain I. Grahame of Claverhouse, who was in charge of the expedition, decided to take the three Land-Rovers and their crews across the sand-sea which, it was thought, would take a mere six hours to traverse. In the event it took nearly three days!

A good start was made, the first 27 miles being covered in one hour, but then the firm, flat sand gave way to steep, soft dunes into which the vehicles time and again sunk up to their axles and had to be laboriously dug out. Some dunes, running across the line of the route, were impassable and had to be skirted and sand channels were in constant use. By nightfall the vehicles had covered only 40 miles.

On the next two days under a blazing sun, progress was made at the rate of one mile an hour. Food and water were rationed and by the second evening cigarettes had run out.

On the third day, by which time the drivers had become expert in negotiating the dunes, a welcome line of palm trees appeared: it was the edge of the Mourzouk oasis where the 3-tonner party had been anxiously waiting for two days.

The return journey to Tripoli, 820 miles away along the Brach-Mizda track (reputed to be the worst road in Libya) took only three days.

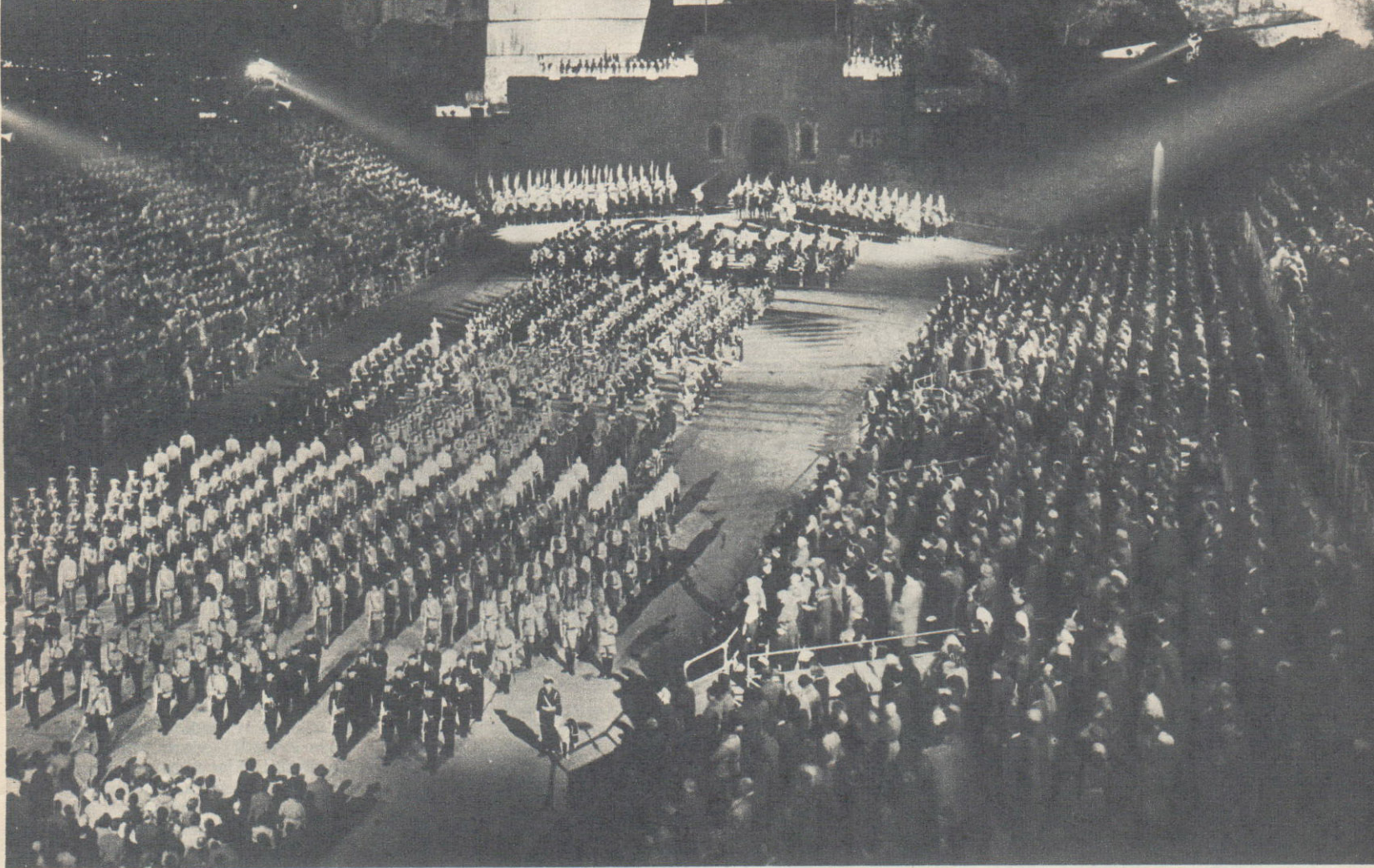
FOOTNOTE: Last year men of 10th Armoured Division accompanied an expedition of scientists on a 4000-mile journey from Tripoli to the Tibesti Mountains in the central Sahara and back (see *SOLDIER*, December, 1957). The military party on that occasion was also led by an officer of the King's Royal Rifle Corps—Major T. E. St. Aubyn.

Left: It's all hands to the rescue when a three-tonner bogs down in one of the several soft-sand areas through which the expedition passed.

Below: On the way to El Gatrun the Land-Rover party stopped to investigate this Beau Geste style hilltop fort.



UNDER THE FLOODLIT WALLS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE SCOTTISH COMMAND THIS MONTH PRESENTS, FOR THE NINTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR, A MILITARY TATTOO WHICH HAS BECOME WORLD FAMOUS. A SOLDIER STAFF-WRITER GOES BEHIND THE SCENES TO TELL THE STORY OF HOW THIS SPLENDID SPECTACLE IS PRODUCED



WITH EDINBURGH CASTLE AS A BACKCLOTH, THE FINALE ON THE ESPLANADE MAKES AN UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE SCENE AT LAST YEAR'S TATTOO WHEN TROOPS FROM DENMARK, AFRICA AND TURKEY TOOK PART.

Courtesy: The Scotsman.

PAGEANTRY BENEATH THE BATTLEMENTS

IN his office high up on the battlements of Edinburgh Castle a retired brigadier gazed long and thoughtfully at hundreds of model soldiers set out in review order.

At last, like a chess player making a vital move, he scooped up the escorts in front of two colour parties. "That's better," he said. "A much more striking effect for the finale."

Brigadier A. G. L. Maclean, a former Cameron Highlander, was not playing soldiers for his own amusement. 'As producer of the Edinburgh Tattoo, Scottish Command's contribution to the world-famous Edinburgh Festival, he was busy planning final changes to the 90-minute, non-stop military pageant which is being staged this month under floodlights on the Castle Esplanade.

Since it became a full-scale production in 1950, the Tattoo

has been seen by nearly one-and-a-half million people from more than 100 countries; millions more have watched it on television. The 200,000 spectators who brave the weather this year (all seats are in open-air stands) will be rewarded by as colourful a feast of military pageantry and music as can be seen anywhere in the world.

Although most of the items will be traditional and naturally will have a Scottish bias—the massed pipes and drums of five Scottish regiments and Highland

dancing by men of all the Highland regiments will again be firm favourites—the Tattoo this year preserves the international flavour it has always had.

For the first time, the United States is represented by its famous Marine Corps Band and a ceremonial drill platoon from Washington. In the past Tattoo performers have come from Australia, Canada, Denmark, France, Holland, Malaya, Nepal, New Zealand, South Africa and Turkey).

And this year, too, there will be something new—a battle under the walls of the Castle between spacemen who will land in the arena from "flying saucers" and polish each other off with ray-guns!

As always, the Tattoo will go off without a hitch but few, if any, of the highly satisfied spectators will give a thought to the tremendous amount of hard work that goes on behind the scenes to ensure its success.

The secret depends largely on careful planning over many months before the day, for few of the units taking part have the opportunity to practise together until a week before the first performance. Brigadier Maclean, who produced his first tattoo in Malaya in 1947, began planning the 1958 Edinburgh Tattoo immediately after the 1957 performance when he set out for the United States to arrange for the Marine Corps to appear this year.

OVER...

PAGEANTRY *continued*

By January, when the Tattoo Committee met to discuss the shape of this year's Tattoo, most of the units taking part had been told what was expected of them. So that massed bands could begin practising as soon as possible the Tattoo music was sent to them at least six months ago and the Highland dancers began training in their separate units in April. The choreography was arranged by the Brigadier, himself an experienced Highland dancer, who set down every step on paper for each unit.

Armed with his stopwatch, the

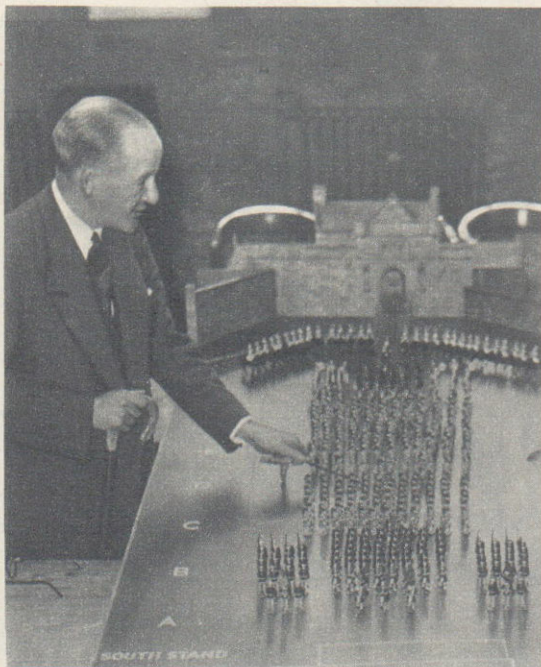
Brigadier visits all units to watch them rehearse before they come to Edinburgh to be put through their paces during the last week before the Tattoo opens. Every item is timed to the second so that one follows another without pause.

"A programme that drags becomes boring," says Brigadier Maclean. "We like to send the audience away wanting more."

The Tattoo also has technical problems. While no producer could wish for a better setting than the floodlit battlements of Edinburgh Castle, the area on the

SOLDIER's front cover, by Staff Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT, shows Pipe Major John McNicol, of The Black Watch, on the Castle battlements overlooking Edinburgh.

Pipe Major McNicol, who will lead the Regimental Pipes and Drums at this year's Tattoo, joined the Black Watch in 1934 and was appointed Pipe Major of the 2nd Battalion in 1943. In World War Two he served in Crete, Tobruk and Burma and became Pipe Major of the 1st Battalion three years ago. He started to play the pipes at the age of five.



Careful planning is the secret of success at the Edinburgh Tattoo. Brigadier A. G. L. Maclean (he produced his first tattoo in Malaya) makes last-minute changes on his toy soldier board for this year's finale. He checks every item on the programme with a stop watch.



Men from all Highland regiments will take part in a display of Highland dancing to gladden the heart of every Scot. This picture shows men of The Black Watch performing some of the intricate steps they will dance to music from massed pipes and drums.

Dressed in all their finery, members of The Black Watch Band tune up at rehearsal in Redford Barracks.



Esplanade on which the Tattoo is staged measures only 110 by 35 yards after the stands to seat 7000 have been erected. This restricts the number of performers to a maximum of 800, but even then the utmost precision is needed to stage the finale. But the small arena also has its advantages: the audience gets a closer view of the pageantry than at any other tattoo.

A board, on which the stands and arena are marked to scale, and model soldiers (Brigadier Maclean has a model for everyone taking part in the finale) plan an important part in helping the producer to gain the most striking effects.

Finding accommodation for the performers is Edinburgh Garrison's problem; no easy task in Scotland's capital city. Glen-corse, the depot of the Royal Scots, and Redford Barracks, where the 1st Battalion, The Black Watch and 21 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, are stationed, are several miles away and fitting men of different units, who are to appear in the same scenes, into the same barracks in order to overcome transport problems causes many headaches.

The weather is, perhaps, the Tattoo Committee's greatest worry. Bad weather seldom keeps the hardy spectators away—they are advised to bring rugs as the wind blows cold on the Esplanade—but rain can play havoc with feather bonnets and a drenching during the first of a twice-nightly performance can dampen the ardour of the stoutest-hearted performer. Drying rooms have been organised at Redford Barracks and glowing braziers in the Castle itself will help to dry performers unlucky enough to get wet early in the evening.

K. HANFORD

Footnote:

Brigadier Maclean recently flew to Vancouver to organise a Canadian armed forces tattoo as part of an international festival of arts in celebration of Vancouver's centenary. He then went to Washington to see the United States Marine Corps and also visited Ottawa to see what "we can get from Canada for the 1959 Tattoo."

MUCH OF SCOTLAND'S MILITARY HISTORY IS STORED AWAY IN EDINBURGH CASTLE, ONCE THE HOME OF MANY FAMOUS REGIMENTS. NOW AN ANCIENT MONUMENT, IT HOUSES ONLY A HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS—AND THE GUN THAT TELLS THE TIME

THE CASTLE ON THE ROCK

BOOM! From the grim battlements of Edinburgh Castle, sprouting like a natural growth from the precipitous rock 270 feet above Princes Street, came the sound of The One O'clock Gun. All eyes turned, as they have done at that time for nearly a century, to the fortress which has been a part of Scotland's history for almost a thousand years.

Watches can be set by The One O'clock Gun, for the clock that controls it in the Castle is connected by cable with the Royal Observatory at Blackford Hill.



Perched on top of a towering rock, Edinburgh Castle stands sentinel over the city. By tradition, the Governor of the Castle is the Army Commander in Scotland. Below (left): On the battlements overlooking Princes Street. In the background is the cannon "Mons Meg."

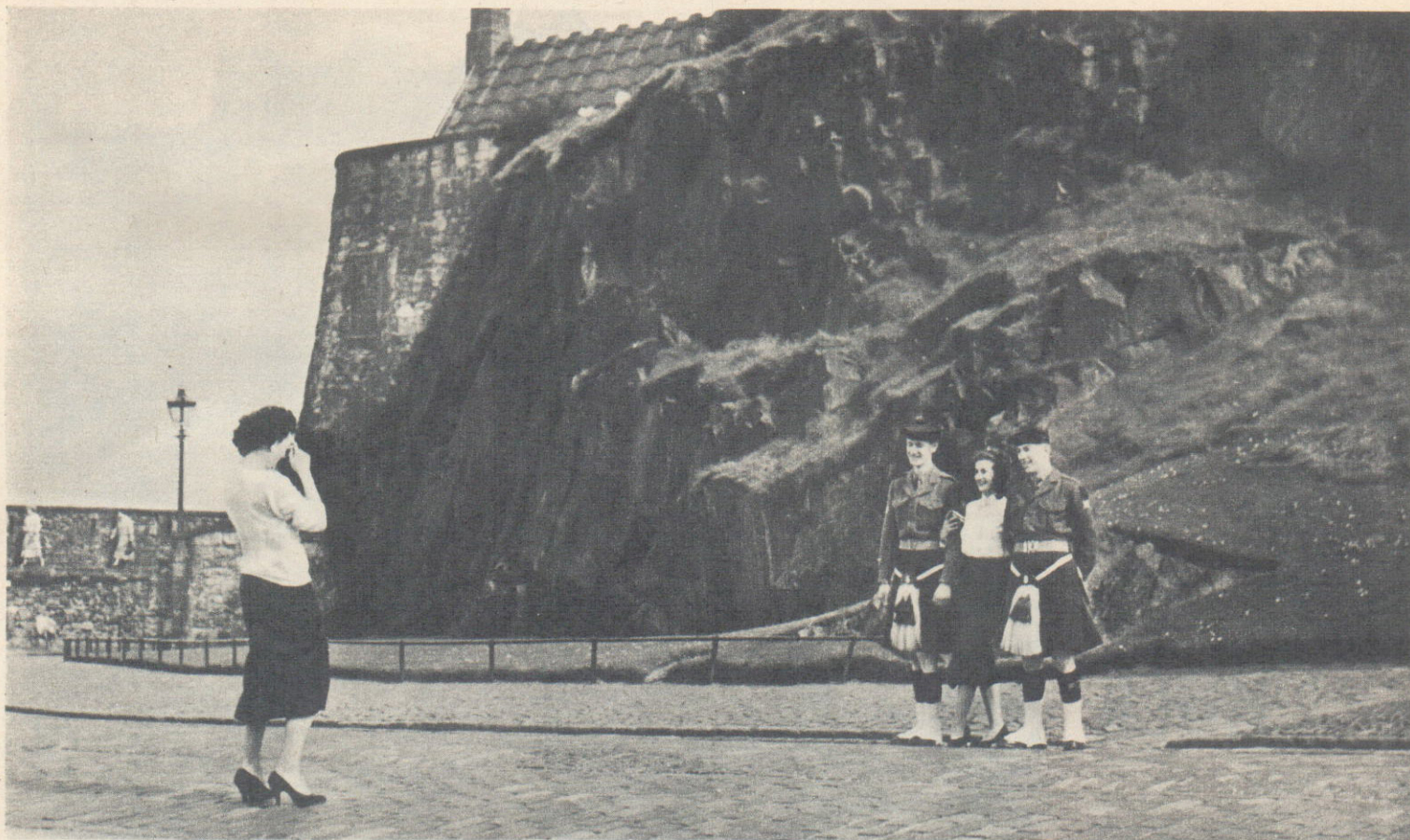


Each day the District Gunner, 55-year-old William Taylor, loads one of the 25-pounders in the Half Moon Battery and connects the lanyard to a large weight in the electric clock. At exactly 1 p.m. the weight is released, it jerks the lanyard and the gun fires.

