

# SOLDIER

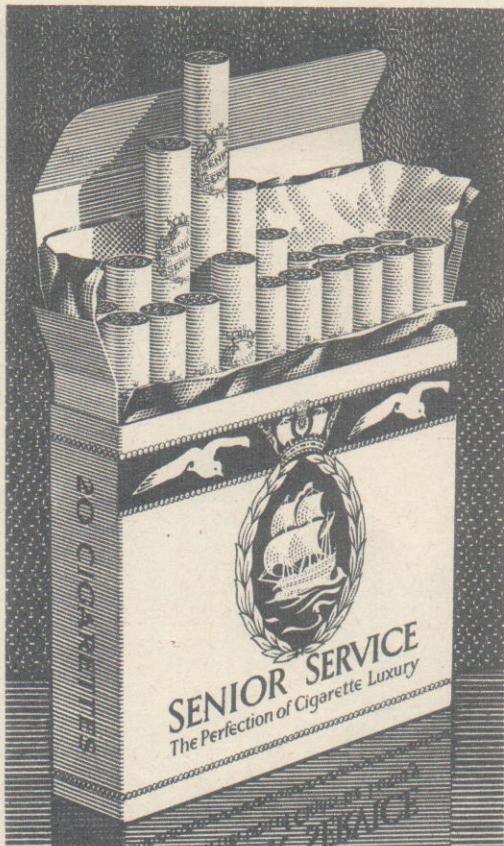
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

NINEPENCE

JUNE 1958



**Military Mountaineers**  
(See pages 10-12)



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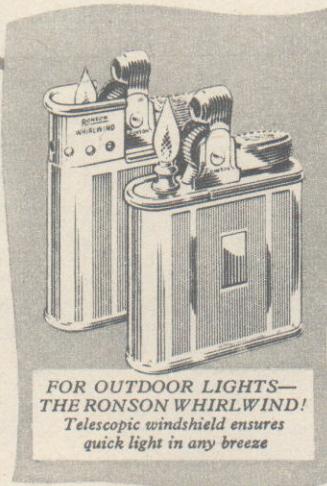
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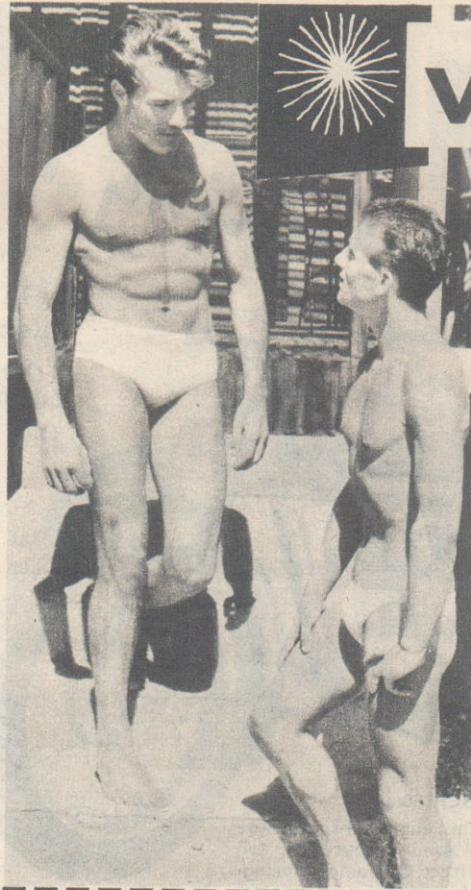
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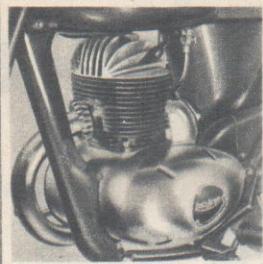
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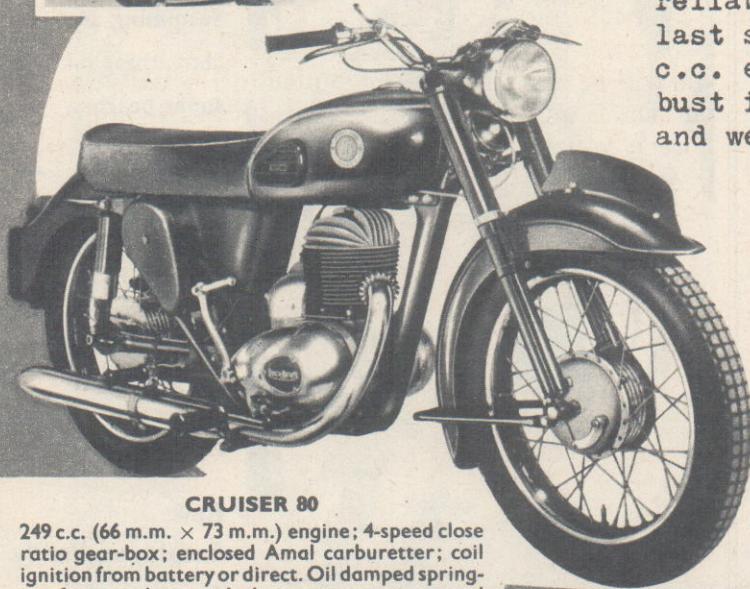


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*R. Caton Woodville's famous picture of the survivors of the London Scottish re-forming at Messines after the first battle in which Territorials were engaged in World War One. The London Scottish went into action 800-strong. Next morning when the Roll was called only 164 survivors answered to their names.*

In towns and villages all over the country this summer the nation will be celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Territorial Army, Britain's fighting reserve of civilian-soldiers, which in two world wars played a vital part in winning victory from near-disaster.

Highlight of the celebrations will be a review by the Queen in Hyde Park on 22 June of 8000 officers and men of Territorial Army units in England and Wales. On 5 July the Queen will take the salute at a march-past of 3000 Territorials in Scotland. The first Royal review was held last month in Belfast when the Queen and the Queen Mother attended a march-past of 3000 men and women in Territorial Army units in Northern Ireland.

In the article on these pages ERIC PHILLIPS tells how the Territorial Army, in spite of opposition in high places (even Lord Kitchener derided it as a useless collection of "civilians playing at soldiers") grew in strength and efficiency to achieve a world-wide reputation for devotion and self-sacrifice and a permanent place in the military preparedness of the nation



## THE "TERRIERS" ARE 50 YEARS OLD

THE Territorial Army was born on 1 April, 1908—a most unfortunate choice of date, for the idea behind its conception was anything but an April Fool's joke.

It was the far-sighted inspiration of Lord Haldane—described by Field-Marshal Earl Haig as "the best Secretary of State for War England has ever had." He realised that if Britain was successfully to meet the danger of rising German aggression her reserve forces would have to be drastically overhauled and moulded into an efficient army ready to defend the homeland and, if need be, to fight overseas.

His plan did not please everyone, least of all some of the high-ranking Regular Army officers to whom the scheme savoured of too much novelty. Few thought it possible for civilians to be trained in a series of week-end drills and one summer camp into efficient soldiers, and Field-Marshal Lord Roberts went so far as to describe the proposed Territorial Gunner regiments as "sham, amateur artillery."

Nor were all the Volunteer Corps units happy about the change.

Around midnight on the day before the Territorial Force came into being about 50 men of the 5th Middlesex Volunteers, who were to be disbanded, marched from St. John's Wood to Whitehall and placed a coffin and a wreath beside the statue of the Duke of Cambridge as a symbolic gesture of disagreement.

The Territorial Force, as it was known until 1920, was formed under an Act of 1907 through the amalgamation of the Volunteer Force (composed mainly of rifle corps but including also artillery, engineer, and service units, raised or re-raised in 1859), and the Yeomanry cavalry regiments, most of which had existed since the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The establishment of the new Force was fixed at 300,000 and organised into 14 Infantry divisions and 14 cavalry brigades, with corps troops, army troops and ancillary services. For its administration the United Kingdom was divided into districts and

OVER . . .

Just before World War Two the Territorial Army—405,000-strong and all volunteers—was the largest single group of all the British fighting forces. Territorials went to war, merged with the Regular Army, in almost every role. Right, a tank of the Lothians and Border Horse in Pantellaria.

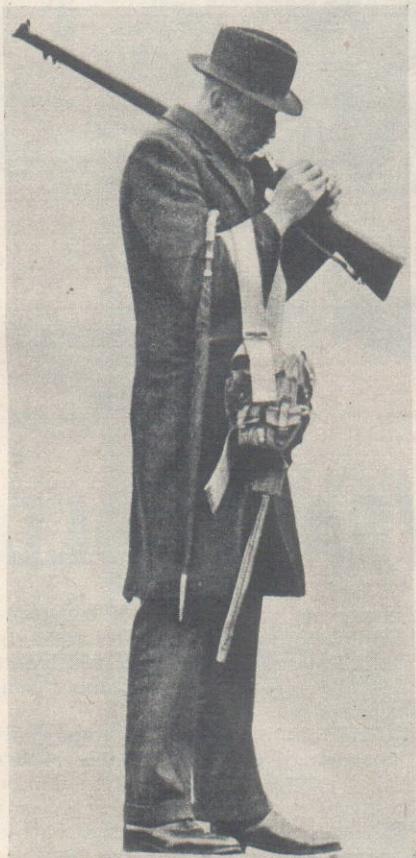
## "TERRIERS" continued

county Territorial Force Associations were formed with both military and civilian representative members. Most of the Infantry battalions were attached to regiments of the Line and numbered after the new Special Reserve (formerly Militia) battalions of the regiments. The Regular Army was called upon to lend officers and non-commissioned officers for duty as adjutants and instructors.

Because of the growing awareness of the menace of Germany's growing military might the Territorial Force quickly built up its numbers, and in the last golden years of peace an ardent host of young men learnt something of the still uncomplicated though strenuous trade of a soldier.

When war broke out in 1914 the T.F. was almost up to establishment and, although its

One of the first Territorial units into action in World War One was the Monmouthshire Regiment. This painting by Fred Roe commemorates the part the regiment played at the second battle of Ypres in defending the Channel ports.



This was the spirit of 1939 when volunteers joined the Territorial Army in their thousands. "Arf a Mo, Adolf!" was the caption to this picture in "The Citizen Soldier" (Hutchinson).



statutory liability was then solely home service, most of the embodied officers and men volunteered for active service abroad. Many had already voluntarily accepted an obligation to serve overseas in the event of general mobilisation. At least one unit—the 7th Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment—almost unanimously took on this obligation in 1910, and in 1914 had the honour of being the first Territorial battalion to leave Britain in the Great War, sailing on

4 September for Gibraltar. On the same day the brigade composed of the first four City of London (Royal Fusiliers) battalions of The London Regiment, T.F., embarked for Malta, and five days later the whole East Lancashire Division moved to Egypt.

On 6 September the London Scottish went to France, as the first Territorial unit to enter a theatre of war. The Oxfordshire Hussars were the first Territorials to go into action (on

5 October in a patrol affair near the Mont des Cats) and on 31 October the London Scottish fought at Messines the first real battle of Territorial troops. By the end of 1914 there were 23 Territorial individual Infantry battalions or dismounted yeomanry regiments fighting beside the B.E.F. in France.

In the meantime the Wessex Division, followed by the Home Counties and 2nd Wessex Divisions, had gone to India to enable British and Indian

"The big problem before us as a nation is to hold the balance between economic recovery and defence. The Regular soldier contributes his share of defence; and the civilian, his to recovery. But the Territorial does both. Compared with the rest of us, he or she, is twice a citizen." — Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

Regular units there to go to France. By March, 1915, Territorials were going to France by divisions, and in the May the East Lancashire Division, having already met the Turks at the Suez Canal, was fighting grimly at Gallipoli. Twenty-three T.F. divisions (including three made up in theatres of war from units which had gone overseas individually) served abroad and in every campaign of the British Army in World War One, suffering about 541,000 casualties, of whom more than 115,000 were killed.

In 1920 a new volunteer reserve was constituted, mainly on the basis of the former, but with a new name—the Territorial Army—and a new requirement that officers and men should undertake to serve anywhere in the world when embodied for war.

The establishment of the new T.A. was fixed at 345,000, of which only half was to be recruited in peace-time. Re-organisation, involving many conversions and re-conversions of all sorts of units, which have been the exasperating lot of the T.A. ever since, soon got under way. The Yeomanry was early affected. All except the 14 senior regiments (which remained horse-mounted) were converted to other roles. Most of them became field or medium artillery brigades; some armoured car companies, one a cavalry signal unit. The Infantry battalions, a number of which were amalgamated in pairs, were not otherwise disturbed for several years. There was little official and even less public encouragement for part-time soldiers in those days but the T.A. carried on doggedly.

The turn of the Infantry to suffer real, enforced changes came in 1936, when the 46th (North Midland) Division and the equivalent of one of the two London divisions were abolished and their constituent units were converted into artillery or searchlight units for the first two big anti-aircraft formations. To the Territorial soldiers involved this was more than somewhat shocking. Proud old rifle corps with long histories and honours won in battle were called upon to stop training to fight an enemy in the field, and, instead, to man "Ack-Ack" guns at home. They were not a bit gratified by the elevation implied in their transference to the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers. Some changed to units not affected by the upheaval; others resigned in disgust.

But the new A.A. units, as units, turned to their strange duties with the same good heart that their riflemen forebears of



Lord Haldane who founded the Territorial Army was once described by Field-Marshal Earl Haig as "the best Secretary of State for War England ever had."



Major-General W. R. Cox DSO is Director of the Territorial Army and Cadet Forces. On him will fall the task of reorganising the T.A. on a completely voluntary basis.



The first Territorial to win the Victoria Cross—as a second-lieutenant in Queen Victoria's Rifles at Hill 60 in 1915—was the Reverend G. H. Woolley. He served as a chaplain to the forces in World War Two.



Territorials of the 11th Seaforths practise boat drill on Lake Ballach, near Comrie. The Battalion's recruiting area extends over 7500 miles.

the 1860s had shown. The slow mechanisation of the Regular Army had been reflected in the TA, so that by 1936 the remaining London division, with the 50th (Northumbrian) and 55th (West Lancashire) were scheduled to be "motorised," and there were further plans for a "mobile" division (with armoured units) to be formed on a national basis.

The strength of the TA in 1935 had fallen to about 130,000, but thereafter the gradual acquirement of more modern weapons

and equipment, coupled with the unexpected popularity of the almost exclusively Territorial anti-aircraft arm, greatly increased the flow of volunteers. In 1937 the TA's peacetime establishment was raised to 200,000. By the time of the Munich crisis in 1938 that total had been nearly reached and in those critical weeks more than 70,000 Territorial anti-aircraft gunners, 12 searchlight crews, and coast defence gunners, were at action stations. In September, 1938, too, the women's

"The Territorial Army has inherited all the magnificent traditions of service built up during two world wars. As in the past, its efficiency will depend largely on the public spirit of the best of our citizens. It is today no longer a separate army; it is a vital part of one army—the British Army."—Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery.

Auxiliary Territorial Service was established, and made rapid progress.

Then, in the spring of 1939, with war obviously imminent, came that amazing duplication of the Territorial Army by volunteers. Every unit, almost without exception, first filled its own ranks, then recruited a complete second line. The result was the appearance of 24 TA Infantry divisions (six of them "motorised") and two mobile (soon re-named armoured) divisions, in addition to five AA divisions with two more in prospect. These made a total of over 405,000 volunteer citizen soldiers and established the TA as the largest single group among the Forces of the Crown.

When war broke out the AA and coast defence troops, numbering over 80,000, had been at their posts for some weeks. The TA was at once merged into the Regular Army, and lost its separate identity for the duration of the war. But the original Territorial formations which went overseas in 1939 and 1940 contained heavy majorities of pre-war TA volunteers. Such were most of the men of those two remarkable, complete brigades of The Queen's in one division sent to France early in 1940, and such were also those of Queen Victoria's Rifles who took part in the great fight of the Green Jackets at Calais which helped to make the Dunkirk evacuation possible. Many former TA units served in changed and re-changed roles according to the Army's training and operational needs. In general, the contribution to victory made by the pre-war TA formations was quite magnificent.

The TA was reconstituted in 1947, again on the old, entirely voluntary basis. At first the establishment was fixed at 150,000 organised in six Infantry (later seven), two armoured and one airborne division, some independent armoured and Infantry brigades, five AA groups, and corps troops and army troops.

OVER . . .



*The first Territorials went into action on flat feet. Today they train to go to battle by helicopter, like the men of 4th Battalion, the Royal Hampshire Regiment, during a recent week-end exercise.*

## "TERRIERS" continued

All Territorials became liable for overseas service in time of war. A number of heavy AA regiments and other AA units were to include women of the ATS. (Later a new voluntary Women's Royal Army Corps was formed in place of the ATS, having both Regular and Territorial branches.)

Not surprisingly, after the long, hard years since 1939, recruiting for the new Territorial Army was slow, and it was largely confined to patriotic enthusiasts who had served in the war. In due course the 14 senior and certain other yeomanry regiments were restored to their old cavalry status as armoured regiments and there also appeared a Special Air

Service regiment and a "phantom" signal reporting regiment.

In 1950 came the revolutionary step of transferring National Service soldiers to the Territorial Army for four years' compulsory part-time service.

At that time there were widespread doubts as to whether the essential voluntary spirit would survive these fundamental changes. The fact that somehow it did was to the great credit chiefly of the original veteran volunteers of 1947, who held most of the vital "middle ranks" of the reconstituted force in its early years. Credit was also due to the seconded Regulars of the permanent staffs, and to many conscript TA soldiers who did their part-time service with a good

heart. Certainly the TA gained enormously in efficiency, its units made up largely of men with military training behind them.

At the end of 1954 the strength of the TA was 17,719 officers and 288,489 other ranks, including the women's services. From that peak, with the abolition of AA Command, and later of the coast artillery, a fall in strength began, though many of the former AA and coast gunners transferred to other branches of the TA. In due course the two armoured divisions were converted into Infantry divisions; several armoured regiments not required for reduced NATO changed roles or converted to other arms, and the airborne division was reduced to a parachute brigade group.

These continuous changes, involving also reductions, in 1956 led to the loss of 160 units, mainly by amalgamations, and about 300 units of the Army Emergency Reserve with which the TA has had a much closer association since the war than ever before. Last year, when it was announced that there would be no training for part-time National Servicemen, the Reserve Army went to camp as an all-volunteer concern for the first time since 1950.

Since then direct voluntary recruiting has noticeably, if not spectacularly, improved. After half a century the wheel of Territorial service has turned full circle, and this jubilee year sees our citizen-army on a fully voluntary basis once more.

**FOOTNOTE:** The Territorial Army is now in the throes of yet another drastic change: five of the eight Yeomanry regiments equipped with tanks are to be reorganised as Armoured Car regiments because of the need for more armoured cars in the Reserve Army.

