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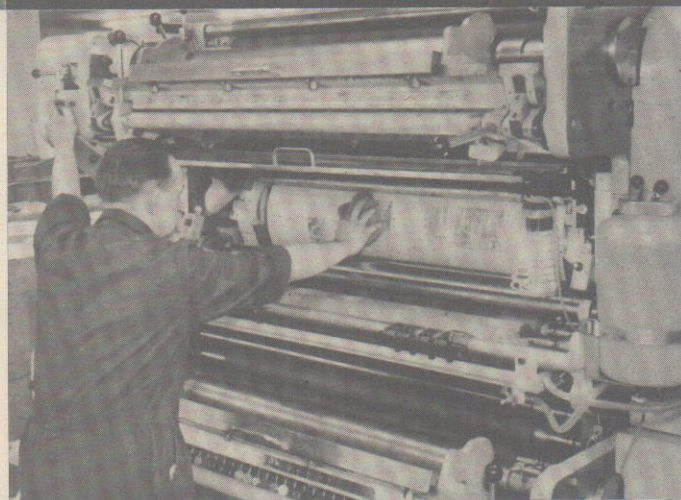
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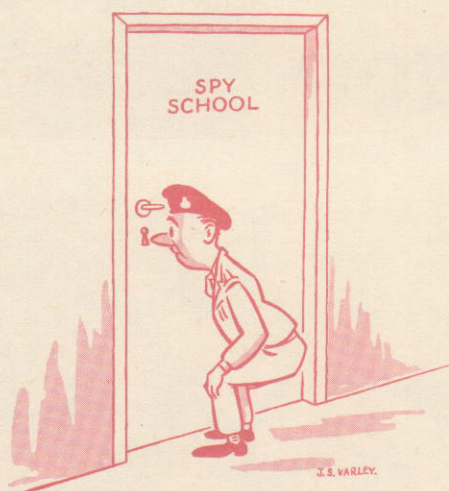
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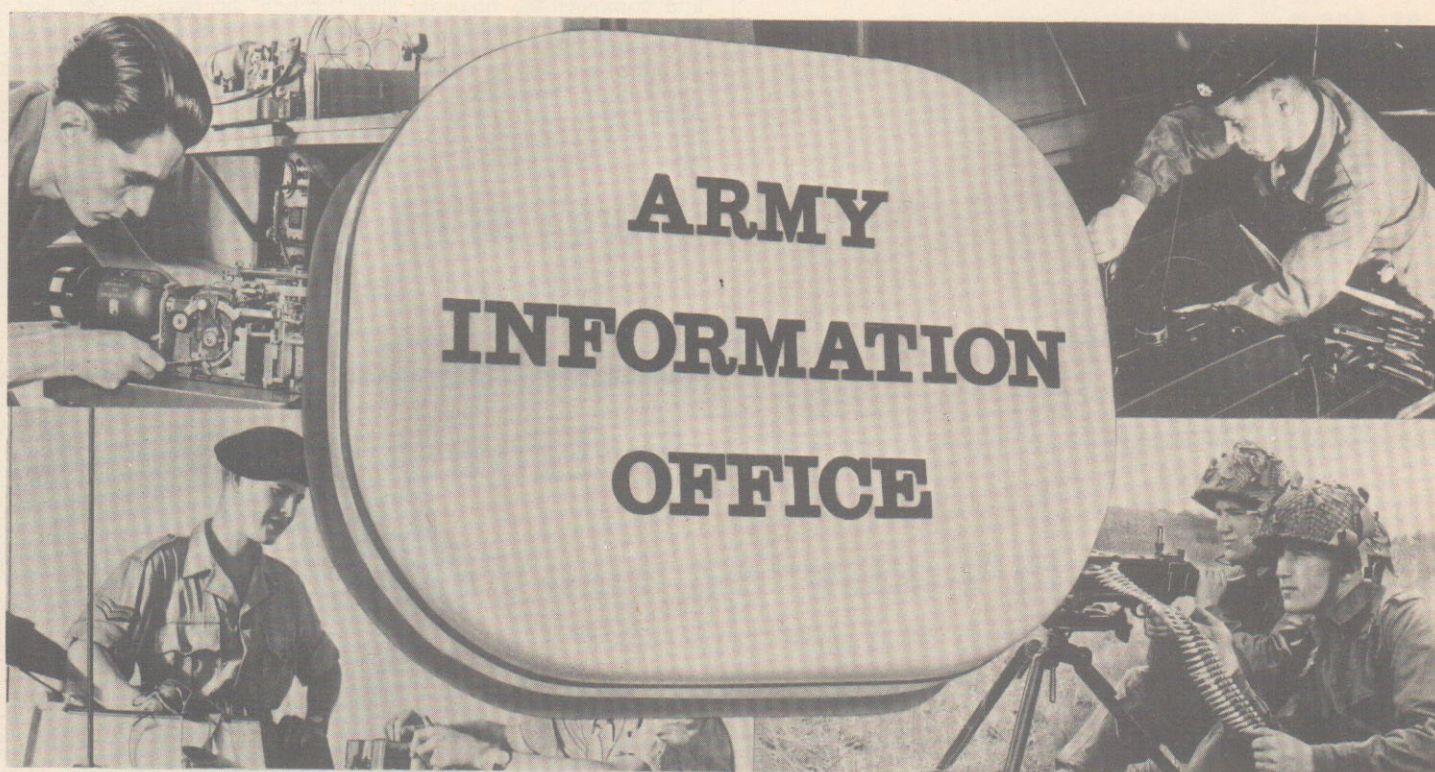
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GIANT with a PUNCH



THE barrel is 35 feet high—more than twice the height of a double-deck bus. It projects a 10-stone shell about 20 miles. The American 175mm gun is easily the largest self-propelled gun the British Army has ever seen. British Gunners will be firing it in 1965.

Capable of firing three rounds in two minutes, the gun—christened the M107—will fulfil the Army's long-felt need for counter-battery fire. It may well be capable of firing nuclear as well as high explosive shells.

The crew of the gun is about 14 strong, with detachment commander, layer, loader and driver travelling on the gun and about ten Gunners, concerned with the heavy ammunition, riding in a separate vehicle.

For travelling, the gun's 35ft barrel can be retracted to save 5ft and give an overall vehicle length of 37ft. The gun has its own hydraulically operated spade with which it can bulldoze a firing position. The gun can be traversed 30 degrees to the right and 30 degrees to left of centre and elevated from two to 65 degrees.

OTHER VITAL STATISTICS:

Weight:	28 tons
Width:	10 feet
Height:	9 feet
Length (firing):	42 feet
Length (travelling):	37 feet

TEAM WORK ON THE FJORD

Story by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by PADDY COLBECK

Seagulls wheeled and cried over a barren island at the edge of the North Sea where a dozen British soldiers were marooned without food or water. Under a blazing sun the men became thirstier and hungrier until one of them looked heavenwards and an idea dawned . . . seagulls! The thought made their mouths water.

While twelve anxious pairs of eyes looked on, a fishing hook baited with a tiny fish was thrown into the sky . . . a gull swooped . . . a sharp jerk . . . and the food problem was solved.

Meanwhile on another similar island, another patrol, armed with driftwood clubs, lurked behind rocks trying more primitive methods of catching a seagull unawares, while on yet another island a third patrol was hopefully fishing.

The men were on a survival test half way through a course at one of the Army's most unusual units, 1 (British) Corps Outward Bound Centre at Kristiansand in Southern Norway.

Situated at the end of a wide fjord with forested hills on both sides, the Centre could at first glance be taken for a luxurious Norwegian holiday camp as none of the permanent staff or students wear uniform and the military vehicles are painted bright blue.

A white and blue wooden cabin with a stone-terraced patio faces the fjord and houses all the permanent staff. The pine trees surrounding the cabin are strung with ropes which form part of the special assault course and at the rear are the tents in which the students live, although next year they too will probably have wooden cabins.

At the water's edge three flags—the Union Jack, the Norwegian and 1 (British) Corps flags—fly next to the canoe racks and the jetty where *Maria*, the Centre's own motor launch, is moored.

The Centre was opened in April this year after two months' labour by its Commandant, Major Gordon Richards, Royal Army Educational Corps, and the permanent staff specially hand-picked by him for the job. When they first arrived in Norway the fjord was frozen solid and the outlook pretty bleak. Today the Centre is changed beyond recognition with bright paint, a landscaped forecourt and a new well-planned layout.

The permanent staff have their own specially designed Norwegian sweater—the only concession to uniform—but spend much of their time clad only in swimming trunks. With two courses constantly under way, they work a seven-day week and are not allowed any leave during the summer season except for one day off every three weeks. All are highly qualified in at least one aspect of outward bound training—



◀ Against a background of pine forest, fjord and canoes, students tackle the rope assault course.



▲ Major Richards (right) addresses students. Note the Norwegian sweaters, sold by the school shop.



▲ Instructors in a canoe watch students swim 50 yards to the shore during the first test. Dominated by three flags, the white painted wood cabin where the permanent staff live is in the background.

many are trained instructors in a number of activities.

New courses—drawn from units all over Germany—travel through Denmark to Kristiansand and are given a 50 yards swimming test as soon as they arrive.

It is not long before they realise a tough three weeks lies ahead. Major Richards quickly informs them that although no uniforms are worn, the Centre is still run on military lines. In addition, they are not allowed to swear nor to smoke until the day's training ends—normally at eight o'clock in the evening. And for the whole of their stay they cook their own food from tinned rations.

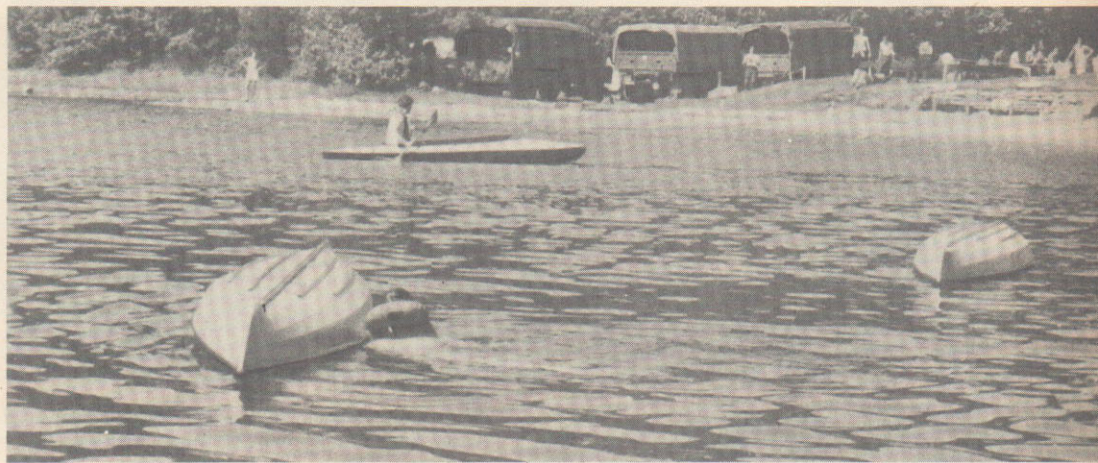
Every morning starts with a swim before breakfast, a swim which can be very pleasant during the hot summer months but something of an ordeal in the arctic temperatures of spring and autumn.

After swimming tests and training, the students start learning to handle two-man canoes. They canoe in the fjord and in the sea and later undertake white water canoeing through the rapids of a nearby river.

The instruction is aimed at teaching activities which develop qualities of initiative, endurance and leadership and demand their use in overcoming obstacles by men working together as a team. During canoe training they learn what to do if the canoe capsizes, how to board it again and how to breathe inside a capsized canoe.

Rock climbing and abseiling down a sheer 50-foot rock face causes some little consternation until the students gain confidence and discover that it is really not as difficult as it at first appears. Later they are taught mountain rescue, first aid, lifesaving and personal survival swimming.

During their stay the students are encouraged to leave some physical reminder at the Centre—many of the outbuildings were constructed by students in their few odd hours of leisure time. The latest project is a chapel, being built from driftwood at the very edge of the fjord. Major Richards hopes to recover a bell from a sunken ship and



▲ During canoe training students are taught how to breathe while underneath a capsized canoe.

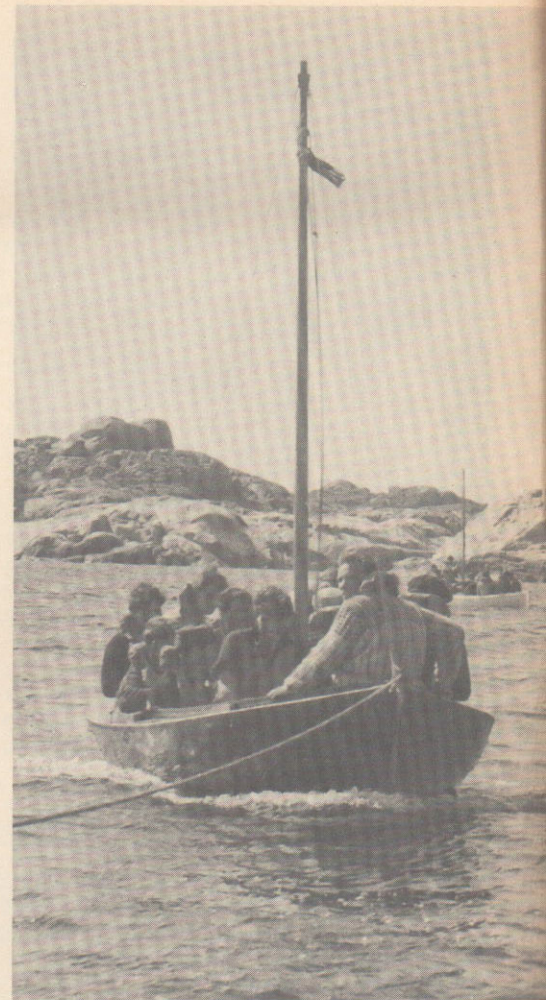
▲ A student prepares to abseil down a sheer rock face. A week before, he was a complete novice.

▼ Getting back into a capsized canoe is a pretty tricky business even in the calm fjord waters.





▲ Mountain rescue training. The Centre has its own team available to help civilians in emergency.



▲ En route to the survival islands. One of them is in the background—it is anything but cosy.



an altar cloth has already been promised.

It is during the second week that the students start the survival exercise on three islands opposite the mouth of the fjord. They are towed out by launch after a briefing in which they are told that they will be dropped on the islands for an unlimited length of time—they could stay for one day, they could stay for one week.

It is a point of honour that none takes any food, water or cigarettes. They are allowed only the clothes they stand up in, one box of matches, a

jack-knife, fishing line and washing and shaving kit.

The islands are anything but cosy. Completely uninhabited, they have no trees nor natural water and very little shelter. On a sunny day it is terribly hot and at nights very cold.

But despite the lack of facilities, Major Richards has been staggered how well patrols look after themselves. One group virtually built a crofter's cottage, with stone walls and a thatched roof. Most men eat fish or seagulls which they cook over an open fire. If they find

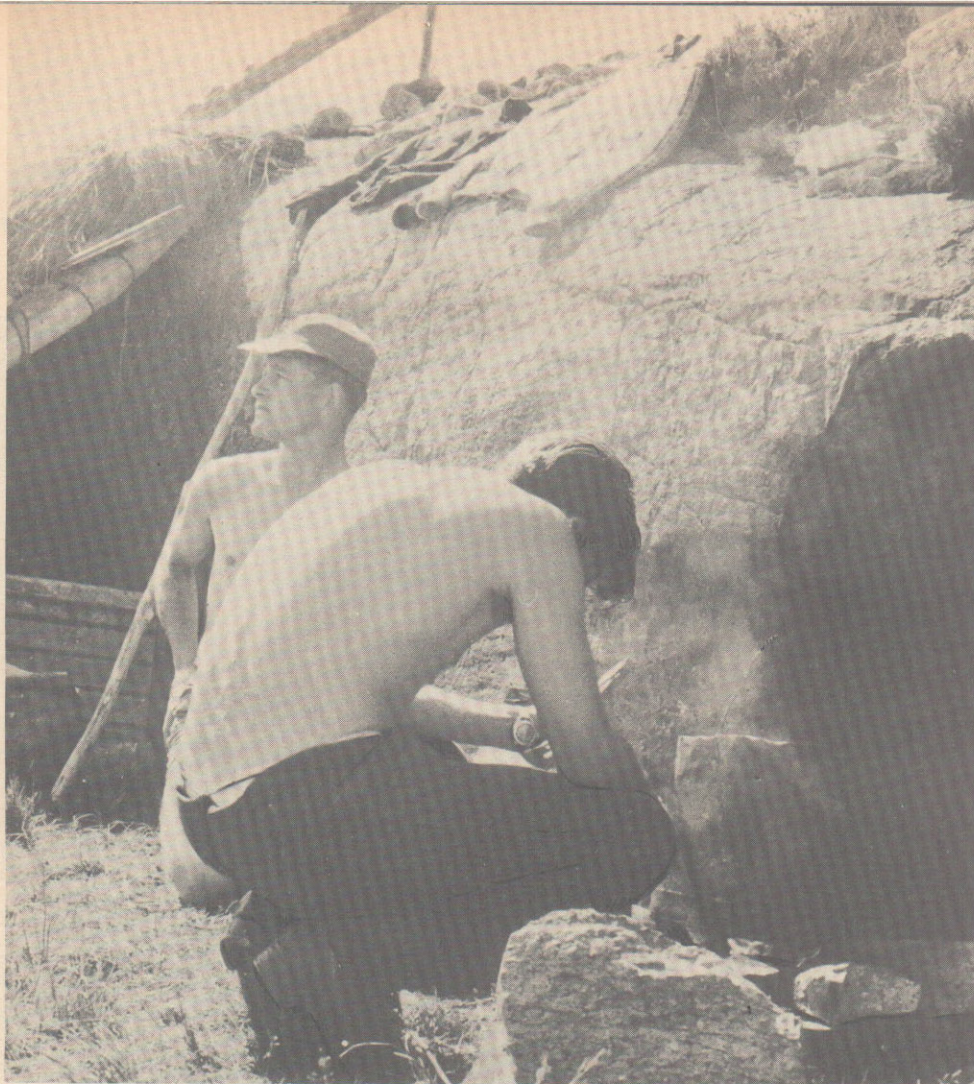
▼ Learning to live on survival island, a patrol of twelve share their only food—one man's rations.

Throughout his chequered career, Major Richards, the live-wire Commandant of the Centre, has taken a keen interest in adventure activities. A qualified teacher, he had gained a great deal of experience organising outward bound activities even before he joined the Army. He was the leader of the first canoe expedition across the Channel from Folkestone to Paris and is a well-known pentathlete.

He was appointed Commandant last October and the Centre has become very much his "baby." His influence and personality will undoubtedly affect the organisation of the school long after he has gone.

This month he will leave Kristiansand (perhaps with some regrets) to become the full-time captain and general manager of the Modern Pentathlon Team which will represent Britain in the Olympic Games at Tokyo next year. All the athletes will be trained by him at Bielefeld in Germany with the full backing of 1 (British) Corps.





▲ Smoke curls from a reluctant fire of damp twigs while the precious food is prepared. This patrol lost its food later when raided by permanent staff—the penalty for not posting look-outs.

rainwater they first have to find a container in which to boil it before it can be drunk—and it is the thirst that affects them most.

Each patrol leader keeps a detailed log of events, some of which have revealed an interesting insight into characters of men under strain.

After about 24 hours, each island is visited and a one-man pack—enough food for one man for one day—is thrown ashore. It makes a pretty frugal meal for twelve men, particularly as they do not know if, or when, they will receive any more food.

When they are finally picked up and taken back to the Centre, one might expect that they are in for a slap-up meal. No such luck. They are given one hour to pack all their equipment and then the whole course—divided into two parties—is sent off on an eight-day expedition into the mountains, the culmination of their training.

Fortunately by this time most of the students are in tune with the atmosphere of the course. They have come to enjoy being completely independent, reaching a new standard of fitness and living under rugged conditions which few have ever previously experienced. They accept the somewhat harsh treatment with remarkable equilibrium and set off for the mountains with rations in their rucksacks which they will not be able to eat for still another 12 hours.

Half the party set off by foot and half by canoe. They move off in different

directions and rendezvous three and a half days later when they change positions, the walkers canoeing and vice versa.

