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SOLDIER



SAPPERS TAME KILIMANJARO
(See pages 5-7)



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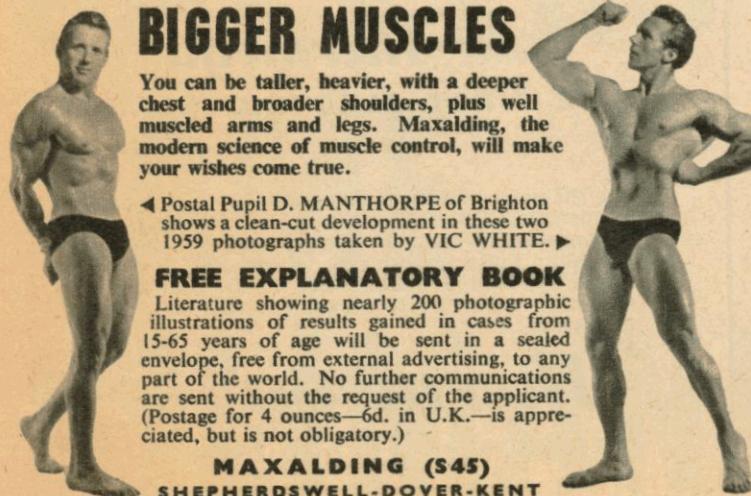
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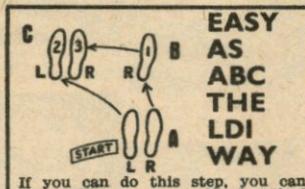
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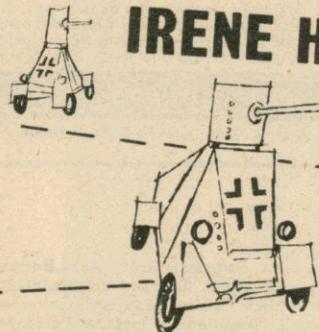
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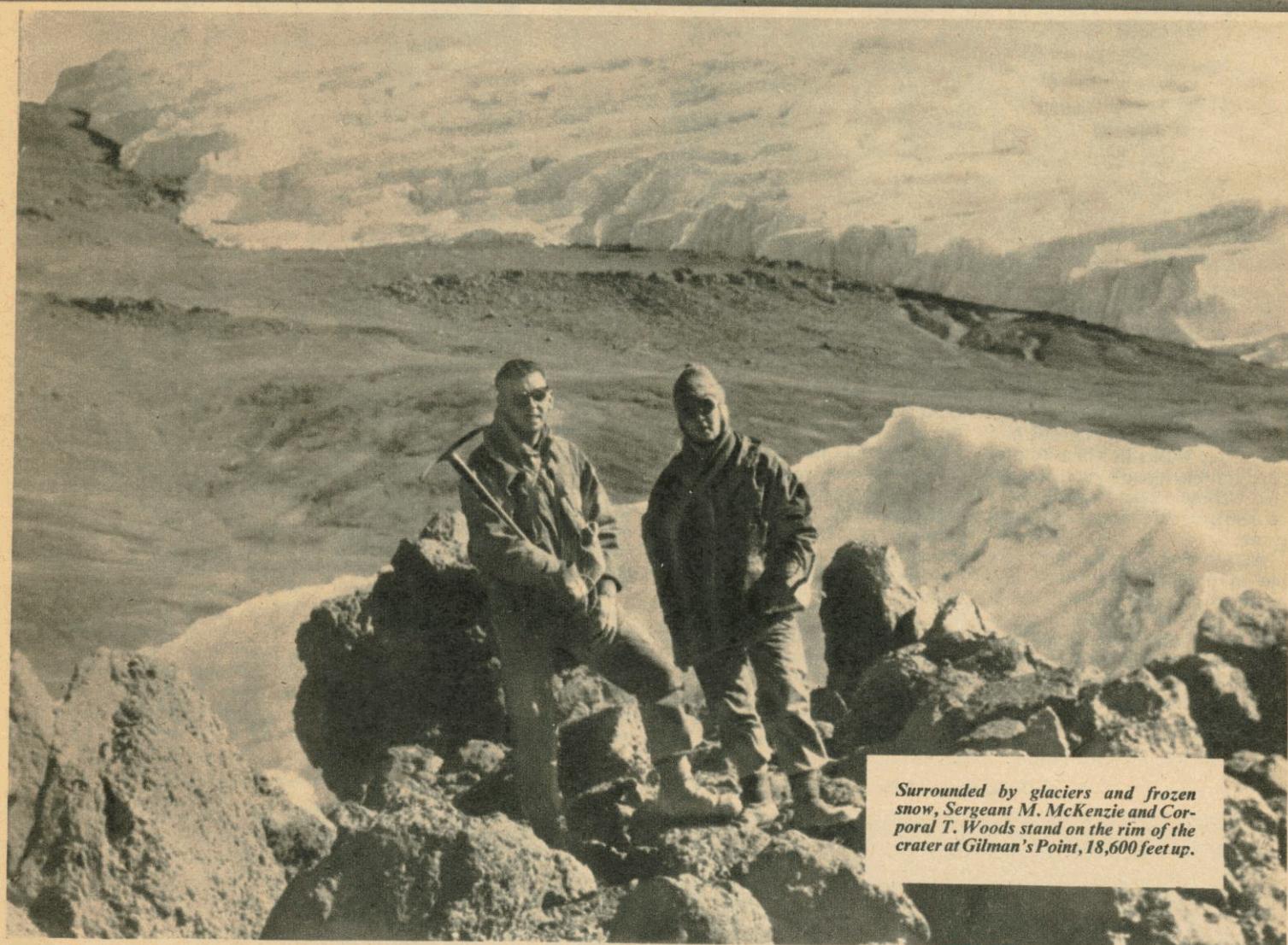
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Surrounded by glaciers and frozen snow, Sergeant M. McKenzie and Corporal T. Woods stand on the rim of the crater at Gilman's Point, 18,600 feet up.

KILIMANJARO, THE WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE MOUNTAIN, HAS BEEN CONQUERED BY 26 SAPPERS WHO CLIMBED TO THE SUMMIT AT DAWN—AND IT WAS ALL PART OF THEIR NORMAL TRAINING!

SAPPERS TAME KILIMANJARO

As the sun rose over Mount Kilimanjaro, 26 exhausted Sappers, straining for breath in the rarefied air, painfully dragged themselves over the frozen rocks to the rim of the summit crater at Gilman's Point and gazed in wonder at the enormous glaciers and fantastic ice formations around them.

It was a moment they will remember all their lives and one which has gone down in the history of Army mountaineering as a brilliant achievement by untrained climbers.

Kilimanjaro, highest mountain in Africa and the largest single mountain in the world—it rises from a plateau to 19,565 feet—has often been climbed before, with the help of porters and oxygen. But the Sappers who conquered it—men of No. 3 Troop, 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers—used neither. None had climbed a mountain before and they had nothing in the way of special equipment to help them, save *anoraks* to keep out the biting winds, six Bergen rucksacks and four climbing ropes.

OVER...



And the expedition, the idea of the Troop Commander, Captain T. R. M. Pulverman, RE, was part of the unit's normal training programme!

The Troop, which is in 24 Infantry Brigade Group and stationed at Gilgil, near Nairobi, had only three weeks in which to prepare for the assault on Kilimanjaro. Those weeks turned out to be nearly as strenuous as the final climb.

Almost every day the men were out on route marches—sometimes as far as 40 miles—in full equipment, and to accustom themselves to mountainous conditions they climbed nearby Longonot, a 9000-foot extinct volcano in the Rift Valley and scrambled round its tortuous, five-and-a-half-mile rim.

At 15,000 feet, with the snow-capped summit in the background, the leading Sappers pick their way through the boulder-strewn scrub.



Left: In Indian file and carrying wood for their fires at night, the Sappers trudge upwards to the Kibo Hut. Above: The men take a rest at the caves, 11,260 feet up Kilimanjaro.

Finally, all was ready and the Troop moved to its base camp at the Outward Bound School at Loitokitok, on the northern slopes of Kilimanjaro. Here, for a few days, the men halted and practised for things to come by climbing to 11,000 feet and back.

When the assault began the Troop was split into two parties, each of 20 men, one under Captain Pulverman, the other under Captain E. M. Warwick, RE, the Squadron's second-in-command, who is an experienced mountaineer. Each man carried 45 lbs of kit and rations (half fresh and half "compo") and their basic equipment was '44 pattern webbing.

Captain Warwick's party set off first, followed 24 hours later by Captain Pulverman's section, and

for three hours they climbed slowly through thick forest alive with brilliantly coloured birds, chattering monkeys and the occasional elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo.

Then the scene changed and for four hours the Sappers fought their way through giant heather and nine-foot high bracken and on to the first night's lodging in some caves 11,260 feet up on the mountainside. Here, both parties stopped for a day to become acclimatised.

On the third day the Sappers made their way slowly up the ever-steep mountain to the Kibo Hut at 15,320 feet, first through thick forest and then across a desert of sand and lava littered with vast rocky outcrops. As they climbed, the men looked

down on to the tops of swirling clouds and were buffeted by bitterly cold winds which whipped the sand in their faces.

Each party spent a night in the Kibo Hut which was equipped with six bunks, a stove and a table, and in the adjacent porters' huts—corrugated iron lean-tos. No one slept much for at that height the lack of oxygen kept the men awake gasping for breath.

On the day of the final assault, reveille was at 1.30 a.m., and as the men turned out the thermometer showed 23 degrees of frost. After a quick meal of stew and cocoa laced with rum, they set off in bright moonlight.

The slope became steeper and the scree looser at every yard. In places, the men slipped back a step for every two they took

Cover Picture

SOLDIER's cover picture shows Private Andrews, No. 3 Troop's cook, signing the visitors' book at Gilman's Point.

Unable to gain a foothold in the sliding scree, Private Andrews crawled the last 300 yards to the crater's edge on his hands and knees.

The last lap of the climb was made in darkness and in a freezing wind.



forward. Some attempted to use the rocks on either side of the scree but found they broke off at a touch. The air became thinner and soon each man had to stop for breath every nine or ten steps. It was bitterly cold and some collapsed with mountain sickness and were sent back. Time and again the remainder slipped and fell on the scree. A few tried crawling on hands and knees to avoid falling but their knees became so cold that they had to give up. Somehow, the survivors struggled on (one man, Private N. Andrews, the Troop cook, crawled the last 300 yards on all fours) and just as the sun came up 26 Sappers reached their goal.

In the freezing wind they signed their names in the visitors' book which is kept at the top of Gilman's Point, and began to make their way slowly down the dangerous slopes to the Kibo Hut for a well-earned rest.

Five remained behind and, led by Captain Warwick, pushed on round the crater rim and up to the summit, the Kaiser Wilhelm Spitz (19,565 feet). Among those who reached the top was Lance-Corporal D. Cumming, who acted as a guide on the main climb and during the expedition did more than 100,000 feet of climbing, including two trips to the Kibo Hut and escorting an injured Sapper back to base.

No. 3 Troop's climb is believed to be the largest unit expedition to a major peak by non-specialist troops.—From a report by Army Public Relations, East Africa Command.

Against the backdrop of the crater at Gilman's Point, the Sappers hold a conference to decide how best to tackle the long climb over lava to Kibo Hut.



SOLDIER to Soldier

DIEHARD disciplinarians of the old school must have had near apoplexy when the War Minister, Mr. Christopher Soames, recently announced the shattering news that there will be no more "jankers" in the Army.

But the decision to abolish the out-of-date, pointless, petty punishment of confinement to barracks will be warmly welcomed by everyone else. And no less cheering is the news that in future a soldier who is admonished can wipe the record clean by keeping out of trouble for the next three months.

Thus, at one stroke, two powerful sources of irritation are removed to help make the soldier's life a happier one.

Confinement to barracks ("more of an irritant than a corrective," said the War Minister) will be replaced by the more enlightened punishment to be known as "Restriction of Privileges," which means that an offender will no longer have to report to the orderly sergeant at intervals throughout the day, be employed on all the most useless or unpleasant fatigues or be required to stay permanently in barracks.

Instead, he will forfeit his permanent pass and with it the right to wear civilian clothes (to some—and not all of them diehard disciplinarians—it may seem odd that making a soldier wear uniform should be a punishment). And although he will still be liable for fatigues he will have to answer his name only once a day—at 10 p.m., after which he will remain in barracks, which is no great hardship in these days of television rooms and junior ranks clubs.

Successive awards of RP (not to be confused with Regimental Police) will run concurrently and total awards may not exceed 28 days. Until now, CB awards could total 42 days.

In future, too, when a soldier is admonished—the mildest form of official displeasure—the fact will be recorded only on a slip attached to his conduct sheet. If the soldier commits no other offence in the next three months the record is destroyed.

These welcome reforms in off-duty discipline go a long way towards bringing the Army more closely in line with civilian practice and, by removing petty restrictions, may play a not unimportant part in persuading more men to make the Army their career.



NOT surprisingly, the Army has done well in the new marching craze which is sweeping Britain at week-ends in the attempt to find who can cover 110 miles on foot the quickest and, as SOLDIER went to press, two corporals and a trooper (unencumbered with rifles or equipment) were in the lead with a time of 26 hours 24 minutes—a little over four miles an hour.

This is a highly creditable performance, suggesting enviable stamina and powers of endurance, but how does it compare with some of the Army's past marching achievements?

SOLDIER has been studying the records and finds evidence that many an old soldier would have done better. There was, for instance, the memorable march from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880 when General Sir Frederick Roberts' Anglo-India force, in full marching order, in intense heat and across mountainous country covered 297½ miles in 19 days.

In 1809 the Rifle Brigade, fully equipped, marched 52 miles in 24 hours to take part in the Battle of Talavera and in the Indian Mutiny the 43rd Regiment of Foot completed one of the most gruelling marches in history. From April to July, 1858—in the hottest part of the hottest year for 15 years—they foot-slogged 1300 miles from Bangalore to Calpee. Three officers and 44 men died on the way from sunstroke.



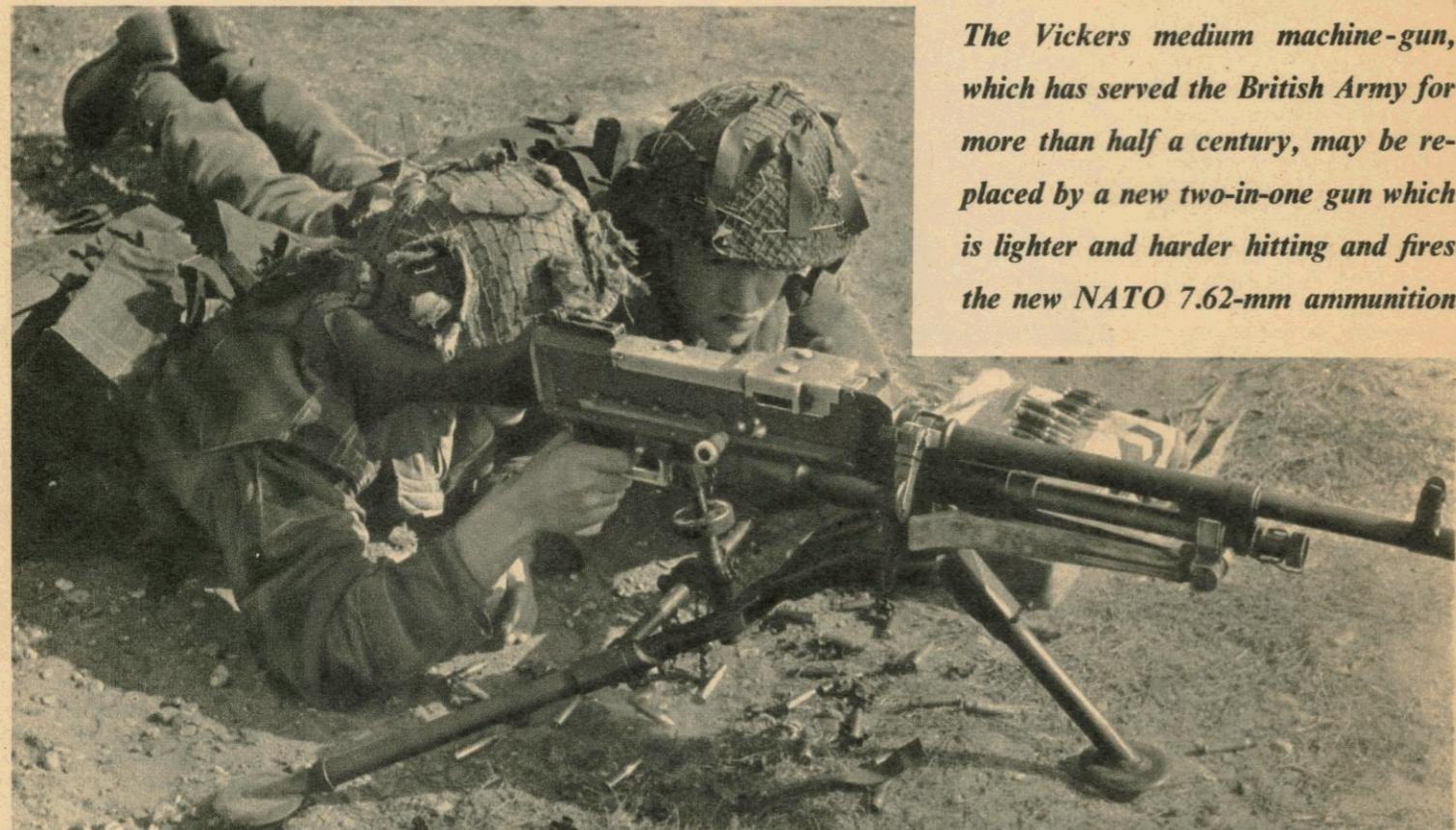
SOLDIER'S remarkable photograph last month of the Indian Rope Trick caused a flutter in Fleet Street and led to the discovery that it was a trick after all.

From our examination of the photograph there appeared to be no explanation of the phenomenon but the *News Chronicle*, enlarging the negative to a much greater size than was possible by SOLDIER, revealed the answer: behind the rope was a pole on which the boy was perching (right).

Ah well, bang goes another miracle.



A NEW GUN FOR THE INFANTRY



The Vickers medium machine-gun, which has served the British Army for more than half a century, may be replaced by a new two-in-one gun which is lighter and harder hitting and fires the new NATO 7.62-mm ammunition

The new FN General Purpose machine-gun undergoing trials at the School of Infantry, Hythe. When used as a medium gun the weapon is fired from a spring-loaded cradle, not shown here.