The regiments which will be changing from tanks to armoured cars are the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, the Queen's Own Warwickshire and Worcestershire Yeomanry, the Staffordshire Yeomanry, the Cheshire Yeomanry and the Westminster Dragoons.

## THIS TERRITORIAL SAVED MILLIONS OF LIVES

**T**HE man who made one of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century—penicillin—was a Territorial for nearly 14 years.

If he had not been a Territorial, he might never have found the drug which has saved the lives of millions. As a young shipping clerk, Alexander Fleming joined the London Scottish in 1900, along with two brothers. He discovered the thrill of marching to the pipes, even though, at his end of the column, he had to strain his ears to hear them.

Fleming did not rise above the rank of private in the London Scottish but he proved an excellent shot and fired for the King's Prize at Bisley. He was also a good swimmer, and was included in the regimental water polo team. One day—a momentous day, as it turned out—he played in a match against a team from St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

Soon afterwards, Fleming was left a legacy which made him revise his ideas about a career. He could now afford to train as a doctor. The question arose: which of London's many medical schools should he attend? Remembering that water polo match he chose St. Mary's, for no better reason than that it might be a lucky omen.

St. Mary's was an advance post and a forcing-house of the new science of bacteriology. Soon Fleming, his imagination captured, became one of Sir Almroth Wright's keenest disciples.

Though heavily committed, he remained a Territorial, valuing the companionship and outdoor exercise. Shortly before he was due to sit his final examination he was one of a team which, on a very hot day, carried out a forced march of 12 miles from Weybridge to Bisley and then shot as soon as they arrived. On the way they passed men of other regiments who had fallen out with heat prostration, including the Life Guards team.

At his examination Fleming was faced with a question on the influence of humidity on human exertions. He knew little about the subject, but, undaunted, described how the kilted troops on the way to Bisley had outmarched those in trousers. He passed the examination with honours. The examiner, he supposed, must have been a fellow Scot.

As soon as he qualified, Fleming threw in his lot with Sir Almroth Wright, deliberately choosing a modestly paid career in the laboratories rather than the chance of prosperity as a practitioner or consultant.

In April, 1914, he left the London Scottish—but very soon found himself in the Royal Army Medical Corps, still under Sir Almroth Wright. All through the war, at Boulogne, he treated wounded soldiers and strove to find more effective ways of preventing wound sepsis. He had a laboratory on the roof of the casino-hospital. His great problem was to destroy harmful germs without destroying those beneficial bodies in which they were resident. The theories of Wright and Fleming created much controversy in the medical profession, but they were working on the right lines.

Fleming finished the war as a captain and went back to the laboratory. He discovered penicillin quite accidentally in 1928, but he had not the chemical knowledge to develop it in clinical form. This task was performed, under pressure of war, by Sir Howard Florey and others at Oxford. Then the factories of America went into big-scale production.

The rest of the story is familiar. Penicillin arrived in time to save the lives of tens of thousands of fighting men, and to preserve their health in other ways. Since the war it has been a major weapon in the doctors' armoury.



*The late Sir Alexander Fleming was a Territorial who served in World War One with the London Scottish and the Royal Army Medical Corps.*

And it all sprang, indirectly, from that water polo fixture. "Surely," writes one of Fleming's biographers, Mr. L. M. Ludovici, "no sporting encounter between two teams has ever provided an example so curious of the incalculable manifestations of destiny!"

In 1951, at the age of 70, Sir Alexander Fleming attended another sporting encounter. Once again, he shot in a London Scottish team at Bisley. The rifle kicked his nose, but he was unperturbed. Next day, after a lively party, he returned the best score of his team.

*The Mounted Squadron of the Life Guards appears out of the mist to trot past the new Colonel of the Regiment, Field-Marshal Lord Harding, who took the salute.*

# PAST AND PRESENT

*With their pennants dipped at the salute the Armoured Car squadrons march past.*



## ON PARADE



*Behind the traditional grey of the Corporal Trumpeter, the Regimental Standard and officer escort trot past the saluting base.*

*The Regimental Band brought a vivid splash of colour to the parade. Here is Trumpet-Major B. J. Clarke, in his scarlet tunic and white-plumed helmet, playing the French horn.*



**I**T was an historic occasion for the Life Guards. For the first time ever the mounted and armoured car squadrons were on parade together, in Windsor Great Park, for a review by the new Colonel of the Regiment, Field-Marshal Lord Harding.

Grey skies and mist could do little to spoil the splendour of the scene as the Regiment lined up in review order. At the head was the Commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Meredith Hardy, in a Land-Rover, with a Saracen armoured personnel carrier on each side of him and attended by a trumpeter on a prancing grey, a squadron-corporal-major bearing the Regimental standard and two escorts on black chargers.

Behind the mounted squadron were two squadrons of armoured cars, their flanks lost in the mist, and in between them the scout cars and Land-Rovers of the Air Portable Squadron. Bringing up the rear was Headquarters Squadron with the less-impressive but very necessary form of transport—three-ton lorries.

As the new Colonel of the Regiment arrived on parade, escorted by four armoured cars from the Household Brigade Technical Training Wing, the Band of the Life Guards, making a vivid splash of colour in their scarlet tunics, white waist-belts and gleaming, white-plumed helmets, struck up the march "Cavalry Brigade" and the Regiment came to attention for the General Salute.

Lord Harding then inspected the squadrons and returned to the saluting base to pay tribute to "the indomitable spirit and magnificent turn-out of a very fine regiment."

To the strains of the Regimental quick march, the squadrons wheeled into position for the March Past, led by the Commanding Officer in his Land-Rover. Behind him the mounted squadron of 73 black chargers and the traditional grey of the Corporal Trumpeter, walked past in column of troop, followed by the armoured cars, scout cars and lorries—a scene recalling the glories of the past and at the same time emphasising the Life Guards' readiness for modern war as well as for ceremonial parades. Then the mounted squadron, this time in squadron of line, trotted past the saluting base and the review was brought to a close by a salute of 16 guns fired by the two-pounders of the armoured cars.

**Footnote:** The Armoured Car Regiment of the Life Guards serves overseas for three years out of every six. Two of the four squadrons are leaving Britain this summer for the Arabian Peninsula. One will be stationed in Aden to operate with the Aden Protectorate Levies; the other will operate independently in the Sharja area of the Trucial Oman.

It was from Aden that the Armoured Car Regiment returned to Britain in March 1956 after previously serving for two years in Egypt and Cyprus.

# "Two-Toed Sloths" In

MOUNTAINEERING HAS LONG HAD A SPECIAL ATTRACTION FOR SOLDIERS, BUT ONLY RECENTLY HAS IT BECOME AN OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED ARMY SPORT. TODAY THE ARMY MOUNTAINEERING ASSOCIATION HAS SECTIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD AND IS GROWING RAPIDLY

FROM the top of Tryfan, a snow-capped peak 3000 feet up in Snowdonia, a score of soldiers—from colonel to private—looked down with a justifiable sense of achievement at the craggy, often precipitous, route up which they had just climbed in a little over two hours.

Without warning, a near-blizzard blew up, whipping sharp-edged ice crystals into their faces and tearing at their windproof clothes. Getting down was going to be a problem. Ice and wind-driven snow was already turning a comparatively easy descent into a dangerously slippery one, calling for a high standard of skill and confidence to negotiate. It was no job for the faint-hearted.

But the climbers were far from worried. They were members of the Army Mountaineering Association, some with considerable experience of climbing in even worse conditions and in even higher and steeper mountains. The remainder—although novices at mountaineering—had been well trained on previous climbing expeditions in North Wales and Cornwall.

The long, slow descent in the howling snowstorm began, the experienced climbers carefully leading the novices, sometimes on ropes, along the easiest routes. At dusk, three hours later, the weary party of soldiers had safely reached their objective—a Climbers' Club hut at Helyg, where they were to stay each night during their week-end mountaineering expedition.

Ten minutes after they arrived at the hut, every man was busy preparing an evening meal, making plans while they peeled potatoes for tomorrow's expedition in the mountains.

Because of its appeal to the spirit of adventure and its challenge to skill and stamina, mountaineering is a sport which has a natural attraction for a soldier (Brigadier Sir John Hunt was a serving soldier when he led the successful expedition to the summit of Everest). Curiously, however, it has only recently become an organised and officially recognised Army activity.

Until the Army Mountaineering Association (which now boasts



Hanging on with fingers and toes, Corporal M. Turner, one of the Association's most accomplished climbers, leads the way up almost vertical rock during the ascent of Tryfan.

# The Mountains



Above: At the top of Tryfan in a blizzard members of the Army Mountaineering Association search for an easy way down. Below (right): Soldiers on the rocks in the Swiss Alps. They are (left to right), Corporal M. Turner, RE, Craftsman F. Malcolm, REME, Lance-Corporal A. Thom, REME and Sapper M. Harvey. The peak in the background is the Weisshorn.

Squadron, Royal Engineers, who, on his first visit to the Swiss Alps last year, twice climbed the Matterhorn, and Sapper M. Harvey of the same unit, who is a former president of the Bristol University Mountaineering Club.

Serving and retired members of all ranks of the Regular and Auxiliary armies—including the Women's Services—can become ordinary members for a fee of five shillings a year. They attain full membership on completion of training (carried out mainly in Britain at week-ends) and then qualify to join the Association's expeditions held in the Swiss Alps every summer. Before they are allowed to take part in difficult climbs they must prove their skill and stamina. The climb in which SOLDIER took part was one of a series of such tests which are held in the winter and spring. Other trial climbs are carried out at Dowerstone Rock, Plymouth, on the Dartmoor Tors and at Harrison's Rocks in Kent.

The pock-marked sandstone of Harrison's Rocks, near Groombridge on the Kent-Sussex border, are no more than 50 feet high yet they provide an astonishing variety of climbs, ranging from the simple to the medium-severe. Among the more difficult climbs, which require considerable agility and strong fingers to master, is the awesome Chimney and Traverse on the rock above the "Two-Toed Sloth" (so called because climbers have to hang on literally by their toes).

When SOLDIER visited Harri-

son's Rocks, which are particularly popular with Army climbers stationed in the London area, six Sappers from Chatham were among those being put through their paces by Captain E. M. Warrick, Royal Engineers and Lieutenant H. Rogers, both accomplished Army mountaineers. "Climbing is a first-class way of instilling confidence and self-discipline into a soldier," said Captain Warrick. "It offers a challenge which few are able to resist once they get started."

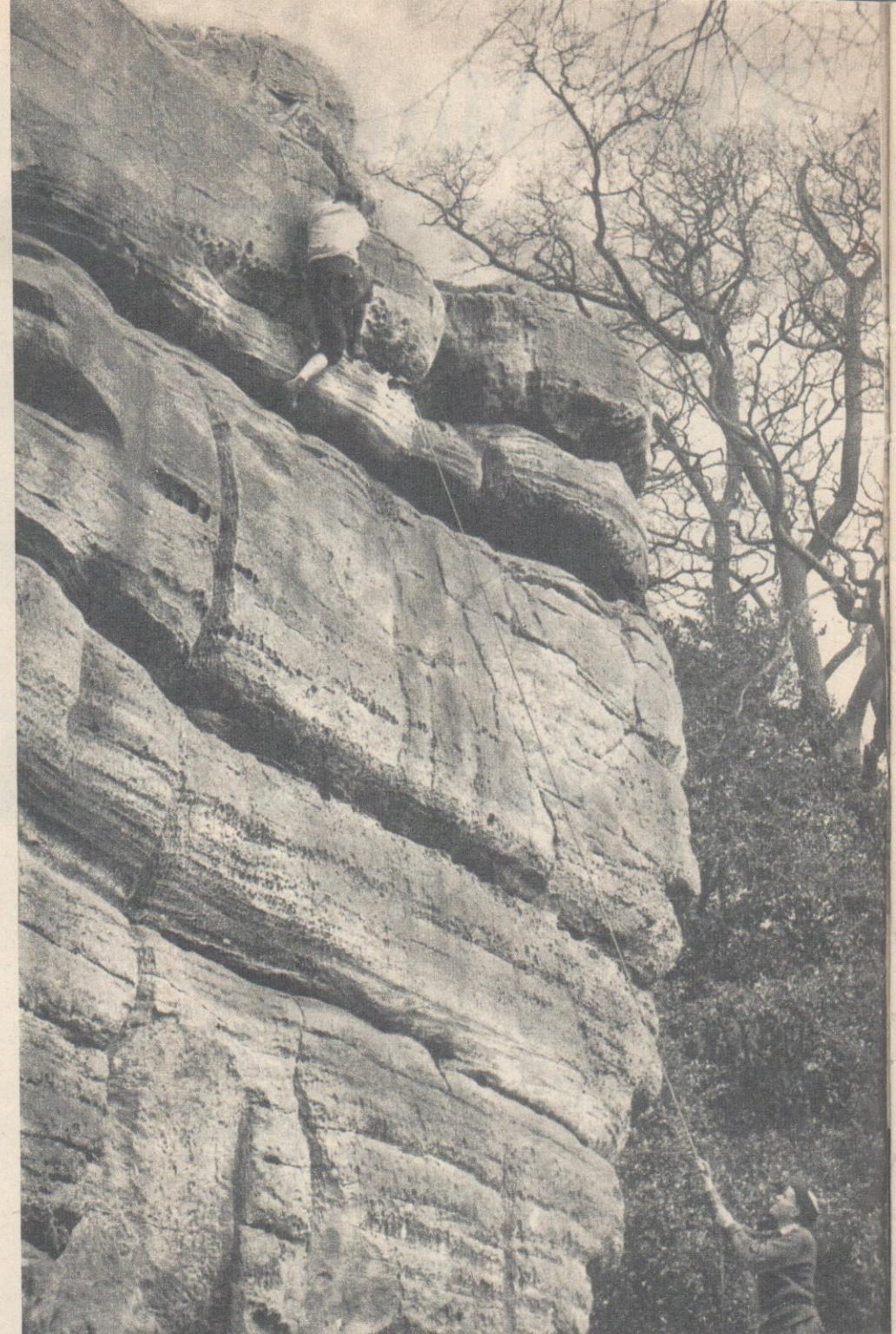
The Association's main event of the year is held in the Swiss Alps. Last year two separate parties spent their leave there, making expeditions into the mountains from a base camp at Zermatt. They climbed the Matterhorn, the Rimpfischhorn, Obergabelhorn, Monte Rosa and several other formidable peaks.

The climbing trips usually lasted several days, with headquarters in a Swiss Alpine Club hut supplied with food and fuel by mule trains plodding up winding tracks from villages in the valley. Most days, the climbers set out before dawn, reached a summit in time for a snack lunch and were back at the hut for an evening meal. Among those members of the Army Mountaineering Association who climbed the Matterhorn were Lance-Corporal A. Thom and Craftsman F. R. Malcolm, from a Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers unit attached to the Parachute Brigade.



"I say, George, you seem to be getting heavier every minute."

Courtesy *VICI*, Belgian Army Magazine



## Mountains *continued*

They are founder members of a select band of Scottish climbers known as the Kincus Club, which includes Tom Patey, who, at the age of 21, in 1956, reached the top of Muztagh Tower in the Himalayas.

Other members of the Association have also taken part in two privately organised expeditions in the Himalayas, one in Lapland and several in the French and Austrian Alps.

This summer some 40 members of the Association are expected to attend a meet at Arolla, in the Swiss Alps and Captain H. G. Jenks, the assistant secretary, and Sapper Harvey hope to take two other parties to Norway.

Two members of the Association, Captain E. J. E. Mills, of the Royal Army Service Corps, and Captain D. Cock, of the Middlesex Regiment, attached to 1 Parachute Battalion, will take part in the British-Pakistani Joint Services Karakorum expedition to explore the 26,000-ft. high Disteghil Sar Mountain in the Himalayas this summer.

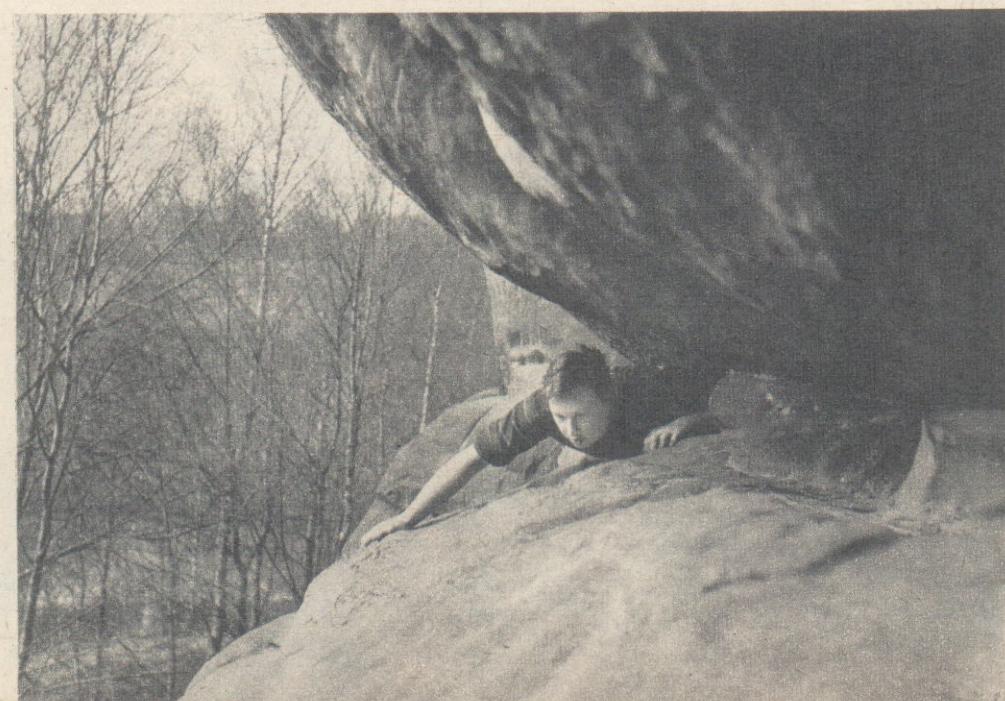
How much does it cost to become an Army mountaineer? For the novice, surprisingly little. All he needs is a windproof jacket, old but strongly made trousers and a pair of stout boots fitted with climbing nails—or Army boots with Commando soles will do.

To tackle more difficult climbs he also needs 100 feet of nylon rope, costing £5, a rope (not nylon) sling, a karabiner in which to clip the rope, and an ice axe. One of the attractions about mountaineering is its inexpensiveness.