Checking the time is only one reason why Scots look up to the Castle. During its turbulent history it has housed many famous Scottish regiments and within its walls Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James VI in 1566.

Now scheduled as an ancient monument, it has ceased to be a garrison castle. But the 1st Battalion, The Black Watch and 21 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, both stationed at Redford Barracks, about six miles

OVER . . .



Few sightseers can resist a picture of themselves against a Castle background and kilted soldiers are much in demand to give additional local colour. One Black Watch soldier had his photograph taken 1000 times last year.

THE CASTLE ON THE ROCK continued

On time to the second, Edinburgh's One O'clock Gun (a 25-pounder) gives voice at Half Moon Battery which is also the city's saluting base. Every day District Gunner William Taylor loads the gun which is fired electrically.



from Edinburgh, still do guard duty at the Castle, which houses only about 125 members of the Royal Army Pay Corps and some offices of Headquarters, Scottish Command in the 1799 "New Barrack." Two years ago Headquarters, Scottish Command was moved from the Castle to near-by Craigiehall.

The Half Moon Battery, where District Gunner Taylor tends his 25-pounders, is still War Department property and an official saluting base where 278 (Lowland) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery (Territorial Army) have the honour of firing the salutes.

Partly military, partly Ministry of Works, the Castle can never be completely divorced from the Army for the post of the Governor of the Castle is traditionally held by the Army Commander in Scotland. The new General Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Scottish Command, Lieutenant-General R. G. Collingwood DSO, was installed in the 851-year-old appointment in June.

The Castle still preserves a military atmosphere—an impression enhanced by the red hackle and kilt of The Black Watch soldier on guard at the entrance gate. In the Scottish United Services Museum in old Palace buildings at the Castle's summit, are scores of trophies telling much of Scotland's military history—feathered bonnets and kilted statuettes and many Regimental Colours under which countless Scottish soldiers have fought and died.

Opposite the Palace stands the Scottish National War Memorial on the site of barracks built in 1775 and which have not been used since the Garrison moved

to Redford Barracks in 1923. In the Hall of Honour before the Shrine are recesses containing memorials to the twelve Scottish regiments.

Many people visiting the Scottish United Services Museum are surprised to find articles of dress and equipment of the Household Cavalry which they usually associate with London. They are even more surprised when the Curator, Mr. W. A. Thorburn, tells them that a Troop of Life Guards was raised in Edinburgh at the same time as those in England—at the restoration of Charles II. The Troop did duty in Edinburgh from 1661 until 1707 when it was withdrawn to London and shared with the three English Troops the duties of escorting and protecting the King. Known as the 4th (Scots) Troop of Life Guards it played a part in all the battles and duties of the Regiment until 1746 when the 3rd and 4th Troops were absorbed into the 1st and 2nd, and the Scottish distinction was lost. But it did not end there.

In 1702 a Troop of Horse Grenadiers, the 2nd (or Scots) Troop, was raised in Edinburgh and continued until 1788 when it joined with the 1st and 2nd Troops of Life Guards to make a new Corps—the 1st and 2nd Regiment of Life Guards.

Which is Edinburgh's own Regiment, the Royal Scots or The King's Own Scottish Borderers? Many would cast their vote for the former but they would be wrong. The title of the Edinburgh Regiment belongs to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, raised in 1689 by the Earl of Leven. The Convention of Estates in Edinburgh declared in favour of



At the entrance to the Castle a Black Watch soldier stands guard to turn away unruly folk from the city's famous fortress.

William of Orange but the Duke of Gordon, who held Edinburgh Castle, was on the side of the deposed King James VII. The Convention gave a commission to Leven to raise a regiment and told him to get recruits as quickly as he could by the beat of a drum. A thousand joined in four hours.

Leven's Edinburgh Regiment fought in Flanders but returned to occupy the Castle in 1746 because of the Jacobite rising. The title of King's Own Borderers was conferred on the Regiment in 1805 and in 1832 the old title of the Edinburgh Regiment was added, together with the Arms of Edinburgh and the city's motto on the Colour and appointment. In 1887 "Scottish" was placed in the title. Since then the Regiment, with its Depot at Berwick, has been associated with the Border Regiment, but it is still the only regiment which has the privilege of beating for recruits within the city of Edinburgh without asking the Lord Provost's permission.

Although the Royal Scots are known as the Lothian Regiment their connection with Edinburgh is better known. Their depot has been at Glencorse since 1881, except for a period at Dreghorn after World War Two. They are not the Edinburgh Regiment but they have very strong ties with the capital—The Queen's Edinburgh Light Infantry Militia became the 3rd Battalion, Royal Scots and the volunteer units of the city are part of the Regiment.

"KOSBIES" IN THE JUNGLE

AFTER a long and successful spell of bandit hunting in the swamps and jungles of Malaya, the men of Edinburgh's own Regiment—The King's Own Scottish Borderers—are coming home.

When they settle down in Redford Barracks, Colington, at the end of the year, it will be the first time Edinburgh has seen them for nearly six years. The "Kosbies" were last stationed there in 1953 when the 1st Battalion reformed after serving for 15 months in Korea.

The "Kosbies" will not be sorry to leave Malaya where, since June 1956, they have combed thousands of square miles of leech-ridden swamps and tangled forests in Johore in search of a cunning and fleet-footed enemy.

Most of their operations, especially in recent months, have been carried out in the swamps where the terrorists are being driven into their last hiding places and Battalion sweeps have sometimes meant men staying out in ambush positions, knee-deep in slimy mud, for days on end. On one occasion recently heavy rains flooded the swamps so rapidly that boats had to be used to relieve a patrol which had taken refuge in tree-tops.

Many sweeps have also been carried out in drier jungle areas, harrying the terrorists into the swamps where they may run into ambushes or eventually die of disease or surrender.



Ready for immediate action, a KOSB patrol, led by Private John Laidlaw, who comes from Kelso, makes its way through the Johore jungle in search of terrorists.

Tracker dogs have played an important part in the Battalion's successes and one, a black labrador named "Sambo," gave his life in action. He tracked a terrorist for five miles before running him to earth but in the subsequent exchange of shots, in which the bandit was killed, "Sambo" was also shot and died from his wounds.

On their way home to Scotland the King's Own Scottish Borderers are staging for a while in Singapore, to where in 1956 the Battalion was rushed from Johore, at 24-hours' notice to quell riots.—From a report by Sergeant JOHN WOODROW, Army Public Relations.

On the edge of a swamp near a suspected bandit hide-out, two men of the "Kosbies" set up an ambush.





Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh in field-marshal's uniform, the Queen inspects her Territorials. Above: Appropriately, Britain's oldest regiment, the Honourable Artillery Company, had the honour of mounting guard at Buckingham Palace on the day of the review. Picture shows an HAC sentry relieving a Welsh Guardsman.

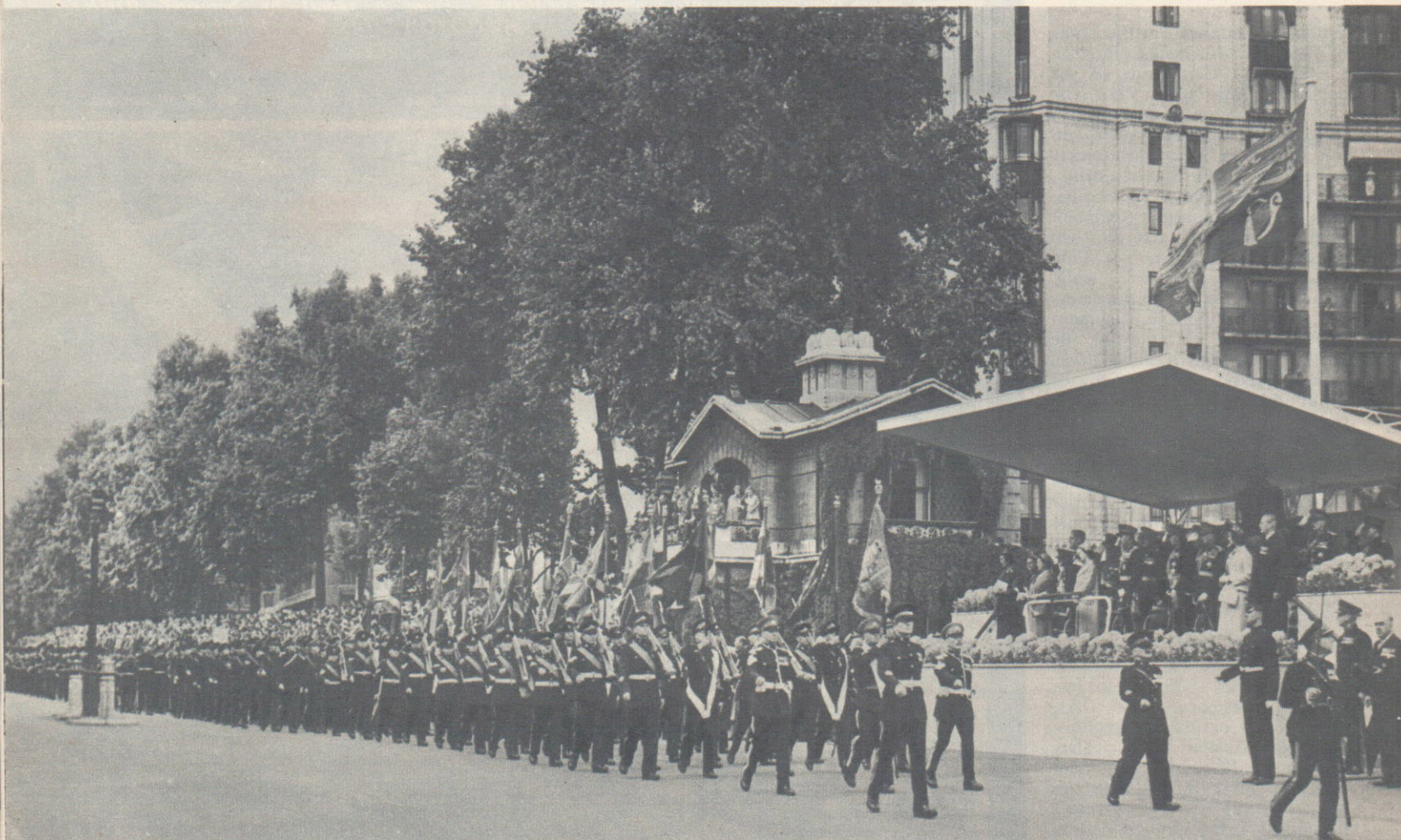
L O N D O N P R I D E

FROM her dais in London's Hyde Park the Queen gazed proudly down at her "part-time" soldiers—8000 men and women from units all over England and Wales—who had come to pay her homage on the occasion of the Territorial Army's Golden Jubilee.

Some who marched in the royal review—soaked to the skin by a cloudburst—were grey-haired, be-medalled veterans of World War One, men who had

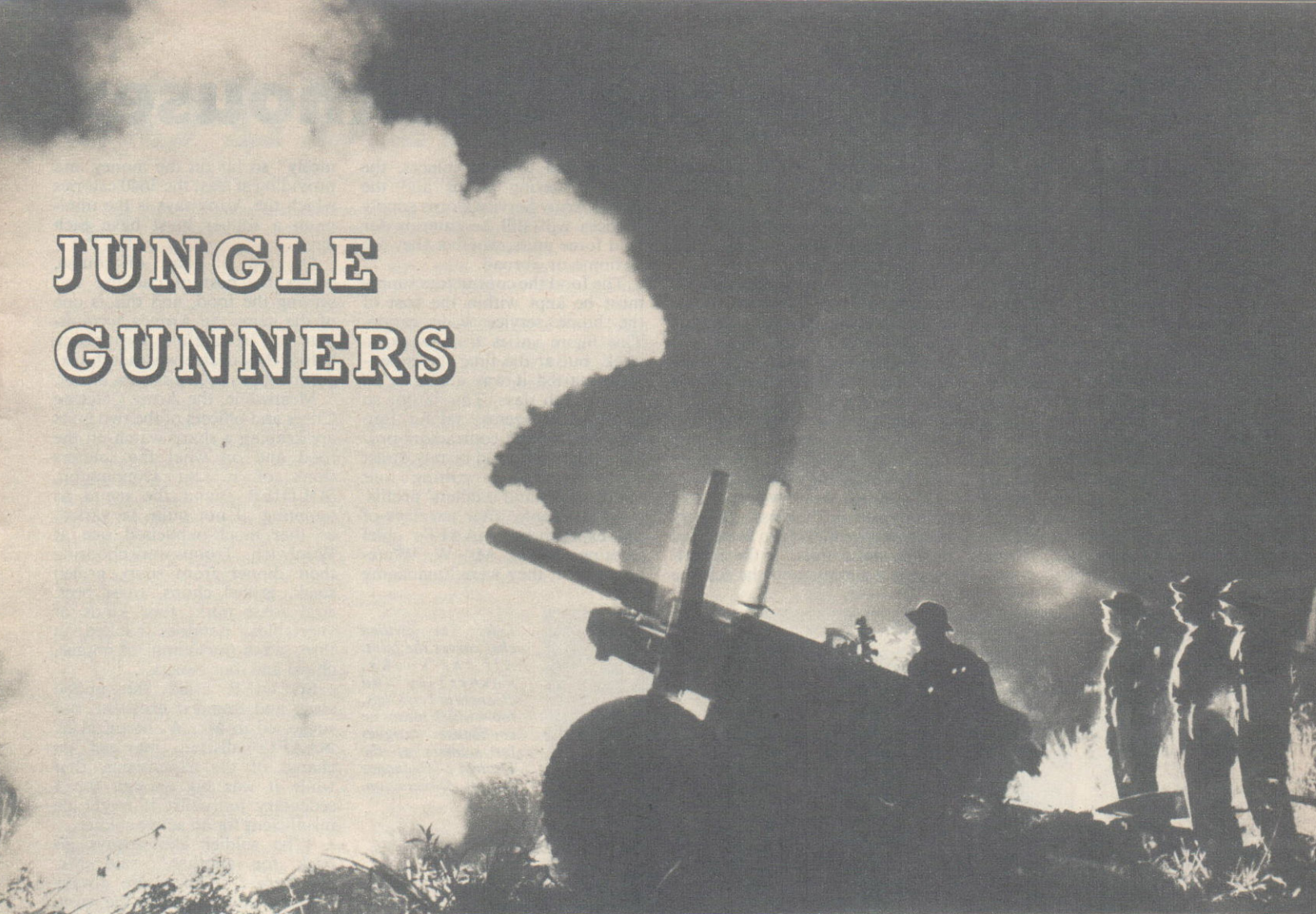
fought in the bloody battles commemorated in the fluttering standards that preceded them. On parade, too, were 17 Territorials who had won the Victoria Cross.

The marching may not have been up to Brigade of "Guards" standard, but no one has ever marched with more justifiable pride than the "Terriers," whose gallant traditions span 50 years of selfless service as citizen soldiers.



Dressed in "Blues" and led by the standards that tell of their prowess in battle, Territorials march past their Queen in London's famous park.

JUNGLE GUNNERS



Photographs: Sergeant R. Armstrong, Army Public Relations

IN a jungle clearing in Johore the detachments of eight 5.5-inch medium guns took post and waited in silence. Suddenly, like a whip-lash, came the order "Fire" and the eight guns barked as one, each sending a 100-lb shell on its way over the jungle on to a target several miles distant.

Operation "Tiger," the biggest of its kind since the emergency in Malaya started ten years ago, had begun. When it will finish no one knows, for it is designed to continue until the 100 or so terrorists still at large in Johore, Malaya's most southerly state, have been wiped out or are forced to surrender.

The Gunners—two batteries of 48 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery (one with 5.5-inch guns and the other with 25-pounders)—are working closely with four-and-a-half battalions of Infantry, mainly Gurkhas, and playing an important part in this all-out drive to eliminate the jungle bandits.

From carefully sited positions on the jungle's edge they are relentlessly bombarding by day and night suspected terrorist camps and lines of communication deep in the forests and swamps and, with harassing fire, softening the hard-driven bandits' resistance. In past operations of this type surrendered terrorists have said they gave themselves up because they could not fight against artillery fired miles away from their hide-outs.

The men of 48 Field Regiment—known as The Long Range

Snipers because of their accuracy in support of many jungle operations since they first went to Malaya in 1956—expect to be in the field for at least three months. Normally the guns are fired for four-hour periods without a break, followed by a rest of four hours, thus avoiding fatigue which an eight-hour firing period would involve. During their four-hours off the Gunners compete in sports meetings between batteries and troops.

Three Gunners of 48 Field Regiment on whom much of the success of Operation "Tiger" will depend are Sergeant John Gallivan, Bombardier John Rennell and Gunner Brian Nicholson. They recently attended a course at the Royal Air Force Meteorological Station in Changi and are now the Army's only team of weather experts in Malaya. They carry out weather surveys for their Regiment and for the Malayan and Australian Gunners as well, providing information on wind, humidity and air temperatures that plays an important part in accurate gunnery.—From a report by Sergeant JOHN WOODROW, Army Public Relations Far East Land Forces.