Right: A 200-round belt of ammunition is fed into the FN. The belts are self-disintegrating and carried in new-type liners.



Left: The latest in aircraft killers. The Red-Eye fires a 9-lb shell that is guided electronically to its low-flying target.

And Now Red-Eye And MAW

THE United States Infantryman is also to be better armed—with a 90-mm recoilless rifle, which is claimed to be capable of destroying the heaviest-known tanks, and an anti-aircraft guided missile for use against low-flying aircraft.

The new 90-mm tank-killer—called the MAW (the initials stand for Medium Assault Weapon), is 4 ft long, weighs only 35 lbs and in an emergency can be carried, loaded and fired, from the shoulder, by one man. Normally it would have a two-man team.

The MAW fires a 9 lb round and has an effective range of 500 yards, more than twice that of the 3.5-in Bazooka.

The new Infantry anti-aircraft rocket is "Red-Eye," which guides its shell to the target electronically and is also fired from the shoulder, if necessary by one man.



Above: When the gun is used in its light machine-gun role, the ammunition carton is hooked into position. Cartons are carried in new-type webbing pouches. Below: It can also be fired from the hip and is a formidable close-quarters weapon.

sight, against the Vickers' 90 lbs) and is less susceptible to stoppages than the Vickers.

When used as a light machine-gun, the new weapon is some 4 lbs heavier than the Bren, but the section load is considerably lighter, for the FN needs no spare barrel or magazines. The ammunition is contained in 50-round self-disintegrating belts, carried in the pouch of the new webbing equipment and hooked on to the gun for firing, or in 200-round belts for use in the medium machine-gun role.

No details are yet available about the FN General Purpose machine-gun's range or rate of fire, but it is understood to have met War Office requirements in its light role. As a medium machine-gun it has posed many problems, chief of which, because the weapon is air-cooled, was barrel heating.

This, however, has been overcome by replacing the original steel barrel with one lined with a cobalt and chromium compound which contains effective heat-resistant substances.

The design of a satisfactory tripod also caused difficulty. The old-type solid platform mounted on three legs, as used with the Vickers, was impracticable, so a new, spring-loaded cradle has been introduced.

If the new weapon is accepted for issue to Infantry units, the Army will say farewell to a tried and trusted friend—the Vickers, which has served the British Army for more than 50 years.

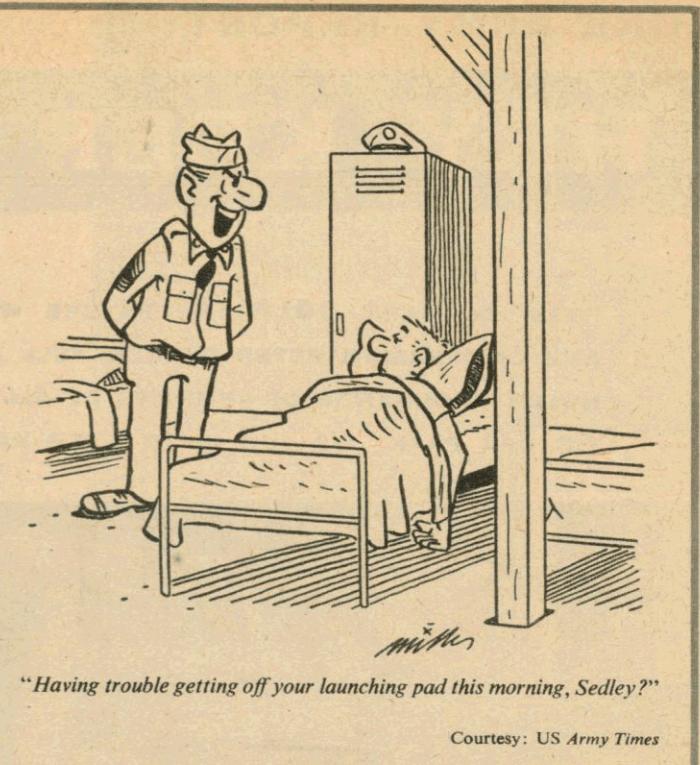
But it is too early yet to write the obituaries. It will be at least two years—even if the Army accepts the new weapon—before the FN General Purpose machine-gun becomes a general issue.

A Better Bren Is On The Way

THE Bren gun has been brought up to date and modified versions, adapted to fire 7.62-mm ammunition, are being issued to units of all arms.

The modified Bren has a new, chromium-plated barrel and a new type of magazine and flash eliminator, but the weapon's performance and weight remain unchanged.

The introduction of the chromium-plated barrel will eliminate the need for a spare barrel to be carried by the Bren section.



"Having trouble getting off your launching pad this morning, Sedley?"

Courtesy: US Army Times



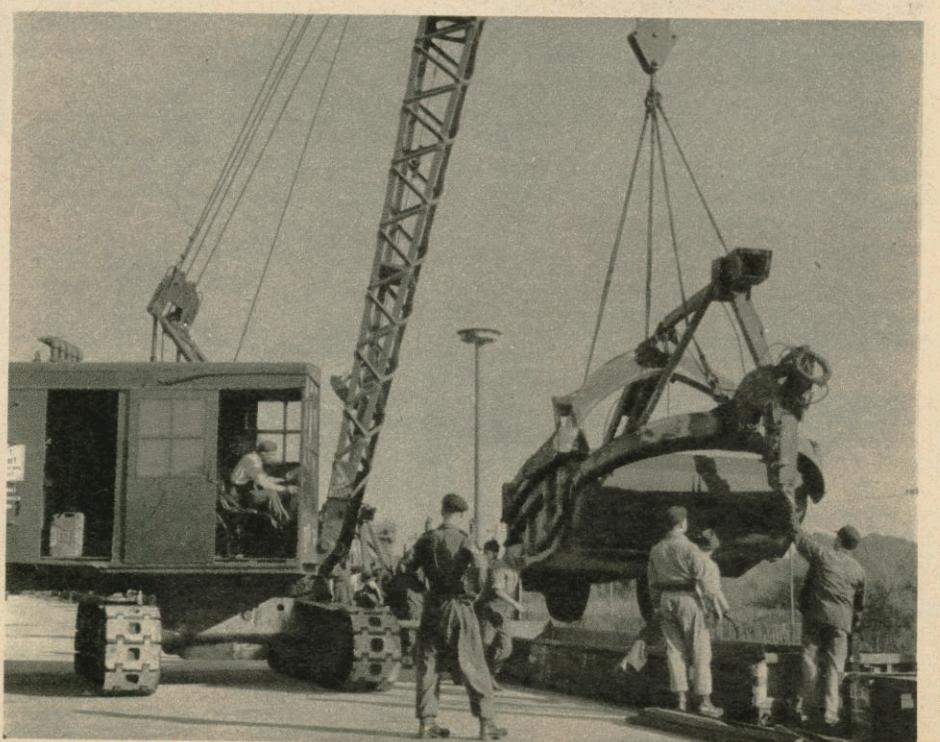
THEY KEEP RHINE ARMY

ON THE ROAD

FROM GERMANY, SOLDIER FEATURE WRITER KEN HENLY AND CAMERAMAN PETER O'BRIEN TELL OF THE UNIT THAT HOLDS THOUSANDS OF VEHICLES OF ALL TYPES IN A GIGANTIC CAR PARK. ITS JOB IS TO KEEP RHINE ARMY MOBILE



Above: The powerful jet of a steam jenny whips away dust and grease as a three-tonner from store is cleaned ready for issuing to a unit.



Right: Weighty work at a railhead. Steadied by a loading team, a massive grader is lowered onto a truck. Each week about 150 vehicles are sent out to Rhine Army units.

EIGHT miles from Moenchengladbach in Germany, Rhine Army has its own permanent "motor show" which, in size at least, dwarfs the annual Earls Court event.

Inside a seven-and-a-half mile perimeter are parked some 14,000 vehicles of every type used by the British Army. They range from tanks to motor-cycles, from 50-ton cranes to quarter-ton jeeps. Some have had their day and are destined for the scrap market, but the vast majority are maintained in perfect condition, ready for instant delivery to any unit in Rhine Army or the Northern Army Group.

Administering this huge store is No. 17 Vehicle Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, whose vital task it is to keep the Rhine Army mobile.

Each week some 200 vehicles arrive at the Battalion by road and rail. Those needing extensive repairs are sent on to Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers workshops; the rest go through a meticulous process of servicing and preservation before being put into storage for perhaps as long as two years.

On a recent visit to the camp SOLDIER stood with the Battalion's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel B. E. Tasman, on the flat roof of the administrative building, formerly a Luftwaffe headquarters, and surveyed the vast vehicle parks. Lines of vehicles of every shape and size radiated in every direction.

"Keeping so many vehicles in a good state of preservation for long periods is no easy task," said Colonel Tasman. "We have to keep maintenance teams on the rounds all the time, so that each vehicle is regularly checked."

The Battalion has three workshops to maintain the various categories of vehicles—the fighting vehicles, load carriers, machinery and wireless vehicles and Engineer equipments like bridge-layers, cranes and bulldozers.

Three railheads inside the camp are in constant use for the receipt and despatch of vehicles, which reach the Battalion either direct from Britain, the reserve depot in Belgium or from workshops of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in Rhine Army.

As well as thousands of sound vehicles, the Battalion's stocks include hundreds of vehicles which cannot be repaired in unit workshops. They are held until called for by REME and those beyond repair are sold or sent back to Britain as scrap.

The Battalion itself owns 174 vehicles of all types, and issues to

its own and visiting drivers about 20,000 gallons of petrol a year.

In the parks accommodating load-carrying vehicles, thousands of trucks, ambulances, Jeeps and Champs are stored in "herring-bone" lines so that any individual vehicle can be immediately driven away. Each gets the same elaborate treatment on its arrival.

The vehicle is washed, de-rusted, lubricated, greased, painted and sprayed with a preservative. After water and petrol have been drained, batteries removed and preserving fluid put into the petrol tank, the vehicle is towed to its storage area.

All cracks and openings through which the weather could cause damage are taped and the vehicle is left in open storage for up to a year. Then, if the vehicle is not needed for issue, the initial

maintenance procedure is repeated and it returns to its location for another year.

The Battalion makes certain that however long a vehicle has been in store it is ready to take the road as soon as it is needed. Every day throughout the year maintenance teams are at work in the sheds and open parks. No vehicle is overlooked during this ceaseless search for signs of deterioration, and each is inspected by the team at least once every three months.

The issue of vehicles is on the "first in, first out" basis and, as there is a fairly rapid turnover of the Army's "bread and butter" vehicles, none is likely to be in the hands of the Battalion for more than a year.

In the case of armoured fighting vehicles and specialist machinery



Above: Part of the huge car park (it is seven-and-a-half miles round). Each vehicle is parked so that it can be driven away immediately.

Sergeant D. Whittington claims to be able to drive any of the Battalion's 200 types of vehicles.



In the battle against the Battalion's bitterest enemy—the weather—a maintenance team seals up ambulances to make them 100 per cent waterproof.

the storage period may be up to three years. Tanks and their weapons are inspected frequently and each year every vehicle undergoes a thorough workshops check.

The British soldiers in No. 17 Vehicle Battalion are outnumbered by almost four to one by German civilians on the staff, many of them ex-Panzer men of the Wehrmacht.

SOLDIER watched one German driver start up a Centurion tank which had been in store for two-and-a-half years. The engine roared into life at the first touch of the starter and the tank rolled smoothly away.

There are some 200 types of vehicles in store, and one man, Sergeant D. E. Whittington,

claims to be able to drive every one of them. He served in the Royal Armoured Corps for 13 years and was a tank specialist before he joined the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and 17 Vehicle Battalion in 1958.

The Battalion's kit store is always a hive of industry. Nearly 200 vehicles a week are issued and each has to be fully equipped. The 1500 tons of equipment in Captain Guy Chapman's store includes sets of 2000 different items. A *Saladin*, for instance, has 350 pieces of kit, ranging from a petrol filler to a torch. Wooden crates containing full sets of kit for every type of vehicle are stacked to the roof.

Major A. S. Davies, who commands the Return Vehicle Wing, has in his charge hundreds of trucks which have outlived their Army life. About 175 of them are returned to the Battalion each week. Some are repaired and sold locally, and those for which there is no sale are sent for scrap.

A vital section of the Battalion is the Forward Vehicle Depot commanded by Major P. A. Derrett who, in emergency, could have a convoy of 100 assorted vehicles, including tanks, on the road within an hour.

In a recent NATO exercise in Germany 30 of his vehicles covered over 21,000 miles in convoy in four days.

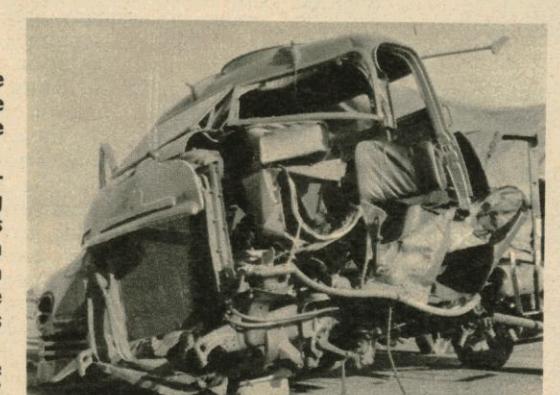
Administratively the Battalion is a self-contained unit with its own church, swimming pool, families' shop, cinema, school, gymnasiums and sports grounds. Formed during World War Two, it existed under a variety of titles until, in 1946, it acquired its present name, which will soon be changed to No. 17 Rear Vehicle Depot RAOC.

It could happen to you

Drivers joining 17 Vehicle Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, are unlikely to forget one of the first parades.

It takes place at the "Graveyard," the gruesome last resting place of scores of vehicles wrecked in road accidents in Rhine Army, where every month between 15 to 20 vehicles are written off as a result of careless driving.

The newly-joined drivers are told to inspect the "Graveyard" and warned: "Let this be a lesson. It could happen to you."



Grim warning in the graveyard: a wrecked three-tonner.



Led by an outrider, a 400-ton convoy of giant transporters and Centurion tanks rumbles out of camp at the start of another delivery run.

RHINE ARMY REPORT: 2

A BIG JOB FOR BIG MEN

THE MEN WHO DRIVE THE ARMY'S MIGHTY TANK TRANSPORTERS—SOMETIMES IN CONVOYS WORTH UP TO £10,000,000—HAVE TO BE TALL, STRONG AND VERY FIT. MANY ARE TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE HEAVY GOODS VEHICLES IN BRITAIN, BUT THIS YEAR THEY DROVE THEIR 100-TON LOADS OVER NEARLY HALF A MILLION MILES IN GERMANY



"Straight ahead," signals the Antar driver as a Centurion mounts the transporter's ramp. Skilled teamwork is vital in this tricky operation.

YOUNIOR officers with a heavy responsibility—in both senses of the word—are the platoon commanders of 123 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Tank Transporter), at Sennelager in Germany, a unit that employs only big men.

This year the Company's giant transporters have covered half a million miles in Germany and Belgium and delivered hundreds of Conqueror and Centurion tanks to units throughout Rhine Army.

When the convoy is on the road—rumbling along the *autobahn* at a sedate 15 miles-an-hour and escorted by German police in radio cars—its commander, often a second-lieutenant, is responsible for the safety of crews, transporters and tanks. Spaced out behind him are loaded vehicles, sometimes as many as 50 tanks on their transporters, carrying a load of 65 tons, they have negotiated the *autobahns* and minor roads of Germany and Belgium with extraordinary skill.

In tank transporting there is no such thing as a minor accident. Every accident is potentially a disaster. A slight skid, and a hundred tons of metal could crush a couple of houses or wreck a bridge!

SOLDIER met some of them on a recent visit to the Unit. They are a tall and sturdy group. "With heavy work like this, we cannot afford to employ small men," said Major P. Tr. O'Kelly

Whatever the rank of the officer travelling with the tanks, the officer in charge of the transporters is the boss until the tanks have been safely delivered. His is a massive responsibility and hardly less vital is the task of the transporter drivers.

Most drivers, among them National Servicemen, are too young to hold heavy goods licences in Britain but, at the controls of a 38-ton transporter, carrying a load of 65 tons, they have negotiated the *autobahns* and minor roads of Germany and Belgium with extraordinary skill.

SOLDIER met some of them on a recent visit to the Unit. They are a tall and sturdy group. "With heavy work like this, we cannot afford to employ small men," said Major P. Tr. O'Kelly

SALUTE TO THE 1000th TANK

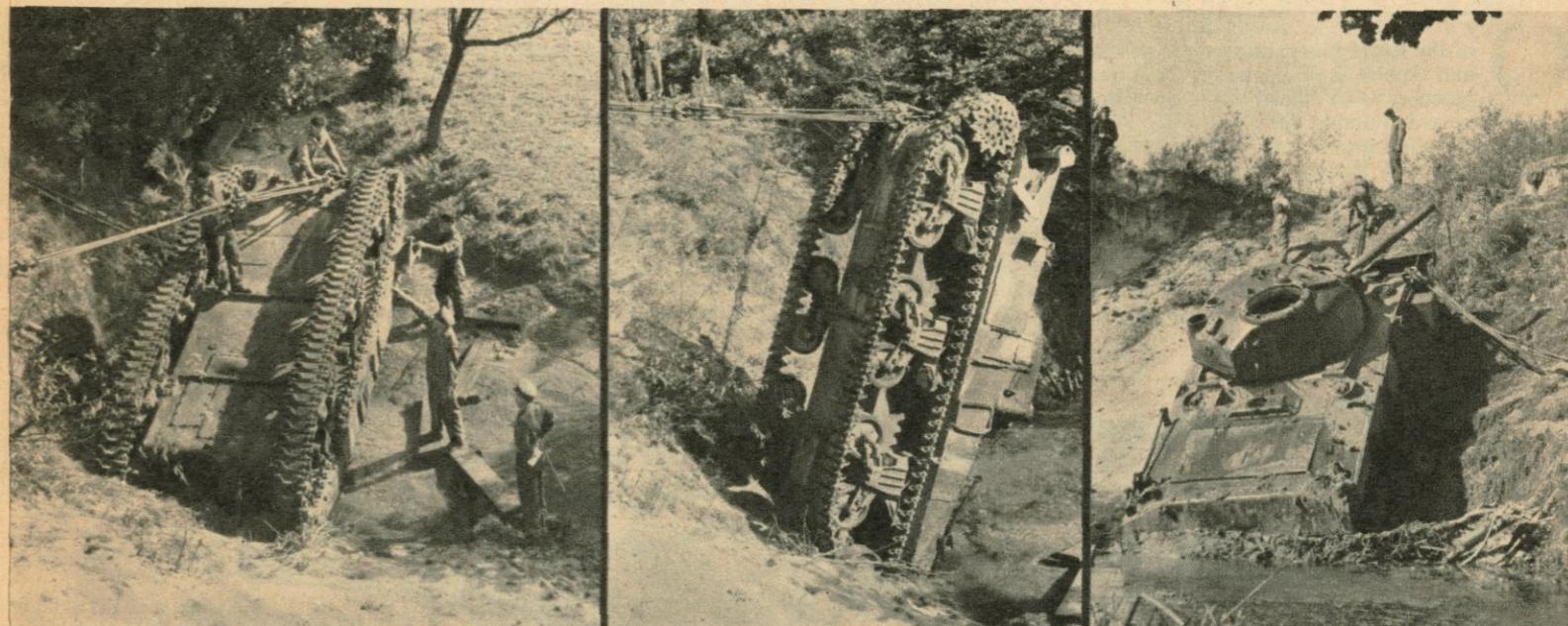
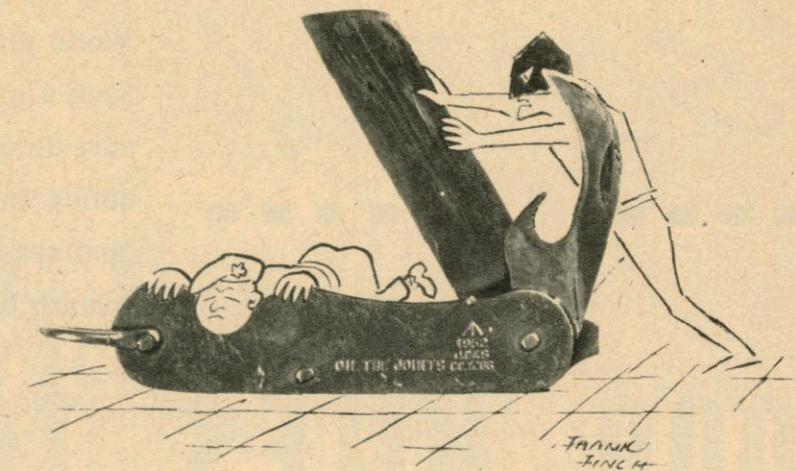
A Centurion tank, gaily decorated with flowers and bearing the number "1000," clattered over the cobbles alongside the parade ground.