*After a hard day's mountaineering there's nothing like a bath for relaxing tired muscles. Captain E. M. Warrick, Royal Engineers, takes a tub after climbing Tryfan.*

*Right: Held firm by a comrade at the end of a rope, a Sapper scales one of the vertical cliff faces at Harrison's Rocks.*

*Below: Corporal J. Warton, Royal Engineers, overcomes a tricky climb at Harrison's Rocks by going flat out—on his stomach.*



# ... And Recruits Take On Ben Nevis

**N**EAR the summit of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain, 50 men of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders fought their way slowly upwards in a 70-miles-an-hour gale.

The hair on their heads and legs was matted with ice; snow swirled off the rocks, lashing their faces and reducing visibility to almost nil. Time and again they were forced to crouch to avoid being blown over—but still they climbed on until footholds in the ice-covered snow became impossible.

Regretfully, the leader of the party, Major D. F. Callander, gave the order to turn about. They had reached to within 400 feet of the top but it was too risky to continue.

The men who had made this remarkable climb in appalling weather were not mountaineers in the normal sense but recruits rounding off their first ten weeks' training with an endurance test. They were in full battle order, carrying rifles or Stens, with no climbing aids or windproof clothing.

Early that morning they had set out from Fort William to climb to the top of Ben Nevis and back again—a rugged 16-mile march that would have taxed the energy of the most hardened old soldier. That they failed by only a few hundred feet to reach the summit was a tribute to their stamina and determination.

Two other squads of Cameron Highlanders recruits nearing the end

of their initial training were also out among the mountains the previous day. Led by Major D. J. S. Murray, a party of 40 men, headed by pipers, marched 20 miles along General Wade's 200-years-old military road (now little better than rough tracks) from Fort Augustus, at the southern end of Loch Ness, and over the Corrieyairack Pass to Garvamore. (This is the Pass used by the Marques of Montrose in his astonishing march to Inverlochy to scatter the Campbells and by Prince Charlie on his way to Culloden.)

Three miles from the top of the Pass, which rises to 2500 feet, the recruits, who were in battle order, ran into a near-gale which forced them to grope along for five miles, rarely able to see more than a yard ahead. Snow froze to their legs and strong gusts of wind often brought the climbers to a standstill.

In spite of the conditions the men completed the march half an hour ahead of schedule, but the manner of their arrival caused considerable consternation, adding strength to the local legend that Bonnie Prince Charlie's pipers still play in Corrieyairack Pass, especially in bad weather in the evenings. The lorry drivers waiting at Garvamore to take the marchers to Kingussie said they knew the men were on their way because they had heard the skirl of the pipes 15 minutes before the party appeared. In fact, the recruits were piped only over the last quarter of a mile.



*Led by three pipers, recruits of Mandalay and El Alamein squads set off on their 20-mile march from Fort Augustus to Garvamore through the pass where Bonnie Prince Charlie once took his army to Culloden. In the background is the southern end of Loch Ness.*

Courtesy *THE SCOTSMAN*

THIS is the Jubilee year of the Territorial Army, a unique body of citizen soldiers—no other country in the world has any organisation quite like it—which twice within living memory has saved Britain from military defeat.

It is an event in which the whole nation takes justifiable pride.

But for the thousands of part-time soldiers who volunteered to serve abroad in World War One there is little doubt that the Germans would have over-run Belgium and swept on to the Channel ports. If that had happened Britain must have fallen. That it did not happen was due in no small measure to the gallantry and self-sacrifice of those often derided “week-end amateurs” who learned soldiering in their spare time in drill halls and at 14-day annual camps. They fought in every theatre of war and suffered over half a million casualties.

The story was virtually to repeat itself in World War Two when more than 400,000 Territorials—then comprising the largest of all Britain's armed forces—merged with the Regular Army, more than trebling its size. Had the spare-time soldier not been ready to wage war abroad and defend the homeland against air and sea attack, Hitler might have been tempted to launch his invasion after Dunkirk. For that matter, but for the Territorials, there might not have been a Dunkirk—the British Expeditionary Force would probably have been destroyed long before it reached the beaches. Certain it is that final victory would have been longer delayed, if it had been achieved at all.

In this atomic age the Territorial Army still has a vital role to play: briefly, to provide a trained reserve ready to fight anywhere in the world. In an atomic war its main task would be home defence. At the same time units would be trained to strengthen the Regular Army overseas. In a “conventional” war it would be ready to take its place “in the line” wherever it was needed.

Appropriately in this Jubilee year the Territorial Army is once again an all-volunteer force and it is a heartening sign for the future that recruiting figures in recent months have substantially increased. But many more volunteers are still needed to reach the target of 150,000 by 1962.

One way of attracting the right type of volunteer is to make training tougher and more interesting (proof of this is that 44th Independent Parachute Brigade, TA, which draws its men from all over Britain, has no lack of recruits) and there are indications that this is now being done. Recently units on manoeuvres have been carried into battle by helicopter and others have introduced Commando-type tactics into their training.

But, essentially, the Territorial today joins for the same reason

# SOLDIER to Soldier

that his father and grandfather did before him: he wants to learn how best to defend his Queen and country in time of need. There could be no higher motive than that.

☆ ☆ ☆

**L**AST month, SOLDIER told how some 500 men of Britain's strategic reserve were flown on manoeuvres to North Africa in a few hours to put down a “make-believe” insurrection.

Hardly were the words in print than the 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, two troops of Life Guards and supporting troops were on their way from Barnard Castle first to East Africa and then on to Aden where dissident tribesmen from the Yemen were on the rampage.

The speed of the operation, which proved the ability of the Army and the Royal Air Force to move troops anywhere in the world at short notice, was remarkable. Three-and-a-half hours after it was decided to send the force, orders were given to the units involved and every man—some on courses and on leave—had been warned to be ready to leave in four days' time. In the meantime they were issued with special equipment and clothing; Army and Royal Air Force officers finalised their plans; British Railways provided a special train to take the troops to Wiltshire.

On the fourth day, on time to the minute, the first of the aircraft carrying the troops took off from Lyneham. In a week 600 officers and men had been flown to Kenya and from there to the Aden Protectorate.

It was a fine effort but the Army and the Royal Air Force should not rest on their laurels.

A week may be too long in any future emergency. To speed up such movements more troop-carrying aircraft are needed.

☆ ☆ ☆

**W**HO said there was no excitement and spirit of adventure in the Army today?

As SOLDIER went to press British troops were on the alert in Cyprus, ready to go into action if terrorism again breaks out on that unhappy island. In Malta British soldiers had been stoned and booed by mobs of strikers. In the Aden Protectorate men of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, the Buffs and the Aden Protectorate Levies were threading their way through sniper-infested mountain passes to relieve a fort besieged by rebel tribesmen. And in the jungles of Malaya one of the biggest-ever anti-terrorist operations was nearing completion.

“If It's Adventure You're After, Join The Army” would make a realistic recruiting poster, even in these days of so-called peace.

☆ ☆ ☆

**D**EAR Desert Rats. May your flag ever shine. May your laurels never fade. May the memory of this glorious pilgrimage of war which you have made, from Alamein via the Baltic to Berlin, never die.”

These moving words were spoken by Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill when the famous Seventh Armoured Division celebrated final victory in Berlin. Now the Desert Rats are no more.

On a windswept parade ground in Germany the Last Post was sounded as the Divisional flag with the jerboa was hauled down and in its place a flag with the

letter “Y” on a black background was raised. In that brief moment the Seventh Armoured Division was officially disbanded—to rise again as 5th Division.

British soldiers are not easily given to sentimentality but there were not a few moist eyes on this doleful occasion for the Desert Rats enjoyed an almost legendary renown. No other division in World War Two won such worldwide fame for its remarkable exploits, first in the Western Desert, then in Italy and finally in North-West Europe. No other formation caught the public imagination in the same way since the Light Brigade launched its memorable charge at Balaclava.

The Desert Rats are not the first, and certainly not the last, of the famous World War Two divisions to be broken up, but their passing is none the less sad for all that. More than any other division they typified in war the courage, cheerfulness, chivalry and pride of the nation.

Happily, the spirit and achievements of the Desert Rats will live on—in the Seventh Armoured Brigade Group which will continue to wear as their formation sign the little red jerboa from the deserts of North Africa.

☆ ☆ ☆

**T**HE latest dance hit in the United States is based on a lively little tune whistled by British prisoners-of-war in the film “Bridge on the River Kwai.”

It is now selling in thousands under the title “The River Kwai March.” Any British soldier would recognise it immediately; he knows it as “Colonel Bogey,” perhaps the most famous of British military marches.

Ah, well, nothing is ever completely new.

## ON PARADE FOR THE LAST TIME



To mark the bi-centenary of the Manchester Regiment, the 1st Battalion trooped the Queen's Colour before their Colonel-in-Chief, the Queen Mother, at Warley Barracks, Brentwood.

It was the last time the Colour will be trooped by the Regiment, for the Manchesters will soon amalgamate with the King's Regiment (Liverpool).

Among those who attended the parade, at which the Colour was carried by Second-Lieutenant Colin Denning, were two of the Regiment's 14 Victoria Cross winners: Captain J. Leach, VC, and Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant Robert Scott, VC.

# The Duke Pays a Flying Visit

A NAVAL helicopter landed on the parade ground at Pirbright and out stepped the pilot—the Duke of Edinburgh.

Dressed in the uniform of the Welsh Guards, one of the Regiments of which he is Colonel, the Duke had come on a four-hour visit to see the 1st Battalion at work.

Five minutes after he had landed the Duke was inspecting the Barrack Guard, after which he presented Long Service and Good Conduct Medals to four members of the Battalion. Then he was off to the training areas to see a rifle company and elements of the Support Company on a river-crossing exercise, an anti-tank platoon firing on the ranges and Guardsmen being put through a rigorous assault course competition. Later he watched men of the Battalion in section initiative and fire control exercises and was shown how an overturned three-tonner can be winched upright by a carrier in a matter of minutes.

He also watched the Battalion team taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh Trophy competition open to units of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, Colonel, Honorary Colonel, Air Commodore or Captain-General, and in which teams of two officers, two warrant officers or sergeants, two corporals and two private soldiers take part in marksmanship and endurance contests.

Before lunching in the officers' mess, the Duke called in at the men's dining hall where the menu included nine different meat dishes, five choices of vegetables and four sweets.

There were no complaints.



*The Duke in the dining hall. Prince Philip chats to Welsh Guardsmen as they choose their mid-day meal. With nine meat dishes on the menu it was not surprising there were no complaints.*



*Above: The Colonel of the Regiment presents Regimental Sergeant-Major R. C. Williams with his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. The RSM joined the Welsh Guards in 1939.*



*Left: The Welsh Guards show their Colonel how to cross a fast-flowing river—by ropes slung between trees.*

*Right: The Duke, accompanied by the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. la T. Leatham, casts a critical eye over the Barrack Guard.*



# THE FIRST FOOT GUARDS STC0D

THE famous Battle of Waterloo, fought on a summer Sunday in 1815, finally broke Napoleon Bonaparte's tyrannical power over Europe and is commemorated every year by many British regiments which distinguished themselves in those terrible eight hours of slaughter.

None earned greater glory on that day—18 June—than the two battalions of the First Foot Guards which, by defeating the redoubtable French Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, won for their regiment the title of the Grenadier Guards.

At Waterloo the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the First Guards formed the 1st Guards Brigade, under Major-General Maitland. The 2nd Guards Brigade, under



Left: The flaming grenade cap badge of the Grenadier Guards commemorates the Battle of Waterloo, when the First Foot Guards defeated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guards.

This month many regiments celebrate the 143rd anniversary of the battle of Waterloo which saw the final defeat of Napoleon. This famous victory was largely due to the First Foot Guards who on that

before launching his cavalry into action. From this gunfire the First Guards suffered many casualties, especially after forming squares in conformity with the other Infantry units, to receive the expected cavalry charge. One observer wrote after the battle: "The most exposed to the onslaught of the French cavalry and to the continuous cannonade of their artillery were the 3rd Battalion of the First Guards and the 30th (now the East Lancashire) Regiment and the 73rd Highlanders (later the 2nd Battalion The Black Watch) while posted during a very great portion of the battle in advance of the narrow road running along the crest of the Duke's position."

The Guards' squares stood like rocks alongside those of other British Infantry units and the teeming squadrons of Marshal Ney's cuirassiers, dragoons, and

lancers time after time rode furiously, and broke, and fell back a little way before charging again.

Then, in a heavy assault by both Infantry and cavalry on the Allied centre, the French captured La Haye Sainte. The development of this attack brought the left flank of the 3rd/First Guards and the 95th Regiment (now The Rifle Brigade) under heavy fire. General Maitland ordered the 3rd/First Guards to advance to deal with this new menace. The battalion was in square, but Maitland, relying on his men's steadiness, directed that the flank faces of the square should be thrown back in sections, and in that formation the battalion advanced, ready to re-form square at short notice.

Because of the attention the movement attracted the battalion then came under concentrated artillery fire, but it forced the

enemy back on its left front and then itself retired. As the afternoon went on, the Emperor grew more and more anxious as the Prussians were reported approaching and he had to detach more and more troops from his main force to protect his right flank.

In the evening, about 6.30, Napoleon decided to play his last card, by sending the columns of veteran Grenadiers and Chasseurs of his Imperial Guard against Maitland's brigade in the centre. The way was paved for this grand assault by a fierce cannonade lasting about 45 minutes. That gave the Duke of Wellington an inkling of what was to come, and he ordered Adam's brigade, formed by the 52nd Light Infantry (now the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry), 71st Highlanders (now the Highland Light Infantry) and 95th Rifles (now the

Rifle Brigade) to take up the ground on the right of Maitland's brigade.

During the bombardment the 1st Brigade of Guards lay down along the sunken cart-road, sheltered a little by the forward bank. The Duke himself by then had ordered them to form into a line four-deep.

As the smoke of the cannonade began to clear the Allied soldiers saw a superb spectacle over by La Belle Alliance Farm on the Charleroi road, the headquarters of Napoleon and his staff. The close columns of the regiments of the Imperial Guard, 5000 strong, directed by the Emperor himself and led by Ney, "the bravest of the brave," were moving majestically forward up the rising ground, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers.

As the French came up to the

OVER ...

As Princess Elizabeth, the Queen was appointed Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. On her accession, Her Majesty became Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.



Below: This painting by T. Jones Barker depicts the Duke of Wellington giving the order to the First Guards to engage the French Grenadiers at point-blank range. It was this incident which gave rise to the expression "Up, Guards and at 'em," words which Wellington later denied having used.

Picture by courtesy of the Parker Gallery

# FIRM-AND WATERLOO WAS WON

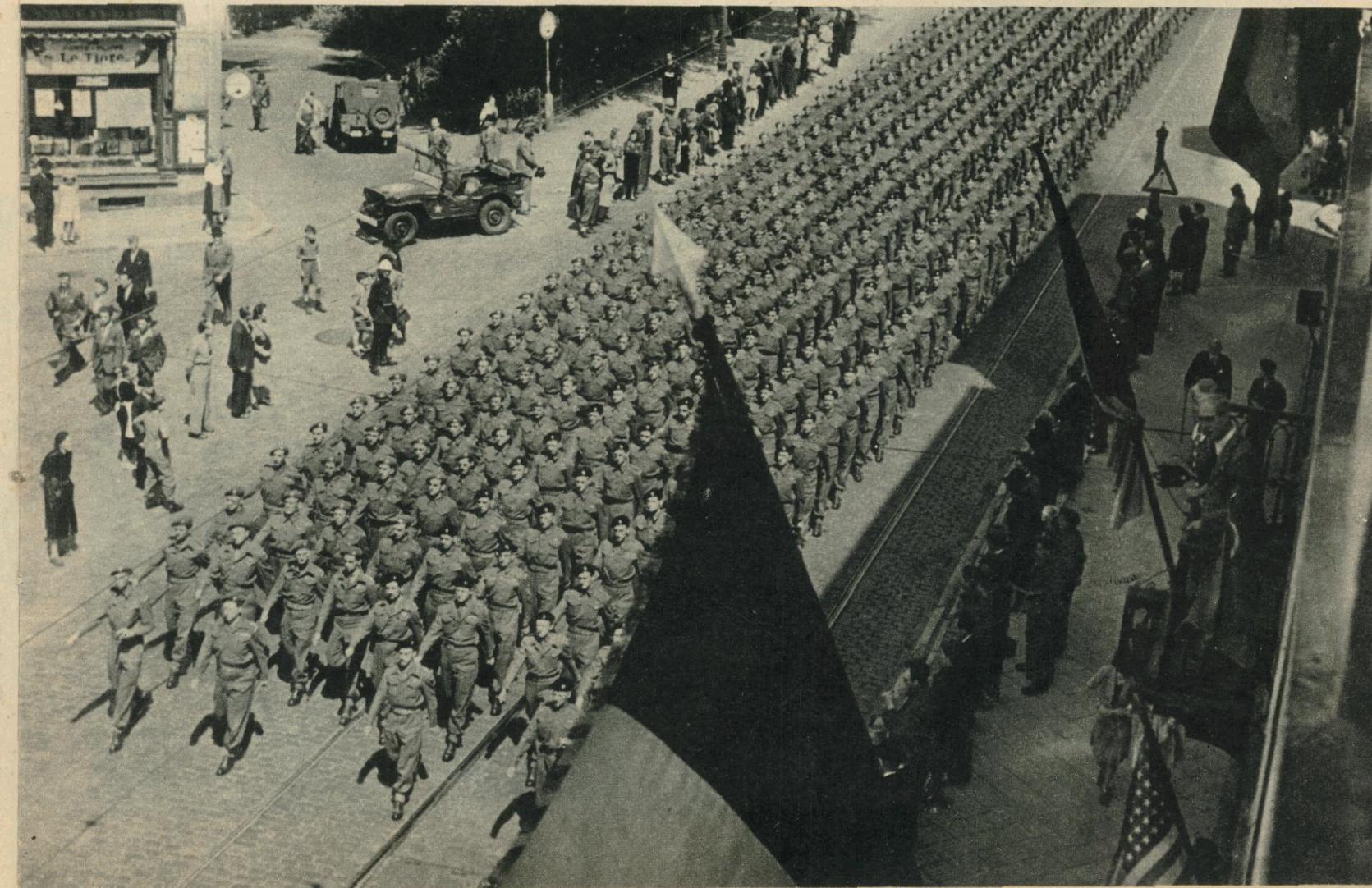
fight! But they *must* give way." But they did not give way. The

Emperor grew more and more anxious as the Prussians were reported approaching and he had to detach more and more troops from his main force to protect his right flank.

During the bombardment the



A famous picture of the Grenadier Guards in battledress marching through Brussels in 1945 to celebrate the liberation of Belgium. The Grenadiers raised six battalions in World War Two, three of them armoured.