The expedition is tough. Instructors set a stiff pace which tests the men to the very limit. But this is the proving ground—this is where the Centre finds out how well the students have been trained during the first half of the course. Again the students are taught how to survive in the mountains, practising bushcraft and living off the countryside.

On the day the expedition returns to Kristiansand, the men are presented with their completion certificates and packed off to their units in Germany, bronzed, fit and full of their achievements. The same afternoon, a new course arrives and work for the permanent staff starts all over again.

The Centre's crest, designed by Major Richards.



SOLDIER to Soldier

SOLDIER is in a better position than most to appreciate the abounding generosity of Lord Nuffield. Hardly a week goes by without some story turning up containing a reference to a Nuffield gift. With his death at the age of 85, the Army has lost the most generous benefactor it has ever had.

The Right Honourable Sir William Richard Morris, first Viscount Nuffield, the man who started in business repairing bicycles with a capital of £4 and who earned enough to give away £40 million, never lost touch with the working man—nor the rank and file soldier.

His gifts were all planned with the same genius that built up his great industrial empire, and were all designed to improve the health and well-being of his fellow men. He applied himself conscientiously to this self-appointed task, shunning publicity, yet taking quiet pride in his honorary colonelcy of the 52nd (London) Anti-Aircraft Brigade, Royal Artillery.

Lord Nuffield founded the Nuffield Trust for the Forces of the Crown in the summer of 1939 with shares worth £1½ million. Those shares have since provided £3,286,677 directly to the Services in an enormous range of gifts large and small. In the 24 years up to June this year, £877,885 had been given exclusively to the Army. This is not to mention the Army's share of such great inter-Service assets as the Nuffield Centre and the Nuffield Club in London.

During the war the average amount paid out to be shared between the three Services was £87,500. Last year the Army alone received £138,000, the Royal Air Force £87,000, the Royal Navy £63,000, with £19,000 going to inter-Service projects.

And the variety of his gifts—modelling kits, mini-buses, vaulting poles, theatre curtains, speedboats, bowling alleys—is almost rivalled by the range of vehicles and equipment his factories produced for the Services during World War Two. There were aircraft, tanks, armoured cars, trucks, ambulances, millions of jerricans, tracer bullets, ammunition boxes, torpedoes, steel helmets, mess tins. . . .

History will remember Lord Nuffield for his great gifts to medicine and learning, but it is for his contribution to the war against boredom that he will best be remembered by men and women of the three Services. And with the Trust shares now worth more than £10 million, future generations of soldiers will continue to have cause to remember him with gratitude.

PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER

ON the third of this month the Army's top sergeant-major leaves the Service. Academy Sergeant-Major John C Lord MVO, MBE, living legend at Sandhurst, Arnhem parachutist, straight-backed hero of Stalag XIB, subject of BBC-TV's "This is Your Life," only warrant officer ever to lecture to Staff College, co-author of the book that lays down—in precise detail—the way today's Army must perform its drill, will become, at the age of 55, a civilian once more.

The story of his colourful military career is the story of a man who came to terms with every aspect of a soldier's life, came to believe fervently in the power of discipline for good, and proved his point in a remarkable way. As Regimental Sergeant-Major at Sandhurst for 15 years—during which time the post was upgraded to Academy Sergeant-Major—he became a leading figure in the lives of 7000 officer cadets. By his example he has influenced their views and through them has inevitably made his mark on the British Army.

That his methods are effective was proved at Stalag XIB, when ASM Lord used stern uncompromising Army discipline to great effect, restoring self-respect to prisoners living in appalling conditions, bringing order out of chaos and, without doubt, saving many lives.

His approach to discipline has always been based on encouragement rather than fear, or, as he would put it, positive, not negative. "I have always addressed the cadets as 'Gentlemen' in the expectation that they would behave as such, and they have always responded well to this approach," ASM Lord told SOLDIER. The report that he said to the Duke of Kent when he was a cadet, "You will call me 'sir' and I will call you 'sir,' the difference is you will mean it!" is quite untrue and reflects the opposite of the ASM's approach to discipline. "I would not dream of taking that attitude with any cadet," he said. "The Duke—I always addressed him as 'Prince Edward, sir'—was very good here. He could not have been more co-operative, and in the right sort of way."

A keen and talented sportsman, and a man who enjoys his pint of bitter, Mr Lord disapproves of swearing and under his influence bad language in the Sergeants' Mess is so rare as to cause heads to turn. Another personal objection is to the "traditional" sergeant-major picture of him with his mouth open, shouting an order.

The dress rehearsal for this year's Sovereign's Parade brought the climax to his 30 years of soldiering. A thousand cadets had subscribed to buy him a magnificent clock and after it was presented he was speechless for what seemed minutes. Finally he uttered

"Gentlemen, thank you" and marched stiffly back to his place. There were other fine gifts too, from the officers of the Academy, his own Mess, the Academy military band, former adjutants and assistant adjutants at Sandhurst, and officers of The Parachute Regiment.

All this military distinction for the younger son of a Southport draper who had no military background whatever. After six years at a North Wales boarding school, young John Lord gained his matriculation, then spent several restless years, some of them in his father's small factory, before deciding, at the age of 25, to give the Army a try.

He joined the Grenadier Guards on a four-year engagement, soon serving with the 3rd Battalion in Egypt. The Rugby he had learned at school flourished in the Mediterranean sun and he played lock-forward for the Army side in Egypt and for the United Services. Corporal Lord—promotion after 12 months—played tennis and cricket for the Battalion.

The four years flew happily by, but Lance-Sergeant Lord resisted pleas to stay in the Army and instead joined the Brighton police, earning Bench commendation for the capture of motorcycle thieves, and playing Rugby for Brighton and Sussex.

World War Two brought him marching back through the gates of Windsor Castle, and after a brief refresher course Sergeant Lord was posted to Sandhurst as an instructor. It was not long before Company Sergeant-Major Lord ("C" Company) was yearning for a more positive contribution to the war effort. He volunteered for parachuting and within a few months Regimental Sergeant-Major Lord was taking on the new 3rd Parachute Battalion.

Action at last in November, 1942, when the Battalion sailed for North Africa, where the parachute troops earned their "Red Devils" nickname. From there the RSM and his men dropped into Sicily and continued the fight into Italy before being recalled to England to regroup for the assault on Europe.

But first there was leave, and the chance to marry the daughter of a Lincolnshire nurseryman. They now have two grown-up daughters, Tania and Jane, and a son, John (17), following in his father's footsteps via the Army Apprentices School, Arborfield.

Then came Arnhem. The perfect drop on that sunny Sunday afternoon in September, 1944, was in marked contrast to subsequent developments, and after 48 hours Mr Lord's depleted party was surrounded and captured, he himself stopping a bullet in the arm.

The two-day cattle-truck journey to Stalag XIB brought RSM Lord face to face with British troops living in



Eyes left! The Army's top sergeant-major sets an example for cadets at the dress rehearsal for the 1963 Sovereign's Parade.

Pre-war Rugby. John Lord is second from left, backing up a Sussex Rovers raid in a match against St "Bart's."



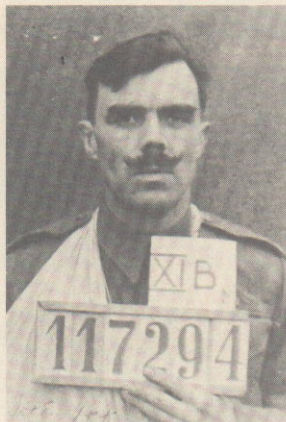
COVER PICTURE

This study of the Army's top warrant officer on the eve of retirement is by SOLDIER's Frank Tompsett.



The late King George VI has a talk with RSM Lord as the Battalion trains for Arnhem.

And after Arnhem, a hostile stare for the German camera at the notorious Stalag XIB.



misery and squalor, underfed and packed 400 in a hut, the frequent dead taken to their graves in an old cart.

RSM Lord took the camp by the scruff of the neck. He formed the troops into companies, and gained control of the twice-daily roll-call. Though conditions were almost impossible he insisted that barrack rooms were kept clean, and ordered an hour's daily walk round the compound for everyone who was able.

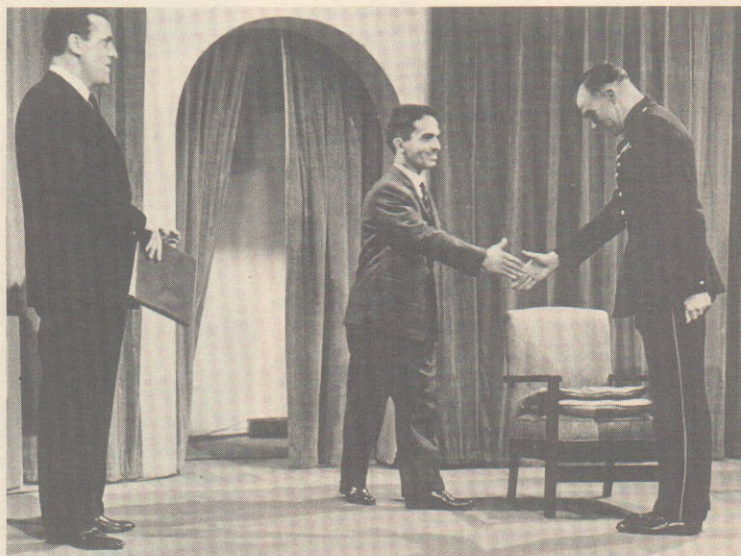
His organisation of food distribution restored confidence in that touchy subject, and he acquired an old Belgian bugle, getting his 3rd Battalion batman to blow the calls each day. Funerals—there were 50 in the seven months—were conducted in proper military style, with a home-made Union Jack covering the coffin, a slow march precisely performed, and the "Last Post" played.

He and his team turned down offers of a move to a more comfortable NCO camp, and Mr Lord later refused an order to go, hiding for five days in a trench below the French hut while the Germans turned the camp upside down.

By the time liberation came the camp—which housed Russians, French, Belgians, Yugoslavs and Poles—had

been practically taken over by the British. Seeing the immaculate, red-bereted guard at the gates, Major Ralph Cobbold, Coldstream Guards, thought 6th Airborne Division had somehow got ahead of him. "When did you get here?" he asked the guard commander. The reply: "Just after Arnhem, sir!"

A royal handshake for the subject of "This is Your Life" as King Hussein greets the RSM. He flew from Jordan for the show.



Then RSM Lord appeared, with uniform pressed, webbing snow-white (one use he found for German soap) and boots and brasses gleaming. The whole of the British compound reflected the same signs of high morale.

His great job at Stalag XIB recognised by the award of the MBE, RSM Lord returned to duty, training men of The Parachute Regiment until August, 1947, when he became Regimental Sergeant-Major of New College, Sandhurst, and RSM of the Academy a year later.

Outstanding events during that memorable "reign" have been his lecture to Staff College on discipline, when the audience applauded him from the hall—a rare occurrence at a lecture!—and the BBC's "This is Your Life" programme devoted to Mr Lord, staged in the guise of a new panel game at the Academy theatre. King Hussein, only reigning monarch ever to go through Sandhurst, flew from Jordan to pay a royal tribute.

One other notable event occurred in 1955, when Mr Lord learned he had tuberculosis. After his six months in hospital the Grenadier Guards, The Parachute Regiment, and the Academy combined to sponsor a convalescence for him in Switzerland, a gesture he will not forget. The Army and Academy Sergeant-Major Lord have indeed treated each other as gentlemen—and each has responded to that "positive approach."

PJD



SAPPERS SAIL

Story by **PETER DAVIES**

Pictures by **FRANK TOMPSETT**

THE

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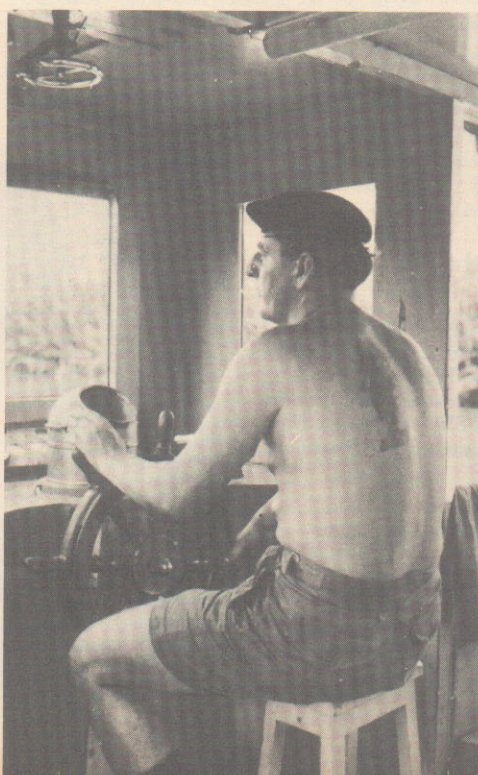
CAPTAIN H K C Winskell, Royal Engineers, gave the order to the quartermaster: "Full astern." The 90ft landing craft edged away from the ramp at Brunei Harbour, swung in a wide arc then surged forward, heading south then east across the wide mouth of the Umpel Umpel River. Churning a white frothy wake across the sandy-green water the craft, with its seven-man Sapper crew, steamed up the jungle waterway.

"It's pretty much routine these days," said Captain Winskell, commanding the Brunei detachment of 10 Port Squadron, Royal Engineers, "but in the early days of the emergency it was different. Then it was trial and error navigation, steaming on and off mudbanks, the crew armed to the teeth in case of rebel attack. But we know the mudbanks now. We don't hit them twice . . ."

"You'll have to swing wide here to clear that sandbank and make your turn . . ."

As the vessel swung hard to port, mud swirled to the surface showing how narrowly we had missed the hidden hazard. But judgement was good and the craft headed down the narrow Jai Jai Channel linking the Umpel Umpel with the Malais River.

"This is the craft the Commandos



▲ As the Z-craft heads up-river to the jungle village, Capt Winskell checks the course . . .

◀ . . . and Sapper Lofty Holton sits at the helm of the now familiar requisitioned vessel.

landed from at Limbang at the beginning of the emergency, when five of them were killed," he said, and pointed to bullet holes in the structure of the bridge. "Limbang and Bangar—where we're heading now—both fell to the rebels.

"Take the starboard channel here, it's shorter . . .

"The civilians took three days to get this tub from Brunei to Limbang. We do it in a morning. We brought our own RPL (ramped powered lighter) and requisitioned this and one other similar craft from the Public Works Department. The maintenance boys have kept them going remarkably well. In three and a half months the three craft covered 8200 miles, carried nearly 1000 vehicles, 1200 tons of cargo and 5000 passengers . . ."

For the umpteenth time Captain Winskell returned a wave from one of the tiny craft heading downstream, each one expertly handled by men, women or even young children.

"Brunei has virtually only one road—linking Brunei Town with Seria," the Sapper officer continued. "The rest of the traffic goes by river. The buses are water-borne and the youngsters can paddle a canoe almost before they can walk . . .

"Yes, we've taken all kinds of cargo.

That broken helicopter was a bit of a problem. It was loaded by a second helicopter and we were almost blown away by the down-draught. Then there was the duck, mascot of one of the Commando troops. We gave her the run of the bridge . . .

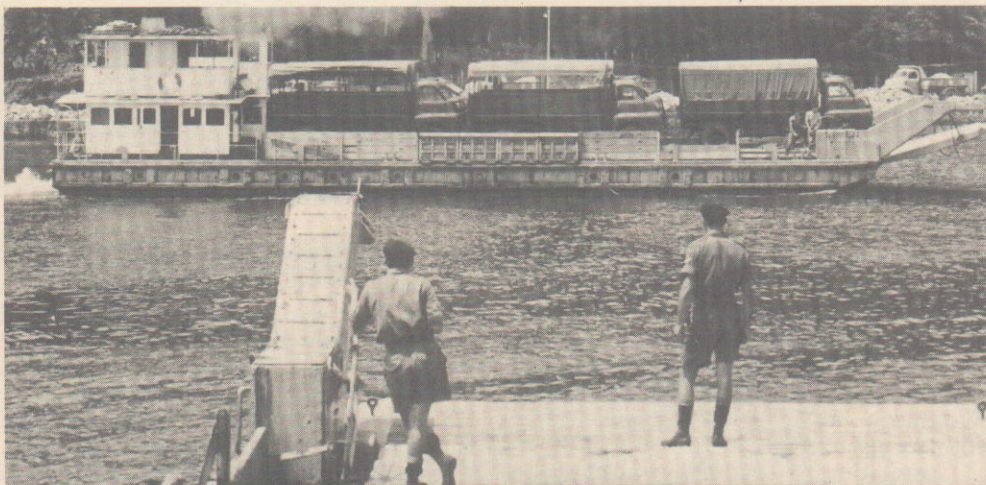
"Take the starboard channel here, it's shorter . . ."

The vessel steamed on up the narrowing river, occasionally passing a crocodile or a lizard. The chatter of monkeys and crickets heralded the approach, giving the people of Bangar, and the Gurkha unit there, a natural early warning system. The cargo, a water purification plant, was quickly unloaded and within minutes the landing craft was heading downstream again to be home in time for tea.

"You're going too fast for this bend."

The warning was only just in time. With the helm swung hard to starboard, the craft skimmed the outside bank, the bridge brushing the overhanging branches. The result of this was soon apparent as hundreds of black ants, dislodged from the trees, swarmed all over the deck, their bites bringing up lumps on arms and legs.

"I suppose we'll have this lot for weeks now," said Captain Winskell. "These trips are pretty routine these days—but there's always something . . ."



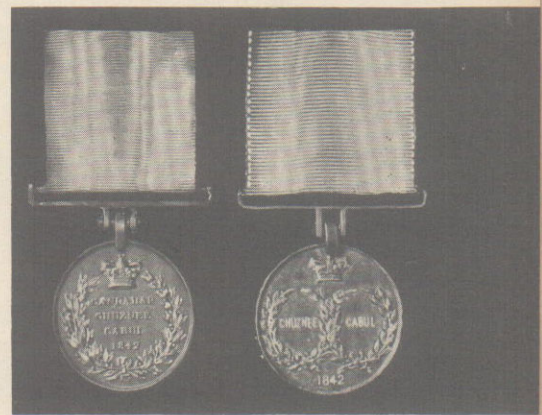
As one Public Works craft returns to harbour the other sets out on yet another routine trip. Below: Another Sapper task is to ferry lorries across the harbour to feed road building work.



The Army's MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

22 : CANDAHAR, GHUZNEE & CABUL MEDALS



At top left is the obverse of the 1839 medal for the capture of Ghuznee. The reverse has two branches of laurel round a mural crown; the ribbon is crimson and green. The 1842 medal (two reverses shown) has Queen Victoria's head on the obverse. It is a rainbow ribbon.

THIS MEDAL, for some famous actions during the Afghan War of 1841-42, had six different striking, although two were apparently mistakes. No bars were issued, the battles in which the recipient took part being shown on the medal itself.

The obverse shows the diademed head of Queen Victoria with "Victoria Vindex."

The battles are shown on the reverse. The four main types show Candahar, Cabul, Ghuznee and Cabul or Candahar, Ghuznee and Cabul. In three cases the names are within a single laurel wreath, surmounted by a crown. In the case of Ghuznee and Cabul the words appear in each of two laurel wreaths. The date appears on all reverses.

Fifteen medals were issued with Cabul spelt Cabul and some others have "Victoria Regina" instead of "Victoria Vindex," but these discrepancies do not make the medals additionally valuable.

Rarest of the medals is that for Ghuznee and Cabul, as Europeans received only 360 medals. Candahar is next, then Candahar, Ghuznee, Cabul and finally Cabul. A total of 5390 medals was issued to Europeans and nearly 18,000 went to natives, though many of these finished up in the melting pot.

The 40th Foot (2nd Somersets, later 1st South Lancashires) and 41st (Welch Regiment) were at Candahar, but each was so depleted that together they received only 110 medals.

British regiments present at Cabul were the 9th (East Norfolks), 13th (Prince Albert's Light Infantry), 31st (East Surreys) and 3rd Light Dragoons. A few other detached troops also received this medal.

Only 108 British received the medal for Ghuznee and Cabul. This battle for Ghuznee should not be confused with that in 1839, for which a separate medal was issued. One officer and two privates of the 40th and 105 officers and men of the 41st received the two-battle medal.