Behind it, in line astern, thundered 25 more Centurions manned by British Army and German civilian crews. A Royal Armoured Corps brigadier took the salute as the formation moved past him.

It was a big day for No. 2 Army Delivery Squadron, which supplies tanks, self-propelled guns and bridgelayers to units throughout Rhine Army. The only British unit of its kind in Germany, it was ceremonially handing over—to the Royal Scots Greys—the 1000th tank delivered by the Squadron since it was formed six years ago.

The Squadron works closely with 123 (Tank Transporter) Company and its tanks are constantly maintained in battle condition. Each tank is moved from its shed every 14 days and driven round a test track every 28 days.

Privates' Predicaments . . . 7



Three stages in the salvage of a tank which came to rest upside down in a 30-ft ravine. Left: Main and check cables are attached. Centre: Up she goes, balanced on end, and (right) gently subsides on to the slope, right way up. All is now set for the final haul to the top.

de Conejera, the Officer Commanding.

The drivers go to 123 Company after passing a normal driving course. They begin as second drivers and within six months become responsible for the loading and hauling of 100 tons of valuable machinery and equipment.

SOLDIER watched Lance-Corporal Terry Everitt, 20-year-old National Serviceman, guiding on to his *Antar* a Centurion

belonging to the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. It is a tricky job, calling for complete confidence between *Antar* and tank drivers. The tank is secured to the transporter so that there is no risk of its breaking away. But there are other risks once the convoy is under way. Damp and icy roads, for instance, are a menace.

The *Antar*, largest and heaviest wheeled vehicle in the British Army, has 26 massive wheels, each with a diameter of about 52

inches and weighing six hundred weight. Its crew must be prepared to change a wheel on the road—with a 65-ton tank on the vehicle.

Changing the middle wheel of a loaded transporter is a formidable job, but one which must be tackled promptly, for a flat tyre may catch fire and set the tank alight.

In the course of its half a million miles' travel this year the Company has sent large convoys on journeys of hundreds of miles when the crews have slept in their vehicles by the roadside. It recently lifted a complete Canadian tank regiment and took part in an exercise with the German Army. For their work in connection with this 250-mile haul Sergeant H. J. Wildey and Sergeant G. Blythe, of 123 Company, received a special commendation from the German regimental commander.

Tank recovery is a vital part of the Company's work, as SOLDIER appreciated when it

watched a platoon commanded by Lieutenant L. K. Rollinson bring to safety a tank which lay upside down in a muddy stream at the bottom of a 30-foot ravine. A 33-ton pull by a *Diamond T* was needed to haul it clear.

The tackle was set up, a check cable connected at right angles to ensure that the mass would not topple on to its side and the anchorage dug four feet underground. At the blast of a whistle, the *Diamond T*, weighed down by nine tons of cast iron in the trailer, took up the slack on the four steel cables and the crippled tank rose slowly upright. It then gently subsided right side up and was pulled slowly up the slope.

With the tank's full weight on the cables, the platoon commander ordered his men out of the danger zone, for if a cable parted at this stage it would sweep round like a whiplash. Slowly but surely the tank was hauled up the slope and when its nose bit into the

overhanging bank the platoon appeared smartly from cover with shovels to dig away earth and small trees.

The *Diamond T* went into action again and after two hours' stop-and-start operations the tank was pulled over the edge of the ravine. All that remained was for the transporter to lift the tank back to base.

This was a difficult job but nothing like so tough as Lieutenant Rollinson and his men faced recently when a tank fell into a quarry, resting on its side on a ledge 40 feet down. Within two hours, three recovery vehicles were on the scene 20 miles away. The team's first job was to turn the tank on to its tracks. One mistake, and it would have crashed a further 50 feet to the bottom. Twelve hours later the tank, one of its tracks locked, lurched over the rim of the quarry and was towed away.

"Tank recovery is fascinating, because you never get two jobs alike," says Lieutenant Rollinson.

ESCAPE!

1

In this new **SOLDIER** series, Leslie Hunt will tell the hitherto unpublished stories of some of the hundreds of British soldiers who escaped from prison camp in World War Two and returned home to fight again. Such a man was Bombardier Albert Bird MM, whose adventures are told below. He eluded the Germans during the Dunkirk débâcle and two months later (and nearly 2000 miles away) was smuggled across the Spanish border to safety

2000 MILES TO FREEDOM

ON a sweltering summer's day in 1940, "Commander Furze," of the Royal Navy, crossed the no-man's-land between France and Spain as a passenger in a motorcar and handed his passport to an official at the Spanish control post.

The Spaniard thumbed his way slowly through the pages, carefully checked the photograph and then, with a smile, signalled an armed soldier to raise the barrier.

The car moved off and the naval officer heaved a sigh of relief, for this was the end of the long road to freedom which had begun for him in Amiens two months before.

"Commander Furze" was, in fact, Bombardier Albert Bird, of 60/100 Field Battery, Royal Artillery, who had made his way to safety through 2000 miles of German-infested France.

Bombardier Bird, who came from Devizes, went into action against the Germans on the Somme at the end of May, 1940, and on 4 June was badly wounded in the back and leg by shell fragments, waking up to find himself in a French hospital in Amiens.

The next day German motorised troops entered Amiens and all the British and French patients in the hospital were made prisoner. Bird was put into a small room on the ground floor, without food, water or medical attention, and there and then made up his mind to escape.

The opportunity came in the early hours of 10 June. Putting on his uniform, Bird called a sentry and asked to go to the toilet. The unsuspecting German accompanied him to the latrine and then made the mistake the Bombardier was waiting for—he turned his back. Bird promptly hit him over the head with his steel helmet and



"The unsuspecting sentry made the mistake of turning his back... Bird promptly hit him over the head with his steel helmet."



Taking cover in a cornfield, the Bombardier watched the German patrol repair the damaged telephone wire.

the German dropped like a log.

Bird dashed out and ran across a large open square to a road in front of the hospital. He quickly left the road for the fields and, in spite of his wounds, walked all night and until 11 o'clock next morning, when he came to a main road bearing a signpost to Paris.

In a nearby ditch, the Bombardier noticed some German field telephone cables, so he cut through them with his jack-knife and hid. Ten minutes later a German patrol appeared and repaired the wires. When they were out of sight, Bird cut the cable again and scuttled into a cornfield to watch. Once more the Germans appeared and repaired the damage, this time leaving a sentry on guard. Bird realised it was time to go and set off towards Paris.

In the next few hours, walking in the fields at the side of the road, he avoided several parties of German troops by hiding until they had passed, and after 36 hours of almost non-stop marching he came to a crossroads at Breteuil. Finding a convenient cornfield, he laid down and slept for 24 hours.

Refreshed, Bird set off again, and, on the main road south of Beauvais, met some French sol-

diers whose officer sent him in a lorry to a hospital in St. Germain to have his wounds treated. Bird was immediately operated on for the removal of shell splinters and looked forward to a few days' rest.

But next day a German motor patrol arrived to take over the hospital and Bird was again placed in solitary confinement in a ground-floor room and locked in. He was not idle for long. With his jack-knife he scraped away at a tiny fanlight, removed the glass and then replaced it until the time came for another escape bid.

That same night, using his bed as a jumping-off platform, he wriggled through the fanlight and leaped into the gardens at the rear of the hospital. A quick dash through the grounds and into a wood and he was free once more.

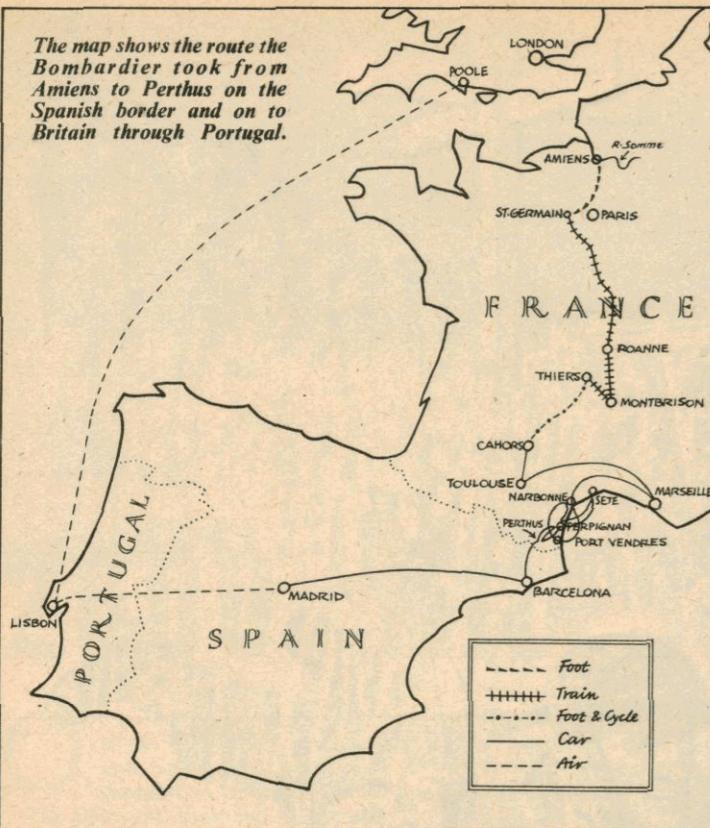
He walked all night along a railway line and in the early hours of the next day approached a porter at a wayside station and asked where the line went. In halting English, the porter told him it went to Roanne and that the last refugee train had left only ten minutes earlier, but it was going very slowly and if he hurried he might still be able to catch it!

OVER...



Bombardier Albert Bird MM was one of the first British prisoners to return to Britain. He was later killed in North Africa.

The map shows the route the Bombardier took from Amiens to Perthus on the Spanish border and on to Britain through Portugal.



Omer in the north, and had walked and cycled more than half-way across France. He was Wing Commander (later Air Chief Marshal Sir) Basil Embry, who was to become one of the most decorated British airmen in World War Two.

Joining forces, Bird and Embry made their way to Toulouse and from there were taken in a French army car to Marseilles, where they hoped to contact the British Consul. Alas, they were too late—the Consul and his staff had gone and now the only way to safety was over the Spanish frontier. So they turned back, forcing the French driver to take them to Narbonne, from where they travelled by train to Port Vendres on the Franco-Spanish border.

Here they met some 30 British soldiers who had escaped, two American Red Cross men, two Belgian officers and a French girl who said she was a member of the French Secret Service. Bird, Embry, the French girl (who offered to finance the enterprise by selling her jewellery), the two Americans and the two Belgians, agreed to try to get away by boat and arranged with a man named Hawkins, in Perpignan, to have a British destroyer pick them up in the Mediterranean. But the plan fell through.

Then they arranged with a Frenchman to take them from Sète, a nearby French port, to Morocco, but a few hours before they were due to sail the Italians entered the port.

Bird and Embry now decided to separate from the rest as that way they stood a better chance of escape. Through the French police they got in touch with an Argentinian business man who loaned them a car and arranged for the police to let the pair

the only way out was through Toulouse and Bordeaux, where British ships might still be operating.

So off he set again, in a cattle truck on a military train, and arrived in Thiers to learn that the Germans were only a few miles away. He thereupon exchanged his battledress for a civilian suit and began walking south. The next day, exhausted, he stole a bicycle and rode into Cahors, where the French put him in touch with a Royal Air Force officer who had crashed near St



Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry DSO and three bars. He escaped with Bird and was smuggled across the frontier in the boot of a motorcar.

through to the Perthus frontier post on the Spanish border.

At Perthus, the Bombardier and the Wing Commander met a Mr. Miller, chief clerk to the British Consul in Barcelona, who went every day to the control point to see if he could aid escapers. He advised them to go into hiding and promised to inform the Consul they were there.

Several days later a British assistant naval attaché from Madrid arrived at the frontier post and had a long conversation with the French officer in charge who promised that, if all else failed, he would himself take Bird and Embry over the Pyrénées and accompany them to England.

The journey through the mountains was not necessary, however, for after some 20 days the assistant naval attaché arrived with two passports, one of which required an exit visa from France. But the French Prefect at Perpignan refused to grant it, and as Embry and Bird left his office the secretary warned them to get away as soon as possible, as the Prefect would have them arrested.

They raced back to the frontier, where the naval officer decided that Bird should travel openly in the name of "Commander Furze" as a passenger in the Vice-Consul's car and that Embry, the smaller man, should stow away in the boot of a second car.

The plan went off without a hitch and next day Embry and Bird arrived in Madrid, where they met Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Ambassador to Spain, and told their stories. From Madrid, Bombardier Bird flew with the real Commander Furze to Lisbon (in an aircraft piloted by a German!) and on 5 August, exactly two months after his escape in Amiens, he landed at Poole in Dorset.

Bombardier Bird, one of the first British soldiers to escape in World War Two, was awarded the Military Medal for his exploit.

On 28 January, 1943, Albert Bird (then a sergeant) was killed in North Africa. But his name lives on in the ranks of brave men who valued freedom more than life, and in his son Derek, now a Regular soldier in the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire).



Ever since Gibraltar became British in 1704, its natural caves and man-made tunnels have been used by the garrison. Tough Sappers have just completed the latest extension to the 25 miles of passages honeycombing the Rock



Wearing miners' helmets, Cpl Stones and Cpl Dunn, of the Tunnelling Troop, pick their way into the smoke-filled tunnel over debris brought down by shot-firing. Their job is to inspect the roof after the final break-through of Harley Street, the latest triumph.

WHOOM!

AND HARLEY STREET WAS THROUGH

At the foot of Gibraltar's massive rock headland a group of Servicemen stood laughing and chatting. Then a whistle blew, the men fell silent and turned to face the grey cliffs.

A dull boom broke the silence and a cloud of dust-laden smoke billowed from a jagged hole in the rock face. The last stones pattered down and a cheer went up as men emerged from the smoke, clambering over the boulders.

Leading them was Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Lindsell MC, commanding Gibraltar Fortress Engineer Regiment, followed by his Tunnelling Officer and several dusty, smiling Sappers, members of the Royal Engineers' only Tunnelling Troop.

Behind them stretched more than a thousand feet of new tunnel driven with amazing accuracy to complete yet another branch of the 25-odd miles of passages honeycombing the Rock. Harley Street, the Sappers' latest triumph, was through.

Then the warning whistle blows, the plunger goes down and the Rock seems to shudder as the charges explode. As the smoke

square in shape, are rough hewn and unlined, their walls still bearing the scars of pick and drill. The present-day compressed air drills can bore a 1½-inch hole to a depth of a foot in one minute. Once drilled, the holes are plugged with explosives, a corporal inspects them and connects the electrical firing circuit.

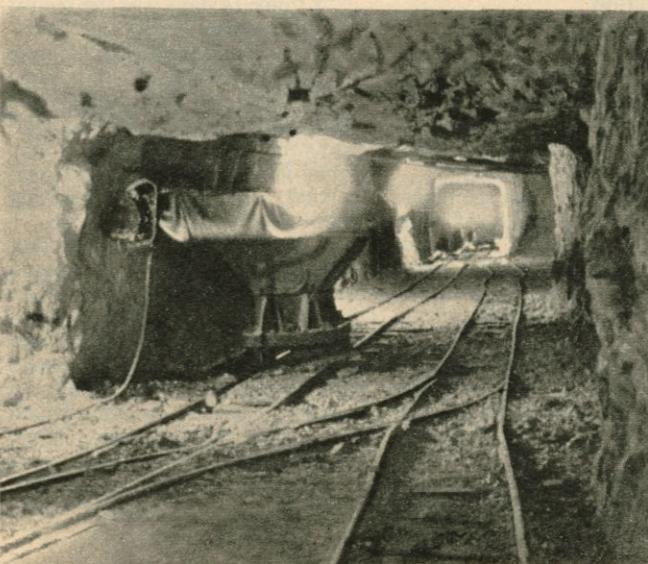
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Most of the tunnels were

Right: At the tunnel face the explosives are plugged into holes made by these compressed air drills. Sapper Danson steadies the bit as Sapper Bullivant withdraws the drill, while Sapper Harrison makes a new hole.

Below: Spoil disposal is a tunnelling problem. Debris is brought out by trucks and used for building purposes. In World War Two thousands of tons, dumped into the sea, extended Gibraltar's airfield runway.



constructed during World War Two by Tunnelling Companies of the Royal Engineers and a section of Royal Canadian Engineers and inside were built a complete hospital, a huge workshop, a two-storey barrack block, store rooms and magazines. Thousands of tons of spoil were dumped into the sea to extend the runway of Gibraltar's airfield.