*The Grenadiers leave Chelsea Barracks for Guard duty at Buckingham Palace. One way to tell a Grenadier in uniform is that his tunic buttons are equally spaced. The Coldstream Guards wear theirs in twos, the Scots Guards in threes, the Welsh Guards in fours and the Irish Guards in fives.*

crest towards the Allied centre, where the First Guards still lay, they quickened their step to the *pas de charge* and came under concentrated gun-fire from the Allied right wing, but the massive forward movement was unchecked.

Still the First Guards lay along the cart-track with their "Brown Bess" muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, while their senior officers, who had been joined by the Duke of Wellington and some of his staff, sat on their horses behind.

When the heads of the French columns had approached to a distance of about 25 yards the Duke cried: "Now, Maitland, now's your chance!" and Maitland roared, "Stand up, Guards!" Instantly the Guardsmen rose, almost under the noses of the astonished mass of French Grenadiers, in their high bearskin bonnets, coming over the crest through the battle haze like a huge corps of giants.

As one man the front rank of the Guards fired immediately, and in that first tremendous volley the heads of the French columns were swept away. They staggered in their stride and came to a halt. Then they tried to deploy into line, but it was too late for manoeuvre. Loaded muskets from the rear of the line of Guards were passed to the front, and another shattering volley thudded into the wavering ranks of French veterans. At the same time the British 33rd Foot (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment) and the 69th (2nd Battalion, The Welsh Regiment) pushed forward from Halkett's brigade, on the left of the First Guards, and

said: "The moment they (the French) appeared and began to form about 20 yards in our front we poured in the most deadly fire that perhaps was ever witnessed. . . . The Imperial Guards retreated, the whole of our line advanced, and the rest, on the part of the enemy, was all flight!"

As the 1st Guards Brigade continued the pursuit down the slope the right flank became open to another big column—3000 Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, advancing, too late, to support the Grenadiers. Thereupon, Maitland ordered the right wing of the 2nd Battalion to be thrown back, so that its line would partly face the oncoming French. In the course of that manoeuvre the 3rd Battalion misheard a command and got into some confusion (which was soon rectified) and in the meantime the battalions of Adam's brigade poured a destructive fire into the left flank of the Chasseurs. The 52nd Light Infantry then went in with the bayonet in the final and decisive charge.

The two Guards battalions at Quatre Bras and Waterloo lost 181 killed and 853 wounded: but not one man was taken prisoner.

After Waterloo, for good measure, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the First Foot Guards stormed and captured the fortified town of Peronne, on the way to Paris.

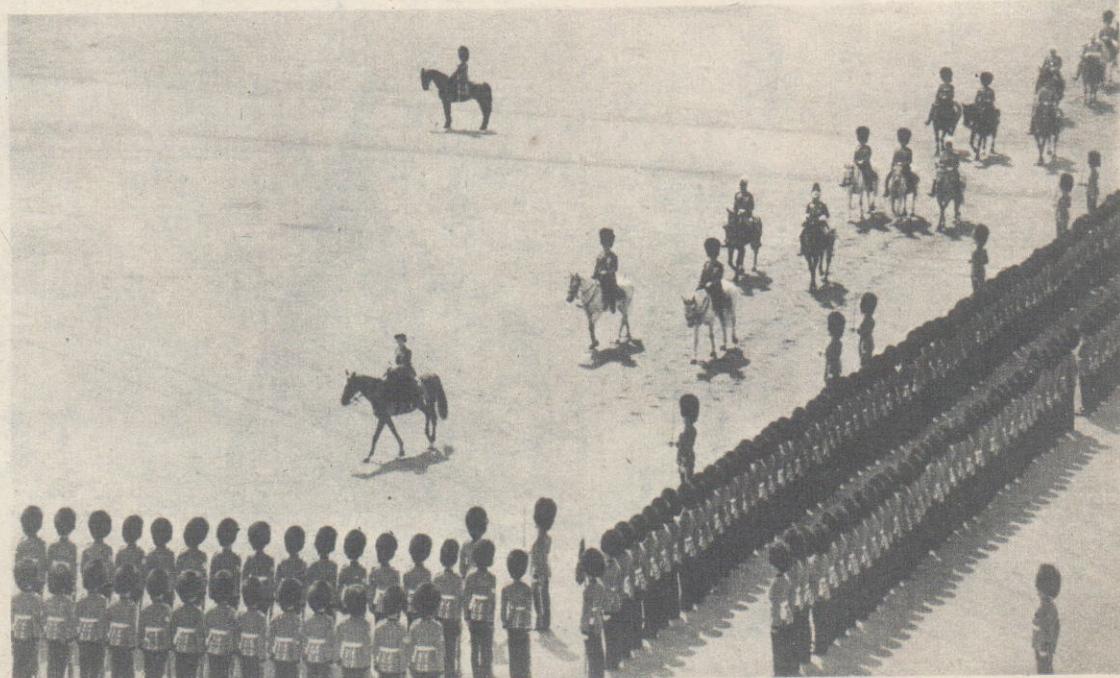
Six weeks after Waterloo the First Guards received their reward for the courage and initiative they had displayed in that famous battle. On 29 July, 1815, an Army Order notified the Prince Regent's wish that in future the First Guards should be styled The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, in commemoration of having defeated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard. They were also awarded the privilege of wearing the device

opened an oblique fire on the columns.

Within a minute or so 300 of Napoleon's finest Infantry had fallen to rise no more. But the courage of those behind them was not at once subdued. They tried again to deploy, but the effort became confused. At once, the Duke ordered Maitland to charge. The First Guards jumped forward with levelled bayonets and the French Grenadiers broke, and went reeling down the slope in front of the grim redcoats.

General Maitland afterwards

*On the Queen's Birthday in 1956, the year the Regiment celebrated its tercentenary, the Grenadier Guards Trooped the Colour on Horse Guards Parade in London.*



## IN MEMORY OF WATERLOO

A plaque to commemorate the part played by the Third Regiment of Foot Guards, the predecessors of the Scots Guards, at the Battle of Waterloo will be unveiled at Hougoumont Farm, on the site of the battle, next month.

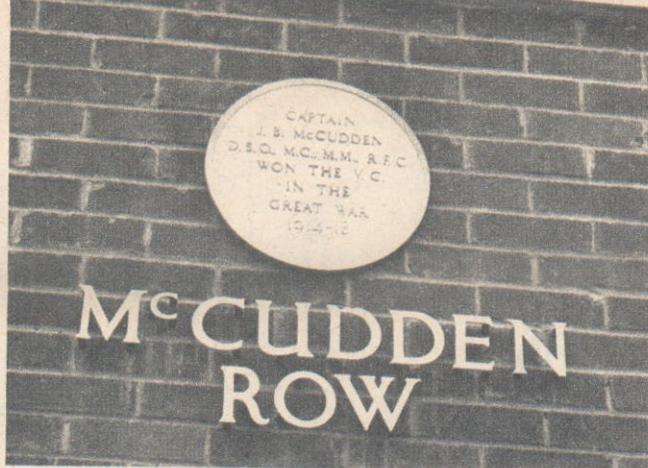
The plaque includes a reproduction of the medal struck for Sergeant Ralph Fraser, of the Third Regiment, who displayed outstanding gallantry when the farm was furiously attacked by a French brigade. An inscription pays tribute to the officers and men of the 2nd Battalion, Third Foot Guards who died defending Hougoumont on 18 June, 1815.

The Coldstream Guards, who were also at Waterloo, have a commemorative plaque at the south gate of the Farm. The Scots Guards' plaque will be placed at the north gate and a 30-strong detachment of the Scots Guards will provide a guard of honour for the unveiling ceremony.

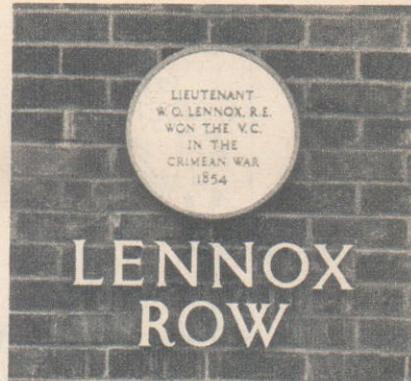
of the flaming grenade as a cap badge and the bearskin head-dress, similar to that worn by their late opponents.

In 1956 the Grenadier Guards celebrated the 300th anniversary of their formation. They were raised in 1656 as King Charles II's Royal Regiment of Guards while the king was in exile in Belgium.

ERIC PHILLIPS



Five new streets in Brompton have been named after Royal Engineers who won the Victoria Cross as these plaques (right) show. A sixth, McCudden Row (left), is named after a Sapper who won the award with the Royal Flying Corps



## THE SAPPERS' VC TOWN

**A** STONE'S throw from Brompton Barracks, Chatham, where Sappers have been stationed for more than 150 years, a new council house estate has sprung up, its new brickwork and bright paint in marked contrast to the weather-beaten, grim-looking barracks in the shadow of which it stands.

But there is a close link between the modern and the old: six of the new streets have been named after winners of the Victoria Cross—five of them Royal Engineers who won the award in the Crimean War and the sixth a Royal Flying Corps officer who was awarded it in World War One.

The streets which now bear the names of Sappers who won the highest award for gallantry and whose names are now also perpetuated in plaques mounted above the street names, are Graham Close (after Lieutenant Gerald Graham VC); Lendrim Close (after Corporal W. J. Lendrim VC); Perie Row (after Sapper J. Perie VC); Lennox Row (after Lieutenant W. O. Lennox VC) and Leitch Row (after Colour-Sergeant P. Leitch VC). The sixth VC street, McCudden Row, commemorates Captain J. B. McCudden who won the award while serving with the Royal Flying Corps in 1918. He was



*A party of Sapper surveyors at work in front of the School of Military Engineering at Brompton beside the Crimean and World War One memorials. In the background are Brompton Barracks.*

born in Gillingham and joined the Royal Engineers as a bugler at Brompton Barracks in 1910, transferring to the Royal Flying Corps three years later. His father was also a Sapper.

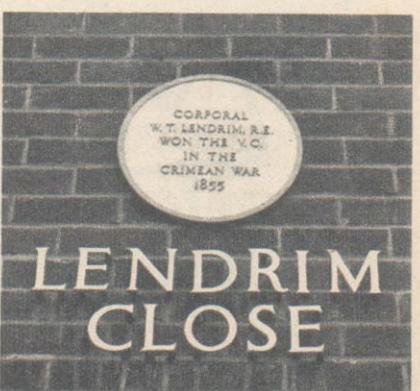
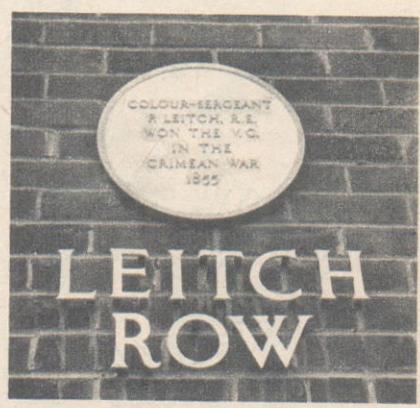
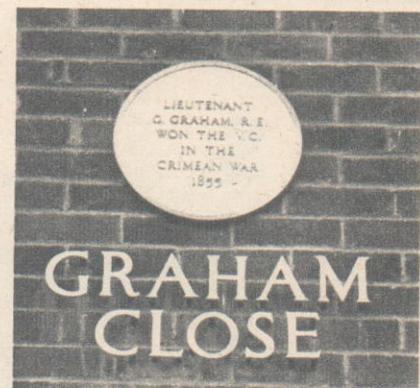
The decision to name the streets after winners of the Victoria Cross was the happy thought of a member of Gillingham Borough Council when they began to build the new estate as part of a re-development scheme for Brompton. They sought permission from the Royal Engineers who gladly gave it.

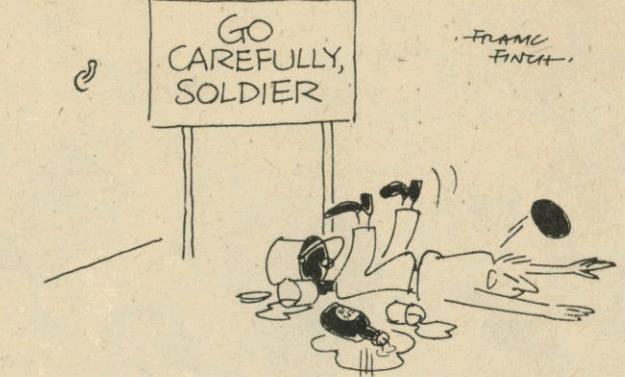
No more appropriate place than Brompton could have been chosen to honour the memory of gallant Sappers. Brompton Barracks has been the home of the Royal Engineers since the early 1800s and has housed the School of Military Engineering since 1869.

Today the association between the Royal Engineers and the people of Brompton is as close as ever it was; some 2000 Sappers go to Brompton Barracks every year on courses lasting from one week to two years.

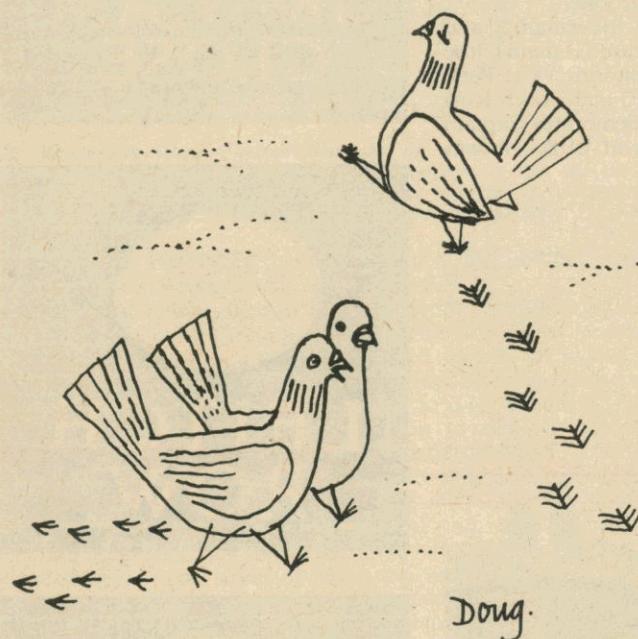
### FOOTNOTE:

This is not the first time Chatham has honoured a VC. A tablet to the memory of Group Captain F. G. Kirby RAF, who won the Victoria Cross as a corporal in the Royal Engineers in the South African War, was recently erected in Chatham Garrison Church.

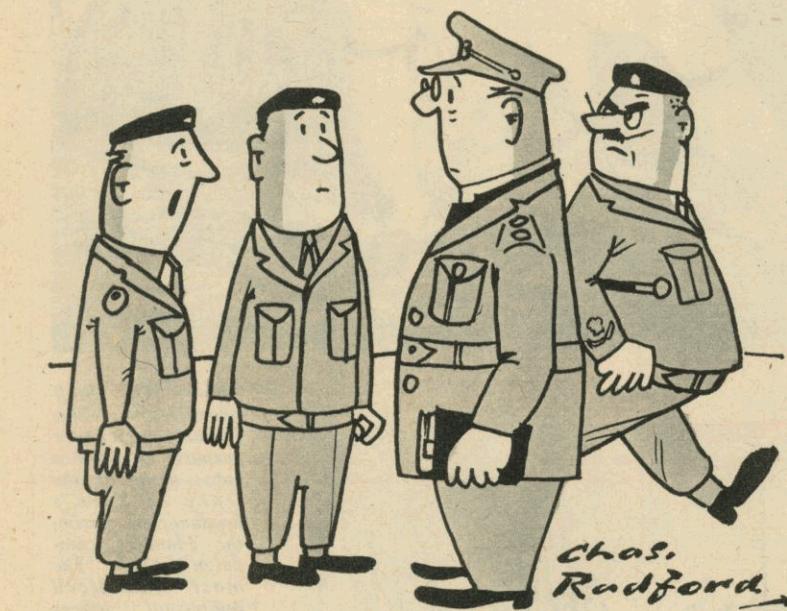
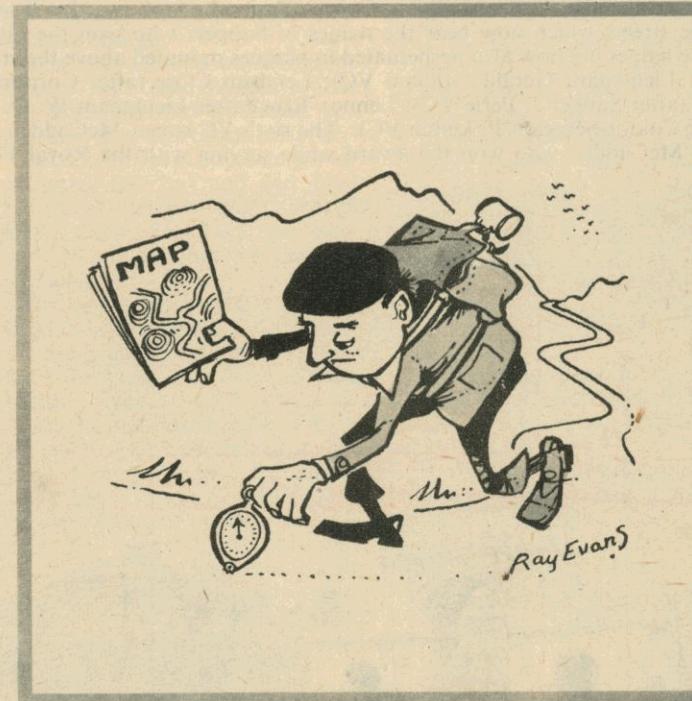