The 40th and 41st were the only British regiments to receive the medal for the three battles, although British officers serving with native regiments also won it.

PILGRIMS SAIL AGAIN

Three centuries after the Pilgrim Fathers set sail



Sergeant Geoffrey Bishop (above) answers questions from the Americans before a tour of the Houses of Parliament during their sightseeing week in London.



Colonel O'Flaherty briefs the Americans on the background of the D-Day landings just before arrival at Utah Beach.

another pilgrimage left historic Plymouth

Curious holidaymakers return the stares of the Americans waiting in the open jaws of the ship—in the background is a concrete relic of war.



NINETY American gunners from Oklahoma, each with his name emblazoned in black across one breast and "US Army" in gold across the other, paddled gingerly ashore at Utah Beach in Normandy, scene of the historic D-Day landings.

Where nearly twenty years ago their countrymen stormed out of the sea across shell-torn dunes, the visitors rolled up their trousers or pulled on rubber boots and waded from the gaping jaws of a tank landing craft to be met by a small crowd of French holidaymakers in bathing costumes.

It was a pretty ordinary sort of beach to most of the young Yanks. But for veteran Sergeant Louis Cassel, from Lawton, Oklahoma, it was a moment full of emotion. He was the only one who actually landed at Utah on D-Day and with myriad recollections tumbling through his head he was able to retrace his steps.

The second American invasion of Utah Beach was all part of an Anglo-American exchange of Gunner batteries. In Royal Air Force *Britannias*, 79 (Kirkee) Commando Battery of 29 Commando Regiment, Royal Artillery, had flown out to train at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. And on the return trip the aircraft brought back "A" Battery of the 2nd Howitzer Battalion, 2nd Artillery,

United States Army, the first American soldiers to train in Britain since the war.

Immediately after arrival in England the Americans were put to work as a battery of 5 Regiment at the School of Artillery, Larkhill, before moving to Woolwich for a week's concentrated sightseeing in London.

Correlating every date with when Columbus discovered America, the visitors were shown the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's and other tourist attractions, finishing with a tour of the royal apartments at Windsor Castle where the guide emphatically assured them they were in the actual rooms in which the Queen lives during part of the year. The cameras worked overtime.

Brimming with history, the Americans moved to Plymouth to replace the battery of 29 Commando Regiment who were in America. The highlight of the first week was the trip in *Abbeville*, a Royal Army Service Corps tank landing craft, to Normandy.

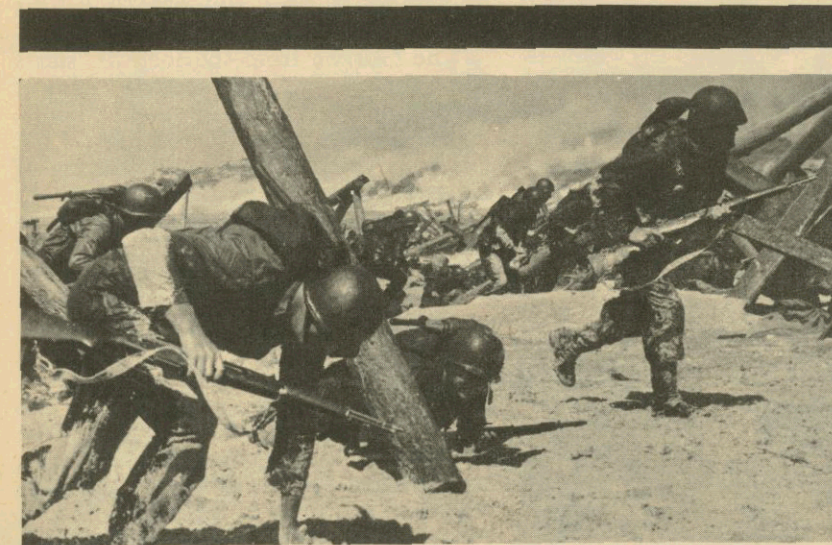
They embarked on a miserable, rainy night with a dour dockyard employee warning them in no uncertain fashion that flat-bottomed tank landing craft were no fun for bad sailors. "They don't half rock and roll," he informed one soldier darkly. "That won't worry me none, man," a Deep South drawl replied, "ah rock 'n' roll all day."

After an uncomfortable night sleeping on the tank deck the Americans soon found their sea legs and a poker school started. Utah Beach, which appeared deserted from offshore, resembled Grand Central Station by the time *Abbeville* beached. A crowd appeared from nowhere to watch the disembarking.

That evening, after a perfunctory glance at a small museum, the invaders, with dashing scarlet neckerchiefs tucked into their shirts, crowded into a nearby café and proceeded to eat and drink the place dry—the British compo rations had been received without enthusiasm. Weather-beaten French fishermen, in suits of faded blue denim, beamed, gesticulated and guffawed with the visitors, most of whom were finding French beer barely palatable but infinitely preferable to wine.

Back on board *Abbeville* the following morning, the poker-faced poker school started again while the ship headed east for Omaha Beach, where the Americans suffered their heaviest casualties.

Lieutenant-Colonel Denis O'Flaherty DSO, commanding 29 Commando Regiment, was on board to point out the major sights on the historic coastline. Perhaps the saddest moment was when a white mist came into view on a cliff-top—it was, in fact, row after row of American graves, forming an ethereal cloud when seen from the sea.



Left: The grim drama of D-Day as seen in the film "The Longest Day." Below: The man who was there—Sgt Louis Cassel landed on Utah at 3.30pm on D-Day. His second visit to the Normandy beaches was a nostalgic reminder of that historic, fateful day.



Rugged cliffs scaled by heroic US Rangers led to Omaha Beach, golden and serene in the sunlight. Further along the coast, the stark remnants of Mulberry, the British artificial harbour, poked out of the sea at Arromanches.

There, *Abbeville* turned away from the coast and headed into a heavy sea back towards Plymouth. The weather became steadily worse with a strong wind whipping great clouds of spray over the

bows of the ship and, reluctantly, the marathon poker school broke up. The sea had won.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, after a typically warm welcome, Kirkee Battery was showing its paces and working with the United States Artillery. A demonstration of cliff scaling and a river crossing with guns were arranged, although it was not all work—the British artillerymen were taken

on a recreational visit to Dallas, Texas.

The American visit ended with serious training on Dartmoor with 29 Commando Regiment and live firing exercises at Sennybridge in Wales. Last month both batteries flew home to rejoin their own regiments. They had learned a lot about each other, even if the intricacies of cricket and baseball remained largely a mystery to both sides.

RUSSELL MILLER



Still dazed from the rail, air and road journey, recruits tumble out at the Depot, ready to start on the equally long road to becoming a soldier . . .

SOLDIER's PETER DAVIES and FRANK TOMPSETT, on their Far East Tour, visit Sungei Patani, where some of the world's greatest soldiers are produced

Cradle of



The Gurkha has strong legs and back but not such strong arms. He enjoys physical training. Backsticks, used in drill during the early weeks, give the British Gurkhas their military bearing.



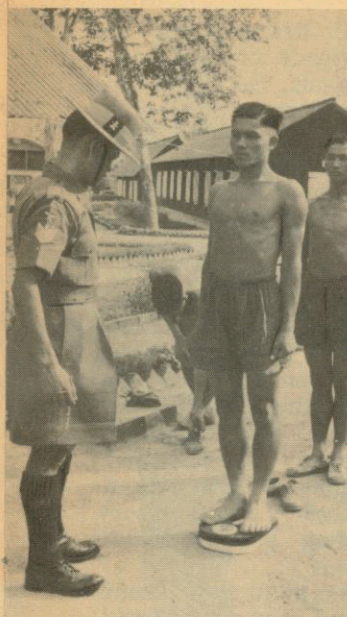
THAT tell-tale trace of bewilderment on the almost inscrutable face of a youthful Gurkha recruit was understandable. He had trekked from his Himalayan foothill village—where no land transport could possibly approach within miles—and been swept thousands of miles by rail, air and road to Northern Malaya, to the British Gurkha Brigade Training Depot at Sungei Patani. For him it might just as well have been Mars.

The Gurkha from the foothills starts his Army life from scratch. Almost everything is new to him—the boots, clothing, plumbing, furnishings . . . He must learn at least a smattering of English, learn to write Gurkhali in Roman characters, learn arithmetic—never having seen figures before—and at the same time learn to be a soldier.

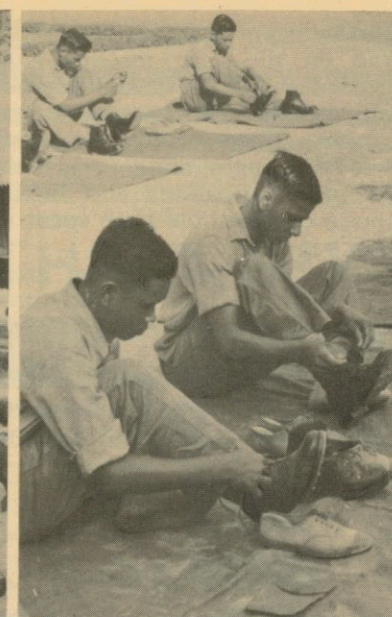
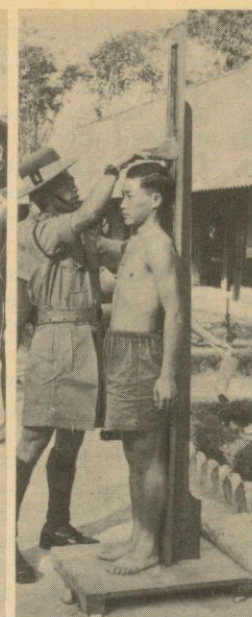
Yet in ten short months the resilient, adaptable, determined, hard-working Gurkha triumphs over all this, emerging as one of the most feared and respected breed of fighting men in the world. The bewildered recruit has at least the confidence that generations of Gurkhas have passed this way before him, in a tradition of service to the Crown that in some strange way has become a valued part of the Gurkha way of life.

The Gurkha is a natural warrior. The inherent skills and aptitudes are there, the natural marksmanship, response to discipline, selfless courage, toughness . . . But there is so much to learn.

Arrival day is known at the Depot—appropriately—as D-Day. From D-Day onwards the recruit is swept through a tide of seemingly weird operations, soon ceasing to wonder at anything he sees or is called upon to do. There are “washing parades,” dental inspections, inoculations, vaccinations, weighings, measurings, haircuts. . . .



They have to be weighed . . . And measured . . .



Learn to walk—and march—in boots . . . To handle the familiar kukri . . . And the not-so-familiar rifle . . .

THE GURKHA



And on D-plus-two comes the mass of confusing equipment, the fitting of clothes—and the boots. Most recruits are wearing footwear for the first time in their lives. Then come the first of countless lectures, on body cleanliness (standards are different in the foothills where water is scarce and soap a rare luxury), Army timings and bugle calls.

D-plus-four sees the new recruit on a tour of the lines, with more lectures on subjects that are commonplace to a European. Then lectures on kit layout, clothes washing, malaria precautions, the uniform and how to wear it . . . lectures on the cookhouse and dining hall, pay arrangements and saving, badges of rank, maintenance of boots, fire precautions, clothing repairs, care of arms and ammunition . . .

The first of the 160-odd drill periods brings with it more problems. With shorter hamstrings, and arms habitually bent at the elbow, marching is quite foreign to the Gurkha. To allow for an early awkwardness the marching pace is begun at 112 to the minute for the first few weeks and built up gradually to the 140 required for the passing out parade. In every drill movement, instructors must constantly check to see that thighs, knees and arms are properly braced. For the recruits, to whom none of this is automatic, it is like learning to juggle with plates on a monocycle.

But the Gurkha is not to be beaten. His answer is to do his own extra practice. The sound of drill orders ringing out on the evening air as keen young recruits drill each other is quite common at Sungei Patani. In fact the keenness is such that instructors have to restrict the amount of spare-time study and practice to ensure the recruits

OVER . . .

The Gurkha does not take naturally to drill, but he succeeds through sheer determination.

get the leisure and rest they require.

Physical training is another foreign art the hardy young Gurkha takes to with application. Qualifying tests call for a 12ft long jump, 5ft vaulting, strenuous climbing and hanging exercises, a mile run in six minutes and five miles walked in an hour.

In the battle fitness tests, performed in battle order with 50 rounds of ammunition, recruits surmount a 6ft wall, clear a 9ft ditch, climb a 12ft rope and traverse 20 feet horizontally, carry a man of their own weight 200 yards in two minutes and cover eight miles in two hours.

But the biggest task of all is in general education. The man from the foothills must study the Roman alphabet and apply it to his own Gurkhali, and learn a fair amount of oral English. In arithmetic he starts behind any English toddler in that he must first learn to recognise the shapes of the figures. Despite this he learns to add and subtract numbers and handle Malayan money, cope with liquid and linear measurement, and tables of time. Many go on to more advanced stages. Every recruit must apply his knowledge to map reading, learning to pick out the main features in Gurkhali and English.

Finally, recruits learn the craft at which they excel—Infantry fighting. Their natural shooting ability is fully

developed with some 190 periods on the rifle, 130 on the light machine-gun, 50 on grenades and the various support weapons, and there are 20 periods on the bayonet. Then come field craft (25 periods), jungle craft (27), field defences (30), formations and tactics (22), plus a considerable time spent at the Depot's jungle camp.

Throughout the ten months, great rivalry is built up between the three training companies and the platoons within them. In 1 Company are platoons of the 2nd and the 6th Gurkha Rifles; in 2 Company are platoons of the 7th and 10th Gurkha Rifles, and 3 Com-

pany houses men destined for the services of the Brigade of Gurkhas—the Engineers, Signals, Service Corps and clerks. Each company is commanded by a British major with a Gurkha captain as second-in-command.

Another important part of the school is the Boys Company, recruited locally from boys whose fathers are serving soldiers. They spend three years at the school, taking the normal recruits' course in their third year. The extra years give a greater opportunity for education and the boys also learn something of the internal combustion engine and take carpentry. In sport the Company competes with other Far East schools and has an outstanding record. A hobby is compulsory, the choice including boating, model railways and chess.

All through this picturesque camp with its tall trees and neat grass there is an atmosphere of keenness, both among recruits and among the men dedicated to turning out the same high standard of fighting man.

The Gurkha will follow his British officer to the ends of the earth, and the officer will go to any length to care for the welfare of his men. Nowhere is this ideal military relationship more apparent than in the Gurkhas, and it is at the Sungei Patani Depot that the seed is sown.



In handling rifle and (below) bayonet, the young recruit is quick to show that he too is worthy of that great Gurkha fighting tradition.



The British Gurkha Brigade Depot has recently added another branch to its training, catering for men making the same journey as the recruits—but in reverse. The Gurkha soldier who retires after 15 years' or more service returns to Sungei Patani for a resettlement course in either building or farming to help him improve his standard of living when he returns to the foothills.

All the building instruction is specialised, in that it is confined to materials that are readily available in Nepal, and students reach a useful standard in carpentry, despite many of them never having held a hammer and chisel in their hands before. Students can buy tools to take home with them.

Farming students learn the practical side of the work on the school's own farm, where there are sample crops and livestock, and study the theories of mineral values, vitamins and carbohydrates, and the importance of improving strains of livestock. The school's farm is a good advertisement for its methods, making a useful profit.



The process in reverse. In building and in . . .



. . . farming, Gurkhas learn to be civilians again.



SOLDIERING is a family affair for the Bishops. In 1899, as soon as he was seventeen, John Bishop fol-

lowed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather and joined the Army. His four younger brothers followed him and they in turn were emulated by all their sons.

Today, at eighty-one, John is still in uniform, as a company sergeant-major at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea. A man with no illusions about himself, is John. "I am an old man now and do you know what I say? Nobody wants an old man except his old woman. I've not got my old woman any more, so I'm here. This is the finest place for old soldiers."

Sergeant-Major Bishop had already been at work as a wagon boy for five years when he enlisted in The Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He served at home, in Ireland and in India—where he was a sergeant under a Second-Lieutenant Montgomery—before joining Birmingham Fire Brigade in 1913.

Twelve months later he was back in the Army and on his way to France with the 7th Division. All five Bishop brothers fought in the war; all five were wounded, John four times. Their five sisters were all nursing—four in military hospitals.

At Ypres, in 1914, he was hung up on the barbed wire during an attack. But although under heavy fire, he did not retreat until he disentangled a wounded comrade and brought him safely back to the trenches. For that exploit he was mentioned in dispatches.

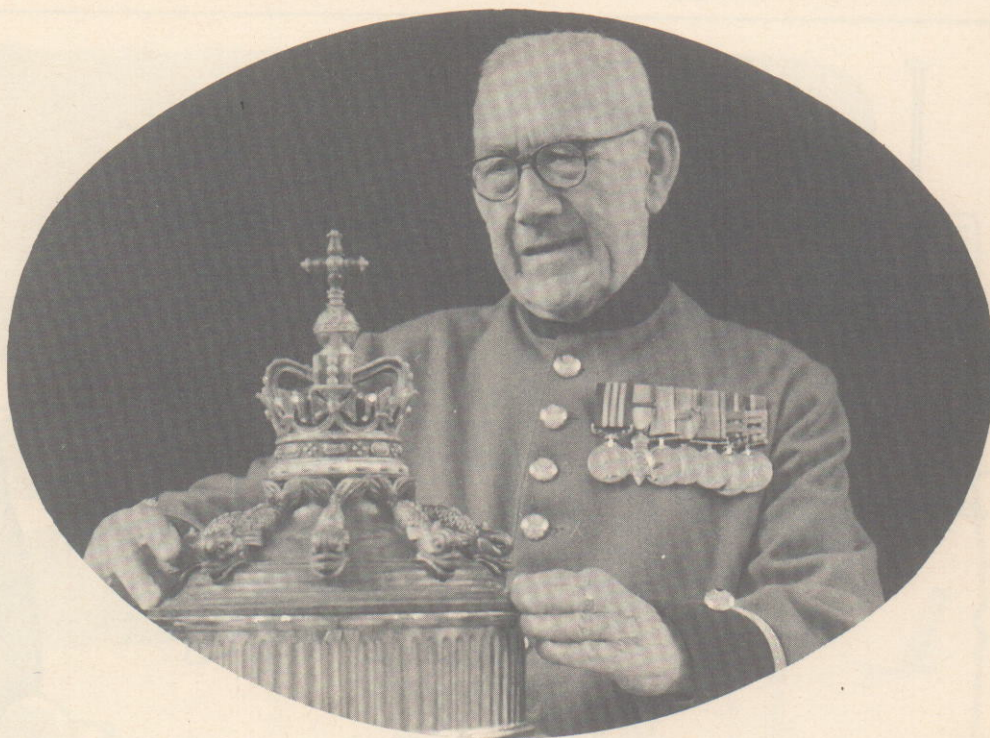
A year later he was so badly wounded he was left for dead. But he recovered and went on to win the Military Medal in 1917 when, as a sergeant-major, he rallied his company to hold a captured trench under heavy fire after all his officers had been knocked out.

After the war John got married and returned to his old job in the Birmingham Fire Brigade.

During World War Two his three sons were all fighting for their country—two in the Army and one in the Royal Air Force who was killed when his plane was shot down over Burma. His daughter was doing her bit too, in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, while John himself was an enthusiastic instruc-

THE ARMY'S OLD BOYS: 10

Company Sergeant-Major JOHN BISHOP



tor in the Home Guard. Both his sons in The Warwickshire Regiment were wounded at Caen and both are now in the fire service.

John remained fighting fires until 1943 when he retired as a station officer after 30 years' service. But he had no thoughts of permanent retirement. He was appointed chief officer of an engineering firm's private fire brigade and in 1947 he took over the management of a local public house—it was the first time he had been out of uniform for nearly half a century.