Names given to the galleries and chambers commemorate regiments, former Governors of Gibraltar and garrison personalities and well-known London landmarks like the Haymarket and Marble Arch.—From a report by Major J. E. Grimsey DSO, RAEC, Gibraltar.



IN A DEMONSTRATION OFF THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST, MEN OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, WITH THE AID OF A HELICOPTER, GAVE A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE WHEN THEY SHOWED HOW FUEL CAN BE PUMPED FROM THE SEA TO FEED AN ASSAULT FORCE SEVERAL MILES INLAND

PIPELINE OVER THE OCEAN



As the Dukw comes to rest on the shore, a helicopter picks up a pipeline and makes off to connect it to a Dracone, a flexible, floating tanker, towed into position by another Dukw.

FLEXIBILITY in war now has a new meaning for the petroleum branch of the Royal Army Service Corps.

It was demonstrated in "Softline", an exercise designed to show just what can be done with flexible materials to supply an assault force with fuel.

The idea emerged from the 1956 Suez operation when every drop of fuel used by vehicles and land-based aircraft was carried in jerricans. It was tremendously expensive in men, transport and cans. The lesson: there was need for a system for getting bulk supplies to a beach-head quickly and cheaply.

The jerrican is still the best way for assault troops to carry petrol for immediate use. In something like 48 hours, however, the cans will be empty but serviceable. The new system must fill those cans.

For "Softline" then, it was assumed that an assault force had made an opposed landing two days before and been built up to five brigade groups. The area was Angle Bay, Pembrokeshire, the site of a half-built tank farm which is to be part of the British Petroleum Company's new terminal for large ocean-going tankers.

The Company allowed the Army the use of its land, but its equipment played no part in the demonstration.

Into Angle Bay sailed three tank landing-craft (one converted into a tanker), a flight of Dukws, and a launch towing a *Dracone* — a sausage-shaped flexible tanker recently put into commercial use. Overhead circled a helicopter.

As the landing-craft grounded gently on the shallow beach, one Dukw began laying a flexible four-inch hose across the water from the bows of the tanker to the shore. Another took up station on the sands, and the helicopter flew in to hover over it and pick up the end of another length of pipeline which it flew out to sea and dropped over the grounded *Dracone*.

Meanwhile, other Dukws were ferrying ashore huge boxes containing flexible storage-tanks, trailer-pumps and still more lengths of pipeline. Rapidly they were laid out and 25 minutes after the landing-craft had grounded, pumping started from the tanker and the *Dracone* to a "farm" of four 10,000-gallon storage tanks, which began to look like enormous green pillows.

tide had been ebbing and the landing-craft were "drying-out." Now, from their bows, splashed a convoy of three-tonners, taking turns to lay flexible pipeline along the road inland and across a line of sand-hills. Each truck was ready loaded, and as it drove along, the pipeline unfolded over the back, to be straightened and pushed to the verge by soldiers walking behind. Where the line had to cross a road, it did so by means of an inverted "U" of alloy pipes under which any military vehicle, except perhaps a loaded tank transporter, could pass.

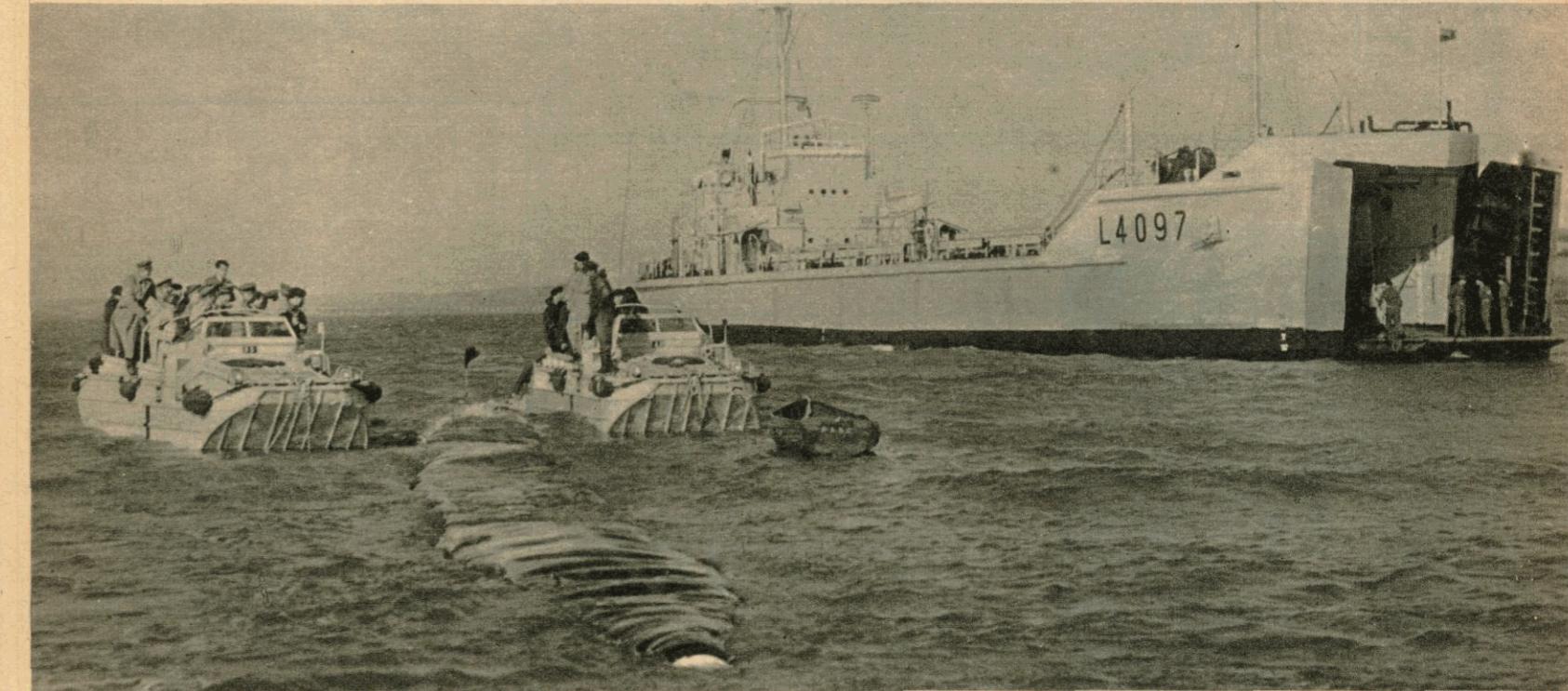
Four-and-a-half hours after the landing-craft touched down, "Softline" was complete. From the beach-head tank farm, the flexible pipeline led to an intermediate pumping station with two storage tanks, about one-and-a-half miles from the beach. Then it led on for a further three miles to the Royal Armoured Corps ranges at Castlemartin, where tanks firing out to sea added a little unplanned realism to the background.

While this was going on, the



Above: Ashore, men of the RASC look for leaks as the "petrol" begins to flow into the giant, 10,000-gallon collapsible storage tanks. Below: A Dracone, looking like a wounded whale, is towed into position from the launch. Dracones are made of nylon fabric and synthetic rubber.

Right: Linking up the flexible pipe which carries the fuel from the sea to storage tanks. Damaged pipelines can quickly be repaired.



Here, some five miles from the sea (not as the crow flew, but as the land agent had been able to arrange permission for the land to be used) was the pipe-head. More 10,000-gallon flexible tanks received the water from the beach, and a 30,000-gallon monster, not in use, showed the shape of tanks to come. Beyond these, an overhead arm for filling road tankers and a jerrican-filling machine (12 cans a minute), were in operation.

The demonstration was not quite over, however. A saboteur, in the shape of a burly Royal Air Force officer, took a pick and attacked the pipeline. It was partly a demonstration of how difficult it is to destroy the flexible line, but he did succeed in making some holes through which water began to spurt.

The damage was soon spotted from the helicopter, now the patrolling guardian of the line. It descended and spilled out first a shower of equipment and then two soldiers and rose again to radio the intermediate pumping station to stop pumping.

The two soldiers sealed off the pipe with a clamp on the side of the pumping station. Then they cut out the damaged section, inserted a metal spigot into the cut and clipped the pipe to it. In about 15 minutes the pipeline was serviceable again.

It was almost entirely a Royal Army Service Corps demonstration, even to the officer who piloted the helicopter. Exceptions were the men of the Royal Signals on the wireless sets and the single Sapper officer, from the Ministry of Supply, who was in charge of the *Dracone*.

Colonel Burgess was, however, at pains to acknowledge the help the demonstration had had from the former Ministry of Supply. In token that the help was not yet finished, Sir Donald Bailey, of Bailey bridge fame, head of the Ministry's experimental establishments, was to be seen hauling, tug-o'-war fashion, on one end of the cut pipeline to give a hand to the men repairing it.

"Softline" was designed to show only the first stage of petrol supply in an assault operation. The

second, a task for the Royal Engineers, would be to set up a more permanent supply system which would have a steel pipeline — more economical because it can stand pumping at a higher pressure and thus do away with at least some of the intermediate pumping stations the flexible line needs about every two-and-a-half miles.

The flexible storage tanks might well be used for the second stage, however. They are more portable, more easily concealed and more rapidly brought into operation than the concrete-based, conventional steel tanks. Neither flexible tank nor flexible pipeline is more vulnerable to enemy action, or accident, than steel. Their fabrics, of nylon and other plastics, are amazingly tough and their flexibility enables them to stand treatment that would bring disaster to rigid constructions.

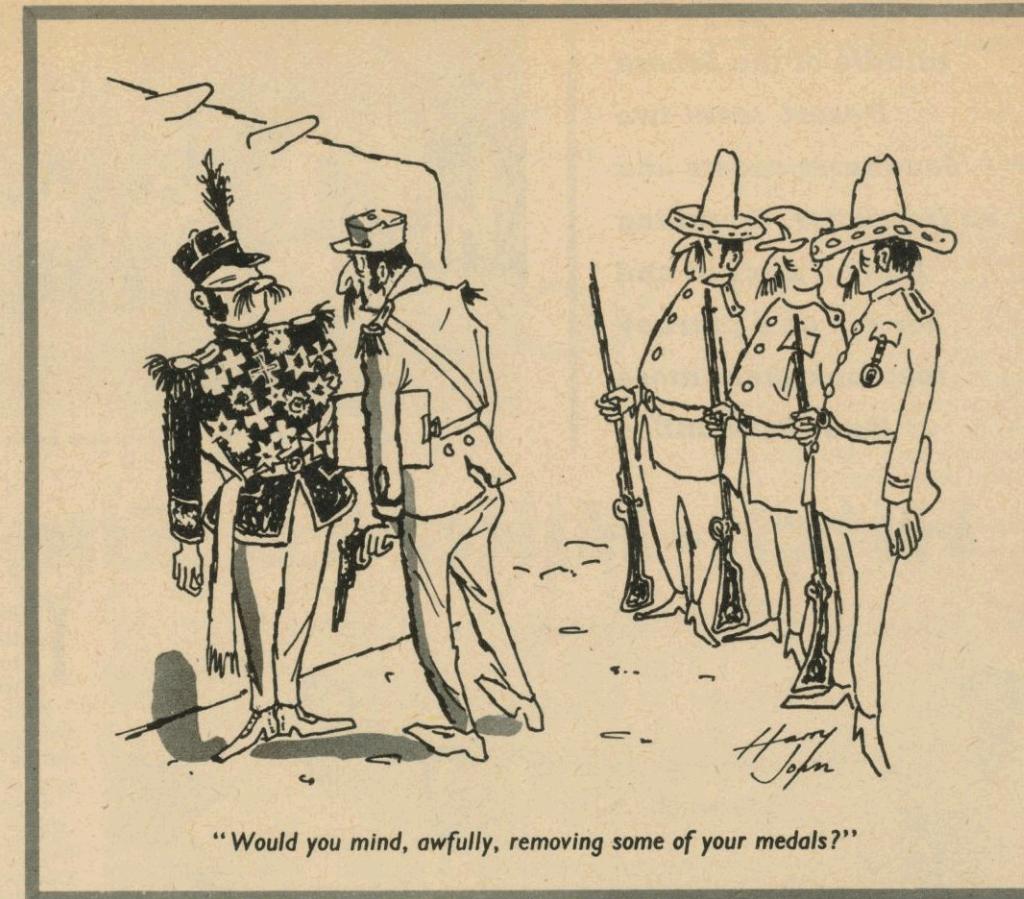
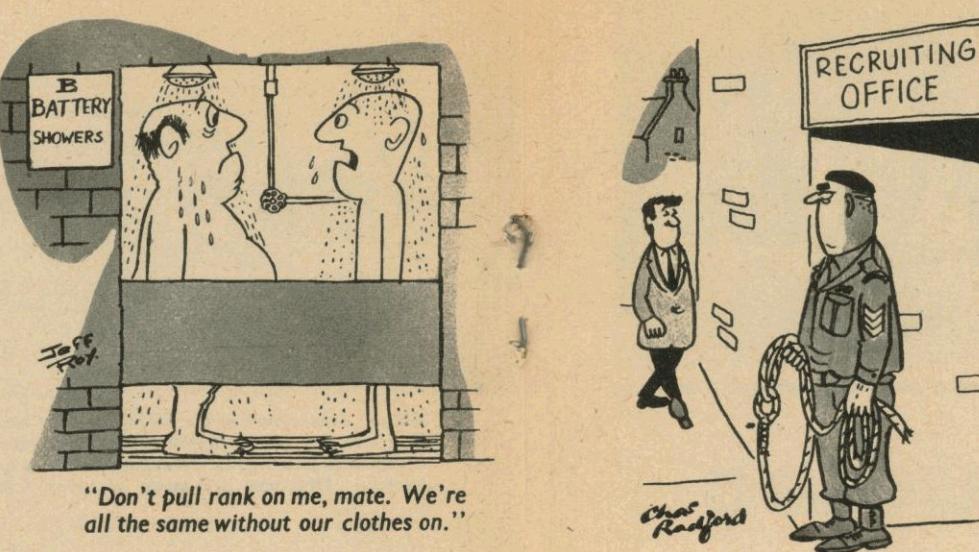
"Softline" set out to prove, as it did convincingly, that a system of this kind can start petrol flowing from the sea to five miles inland in four or five hours. It was not intended to give any final proof of the equipment used.

Indeed, the planners say they already have better flexible pipelines. They visualise, too, the helicopter laying the line over bog, mud, sand and other ground unsuitable for vehicles.

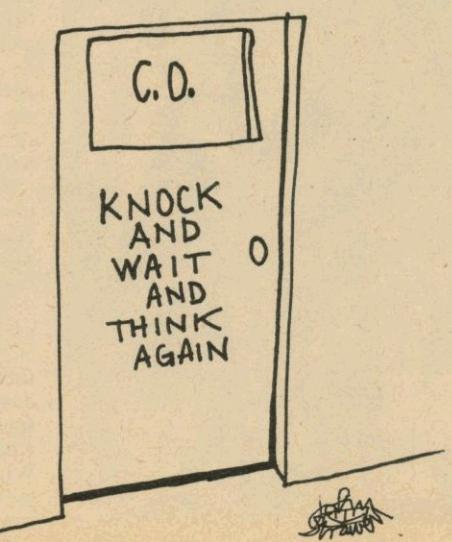
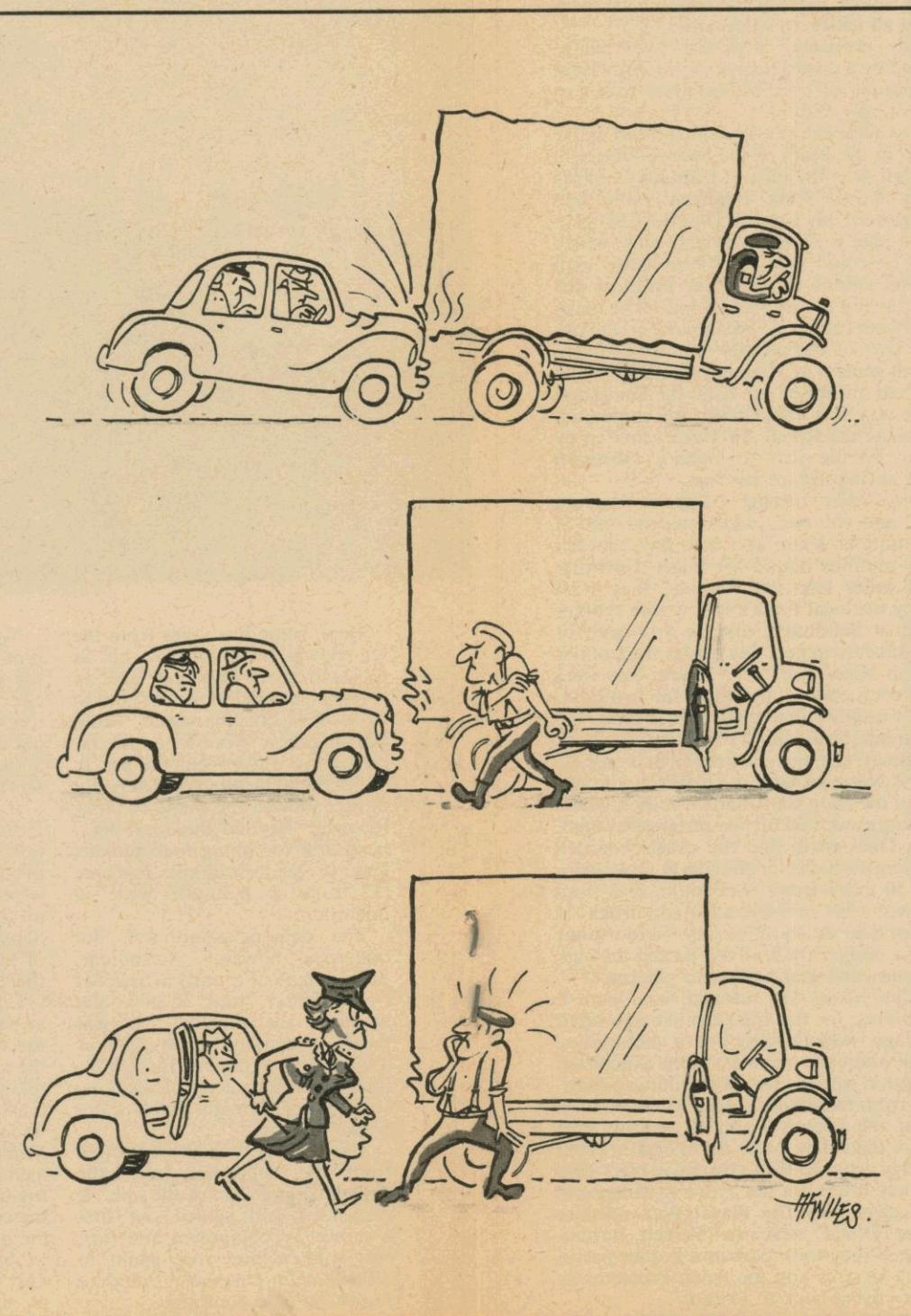
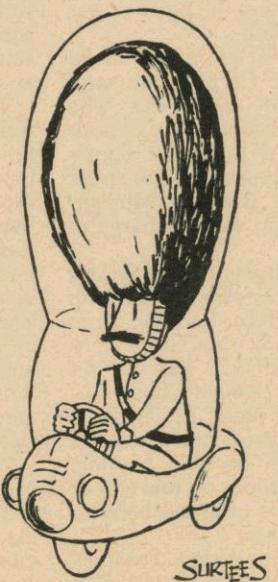
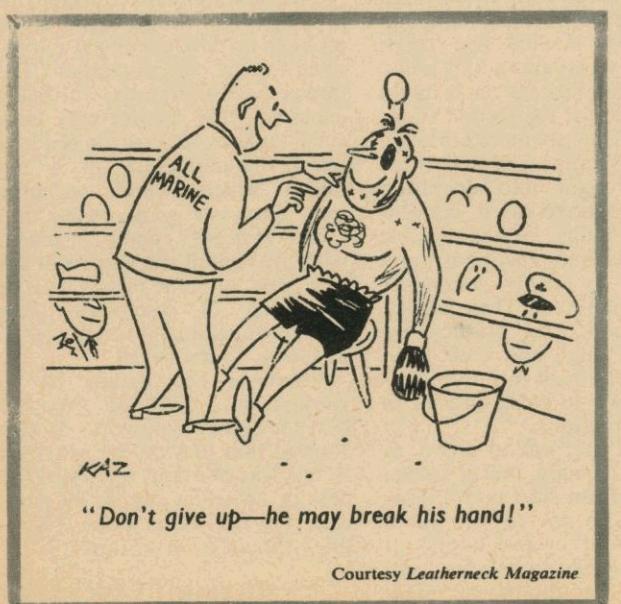
The landing-craft converted to a tanker (by fitting some spare tanks to its tank-deck) was improvised for the demonstration. The tanker possibilities are still being explored. The answer may be a small tanker which can be beached like a landing-craft, or a big tanker which would discharge into *Dracones* some miles out. Giant *Dracones* might be towed with the fuel all the way from the base port, or some means may be developed of discharging big tankers at anchor, through plastic pipelines, to the beach.