Silhouetted in the flash of their own gun, a 5.5-inch detachment in action at night on the jungle's edge. Recently one of the guns of 48 Field Regiment fired the millionth round loosed off in the Malayan anti-terrorist campaign. Below: The Gunners' weather experts. Left to right: Gunner Nicholson, operating a theodolite, Bombardier Rennell and Sergeant Gallivan, about to release a balloon.



Civilians in the Cookhouse

NO more spud-bashing. No more dish-washing. No more ration-indents. It is a dream-come-true for two static units in Britain. It may come true for others.

The two lucky ones are having their catering done by civilians. It is part of a year-long experiment designed to save manpower in Britain's future all-Regular Army. Similar experiments are going on in the other two Services.

At Parson's Barracks, Donnington, NAAFI have taken over catering in the officers', sergeants' and men's messes of 9 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, parent unit of the men who work in the Central Ordnance Depot at Donnington. At Didcot, Peter Merchant Ltd, a firm whose catering activities include many industrial canteens, is doing the same for 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

At Donnington, where 750 troops feed in the men's mess alone, messing used to employ one officer, 23 cooks and 25 general duties men. Now there are none: cooking and washing-up are done for the Army and the contractors also supply the food and do their own accounting. Thus clerks, storemen and drivers are also freed for other duties.

The scheme, however, puts nobody out of business. Its very nature means that it can be applied only to static units. If the experiment is a success and the scheme

is extended to other places, the Army Catering Corps and the Royal Army Service Corps supply services will still be catering for field force units, whether they are at home or abroad.

The food the contractors supply must be kept within the cost of the home service scale ration. This figure varies from week to week, but at the time the experiment started it was about 3s 6d a man each day. This is not so small as it seems, taking into account that the contractors produce their own food or buy direct from producers, cutting out middlemen's and retailers' profits.

At all events, after ten days of the experiment, NAAFI's chief catering adviser, Mr. W. Whitehouse, said they were "managing

nicely" so far on the money and providing at least the 3640 calories which the Army says is the minimum a soldier must have each day.

On top of that, of course, comes the cost of cooking and serving the food, and this is one of the items the Army's accountants will be carefully scrutinising before they decide whether the experiment has been a success or not.

Meanwhile, the Army Catering Corps and officers of the two units are keeping a sharp watch on the food and on what the soldiers think of it. At Donnington, SOLDIER found the menu as tempting, if not quite so varied, as that much-publicised one at Woolwich. Troops were choosing their dinner from soup, grilled steak, grilled chops, roast beef, cold roast pork, four kinds of vegetables, potatoes cooked in three ways (including, of course, chips) and four sweets.

SOLDIER tried the grilled steak and found it excellent, but suggested to Mr. W. MacKenzie, NAAFI's district manager in charge of the experiment, that while it was big enough for a sedentary journalist it might be insufficient for an active soldier.

"The soldier can always go back for another," said Mr. MacKenzie. "There are always second helpings. From the waste on the plates, however, I think many of the soldiers have eyes bigger than their stomachs when they collect their first helpings."

What did the soldiers think about it? The comments of a lance-corporal wearing the General Service and Korea ribbons were typical. "It's grand food," he said, "as good as any I have had in the Army. Mind you, the food was good here before NAAFI took over."

One difference the experiment makes is that the troops see women in civilian uniforms instead of soldiers or girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps behind the cafeteria hot-plates. A by-product of the scheme is that it can provide jobs for soldiers' wives: helping to serve in the men's cafeteria at Donnington was the wife of one of the unit's warrant officers.

NAAFI were, in one way, more fortunate at the start of the experiment than their commercial competitors. At Didcot the contractors took over an old mess hall and kitchens. At Parson's Barracks, NAAFI stepped into a brand-new kitchen and men's mess, put up at a cost of £39,800 and equipped with £13,000 worth of the latest gadgets. Mr. MacKenzie described the kitchen as "The most mechanised I have seen." It is part of a reconstruction scheme which has already cost £455,000, mainly for new barrack-rooms, and which will also include a new junior ranks' club costing £55,000.



Left: The civilian chef carves the joint. All the cooks, washers-up and cleaners are civilians, too—which means no cookhouse fatigues for soldiers at the Central Ordnance Depot, Donnington.



Below: NAAFI cooks ladle out the chips in the brand-new kitchen at Parson's Barracks. Some women who work at Donnington are soldiers' wives.

SOLDIER to Soldier

MORE Regular recruits are joining the Army and the prospects of abolishing conscription by 1962 are now by no means as uncertain as they seemed only a few months ago.

Indeed, it would be a very bold gambler who, after studying the recruiting figures for April—the month in which the new pay and allowances code came into force—hastened to accept the Defence Minister's wager of ten to one on that the Services will be able to end the call-up in four years' time.

In that month the number of long-term engagements (for six and nine years) topped the 2000 mark for the first time since the war, compared with 255 in the same month the previous year: an increase of almost 800 per cent.

In terms of man-years this was equal to nearly 14,000—in a single month. If that rate can be maintained (and the figures for May which were being prepared as SOLDIER went to press are said to be encouraging) the annual total of man-years will be 168,000—3000 more, in fact, than the proposed strength of the all-Regular Army of 1962. It will be a considerable achievement if, as the Army prepares to enter the nuclear age, it can regain its ancient tradition as a volunteer force composed of men who are soldiers because they *want* to be and not because they *have* to be.

There is little doubt that this cheering news is due largely to the new rates of pay and allowances under which a man signing on for nine years receives as a one-star private a basic wage of £6 2s. 6d. a week—nearly four times as much as the National Service private finds in his pay packet.

Yet, remarkably, the number of National Servicemen who signed on as Regulars in April was depressingly low, which leads SOLDIER to believe that not enough is being done to persuade conscripts to enlist as Regulars and make the Army their career. Not all conscripts are anxiously counting the hours to the day they will be released and the recruiting authorities might be pleasantly surprised at the results if they spent a little more time and imagination on selling the Army to men who have already gained valuable experience in its ranks.

★ ★ ★

AT long last the controversy which once threatened to end in the disbandment of at least one famous Scottish regiment has reached a happy conclusion.

The Highland Light Infantry and the Royal Scots Fusiliers have agreed to amalgamate and will henceforth be known as The Royal Highland Fusiliers (Princess Margaret's Own Glasgow and Ayrshire Regiment).

Unhappily, in the process the kilt has become a casualty. The new regiment will wear the trows, a decision which is bound to

quicken the pulse of all Highlanders. It is to the great credit of the Highland Light Infantry that they have been prepared to forsake the kilt and no one will deny them the right to regret the loss, even if it is in the wider interests of brigade *esprit de corps*.

★ ★ ★

SOME of the new regimental titles which have been chosen for other units which are to amalgamate will take some getting used to.

The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, for instance, become plain 1st Greenjackets, 43rd and 52nd, although their fellow brigade members, The King's Royal Rifle Corps and The Rifle Brigade, retain their names in their new titles of 2nd Greenjackets and 3rd Greenjackets respectively.

In the Infantry of the Line the Royal Berkshires and the Wiltshires now cloak their identities under the title of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire). The Manchester Regiment, too, is only parenthetically mentioned in the new King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool).

Other new names are: The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment (from The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) and The East Surrey Regiment); The King's Own Royal Border Regiment (from The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster) and The Border Regiment); The Staffordshire Regiment (from the South Staffordshire and North Staffordshire Regiments) and The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers) from the East and South Lancashire Regiments.

In the Royal Armoured Corps, three Royal Tank regiments, the 6th, 7th and 8th lose their numbers by merging with the 3rd, 4th and 5th Regiments respectively. The 1st King's Dragoon Guards and the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards) become the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards; the 3rd King's Own and the 7th Queen's Own Hussars will be known as The Queen's Own Hussars and the 4th Queen's Own and 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars take on the title The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars.

★ ★ ★

THE last troopship has sailed from Liverpool, and after 20 years Southampton becomes again the base for all trooping except the Harwich-Hook of Holland run.

Liverpool was an impressive,

efficient but unbeautiful trooping port and it left one question unanswered in the minds of thousands of troops who gazed at it while waiting to sail or to disembark: What were those two strange golden birds which gazed down on the Mersey from the heights of the Liver Building?

They are called the Liver birds, and SOLDIER has been doing a bit of research into their origins. Reference books are reticent about them, but fairly unanimous that they were a myth evolved to account for a bad reproduction in the arms of Liverpool of the heraldic Eagle of St. John the Evangelist.

Just how the bad reproduction came about is not clear, but one popular story is that the Civil War was the cause of the trouble. When the Roundheads were approaching Liverpool, the authorities hid the city's seal and could not find it when danger was over.

This held up municipal business, so a local craftsman was given a wax impression from the missing seal and told to copy it. He was not very skilled at eagles, and the result was the sort of bird that nobody had ever seen before—or since. However, it was a seal and could be impressed on documents.

Then came the myth. This, decided someone, was a bird which lived on leaver or liver, a kind of seaweed which, according to some people, gave Liverpool the first half of its name. For this reason, the liver-bird is often depicted with seaweed dangling from its talons.

Some people will tell you that the liver-bird is a cormorant. It certainly looks more like a cormorant than an eagle, but not a very good cormorant. SOLDIER, like most Liverpoolians, prefers the myth.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the more irksome events in a Serviceman's life occurs on Friday afternoons when men line up, sometimes for an hour or more, to receive their wages.

Now, for the first time, a move is being made to do away with the time-wasting pay parade—at least for non-commissioned officers. As an experiment, cheque books have been issued to 1500 senior NCOs at three Royal Air Force stations in Britain who will have their pay and allowances credited once a month to a local bank. If successful, the plan will be extended to include all senior NCOs in the Royal Air Force.

The other two Services' pay experts are said to be studying the idea so there is hope that before long warrant officers and NCOs in the Army may be accorded the same privilege. Can anyone think of a good reason why the scheme

should not apply to *all* soldiers, whatever their rank?

★ ★ ★

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Looking Ahead" suggests in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette that the British Army is wasting its time training men to fire small arms and that the rifle should be scrapped.

"When gunpowder was invented," he writes, "bows and arrows were doomed and so it is with the rifle now that nuclear missiles have been accepted as the principal weapon. Yet here we go on, year after year, firing off our little popguns. Does anyone really think that Ordnance soldiers in the next war are either going to attack the enemy or defend themselves with small arms?"

This is highly dangerous thinking. The same kind of nonsense was written when long-range artillery was invented and later when tanks first appeared on the battlefield. But in both world wars when tanks and guns were used in tremendous strength it was the faithful rifle and bayonet in the hands of determined Infantry that sealed the victory. On more occasions than can be counted on the fingers of a hundred hands it was the Infantryman with his little "popgun" who went into the final attack to consolidate and hold ground that could not otherwise be captured.

"Looking Ahead" would do well to look back and recall that in both world wars cooks, drivers, batmen, storemen and members of the Ordnance Corps often fought bravely as Infantrymen when every rifle was desperately needed.

If all-out nuclear war should come there would still have to be someone to hold the ground; you can't do that with radar and H-bombs. That man would be the Infantryman with his rifle. Nor is there any certainty that a future war would be a nuclear war. It might be another conventional war similar to World War Two. In either case the Infantryman will be needed—and perhaps the Royal Ordnance Corps, too—to fight with the rifle and bayonet.

★ ★ ★

LAST month SOLDIER passed on the British Medical Association's advice to soldiers who feel faint on parade.

Now comes news of a routine drill devised for fainting soldiers in the Australian Army. When they begin to feel wobbly they take one pace to the rear, retire behind the rear rank and sit down with their heads between their legs!

Conventional breech-loading marksmen raised their eyebrows when the Muzzle Loaders' Association of Great Britain visited Bisley. Davy Crockett jackets, 100-year-old muskets and the paraphernalia of the muzzle loader gave a gay touch to the ranges

MUSKETS, BALL AND BLACK POWDER



Ten shots in 10 minutes represents "rapid fire" for flintlock musketeers. It calls for speedy priming and re-loading. Note the ramrods stuck in the ground, ready for use, and the "spotter" behind the marksmen.

BISLEY'S ranges shake off Service discipline and assume a care-free air of informality when civilian rifle clubs converge on the heath for their week-end entertainment. Bush hats, jeans, fisherman jerseys, Wellingtons, sandals—no form of dress is *de trop*.

But even the most outlandishly dressed and equipped of the club marksmen raised their eyebrows when members of the Muzzle Loaders' Association of Great Britain arrived for their annual championships.

"Davy Crockett" jackets, tam-o'-shanters, belts and holsters and a mixture of tunics of the American Civil War and the last war adorned these happy-looking characters. And they carried an equally odd assortment of weapons.

Their rifles and muskets may be museum pieces, but they work surprisingly well and can be fired with remarkable accuracy. One of the proud claims of the six-year-old Muzzle Loaders' Association is that seven of its members have scored "possibles" at 100 yards with five shots.

The aims of the Association are "to encourage an interest in muzzle loading firearms, to col-

late information and publish at regular intervals a magazine to disseminate such knowledge for the mutual benefit and interest of members."

Most of the members have first become collectors of antique firearms, but now there is an increasing interest in shooting. "Most people like to shoot," explains

Mr. John Bell, a member from Croydon, Surrey, "and we muzzle loaders are much less formal." (Mr. Bell's own enthusiasm is shared by his wife and their six children, and for them the annual championships and other range meetings are very much a family affair.)

Mr. Bell's "much less formal" is an understatement. When the Association's members shot their nine championships on the Long Siberia and the Running Deer ranges at Bisley it was a jolly and leisurely affair. For each of his shots the muzzle loading musketeer has to pour a measured quantity of black powder from his powder flask into the muzzle, follow it with the ball or long bullet, ram down with a rod and insert a percussion cap.

Black powder (the name appropriately given to the Association's magazine) is all-important in muzzle loading. "Unless you do something very stupid, it is per-

fectly safe," says Mr. Bell. "It is safer than smokeless powder because it does not develop the same pressure." But there must be exactly the right amount of powder to produce the perfect shot and muzzle loaders take great care in using their powder flasks, which are usually fitted with a cut-off.

Most of the championship events were shot at 100 yards range, but there were two notable exceptions: the "Brown Bess," for flintlock muskets only, and the "Capper Cup," at 300 yards.

The "Capper Cup" is a test of the rifle, its maintenance and the stamina of its firer. The donor, Mr. Ingram Capper, an international shot, ruled that each competitor must fire two sighters, then seven shots on each of two cards. Test of the man is in his ability to prime, load, lie down, aim and fire, stand up again to re-charge and repeat this 15 times.

This year's competition again proved that only the experienced shots can achieve a good score under such arduous conditions. It was won by the President, Mr. E. J. Burton, who with the Secretary, Mr. Jack Notley, were the only founder members of the Association on the firing point. (Mr. Burton motorcycled to Bisley from his home in Cheltenham where he keeps a large collection of antique rifles and pistols.)

The highlight of the championship was the "Brown Bess" flintlock rifle contest over 75 yards on the Running Deer Range, the only timed event in the programme. After three sighters, seven aimed shots have to be fired in ten minutes.

Soberly clad in a duffle coat, Mr. Notley lined up a bizarrely dressed collection of competitors. Some wore embroidered Davy Crockett jackets, one sported a Luftwaffe tunic and another a light blue jacket and cap of a captain of the North Virginia Cavalry and, for good measure, a pair of Italian jackboots of World War Two vintage and a Confederate States Army belt and holster.

Mr. Notley's first order "Test priming pans" brought a satisfying flash and report from each musket. His second command—"Load, aim, fire" evoked some slight protest and a brief but friendly argument ensued until everyone settled for the alternative order "Present, aim, fire."

Then it was every man for himself.

The first volley, while ragged, produced an astonishing amount of noise against a background of vivid red flashes from priming pans and clouds of acrid smoke from pans and muzzles. As the contest warmed up the volleys became more regular but perfection eluded one entrant, who lagged in his re-loading, and another whose flint perversely refused to spark. But no one cared. It was all good fun.

The Association, which was formed in 1952 with 20 members now has over 200 (including six women) on its books, with branches covering most parts of Britain which meet regularly for lectures on ancient firearms and ammunition and to exchange information. Most groups practise shooting on local Territorial Army ranges. Membership includes professional men, farm labourers, two Roman Catholic priests and an American guided missile engineer.

Most popular firearm in the Association is the 1853 Enfield .577 muzzle loader. This type was used in the American Civil War of 1861-65 and was made in such quantity that it is the most common survivor of ancient weapons. Other antique pieces used at the championships included an 1861 Westley Richards carbine, an Alexander Henry .451 match rifle, a .45 Wilkinson Volunteer rifle and a Scott muzzle loader of 1861 vintage.



Ray Cocker, ex-professional skater, carefully pours powder from his flask into the muzzle of his .45 Wilkinson Volunteer rifle. Despite the loss of an arm, he is a champion shot.



Dressed as a captain in the North Virginia Cavalry (he is a member of the Confederate Research Association), Antony Parkhouse rams home the ball in his flintlock musket.