Sergeant-Major Bishop went to The Royal Hospital in 1956, and his first job was looking after the chapel (he is pictured above at the font). "I do not consider I have ever retired. I have

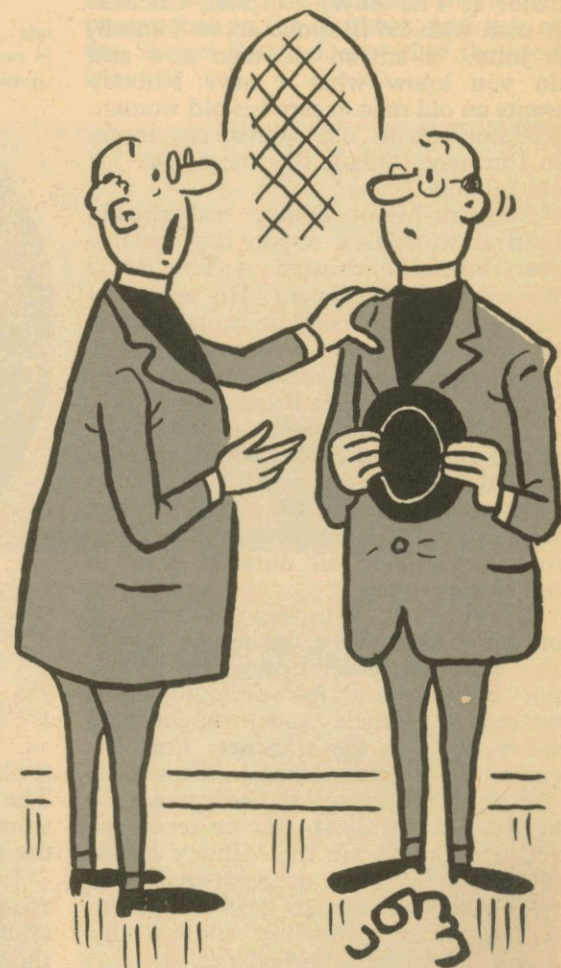
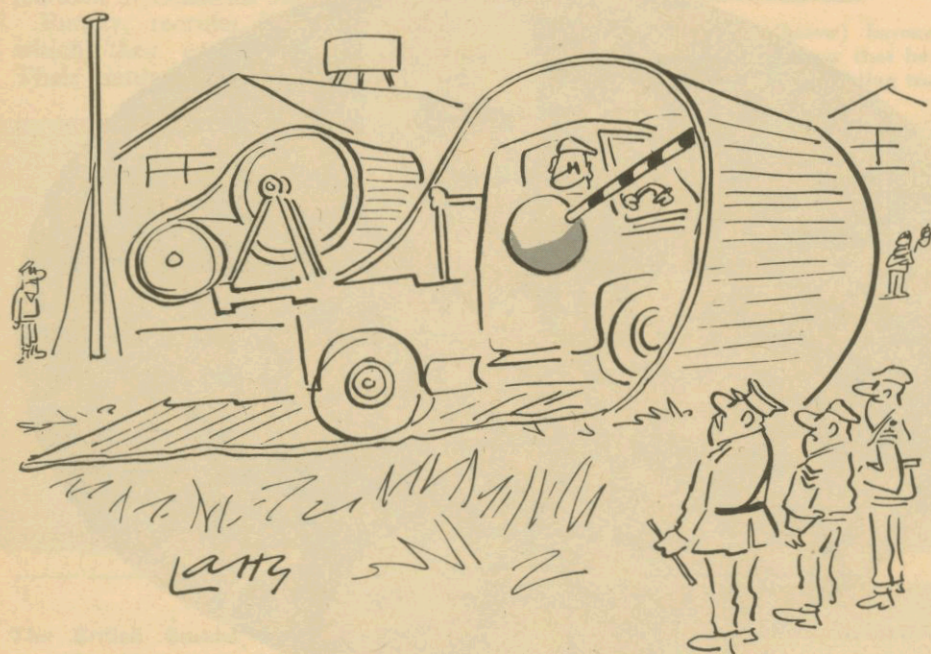
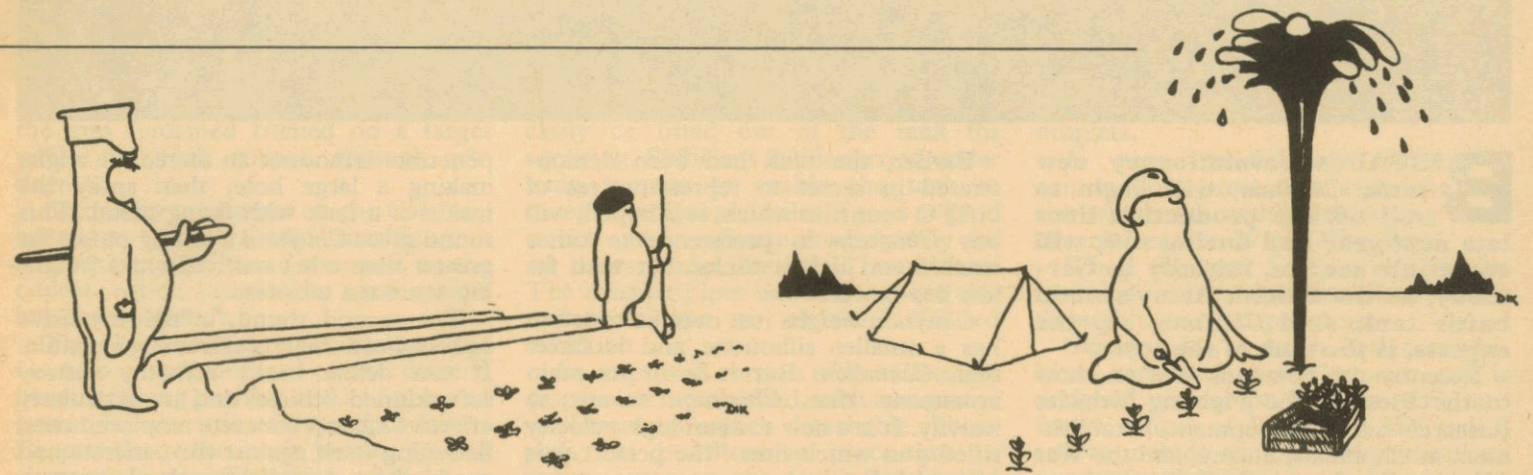
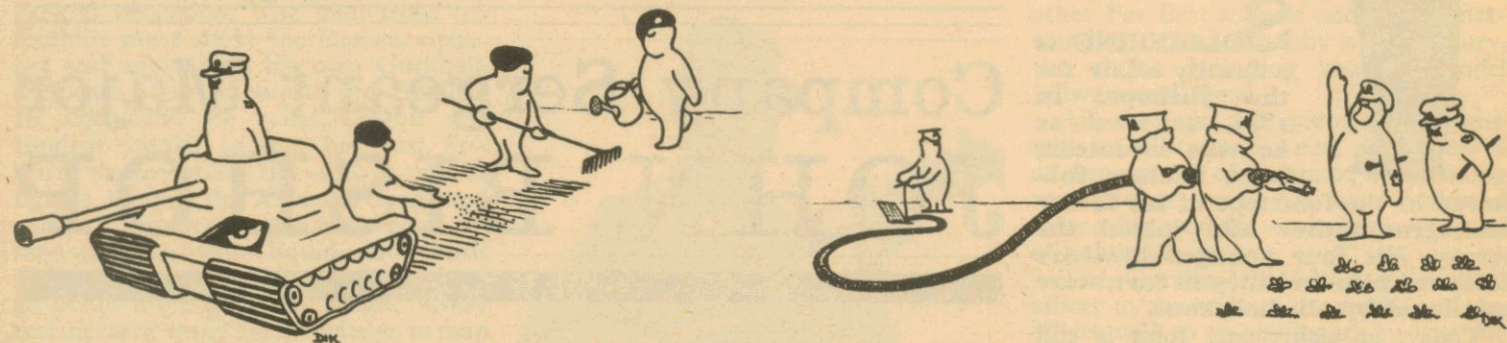
never had a day off in 70 years and I have never been on the dole from the day I first started work when I was 12 years old."

Perhaps one of the proudest moments of his life came quite recently when he was attending a reunion of his old Regiment. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who was taking the salute, immediately recognised the man in the scarlet coat at the back of the crowd and insisted that John should share the saluting base with him during the march past.

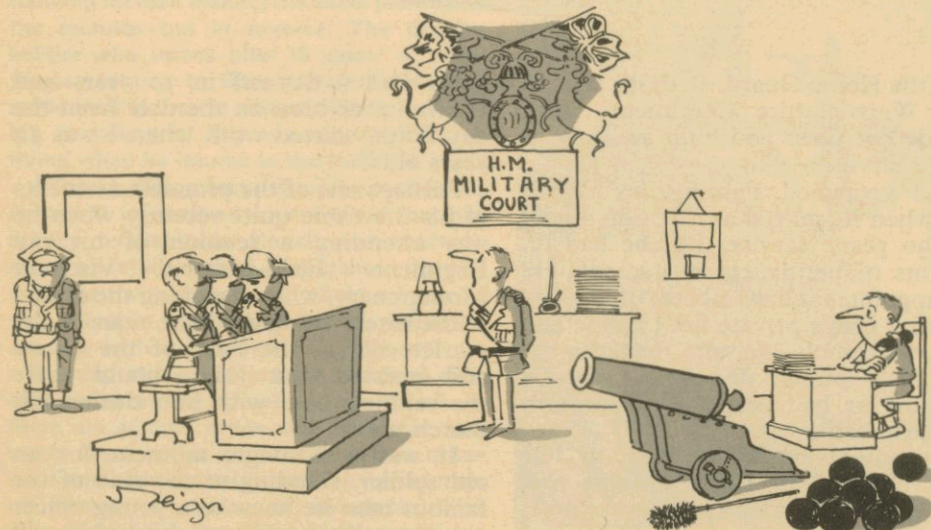
It was a nostalgic moment for an old soldier, standing at the side of the famous man he knew as a young officer 50 years ago and watching his old Regiment marching proudly past. . . .

HUMOUR

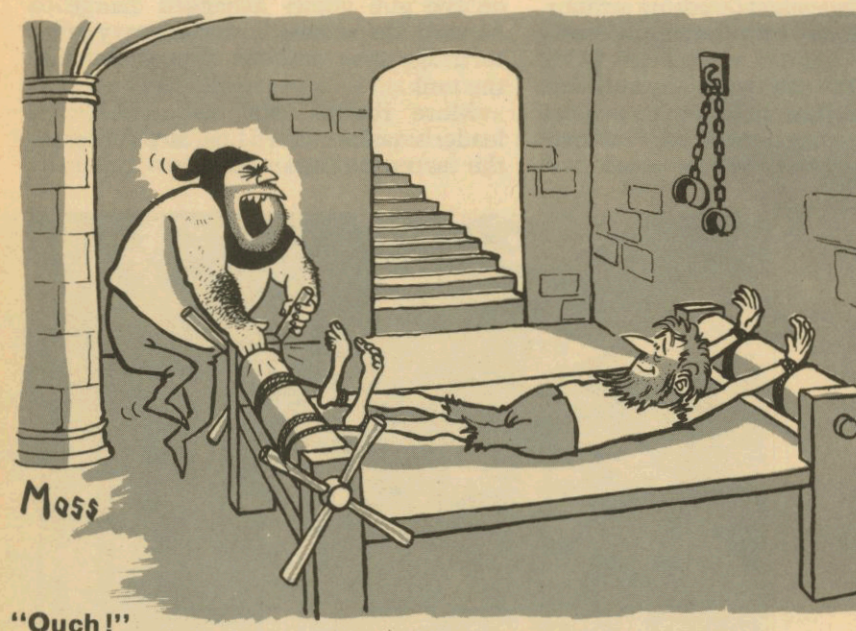
GREEN FINGERS BRIGADE by DIK



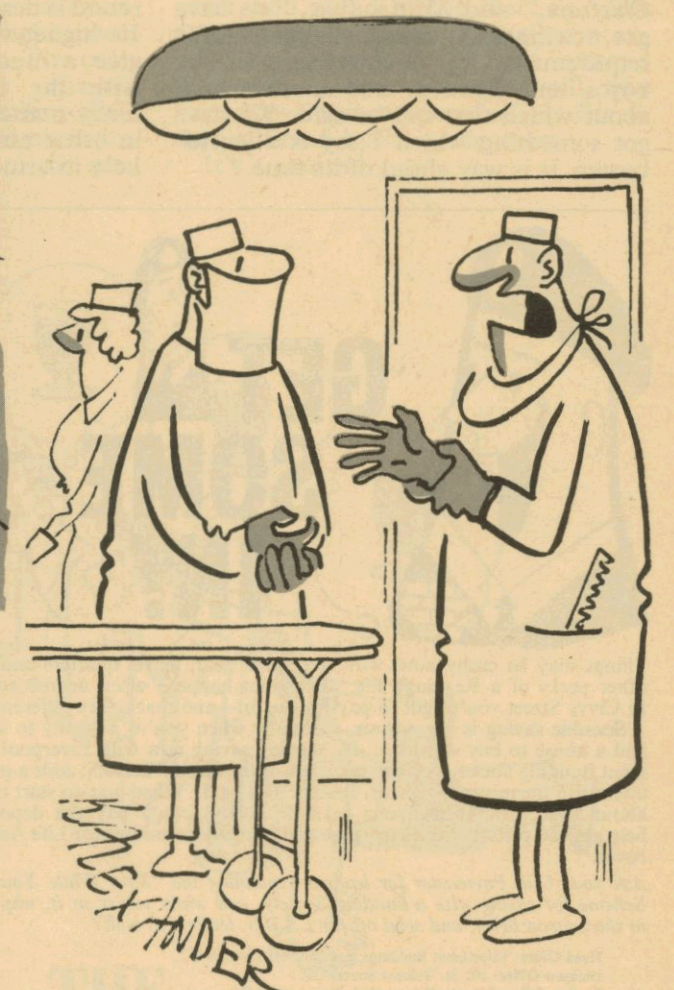
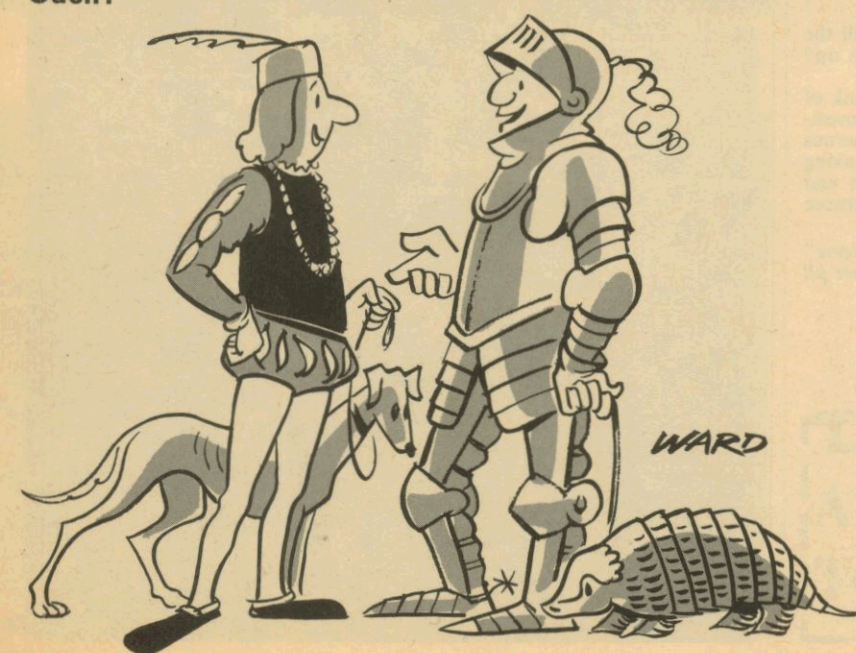
"But you can't resign, my dear Carstairs—where would I get another canon of your calibre?"



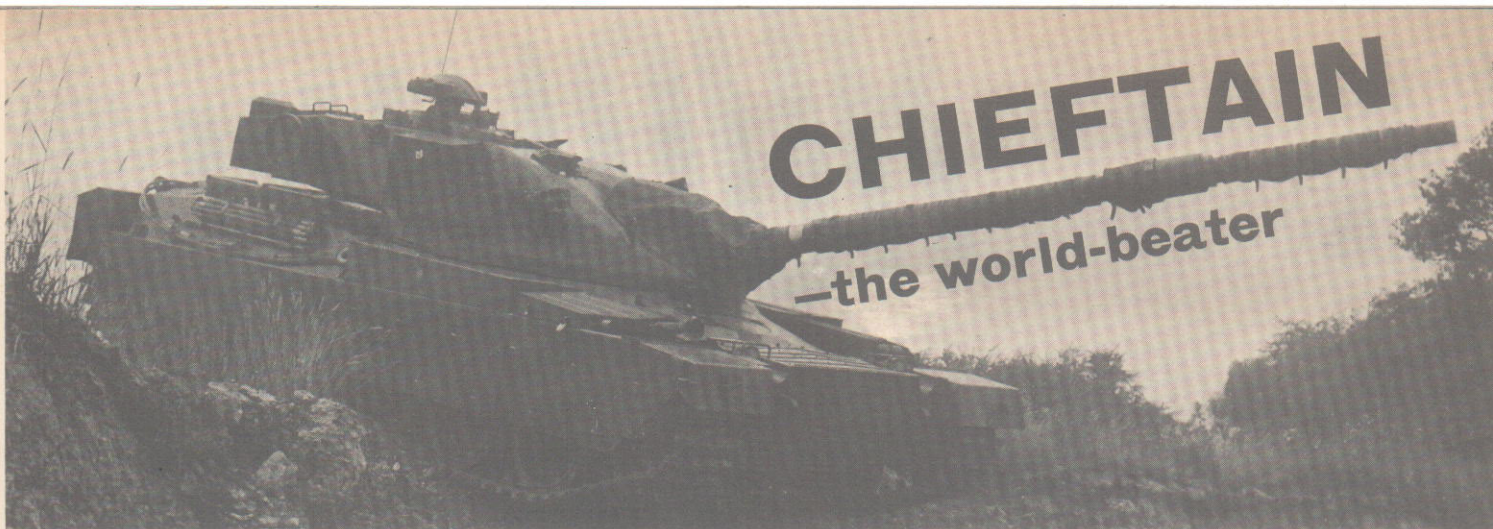
"The accused has prepared his own defence, Sir!"



"Ouch!"



"It was a pleasure to operate on that Gunner Instructor chap—every part clearly numbered."



B RITAIN's revolutionary new tank, *Chieftain*, will begin to roll off the production lines late next year and during 1965 will come into service, initially in Germany, as the British Army's main battle tank. And *Chieftain*, say the experts, is the tank of the 1970s.

Recently the new tank was on show to the Press at the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment at Chobham, Surrey, and the War Minister (Mr Joseph Godber) was there, too, to see it put through its paces. "In *Chieftain*," said Mr Godber, "we have got a winner. It meets all the NATO requirements for tank warfare in the 1970s and there is not another tank about which that can be said. We have got something which I say is a world-beater. It is way ahead of its time."

Earlier, the tank had been demonstrated in secret to representatives of NATO countries which, it is hoped, will buy *Chieftain* in preference to other smaller and lighter tanks, but with far less fire-power.

Chieftain weighs just over 50 tons but has a smaller silhouette and is faster than *Centurion*. But it is in its main armament that *Chieftain* scores so heavily. It is a new 120mm high-velocity rifled gun which fires "the perfect pair of rounds."

The armour-piercing discarding sabot round is deadly against opposing armour. Its higher velocity and flatter trajectory give a much greater chance of a kill with the first shot—the round that really matters. The hollow charge used in other tank guns makes only a small hole in armour, but the new round will

penetrate armour at an incredible angle, making a large hole, then spray the inside of a tank with flying metal. This round gives *Chieftain* a killing power far greater than other nations' tanks weighing some ten tons less.

The second round, a high-explosive squash-head shell, is extremely versatile. It can defeat heavy armour, destroy soft-skinned vehicles and is particularly effective against concrete emplacements, flattening itself against the concrete and producing a demolishing shock wave.

A new type of sliding breech block on the gun allows a bagged charge to be used, dispensing with the heavy brass cartridge case and its disposal outside the tank.

More rounds can be carried, the loader's task is eased, cordite fumes in the turret are reduced.



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The gun is not ranged by delicate optical instruments but by tracer rounds fired from a .50 machine-gun linked to the main armament, a notable British development. This fire-control system helps to give *Chieftain* its phenomenal fire-power and killing ability at ranges at which the tank itself is relatively immune.

A powered mounting and stabiliser, evolved from the *Centurion* system, enable *Chieftain* to fire accurately on the move and greatly diminish the shock loadings on the gun mounting and elevating gear during cross-country running. In the demonstration at Chobham the gun remained trained on a target while the tank turned through 380 degrees.