Whatever the details to be worked out, "Softline" showed that the system will work. It also showed that fuel can be provided in this way at about one-third the cost of an equal supply by jerrican. On that basis alone, "Softline" should have a future.

RICHARD LASCELLES



SOLDIER HUMOUR

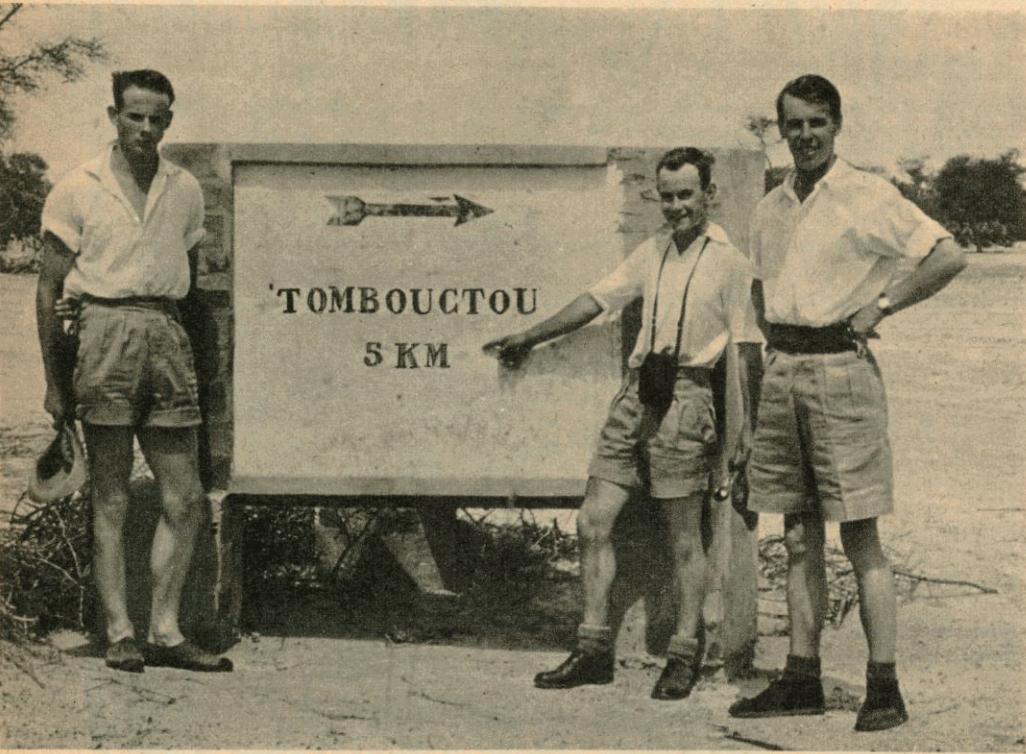


To Timbuctoo, in the middle of the Sahara Desert, went two Sandhurst cadets and an instructor, thumbing lifts on aircraft and lorries on a journey that took them more than 10,000 miles



A picture few have seen before: the market place in centuries-old Timbuctoo.

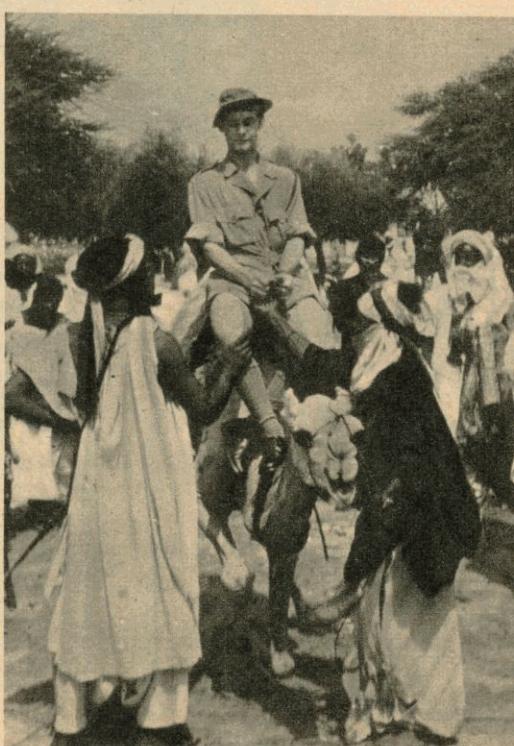
Hitch-Hike To Timbuctoo



The men from Sandhurst pose in front of a signpost pointing the way to Timbuctoo. Left to right: Officer Cadet R. Trembath, Captain G. Duckworth and Officer Cadet R. Peel.



Above: Captain Duckworth tries on a pair of goatskin sandals in Timbuctoo market place. Right: Inhabitants of Timbuctoo have fun watching a cadet on a recalcitrant camel.



FROM time to time, irate instructors at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, driven to the limits of their patience, must have wished all cadets in Timbuctoo.

And that, precisely, is where two cadets, accompanied by a tactics instructor, recently went during a journey of over 10,000 miles that cost each of them only £50.

The trip to Timbuctoo, the centuries-old native village deep in the heart of the Sahara Desert in French Sudan, was the idea of Captain Geoffrey Duckworth, Royal Tank Regiment, who had already explored the Libyan Desert. His plan was to hitch-hike to Timbuctoo and back, which meant that he could take only two cadets with him. Dozens wanted to go so the problem was solved by drawing names from a hat. The lucky ones were Officer Cadets R. Peel and R. Trembath.

The first part of the journey was no problem—the French general at Niamey, capital of Niger Territory, had promised to help the Sandhurst party on its way if it could reach his command. That was where the Royal Air Force came in by agreeing to fly the men to Kano, Northern Nigeria, on an indulgence passage.

Nine hours after leaving England, Captain Duckworth and the two cadets stepped out of an RAF Comet at Kano and next day boarded a ten-seater minibus bound for Niger Territory. A hundred miles later, at Katsina, they were welcomed by the local Emir's son, whose brother was a cadet at Sandhurst, and he arranged for a vehicle to take them next day across the frontier to Maradi, in Niger Territory. There, they were met by a French colonel and then, for two days, drove over a deeply rutted road across some 450 miles of desolate bush country to Niamey.

From Niamey, the party drove north along the banks of the Niger to Gao, a small town at the end of one of the main trans-Saharan routes, where heavy flooding prevented further progress by land. So Captain Duckworth and the cadets boarded a civilian aircraft which landed them at Goundam, an airstrip 50 miles from Timbuctoo, and from there thumbed a lift in a French Army truck on the last lap of their outward journey—a four-hour drive along a bumpy track which passed through soft sand dunes and glutinous mud patches.

At last Timbuctoo was reached—and with it came anti-climax, for the village is like any other African village, notable only for a picturesque market place where the members of the expedition bought goatskin sandals for two shillings a pair.

The men from Sandhurst stayed for three days as guests of the French Army at nearby Fort Bonnier and then flew back to Maradi. From there the party drove to Kano by native bus. Two days later they hitched a lift by air to Aden and spent three days with The Royal Warwickshire Regiment at Dhala' near the Yemen Border. While in Aden they took part in a border patrol with the Life Guards and the Aden Protectorate Levies before flying back to Britain.

TIME: 1965. Place: The operations room of a divisional headquarters in the field.

"Just a moment—yes, it's scanning now," says the duty officer. He swivels in his chair and bends over a hooded screen. As a situation map fills the screen he talks on the telephone and follows the map with his pencil. Then he turns back to his desk and into a hand microphone begins to dictate a signal to brigades.

In a nearby room a Royal Corps of Signals operator inserts a spool in a tape recorder and in seconds is tapping out a message on a teleprinter.

The scene was part of a peep into the future for Staff College students during an exercise aptly named "New Look"—the College's conception of how a divisional headquarters may operate in five years time—with a streamlined efficiency backed by the latest developments in time-saving office machinery and electronic communication equipment.

The Staff College believes that there are serious weaknesses in the present system of operational staff work, which has been virtually unchanged since 1944. It thinks that present headquarters are too large, immobile and vulnerable to nuclear weapons, that the volume of signals traffic is too great for present communications systems, that there is far too much paper work and an excessive use of codes, enforcing delays in passing signals.

The Staff College's conception of the 1965 divisional headquarters concentrated on increased efficiency, a better flow of communications, flexibility for all types of warfare and a smaller headquarters.

In signals equipment the main changes envisaged are increased security of communications, less coding and decoding and the introduction of facsimile equipment. The C42 VHF wireless sets, now coming into service, will be used for command nets.

Students saw facsimile equipment which will transmit map traces of foolscap size and the television-like screen, still in an early stage of development, which will both transmit and receive.

For a long time headquarters telephone exchanges have been cluttered up with internal calls, so the Staff College has taken a tip from business houses by introducing an intercommunication system. Its wires can be quickly run out and the speakers need only two torch batteries.

Another major innovation is the suggested use of a remote control dictation system, enabling all staff officers to dictate signals, operation orders and routine messages to a common pool in the communications centre.

Peeping into the crystal ball, the Staff College sees the ops room of 1965 using new time-saving office machinery and electronic devices

and, by using 95 per cent less energy, reduce fatigue and increase output.

Also shown was a dye-line copier which will copy a one-inch map in half a minute, make or copy a transparency and produce a plate for printing.

The students also saw other devices which would save valuable time in an operations room. A mechanical message pad automatically reset its carbons and another machine produced copies from a transparency which could be wiped clean and used again. Particular interest was shown in a new plastic film rolled direct on to a map and taking markings in both chinagraph pencil and ball point pen.

Staff College officers conducting the exercise pointed out that these time- and labour-saving machines bring new problems. They would require a high degree of training in their operators and would throw an additional load on generators.

At present few officers can dictate well enough to make the best use of a tape-recorder, and probably as few clerks can transcribe from the disembodied voice of a spool. The remedy is training and experience.

There are lessons to be learned from these new techniques which can be applied to staff and clerical work in present-day headquarters and pave the way for a "push button" headquarters of the future.

PETER N. WOOD

A NEW LOOK IN THE OPS ROOM

The centre would combine the present clerical and signals offices staffs and eliminate time taken in passing messages to a signals office.

The Staff College's demonstration communications centre envisaged a combined staff of the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Corps of Signals. A bank of tape recorders (three would serve 20 officers) received dictated matter, each call being recorder on a separate spool and passed to a superintendent to monitor.

The demonstration showed the

rapid transcription of recordings direct on to a teleprinter and on three different electric typewriters. One produced a transparency and six carbon copies and the second made 16 transparencies on continuous stationery, without paper or carbons being reset.

The third machine produced an operation order on a plate for immediate printing on a machine which can turn out 4000 copies an hour.

The power-operated keys of electric typewriters need a touch of only two ounces as against the 32 ounces of a manual machine

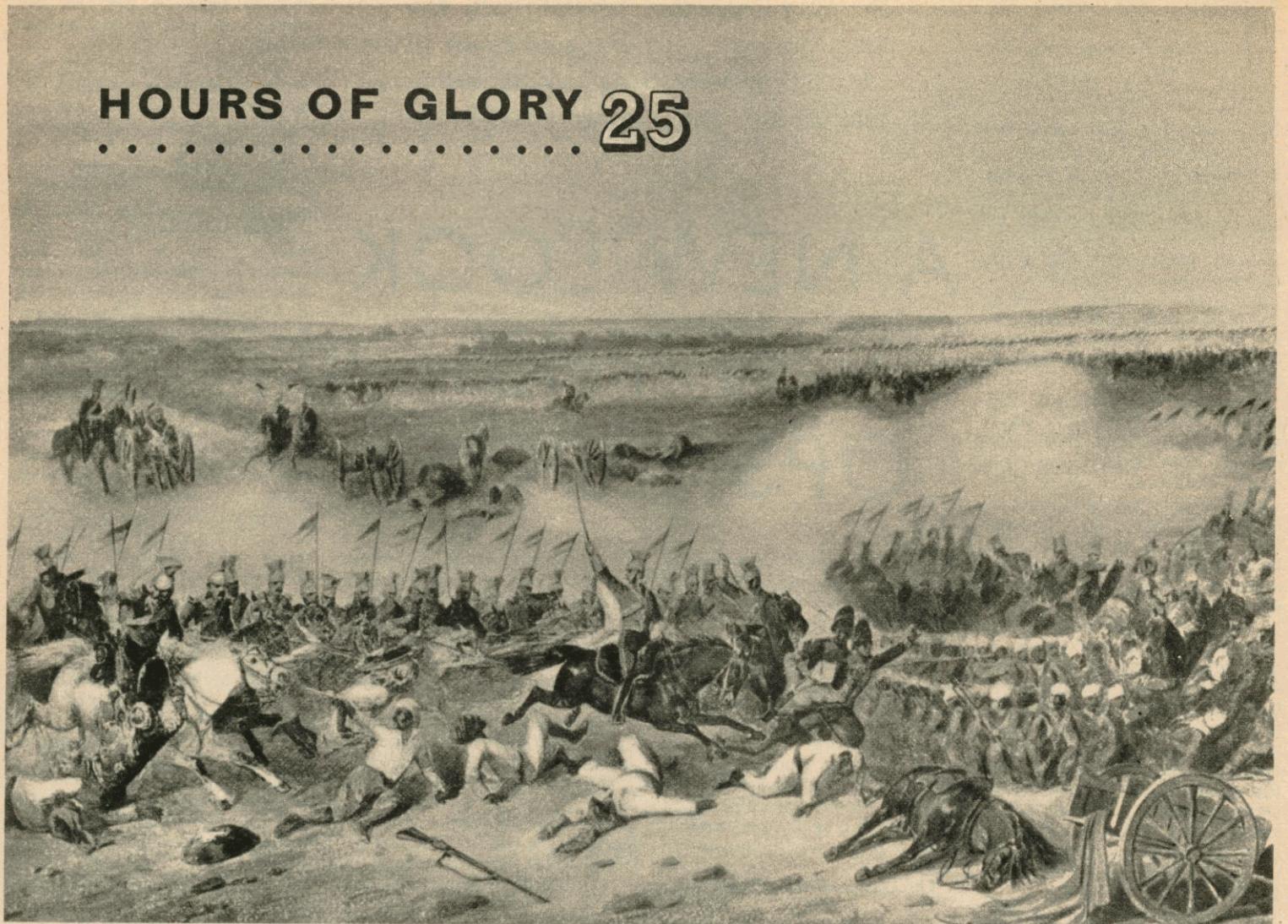
The message board and diagrams are still there in 1965, but the duty officer has new gadgets at his fingertips. In front of him is the intercommunication unit, on his left a hand microphone and, right, the map-scanning unit.



"New Look" was the Staff College's first departure from its usual practice of dealing with only current military doctrine.

The exercise, which will be held annually, enabled students to discuss future tactics and organisation in the light of new weapons and equipment which will be in production in 1965.

HOURS OF GLORY 25



Into the massed ranks of yelling, opium-crazed Sikhs Major Rowland Smyth led the 16th Lancers. Men and horses fell by the score, but the gallant 500 smashed the might of the invading army on the sun-scorched Punjab plain.

“Here Goes For Death or A Commission”

**THE FATE OF BRITISH INDIA
HUNG IN THE BALANCE AS
GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH'S
LITTLE FORCE FACED THE
MARAUDING SIKH ARMY AT
ALIWAL, ON THE BANKS OF
THE SUTLEJ, ON A JANUARY
MORNING 114 YEARS AGO.
INTO THE BREACH RODE THE
16th LANCERS WHO HURLED
THEMSELVES AT THEIR
FANATICAL ENEMY AND WON
A FAMOUS BATTLE HONOUR**

FOR the 16th Lancers (now the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers), 28 January, 1846, was a day of imperishable memory. In the blazing heat of the Punjab plains the Regiment, only a short while before armed with the lance, performed a feat then unparalleled in cavalry history: it rode through and utterly destroyed an Infantry “square” in a fair fight.