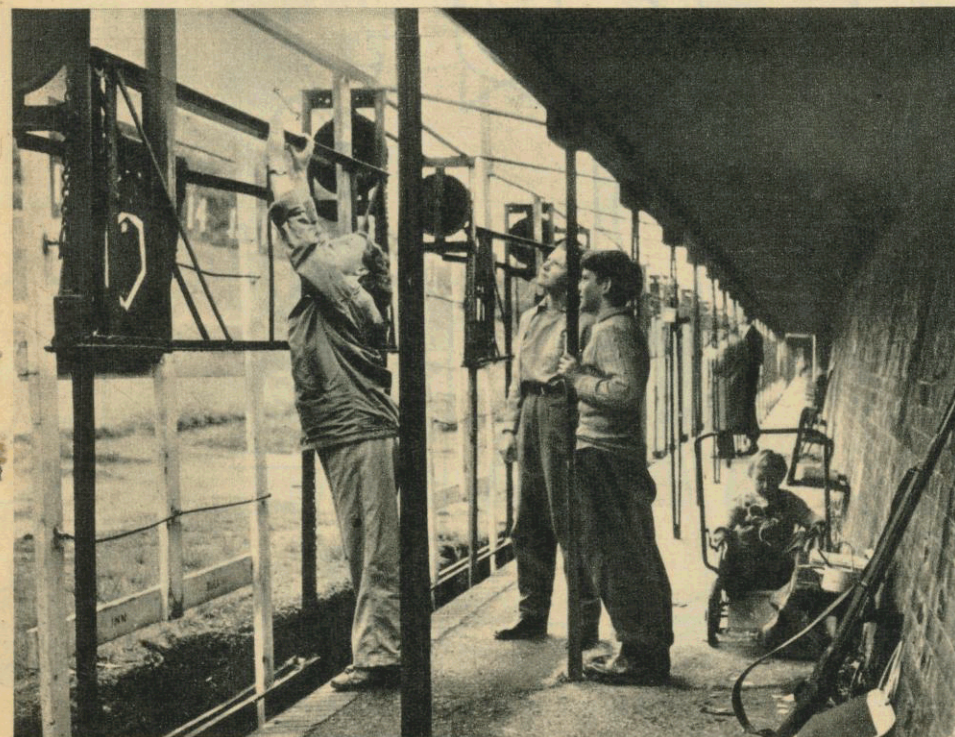
Muzzle loaders have a velocity of between 1200 and 1500 feet per second (about half that of a modern rifle). If you have good eyesight it is possible to see the ball leave the musket and rise to a height of some nine feet on its leisurely path to the target.

To be a muzzle loader enthusiast is not necessarily an expensive

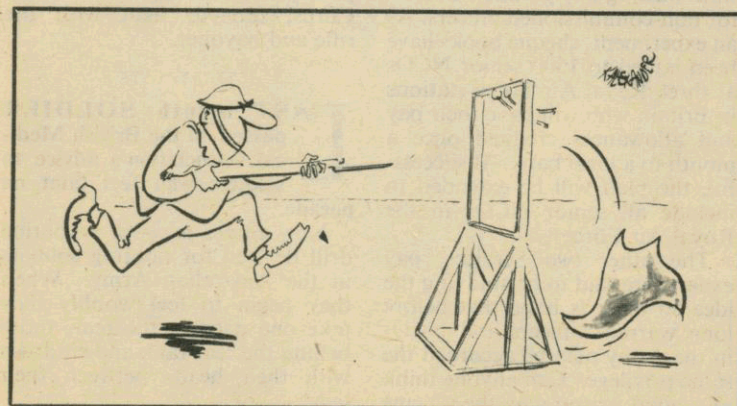
hobby (one member, Mr. J. Foreman, of Chessington, who has been an ardent collector since he was five years old, bought an 1861 Scott in a junk shop for £3 and restored it to mint condition). Black powder costs eight shillings a pound, which is sufficient to fire 3000 rounds and most members melt down lead and mould their own ammunition. Membership of the Association costs a five shilling entrance fee and an annual subscription of £1.

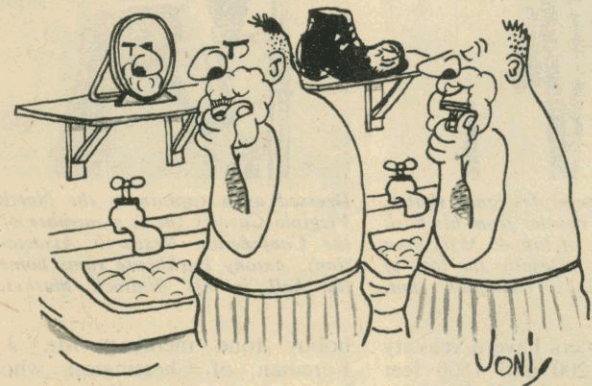
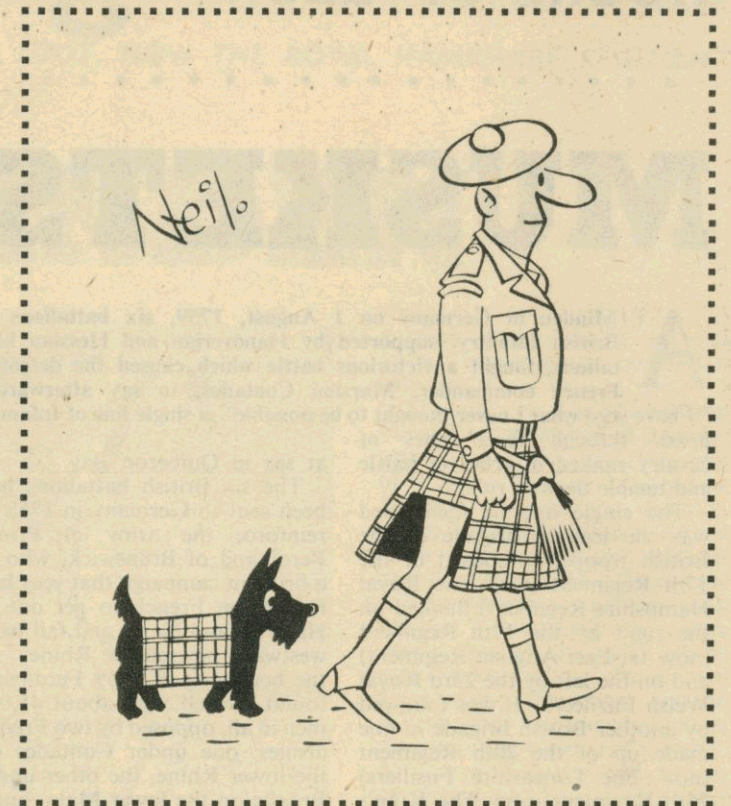
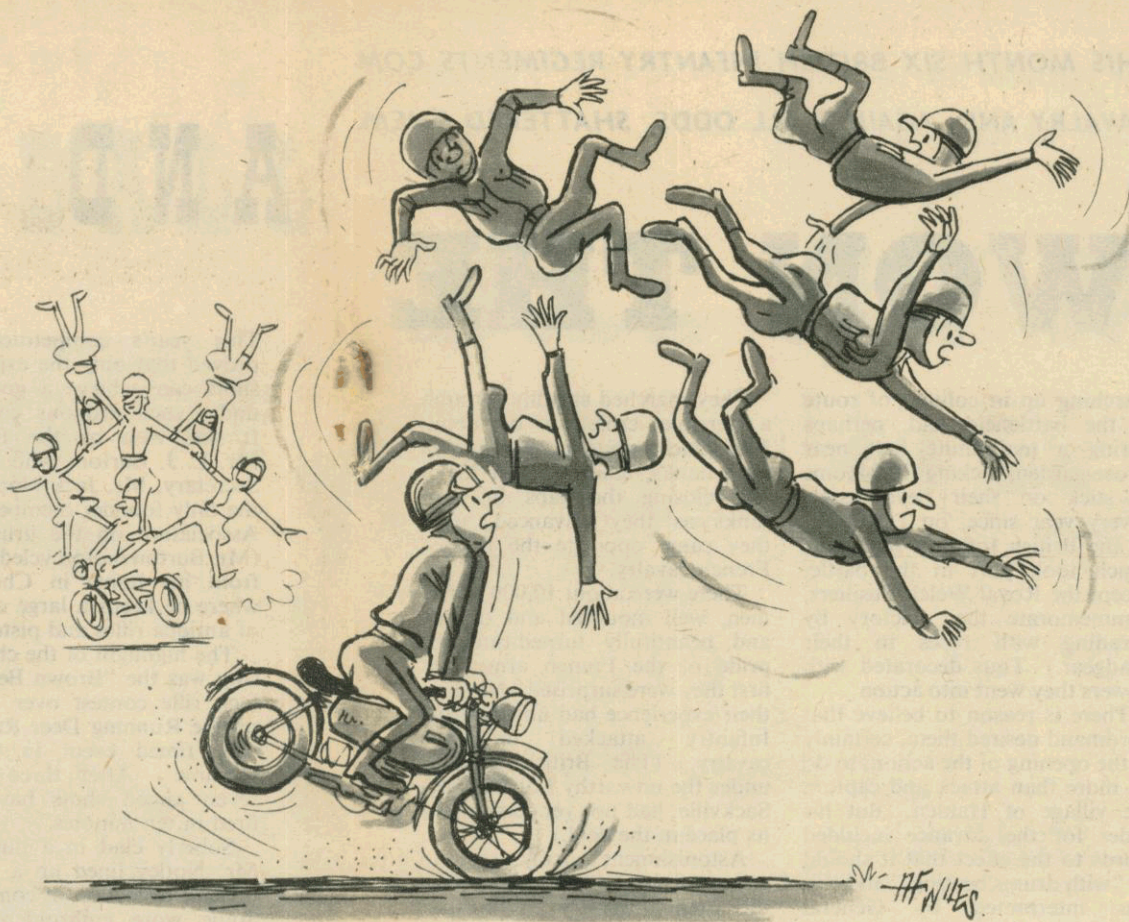
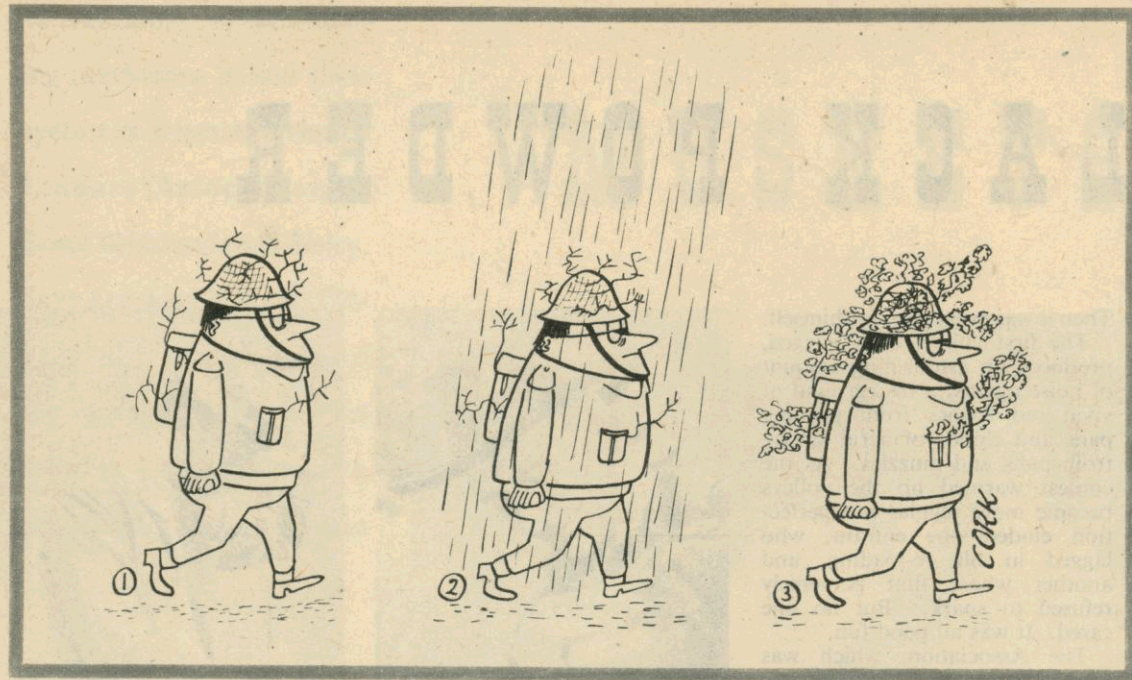
Muzzle loading clubs also flourish in the United States where some members pay fabulous prices for antique firearms. Until recently the Association of Great Britain held shooting competitions by post against an Australian muzzle loaders' club but this came to an end when black powder disappeared from the Australian market.

PETER N. WOOD



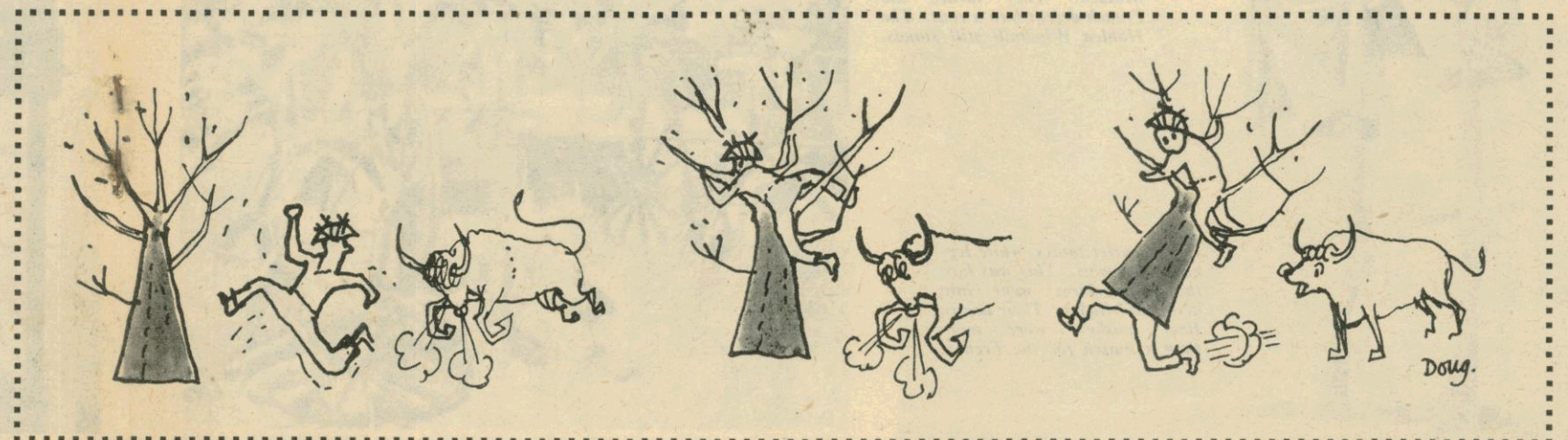
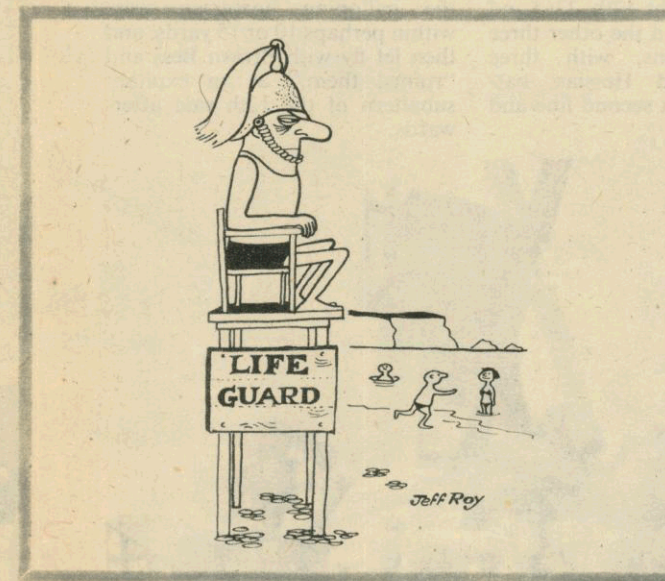
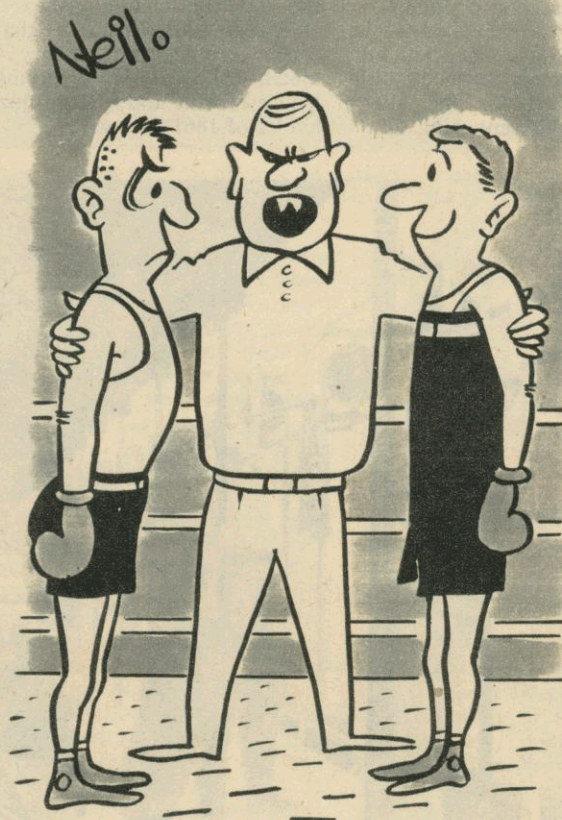
Left: Mrs. John Bell, winner of the "Ladies Cup," works in the butts with three of her six children. Below: Michael Mallet firing an 1861 Westley Richards carbine. The muzzle loader's equipment is at his elbow—powder flask, screwdriver, ramrod, grease, cleaning wads, percussion caps.