Secondary armament on the *Chieftain* comprises one 7.62mm machine-gun mounted co-axially and a second, on the cupola, which can also be used against low-flying aircraft.

The *Chieftain* tank is shorter than the *Centurion*, and, because of the driver's novel reclining position and an improved engine layout, it is nearly a foot lower. Despite the reduction in height, ground clearance is not affected.

The new tank has a top speed of about 25 miles an hour. Its greater agility results mainly from an electro-hydraulic gear change controlling a six-gear epicyclic gearbox. This change, known as the "hot shift," reduces driver fatigue and provides rapid gear-changing without loss of power to the

tracks, a very important factor in cross-country mobility.

The 700hp six-cylinder multi-fuel engine normally runs on diesel but can operate on any fuel from gas oil to high-octane petrol. A generator sustaining the full electric load of the tank runs off the main engine. An independent three-cylinder auxiliary engine of the same type drives a separate generator to provide an alternative source of electric power and a hydraulic starter for the main engine in cold conditions.

The new engine has run 4000 miles—the equivalent of six years' normal service—without any trouble, and can easily be lifted out of the tank for servicing. Sufficient fuel is carried under main armour to enable the tank to cover more than 200 miles of road or good tracks and to operate continuously for 24 hours under battlefield conditions. The exhaust pipes and silencer are also under armour to reduce infra-red detection.

An improved version of the *Centurion* suspension is embodied, with manganese steel tracks to which detachable rubber pads can be fitted in peace-time to reduce wear on the tank's tracks and on roads.

Infra-red headlamps and driver's periscope allow movement at daylight speeds under most night conditions. The commander and gunner have infra-red viewers with high magnification; these are used for shooting in conjunction with the searchlight linked to the gun,

and allow the engagement of enemy infra-red sources without the use of the searchlight.

The crew of four—commander, gunner, loader-operator and driver—can live, move and fight closed down for 48 to 72 hours. There are electric cooking vessels and thermos containers in the crew compartment and two members of the crew can lie down to sleep at any one time.

The crew is protected against fall-out, bacteriological and chemical attack. Filtered air in the crew compartments is maintained at higher than atmospheric pressure to exclude dust particles and droplets.

A new fire-fighting system of ammunition protection cuts the fire risk which was such a devastating cause of tank losses in World War Two.

When the tank is closed down the reclining driver has excellent vision through a cranked periscope.

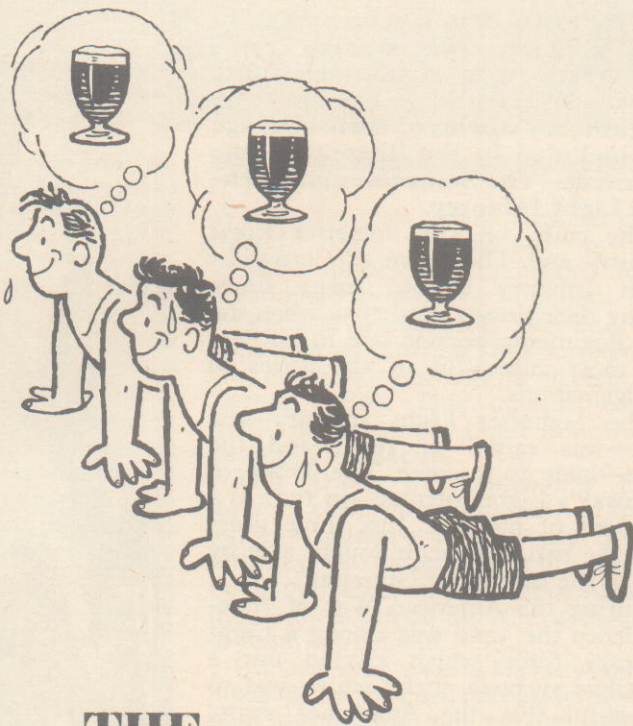
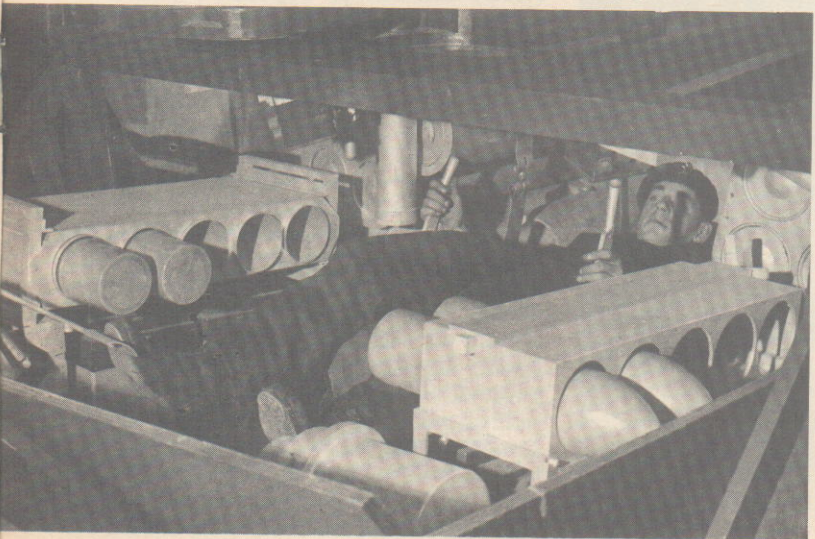
Chieftain has a much better amphibious capability than *Centurion* and is designed to accept both current and future ranges of VHF and HF radios and to include an intercommunications system for the crew.

The latest mark of *Centurion* is a generation ahead of the first, 15 years ago. *Chieftain* incorporates all the experience gained from the proved *Centurion*, is more advanced still, and has a development potential similar to that achieved by its predecessor.

It's a winner!



Pictures left show *Chieftain* being driven on periscope. Note "umbrella" elevation of turret for observation. Driver is shown above in sitting position, and below is a "mock-up" showing reclining position of driver.



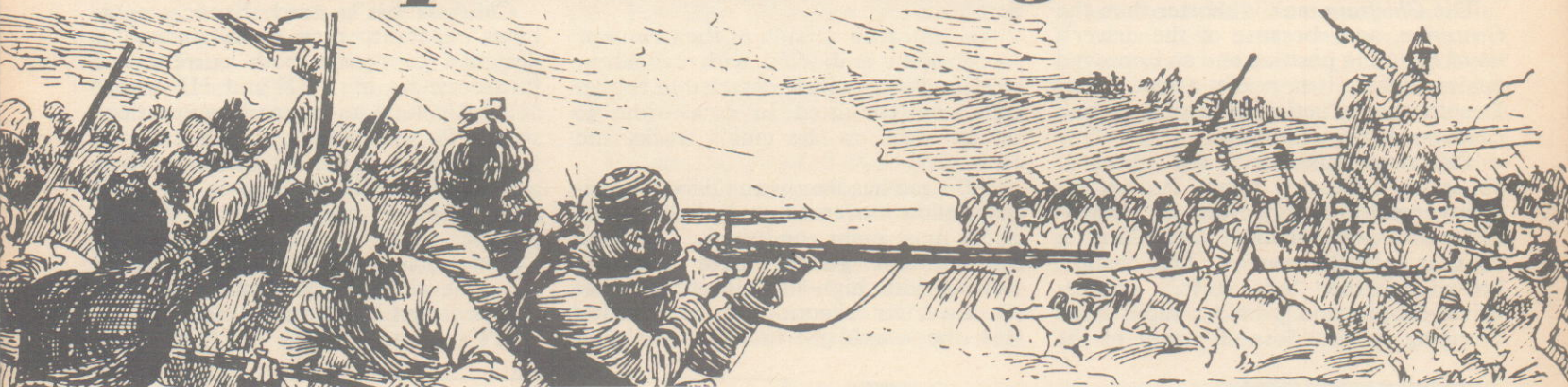
**THE
THOUGHT OF GUINNESS
ALWAYS THRILLS ONE
TO THE CORPS**

THE FIGHTING SONS OF SOMERSET AND CORNWALL WHO THIS MONTH MARCH AT A CRISP LIGHT INFANTRY PACE INTO BERLIN HAVE PROVED THE MATHEMATICIANS WRONG—TWO INTO ONE DEFINITELY WILL GO!

YOUR REGIMENT: 10

THE SOMERSET AND CORNWALL LIGHT INFANTRY

Triumph in the Khyber Pass



MORE than a century ago in India, two British regiments won undying fame at two different sieges. Today the magnificent stories of their courage are included in the history of one regiment—The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry.

The paths of The Somerset Light Infantry and The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry crossed many times during their travels until 1959 when the two Regiments became one in perhaps the most successful of the series of amalgamations.

The Somerset Light Infantry—the 13th—was raised in 1685, and the 32nd—later to become The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry—in 1702 as a regiment of marines. Just three years later the two Regiments fought side by side in the capture of Gibraltar.

During the American War of Independence the 32nd was among a Light Infantry force which carried out a merciless surprise attack which was so successful that the Americans swore revenge. The cocksure light companies, anxious that no other troops should suffer on their account, sent a cheeky message that they would stain their white cockades scarlet as a distinguishing mark. The incident is still commemorated by the red patch behind the Regimental badge.

In 1822, because of their fine record, the 13th were made a Light Infantry regiment. They were sent to India where

Into the teeth of the Afghan musketry fire, the 13th lead the final assault out of Jellalabad.

A Somerset Colour party descending through the Gateway of India at the farewell parade in 1948.



both Regiments—the 13th and the 32nd—were to achieve glory.

During the Afghan War of 1842 the 13th was besieged by thousands of fierce tribesmen in Jellalabad, a key fortress north-west of the Khyber Pass. For three months the Regiment held out, with frequent earthquakes adding to its plight, until there was only sufficient ammunition left to repel one further attack—even after melting down enemy bullets! So the 13th opened the gates and charged out, utterly defeating the Afghans in an action that became immortal.

Fifteen years later it was the 32nd's turn. The Regiment defended the residency at Lucknow against repeated attacks from vastly superior numbers of rebels. For 140 days the troops held out, suffering great hardship from cholera, casualties and shortage of food, until they were relieved. Their gallantry earned them the honour of being equipped and trained as Light Infantry.

The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry officially came into being in 1881 by the amalgamation of the 32nd and the 46th, and in 1912 the 13th became The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's). Queen Victoria had appointed Prince Albert as Colonel-in-Chief in recognition of the 13th's courage at Jellalabad.

During World War One men of the 1st Battalion of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were the first British Infantry to fire on the Germans, and in 1918 the 6th Battalion of the Somer-



The collar badge of The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry (top) was designed to include features from the cap badges of The Duke of Cornwall's LI (centre) and The Somerset LI.

sets was in the single British brigade which took on a German division, emerging with only 11 men unwounded.

Twenty-one years later, when world war broke out for the second time, the Somersets and the Cornishmen were back in the thick of it. The 1st Battalion of the Somersets—commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A F Harding MC, later to become Field-Marshal Sir John Harding—fought in India and Burma while other battalions were in action in Italy, Greece and North-West Europe.

In Burma, Lieutenant G A Cairns had an arm hacked off by a sword in a hand-to-hand combat with a Japanese officer. Lieutenant Cairns killed his opponent, picked up his sword and continued to lead his men. He died of his wounds and was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

In the Western Desert the 1st Battalion of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry faced Rommel and against overwhelming odds held their ground until virtually annihilated by the German armour. After the war the Somersets had the honour of being the



This silver model of the Gateway of India is among the Regiment's most prized possessions.



Moving up across shell-torn country for the Battle of Langemarck in World War One. The 7th Battalion of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry fought gallantly during this battle.

last British unit to leave a newly independent India, later sailing to Malaya where in the last year of the operations they killed or captured more terrorists than any other British battalion.

On 6 October, 1959, at Osnabruck in Germany, the two Regiments amalgamated. It was a smooth operation, the Somersets moving from England to join their new partners. But the two old Regiments have not completely disappeared. The two Territorial battalions dropped their numbers and became known as The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's) (TA) and The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (TA).

It has probably been one of the most successful of the recent amalgamations. Both regiments were made up of West Countrymen who understood each other and, more important, both were Light Infantry and proud of it. Now, soldiers of The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry think of themselves as members of that Regiment, and no other.

In Berlin they will be patrolling The Wall, adding another page to their Regimental history.

Both Regiments had fine sporting records to contribute to the amalgamation. The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry specialised in cross-country running and athletics—between the two world wars they won the Army cross-country championship for five years running and last year won the Army team athletics championship. The Somerset Light Infantry had an excellent record of achievements in hockey, football and boxing.

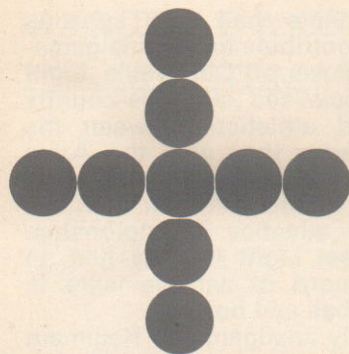
As a newly amalgamated Regiment in Germany they won the brigade and division Rugby championships, the BAOR cross-country championships and reached the Army hockey final. In Gibraltar they won almost every sports meeting or match on the island. Now Berlin sportsmen will have to look to their laurels.

When the two Battalions amalgamated, each contributed its own unusual customs or traditions to be maintained by the new Regiment.

Officers, warrant officers and sergeants wear their sashes knotted on the right side—which is in fact the "wrong" side. This custom comes from The Somerset Light Infantry but its origin is obscure.

The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry contributed the habit of drinking the Queen's health only on her birthday. This stems from the siege of Lucknow when it was impossible for the Regiment to obtain wine with which to toast the Queen.

Officers also wear a Cavalry-pattern mess jacket to commemorate an incident during the war of the Spanish Succession when the 13th were congratulated by the Earl of Peterborough, who asked if they would be equally successful as a mounted corps. The officers confidently assured him they would, whereupon his lordship immediately ordered forward 600 horses already saddled and accoutred and told the Regiment to take them over!



THE CORPORAL'S MAGIC PILLS



IN remote Thailand villages where poverty is a way of life and disease part of it, the natives have a high regard for Yorkshiremen.

For a team of magic jungle doctors from The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry returned to Malaya recently after a trip into the poor Ubon province of Thailand where doctor is an unknown word and where villagers have never seen a white soldier.

The modern medicines they took with them were used to treat hundreds of diseases and ailments, many of which the people had been suffering for years. Led by Captain Barry Sirples, Royal Army Medical Corps, the medical aid programme was part of Exercise "Dhanarajata," a SEATO exercise involving troops from Britain, Australia, New Zealand, America and Thailand.

Helping the native population was no new experience for the Yorkshiremen. Before they went to Thailand they were in Brunei and Sarawak where pills and injections cured more than one jungle head-hunter of stomach ache. And just before they left Terendak Camp, Malaya, where they are stationed with 28 Commonwealth Infantry Brigade Group, they were called out to fight a cholera epidemic.

Armed with this experience, the medical men had an enthusiastic reception at every village. Medical orderly Corporal Douglas Mycock set up a surgery in a palm-thatched house and found himself besieged by a crowd of chickens, dogs, naked children, villagers and old women chewing betel nut.

Corporal Mycock dispensed pills for dysentery, lotion for rheumatism and injections for skin diseases while the audience remained spellbound. Everyone wanted to see the white "doctor" and to avoid disappointing the perfectly healthy, harmless pills were solemnly dispensed and accepted with delight.

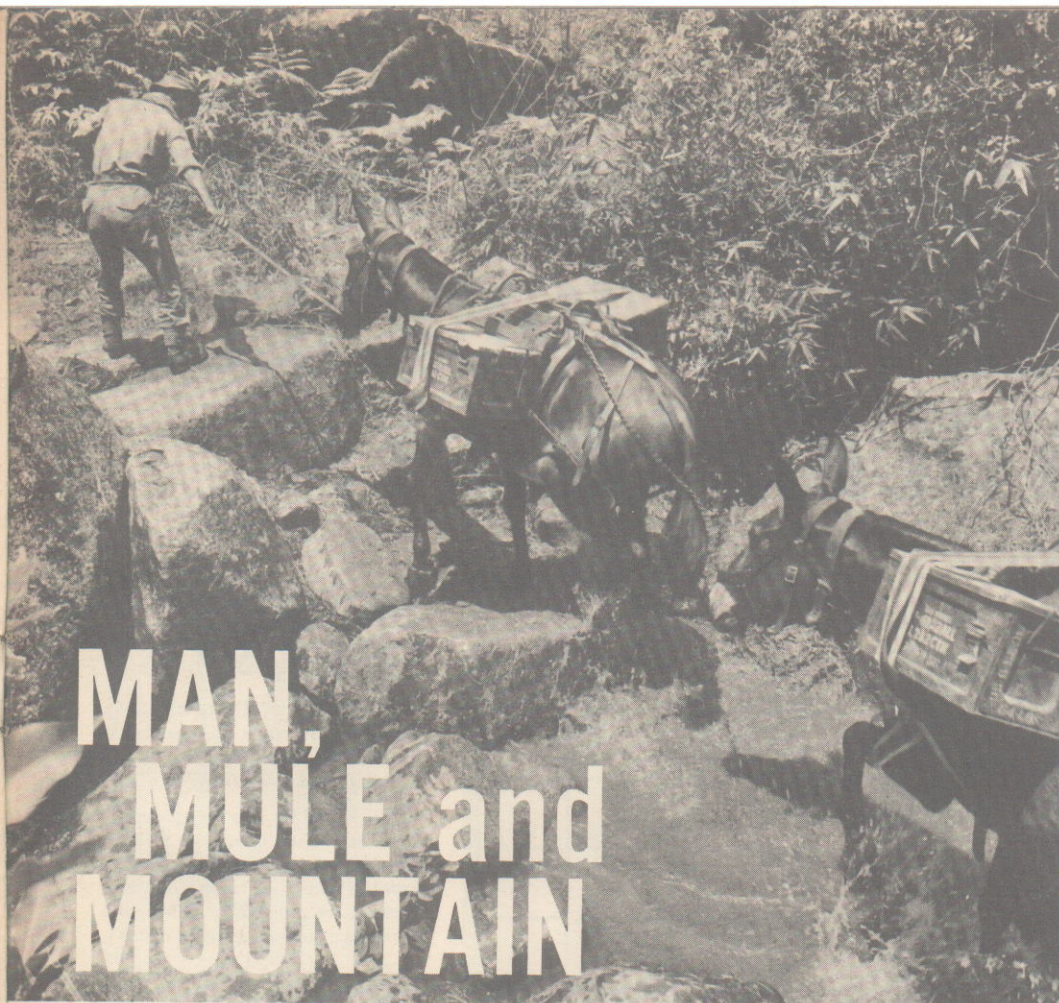
Not far away, Captain Sirples and orderlies Privates John Dixon and Colin Wood were surrounded by a similarly enthusiastic crowd. In a small hut crowded with villagers they boiled sterilisers over charcoal cooking stoves and treated a score of ailments.

Highlight of the visit, however, was when the team cooked a meal from compo rations. The audience were awestruck by the strange "medicine."

Medical aid was just a part of a giant civil aid programme set in motion during the exercise to help the country and to make friends with the Thais. Water tanks holding 200 gallons were given to villages which had suffered great hardship through being unable to store water during the long dry season. Seven thousand writing sets were handed out to pupils in more than 40 schools, while Sappers repaired three bridges, laid out playing fields and painted schools.

The poor Thai villagers certainly grabbed the hand of friendship extended by British troops . . . especially if it contained a box of pills.

◀ Corporal Mycock treats a sick baby watched by an anxious mother and a horde of Thai children.



MAN, MULE and MOUNTAIN

SOMETHING had to be done about Hong Kong's forest and hill blazes. Five hundred fires in five months called for desperate measures. Water storage tanks were needed high in the Jubilee Reservoir area of the New Territories. But this meant moving tons of sand, gravel and cement over miles of the Territories' most rugged terrain. The solution was to call in 29 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Pack Transport)—the men with the mules.

A detachment with 50 mules set up camp on the hillside. With no sign of any let-up in the long dry spell the task was urgent. Men and mules worked from dawn to dusk, covering the five steep rocky miles three times—30 miles a day—with temperatures in the nineties. At the end of it the handlers, mostly locally enlisted Chinese, faced the regular routine of unsaddling, grooming, checking for injuries, watering and feeding their charges before settling down to their own evening meal.