The charge at the Battle of Aliwal in the First Sikh War brought fresh glory to the 16th Lancers who already possessed more battle honours, dating back to Blenheim, than most other British cavalry regiments.

As the depleted squadrons returned through the smoke and dust to their lines the British Commander, Major-General Sir Harry Smith, shouted above the din of battle: “Well done, the 16th! You have covered yourself with glory today.” But it was a costly triumph for the Lancers, whose losses comprised a quarter of the total British casualties.

The Sikhs, a savage and implacable foe, had crossed the River Sutlej and broken out into the open only a few weeks before.

It was a difficult task, for he had to career about the three sides of a triangle, each about 25 miles

Heartened by British reverses in Afghanistan and supremely confident, they moved against British India in the hope of substantial plunder.

As Ranjor Singh's army—drilled, armed and clothed on the European model—neared the Sutlej, General Sir Hugh Gough, the brilliant and impetuous British Commander-in-Chief, prepared to meet the invasion.

At the head of a mixed force of British and Indian troops General Sir Harry Smith was sent to clear the South bank of the Sutlej of Sikh marauders and to secure Gough's supply route from Delhi.

It was a difficult task, for he had to career about the three sides of a triangle, each about 25 miles

long, gathering detachments of troops in face of a concentrated enemy.

As the sun lit the snow-capped peaks of the distant Himalayas on 28 January the 10,000-strong British force paraded near Budhiwal. A brisk, eight-mile march took them to the village of Porrain where Sir Harry, climbing on to the roof of a house, spotted the enemy through his telescope.

Ranjor Singh and his 30,000 soldiers were on the move, bent on attacking Jagraon, but at the sight of General Smith's army they halted about a mile away across a flat plain, quickly occupying the villages of Bhundri and Aliwal and the entrenchments along the ridge connecting them.

Ranjor Singh made the mistake of accepting battle with the river to his rear, and General Smith was quick to take advantage. On the firm, grassy plain the British cavalry under Brigadier-General C. R. Cureton deployed into line. Infantry and artillery forming a second line behind.

In brilliant sunshine every manoeuvre was perfectly executed. “Rarely,” wrote Sir John Fortescue, the famous military historian, “has there been a more stately prelude to battle.”

The cavalry moved easily over open ground—the 16th Lancers clad in scarlet and with all their pennons flying, the Irregular Horse in dark blue and gold, the 1st Light Cavalry in silver-grey, trimmed with scarlet.

General Smith opened with an attack on Aliwal, which was carried against light resistance. Thereafter the Sikhs, their natural courage “inflamed by large doses of opium and bhang which rendered them incapable of mercy,” proved to be the bravest, fiercest and most obstinate foe the British had yet met in India.

Ranjor Singh tried to re-form at right angles to the river and sent out a body of horse to cover the manoeuvre. A squadron of the 3rd Light Cavalry, supported by one of the 16th Lancers under Captain E. B. Bere, was despatched against them.

Now began the Lancers' finest hour. The Light Cavalry hesitated, so Captain Bere charged without them. He and his Lancers crashed into the yelling Sikhs, drove through them and cut down survivors retreating to the river.

Returning from the charge, the 16th Lancers found the way blocked by 1200 Aileen Infantry—the cream of the Sikh army—who had formed into a triangle, apex to the front. Unfalteringly the 16th charged again and, having broken through the head, faced a base of bristling bayonets. Through this wedge of steel and flame the Lancers swept, returning again and again to the attack and utterly destroying the enemy force. Simultaneously Captain L. Fyler's squadron charged and routed another Aileen group and the two squadrons re-formed and rallied together.

The 16th Lancers went on to fresh triumphs on that blazing

Left: General Sir Harry Smith, Corunna hero and one of Britain's most experienced battle commanders, shouted his tribute to the 16th Lancers above the din of the battle: “You have covered yourselves with glory.”

Below: A Gurkha soldier in the uniform of the period. Fighting for the British for the first time in a major battle, the Gurkhas terrorised the Sikh Army at Aliwal with their ferocity and their razor-sharp kukris.



Lancers charge over them, then sprang up to shoot riders and hamstring horses from behind.

At the critical moment the 53rd Foot (now The King's Shropshire Light Infantry) joined the fray and the enemy were in full flight from the ridge, the British guns tearing them to pieces as they streamed towards the Sutlej. The whole Sikh army, enclosed in a semi-circle of fire, charged on both flanks by cavalry, was swept in a shattered mass into the river. In their enthusiasm some of the 16th rode their horses into the Sutlej and in its turbulent waters spiked guns the enemy were trying to save.

Ranjor Singh lost all his 67 guns and over 3000 men. British losses were 151 killed and 413 wounded, the 16th Lancers suffering many more casualties than any other unit—58 killed and 83 wounded, 30 of whom died from their wounds.

The battlefield next day offered mute testimony to the Lancers' heroic fight. Many of their dead were found lying amid piles of



Sikh bodies. Lance-Corporal A. Mowbray, the Regiment's best lancer and swordsman, lay in a circle of seven dead Sikhs, his lance splintered, his sword broken.

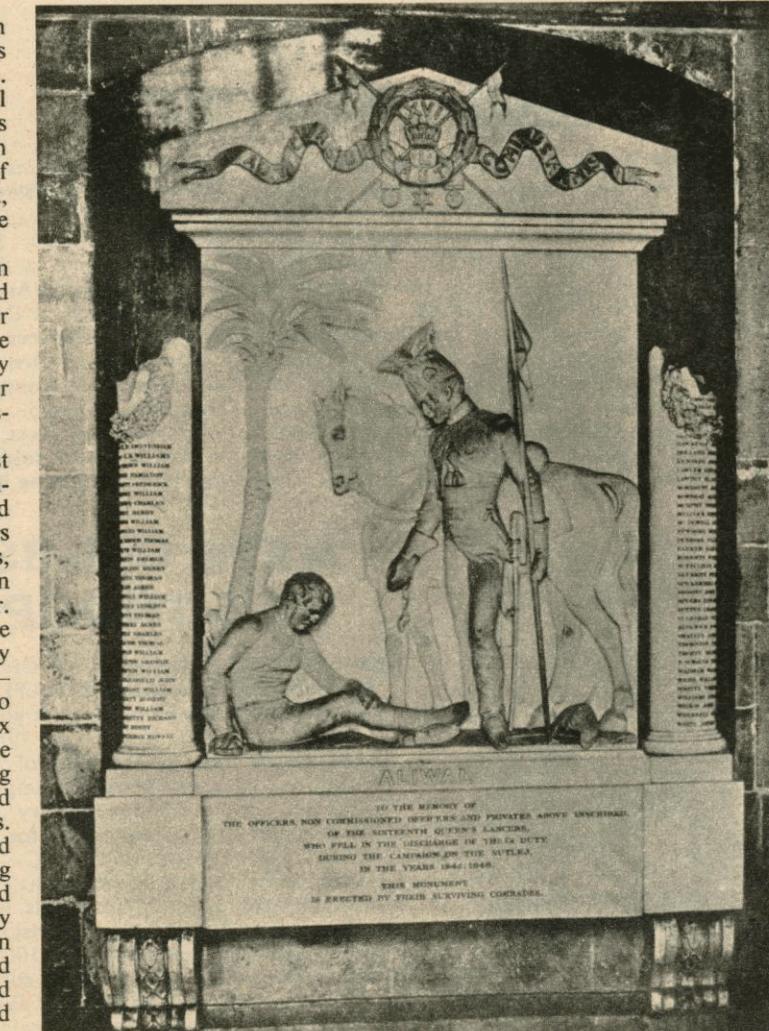
Captain T. H. Pearson, who led the 16th's fourth squadron, wrote later: “At one time 200 of us were in the midst of 10,000 of their choicest troops . . . The Sikhs are worthy of our arms. Even our Peninsular heroes say they never saw more severe fighting.”

In a graphic account of the battle, Sergeant Gould, of C Troop, wrote: “At a trumpet note to trot, off we went. ‘Now,’ said Major Smyth, ‘I am going to give the word to charge. Three cheers for the Queen.’ There was a terrific burst of cheering in reply, and we swept down on the guns. Bullets were flying around like a hailstorm.

“A big sergeant, Harry New, some, mounted on a grey charger, shouted: ‘Hullo, boys, here goes for death or a commission,’ and forced his horse over the front rank of the kneeling Sikhs, bristling with bayonets. He leant over to grasp one of the standards but fell from his horse, pierced by 19 bayonet wounds.”

The moral effect of the victory was considerable, for, as General Sir Harry Smith later pointed out: “All India was watching. Defeat might have meant a general blaze of revolt.”

K. E. HENLY



The names of the 88 officers and men of the 16th Lancers who died or were fatally wounded at Aliwal appear on this memorial in Canterbury Cathedral.

PAGE 25



TWO BECOME ONE

ASPECTACULAR drive-past by 50 Centurion tanks on a barrack square in Germany provided a fitting climax to the recent amalgamation parade of the 3rd and 6th Royal Tank regiments.

After the regiments, which now become the Third Royal Tank Regiment, had been inspected by Lieutenant-General Sir Harold Pyman, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Colonel Commandant of the Royal Tank Regiment, the Centurions took up station and drove through each other's ranks in double column, dipping their guns in salute as they passed.

They circled and, to symbolise their merger, came together. To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" the old regimental flags were lowered and a six-gun salute was fired. Then, led by the first commanding officer of the new Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. L. Vaux, the tanks drove past General Pyman with guns dipped.

Appropriately, there has always been a close association between the 3rd and 6th Royal Tank Regiments which served in France, North Africa, Greece, Iraq, Syria, Egypt, Abyssinia and Italy in World War Two.

The 3rd was one of the first two battalions of tanks to go into action in World War One.

MILITARY MISCELLANY

ASOLDIER who in less than five years rose from the rank of captain to major-general in World War Two takes over this month as Rhine Army's new Commander-in-Chief.

He is General Sir James Cassels DSO who, at 52, is the British Army's youngest general. He also becomes commander of Northern Army Group.

General Cassels, who is six feet two inches tall and rejoices in the nickname of "Gentleman Jim," joined the Army in 1926 and was commissioned into the Seaforth Highlanders, of which Regiment he is now Colonel. He was a captain at the outbreak of World War Two (having been a subaltern for 12 years) and in 1945 became Commander of the famous 51st

RHINE ARMY GETS A NEW BOSS

General Sir James Cassels. He was 12 years a subaltern.



Highland Division. In 1946 he commanded 6th Airborne Brigade in Palestine and in 1948 became Director of Land/Air Warfare at the War Office.

After a spell as Director of emergency operations in Malaya, General Cassels commanded 1st British Commonwealth Division in Korea between 1951-2 and last year was appointed General Officer Commanding Eastern Command.

General van Fleet, the United States Commander in Korea, once said of General Cassels: "He is a gentleman—and he is also a scrapper."



Striped door canopies and travel posters decorate the intimate bar in one of Bicester's new clubs for the Army's junior ranks.

NEW CLUBS FOR THE TROOPS

SOLDIERS stationed in the Bicester area will wholeheartedly endorse NAAFI's recent claim that junior ranks "have never had it so good."

They now have two new Junior Ranks clubs, built at a cost of £83,000, to cater for the needs of two battalions of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, a 200-strong company of the Women's Royal Army Corps and several smaller military units.

Both clubs—"The Cannons" for 16 Battalion, RAOC, and "St. Davids" for 17 Battalion, RAOC—have a restaurant, tavern and games rooms divided by partitions that slide back to provide a ballroom for 600 people. Corporals have their own restaurant and lounge and each club has a television room.

Each will cater for more than 1000 troops who have formed their own committee to organise and control social activities.

A similar club, built at a cost of £54,000, has been opened at Palace Barracks, Holywood, Northern Ireland.

● The Army's first launderette, where Service wives can use four washing machines and a spin drier, has been opened by NAAFI at Catterick.

GURKHAS GET TO THE TOP

THE urge to march 110 miles in record time has not yet reached the Far East. Instead, in North Borneo, it's the time taken climbing a mountain that counts.

Mount Kinabalu (13,455 feet), the highest mountain in the Malayan Archipelago, is the target of a tough competition between policemen of North Borneo and Army units visiting the Colony to see who can make the quickest ascent.

First in the field were ten men of the 1st Battalion, 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles, who were in North Borneo for a joint training exercise with the police. Led by Captain R. M. Haddow, they reached the peak and back with the aid of a guide in 13 hours 15 minutes—a very good time for a task over which climbers usually take two or three days.

The contest came about as a result of a conversation between the Gurkha Battalion's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. H. Webb, and the Commissioner of Police, British North Borneo, Mr. J. B. Atkinson, who has put up a trophy for the fastest team.

Captain Haddow and his party, which included another British officer, Second-Lieutenant J. C.

Edwards, began their climb just before 2 a.m. and halted at a cave five hours later for breakfast.

Then, still carrying their weapons but leaving equipment and the volunteer cook behind, the team set off for the top. Second-Lieutenant Edwards and six men reached Lowes Peak at 10 a.m., followed 40 minutes later by Captain Haddow and a rifleman. The first six were back at the starting point at 5.5 p.m. and by 6 p.m. everyone had returned.

Conditions of the competition are that ten-men teams must include a British officer who must also be one of the first six men up and down.

Captain Haddow's team carried only five water bottles, a parang, six solid fuel cookers, matches, whistles, two compasses, a map and medical equipment. Rations were two bars of chocolate, two packets of biscuits and an apple per man, with enough tea, sugar and milk for two good brews.

● Mount Kinabalu is sacred to many of the natives who believe it to be a resting place of the dead. The peak was first climbed by a European in 1857.

From a report by Sergeant P. M. Howard, Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.



Rifleman Balbahadur Rai, of B Company, stands on the top of Mount Kinabalu.

THEY VOLUNTEERED TO BUILD A HOME

WITH a fine sense of service to the community, soldiers and airmen have given up their leave and leisure time to build a new Cheshire Home near Johore Bahru, Malaya.

The new Home is the first in the Federation of Malaya and the first to be built from scratch.

Most of the volunteers were from 221 Base Vehicle Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and many had no previous building experience. But they tackled the job with a will, levelling off the site, preparing the concrete foundations and erecting the buildings. Many spent their week-ends and some their leave working on the site and living in a nearby hut. "It's a worthwhile job and one we enjoy doing," said Corporal George Taylor, a storeman at the Base Vehicle Depot.

The Depot was solidly behind the project. The Sergeants' Mess made a monthly donation to the Cheshire Homes (Malaya) Fund and there were regular individual donations. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Horsley, is chairman of the Cheshire Homes (Malaya) Johore Branch.

The Home will house 40 patients and there is room for extensions.

Servicemen who worked on the building halved the cost by their voluntary labour. They, and those who helped the project in other ways, know, too, that as a result of their efforts 40 incurably sick, for whom hospitals can do no more, will enjoy the affection and freedom of a family life in the new Home.—From a report by Sergeant P. M. Howard, Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.



Corporal George Taylor, one of the many soldiers who volunteered to build the Cheshire Home, flattens stone for the concrete foundation.



THE SAPPERS BEAT A TRAFFIC JAM

WHEN traffic came to a standstill in York two hours after Skeldergate Bridge over the Ouse was closed for repairs, the City Council had a bright idea: Send for the Army to build another bridge.

The Chief Engineer of Northern Command, Brigadier J. G. Carr, agreed, but there was one big problem: where were the Sappers to come from? The only Regular Sappers in the Command—38 Corps Engineer Regiment—had both field squadrons and all their plant over 100 miles away, building a road at Otterburn, and no Territorial Army units were available.

Then the brigadier had a bright idea: Why not use the 70 storemen, clerks, batmen, drivers, signallers and tradesmen from 38 Corps Engineer Regimental Headquarters and the workshops and stores troops of 15 Field Park Squadron at nearby Ripon?

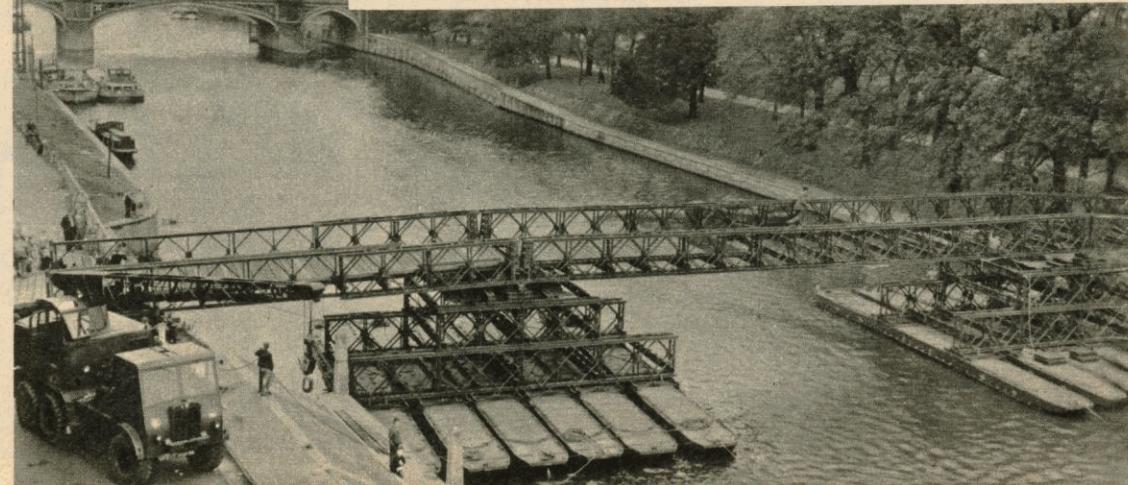
Two days later the scratch force, with a few NCOs recalled from Otterburn, arrived in York with mobile cranes and a fleet of three-ton lorries to collect the 200 tons of stores and set to work to build a 200-ft. extra-widened Bailey Bridge across the river.

In spite of fog which held up operations, and the temporary lack of special bridging parts, the Sappers—sometimes working under flood-lights at night in the race against time—forged ahead with their task and by 2 a.m. on the second day had run the Bailey bridge across the river and jacked it up on its floating piers. The next morning ramps and decking were completed and by mid-day the bridge was finished.

Within minutes there was a non-stop flow of traffic over the Army's bridge and the traffic problem in York was solved, thanks to the Sappers.

The 200-ft Bailey bridge over the River Ouse well on its way to completion. It was built in three days. In one week-end more than 5000 vehicles use it.