HUMOUR

ARMY BOXING



"No need to show off, Smith. We know you're good."

"Now remember, no hitting below the belt."

"Could I have a nice cheese roll?"

THIS MONTH SIX BRITISH INFANTRY REGIMENTS COM
CAVALRY AND, AGAINST ALL ODDS, SHATTERED THEM.

MEMORATE THEIR FAMOUS VICTORY AT MINDEN 199 YEARS AGO WHEN THEY ATTACKED MASSED FRENCH
WELL TO THE FORE THAT DAY WERE MEN OF THE 37th FOOT, NOW THE ROYAL HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT

MUSKETS WON THE DAY AT MINDEN

AT Minden in Germany on 1 August, 1759, six battalions of British Infantry, supported by Hanoverian and Hessian battalions, fought a victorious battle which caused the defeated French commander, Marshal Contades, to say afterwards: "I have seen what I never thought to be possible—a single line of Infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle and tumble them to ruin."

The single line he mentioned was the leading brigade of the British troops, composed of the 37th Regiment (now The Royal Hampshire Regiment) flanked on the right by the 12th Regiment (now 1st East Anglian Regiment) and on the left by the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. It was followed by another British brigade in line made up of the 20th Regiment (now The Lancashire Fusiliers) 25th Regiment (now The King's Own Scottish Borderers) and 51st Regiment (now The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry).

Minden was one of the widely separated battles of the Seven Years War (1756-63) against the French. It stands gloriously in the wonderful list of British military and naval triumphs of that year—1759—which became known as *Annus Mirabilis*—at Quebec and Fort Duquesne in North America; at Guadeloupe in the West Indies and

at sea in Quiberon Bay.

The six British battalions had been sent to Germany in 1758 to reinforce the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who in a brilliant campaign that year had forced the French to get out of Hanover and Hesse and fall back westward beyond the Rhine. At the beginning of 1759 Ferdinand found himself with about 45,000 men in all, opposed by two French armies, one under Contades on the lower Rhine, the other under Broglie on the lower Main, numbering together about twice as many as Ferdinand could muster.

Ferdinand struck first at Broglie, but was repulsed and driven northward. Contades, advancing eastward, united his forces with Broglie's, and the formidable army of which he then took command forced Ferdinand farther and farther back to the lower Weser. Contades then took up a position near Minden to cover Münster, Hameln, and Lippstadt, which he was besieging, and Ferdinand decided to meet him and bring him to battle.

One imagines the British soldiers—those of the Line in scarlet coats with blue three-cornered hats and carrying their trusty Brown Bess muskets—stolidly

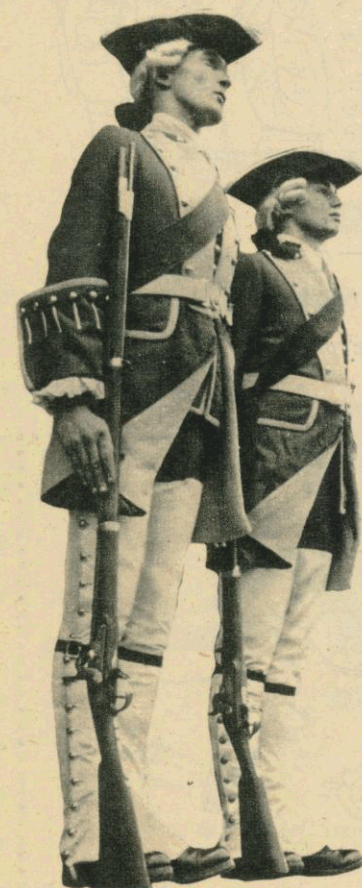
marching up in column of route to the battlefield and, perhaps during a ten-minute halt near a rose-garden, picking the blooms to stick on their headdresses. (Every year since, on 1 August, all the British Infantry regiments which took part in the battle, except the Royal Welch Fusiliers, commemorate their victory by parading with roses in their headgear.) Thus decorated with flowers they went into action.

There is reason to believe that Ferdinand desired them, certainly at the opening of the action, to do no more than attack and capture the village of Hahlen. But his order for the advance included words to the effect that it should be "with drums beating," and this was interpreted by General Waldegrave, commanding the leading brigade, as calling for a frontal attack on the whole French army. Without hesitation Broglie led the 12th, 23rd and 37th forward, and the other three British battalions, with three Hanoverian and Hessian battalions, formed a second line and followed.

They marched steadily through a terrible cross-fire of about 30 eighteen-pounder guns from both flanks, ignoring their losses and closing the gaps in their ranks as they advanced, until they came opposite the massed French cavalry.

There were about 10,000 horsemen, well mounted and trained and beautifully turned-out—the pride of the French army. At first they were surprised. Never in their experience had unsupported Infantry attacked unbroken cavalry. (The British cavalry, under the unworthy Lord George Sackville, had not yet come up to its place in the field.)

Astonishment quickly turned to grim satisfaction on the part of the French cavalry. This, they probably thought, was a gift! A dozen or more squadrons swept down on the temerarious British Infantry, who silently waited until the galloping horsemen were within perhaps 10 or 15 yards, and then let fly with Brown Bess and "ruined them," as an exultant subaltern of the 12th said afterwards.



Right: This painting by Sergeant J. Hedgethorpe, of the Royal Army Educational Corps, shows British Gunners in action at the Hahlen Windmill near Minden. They turned the French defeat into a rout. The Hahlen Windmill still stands.

Left: Scarlet tunics, white leggings and wigs. This was how the Hampshires went into action at Minden. Their Brown Bess muskets were more than a match for the French.



The Battle of Minden.
Superimposed on a map of the modern town and suburbs.
1st August 1759.

Horses and men crashed in heaps in the face of those murderous volleys of musketry. Other squadrons followed and were likewise broken. Again and again they charged, re-formed and charged afresh, but only once did a body of them get through the British front line, and then it was destroyed by the second line.

That was the end for the once proud French cavalry. They gave up their attempts to advance and fell back in confusion—and the unshaken British and German Infantry marched relentlessly after them!

Thomas Carlyle in his book "Frederick the Great," wrote of that phase of the battle: "the whole 75 squadrons of them—between their two wings of Infantry—are seen boiling in complete disorder." One Frenchman afterwards complained that the British had not even paid them the compliment of forming

square to receive their charge!

The moment of the final repulse of the French cavalry was, of course, the moment when the now watching and fretting British cavalry should have sprung into the fray; but their commander, Sackville, to his lasting shame (he was afterwards court-martialled for his failure at Minden) gave no order. Still not properly supported, therefore, Waldegrave's "three mangled regiments" marched on until they came under heavy musketry fire and no fewer than 17 battalions of French Infantry appeared on their right flank. Two of the British units thereupon formed and "showed them a front, which was not to be expected from troops already engaged; but this is to be placed to the credit of General Waldegrave and his A.D.C." Ten minutes' fire-fight sufficed to show the superiority of British musketry and fire-discipline. "We killed

a good many and the rest ran away," someone present laconically put it.

The final assault on the battered but still truculent British brigades was delivered by the Grenadiers of France—"fine, terrible fellows. We beat these off to a distance, where they galled us much, having rifled barrels, and our muskets could not reach them. To remedy this we advanced, and they took the hint." After that, sheer panic spread through the ranks of the entire main body of the French army, over 50,000 strong, and the British and German battalions were in full possession of the field. A charge then by the British cavalry would have utterly destroyed the French, but Sackville held them back to the end.

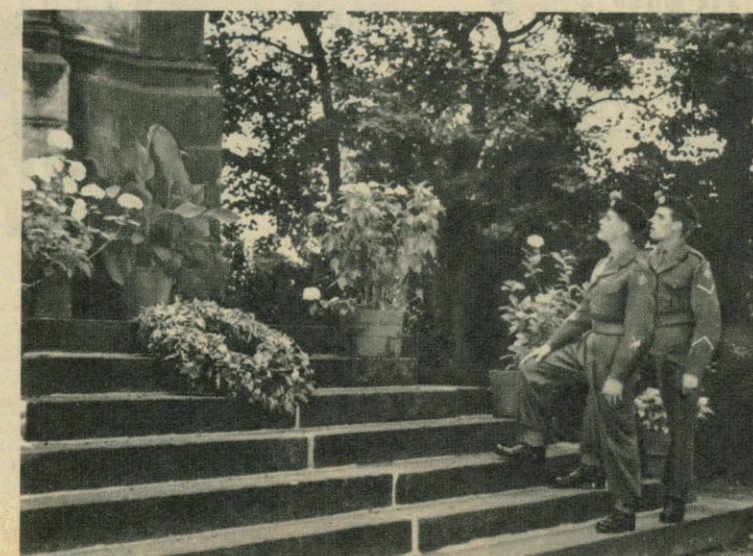
Marshal Contades admitted to losing more than 7000 men in the battle, and some accounts put his losses higher than that. He also left 40 guns and 20 colours and standards on the field. The Allies' casualties numbered slightly under 3000. The 37th Regiment lost 15 officers and 253 other ranks killed and wounded out of the 28 officers and 478 other ranks who went into action.

In modern times the name of The Hampshire Regiment has become imperishably associated with the battle of Tebourba Gap, in North Africa, 1943. The prefix Royal was added to the Regiment's title in 1946, after World War Two.

ERIC PHILLIPS

NEXT MONTH: The Royal Sussex Regiment at Quebec.

Above: The field of battle at Minden depicted in a wall map for the benefit of visitors to the scene of a famous victory. The British Infantry are shown massed to the west of Hahlen. Below: On 1 August every year the men of the six Infantry regiments who smashed the French cavalry wear roses in their hats. These two men of the Royal Hampshire Regiment, suitably adorned, visit the monument at Minden which commemorates their triumph, when the 1st Battalion of the Regiment was stationed in Germany seven years ago.





SOLDIER TELLS THE STORY OF THE ILL-FATED DIEPPE RAID IN THESE GRAPHIC AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH WERE PROBABLY TAKEN BY A GERMAN SOLDIER WHO FOUGHT IN THE ACTION. THEY WERE SENT TO SOLDIER RECENTLY BY A READER—MR. B. WILSON, OF BIRLING ROAD, ASHFORD, KENT—WHO FOUND THEM IN A STABLE IN DIEPPE WHEN SERVING WITH THE 9TH BEACH DETACHMENT, ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS IN 1944.



A shattered tank-landing craft blazes astern; stricken tanks, dead soldiers and the debris of war litter the beach.

Below: Cock-a-hoop Germans stand guard in a Dieppe street as prisoners, hands above heads, file past on their way to captivity.



DIEPPE

— AS THE GERMANS SAW IT

IN the early hours of an August morning, 16 years ago, a fleet of small craft, escorted by destroyers, silently headed for the French coast town of Dieppe.

Five thousand Canadians, tasting battle for the first time, and a thousand British Commandos, flung themselves against Hitler's vaunted fortress.

The plan went wrong. An alerted German defence, stronger than anticipated, pinned Infantry and tanks to beaches turned into a holocaust by withering fire from small arms, mortars and artillery.

The dead lay in piles beneath impassable sea walls; Churchill tanks, immobilised on the beach, fought on as pillboxes. But the odds were too great. Brought to a standstill after a bloody 24-hour battle and cut off from withdrawal, decimated units surrendered. Only a token force returned to Britain.

Dieppe's price was high—but the lessons it taught paved the way for the invasion of Normandy two years later.



Defeated but not down-hearted. Eyeing the German cameraman a Canadian at the head of a long column of prisoners turns the "hands up" order into a defiant "thumbs up" gesture.



Left: A German officer interrogates prisoners by a crippled Churchill tank. Of the 27 tanks that landed almost half never left the beach. Above: Grim-faced Canadians begin their long trek to prison camp.

A black and white photograph capturing a busy construction site in a rugged, hilly landscape. In the foreground, a large concrete wall is under construction, with several workers standing nearby. A crane is visible in the background, and a dirt road or path runs through the center of the site. Numerous workers are engaged in various tasks, some using tools like shovels. The background features rolling hills and a clear sky, suggesting a rural or undeveloped area. The overall scene depicts a major engineering project in progress.

A black and white photograph showing a large concrete dam with multiple spillways. The dam is constructed from massive concrete blocks. Water is visible flowing over the spillways. In the background, there are rolling hills or mountains under a clear sky. The foreground shows the concrete structure of the dam and some rocky ground.

NEWFOUNDLAND BRIDGE

BUILT BY 24 FIELD ENGINEER
REGIMENT, ROYAL ENGINEERS,
FOR TSU KENG VILLAGE AFTER
THE GREAT RAINS OF MAY 1957, AND
OPENED BY CAPTAIN JOHN HAMILTON,
R.N. ON 30th SEPTEMBER, 1957 THE
OFFICERS AND MEN OF H.M.S.
NEWFOUNDLAND, AND OF THEIR
KINDNESS GAVE \$500 TOWARDS THE COST

紐芬蘭橋

BRITAIN

A black and white photograph of four sailors in uniform standing next to a vintage milk vending machine. The sailor on the far left is drinking from a glass. The sailor next to him is looking at the machine's controls. The sailor on the far right is looking down at the machine's dispensing area. The machine has a sign that says "ICE COLD DRINK MILK NOW". The background is a brick wall.

ADEN

A black and white portrait of a young man in a military uniform. He is wearing a dark peaked cap with a crest. His uniform jacket has a high collar and epaulettes on the shoulders. The background is a plain, light color.

PAGE 27



The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery brings pageantry to the Royal Review, riding past the dais as the Queen, Captain General of The Royal Regiment of Artillery, takes the salute. Above the trees in the background the Corporal guided missile, interpreting the Artillery's newest role, points symbolically skywards.

THE QUEEN AND THE CORPORAL

WHEN Queen Elizabeth, as Captain General, visited her Regiment of Royal Artillery at its Woolwich Depot recently, it was the first review by a British Queen for 114 years.

In 1844 the Queen's great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, inspected her artillery at Woolwich, riding side saddle on a white horse.

In 1958, Queen Elizabeth rode in a maroon Land-Rover.

Tradition and pageantry on the Front Parade spanned the years between. As the Queen arrived, the Royal Standard broke over the South Gate; from the balcony over the arch, trumpeters of the Royal Artillery Band sounded a fanfare and The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, fired a 21-gun salute.

Queen Victoria would have recognised and appreciated the ceremonial on the Front Parade. But overhead white jet traceries across a clear blue sky dispelled the illusion of timelessness with a reminder of the changing role of artillery.

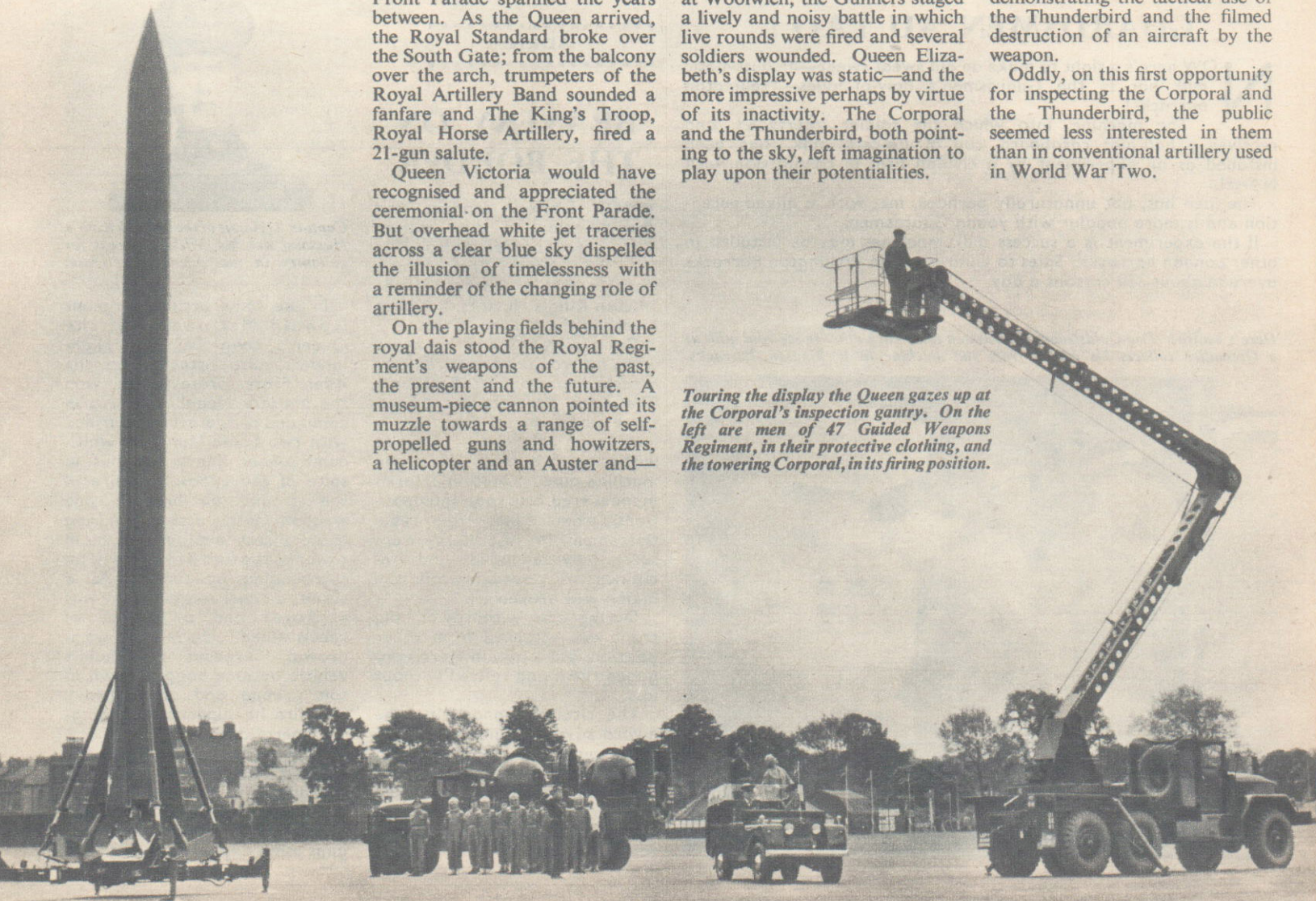
On the playing fields behind the royal dais stood the Royal Regiment's weapons of the past, the present and the future. A museum-piece cannon pointed its muzzle towards a range of self-propelled guns and howitzers, a helicopter and an Auster and—

incongruous even in this modern arsenal—Britain's new guided weapons, the Corporal and the Thunderbird.