With the sand, gravel and cement packed into ammunition boxes, each mule carried 150lb on each trip. In this

way the detachment moved 22,500lb a day—enough for one tank. After nine days, seven tanks were completed and the detachment then transferred its camp to the other side of the hill to shorten the journey to the final two tanks.

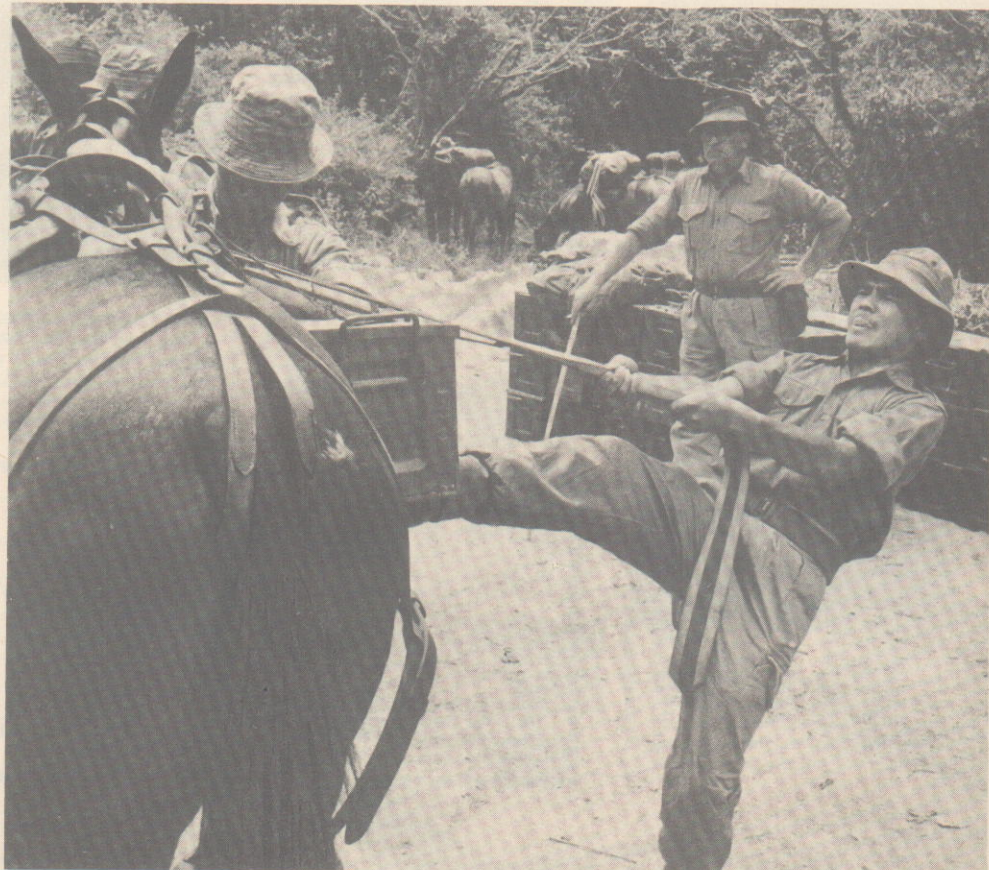
The work was soon completed and

Over terrain as rough as any in the Colony, man and mule covered 30 miles in their 12-hour day.

Two ammunition boxes per mule, two mules per handler, the convoy toils on over the mountain.



The boxes must ride high on the mules to avoid rubbing. This Chinese private gets his boot to it.



The water tanks the pack transport company helped to build are the first of their kind in Hong Kong. Previously the firefighters—220 of them are employed day and night in the Colony—obtained their supplies of water from 44-gallon drums scattered throughout the forests.

COULD YOU DO BETTER FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY?

If you are between 21 and 42, and 5'6" or over
ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS

	yes	no
<i>Do you want a secure job with a good pension at 55?</i>		
<i>Do you enjoy working with—and helping—people?</i>		
<i>Do you welcome responsibility?</i>		
<i>Do you want a job with good prospects?</i>		
<i>Have you a mature, well-balanced personality?</i>		
<i>Do you want a rent-free home or rent allowance?</i>		
<i>Do you want 3 weeks paid holiday?</i>		

NOW CHECK YOUR RESULTS

If you answer 'YES' to all these questions it may be that you could do a whole lot better for yourself and your family.

You could be the right candidate for the modern Prison Service—a service whose rapid development is creating not merely responsible jobs but more promotion opportunities.



Officers have plenty of opportunity to enjoy themselves off duty. Many prisons and borstals have their own staff football and cricket teams and arrange all kinds of social activities in which their families can share.

Three months training on full pay

If you are selected — and first you must pass a written test and an interview — a three months training course follows. The first part will be at a borstal or prison near your home. If you make good progress you will go on to a comprehensive course at one of the Officers' Training Schools to give you the basic knowledge and skills this important job demands.



There is a constant demand for officers who are qualified tradesmen such as bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, painters, plumbers, hospital officers, cooks and bakers. Officers are paid extra for this kind of work.

A responsible, satisfying job

As a Prison Officer you'll lead a busy and varied life which offers many rewards beyond the tangible ones of pay and security. If you like working with people you'll find a real satisfaction in helping those in your charge, young or old, to become worthwhile citizens. You'll enjoy, too, the friendly, dependable comradeship of your fellow officers — a comradeship which extends to off-duty hours.



"Being a Prison Officer is even more interesting than I thought", says Bill Austin. "If you're interested in people, every day is different. And, as a family man, I can look forward to security for life".

Good pay — generous allowances

Your salary would start at £11.12.0 and rise to £16.4.6 with generous overtime rates — but no regular night work — and extra pay if you are a tradesman carrying on your trade. You get 3 weeks paid holiday. Wherever possible, rent-free homes are provided for Prison Officers and their families. Where not, there are rent allowances of up to £3.0.0 a week. If you wish, you may retire at 55 with a good gratuity and a generous pension to which you do not contribute a penny.



Practical demonstrations in courtroom procedure are included in the busy Officers' Training Course, together with lectures, prison visits, discussions and physical training. Officers spend three months in training — always on full pay.

**Find out more about
this new career —
fill in this coupon NOW!**

Please send me a free illustrated booklet and, without obligation, details about joining the Prison Service.

NAME
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

ADDRESS

TOWN COUNTY

Send this coupon to: Establishment Officer, Prison Department, 9B/1 Home Office, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, SW1



HER MAJESTY'S PRISON SERVICE

98/1

PHOTO QUIZ

The camera cannot lie . . . or can it? Here are eight strange photographs of everyday objects changed into science fiction dimensions by the lens of the camera. Most of you must have seen or even touched at least one of these objects since getting up this morning.

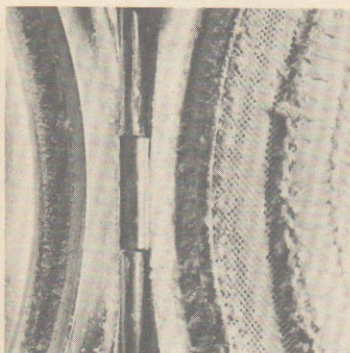
But how many can you recognise here? Send your answers to reach **SOLDIER** by Monday, 18 November. Senders of the first six correct or nearest-correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

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

COMPETITION 65

RULES

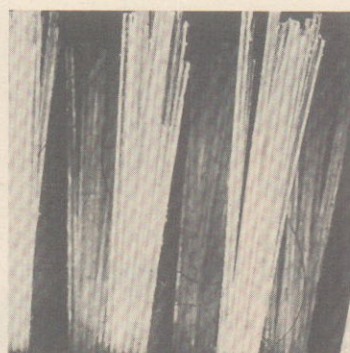
- 1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
The Editor (Comp 65), SOLDIER,
433 Holloway Road, London N7.
- 2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 65" label printed on this page.
- 3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry.



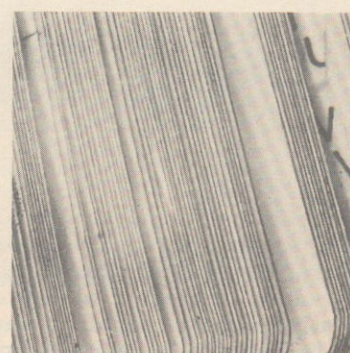
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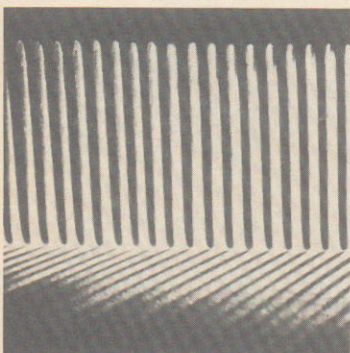
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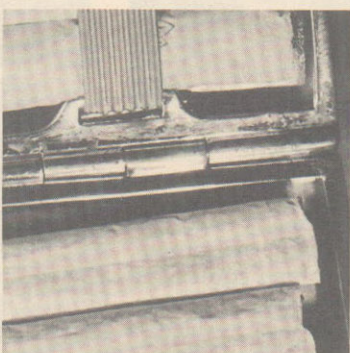
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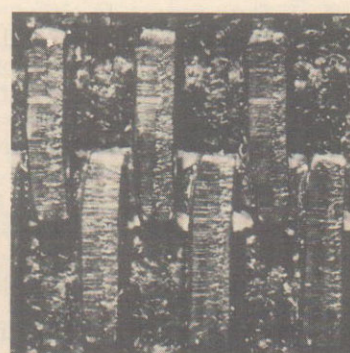
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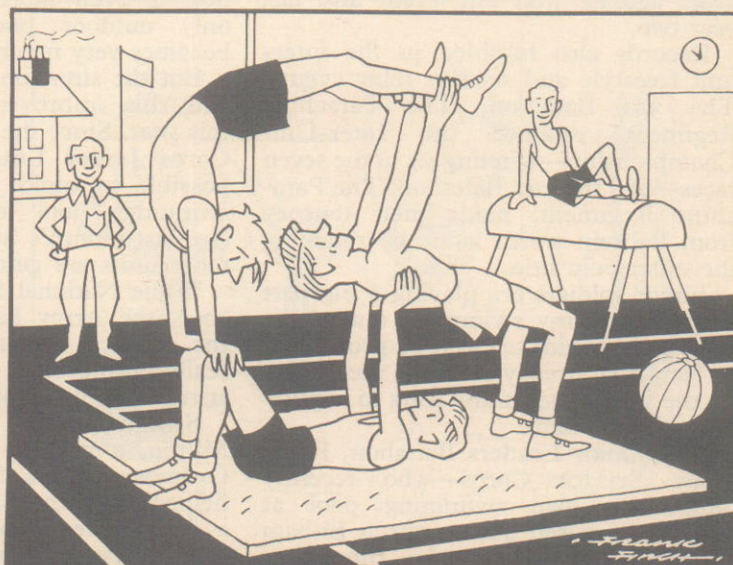
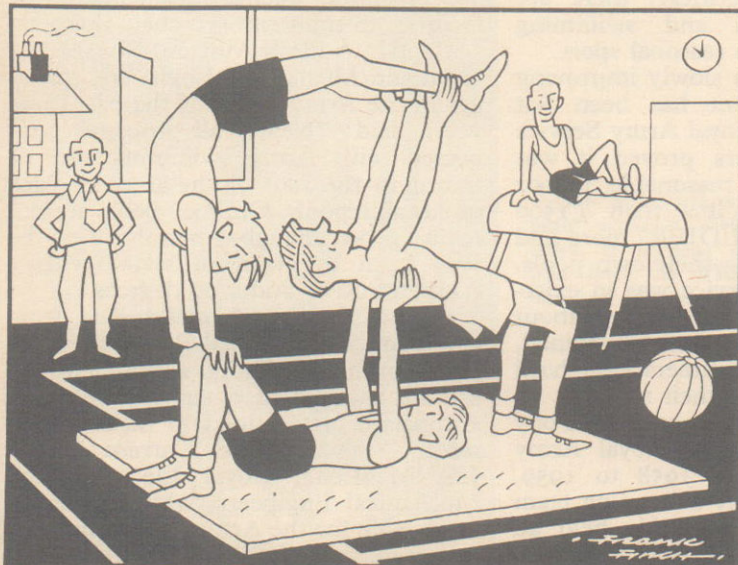
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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

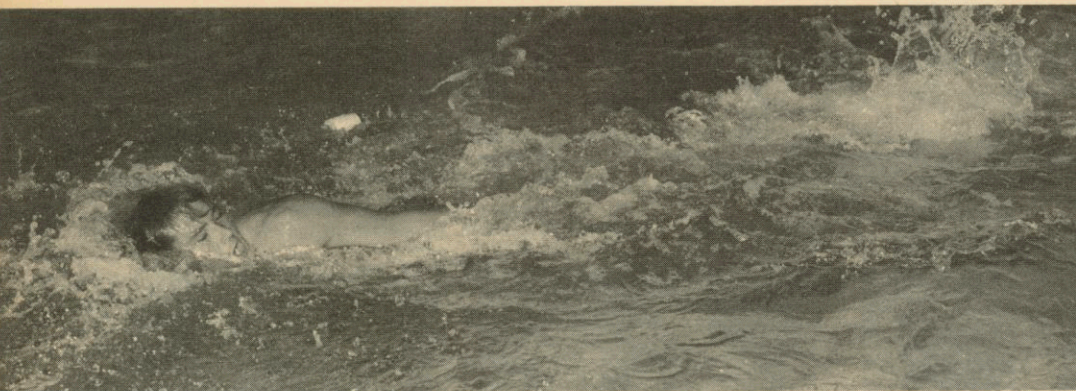
These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see Page 35.



SPORT

THE FUTURE LOOKS A LOT BRIGHTER FOR SWIMMERS AFTER THE RECORD-BREAKING ARMY CHAMPIONSHIP

NEW HOPE



PROBABLY a few fish would envy the speed at which Lieutenant Mike Edwards of The Parachute Regiment can travel through water. Undoubtedly the fastest British soldier in any pool, he dominated this year's Army Swimming Championships by carrying off all four freestyle titles.

A Welsh international and a former member of the Royal Air Force, Lieutenant Edwards is one of the bright white hopes for the future of Army swimming, for he smashed three records while winning his four titles.

The championships, held at Eltham in Kent, were a cheering event for the Army Swimming Union. Like many other Army sports, swimming has been suffering after the end of National Service. But things are looking up and this year the standard was noticeably higher.

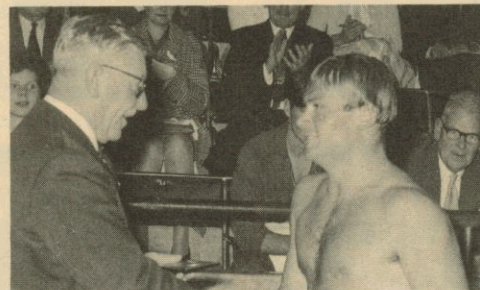
In the diving events, Corporal Colin Phillips of 23rd Parachute Field Ambulance got his hat-trick by retaining the one-metre and three-metre springboard events and winning the highboard for the first time. He must have been well satisfied with his performance—two years ago he won one event and last year two.

Records also tumbled in the inter-unit freestyle and medley relay events. The 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, retained the Inter-Unit Championship—winning six of the seven races—and the 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, made their journey from Bahrain worth while by retaining the water polo title.

Junior soldiers are playing a big part in pulling Army swimming out of the doldrums. Junior talent is so promising, in fact, that already selectors are calling on the young swimming stars to supplement Army teams.

The Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps—who recently built their own swimming pool at Taunton—caused quite a stir at Eltham by coming second in the Inter-Unit

Above: The Army's fastest swimmer, Lieut Mike Edwards of The Parachute Regiment, who won four titles. He is congratulated (below) by Lieut-Gen Sir H Knott, Swimming Union president.



Championship, beating many stronger and more experienced senior swimmers.

This year's championships could well be the turning point for Army swimming. Because apart from National Service, a straightforward lack of facilities is seriously hampering the growth of the sport within the Army. The truth of the matter is that there are just not enough swimming pools to go round.

Apart from the few lucky units with their own pools, the Army has only four—at Sandhurst, Aldershot, Oswestry and Colchester. In Germany the position is even more critical; there are only outdoor pools and swimming becomes very much a seasonal sport.

But the situation is slowly improving and this improvement has been felt this year. Since the Royal Army Service Corps Junior Leaders proved it was possible to build a reasonable indoor swimming pool for less than £1500 (see last month's SOLDIER) more and more units are getting their own pools.

While National Service was in existence, the Army had no worries about the sport. A constant flow of trained, really enthusiastic swimmers kept hard at training throughout their service.

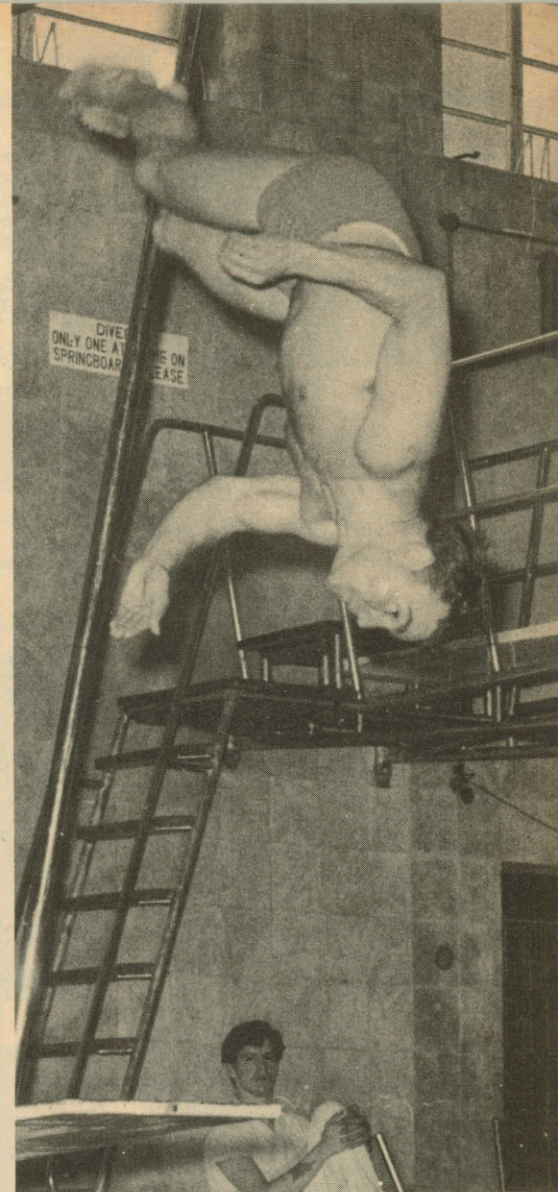
Swimmers like international Tony Milton, a private in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps from 1958 to 1959, helped make the Army swimming team a formidable proposition. He held all four freestyle records, and now his

younger brother, a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, has made his presence felt at the championships this year, with a second and a third in the freestyle events.

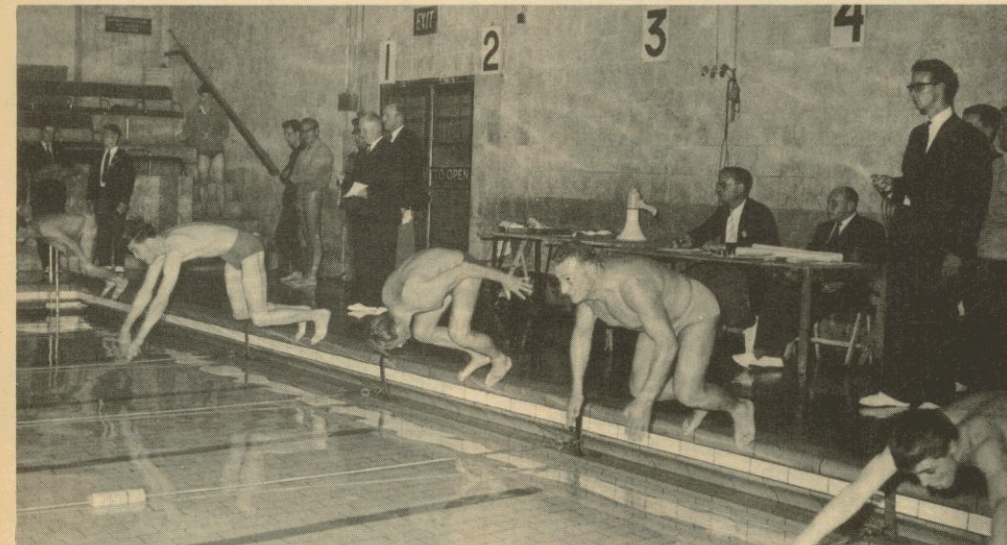
Great Britain international Jim Brownlee, who was in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, was captain of the Army water polo team in 1961 and represented Scotland from 1957 onwards. But these were men entering the Army as fully trained swimmers. Today the Army Swimming Union is faced not only with the problem of finding talent, but arranging the facilities to train embryo champions.