Photograph: Courtesy The Yorkshire Evening Press





QUICK CROSSWORD

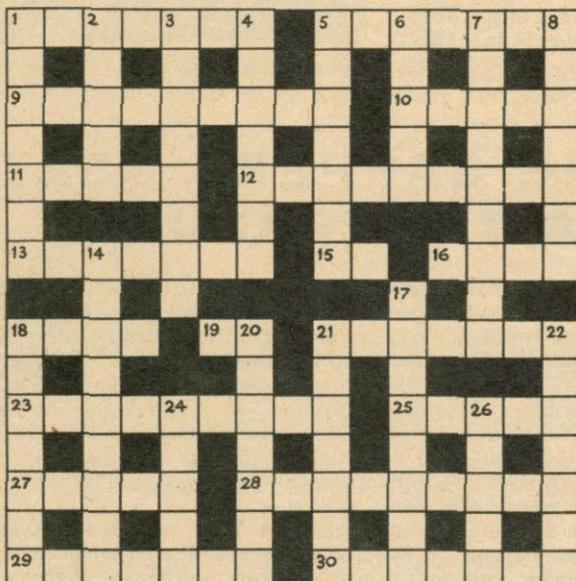
SOLDIER will give prizes to the six winners of this month's Quick Crossword contest.

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the editor may choose any two of the following recently published books: "Ride a Rhino" by Michaela Denis; "Indian Cavalryman" by Captain F. Guest; "Britain and the Arabs" by Glubb Pasha; "Grivas and the Story of Eoka" by W. Byford-Jones; "The Horseman's Year" by Dorian Williams; and "Football with the Millionaires" by Eddie Firmani.

The senders of the second and third correct solutions will be sent a whole-plate monochrome reproduction of any two photographs or cartoons (or one of each) which have appeared in **SOLDIER** since January, 1957.

The senders of the fourth, fifth and sixth correct solutions will each receive a free copy of **SOLDIER** for a year.

All entries must reach **SOLDIER**'s London editorial offices by Thursday, 28 January.



Name

Address

ACROSS

- At this moment, in arms drill (7)
- A holiday and a printer's measure for this region (7)
- Hanger-on, in the sky (9)
- Jumbled buried wealth makes it unconcealed (5)
- You'll find this deck in a flat or lopsided vessel (5)
- They make the place untidy, the layabouts (9)
- A German general for this learner (7)
- A short jollification (2)
- Shirt-fastener for horses? (4)
- Humpty Dumpty had one (4)
- A diminutive announcement (2)
- Brings back (7)
- Holed utensils have it (9)
- Mixed up rebuke to the reversed Sappers makes it complete (5)
- He picks the winners each month (5)
- An army without guns (9)

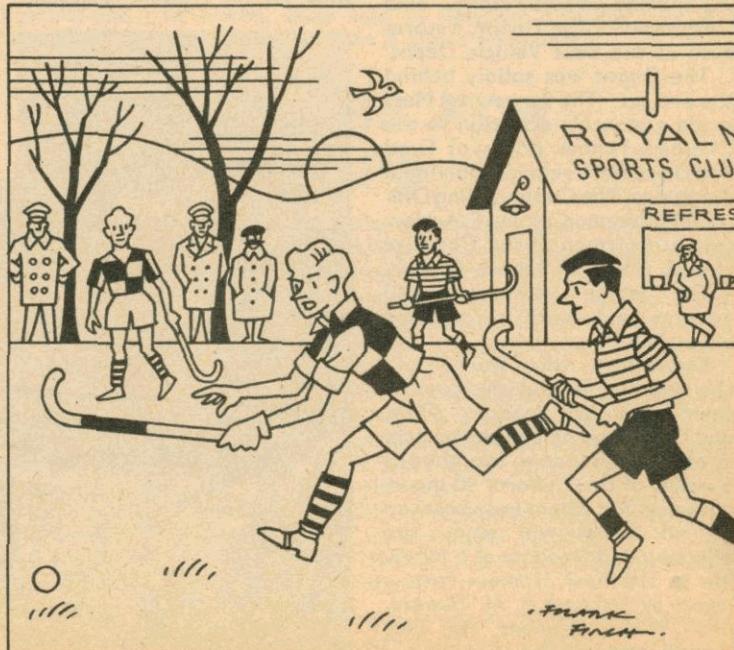
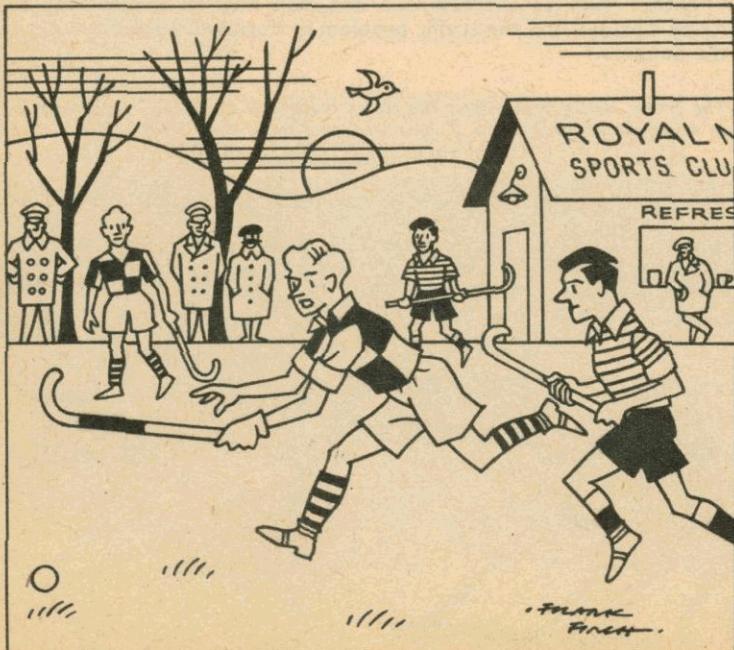
- A miserable, out of order snow vehicle for seats (7)
- Minus optics (7)

DOWN

- They sound like father's rocky peaks in the church (7)
- Praise (5)
- Obscured. (8)
- A fourth would be one too many, in verse or music (7)
- Brought to bear with a former stammer on top of little Edward (7)
- This wrap has a felonious sound (5)
- 'EE, TALL MEN (anag.)—it concerns the powers of nature (9)
- Lying idle (3, 4)
- NUN 'ERE, LAD (anag.)—not very bright (9)
- This couldn't be more precise (8)
- They keep out impurities (7)
- Clothes for women (7)
- Be determined to find the answer again (7)
- Athletic short distances (7)
- Perfect expression in a card game (5)
- A clan (5)

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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



A CITY HONOURS ITS REGIMENT

NO city had closer links with its own regiment than Liverpool had with The King's Regiment (Liverpool).

Now, the Regiment has lost its depot at nearby Formby and has amalgamated with The Manchester Regiment to become The King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool).

But the ties are stronger and more lasting than ever, for the city has accepted the old Regimental museum on permanent loan and the old Colours of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd (Militia) and 4th (Militia) battalions of The King's Regiment (Liverpool) have been laid up for safe keeping in Liverpool Cathedral.

Appropriately, the regimental museum was accepted on behalf of the city by the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. N. Bewley, a Kingsman in World War One, when he opened an exhibition of trophies, models, photographs and historical relics depicting the service of The King's Regiment (Liverpool) in North America, Burma and Korea.

Among the exhibits is the "Grand Belt of Alliance," a symbol of a trade agreement concluded between Colonel de Peyster of "The King's" and the Sioux Indians in Canada in the early 1700s. The story goes that the British imposed a trade ban on the Sioux because of the murder of a British settler. The Sioux captured the murderer but he escaped and in his place the Chief of the tribe, Wapasha, offered himself as a sacrifice. The British were so impressed with Wapasha's bravery that they released him and raised the trade ban.

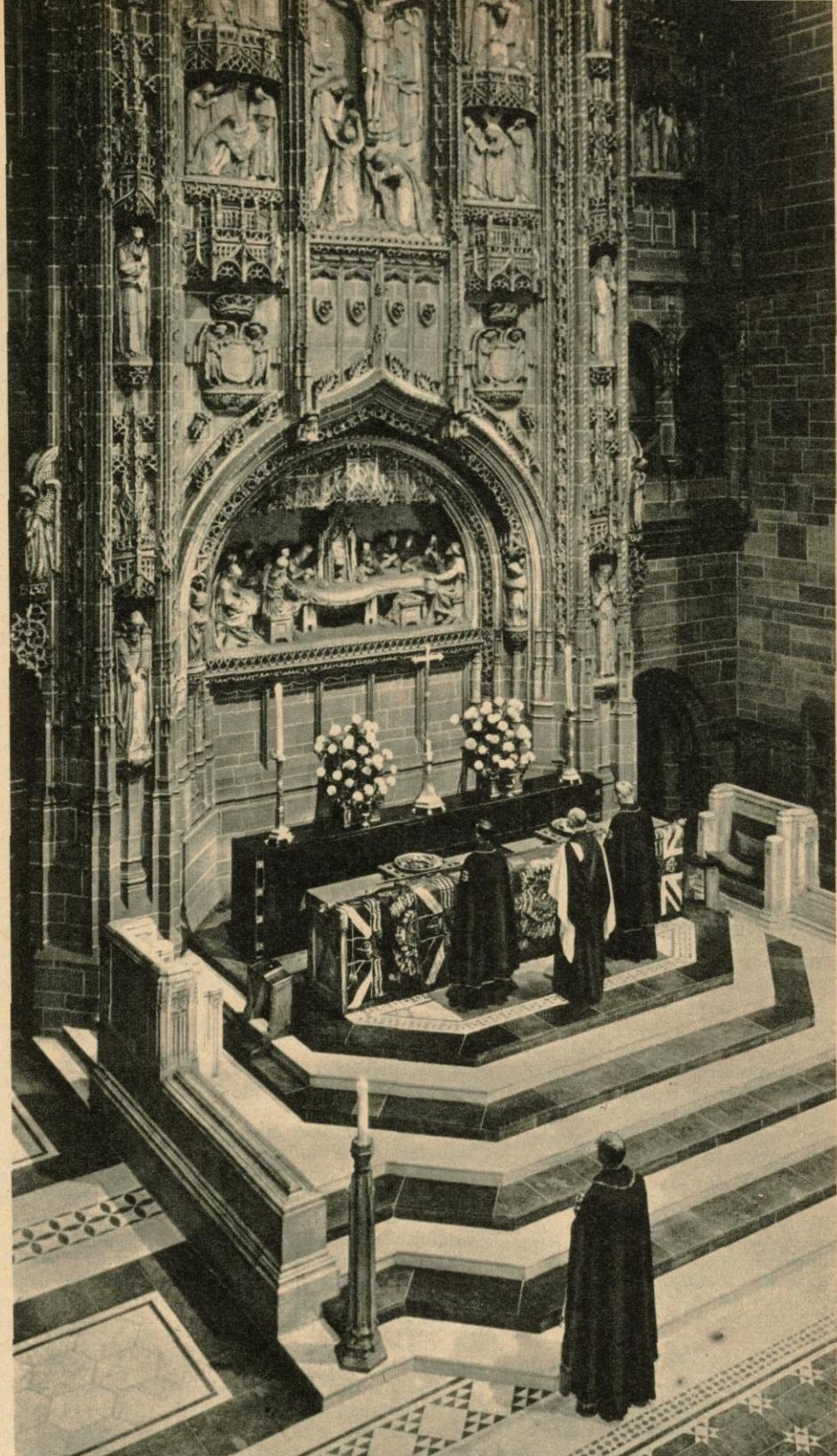
Another strange trophy from the Regiment's campaigning days in Canada is a white beaver skin presented to the same Colonel de Peyster by an Indian who told him that a spirit in the form of a white beaver had told him to kill the Colonel. The Colonel told the Indian that if he brought a white beaver skin to him the spell would be broken.

The Regiment's service in Burma, in 1885-7 and again in World War Two, is recorded by a beautiful ivory throne and yellow umbrella, which belonged to the deposed King Thebaw, and models and photographs of "The King's" in action in the two Chindit expeditions. A scale model of a command post, complete with a pin-up of Lana Turner, depicts "The King's" service in Korea.

More than 5000 visitors saw the exhibition in eight days, four times the number who normally visit the city museum.

The handing-over of the old Colours, held in conjunction with the annual Old Comrades' memorial service, was preceded by a march through the city, headed by the band and drums of the 5th Battalion, The King's Regiment (Territorial Army). The address was given by the Dean of Ripon, a former Chaplain-General to the Forces, who was adjutant of the 4th Battalion in France in 1915, and among the scores of former Kingsmen present were Lord Derby, who commanded the 5th Battalion, and Brigadier R. N. M. Jones, former Colonel of the Regiment.

It was a sad but proud occasion and a moving tribute by the city of its birth to a regiment which had served the Crown for 275 years and to the men whose gallant deeds will live on in the Colours that will hang for all time in the Memorial Transept.



The "King's" Colours are laid on the altar in Liverpool Cathedral where they will remain in honour of the gallantry of a regiment that served its country for 275 years.



The Colours of the old battalions are carried into the Cathedral's safe care for all time.

"THE BEST SOLDIER OF WORLD WAR TWO"

OF all the Army's "back-room boys" of World War Two, none contributed more to victory than Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff and chairman of Britain's Chiefs of Staff committee.

Just how big a part the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and his colleagues, the First Sea Lord and the Chief of Air Staff, played has not been widely appreciated. On VE Day, Lord Alanbrooke wrote in his diary that the Prime Minister had never enlightened the public much on this subject. He went on to give a hurried summing-up of their task:

"The whole world has now become one large theatre of war, and the Chiefs of Staff represent the Supreme Commander running the war in all its many theatres, regulating the allocation of forces, shipping and munitions, relating plans, resources available, approving or rejecting plans, and issuing the Directives to the various theatres. And most difficult of all, handling the political aspect of the military actions and their co-ordination with our allies."

The Chiefs of Staff were always several jumps ahead of the news. Long before the public heard of one campaign, the Chiefs of Staff were planning the next.

How this work was done is described in "Triumph in the West" (Collins, 30s), the second volume by Sir Arthur Bryant based on Lord Alanbrooke's war diary.

It was an immense task, and Lord Alanbrooke confesses in his diary that at one time he doubted if he could continue.

A few days before the invasion of Normandy, he was writing:

"The hardest part of bearing such responsibility is pretending that you are absolutely confident of success when you are really torn with doubts and misgivings. But when once decisions are taken the time for doubts is gone, and what is required is to breathe the confidence of success into all those around."

The problems that came the way of the war-time Chief of the Imperial General Staff are staggering in their variety no less than in their difficulty and importance. He



Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, the man who led Britain to victory. "The hardest part of bearing responsibility is pretending that you are absolutely confident of success . . ."

describes a routine morning Chiefs of Staff meeting as

"nothing but dealing with a mass of various telegrams on subjects such as parachutists for South-East Asia, arguments concerning landing-craft to be withdrawn from South-East Asia to Mediterranean, Chiang Kai-shek's refusal to use his Yunnan Forces, latest reports on German pilotless planes, desirability of infiltrating Spitfires into Turkey, difficulties with Portuguese concerning American attempts to share the use of Azores with us, etc., etc."

Then there were other conferences, endless Cabinet meetings and informal talks with the Prime Minister lasting far into the night, the papers on his desk at the War Office (one afternoon brought 15 "minutes" from the Prime Minister alone), and masses of correspondence which followed him by despatch-rider when he tried to snatch a short week-end at home.

It was all made more difficult by an exacting master. Sir Winston Churchill was constantly setting up new plans of his own or raising objections to plans which had already been settled. The words "pitched battle with Winston" occur more than once in the diary.

Co-operation with the Americans was sometimes far from

easy. The United States could not supply experienced senior commanders but, for political reasons, American generals had to be given high command, particularly later in the war when their country's contribution to such projects as the invasion of Europe was greater than that of an over-strained Britain.

There was little that war-trained generals like Alanbrooke and Montgomery could do about it but watch the plans of the Americans, who were sometimes touchy and suspicious, and put forward their own views. Sometimes the British view prevailed; at others, the British generals had to watch opportunities passed by and efforts wasted.

The most famous example of the differences between the allies was the attack into Germany. Montgomery, supported by Alanbrooke, wanted an all-out effort in the North. The Americans, under Eisenhower, whose principle was to attack everywhere, planned a two-pronged advance. Wrote Lord Alanbrooke of a meeting with Eisenhower:

"I disagreed flatly with it, accused Ike of violating principles of concentration of force, which had resulted in his present failures. I criticised his future plans. . . . Quite impossible to get the PM to understand the importance of the principles involved. Half the time his attention was concentrated on the possibility of floating mines down the Rhine! He must get down to detail . . ."

On a disagreement over operations in the Mediterranean, Lord Alanbrooke described the British attitude thus: "All right, if you insist on being damned fools, sooner than fall out with you, which would be fatal, we shall be damned fools with you, and we shall see that we perform the role of damned fools damned well."

It was not surprising that the comments Lord Alanbrooke confided to his diary about his American colleagues were sometimes, in part, unflattering:

"Eisenhower has got absolutely no strategic outlook. He makes up, however, by the way he works for good co-operation between allies."

Publication of Lord Alanbrooke's opinions on his colleagues has set off a good deal of criticism, not only of his but of other generals' comments on both sides of the Atlantic. Those members of the public who read them only as snippets in the *Daily Mirror* under the heading, "Are All Generals Clots?" will not be inspired with confidence in generals as a race.

On the other hand, any clear-thinking man must observe, and make allowances for, the defects as well as the good qualities of his colleagues. That is precisely the process Lord Alanbrooke's diary describes. The leaders' assessments of each other were an essential factor in forming strategy.

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff had few opportunities of relaxing. When they came, he wrote with delight of hours spent bird-watching, fishing in Canada, roaming in Kew Gardens, or touring the Crimean battlefields of last century.

The end of the war in Europe brought no let-up. As Germany crumbled and troops landed on the coast of Burma, the Chiefs of Staff were wasting time planning to combat a falsely rumoured attack by Guatemala on British Honduras!

Then came the problems of switching British strength from Europe to the Far East; of meeting the Army's commitments while its numbers dwindled by demobilisation. One great decision the Chiefs of Staff were spared: they were not consulted about the dropping of the atom-bomb on Japan. Soon after, however, Lord Alanbrooke was one of the committee considering the future use of the new weapon.

It was still not over when the Japanese surrendered. The new Labour Government asked Lord Alanbrooke to stay on for another year "to see them through their troubles." He agreed, and a few minutes later, "repented it bitterly, as I feel I am cooked and played out." Soon he was away on a world trip, and it was not until June 1946 that he was able to leave.