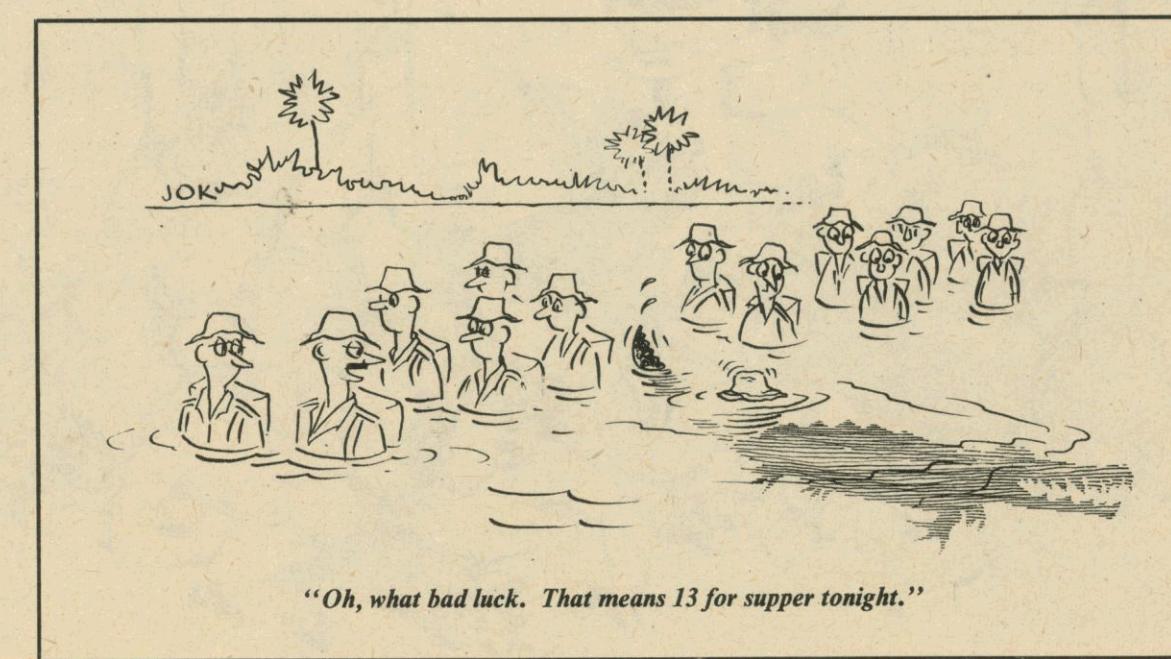
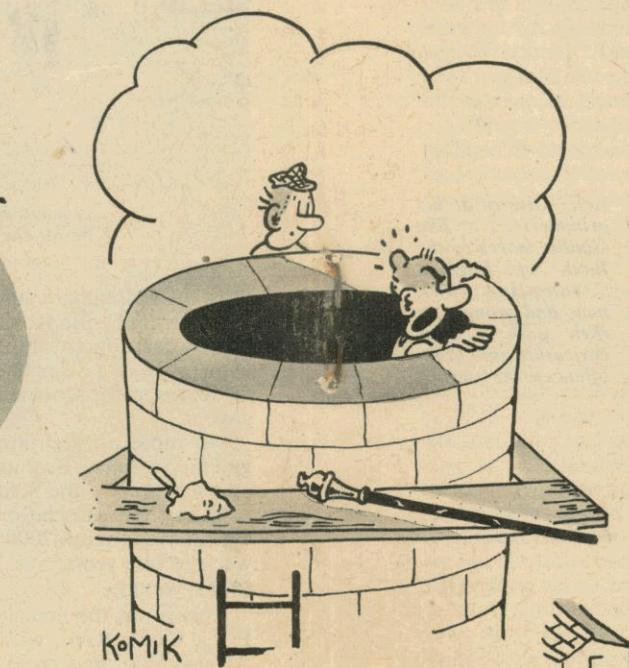
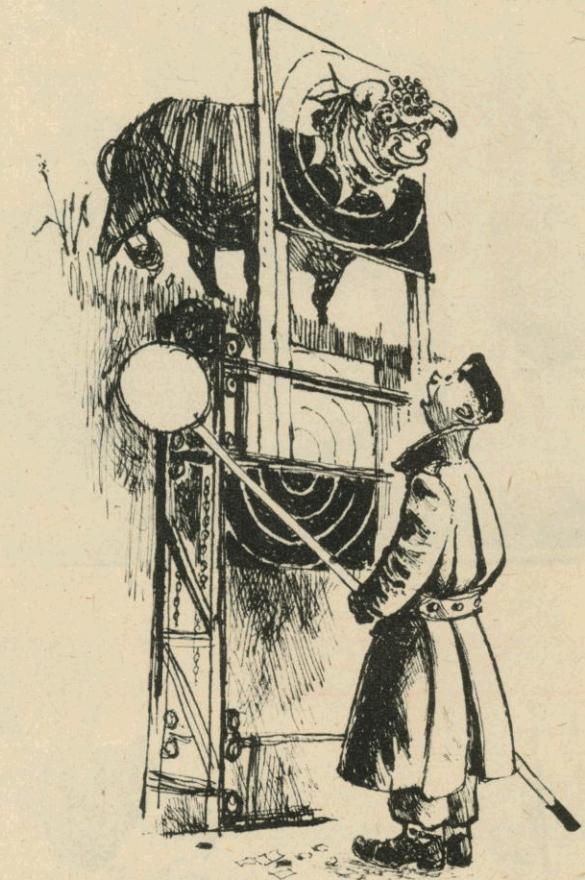
## S O L D I E R   H U M O U R



"He's just been promoted, I see."



"Yes, sir, we say a prayer for the sergeant-major every night—but so far it hasn't been answered."



"Oh, what bad luck. That means 13 for supper tonight."



FATIGUES OF THE CAMPAIGN IN FLANDERS.

Above: The Staff relaxes . . . This famous caricature purports to show a guest night at the Duke of York's headquarters during the Flanders campaign of 1793. "The most jaundiced regimental officer could hardly have conceived a more malicious libel . . ."



Left: Gillray at his grimmest . . . The Guards march to the Bank of England "trampling down men and women in their path." This caricature gave great offence to the Guards.

# GILLRAY'S ARMY

AMES GILLRAY, the most ferocious caricaturist in British history, was never happier than when deflating what he supposed to be the pretensions of the British Army.

The son of a Scots trooper who fought at Fontenoy, he made himself famous in Europe for his scathing comments on men, women and events in late Georgian days. His works were displayed in the windows of a shop in St. James Street, London, where they were relished by the fashionable and unfashionable alike.

Two of his Army caricatures, in particular, gave offence to the Royal house. One was the drawing of the Guards marching to the Bank of England, trampling down men and women in their path. The populace had always disliked the way the troops marched two abreast from Wellington Barracks by way of the Strand and Fleet Street, jostling the unwary: Gillray wildly exaggerated the inconveniences the public suffered.

The other caricature was the notorious "Fatigues of the Campaign in Flanders," which showed Gillray's idea of how the Staff conducted themselves during the ill-starred campaign of 1793. The most jaundiced regimental officer could hardly have conceived a more malicious libel on the planners of General Headquarters, slack though they undoubtedly were on this occasion. Dominating the drawing is the Duke of York, who commanded the expeditionary force. He was the man who later, as Commander-in-Chief, overhauled the British Army, purged it of some of its worst parasites and its more notorious rackets, and made it an instrument fit for Wellington to lead to victory.

Gillray has some claim to have originated the caricaturists' figure of John Bull, but his John Bull was a coarse, slobbering, greedy figure who had little more in common with his latter-day version than a generous waistline.

It was characteristic of Gillray that his victims were shown either as grossly corpulent or as lean and emaciated. Artists' licence has been considerably trimmed since those days, just as the standard of humour has been considerably advanced.

Gillray's caricature of Napoleon would have sufficed to have him hanged if the Corsican ogre had invaded Britain. There were times when both George III and George IV would cheerfully have hanged him, too. An earlier age would have cut off his ears in the pillory; a later age would have jailed him.

The savagery of his work and that of his imitators inspired a German visitor to say that England was "altogether von libel."

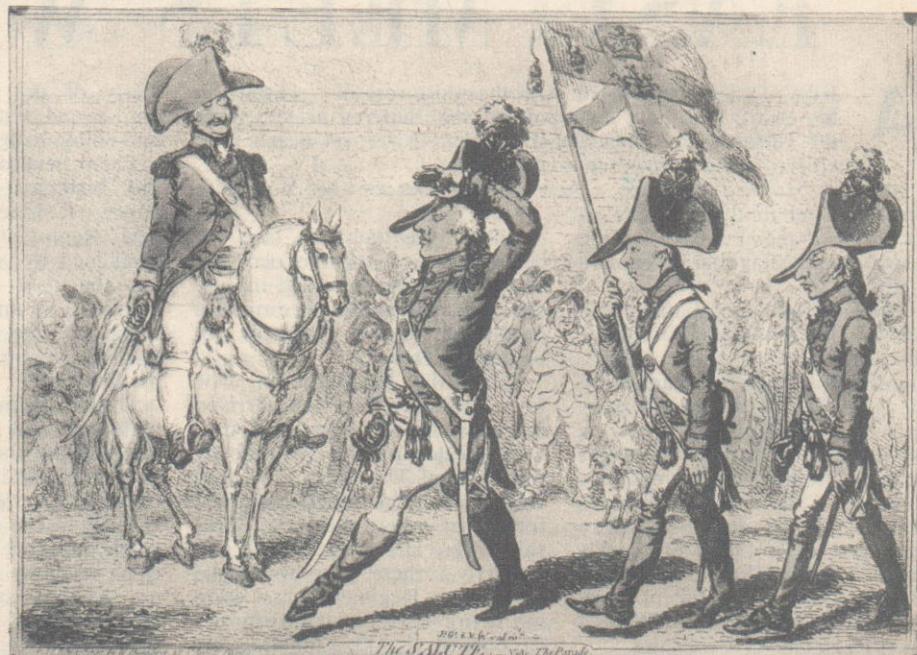
Through overworking his malevolent fancy, and through intemperance, Gillray lost his reason in 1811. He was cared for conscientiously by the good lady he had never quite got round to marrying. In 1815 he died, less than a month before the British Army he had so mercilessly raked finally defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. Had he been in a position to celebrate the occasion, Gillray would no doubt have been as unkind to the Duke of Wellington as to the Emperor.

In all, Gillray turned out some 1500 prints. The only flattering portrait he achieved was his own likeness in a miniature.



*This was how the malicious Gillray saw the recruiting teams. His victims were often as emaciated as the central figure.*

*Gillray pokes fun at military ceremony. Note: In Gillray's day salutes were given with the hand farthest away from the receiver.*

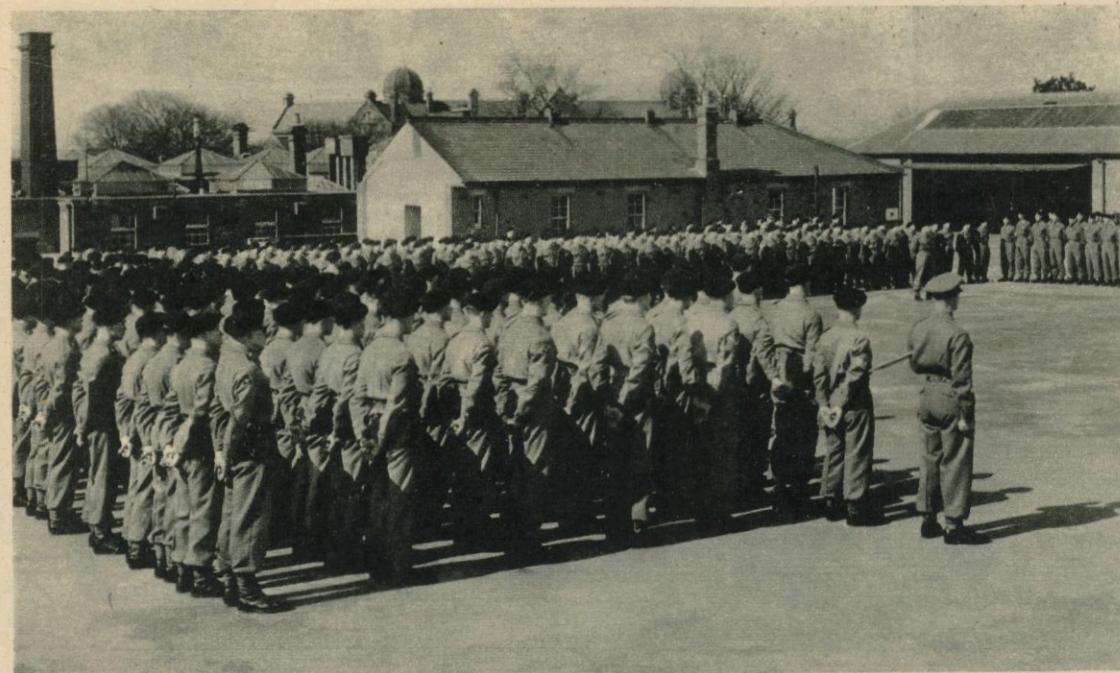




Left: This newly painted signboard at Connaught Barracks, Dover, proclaims the birth of a new regiment. Above: The first Commanding Officer of the new Regiment's 1st Battalion is Lieutenant-Colonel B. Garside (left) with the commanding officers of the battalions which merged: Lieut.-Colonel D. Webber (West Yorks, right) and Lieut.-Colonel R. McG. Laird (East Yorks, centre).



The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire are the first to wear the new Yorkshire Brigade cap badge. At right (top) is the new collar badge and (below) the new button.



On a parade ground in Dover the men of two regiments form a hollow square to hear their new commanding officer say: "Your loyalty is now to the new Regiment."



Left: Major P. E. Taylor distributes the new collar badges to his men still wearing the cap badge of the West Yorkshire Regiment. The old badges may be given to the Regiment's Territorial Army units which will preserve the identity of the merged units. Above: Off with the old and on with the new: Private J. Gomersall, formerly of the West Yorkshire Regiment, wearing the new shoulder flash and collar badge, fixes his new cap badge for the first time.

## EAST MEETS WEST—AND A NEW REGIMENT IS BORN

A BRAND new maroon flag with the white rose of Yorkshire in the centre of a gold eight-pointed star fluttered proudly over the entrance to Connaught Barracks, Dover, as nearly 700 officers and men lined up on parade.

In their berets they wore a new badge—that of the Yorkshire Brigade—and in their collars on each side a metal replica of the insignia on the flag that flew above them.

History was being made. This was the first amalgamation of the 30 Infantry regiments which, under the Army's re-organisation plans, are to be merged in pairs by the end of 1962.

The men on parade no longer belonged to the West Yorkshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's Own) and the East Yorkshire Regiment (The Duke of York's Own). Now they owed their loyalty to a new regiment born of the two: The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire.

merly of the West Yorkshires, and issued with their new cap and collar badges.

Early next day—appropriately the birthday of the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief of the new Regiment—the men were awakened by two buglers sounding the new provisional Regimental Call and paraded in the name of The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire for the first time.

Drawn up in a hollow square, with their new badges flashing in the sunlight, they listened to their new commanding officer as he told them: "We carry forward with us in the new Regiment the battle honours and proud traditions of both regiments. These are the foundations on which we shall build . . . our loyalty is now to the new Regiment and it is to

that end that we must all strive. There is no senior partner in this amalgamation: our task is to weld ourselves into one team."

Then the parade dismissed and the men who formerly belonged to the East Yorkshire Regiment left for their disembarkation leave. They will rejoin in time to prepare for the official amalgamation parade in July after which The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire will leave for their first overseas posting—probably to Cyprus.

The amalgamation of the first two Infantry regiments is one of the happiest and most natural of them all. Both have nearly 300 years of history behind them and on many occasions they have fought side by side. They share several battle honours.

Both regiments were raised in

## NEW REGIMENT IS BORN

1685 and less than a year after their formation they were serving together on garrison duties at Kingston-upon-Hull. They were together again in 1760 in America and then in Afghanistan in 1880. In World War One both regiments went into action together and battalions of each often fought alongside each other in World War Two. (The East Yorkshire Regiment, incidentally, were the only British regiment to provide two battalions for the D-Day assault on the Normandy beaches.) Then, in 1946, the 5th battalions of both regiments went to Austria, each to become absorbed by their 1st battalions which, in 1954, fought together in Malaya.

The new Brigade badge, which the men of the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire will

wear, along with all other regiments in the Yorkshire Brigade—the Green Howards, the Duke of Wellington's and the York and Lancaster Regiment—consists of the White Rose of Yorkshire surmounted by a crown and bearing a scroll inscribed "Yorkshire".

Each regiment in the Brigade will wear their own collar badges which in the case of the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire is a white rose in an eight-pointed Star of Brunswick, the emblem of the East Yorkshire Regiment. Buttons bear the Prince of Wales's three plumes above the White Horse of Hanover, which is the emblem of the West Yorkshire Regiment. Members of the new regiment will also wear a red shoulder flash inscribed with the words "Prince of Wales's Own

### ARMS IN THE MESS

IT is not usual for officers to wear arms in the mess, but it was the custom in the East Yorkshire Regiment for the Orderly Officer to wear his sword before dinner until told by the senior officer that he could discard it.

This custom, which will be continued in the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, is a reminder of the days when the East Yorkshire Regiment (then the 15th Foot) was sent to Scotland after the succession of William and Mary to put down the Highland clans who were loyal to James II. Guerrilla warfare was so fierce that the officers wore swords at all times—including meals.

# IN THE NEWS



## FRANCE

*Beside the plane in which they flew from Aldershot, men of 37 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, erect their 100-bed tented hospital at Dreux, France.*

## THIS HOSPITAL GOES BY AIR

**T**HREE had been a major disaster in France. Hundreds of people had been killed and as many seriously injured. Medical assistance was urgently needed.

At Ash Vale, near Aldershot, the men of 37 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, were alerted and within the hour were on their way to Abingdon where three Beverley aircraft waited to take them and their special "disaster" equipment to the scene of the catastrophe.

Two hours after take-off the aircraft landed at Dreux, outside Paris, and immediately 37 Field Ambulance went into action. In an hour and three-quarters they had erected a 100-bed tented hospital and were dealing with the first of the seriously injured patients.

This demonstration of the British Army's first air-transportable hospital—designed to keep alive 100 seriously injured persons for up to eight days, even in the absence of surgical care—was the highlight of a three-day conference attended by medical officers of all North Atlantic Treaty Organisation countries. It also marked the successful culmination of only two months' training by 37 Field Ambulance, an experimental unit set up

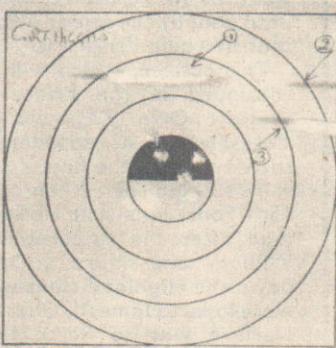
to deal with major disasters anywhere in the world.

No. 37 Field Ambulance, which is only 50 strong, has worked out all its own equipment needs and developed, on a time and motion basis, team techniques for erecting the hospital and carrying out nursing duties. Every man is trained to perform tasks beyond those of the normal nursing orderly. Most are National Servicemen who were not specially selected for the role.

Travelling in the same aircraft as 37 Field Ambulance (as they would in a real emergency) were a group of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps' officers and student nurses and other Royal Army Medical Corps nursing orderlies from Millbank and Woolwich. Working in teams of two they demonstrated the latest techniques in the first-aid treatment of mass fractures by the rapid application of plaster of paris splints.

Many of the "casualties" were men from training battalions of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers who also flew to France with 37 Field Ambulance and had their injuries simulated en route.