Captain Andrew Morton, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, manager of the Army team for the past three years, said: "Nearly all problems connected with Army swimming can be traced to the root of the trouble—lack of suitable pools. Outdoor pools are not really good enough—men have to be very keen to swim in water with a temperature of under 60 degrees."

During the transitional period from conscription to an all-Regular Army, the sport was relying almost entirely on the support of a small number of enthusiasts determined to maintain interest. Stalwarts like Warrant Officer Jim MacLeod, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who has played water polo for the Army for 14 consecutive years and at 38 is still playing—and

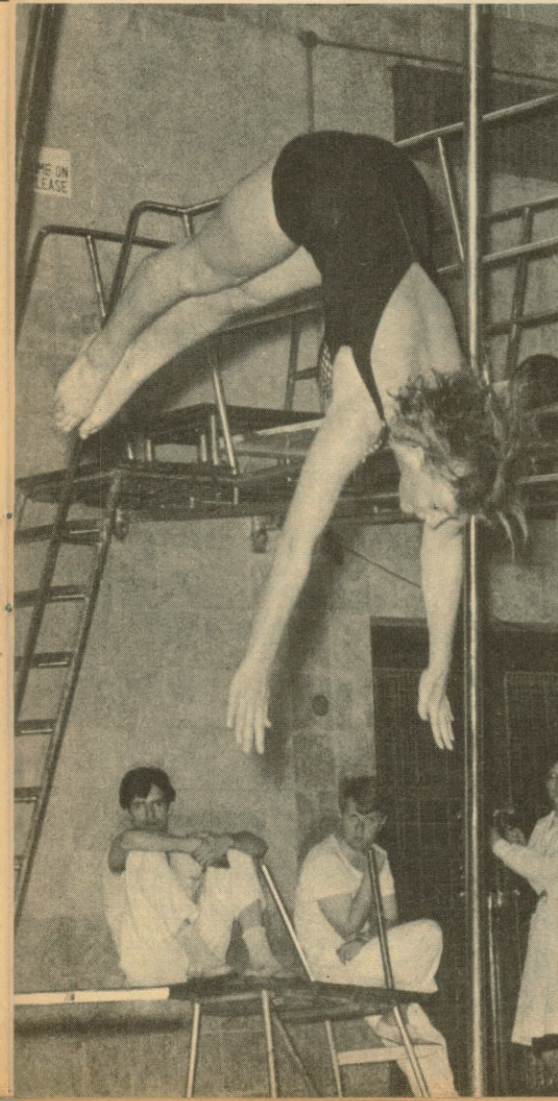


FOR ARMY SWIMMING



A tense moment at the Army Championships as the competitors in the final of the 440 yards freestyle plunge into the water at Eltham Baths.

Corporal Colin Phillips performing in the one-metre springboard event. Undoubtedly the Army's finest diver, he won all three titles this year.



coaching the Army team this year.

Water polo is without doubt the most popular section of Army swimming, with diving second and individual swimming last. Junior soldiers are showing a keen interest in the game. Junior Company Sergeant-Major Barry Lillywhite, of the Royal Army Service Corps Junior Leaders, is an exceptional young player who captains the Army junior water polo team and also plays in the Army side. Players from 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, were so anxious to defend their title this year that they persuaded the Royal Air Force to fly them home from Bahrain in time to compete.

If the Army had a few more swimmers as determined as those parachutists there would be no worries. But like the sport of cycling, it is the junior soldiers who will prove the salvation and could make the future Army swimming team a force to be reckoned with.



Two champions, both outstanding swimmers and water polo players. Warrant Officer J MacLeod (below) was playing water polo for the Army when Junior CSM Lillywhite (above) was just a toddler. Now they play together for the Army.



RESULTS

Men's Individual: 100 Yards Butterfly, Gnr Price (17th Regiment, RA); 100 Yards Freestyle, Lieut Edwards (3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment); 220 Yards Breast-stroke, L/Cpl Fewell (1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards); 440 Yards Freestyle, Lieut Edwards; 100 Yards Backstroke, 2/Lieut Lundie (RMA Sandhurst); 220 Yards Freestyle, Lieut Edwards; One Man Medley, Junior CSM Lillywhite; 880 Yards Freestyle, Lieut Edwards.

Inter-Unit Championship: Freestyle Relay 6x66½ yards, 1st Training Regiment, RE; Freestyle Relay 2x100 yards and 2x200 yards, Breast-stroke Relay, 100 Yards Backstroke "A" Team, 100 Yards Backstroke "B" Team, Freestyle Relay and Medley Relay all won by 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment.

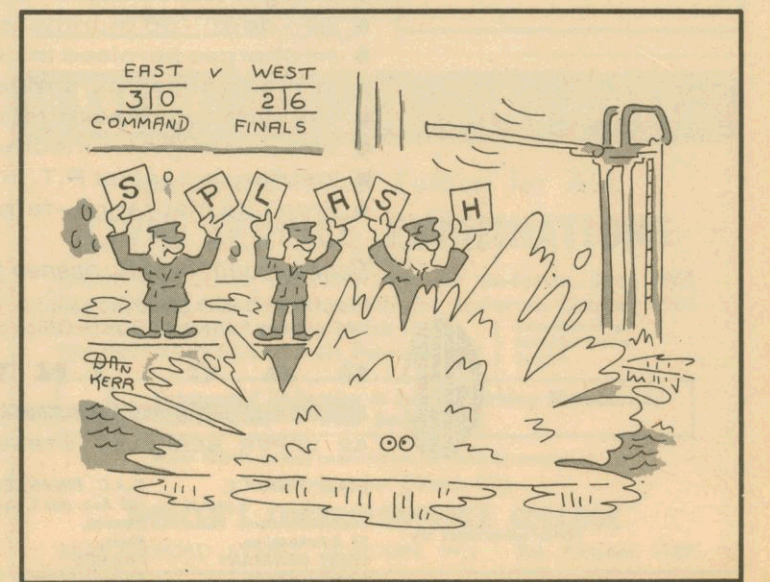
Women's Individual Backstroke, Pte Bosh (242nd Signal Squadron); Freestyle, Pte Crawley (Army School of Education); Breast-stroke, Pte Bowes (20th Independent Company).

Water polo: Inter-Unit Championship Final, 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, beat 17th Regiment, RA, 19-4; Army Trial, United Kingdom beat BAOR, 13-10.

Diving (Men): One-metre and three-metre springboard and five-metre highboard all won by Cpl C Phillips (23rd Parachute Field Ambulance).

Diving (Women): One-metre and three-metre springboard both won by Pte Wood (Depot and Training Centre).

Inter-Command Swimming: Women's Freestyle Relay, Southern Command.



Private Wood, who won both women's diving titles, is perhaps the best diver the WRAC has had in five years.

POLO-PLAYING PRIVATE



Private Hale in his polo kit. He only started playing about two years ago.

PRIVATE Bob Hale is a man who believes that rank doesn't exist on the sports field—and it's probably just as well for among his team mates are a general, a colonel and his regimental sergeant-major!

Bob, a groom in the stables of the Episkopi Saddle Club in Cyprus, is a keen polo player and often plays for his Regiment, the Glosters.

Recently he represented the Episkopi Sovereign Base Area in a match against Dhekelia and played with the General Officer Commanding Cyprus District, Major-General P G F Young, his

commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel P G H Varwell, and his RSM, Warrant Officer William Smythe.

Two days before that he played for his Regiment in a cup final and became the first private soldier to have his name inscribed on the trophy since it was first presented in 1908.

He became interested in the game only a short time ago when he was looking after the Battalion horses and helped the RSM practise with a polo ball. Fortunately he is not at all overawed by his team mates. "On the sports field," he says, "everyone is just a team member and rank ceases to exist."

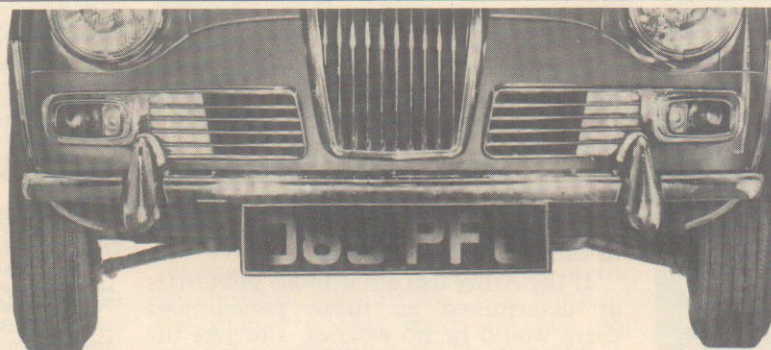
Scoring an unexpectedly easy victory in the final, Captain J R McManus, Royal Army Educational Corps, is the new British Army lawn tennis singles champion. He beat the holder, Trooper Barry Lill, 17th/21st Lancers, 6-0, 8-6.

Lieutenant-Colonel K Dewar and Major P Cheston won the men's doubles beating Lieutenant B B Trinkwon and Major D Jeffrey 6-2, 6-3. Colonel Dewar, partnered by Major N J Comyn, Women's Royal Army Corps, went on to win the mixed doubles title.

The women's singles champion is Major Comyn, who beat Second Lieutenant P Tortoiseshell 6-3, 6-3, while Major M MacLagan and Second Lieutenant Tortoiseshell won the women's doubles with a 6-2, 6-4 victory over Major Comyn and Lieutenant-Colonel C de Garis Martin.



Captain J R McManus, new Army lawn tennis champion, in action.



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MILITARY BANDS

WHY is it that British military bands are, almost without exception, so dreary and stereotyped in their choice of music? Even when a band does show some initiative in its selection we still have to endure the excruciating noise of woodwinds trying vainly to cope with a part written for strings, and when such bands launch into their various versions of operetta, light music and even modern music the result is agony to the listener.

Why this should be so I am at a loss to understand. Bandsmen (or are they musicians today?) are virtually professional musicians, and they are excused nearly all the normal duties which fall to their comrades; they are pampered and are often in the position to earn overtime during tours, etc. Nowadays it would appear that these precious bandsmen are even excused the traditional role of stretcher-bearers in time of war. In my late regiment the regimental band appeared in Korea two weeks before the rest of the battalion (which had been there for 16 months) was due to

leave the divisional reserve and return to the United Kingdom.

In comparison with these professional musical gentlemen, the men of drums, pipes, bugles or what have you, always seem ready to provide a joyful martial sound to any proceedings. Although they specialise in traditional or purely military music the men of the drums, pipes and bugles are combatants and play their instruments, very well in most cases, as a sideline.

Could it be that we have too many "musicians" in the Army? For every 600 fighting men there are a couple of dozen bandsmen, and every Infantry battalion has to endure a military band as does every Cavalry regiment. Might it not be better if the Army had several good command bands scattered over the world and available for ceremonial occasions? The Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force have a system similar to this and seem to produce good music when called upon to do so. The regiments could retain their own drummers, pipers and buglers, and would probably be very happy to do so.—**H Eaton, 1 Wagnerstrasse, Wickrath-Niers, West Germany.**

LETTERS

SEND THREE AND FOURPENCE . . . !

Twice during my Army career I became the victim of a clerical misunderstanding.

On the first occasion I was informed that I had been commissioned into The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, only to learn later that it should have been The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, the abbreviation "RWK" having been misinterpreted.

The second occasion had me hastily returning to the Middle East, full of misgivings, two weeks before the end of a well-earned leave. The message, a copy of which I saw on my return, should have read "ETA return this unit urgently required." This had reached me as "Urgently required, return to unit immediately."

My feelings can be imagined!—**Maj C S Clarke (Rtd), Wharton, Sherborne, Dorset.**

THE MAXIM GUN

Your interesting article "Sir Hiram's Deadly Maxim" (SOLDIER, June) did not mention that, although Maxim was granted his patent in 1883 (No. 3493), it was not until 1887 that the British Services ordered three models for test; in the same year the competition between the Maxim and the Nordenfeldt took place.

It is of interest to note that during 1891 some units of the British Army had Maxims on issue but it was not officially introduced until 1901. In the German Army the first units were issued in 1899 and it was not officially introduced until 1908. Who said our War Office is short-sighted?

Maxim guns for the Russian Army were made by Vickers, and I have been told by eye-witnesses that some of the Maxims captured in Korea included old ones made by Vickers.—**Cpl A Bell, 1 Sqn, 4th Sig Regiment, BFPO 15.**

OLDEST REGIMENT

We wish to point out that the Scots Guards, previously known as the 3rd or Scots Fusilier Guards, were formed in 1642 by the eighth Earl of Argyll for service in Ireland. Although not the senior regiment in the Brigade of Guards it is the oldest.—**Guardsmen R Aitchison and F Thomson, 1st Bn. Scots Guards, Elizabeth Barracks, Pirbright Camp, Brookwood, Surrey.**

*The Scots Guards were raised, under the Colonelcy of the Earl of Linlithgow, by Royal Commission dated 23 November, 1660. An earlier regiment of Guards in Scotland descended from that raised in 1642, under the Marquis of Argyll, for service in Ireland,



which in 1650 formed the basis of a Life Guard of Foot for Prince Charles, later King Charles II.

The list of oldest regiments (LETTERS, July) omits two whose original creation began before 26 January, 1661, when the Regular Army as we know it today was officially established by King Charles II.

Charles raised a troop of Life Guards in 1654 from among the cavaliers sharing his exile, and they rode with him during his visit to the Prince Bishop of Cologne in 1655. Therefore, The Life Guards are senior by two years to the Grenadiers.

Colonel Crookes's Regiment of Horse Guards, now the Royal Horse Guards, originally raised in 1651, is the only existing Cavalry regiment to have formed part of Cromwell's Ironsides. Charles II had reigned barely seven months when it was disbanded on 20 December, 1660, only to re-form again 16 days later by Royal Warrant as the Earl of Oxford's Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.

In this same month Monk's Coldstreamers were disbanded and reincorporated likewise. They were, in fact, the first two regiments in the King's Army but, having fought on the Parliamentary side against his father and himself, Charles decreed that his own creations raised in Holland of Life Guards and Grenadiers should take precedence.—**L H Knapton, 39 Snowdon Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex.**

SPORTING TEAM

I was very interested to read your article "It's a Sporting Team" (SOLDIER, June) about the football record of the tiny Service community in Naples.

In 1947-1948 I was stationed in Helsinki, Finland, as batman to the Military Attaché where, including myself, there were eight other ranks and two officers, ten soldiers in all. We made up a football team of which eight were soldiers, including the Military Attaché himself, and the remaining three were members of the Embassy staff. On Saturdays we played any team which wanted a game, including the Finnish Army, Foreign Office and Police, and the only team to beat us was the Police, 1-0.

It was quite an event, with an Army band, all the Embassy staffs and, of

course, our own ambassador, Sir Oswald Scott.—**J McNaughton, Ex-Sgt, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, c/o Airmen's Mess, RAF Station, Chivenor, N Devon.**

THE GUNS AT NERY

I am afraid the story of the capture of the eight German guns at Nery by the 11th Hussars, as described in "Your Regiment" (SOLDIER, July), is not correct. These guns, that were firing on the famous "L" Battery, were captured by "D" Company, 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment. The sights were removed and the elevating gear damaged as no horses were available from the Middlesex to take the guns away. They

were later taken away by the Cavalry who had made up teams for the purpose.

There was much correspondence in 1920 after publication of the story in the Cavalry Journal, and the whole story and correspondence is too long to cover in a letter, but the documents are at RHQ of The Middlesex Regiment and can be seen by anyone interested.

In 1926, when the history was published by Everard Wyrall with the aid of General J E Edmond, the official historian of World War One, the following paragraph appeared:

"This small action, insignificant as it may seem, is of considerable importance to Middlesex men, as the 1st Battalion of the Regiment was the first British unit to capture German guns in the war."

I am personally, as are many others, an

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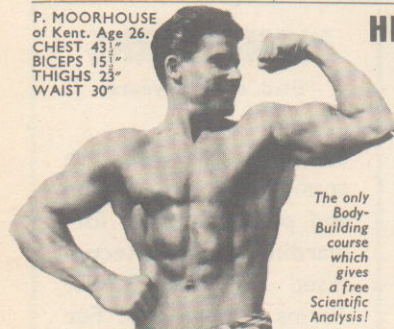
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The other side of the Neri coin. Sgt-Maj Dorrell and Sgt Nelson of "L" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, who held out until relieved, earning VCs.

admirer of the "Cherry-pickers" and soldiered alongside them in Abbassia in 1920, but feel I must write this letter to keep the record straight.—Maj R W J Smith, Curator, Regimental Museum, RHQ The Middlesex Regiment, Deansbrook Road, Edgware, Middlesex.

*Our thanks to Maj Smith. He seems to be on firm ground. SOLDIER can only quote from the official brochure of the 11th Hussars, and retire from the scene! "One troop of 11th Hussars alone charged and took eight German field guns at the point of the sword."

MODIFIED OR NOT?

All who have been privileged to witness it must have admired the brilliantly spectacular rifle drill of the United States Marines. There is something about the manipulation of those rifles, coupled with the physique—particularly the wrists—of the performers, which suggests that the balance of the rifles has been altered, probably by the removal of a not inconsiderable portion of the barrel.

Can any United States Marine "in the know" confirm or allay this suspicion and set my troubled mind at rest?—R J C Holmes (late KRRC), 20 Oakfield Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 3.

TIE FOR THE TROPHY

The article "Boxing Brothers Both Win Titles" (SOLDIER, July) is a little misleading as it shows 49th Division as the sole winners of the Earl of Scarbrough's Team Championship Cup.

I would like to point out that this unit's boxers, representing 48th Infantry Division, gained the same number of points (28), and are joint winners of this trophy.—J A Moland, Capt and Adjutant, 5th/6th Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment (TA), TA Centre, Horninglow Street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

*SOLDIER gladly sets the record straight.

MORE BROTHERS

In the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, we can beat the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, record of 19 sets of brothers (SOLDIER, June). We have 45 Gurkha brothers (18 sets of two and three sets of three). Perhaps this is a British Army record?

Until a short time ago we had a set of four brothers—Lieut (Queen's Gurkha Officer) Lalitbahadur, Cpl Rambahadur, Cpl Manbahadur and Rfn Chinbahadur Gurung; but Cpl Rambahadur has now transferred to the Gurkha Military Police. Their father was also in the Regiment; he retired as a Subedar (the old Indian Army equivalent of a captain (QGO)) and died, full of years and honour, a few years ago in his village in Nepal.

Probably the oldest family in the Regiment is that of Maj (QGO) Hising Gurung and his young brother, L/Cpl Sherjang Gurung, whose connection goes back in an unbroken line, father to son, to 1815, when their ancestor was one of the first to be enlisted when the Regiment was raised. General Sir Charles Reid GCB, who joined the Sirmoor Battalion (as the Regiment was then known) in 1843 and commanded at the siege of Delhi in 1857, was the great-uncle of two serving 2nd Gurkha officers—Brig G S N Richardson DSO and his brother, Maj P Richardson DSO. Lieut-Col H G W Shakespear MC is the third generation of his family to serve in the Regiment (his father served in the 1st and his grandfather in the 2nd Battalion), as also are Rfn Lekhbahadur and Rfn Yambahadur Gurung, whose father was the late Lieut Bishanbahadur Gurung IOM IDSM, and whose grandfather, Subedar Birbahadur Gurung, is living in retirement in Nepal.