For Queen Victoria, on her day at Woolwich, the Gunners staged a lively and noisy battle in which live rounds were fired and several soldiers wounded. Queen Elizabeth's display was static—and the more impressive perhaps by virtue of its inactivity. The Corporal and the Thunderbird, both pointing to the sky, left imagination to play upon their potentialities.

Touring the display with the Director, Royal Artillery (Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs), the Queen paused to gaze up at the Corporal, towering above the remainder of the display, and inspected the Corporal's crew, looking like spacemen in their visored helmets and protective clothing. She also saw a model demonstrating the tactical use of the Thunderbird and the filmed destruction of an aircraft by the weapon.

Oddly, on this first opportunity for inspecting the Corporal and the Thunderbird, the public seemed less interested in them than in conventional artillery used in World War Two.



Touring the display the Queen gazes up at the Corporal's inspection gantry. On the left are men of 47 Guided Weapons Regiment, in their protective clothing, and the towering Corporal, in its firing position.

WIN A BOOK-2

RULES



7. This is part of a new military vehicle photographed recently in Malaya. What is the vehicle's name?

MILITARY CROSS

by John Straiyan Russell

The answers to each clue read only from left to right. When the puzzle is completed the first and last columns reading from top to bottom, will each spell the name of a corps or regiment in the British Army.

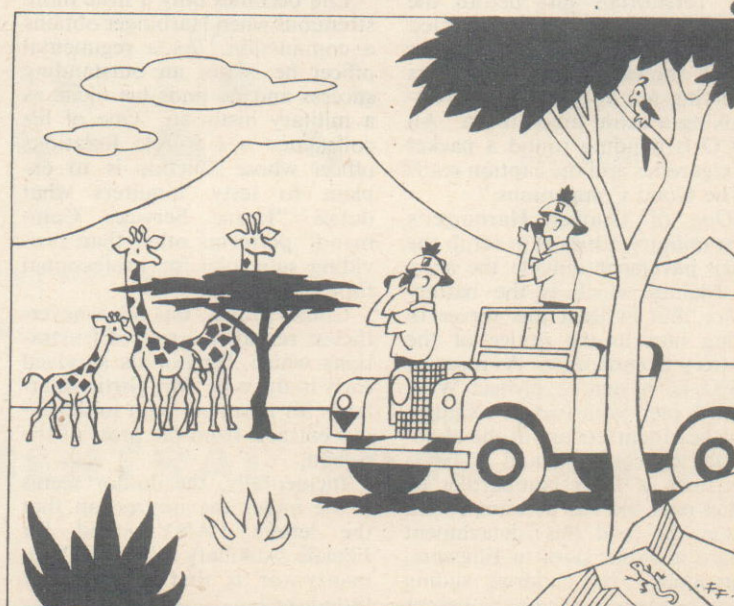
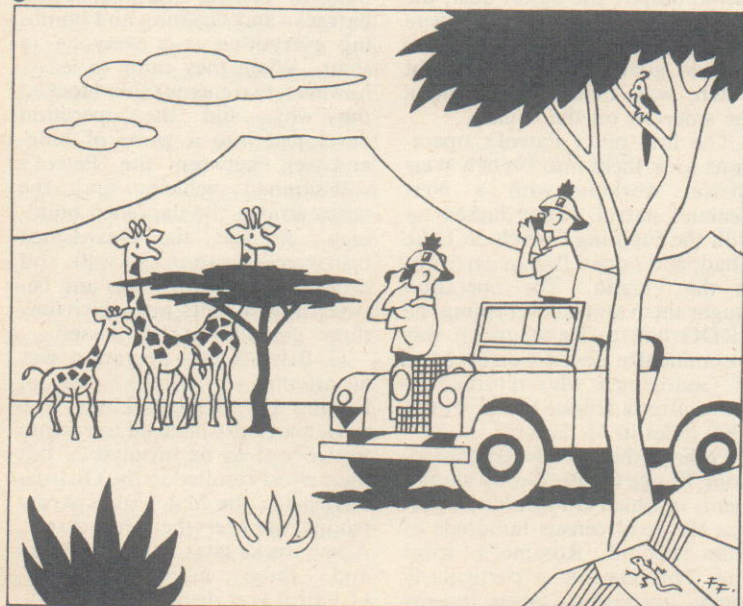
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CLUES

1. Implore to enter at a different way.
2. The Mohammedan who almost shivered about.
3. Instrument initially from United Kingdom and two French articles.
4. Vehicle decays.
5. An upturned bloodless cinema.
6. To the Navy a party is such a storm.
7. Look closely at the softly broken insect.
8. Exits.
9. Less than one.
10. Beast from Ascari Boulevard.
11. It upset oily Pam on the Greek plain.
12. The Sapper has a thousand on top to become a shifter.
13. Ann pled and organised.
14. A concise saint makes highways.

SOLUTION ON PAGE 38

These two pictures look alike but they vary in ten minor details. Study them carefully and if you cannot detect the differences turn to page 38 for the answers.



High Adventure in The Desert—1

THAT moonlight raid by a formation of armed jeeps on Rommel's airfield at Sidi Haneish was one of the most dashing adventures of the war in the Western Desert. It was led by Major David Stirling, of the Special Air Service, whose adventures are told by Virginia Cowles, a former war correspondent, in "The Phantom Major" (Collins, 16s).

Eighteen jeeps, each mounting four Vickers machine-guns, surged on to the field just as a German bomber was landing. After putting up a brilliant display of tracer, the jeeps, in a twin-columned arrowhead, drove between the rows of Messerschmitts, Heinkels, Stukas and Junkers, pumping out rounds till the field was a furnace of aircraft.

The night's work accounted for some 40 or 50 planes, bringing the Special Air Service bag of aircraft to more than 250. Yet an air marshal was not amused when it was suggested that Major Stirling should be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross!

Not very long afterwards Major Stirling's band of irregulars—originally known as "L" Detachment—was expanded to a full regiment. Writes Miss Cowles:

"The fact that a subaltern of 25 had managed, in just over one year, to add a new regiment to the British Army was no mean feat. It was the first new regiment to be inspired by an individual since the Lovat Scouts were raised by David's uncle in the Boer War."

The story of the Special Air Service was not one of unbroken triumph. The Regiment suffered cruel luck in its early parachuting phase, but many of its later successes were dazzling.

At the outset David Stirling, a Scots Guards subaltern, had to

David Stirling, the Phantom Major. His speciality was moonlight raids behind the lines. He founded the SAS, the first new regiment to be inspired by an individual since the Lovat Scouts.



use much impudence to keep his unit in being, for he had ill-wishers at headquarters. He and his men, despairing of obtaining supplies through orthodox channels, raided a New Zealand camp at Kabrit, in the Canal Zone, to obtain the necessities—and com-

forts—of life. They also "raided" British airfields and anchorages to show the authorities their mettle.

At one time men of "L" Detachment who had been on operations wore white berets, but the sight of these provoked too many fights in cafés in Cairo and Alexandria.

After an ill-starred adventure at Benghazi Lieut-Colonel (as he now was) Stirling fell foul of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who refused to let him replenish his ranks with desert-wise veterans from Eighth Army. Later the Army Commander took a much more favourable view of the activities of "the boy Stirling."

Eventually the Phantom Major (as the Germans styled him) was captured—ironically, by a German dental officer. He escaped four times before being sent to Colditz. The regiment he fathered went on to serve with distinc-

BOOKS

tion in North-West Europe.

The only award Major Stirling received was the Distinguished Service Order. Major-General Sir Robert Laycock has described him as "one of the most under-decorated soldiers of the war."

Why did not the enemy attempt similar exploits? "The truth was," writes Miss Cowles, "that both Germans and Italians feared and disliked the uninhabited regions, whereas the British were fascinated by them." The British were seafarers, and sea and desert have much in common. "It was necessary to navigate one's way across both; and both offered the same sense of isolation, comradeship, exploration and adventure."

Even though several of the adventures in this book have been told before, it remains a most readable record of high adventure.

High Adventure in The Desert—2

IT was not even a mark on the map—just a map reference in the southern wastes of the Libyan desert.

There, 20 bearded and dirty men were practising arms drill. It was not surprising that the motions were performed with the snap of a Caterham square, for this was G (for Guards) Patrol of the Long Range Desert Group.

They were filling in time, on their first operation, awaiting a Fighting French colonel. When he came, their "Present Arms" was all that crowds at Wellington Barracks might have expected.

The spectators were hardened New Zealanders of another Long Range Desert Group patrol. Their comments were caustic and meant

to be overheard by G Patrol's commander, Captain (later Major) Michael Crichton-Stuart, who tells the story in "G Patrol" (William Kimber, 21s).

The author had previously pondered whether you can make the best irregulars out of the best Regulars. He had no doubt that his Guardsmen were the "best Regulars" and he records the reluctance of Guardsmen generally to volunteer for anything that meant leaving their own battalions. His book leaves no doubt that these most orthodox of soldiers took up unorthodox warfare with gusto and success.

"Self-discipline, ingrained discipline, was the common mark. It was no accident that the man whose gun was always ready for action despite the desert dust, the driver whose truck tyres were always at the right pressure, the reliable guard on solitary night watch, was, in barracks, among the smartest on the square."

The first of G Patrol's operations took them into French West Africa, working with a New Zealand patrol. They linked up with the Fighting French on Lake Chad, and raided Italian garrisons in the Fezzan. The operation taught them almost everything the LRDG had to learn, and it was an eminently desert-worthy band of Guardsmen who returned to Cairo after a record round trip of 4300 miles in 45 days.

Perhaps the most wearing of all Long Range Desert Group assignments in which G Patrol took part was the road census hundreds of miles behind Rommel's front line. This became a particularly tricky operation when enemy

units chose to camp nearby.

One patrol commander and a Guardsman had to move rapidly from one side of a bush to the other when a German camp commandant decided that the bush was just the place for his cook-lorry. As they recorded details of the 3500 vehicles which passed that day, they could hear the Germans discussing their menu, and smell macaroni and goulash cooking. Their own solitary tin of bully beef lay, unattainable, on the German side of the bush.

Among the more lively episodes in the Patrol's history were what the author calls "Romps about the Road," which often consisted of driving boldly along enemy-held roads and blasting at vehicles gathered at a road-house.

Perhaps the most spectacular "beat-up" in which G Patrol took part was the famous raid on Barce. While a New Zealander patrol dealt with the airfield, the Guardsmen kept the garrison busy by driving into the Italian barracks and shooting and bombing everything and everyone in sight. When they came to leave, however, two enemy tanks blocked the way, and the operation developed into a game of hide-and-seek between the Patrol's soft-skinned vehicles and the tanks among the darkened buildings. At last, the Guardsmen discovered a gap in the wall, and drove away through this and between lines of tents, into which they threw grenades as they passed.

G Patrol's last operation was an attempt to discover a way of turning the Mareth Line. The route they were detailed to explore turned out to be unsuitable, but their effort resulted in the Guardsmen being the first Eighth Army troops to meet the First Army. A few weeks later, after two years and three months' service, G Patrol was disbanded.

Tale of a Frustrated Gunner

HERE is another funny book about the war-time Army in the "Private's Progress" tradition: "Not Entirely Serious" (Hutchinson, 15s) by Tom Girtin. In many ways, this one is funnier.

Gunner Tom Harbinger joins the Territorials just before the balloon goes up. He is attracted to the Royal Artillery by a poster which shows a group of soldiers drinking tea outside a tent overlooking a calm, moonlit sea. An NCO is handing round a packet of cigarettes and the caption reads "The Good Companions."

One of Gunner Harbinger's first military duties is to scrub the busy pavement outside the shop in Staines which is the battery office, but at least this serves to bring him to the notice of the Battery Commander. As a junior NCO he is sent to protect Weymouth pier, with two Lewis guns. His headquarters are in the abandoned concert-hall, and as befits his rank of lance-bombardier he takes over the star dressing room. Later he and his detachment guard a public park in Edgware, surrounded by children sliding and see-sawing. The park keeper

eventually gives up trying to stop the soldiers walking on the grass. Harbinger's billet is now the best front bedroom of a suburban semi-detached and in the evening he chats affably to the weary workers returning from the city.

Life becomes only a little more strenuous when Harbinger obtains a commission. As a regimental officer he is not an outstanding success and he finds his niche as a military historian. One of his colleagues is a Public Relations officer whose function is to explain to testy inquirers what duties "Home Services Command" performs other than providing safe jobs for professional footballers.

Comic as it is, this book nevertheless reveals the sort of frustrations which Territorials survived early in the war. Mr. Girtin interlards his narrative with mischievous extracts from the press of the period.

Incidentally, the author seems to be under the impression that the letters FANY stand for Female Auxiliary Nursing Yeomanry—or is that just another little joke?

The Story of a War-winning Invention

IN 1915, a young physicist set up shop under War Office auspices at the Royal Aircraft Factory at Farnborough. His job was meteorology and one of his activities the study of atmospheric and how to use them to locate thunderstorms.

In direct descent from this research came radar, the invention on which the Allies spent more than £2,000,000,000 in World War Two, principally for the detection of enemy aircraft, ships and flying bombs.

That young physicist, now Sir Robert Watson-Watt, traces the connection in "Three Steps to Victory" (Odhams, 30s).

Early in 1935, Sir Robert was asked by the Air Ministry for his opinion on the possibility of using radiation as a defence against air attack. He translated this as a request for a "death ray" and replied that it was not practicable. He added, however, that radio detection by reflected radio waves was more promising.

A few weeks later, an aircraft near Daventry was "seen" eight miles away on a screen by reflected radio signals sent out by the BBC in the course of its normal broadcasts. Radar was born.

The author was not the only man to have ideas on these lines. A start was made in 1931 by the Army's own Signals Experimental Establishment, where two officers put forward a suggestion for measuring the range and bearing of a ship by reflections of a radio beam. The encouragement they received was permission to carry on their research at the Establishment—after working hours, and on condition they obtained a special pass!

Mythical Heroes

THE story of the British in India, in the view of Michael Edwardes, has been befuddled by imperial mythmakers. We have been dazzled by the sun on the sword blades of legendary heroes.

In "The Necessary Hell" (Cassell, 21s) he sets out, not to debunk heroes, but to show how the British in nineteenth-century India really lived. He tries to look at India as John and Henry Lawrence looked at it and to assess the political significance of the great Mutiny.

"The Empire," he says, "was constructed out of individual sacrifice, not the incandescent sacrifice of the battlefield, nor the conscious, hand-on-heart, all-for-England sacrifice of the comfortable propagandists back Home, but the commonplace, almost casual acceptance of discomfort, boredom and death." The soldiers and clerks were not Empire-builders determined to expand their frontiers; they wished only to stay within the confines of the little Englands they brought with them.

A thoughtful, and thought-provoking, book. Ex-Indian Army colonels may not go all the way with the author, but they will respect his point of view.

The Army was soon on the trail of Watson-Watt's radar, however, and an Army "cell" joined his team at their research station in Suffolk. Its object was to produce a portable radar that could control anti-aircraft searchlights and guns.

The earliest marks of anti-aircraft radar were hastily produced, and the first brought down 14 aircraft for the expenditure of

more than a quarter of a million rounds. The next model brought the figure down to 4100 rounds per aircraft in 1941. The average for 1942 was 2750 and in 1943, when the enemy flew at greater altitudes and were better at evasion, it rose again to 3200. The third model reduced the figure to about 600 rounds for the average enemy and 1600 for the skilled evader.

The author had to fight his radar battles all over again in 1946 before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors. In the 44 days it took to hear a claim by Sir Robert and the men who had

worked with him, he spoke a third of a million words. He confesses that he enjoyed it. The result was an award to the group of £87,950, of which the author received about £52,000.