*Below: Captain Margaret Webster, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, attached to 37 Field Ambulance checks the pulse of a "wounded" soldier Private W. Stead, RAOC.*



## CYPRUS



*Captain P. K. Higgins, Staff Sergeant J. Pewsey and Lance-Bombardier M. G. Price examine the target (left) which Captain Higgins hit on edge three times in three shots.*

## THE GUNNER CAPTAIN ON TARGET

**Q**UARTERMASTER SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR Ronald Stewart's feat of marksmanship on the .22 range in hitting a No. 32 target on edge with three successive shots (see SOLDIER, January) has been equalled in Cyprus by a Gunner Captain.

Three members of 188 Radar and Searchlight Battery, Royal Artillery, attempted the feat on an open 25-yards range in Nicosia. Captain P. K. Higgins clipped the target three times in three shots. The other two—Staff-Sergeant J. Pewsey, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers attached, and Lance-Bombardier M. G. Price—each got two on the target.

All three are members of 188 Radar and Searchlight Battery's shooting team which was formed last year. Their success was all the more remarkable as the No. 8 rifles which they used had been drawn from stores and zeroed only a few hours before the attempt.

MALAYA

## A KRIS AND A SILVER CUP

**I**N World War Two the Loyal Regiment and the 2nd Battalion, the Malay Regiment fought side-by-side against the Japanese in defence of Singapore and in the Malayan jungle.

Now, the two regiments, which became allied in 1954, are fighting together once more—against Communist terrorists in the same jungle.

Recently the battalions commemorated the alliance by exchanging tokens at a ceremony at Taiping attended by Brigadier G. F. Upjohn, Commander of 2 Federal Infantry Brigade, and Brigadier P. N. Moore DSO, MC, Commander of 28 Commonwealth Infantry Brigade.

After a bugle fanfare by drummers of the Malay Regiment, the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel K. P. Molyneux-Carter MC, handed a ceremonial kris to the commanding officer of the Loyal Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Thompson, who presented a silver cup on behalf of all ranks of his Regiment in exchange.

Lieut-Col. C. L. Thompson, Loyal Regiment, presents the silver cup to Lieut-Col. Molyneux-Carter.



BRITAIN

## FIRST DRUM MAJOR FOR A CENTURY

**T**HE Royal Artillery has a Drum Major—for the first time in 100 years.

He is Sergeant James Beadle who recently returned from Malaya, where he was serving with 48 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, to take up the appointment.

The previous Drum Major—James Lowrie—resigned the appointment in 1859 because there were not enough duties to keep him fully occupied. In

the past few years, however, the Royal Artillery Band has become so large that the Director of Music found it difficult to control on the march, so the Regiment decided to appoint another Drum Major.

Sergeant Beadle served in the Royal Artillery Band as a musician some years ago and before going to Malaya was Trumpet Major at the Royal Artillery Junior Leaders Regiment in Hereford.



BRITAIN

## THE LAST PARADE AT EATON HALL

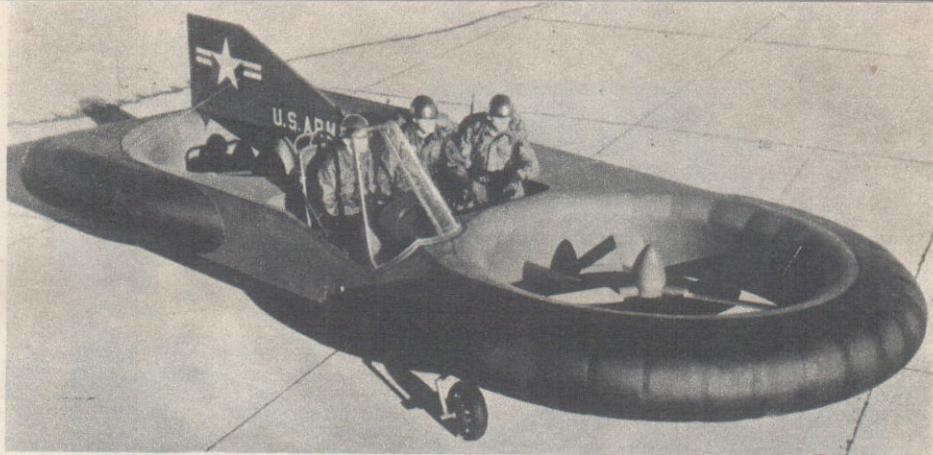
**T**O the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," 96 newly commissioned second-lieutenants slowly marched off a famous parade-ground near Chester.

It was a sad and impressive occasion—the last passing-out parade of the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School which since 1947 has trained some 15,000 National Service officers. In future all National Service officers will be trained at Mons Officer Cadet School at Aldershot.

The fate of Eaton Hall, which the Army holds

on a 99-year lease, is not yet known but, unless there is a return to National Service, no more young men will go there for the rigorous 16-weeks course which turned them into officers.

At the final parade the salute was taken by Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Lathbury, Director-General of Military Training. The last Award of Merit—a Sam Browne belt, presented to the best cadet—went to Senior Under-Officer W. J. Eykyn, son of a retired naval officer.



UNITED STATES

Three soldiers in full equipment prepare to take off in the United States Army's 150 m.p.h. "Flying Jeep." Note the horizontal rotors built in the chassis at each end.

## THIS JEEP CAN FLY

**S**EVERAL months ago SOLDIER published an artist's impression of an aerial jeep. Now comes a picture of the real thing—the United States Army's "Flying Jeep"—which is undergoing tests in Philadelphia.

The machine which has no wings or conventional propellers but takes off and lands

vertically, combines the qualities of a land vehicle with those of a helicopter. The makers claim that it can fly at speeds of up to 150 miles an hour a few feet from the ground and thread its way between buildings and under bridges. It has two sets of horizontal rotors housed inside the chassis at the front and rear.



Entering the "Golden Gates" of Eaton Hall is the last contingent to pass out at the Officer Cadet School which has trained 15,000 National Service officers since 1947.



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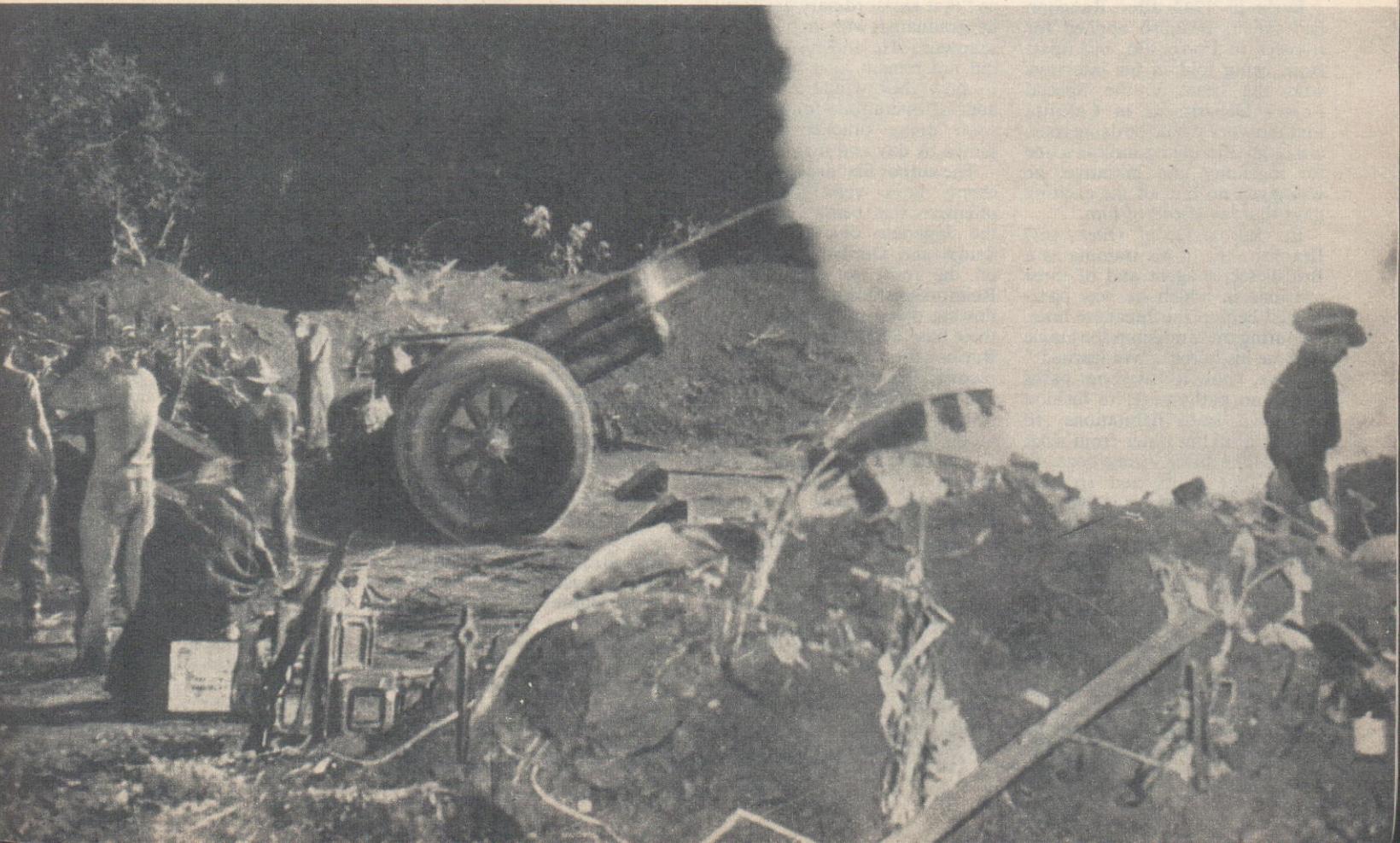


## SCRAPBOOK OF

*BURMA: Fourteenth Army Gunners in action by night, strafe Japanese positions on the drive to Mandalay. As the 7.2-inch howitzer roars its message of death men of the detachment turn their backs and cover their ears.*

## WORLD WAR TWO

*NORTH AFRICA: Eighth Army Gunners in action by day, shell German positions on the road to Derna. The guns are camouflaged under scrim nets made to resemble the scrub, sand and rocks of the surrounding countryside.*



# THE AGONY OF ARNHEM

## —By a General Who Was There

**D**OWN a Dutch street, dodging Spandau fire, ran a British general, a brigadier and two young officers. At an inter-section the brigadier was winged.

The general and the other two officers dragged the brigadier into a house, where an astonished Dutch couple watched in silence.

Suddenly a German soldier appeared at the window. The general fired his automatic point-blank and the German fell.

Then the Dutch couple volunteered to take the wounded brigadier to hospital. The general and his two officers thanked them and ran on—only to find themselves bottled up until next day in a house surrounded by Germans.

The Dutch town was Arnhem. The general was Major-General R. E. Urquhart, commanding 1st Airborne Division. The wounded man was Brigadier (now Lieut.-General Sir) Gerald Lathbury.

General Urquhart tells the story in his "Arnhem" (Cassell, 21s), a lively and candid first-person account of an heroic week

in the Army's annals. Probably no other divisional commander of World War Two found himself so embarrassingly caught up in the battle he was directing.

General Urquhart, who served in the Western Desert with 51st Highland Division before donning his red beret, reveals that 16 projected airborne operations were called off before 1st Airborne was given the Arnhem task. It says much for the resilience and spirit of the Division that it did not grow cynical after such frustrations. Among the cancelled operations was one to seize the walled city of St. Malo, which would have been a spectacular affair indeed.

The Arnhem drop was part of a bold plan to shorten the war in North-West Europe. Three airborne divisions, one British and two American, were to seize key crossings on the Lower Rhine and roll out the carpet for the advancing 2nd Army. Thus, the Ruhr would be in immediate peril and the Germans in West Holland cut off. To the British division fell the task of laying the farthest stretch of carpet.

Off went the 1st Airborne in high fettle. Men of an independent company took plenty of boot and metal polish for the victorious entry into Germany. Dutch men and women going to Church suddenly found themselves in the midst of a big, confused battle.

Taken by surprise, the Germans used the public telephone system of Arnhem in order to rally their forces—and received unusually bad service. Then an outrageous piece of good luck befell the German command. On the body of an American soldier in a shot-down glider was found a copy of the complete operational order, marked "NOT to be taken into the air."

"Thus," writes General Urquhart, "the carelessness or wilful disobedience of one soldier gave the Germans an immediate compensation for the advantage we had of surprise." He discredits the oft-told story that a Dutch traitor called "King Kong" tipped off the Germans about the attack.

From then on the vice tightened agonisingly on the gallant troops at Arnhem. Re-supply aircraft performed prodigies of valour—one Dakota pilot won the Victoria Cross—but very little fighter support was forthcoming, a point which General Urquhart rubs in. Four Victoria Crosses were won on the ground. When it became clear that the 2nd Army was not going to arrive in time, the survivors made their famous



Major-General R. E. Urquhart tells of an heroic week in Holland when the Red Devils fought against impossible odds.

fighting withdrawal—"all will be ordered to break out rather than surrender."

General Urquhart's criticisms of the operation include these: the original dropping and landing zones were too far from the objective; the force was handicapped by being dropped in three lifts—"an airborne division is designed to fight as a whole and should be dropped or landed as such"; in the early street-fighting period the paratroopers' tactics were at fault—"we should have taken more short cuts." A built-up area, says General Urquhart, "is hell for the attacker and an asset to those in defence."

The original idea had been that the Division should be relieved after two days. In fact, it held out for nine. Politically, says the author, it was lucky that the British had the Arnhem assignment and not the Americans. "Every possible accusation would have been levelled at the 2nd Army for its failure to appear at the right time and place. It would have produced a most unfortunate influence on relations between our two countries."

"In years to come," wrote Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, "it will be a great thing for a man to be able to say, 'I fought at Arnhem.'" General Urquhart's book effectively recreates the excitements, tensions and even humours of the battle.

## Sabotage in the Jungle

**W**HY don't you join Force 136?" a young officer whispered to a newly fledged second-lieutenant in a Calcutta night club. John Beamish did not know it then but the fact that he was born in Burma, knew the language fluently and had travelled extensively in that country was a strong qualification for entry into that remarkable formation.

Early in 1942 after Rangoon had fallen, Beamish applied for transfer to Force 136, but apart from being told in his interview with the head of the Special Forces Department in Calcutta that the work would be dangerous, although offering boundless scope for ingenuity and initiative, he was given no hint of the exciting days that lay ahead of him.

In "Burma Drop" (Elek, 16s) Beamish tells of his training as a British secret agent and of three missions in which he was parachuted behind the Japanese lines.

During these missions the jungle became his home. "We learned," he says, "how to carve out paths where no paths were, to fashion our own snug habitations, to extract drinking water from what looked like black slimy ooze, to eat strange fruits and stranger flesh, to conceal ourselves so effectively that a man might approach to within a yard of our hiding place without suspecting that we were there. In time we could read the jungle like a book."

To prepare for their future assignments Beamish and his fellow agents were given a thorough grounding in the use of all types of explosives, and after only a few weeks in the special training camp, which he describes



Captain John Beamish fought with Force 136 behind the Japanese lines. He won the Military Cross for his sabotage exploits.

as "that extraordinary academy," he graduated with honours as a saboteur. He and his colleagues did not remain long in doubt as to how they would reach their area of operations for they were soon doing practice parachute jumps by day and night.

The author first dropped behind enemy lines when the Arakan offensive was being held up by the Japanese dug-in at Rathedaung and Donbaik, key points on the route to Akyab Island. Reinforcements and supplies were flowing down to the enemy from their base at Myitkyina in Upper Burma thus enabling them to recover from each fresh assault and to fight back with undiminished strength. Before a new attack was launched on Donbaik it was essential that the steady stream of men and material should be stopped. With nine other agents Beamish's task was to blow up the single track railway bridge over the Namkwin River to cut the supply line. The operation was a complete success.

Captain Beamish, who was awarded the Military Cross for "displaying consistent gallantry, qualities of leadership and organising ability" tells his story of thrills, suspense and sudden-death with admirable restraint.

## Intrigue in the Pacific

**T**O a Pacific island, governed by Britain but leased to America comes Major Peter Darnell, former paratrooper, as aide-de-camp to the Governor. His duties, they tell him, will be to wear fancy uniforms with chain mail on the shoulders and married ladies.

That is the situation with which John Deane Potter opens his novel, "The Crocodile Trembles" (Michael Joseph, 18s). Disillusioned by the intrigues of island society, Darnell volunteers to parachute into the mountains where a number of Japanese guerrillas are still holding out, long after the end of World War Two, and persuade them to give up.

In the mountains the major is captured and falls violently in

love with the guerrillas' second-in-command, a German-Japanese girl of potent charms. He conspires at her escape and proposes to marry her. It is as ingenious a way as any of wrecking a promising military career.

Though the plot is sheer Hollywood the atmosphere is convincing. The author was an observer with Fourteenth Army and has lived and worked as a correspondent among the Japanese.

# The Changing Shape of War

THE wars of old were squabbles between kings. The wars of today are squabbles between nations.

In his "Armies And Men: A Study of American Military History" (Cape, 25s) Walter Millis describes the processes by which warfare became democratised. It all began, he says, when the settlers at Concord in 1775 "fired the shot heard round the world." After the rising *en masse* of the American people came the rising of the French people.

Clearly and cogently, the author traces how, since those days, warfare has been altered by a series of revolutions—industrial, managerial, political, propagandist and scientific.

By the end of World War Two the modern state, whether democratic or autocratic, had developed into "an incomparable instrument for waging war." It could

mobilise the energies and loyalties of all its people, provide them with weapons of wonderful intricacy, and set up command and staff organisations to use their resources and sacrifices with efficiency. "The state could guarantee something like a just wage to its combatants, with paternal care thereafter . . . it could provide its troops with clothing, housing, food and comforts of previously impossible excellence . . . it had sufficiently reconciled its own internal struggles of class and

interest to enter with confidence any war that might threaten it."

Then the scientists splintered the picture. After the Bomb, major war was no longer a suitable or inevitable or logical instrument for the defence of crucial issues. "Even defence seemed more and more to imply total destruction."

Mr. Millis stops short of prophecy. His last sentence reads: "It may be that for final sanctions in our human affairs we shall have to look towards other factors." Anyone can read into that whatever he likes.

It is a highly competent book which presents in sharp focus the problem which bedevils the politicians and chiefs of staff in the atomic age.

## PAPER BACKS

THE name Hamish Bain, author of a new book on the war in Korea, conceals the identity of a Regular soldier now serving in the Intelligence Corps—Sergeant H. Eaton.

"The Morning Calm" (John Spencer and Co., 2s) is his first book and a promising one. It tells with a wealth of descriptive detail, based on his own experience, of the life of a section of Light Infantrymen at a battalion headquarters in the front line—a story Sergeant Eaton is well qualified to relate: he served with the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry in Korea as a corporal. He left the Army to become a London policeman in 1953 but re-enlisted in 1956.