Among the sons of distinguished Gurkha officers now serving in the Battalion are Rfn Tejbahadur and Rfn Rambahadur Thapa, whose father (Honour-

Just three-fifths of the brothers!



ary Captain and Subedar Major Lalbahadur Thapa VC OBI Sardar Bahadur retired in 1948, and Capt Lalbahadur Pun—his father, Capt Tikajit Pun MBE OBI IDSM Sardar Bahadur, retired a few years ago. Incidentally, Capt Lalbahadur Pun was one of the first Gurkhas to be commissioned from the RMA Sandhurst.—**Maj J A Lloyd-Williams MC, 1/2 GR, Slim Barracks, Portsdown Road, c/o GPO, Singapore.**

FLAT RATE PENSION?

In almost every branch of all three Services it is possible to find men with qualifications which entitle them to ranks above those held. It follows, therefore, that these men lose promotion pay and also the corresponding increase in pension. Writing as a 28-year Service pensioner with a son and a son-in-law serving in the Army, I would like to suggest an alteration to the Service pension scheme as it stands at present.

The introduction of a flat rate pension for all ex-Servicemen, regardless of rank attained while serving, would, I feel, appeal to the majority of men already serving, and might also help to close the existing gap in Army recruitment.—**H W J Taylor, Flat, 163 Banstead Road, Caterham, Surrey.**

TIME ON TARGET

In your article "The Range Goes All-Electric" (SOLDIER, June) I was interested to see the improvements in Army musketry practices, especially as we were among the first Australian troops to witness the introduction of *Trainfire* and test electronically operated targets. I cannot but be amused to see that, with all the modern equipment, the controller is still dependent upon his wrist watch to expose the target for the prescribed time limit.

Many "possible" scores have resulted from the human element involved in assessing the time period for "snap" practices when left to "sympathetic" judgement. Surely a large electronic timer or an automatic time cut-off would ensure an impartial controller operation.

I am always delighted to receive my copies of *SOLDIER* for they keep us informed on weapon improvements and training methods, and it is even more interesting when one can find some point for comment such as this.—**Maj R M Wade-Ferrell, 4 Highbank Flats, 22 Damansara Road, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.**

EDUCATION OF HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

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REUNIONS

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS (1ST DRAGOONS). Reunion to celebrate Regiment receiving Freedom of the City of London and also anniversary of El Alamein, at Albany Street Barracks, London NW1, Saturday, 26 October. Particulars from Maj C W J Lewis MBE, Hill House, Beckenham Lane, Bromley, Kent.

KENYA REGIMENT ASSOCIATION. First reunion dinner at The Queen's Royal Rifles Drill Hall, Friday, 18 October. Details and tickets from Capt C J Adami, 33 Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey.

1ST EAST ANGLIAN REGIMENT (ROYAL NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK). Sergeants Dinner Club (Past and Present) annual dinner, Saturday, 12 October. Particulars from Hon Sec, c/o East Anglian Brigade Depot, Blenheim Camp, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

CAVALRY CORPS SIGNALS (1914-1918) OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION. Thirty-sixth annual reunion, Saturday, 10 November, at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2. All Cavalry Signals of 1914-18 welcomed. Particulars from G H S Cooper, Wembury, 17 North Circular Road, Finchley, London N3. Tel: Finchley 3909.

1ST/4TH BN THE BUFFS (1914-1919). Reunion dinner, Saturday, 26 October, at County Hotel, Canterbury, 6pm for 6.30pm. Tickets 10s from local Sec or Lieut-Col H L Cremer, Hampton Gay, New Dover Road, Canterbury.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in *SOLDIER*'s Competition 62 (July—crossword) were:

1 WO II Robinson, RASC, HQ Farelf, c/o GPO, Singapore.
2 Lieut R L Goodhart, 1 DERR, BFPO 51.

3 Mr J Wood, c/o HQ LAD, 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers.

4 Mr S Kingscott, The Garden Flat, 69 The Drive, Hove 3, Sussex.

5 S/Sgt G B Cosgrove, Ordnance Directorate, HQ Farelf, c/o GPO, Singapore.

6 WO I P D H Gauld, RE, 221 Church Street, Edmonton, London N9.

The correct answers were:

Across: 1 Three inch mortar. 8 Kepi. 9 Rack. 11 Rare. 12 Siren. 13 Kiwi. 14 Tests. 16 Kew. 18 Optic. 20 Arras. 22 Rotunda. 23 Sobraon. 24 Casts. 26 Arabs. 28 Lee. 29 Safer. 33 Alms. 35 Eaton. 36 Reel. 37 Slim. 38 Oboe. 39 Yeoman of England.

Down: 1 Territorial Army. 2 Epee. 3 Irish. 4 Charger. 5 Marne. 6 Rock. 7 Radio controlled. 8 Kris. 10 Kilt. 15 Thumb. 16 Kraal. 17 Waste. 19 Parka. 20 ADC. 21, SOS. 25 Sent off. 27 Arms. 30 Free. 31 Yemen. 32 Known. 34 Slam. 36 Roll.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU? (See Page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Neckline of top gymnast's vest. 2 Right shoelace of bottom gymnast. 3 Mouth of bottom gymnast. 4 Height of door. 5 Badge on instructor's blouse. 6 Segments on right of ball. 7 Width of white line at bottom left. 8 Right foot of vaulting horse. 9 Forehead hair of top gymnast. 10 Left foot of top gymnast.

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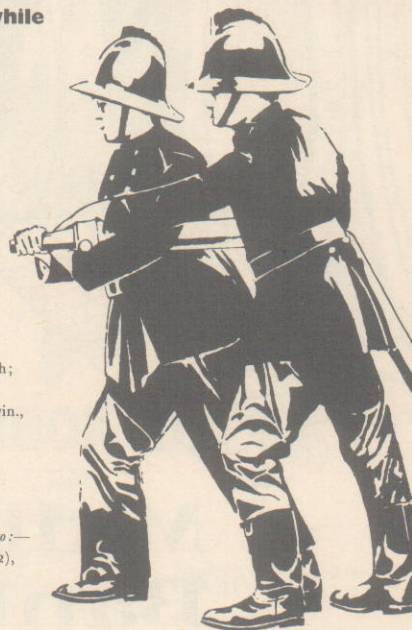
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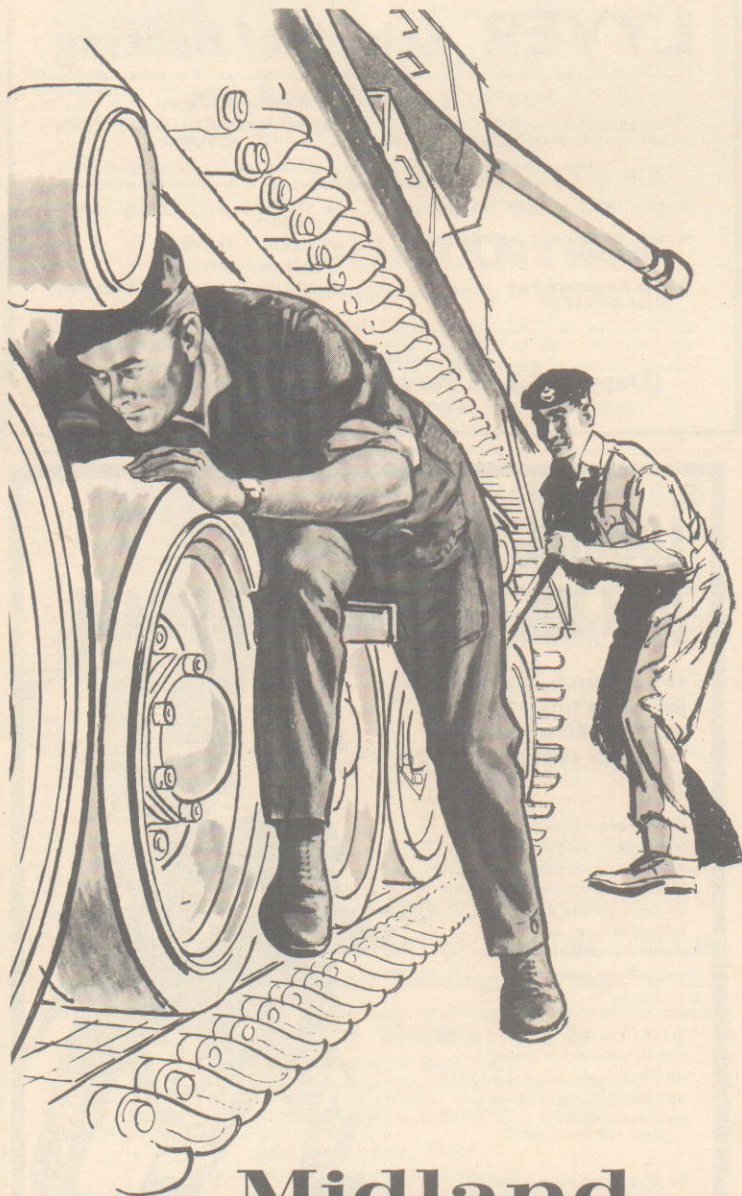
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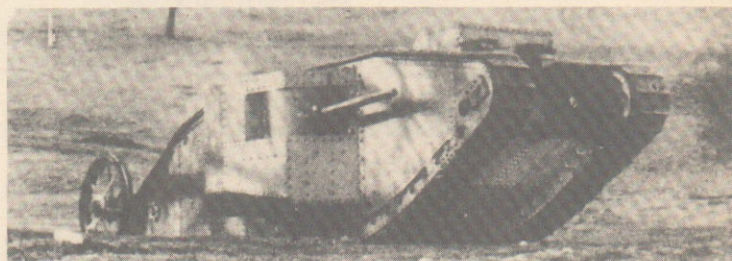
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BOOKS

THREE MEN TO CRANK A TANK



Prototype of the Tank Mark I, later known as "Mother," on test in 1916.

THE ranks of the veterans who went into action in tanks in World War One are thinning, and as they go they take with them the first-hand stories of legendary exploits which make up tankmen's folk-lore.

Major John Foley has done a splendid job in recording some of these precious yarns in "The Boiler-Plate War" (Muller, 30s) before it is too late.

Here, combined with written accounts, are their descriptions of aspects of the tank war which many more formal historians tend to relegate to footnotes. From the lips of a retired City clerk, a town councillor of Hythe, and others, we find what it was really like to train and go into battle in primitive tanks.

Among the first to speak is a civilian, Charlie Maughan who, in January, 1916, looked at the first prototype and uttered the historic words: "If anybody can drive the b——, I can." Drive it he did, and his passengers included the King. What Charlie Maughan learned at the controls, he passed on to the first soldier-drivers, who passed it on to their pupils and so on. He was the father of all tank-drivers.

Those early tanks were built round a huge engine which had to be cranked into life by three men. Parts of it got so hot that it made the inside of the tank uncomfortably warm and very dangerous when the tank was

bouncing over rough country, but with a little ingenuity it did ensure a constant supply of hot water for a brew-up.

A tank crew consisted of an officer, a driver, two gears-men and four gunners. When the driver wanted to change gear, he had to signal to the gears-men, as the noise was too great for shouted commands.

The armour of the Mark I was half-inch plate which flaked dangerously inside when it was hit by small-arms fire. The crews were armoured against flying flakes by masks of leather and chain mail. Mark II tanks with mild steel plating were built for training purposes only, but went into battle. The Germans captured one and tried their armour-piercing bullets against it with pleasing results. Their confidence was shattered when the properly armoured Mark IV came on the scene.

With these brutes, a band of enthusiasts went into battle, if they did not break down, or bog down in the shell-holes supplied by their own artillery. One which stuck in this way to begin an epic was *Fray Bentos*. Short of food and water, her crew stayed with their tank for three days. They broke up German Infantry forming for counter-attacks, repelled attacks on *Fray Bentos*, and were shelled by artillery. The survivors finally abandoned the tank, taking its Lewis guns with them.

R L E

Dieppe was High Tragedy

THE raid on Dieppe in 1942 produced a ten-hour battle, small by the scale of World War Two, yet 21 years later three books on the subject have been published within a couple of months.

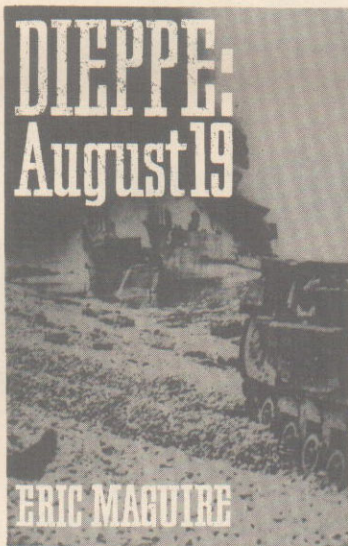
Why so much interest in this relatively minor affair—"too large to be a symbol, too small to be a success," as Lord Haw Haw, the traitor, said.

Dieppe was a milestone in the lives of those troops who had been kept at humdrum training in the modest comfort of wartime Britain while their comrades were sweating it out in the Western Desert and Burma. In particular, as a baptism of fire, it was a milestone for the Canadians who had crossed the Atlantic so eagerly at the beginning of the war.

Dieppe was high tragedy, a battle which in the circumstances (not all clear at the time) was inevitably to end in bloody failure for the attackers. Finally, Dieppe is still controversial, a stick with which to beat the war leaders, British and Canadian.

Jacques Mordal was the first of the new batch of authors to tackle it, in

Lord Lovat with survivors of his Commando force after the big raid.



"Dieppe: The Dawn of Decision" (SOLDIER, September). The two new books are Eric Maguire's "Dieppe: August 19" (Cape, 21s) and Terence Robertson's "Dieppe: The Shame and the Glory" (Hutchinson, 42s).

Mr Maguire's is the shortest of the three, a very neat and clear account which dis-

misses the long and tortuous preliminaries in a single short chapter. He comes down emphatically on the side of those who saw Dieppe as necessary both politically, because the Russians were then hard-pressed, and militarily because of its potential contribution to planning the final invasion of Europe.

Yet his analysis of the lessons claimed for Dieppe suggests that the only positive military benefit was the decision that the D-Day invaders should take their own port with them. As for the Russians, M Mordal has made it clear that they benefited little or not at all.

Mr Maguire, however, is also strongly of the opinion that Dieppe could have been better done. The raid was denied a preliminary bombardment from the air and artillery support. If this had to be, and Mr Maguire is not content with the reasons given at the time, then he considers that the timing, which deprived the frontal assault of

surprise, could have been changed to give the assaulting troops a chance.

Mr Robertson's account, the longest of the three and very readable, devotes nearly half its length to the preliminaries. This is the half to which he gives the sub-title, "The Shame," to express his opinion of the planning.

He concedes that the original conception of what a raid on Dieppe could contribute to victory was sound, but says the planning was "so brilliantly, so appallingly detailed that it was more suited to a model exercise. When a very real enemy was so inconsiderate as to reveal a mind of its own, the actual execution of the plan proved tragically chaotic." Most of the military lessons learned at Dieppe, he says, had been taught in previous wars and simply forgotten.

Both Mr Maguire and Mr Robertson write sympathetically of Major-General John Hamilton Roberts, the Canadian commander of the

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ground troops, who was banished to command a reinforcement organisation for the rest of the war. They regard him as a scapegoat for others, more highly placed, who were equally responsible for failure.

R L E

War on the Air

"THE TIMES" correspondent in Berlin in 1939, Ewan Butler, was a young man of mettle. When the Polish military attaché remarked bitterly that Britain's guarantee to his country was worthless, Mr Butler joined the Polish forces as a private, on condition that he would be released if and when Britain went to war.

That condition duly fulfilled, Mr Butler took up his Reserve commission and inevitably gravitated to Intelligence. Thus began a series of cheerful adventures which he relates in "Amateur Agent" (Harrap, 21s).

His first job was with the British Expeditionary Force, liaising with the French. Soon after Dunkirk he joined the budding Special Operations Executive. At this time, the War Office wanted its own radio programme aimed at the German Army, and the author was one of the propagandists who started it. Its menacing tone did not commend itself to those who ran the BBC's other German programmes and whose policies were based on the assumption that, Hitler and a few Nazis apart, most Germans were kindly disposed towards the British. The War Office lost its programme, and the author was out of a job.

He went off to Jerusalem to engage in more radio propaganda. Some of his stations pretended to be clandestine and situated in German-occupied territory. From time to time they would go off the air to dramatic sounds intended to represent the Gestapo breaking into the studio. Since the peoples of occupied territories were often divided amongst themselves, the author would obligingly provide them with

two stations. Thus left-wing and right-wing "Free Greek" stations, manned by political enemies, would flay each other from studios only a few steps apart.

Later, the author was attached to the British Legation in Stockholm. His most difficult task was to try to introduce suitable and reliable agents into Germany. However, by the end of the war he had a team of Danish officers operating in South Schleswig, where they were of particular value to the victorious Allied troops. He also passed back to London a good deal of secret information from the German Legation in Stockholm.

Special Operations Executive officers got up to a number of ruthless tricks to bring the Germans into disrepute in Sweden. One was to issue a "personal appeal," signed by Himmler, for funds to provide pensions for the dependants of dead SS men. This gimmick was calculated not only to arouse the Swedes but also to widen the gap between the SS and other German troops.

Some of these tricks descended to the level of practical jokes. When an entertainment was staged for the German community in Stockholm, an SOE press ran off 3000 tickets which, with invitation notes, were sent to Swedish Nazis and sympathisers. The result, on the night, was gratifying chaos.

In occupied Norway, resistance workers received stocks of stink-bombs which could make clothing unusable for a considerable time. Two or three of them could put an entire cloakroom out of action, and German Officers and soldiers took to wearing their outer garments indoors, whatever the temperature. Malingering kits, enabling German soldiers to produce convincing symptoms of anything from a swollen knee to jaundice and tuberculosis, were also issued.

This lively and entertaining book also contains, quite irrelevantly, an account by journalist Jack Winocour, then working in America as a British Civil Servant, of how he deliberately and unofficially "leaked" the news that Himmler was negotiating through Count Folke Bernadotte for the surrender of Germany to the Allies. The leak caused a good deal of trouble at the time.

R L E



LOOKING AHEAD . . .

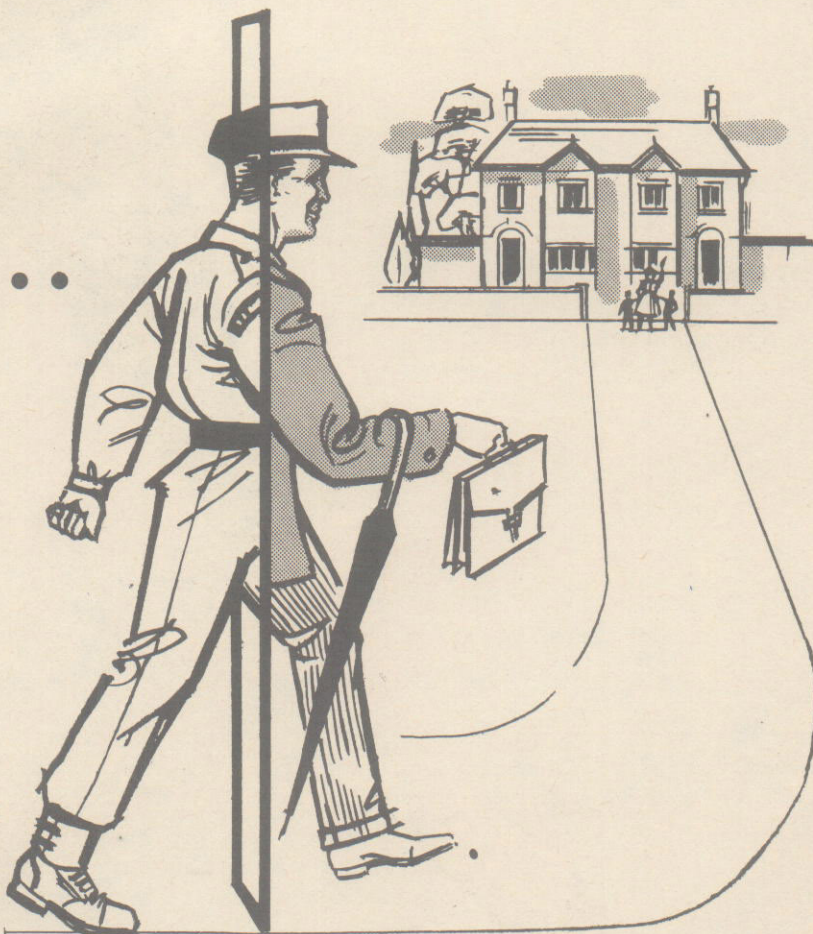
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