Few inventors of weapons have ever been hoisted by their own petards less painfully than Sir Robert. In 1954, while motoring in Canada, he was stopped by policemen for speeding. He had been travelling at 42 miles an hour, and they had radar apparatus to prove it! It cost him a fine of 12 dollars and 50 cents but achieved, he says, the world's record value in publicity.

The Martyred Nurse of Brussels

BETWEEN the two World Wars the Tir National rifle range in Brussels was a shrine to be visited by most British tourists in Belgium.

Here, in October 1915, an English nurse, Edith Cavell, met her death in front of a German firing squad. Her crime was aiding British and French soldiers, cut off behind the German lines, to escape and rejoin the Allied armies.

Edith Cavell's martyrdom raised a storm on both sides of the Atlantic. It was one of the atrocities which helped to swing American opinion against the Germans and bring the United States into the war.

In 1919 Nurse Cavell's body

was brought to Britain on board a destroyer, and London had a day of mourning when the coffin was borne to Westminster Abbey for a memorial service. Memorials were erected in Trafalgar Square, in Paris and in Brussels.

Yet today Edith Cavell is almost forgotten, perhaps because there were so many more martyrs in World War Two, when death at

the hands of a firing-squad was the fate of scores of gallant women.

A. A. Hoehling revives the story of the Brussels nurse in "Edith Cavell" (Cassell, 15s). In 1907 she went to Brussels to start a nursing school. It was a success, and she remained with it when the German conquerors marched into the city. It was in the school that Edith Cavell sheltered the escaping soldiers, tended their injuries and sent them on their way with money and guides.

Even when she knew the game was dangerous, Nurse Cavell did

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AKROTIRI (Y.W.C.A.)
BERENGARIA (Y.W.C.A.)
DHEKELIA (C. of E. Institutes)
EPISKIPI (Y.M.C.A.)
FAMAGUSTA (M.M.G.)
KYRENIA (C. of S.)
NICOSIA (Y.W.C.A.)
NICOSIA (Hibbert Houses)
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not falter, and at last she was arrested. In prison, she made a full confession. Why she did so is a mystery to which several people who knew her have given the author plausible explanations. What is not explained, however, is why, in her statement to the Germans, she incriminated her Belgian and French associates.

At 4.30 on an October Monday, sentence of death was pronounced on Edith Cavell and five of her fellow-prisoners. At seven o'clock the next morning, she and one other were executed. Neutral

American diplomats had spent the night unsuccessfully pleading for her life. The author suggests that their pleas might have been more effective had the American Minister taken a more active part.

Perturbed by the protests the execution aroused, the Germans did a great deal of explaining in self-justification. The Kaiser, says the author, wished he could have turned back a few pages of history. The sentences of death on the other three prisoners (the fourth was condemned in absence) were commuted.

THREE WAR BOOKS FROM DOWN UNDER

THE spate of soldier-authors which has been running since World War Two is not confined to Britain. Australia is having a share and here are three more soldiers' books from that country, all set in the Far East.

"Soldier Surgeon in Malaya" (Angus and Robertson, 16s) is a straightforward account by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hamilton, the commander of a casualty-clearing station, of his experiences during the fighting in Malaya and Singapore in 1941-2. He wrote it as a war diary in captivity in the infamous Changi Jail and on the Burma-Siam railway. To avoid Japanese eyes, the manuscript was buried in an Australian grave in Burma, whence it was recovered years later and returned to its owner.

It is a remarkably good-humoured report of a period in which the Australians had little to be good-humoured about. Constantly during the retreat the author was seeking new sites for his unit, and there is more to siting and setting up wards, operating theatre and the rest than is apparent to those who see a casualty clearing station only from between clean sheets. Even the supply of clean sheets can take on a touch of drama when a disgruntled former employer tries to kidnap your devoted Chinese laundryman.

The triumphs of the unit were the successful surgical operations, one or two of which the author describes without too much gruesome detail. There were also minor satisfactions, as when a supply officer offered the unit three railway trucks full of stout, because the Japanese were between the train and its lawful destination. This moment must have had its charms for some elderly ambulance drivers who were reputed to have buried a case of looted whisky every ten miles or so along the road of retreat, in case they felt thirsty when the Australians began advancing.

Inevitably, it is a story with an unhappy ending. The unit saw its devoted nurses sail on one of the last ships from beleaguered Singapore. Later it was learned that the ship was wrecked and the nurses were captured by the Japanese on an island beach. They were made to walk into the sea until the water reached their waists, and were then shot down.

"The Tall Man" (Cassell,

12s 6d) is a novel about the Korean war in which its author, A. M. Harris, served in the Intelligence Corps. His hero, curiously, is not given a name but is known throughout as "the tall man." He, too, is in Intelligence, as the commander of a detachment of Korean and Chinese agents whose task is to penetrate the enemy lines.

His men have all had tragic pasts, as victims of the Japanese occupation troops, the Chinese Communists or the North Korean invaders—a side of the Korean picture about which few other authors have written and of which more should be made known.

They are all men of courage, but there comes a time when penetration is more dangerous than usual, and the tall man feels he must set an example of leadership by making one last expedition to the other side. The story is well told, with plenty of action.

An ex-Infantryman and war correspondent, Edmund Angel finds fascination in the history of the lands washed by the Pacific. His novel, "The Far Fortress" (Robert Hale, 12s 6d), is written closely to the facts of the end of the Dutch colony in Formosa in the 17th century.

The island that is now Chiang Kai-shek's stronghold was then an outpost of the Dutch empire and the settlers were prospering in trade. It was a colony on a shaky foundation, however, largely because of jealousy and incompetence among senior administrators far from the scene.

When danger, in the form of a Chinese pirate fleet, was imminent, the Governor was deserted by those soldiers who should have been his strength, and the Formosans, who might well have been his allies, had mostly been brought to enmity by over-zealous missionaries.

So it was with a handful of troops and two or three ships that the Governor prepared, behind his ill-designed fortifications, to resist the invaders. Those Dutchmen who fought did so stubbornly and to the last.



The Royal Artillery Theatre on the famous Front Parade at Woolwich. George Robey and Ellen Terry once played here; now nobody will hire it.

THE STAGE IS NOW A BOXING RING

ALL over Britain in recent years historic theatres have been putting up the shutters. Not even strip-tease has been able to keep them open.

The Royal Artillery Theatre at Woolwich is not the least among these casualties. During its first 40 years it housed a flourishing Royal Artillery dramatic society; in its last 50 it was leased to civilian companies. Now nobody will hire the theatre which once presented Ellen Terry, George Robey and many other famous music-hall stars, so the Army has put it to non-histrionic uses—to stage boxing tournaments, band concerts and lectures.

The Royal Artillery Theatre stands on the site of the first officers' mess in the famous Front Parade at the Royal Artillery Depot. It owes its existence to St. George's Garrison Church, just across the road.

Until the church was consecrated, in 1863, the old officers' mess was also used for religious services. After the church was opened the hall became a concert room for the Royal Artillery Band and the Garrison Choral Society and, soon afterwards, the Royal Artillery Dramatic Society moved in. Before 1863, amateur theatricals, which had long flourished at Woolwich Garrison, were performed in the riding school.

In the new theatre many a gay subaltern showed he had talents for more gentle arts than soldiering. Among them were many who were later to become generals. One who took part in the first play performed there was Lieutenant (later General) Desmond O'Callaghan. Major-General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Du Platt was the Society's first producer. It was he who persuaded Ellen Terry to play the leading lady in "Sheep in Wolves' Clothing" at the theatre in 1868.

One of the most popular early actors was a Lieutenant Seymour de Lacy Lacy, who, it was said 60 years later, "has never been surpassed as an amateur low comedian. For nearly 20 years he

was greeted with roars of laughter in the popular farces of the day."

Officers' wives were at first dubious about taking part in theatricals so professional actresses, some of them soon to become leading ladies in the West End, were recruited for the feminine roles. By the 1870s the wives had overcome their scruples and were regularly appearing in the Society's productions of straight plays, comedies, burlesques and even operettas. A notable performer was the Honourable Mrs. Wrottesley, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne.

Disaster faced the Society when the theatre was destroyed by fire in 1903, but the £11,000 needed to build a new one was quickly forthcoming (most of it from officers of the Regiment), and in 1905 the present theatre was opened by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts VC.

By then, however, having been without a theatre for two years, the members of the Society had begun to lose interest and were able to produce plays for only one week in the year. So the Regiment decided to let the theatre to a civilian company. One popular manageress was Miss Blanche Littler, now Lady Robey, widow of the late Sir George Robey who played there on several occasions between the world wars.

By the end of World War Two the Royal Artillery Dramatic Society had ceased to exist and although many attempts have been made to revive it all have failed. Then, with the advent of television public interest in the theatre waned and the last company to manage it had to throw in its hand.

A TOUGH TEST FOR ARMY DRIVERS

THAT was really tough" was the verdict of 26 experienced Army and civilian competition rally drivers after motoring 450 miles at night through narrow country lanes in the West country.

In a variety of cars, ranging from Jaguars to a Morris Minor, and including two Land-Rovers, they had just completed the Royal Army Service Corps Car Club's Southern Cross Rally—the first event of its kind.

Lieutenant-Colonel M. G. M. Crosby MC, Chief Instructor of the Army Mechanical Transport School and chairman of the 100-strong RASC Car Club which he formed last year, had good reason for setting a hard test when he organised the rally. He is looking for likely candidates for Army teams to take part in eight international rallies later this year. Three new TR3 Triumph hard-top sports cars have been loaned to Colonel Crosby by the Standard Motor Company for use in these rallies and it is his task to choose the Army teams to man them (the War Office has given its blessing to the venture, but the teams will have to pay their own expenses—about £60 for a ten-day rally).

By international standards the Southern Cross Rally, open to all serving soldiers and members of several civilian clubs, was comparatively easy but sufficiently difficult for Colonel Crosby to select possible members for his Army team. It involved 16 hours' non-stop driving (except for a halt of one-and-a-half hours for breakfast) and contained several difficult tests of skill and navigation.

All competitors—including three members of the Women's Royal Army Corps, one of whom drove 350 miles from Durham to Aldershot to take part in the event—completed the course, although three hours separated the first and last arrivals. A Jaguar, driven by Major I. B. Baillie, of the Life Guards, did well to limp home, badly damaged after skidding off the road on Dartmoor.

Soon after the start late in the afternoon, the first tests—of acceleration, reversing and braking—were held. The cars then sped on to Bulford, on a strict time schedule, and from there through narrow, twisting lanes (which called for expert night navigation) to Taunton and on again up Porlock Hill to Fremington. Appropriately, the hardest tests took place at the Southern Command Battle Camp near Okehampton where competitors had to drive on a closed route for five miles at an average speed of 35 to 41 miles an hour, according to their class. Judges at secret control points deducted points from those who were more than ten seconds early or late. Braking and manoeuvrability tests involved the crossing of a narrow bridge and reversing through a stream in the dark. Later there were other demands on driving skill—a hill climb at Blandford Camp and finally a garaging test as the cars passed over the finishing line.

The rally winner was Captain D. G. W. Start, of the Royal Army Service Corps, and three other military competitors finished in the first eight: Captain P. B. House, RASC, Captain H. G. Crawford, Royal Engineers and Captain J. B. Ingram-Cotton, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.



Captain J. O. Spurway, RASC, reverses his Sunbeam through a ford on Dartmoor at night. In this difficult braking and manoeuvring test competitors crossed a bridge, reversed through the ford then recrossed the bridge to stop astride a line.



Left: The first of six special tests involved acceleration and reversing. His Sunbeam Rapier heels over, tyres screeching, as Capt. J. R. Davidson, RAOC, swings round a corner and heads for the finish.

Below: Lieutenant-Colonel M. G. M. Crosby MC presents the challenge trophy for the highest placed member of the Royal Army Service Corps' club to Captain D. G. W. Start, who drove a Ford Prefect.



HE SHOT HIS WAY TO MOSCOW



Major Viney, with the Walther automatic which he will use in the world championships, explains the 25-yard silhouette target to members of Arborfield's small-bore rifle team.

TWO pistol shots will represent Britain in the world shooting championships in Moscow this month. One will be Major V. H. Viney, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who set up a British record during the recent National Smallbore Rifle Association's selection trials, making the maximum 60 hits for a score of 580 out of a possible 600 in the rapid-fire event. His score beat the previous record by three points.

Major Viney, who is in charge of the armourers' section at the Army Apprentices School at Arborfield, began the journey to Moscow by winning all five trials held by the British Pistol Club last year. As a result he was among the 12 competitors invited to take part in the final NSRA tests.

If Major Viney repeats his recent performance when he lines up on the firing point in Moscow he should finish high up in the final placings. World championships are usually won with scores of between 570-580 which means that all but two or three shots must be inside the inner "ten" ring on the target. In the 25-metres rapid event two series of six "strings" of five shots each



The champion demonstrates the correct way to fire: pistol held firmly in the palm of the hand, weight of the body evenly balanced, elbow slightly bent.

are fired at electrically controlled man-sized silhouettes: two "strings" in eight seconds, two in six and two in four seconds. To fire 60 shots in 72 seconds calls for remarkable accuracy and control.

Major Viney, who has been firing competitively since 1949 when he was serving in Austria, has concentrated on the rapid event during the five years he has been at Arborfield—an appropriate posting for a former apprentice. Winner of the Army Revolver Championship twice and third in the Army Rifle Championship in 1953, he was a member of the British pistol team at Bisley in 1953 and 1955 and was coach to the British team for the last Olympic Games in Melbourne. Now he has a similar task, coaching the British team for the world pentathlon championship which will be held in England in October.

Major Viney has won the Army Revolver Cup five times, the Army Rifle Association's revolver

medal twice and, in 1955, the National Revolver gold badge. Already this year he has won three cups in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' championship—the Rhine Army Cup for rapid firing, the Southern Cup (second stage of the revolver championship) which he won for the sixth successive year, and the Officers Cup which he has now won five times.

With such an expert to guide them it is not surprising that the small-bore rifle team at Arborfield was unbeaten last season in contests against other Army, Navy and Royal Air Force apprentices schools.

Major Viney, who uses in competitions a Walther automatic pistol with a .22 short cartridge—a light bullet in a heavy revolver gives a lighter recoil—has this advice for would-be marksmen: "Get in as much competition practice as possible to build up your confidence."

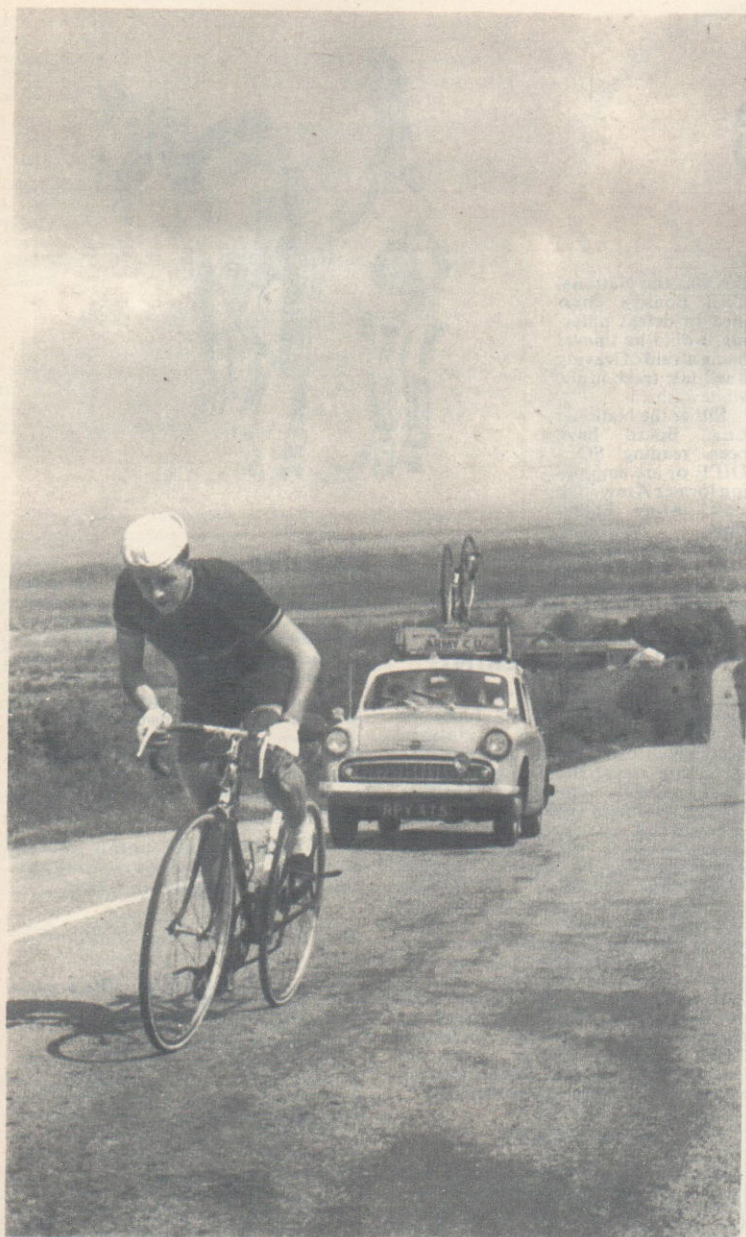
K. HANFORD

Have a Capstan...

they're made to make friends



Major Viney with a few of the trophies he has won for pistol shooting since he took up the sport in 1949.