Other paper-back books at 2s, published by Digit (Brown, Watson Ltd.) include "Up The Blue" by Leonard Melling, the exciting and often humorous tale of an Eighth Army unit in the desert, and "Assignment in Greece" which tells of the gallant exploits of a small British force in the violent campaign in the Eastern Mediterranean. "Chindit Patrol" by William Scott deals with the adventures of a handful of British soldiers who fought behind the lines in Greece and Burma, and "Partisan" by Macgregor Urquhart is the story of a soldier who escaped from prison camp in Italy and joined the partisans.

## Playing at War

IT is heart-warming to read a war story about a unit who (to quote the publisher's blurb) "had not the slightest effect on the course of the last war."

"The Small Army," by Michael Marshall (Constable, 16s) concerns itself with the anti-spy organisation, founded by three eleven-year-old schoolboys evacuated from Guernsey to Derbyshire, which devoted its not inconsiderable ingenuity to wresting Guernsey from the Germans.

That the "A.B." (as the organisation was known) failed to do so in no way detracts from the charm of this war book in which there are no hideous wounds, brutal commanding officers, pacifist

heroes, recriminations or sexual aberrations. These are no crazy mixed-up kids: they are boys who liked playing at war.

The activities of the "A.B." did not, at first, run smoothly, for they found that a rival organisation (with the melodramatic title

"Der Dietrich") was already flourishing in the school. In the common cause the rival gangs decided to amalgamate and conspired together to rout the occupying forces.

Michael Marshall has made superb fun of these two gangs whose most offensive weapon was a huge, elastic-powered catapult.

He does not portray war as it really is, but goes a long way to exposing its monstrous and infantile idiocy.

## Have you your own opinion?

—or are you one of the "don't knowers"? For keeping yourself informed on what goes on in the world use the Forces Book Shop—for books, magazines, newspapers and periodicals.



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# A Monarch's Mania For Giant Soldiers

ONE day in March, 1793, there arrived in Bedfordshire a glib stranger named Hugh Montgomery, one of many secret agents of the Prussian ambassador in London. He had come in search of 23-year-old William Willis, a farmer's son who stood six feet four inches in his socks.

Montgomery soon scraped up an acquaintance with Willis and, over drinks, showed him a letter purporting to be from his master, an Irish nobleman. The letter commanded Montgomery to find, as second porter, a good-looking young man of, strangely enough, six feet four! Pay would be liberal, with board-wages in addition.

Willis fell for the bait, went with his new friend to London. There it appeared that "his lordship" had gone to Holland, but had left money with Ambassador Borcke for a passage to The Hague. Borcke deputed his valet, Kruger, to accompany Willis to the Continent, but on landing in Holland it was found that the mythical nobleman had gone to Prussia. In this way, Willis was lured to Berlin, handed over to the military and forcibly enrolled in the Giant Regiment of Guards at Potsdam.

He was one of thousands of men over six feet tall of many nationalities to fall victim to the most extraordinary mania ever to afflict a monarch—a craving for giant soldiers which was the ruling passion of Frederick William of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great.

Willis did not easily submit. With another Englishman, Evans, who had been similarly trapped, he refused to take the oath of allegiance. The king ordered

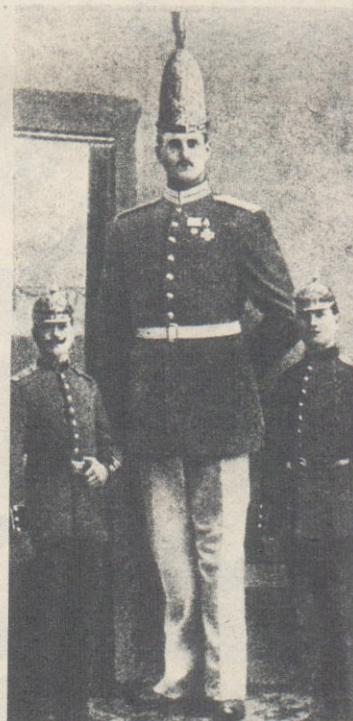
them a severe beating, which laid them up for a week.

Later, when the new recruits were at drill, the valet Kruger was seen crossing the parade-ground. Willis jumped from the ranks and beat-up his betrayer, only to be seized and again flogged.

Peter the Great of Russia, and the Czarina after him, both pandered to the royal obsession. Whitworth, British Minister at Berlin, wrote to Earl Stanhope enclosing a seven-foot length of packthread. "If it be possible," he wrote, "to find any men near that size, I am sure it would be the most valuable present His Majesty could make." George the First of England, William's father-in-law, did not refuse the appeal, but sent under escort a squad of fifteen towering Irishmen, to the intense delight of the Prussian monarch.

However lavish the king could be where his giant guards were concerned, he was in other respects perhaps the most tight-fisted monarch in history. His avarice and stinginess became a byword, though there was always money for his hordes of recruiters, seducers and kidnappers in England, Ireland, Hanover and elsewhere.

From two battalions of 600 each, the Giant Guards grew to three battalions of over 1000 each, despite suicides, deaths from



One of the world's tallest soldiers was "Long Joe" Schippers, 7 ft. 3 ins., who served in the German First Foot Guards before and during World War One. He became the Kaiser's personal bodyguard.

fevers and other ills, the hanging and torturing of deserters, and the invaliding of those who broke down under harsh discipline.

The special uniform designed by the king was almost enough to induce apoplexy, for the absurdly short blue jackets and straw-coloured breeches were uncom-

fortably tight, especially for the lank giants of eight feet or so. They wore a mitre-shaped head-piece nearly 15 inches high.

Frederick William loved his giants so long as they were obedient and efficient at drill. Whereas the common foot soldier received 1½d. a day and meagre rations, the giants were given 1s. 6d. a day, and were often banqueted by the king's orders. If exceptionally tall, the recruit would receive a liberal bounty.

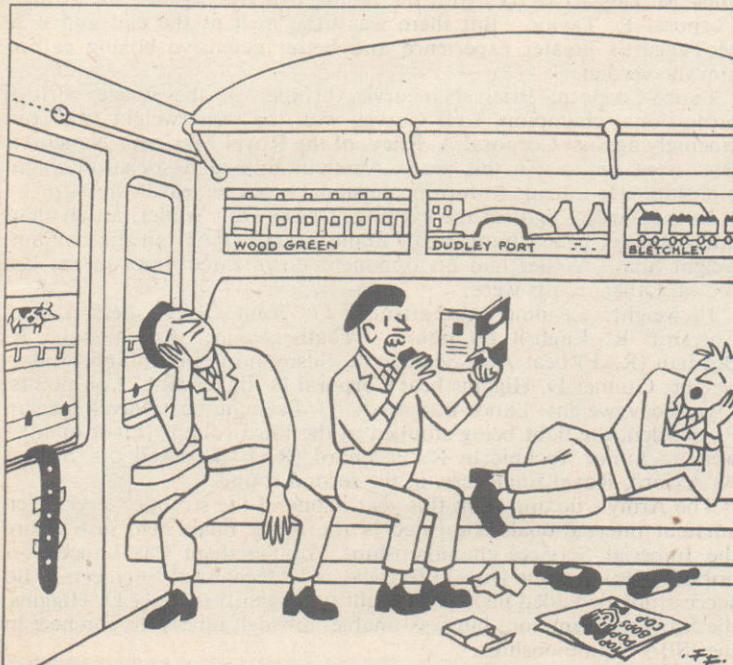
On review days the martinet monarch would survey the ranks eagerly, rejoicing in the colourful alignment of scarlet cuffs, gold braid, white spatterdashes and brilliantly polished boots, yet menacingly alert for any fault. If a man made a wrong move, or swayed with fatigue, the king would rush at the culprit and beat him furiously.

In the last years of his reign the depredations of his man-hunters caused serious ruptures with his brother-in-law, George the Second of England and Hanover, with the Dutch, and with the Emperor of Austria. Yet despite strong diplomatic pressure the obdurate Prussian would not yield up his giants. Only his death released them.

The new king, Frederick the Great, at once rid himself of the monstrous regiment. Among the many Englishmen to be restored to their homes were Willis and Evans, whose whip-scarred bodies bore witness to the lengths to which a despot's craze could go.

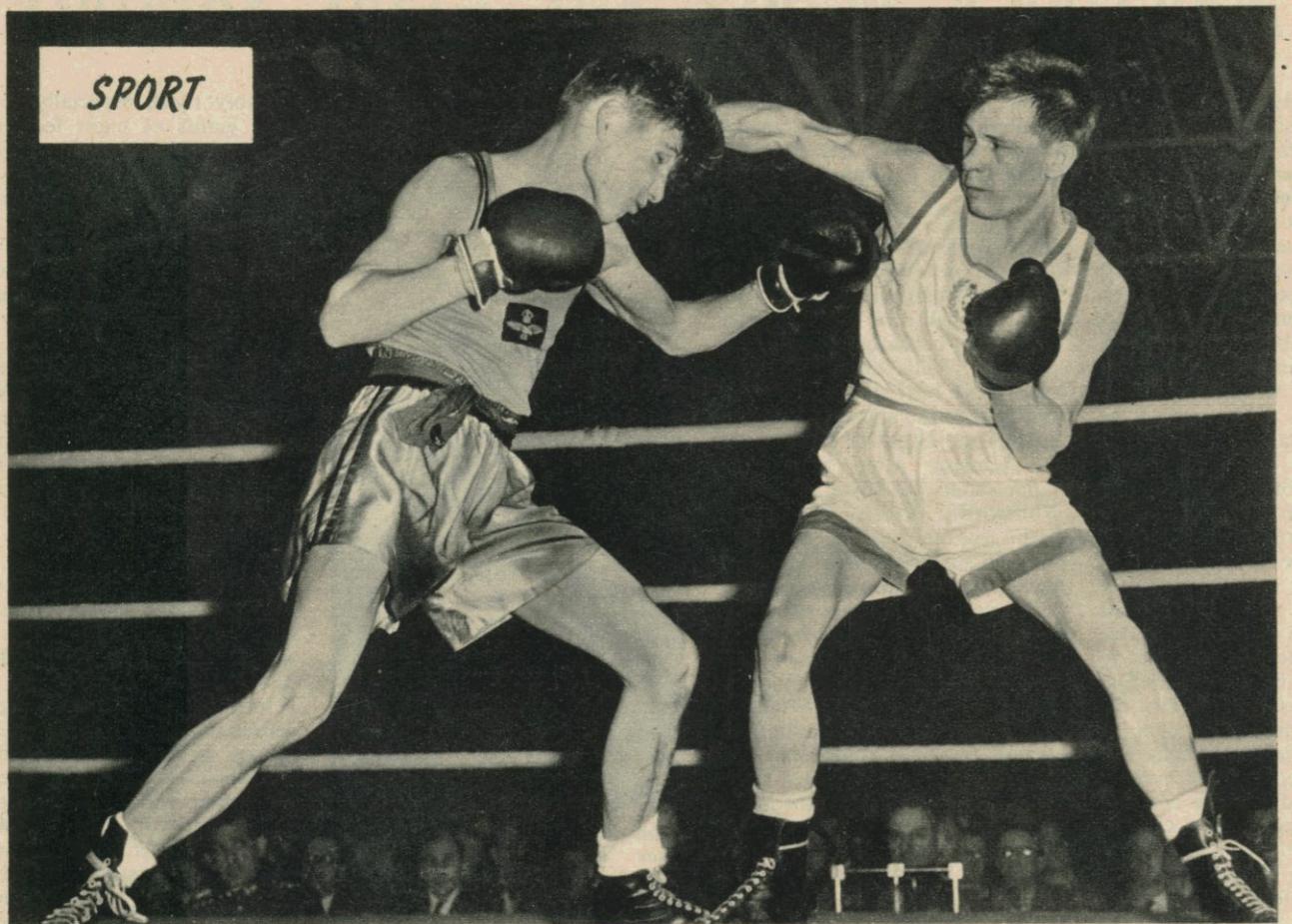
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## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

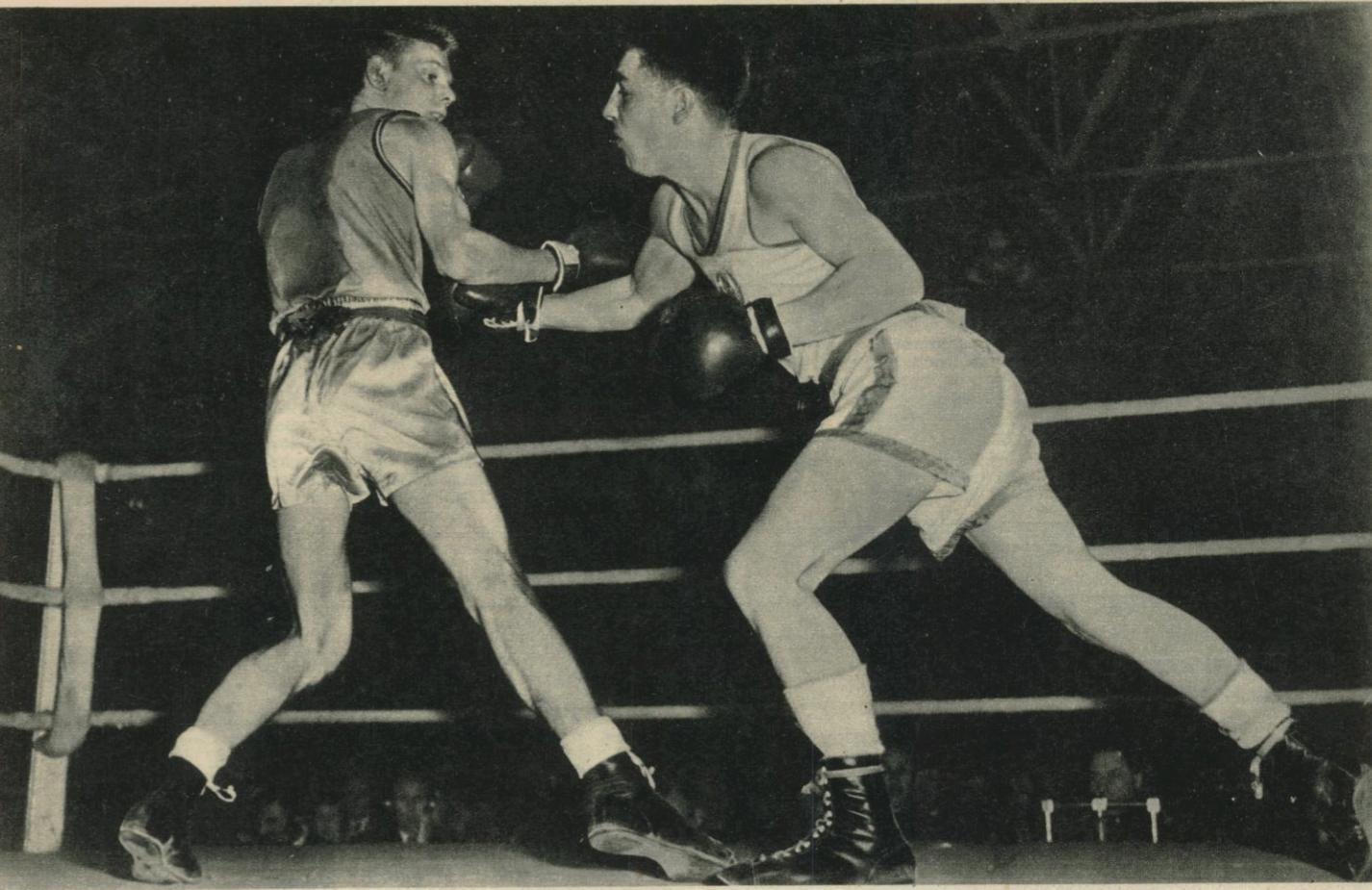


These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 38.



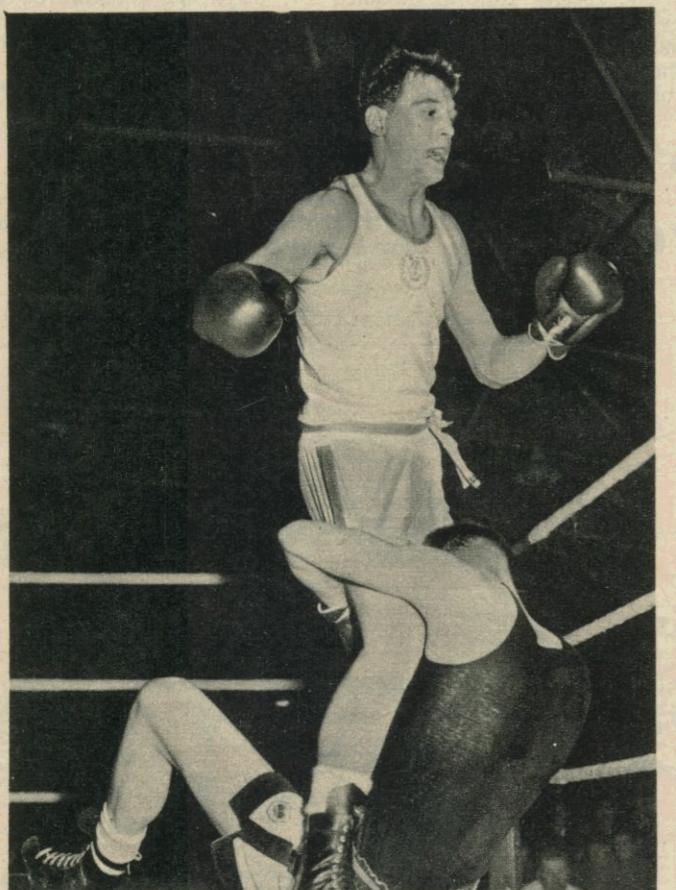


Left: As Aircraftsman E. France jumps in with a left lead, Driver D. Weller catches him with a hard right to the head. Driver Weller won on points after one of the toughest fights of the championship.



Right: Olympic champion, Corporal Dick McTaggart (RAF) wards off a right to the body with his elbow. His opponent, Corporal R. Taylor, put up a good fight, but lost on points.

## THE ARMY ARE CHAMPIONS AGAIN



Another Army winner was Lance-Bombardier J. Leeming, here seen standing astride his opponent, Naval Airman R. Dryden, who clutches at his legs after being knocked down.

ALTHOUGH the Royal Air Force won five titles against the Army's four, the Army retained the Imperial Services Boxing Association's team championship this year.

But they did so by only one point—23 against the Royal Air Force's 22. The Royal Navy, with only one winner, were third with 14 points.