Closely followed by an Army Cycling Union team car, complete with spare mount, Private Reynolds "honks" up a hill during the final run from Bournemouth to London. He finished only minutes behind the winner.
Photograph by courtesy of Cycling.

ROUND BRITAIN— ON TWO WHEELS

ALTHOUGH handicapped by a crash halfway through the race, Army cyclist Private Harry Reynolds, a clerk in 2nd Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, finished eighth in the 1316-mile Tour of Britain and helped the Army to gain third place in the team championship.

Reynolds was second in three stages of the gruelling 12-day race and for several days held second place in the overall classification. On the 119-mile stretch from Morecambe to Llandudno he crashed while cornering, but by brilliant riding regained much of the lost time.

In the final run from Bournemouth to Thames Ditton he finished third, only minutes behind the Tour's overall winner, Richard Durlacher, Austria's road-racing champion.

Private Reynolds, who recently turned professional, races for the Elswick Hopper team. He is the Army's reigning five-day champion, a title he won last year only nine days after he joined up. Later he won the Tour of the Lakes competition in the North and was in the Army Cycling Union team which won the three-day Bournemouth Olympic road race.

Other members of the Army team in the Tour of Britain race were Craftsman R. C. Booty, of 4 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, a national champion; Private J. Rae, of 41 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, a Scottish champion; Private C. Chettleburgh, of the Royal Pioneer Corps (Army massed start champion); and Trooper T. A. K. Laidlaw, of 5th Royal Tank Regiment, another Scottish champion.



Major H. A. Keats, cycling officer of 2nd Training Battalion, RASC, where Private Reynolds is a clerk, congratulates him at the end of the gruelling race round Britain.

Have a Capstan...



they're made to make friends

LETTERS

REGIMENTAL SPIRIT

The changing military scene in Britain with the consequent loss of many famous regimental names caused me to wonder if the greatness of these regiments will ultimately disappear. This prompted me to visit Horse Guards Parade for the annual parade of the five disbanded Irish Infantry regiments. There, one became conscious of a challenge by the ex-members of these regiments whose existence was terminated nearly 40 years ago. Their pride and love of regiment was something that neither age nor inclement weather could diminish. It was a gathering that would have done justice to any present-day parade of the Old Comrades of active regiments.

The example set by these veterans of the disbanded Irish regiments is a challenge to all ex-soldiers of the amalgamated units to keep alive their regimental spirit.—H. Jones (ex-South Wales Borderers), Welwyn Garden City.

★The five regiments disbanded in 1922 were: Royal Irish Regiment, Connaught Rangers, Leinster Regiment, Royal Munster Fusiliers and Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

THAT BANK PICQUET

I was a member of the Bank of England picquet that marched into a lavatory (Letters, June). It happened on a summer's evening in 1937.

The 2nd Battalion Scots Guards,

stationed at Chelsea Barracks, provided the picquet. The normal practice was to march along the Embankment to Blackfriars and then cut up into the city. That particular evening it started to rain and the officer-in-charge ordered the piper to lead the picquet down the nearest Tube station so that we could take a train to the Bank.

The piper led us down the first set of steps he came to. It was a public lavatory all right—but a gentlemen's not a ladies'.

It would be difficult to say who were the more surprised—the men using the place, at seeing a troop of Guardsmen in red tunics and bearskins and carrying rifles at the slope, or members of the picquet. However, the piper had a firm grasp of the situation. Without a break in step he led the picquet straight through the building and up the opposite side.

In those days the newly minted shilling given to each member of the Bank picquet was usually passed over the Bank canteen counter in return for ten Woodbines, a bottle of brown ale and a bar of chocolate.—WO II T. Sneddon, Depot Regiment, Royal Signals, Saighton Camp, Chester.

WHITEWASHED

I read in a daily newspaper recently that two men have spent several weeks painting a 6-ft line of whitewash round a 100,000-ton coal dump at Lynemouth in Northumberland. It was said that

this was the National Coal Board's latest idea to defeat pilfering, would-be thieves being afraid of leaving a tell-tale track in the whitewash.

Either the National Coal Board have been reading SOLDIER or are employing former Army "Q" staff.—Army Enthusiast.

★Whitewashing coal used to be a method adopted in some military units to deter thieves—a fact which SOLDIER mentioned in a recent article.

MOUNTAINEERING

I was very interested in the article on mountaineering (SOLDIER, June) and would like to know if a National Serviceman can join the Army Mountaineering Association—Fusilier J. A. Clark, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Omagh, Northern Ireland.

★SOLDIER has received many inquiries about the Army Mountaineering Association following the article "Two-Toed Sloths in the Mountains." The Association is open to all ranks, Regulars and National Servicemen, and ordinary membership can be obtained for a fee of 5s on application to the Assistant Hon. Secretary, the Army Mountaineering Association, c/o The Army Sports Control Board, The War Office, Stanmore. Inquiries ranged from the Coldstream Guards to the Catering Corps and included one from the Royal Marines, who are not eligible for membership.

95th FOOT

Your article on the 1st Foot Guards (June) referred occasionally to the 95th Regiment, now the Rifle Brigade. My father served in the Rifle Brigade and I can well remember him saying: "The Rifle Brigade, the regiment without a number." A book I recently read states that the 95th Foot became the 2nd Battalion Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derby) Regiment. Can SOLDIER clear up the mystery?—M. J. Cusack, 84 Baldwins Lane, Croxley Green, Rickmansworth.

★No fewer than six regiments successively bore the number "95" and five of

●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.

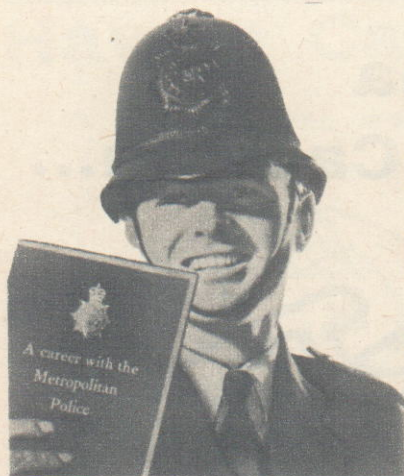
them had no county title. The original 95th Foot which helped to capture Martinique was disbanded in 1763, having survived three years.

A 95th Foot was raised in Yorkshire in 1780 and was also disbanded after three years. Twelve years later a new 95th Foot formed part of the reinforcements which helped to capture the Cape of Good Hope. This regiment was also broken up soon afterwards.

The 95th (Rifles) was formed as an experimental corps of riflemen. It was brought into the Line as the 95th (Rifles) in 1802 and taken out as the Rifle Brigade, with no number, in 1816.

The next 95th Foot was originally a second battalion of the 52nd Foot (Oxfordshire Light Infantry) which had been formed into a separate regiment of the 96th Foot (Manchester Regiment). When the 95th (Rifles) were taken out of the Line, the 96th Foot became the 95th Foot. It was disbanded in 1818.

The 95th (Derbyshire) was one of the



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Police—
and get on!

A constable now receives £550 a year after completing his two years' probationary period (starting pay, even while training, £490), rising to £660 and a pension of more than £400 p.a. after 30 years. A Chief Superintendent gets £1,720 a year, with a pension of more than £1,000 p.a. after 30 years. The highest ranks, with salaries ex-

ceeding £2,000, are open to all. London allowance £20 a year—and other substantial allowances, including comfortable free quarters or payment in lieu. If you are between 19 and 30, 5ft. 8ins. or over, in good health and want a job of interest and variety, write today for an interview. Return fare to London will be refunded.

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Please send illustrated booklet which tells me about the Metropolitan Police.

Name

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Age

SSAFA's London Club

The valuable work done by the Sailors, Soldiers and Air-men's Families Association in helping Servicemen and their families in time of difficulty (more than 100,000 cases are handled every year) is well known.

Not so well known, but an important part of the service SSAFA offers, is the Association's private Other Ranks Club in London where Service and ex-Servicemen and women and their families may stay for periods of up to 14 days on duty or leave. Single men and women are also catered for.

The Club, which has sleeping accommodation for 120, contains sitting rooms, a children's playroom, television room, a snack bar and laundry facilities. The daily charges for bed, bath and breakfast, are 10s 6d for adults and 5s and 2s 6d for children, according to age.

The address of the SSAFA Club is 14, Nevcrn Square, Earls Court, S.W.5. Telephone FRObisher 3347.

six new regiments added during the reign of George IV and was recruited in 1824. It remained the 95th until 1881, when, under the territorial re-organisation, it became the 2nd Battalion Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment).

COLONEL BOGEY

Who composed the "Colonel Bogey" march and what was his rank, regiment and *nom de plume*?—A. Price, 12 Kent Street, Portsea, Portsmouth.

★Mr. F. J. Ricketts composed "Colonel Bogey" in 1913 when he was Bandmaster of the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. His pen-name was Kenneth Alford.

NO AIR CORPS RESERVE

I completed my National Service and Territorial Army service with the Parachute Regiment. Recently, I qualified for a private pilot's licence. Is there a reserve training unit of the Army Air Corps I can join?—P. Whittle, 60 Montpelier Road, Peckham.

★No.

NIGHT-RIDERS

The *Sporting Magazine* of 1839 gave the date of the 7th Hussars' midnight ride to Nacton (Letters, May) as December, 1803. At that time the 7th, 9th and 18th Light Dragoons, with a detachment of Royal Artillery, formed part of Ipswich garrison. The 7th and 18th were not designated Hussars before 1805; the 9th were converted into Lancers in 1816.—G. O. Rickword, 15 Creffield Road, Colchester.

★The 7th Queen's Own Hussars give 1807 as the year of their famous night ride which is the first recorded steeplechase in Britain.

WELSH GUARDS' BUTTONS

Your interesting article on the Brigade of Guards (June) contains one mistake. As the Welsh Guards were the last Guards regiment to be formed they wear their tunic buttons in fives and not in fours, as stated. However, the Welsh Guards do in fact wear the most buttons in the Brigade, namely 35.—Lance-Sergeant D. Keoghane, 8 Company Welsh Guards, Caterham.

*A Bill Brown's buttons are in ones,
A Lilywhite's in twos;
And when you say that Jocks wear threes
You really cannot lose.
But when you state that Micks wear fives
I think you must be daffy,
And as for Welshmen wearing fours
Next time, please ask a Taffy.*

—Lieutenant R. A. H. Maine, 3 Alexandra Road, Clevedon, Somerset.

PENSIONS ABROAD

As I am to be pensioned shortly I intend to return to Sierra Leone and seek employment as a fitter. I have been told that I cannot draw an Army pension overseas. Is this correct?—"REME Sergeant."

★No. Arrangements can be made for pensions to be paid abroad. In this case it would be done through the District Paymaster, Freetown.

FORBIDDEN FLASH

As I was born in Guernsey and joined up there I put up the Guernsey shoulder-flash on my uniform. I was told to take it down. The Guernsey flash may have ceased to be a quartermaster's issue but it is still possible to buy it from any shop.

Why am I not entitled to wear it? No soldier from the Channel Islands can be a conscript, therefore he should be allowed to indicate his place of origin as well as signifying that he is a volunteer.—"Flashless."

★A proposal that recruits from the Channel Islands should be allowed to wear an arm-title "Jersey" or "Guernsey" was rejected by the War Office Dress Committee three years ago. It was felt that this would create an unwelcome precedent.

MEDAL RIBBONS

As I collect medals as a hobby I decided to mount my collection in a hanging-free style. Possessing no service medals of my own, I made inquiries among fellow NCOs as to the length of ribbon required and was surprised to find that none of them knew either. I then spent some time perusing Queen's Regulations, Air Ministry Orders, Army Council Instructions and other publications and could find no mention of a ruling on this matter of medals.

I then wrote to a well-known firm of medallists who informed me that there is no official length for a medal ribbon and suggested that I use an overall length of 3½ inches from top of ribbon to the bottom point of the medal.

I am amazed that this important measurement has never been officially fixed. After all, there are fixed clothing patterns, badges-of-rank regulations and so forth.

If there is no ruling on this matter, it should be dealt with before some practical joker discovers the loophole and turns up on parade with decorations worn at waist-level!—Corporal P. Mills, RAF, Colerne, Chippenham.

★In a pamphlet published in 1949 under the title "Instructions Regarding the Wearing of Insignia of Orders, Decorations and Medals and Medal Ribbons," it was

OVER . . .



AFTER the early show at the pictures the best supporting programme is a cool, refreshing beer at the Local.



Starring one sparkling light ale opposite one invigorating pint of mild and bitter! When you drink good wholesome beer, that cheerful phrase "Good Health" really means something!

Beer

the best long drink in the world!



more letters

ordered that when decorations and medals are worn the ribbon should normally be 1½ inches long. When two or more decorations and medals are worn they should be so arranged that the lower edges, or lowest point of a campaign star, are in line.

The instruction goes on to point out that owing to the different lengths of decorations and medals, it may be necessary for longer ribbons to be worn with some awards.

HE MUST PAY

I am a regular soldier with 23 years' service on a three-year supplemental service engagement, of which I have completed 15 months. I realise that at the end of it I will become redundant and have to leave the Army, which I hoped to make a career for life.

I asked to be allowed to terminate my service by giving three months' notice and was told that if I did so I would not only have to pay my own fare to the United Kingdom but also those for my wife and three children. But I want to get out of the Army before I am much older in order to find both a house and a job. Is there any way I can get home without paying these fares?—"Sergeant" (Far East).

★No. Moreover, by terminating his engagement this NCO will deprive himself of a possible £250 resettlement grant.

BOUNTIFUL

Having re-engaged in 1952 I was eligible for the new £100 bounty and it was paid on the first day of my 13th year of service. As I have become

voluntarily redundant and will be discharged next month, having then completed 18 years' service, will the £100 bounty be deducted from my terminal benefits?—Sergeant H. Wilkinson, North Camp, Aldershot.

★No. Any soldier who received a bounty before 28 April, 1958 will not have to refund it if discharged under the redundancy scheme.

PAY RATES

I joined the Coldstream Guards in 1948 for five years' Colour service and seven on the Reserve. After four years and five months on the Reserve I rejoined to complete the full 12-year engagement by 1960. As I am committed to serve for that length of time am I not entitled to scale "C" rates of pay instead of scale "B"?—"Guardsman."

★No. As pay-scale assessments are based solely on Colour service, this Guardsman is committed to six but less than nine years' service because he spent more than four of his 12 years on the Reserve.

BOUNTY

Eight months after completing my National Service, I rejoined the Army for three years' Colour service and four years on the Reserve. By February, 1956, I had been on the Reserve less than six months when I decided to re-enlist to complete 22 years. Do I get a bounty in October?—"Signaller."

★Yes, provided the bounty scheme is still in force and he remembers to complete Army Form B2139.

BY INSTALMENTS

I am repaying a gratuity of £650 in order to qualify for pension in 1962. If I die before then can my widow reclaim the money I have paid back?—"Musician."

★No. Repayment of gratuity by instalments was a concession; the refund in a lump sum could have been insisted upon at the time of re-enlistment.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. Triangle on farther wing of car. 2. Size of near-side lamp. 3. Right point of big cloud. 4. Second left branch of tall tree. 5. Young giraffe's left ear. 6. Front soldier's hat feather. 7. Rear soldier's hat flash. 8. Position of plant in front of car. 9. Lines on biggest foreground rock. 10. Lizard's tail.

MILITARY CROSS

1. E N T R E A T
2. D E R V I S H
3. U K E R L E T S
4. C A R R O T S
5. A N A R M I C O
6. T O R N A D O
7. I N S P E C T S
8. O U T L E T S
9. N O T H I N G
10. C A R I B O U
11. O L Y M P I A
12. R E M O V E D
13. P L A N N E D
14. S T R E E T S

PIN-UPS

I collect photographs of bands and orchestras of armed forces all over the world. Can any reader help me to increase my collection?—Sergeant Henk Smit, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Band, Fort York, Westfalen, Germany.

SCHOOL ALLOWANCE

My daughter has passed the 11-plus examination and will be entering grammar school after the summer holidays. Will I be entitled to an education grant from the Army? We reside in a married quarter provided by the Army.—"Soldier's Wife."

★Day school allowance is paid provided the child is left in the care of a guardian. It is not paid when the child lives with her mother.

STORY OF THE ROCKET

A dramatisation of the story of the Rocket as a military weapon will be one of the attractions at the Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo on 10-13 September, when a replica of Colonel Congreve's rocket will be fired from the arena.

It is not generally known that experiments with rockets took place at Woolwich as long ago as 1811 and in 1813 the "Rocket Brigade" was formed.

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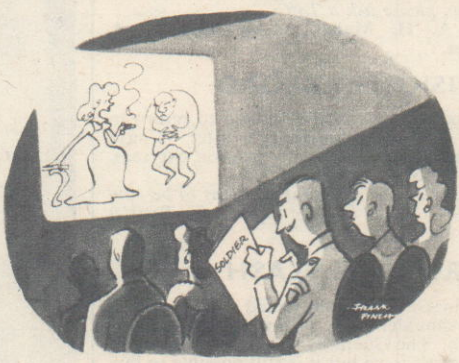
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