The big surprises of the contest were the defeats of the Army's international boxers—Driver F. Elderfield, who was beaten on points by Sergeant E. Lee (RAF) in a close-fought middleweight bout, and Private R. Edwards, who also lost on points in an even closer fight with Leading Seaman P. James (Royal Navy).

As expected, the Olympic champion and "supreme stylist" Corporal Dick McTaggart (RAF) won the lightweight title against the Army's Corporal R. Taylor. But there was little in it at the end and only McTaggart's greater experience and better defensive boxing earned him the verdict.

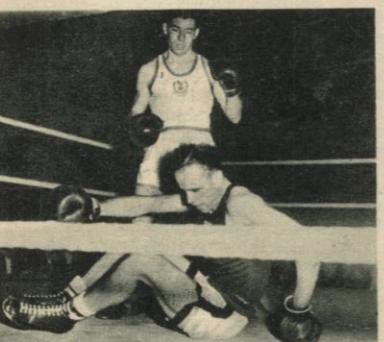
Lance-Corporal Brian Nancurvis, brother of the former British professional champion, Cliff Curvis, won the welterweight title convincingly against Corporal A. Riley, of the Royal Marines. Nancurvis later went on to win this year's Amateur Boxing Association championship. He intends to turn professional when he leaves the Army.

In the hardest fight of the evening, Driver Don Weller, an amateur international, beat Aircraftsman Eddie France (RAF) in the bantamweight final. Weller had his opponent down three times in the last round. Other results were:

Flyweight: Leading Aircraftsman G. John (RAF) beat Lance-Corporal R. English on points. Featherweight: Aircraftsman R. Beaman (RAF) beat Able-Seaman A. Silsby on points. Light-welterweight: Gunner D. Higgins beat Corporal D. Baker (RAF) on points. Light-heavyweight: Lance-Bombardier J. Leeming beat Naval Airman R. Dryden, the fight being stopped in the third round. Light-middleweight: Junior Technician R. Pritchard (RAF) knocked out Sapper N. Axford, Royal Engineers, in the second round.

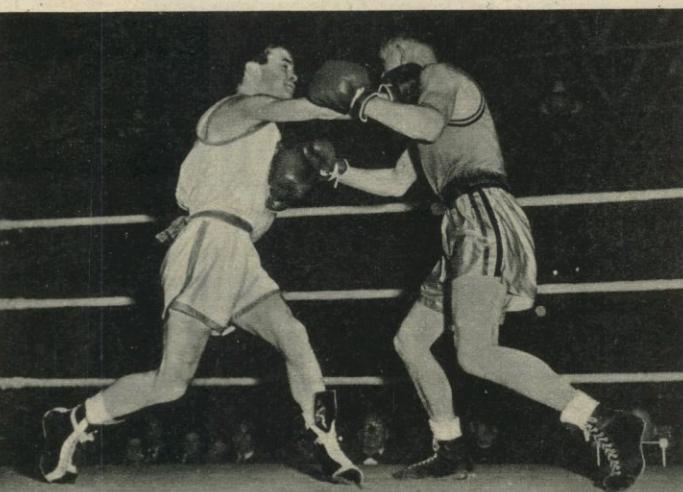
The Army's boxing team this year is one of the strongest ever. Ten amateur internationals competed in the Army finals held just before the Imperial Services championships. Among them was Lance-Corporal D. Stone, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who successfully defended his welterweight title against Gunner D. Higgins, the Scottish champion, but was unable, through illness, to compete in the ISBA championships.

## AGAIN



Left: Lance-Corporal Brian Nancurvis, the welterweight winner, drops Corporal A. Riley (Royal Marines) for a count. Nancurvis intends to become a professional boxer on leaving the Army.

Right: Fists fly in the flyweight final between Lance-Corporal R. English (left) and Leading Aircraftsman G. John. The latter won a close contest on points.



## Champion Gymnast

A valuable addition to the ranks of Army athletes is Private Patrick English, the Scottish junior gymnastic champion and team captain, who recently led his team in the international championships at Bradford.

Private English, a 21-year-old National Serviceman serving with the Gordon Highlanders, is shown here vaulting the parallel bars at the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, while training as an Army Physical Training Instructor.

# LETTERS

• **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.

## TRADESMEN

Rallying to the defence of Army tradesmen (Letters, April), I maintain that the responsibilities of a tradesman are far greater than those of a normal general duties man, who would be of little use if he did not have behind him those with the technical knowledge.

Promotion for a tradesman is through skill at his trade and ability to pass the necessary tests. In certain branches of the Army, he is finished, as far as promotion is concerned, on reaching the rank of Warrant Officer, Class Two. Therefore, he loses in the end on pay and allowances.

The general duties man, on the other



hand, has no such obstacles and with luck can reach commissioned rank or at least become a regimental sergeant-major.

For 17 years I was a general duties man and a very happy soldier. For the past four years I have been a tradesman, with added responsibilities and no chance of further promotion. Not unnaturally, I feel that the extra pay is small compensation.—“Loyal WO II.”

During a period of over three years, while employed as unit welder in an armoured workshop, I put in as many as 12 hours a day at my trade, as well as taking part in training programmes.

I instructed non-tradesmen, thus fitting them for their return to civilian life. What does the non-tradesman warrant officer or non-commissioned officer teach that will prove an asset to an ex-soldier?

All tradesmen are taught arms drill sometime during their service and fire small arms on the range once a year. The suggestion that non-tradesmen should be paid the equivalent of tradesmen is unsound.

We tradesmen can “soldier” with the best and keep the punch in the Army’s fist.—Sergeant R. F. Turner, 4 Armoured Workshops REME, Germany.

## WALKING-OUT DRESS

Many would-be revivalists of the all-volunteer Regular Army lay too much stress on the importance of a good walking-out dress.

“Walking-out” died with the Edwardians. The modern soldier does not “walk-out.” Off duty, out of camp or barracks, he is to be seen hurrying to bus stops, taxi-stands or railway stations, mostly in civilian clothes and heading for dance halls or cinemas.

On present pay, many Other Ranks dress as well as their officers in mufti and the majority prefer to wear civilian clothing when off-duty.

What discourages walking-out in uniform is the compulsory paying of compliments in public, often involving saluting cars. Soldiers also prefer to wear civilian clothes in public because then they do not have to wear a hat. Incidentally, Mr. Taylor (SOLDIER, January) derided the beret as a head-dress. In my opinion it is comfortable and convenient and looks smart on well-set-up soldiers. Mr. Taylor does not appreciate the difficulties of packing and carrying the awkward peaked cap.—“Rimm.”

## RED COAT

The correspondence about the red coat of the British soldier reminds me that I have a copy of the Strand Magazine for November 1893 containing a report of an interview with Sir Henry Halford, in which he is quoted as saying, “Stick to scarlet for your men’s uniforms—it is not seen as far away as many other colours. The men of the Rifle Brigade, as they are now clothed,

are ‘spotted’ at a greater distance than any other.”

Sir Henry was in 1862 commanding officer of the Leicestershire Rifle Volunteers. He was for many years one of the finest shots in the country and a leading authority on everything relating to small arms. One wonders how he reached the conclusion, shared by others at the time, that scarlet for military use was so inconspicuous.—Major W. Gardner, 3 Osborne Gardens, Beltinge, Herne Bay.

## SIDE-CAPS

In the search for an attractive walking-out dress everyone seems to have forgotten the side-cap. Nearly all regiments have regimental side-caps, many of them of most attractive colours, but few are aware that they are permitted to wear them, and still fewer take the trouble to buy one.

I always wear a side-cap when “walking-out” in uniform. It seems a pity that more soldiers do not do so, as no one, in my opinion, can look really smart in a beret, however it is worn.

A peaked cap is quite smart, but is much less convenient. It cannot, for example, be put into a pocket, whereas the side-cap fits easily into the map pocket.

I am frequently asked whether these side-caps are for officers only. This is not so. All ranks of most regiments are permitted to wear them.—“Buff.”

## BADGES

Soldiers below the rank of sergeant are authorised to wear tradesmen’s badges if they are in the intermediate or highest class of their trade. In the Royal Army Service Corps, these badges include a spur for riding instructors, hammer and pincers for petroleum fitters and marine engineers, a star for motor transport drivers and the letters “A” or “B” for laboratory assistants, shorthand writers, horse transport drivers, clerks, storekeepers, firemen, seamen, butchers and bakers.

The letters “A” and “B” as badges are, I think, most inappropriate and unimaginative. It will be interesting to hear other readers’ views on this subject, together with suggestions as to what the various badges should be.—Corporal D. J. Ebenezer, Headquarters, Eastern Command, Hounslow.

## ARMY BISCUITS

Does anyone know the name of the makers of the iron-ration Army biscuit? It is some years since I left the Army and there have been several occasions since when these biscuits would have been handy. Shops do not stock them as far as I can discover.—“Collindale.” ★ Biscuits Service, Plain were issued throughout World War Two and are still occasionally issued as an alternative to bread. They are produced to War Department specifications by a number of firms under periodic contracts but are not available in shops.

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# DISC FANS PLEASE NOTE!

The Army Art Society's 27th exhibition will be staged at the Commonwealth Institute, South Kensington, during October. Any past or present member of the Armed Services may submit works for consideration and those intending to do so should write to the Hon. Secretary, Captain A. J. Daldy, 16 King Edward's Grove, Teddington, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## GALLIPOLI

After reading the article on the Lancashire Fusiliers (SOLDIER April), I got out the diary I kept during World War One, to refresh my memory on the events leading up to the Gallipoli landings. It records that the *Braemar Castle* carrying our battalion, the Plymouth Royal Marines, arrived in Lemnos harbour on 21 February, 1915. It was the first troopship to reach Lemnos, two days after the bombardment of the forts began.

On the morning of 4 March two companies landed at the two forts, Kum Kale and Sed-El-Bahr, to cover the demolition parties. We landed without opposition, although in climbing up to Sed-El-Bahr and the neighbouring village we encountered a small party of Turks who caused a few casualties before we overcame them. After the demolition party had done their work we reboarded the troopship.

At daybreak on 25 April the whole of our battalion, along with the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers and a company of South Wales Borderers, landed at "Y" beach as a decoy to ease the main landing. I continued serving at Gallipoli until December 1915 and got to know the peninsula fairly well.—W. Burgess, 23 Lostock Grove, Stretford, Manchester.

## GALLANT SAPPERS

Your interesting article "The Cheshire Were All Gentlemen" (February) recalls the link that was forged at the Battle of Meeanee in 1843 between the Cheshire Regiment and Queen Victoria's Own Madras Sappers and Miners.

General Sir Charles Napier's force at Meeanee included "C" Company, Madras Sappers and Miners who were engaged mainly in making tracks to get guns into position and in destroying walls to improve fields of fire. Although only a few had weapons they also joined in the general attack and earned great praise from General Napier.

After the battle the men of the 22nd Foot (now the Cheshire Regiment) removed their shakos and gave them to the Madras Sappers in recognition of their bravery.

The Dupta, traditional head-dress of the Madras Sappers and Miners, is a copy of this old shako without the peak. It was worn by all other ranks of the Madras Sappers up to 1946, when, along with all other regiments of the Indian Army (except Sikhs), they ceased to wear traditional *pugris*. However, I believe that the Dupta is still worn by the bands of the Indian Engineers (Madras Group). Officers of the Cheshire Regiment are still honorary members of the Madras Group mess at Bangalore.—Major G. Horne, 6 Training Regiment, RE, Morval Barracks, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.

## RECRUITING POSTERS

The latest Army recruiting posters are well worthy of their predecessors. The Army has always had the right line in publicity, and that the Army of the day was always all right is demonstrated by the following appeal for recruits which was issued during the Napoleonic Wars on behalf of the 22nd Light Dragoons:

"You will be mounted on the finest horses in the world, with superb clothing and the richest accoutrements; your pay and privileges will be two guineas a week; your society will be courted; you will be admired by the fair, which, combined with your chance of getting switched to a buxom widow or brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and desirable. Young men out of employment or otherwise uncomfortable, there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Nick it!"—J. Quinlan, 40 Auckland Avenue, Cottingham Road, Hull.

## RESERVE ARMY

What are the relative positions of the Army Emergency Reserve and the Territorial Army? In the event of a localised emergency necessitating the recall of part-time soldiers, would the Army Emergency Reserve always be recalled first, and on general mobilisation would the functions performed by the AER and TA be fundamentally the same?

In view of the call-up of Army Emergency Reserve units for the Suez operation (to the exclusion of the Territorial Army) it must surely be inferred that the Army Emergency Reserve is considered to be in a higher state of readiness. Therefore, if the Army Emergency Reserve can perform its functions efficiently and be ready for immediate mobilisation with only a fortnight's training each year, why does the Terri-

When Dennis takes Lotis out for a drink he treats his thirst to an invigorating pint of bitter



Dennis's wife has pretty good taste, too. Notice? She's enjoying a sparkling light ale. There's a big swing towards beer these days, all over the country. It's such a gay, friendly, cheerful drink, that's why. Happy days, everybody! And good health!

# Beer

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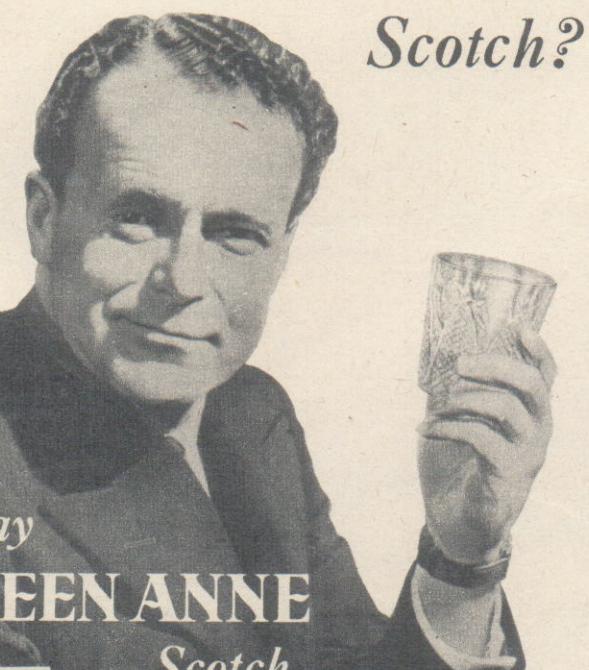


if you can get your boots cleaned for you... but if you can't, you can still get Kiwi. And because it's the best boot polish, Kiwi makes the job much easier. Make sure you use Kiwi... you'll find polishing easier and your boots brighter.



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*Who said  
Scotch?*



*I say*  
**QUEEN ANNE**  
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## A MESSAGE *from the Chairman of* **HER MAJESTY'S FORCES SAVINGS COMMITTEE**

IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY started saving, you should try to develop the savings habit while you are in the Services.

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We have an excellent series of leaflets (as illustrated above) which tell in simple language all about Forces Savings.

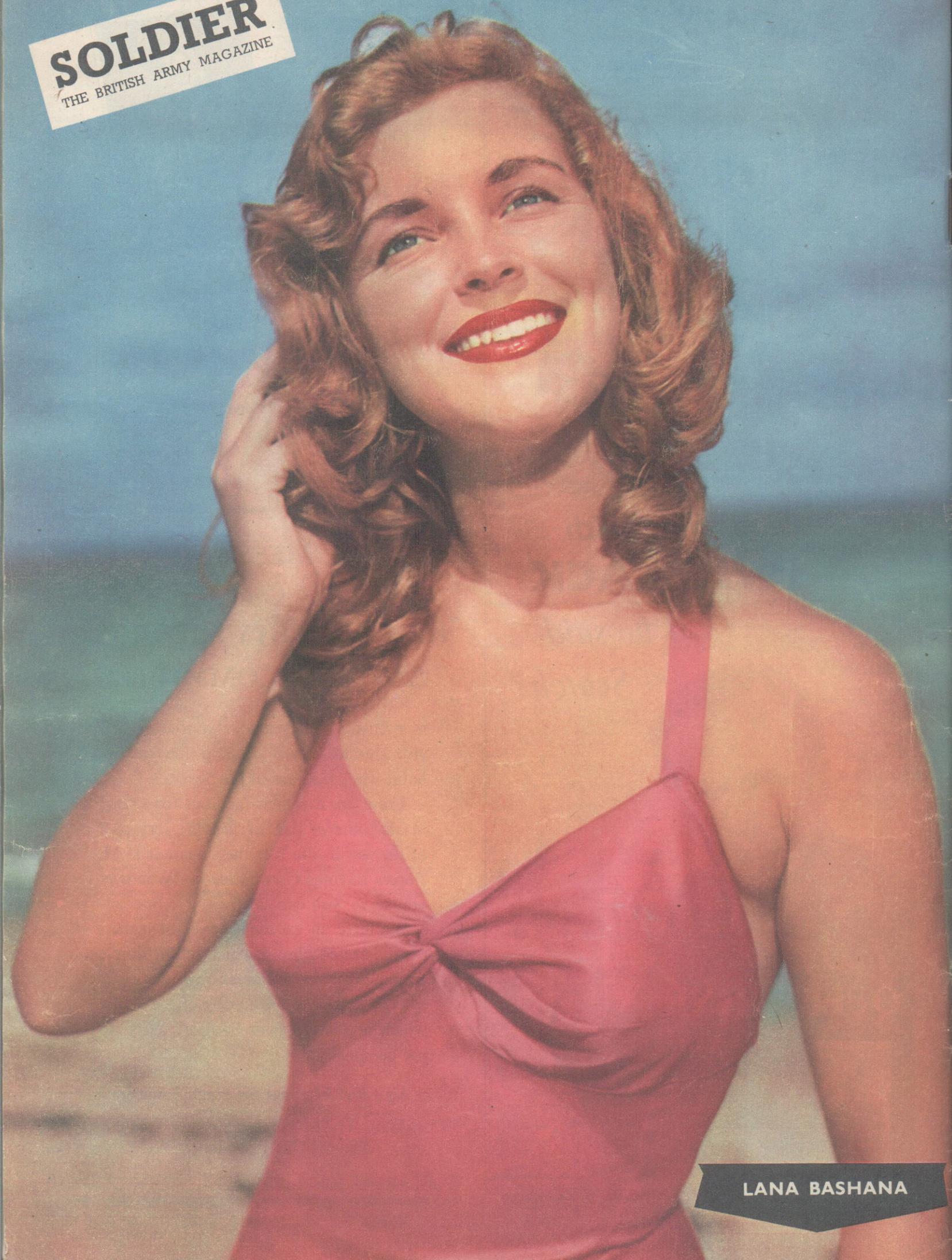
Why not write for a copy of the leaflet which applies to your Service? Write to me personally:

**Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders**  
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**Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee**  
**1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7**

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# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



LANA BASHANA