In his last few weeks at the War Office, the man who had contributed so much to victory and whom Field-Marshal Montgomery has described as "the best soldier produced by any nation during Hitler's war," wrote: "I am broke."

Partly because of a fire at his house, he was forced to sell his most treasured possession: his collection of bird books.

War Through A Woman's Eyes

WOMEN war-correspondents are not popular with public relations officers on battlefronts. Their presence is, to put it mildly, a complicating factor.

So it is not surprising that American Army public relations officers became hostile when Miss Martha Gellhorn stowed away on a hospital ship to see something of the invasion of Normandy.

They might have expected something of the sort from a lady with Miss Gellhorn's record. This American girl had already written at first hand about the Spanish Civil War, the Russo-Finnish campaign and the Chinese in their struggle with the Japanese before the Americans became involved.

With or without co-operation from public relations officers, Miss Gellhorn managed to visit the Royal Air Force in Britain and units on the Italian and North-West Europe fronts, to fly in an American

night-fighter over Europe and to hobnob with the Russians after VE Day.

She was a writer of descriptive magazine articles, and it is a selection of these which she now reproduces—with some reflections on the futility of war—in "The Face of War" (Hart-Davis, 18s).

They are pictures of a few facets of war—a Spanish family in the third winter of civil strife; Helsinki under the bombs; a hair-raising flight over the Japanese lines to the Chinese front; the Poles in Italy; the first prisoners landing in England after D Day; Americans in the Battle of the Bulge; the Germans crying, "We were never Nazis" after the occupation; and many others.

There are no revelations or controversies for historians to discuss. This is yesterday's news as it looked at the time. It seems strangely old-fashioned now.



Tanks of the 4th Hussars in action in the Western Desert in 1942. The Regiment fought at Alamein and in the Gothic Line.

From Monmouth To The Gothic Line

DECEMBER, 1943: an anxious Staff brigadier, nursing 36 yards of Africa Star ribbon, drove out of Cairo, looking for the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. Behind him trundled a truck-load of Egyptian sempstresses.

The brigadier's instructions were to stay with the Regiment until the commanding officer had signed a certificate that every man entitled to wear the Africa Star had a piece of ribbon on his uniform.

Why the urgency? Well, the Regiment had just been inspected by its Colonel, who was indignant to see that the newly authorised ribbon had not been issued. That Colonel, a one-time subaltern of the Regiment, was Winston Churchill himself.

The tale is told by David Scott Daniell in "4th Hussar: The Story of a British Cavalry Regiment" (Gale and Polden, £2 2s). This is a long and well-marshalled chronicle, with several colour illustrations, of the Regiment which began as Berkeley's Dragoons at the time of the Monmouth rising and, in 1958, was merged with the 8th Hussars to form the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars.

The 4th took part in two of the most famous cavalry charges in British history: the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Salamanca and the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

The author sheds much interesting light on the life of a cavalry regiment in earlier days. He quotes an admirable order by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1755, stressing that the utmost care must be taken not to overload dragoons with unnecessary trifles. "A soldier can't have too few things to be taken care of, it disgusts him and makes him so much longer getting ready, besides Galling his Horse which renders him unserviceable."

The Duke criticised the shape of the dragoons' sword hilts, which deprived them of the use of the right hand when bridles were slashed through. Also, con-

defend his Head, his Business is to see the Men Fight and do well, that's sufficient."

No dragoons, said the Duke, were to be used as officers' servants. He refused to have serjeant-majors do the work of lazy adjutants. And the non-commissioned officers were to be "compleat soldiers and not simple scribblers."

Mr. Daniell mentions a record of long service which is probably unique in the Army. "Three Hugonins, James, Francis and James John, who each commanded the 4th Dragoons in his turn, gave the regiment 89 years of continuous service, from 1747 to 1836; their total service amounting to 135 years." They were grandfather, father and son.

On the lighter side, the author quotes from the officers' betting book which, a century ago, used to contain entries like "Lord George Paget bets Captain Portal £100 to £10 that Napoleon III does not attempt a landing in England with an invading force

before December 15, 1853." Captain Portal laid off part of his possible loss with "Captain Portal bets Cornet King that he (Napoleon) is not shot before he attempts a landing in England, for £5."

One of the oddest things that ever happened to the Regiment occurred in South Africa in 1908, when a decapitated turkey ran among the horses and stampeded them, along with those of the 9th Lancers. A number had to be destroyed and it took days to bring in all the stragglers.

In World War Two the Regiment met an unhappy fate in Greece, fighting a rearguard action. All the senior officers and 400 men were taken prisoner. The surviving cadre, stimulated by its never-say-die Colonel, re-formed the Regiment to fight at Alamein and in the Gothic Line. It served in a normal tank role, then as an armoured reconnaissance regiment and next as a Kangaroo, or troop-carrying, regiment. The last role, an urgent operational necessity, came as a shock to the Hussars; but they were allowed to keep one squadron in a fighting role.

By the end of the war, in Italy, the Hussars were fast accumulating refugees in the shape of horses. Only six weeks after hostilities ended they held a horse show.

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BOOKS

continued

He Came Back From The Coffin

THE Schmeissers of the German execution squad rang out, and five French parachutists collapsed.

"Get up! None of you is dead," yelled the officer in charge.

The weapons had been loaded with blank; the parachutists had fainted. It was the Germans' last desperate attempt to scare the Frenchmen into talking about their mission. All kept silent.

They were lined up again and the execution squad fired once more. This time the guns were loaded with bullets.

As the officer stepped forward to administer the *coup de grâce*, an Allied aircraft swept in from the sea. Hurriedly he shouted to his men, who bundled coffins out of their lorry. Then the Germans sped away.

Ten minutes later, Frenchmen from the nearby village of St. Servant came to bury the dead. As they were about to put the lid on one coffin, the occupant moved, so they trundled him off, still in his coffin, to a doctor.

So it came about that Alain Romans survived, to tell his story as the basis of "The Empty Coffin" (*Souvenir Press*, 18s), by Barry Wynne.

Romans was already a well-known popular pianist and composer when war broke out. After adventurous, if unsatisfactory, experiences in the Battle of France, he and some friends set up a small and amateurish resistance movement in Vichy France. They

narrowly escaped arrest and Romans got away to England.

He was soon back, by parachute, and in a few hours he and his companions were in German hands, tortured and put in front of the firing party. Romans had not fully recovered from his wounds when he was again in German hands, caught up in a mass arrest. This time, the Nazis had no cause to suspect this obviously very sick man of being an enemy agent, so they sent him off to forced labour, making roads in Lithuania.

With two friends, he made a dash for liberty. One of the three was caught by a German bullet. Romans and the third got away into the Russian lines. In due course, they were taken to Murmansk and put on a ship returning empty to Newcastle. Though their convoy lost heavily from bombing, they landed safely in England.

After a trip to South America with Ray Ventura and his famous dance orchestra, Romans went back into uniform, as interpreter with the Free French troops in Italy, and later took part in the liberation of his beloved France.

Now commissioned, he led his Infantry patrol in a rush on a cellar in Stuttgart. Inside was the German officer who had tortured him in France and who commanded the firing squad at St. Servant. The German went into custody with a long report from Romans; whether he paid for his crimes is not known.

Ten Years of Sapper History

LEUTENANT CLAUDE RAYMOND, Royal Engineers, crept through the jungle at the head of his small detachment. His job: to create alarm among the Japanese by letting off explosions and producing mock battle noises to make the enemy believe he was surrounded.

Suddenly, as the patrol crossed a clearing, the Japanese opened fire. The Sapper officer, shooting from the hip, immediately led a charge and, although wounded in the shoulder, pressed on to the enemy post. As he neared it, he was struck in the face by a grenade which exploded and threw him to the ground.

He picked himself up and continued the charge, killing two Japanese and wounding another before the rest fled. He refused treatment until all the other men in the patrol had been dealt with and then began to lead his men back to the landing craft.

After a mile he collapsed and had to be carried but still found strength to encourage the patrol by making the "V" sign. On reaching the boat Lieutenant Raymond collapsed and died.

This story of a gallant deed in Burma which won the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross, is told in one of the two massive volumes of "The History of the Corps of Royal Engineers" by Major-General R. P. Pakenham Walsh MC.

The two volumes, one running to over 600 pages and the other to nearly 500, deal in detail with the history of the Corps from 1938 to 1948 and cover all Sapper activities throughout World War Two and in every theatre of war. The General took ten years to prepare and write them.

In a foreword, General E. L. Morris, formerly Chief Royal Engineer, says the books should be carefully read by all Sapper officers to learn how the problems and difficulties of World War Two were overcome. Even in the atomic age basic military engineer problems will still apply and there is much to learn from the lessons of the past.

The two volumes—numbers VIII and IX in the series—cost £2 7s 6d each and may be obtained from the Institution of Royal Engineers, Chatham.

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RAEC Masters Them All

THREE years without a single defeat. That is the proud record of the Royal Army Educational Corps' rugby team which has not been beaten since October, 1956.

In the past three years the team has won ten and drawn three of its 13 matches against other corps and the Royal Military College of Science—a feat unequalled by any other corps team in the recent history of Army rugby. It is doubtful if any other rugby team in Britain has remained undefeated for so long.

The Corps' achievement is all the more remarkable since the team was formed only in 1953 by a small group of enthusiasts, including Major R. Dock, a Cumberland and Westmorland cap, as secretary, and Captain A. B. Edwards, the Welsh international, as skipper.

The opening game heralded great things to come with a 6-5 win over the Royal Army Service Corps, but the next five matches brought the team only one solitary success. So the Corps was

scoured for players and under the leadership of Captain Edwards and later Captain John Dominy, the present captain, today's powerful side was fashioned.

As SOLDIER went to press the RAEC fifteen set the seal on its record by thrashing the Royal Military College of Science by 19 points to nil.

SOLDIER recently watched the RAEC take sweet revenge for its last defeat in October, 1956, by beating the Royal Army Ordnance Corps at Blackdown by 23 points (a goal, three tries and three penalty goals) to six (two penalty goals).

The winners, who had two Army caps in the side—Second-Lieutenant Stanley Purdy at wing forward and Sergeant Keith Ben-

nett at stand-off half—took advantage of their opponents' mistakes and were brilliantly led by Captain Dominy. Outstanding were Second-Lieutenant Ken Dalziel, a forward, and Sergeant Arthur Leitch, left wing. Dalziel, who was playing his first game for the Corps, kicked three penalty goals and made one excellent conversion. Leitch, a former Scottish schoolboy long-jump champion,

showed a remarkable turn of speed that often left the opposition standing.

The RAEC team is now looking forward to its big match of the season—against the Royal Army Service Corps—and hopes to complete a hat-trick of wins. In each of the past two seasons the RAEC has robbed the RASC of its hitherto unbeaten record.

JOHN STEELE



Captain John Dominy, the RAEC skipper, soars above his opponents as he fights for possession in a line-out. He missed only one of the Corps' first 20 games.



No doubt about the outcome of this forwards' tussle as the RAEC collapse in a heap under the sheer weight of numbers.

Members of the Royal Army Educational Corps have won many distinctions in the rugby world in the past 12 years.

Captain A. B. Edwards played for Wales and Sergeant D. M. Scott for Scotland. These two, with Captain B. J. Hazel, a Scottish trialist, and Warrant Officer J. D. Clancy, have played for Combined Services.

The present skipper, Captain Dominy, and Major W. E. Townsend have both captained Aldershot Services. Many Corps players have gained county honours and since 1947 have won 38 Army caps.

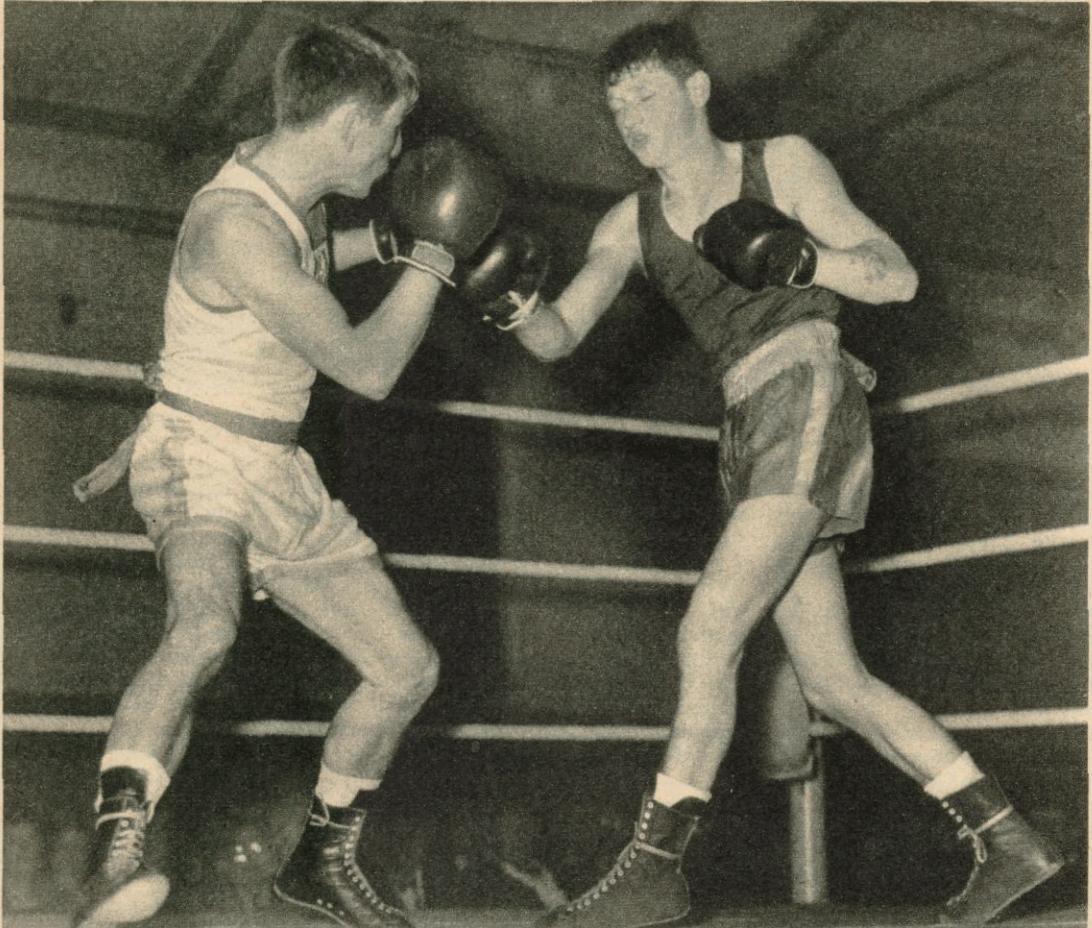
The Corps has had three representatives on the Army Rugby Selection Committee—Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Reidy, Major Townsend and Captain Edwards—and Major-General S. Moore-Coulson, Director of Army Education, is chairman of the Army Rugby Referees' Society and a vice-president of the Army Rugby Union.



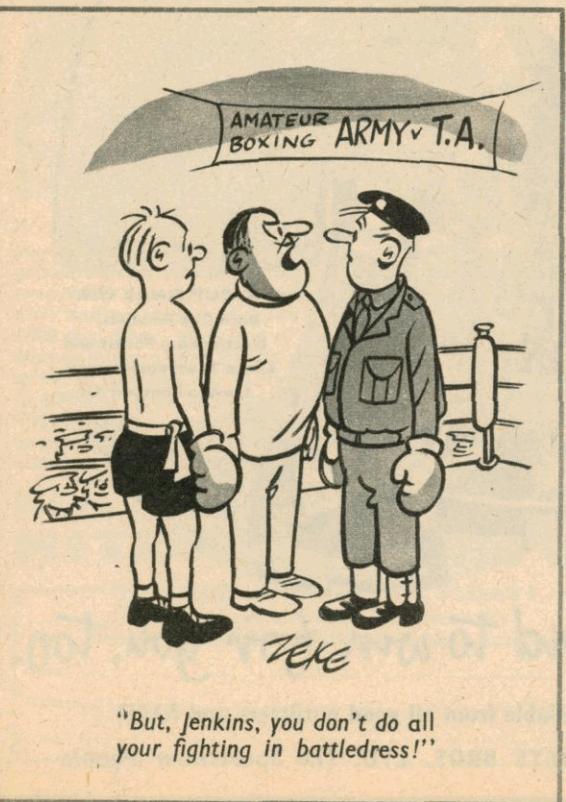
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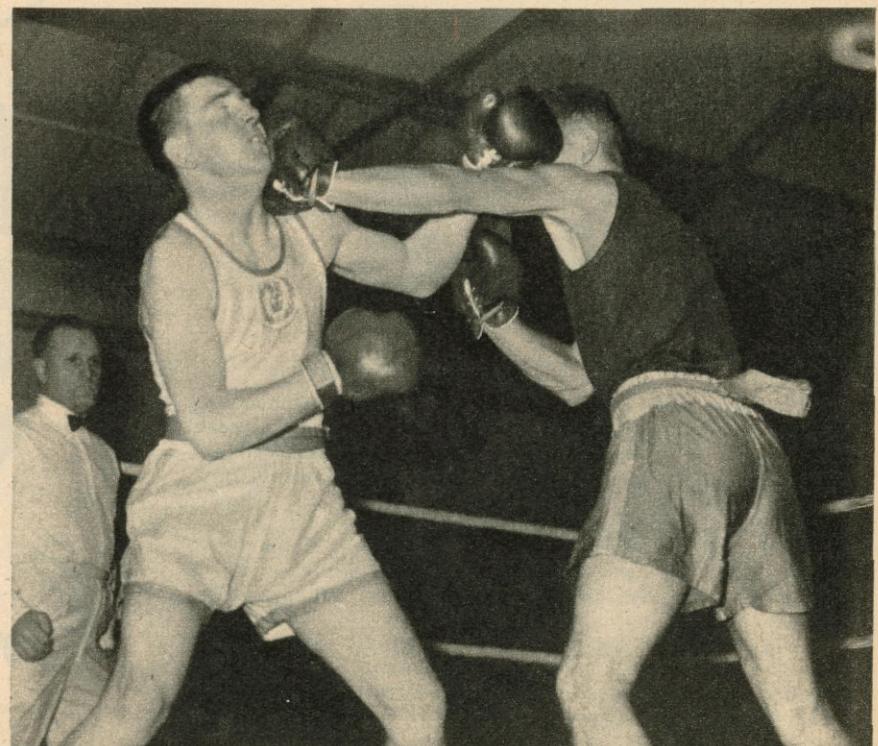
THE "TERRIERS" TAKE A TOWSING



Driver Greaves, the Army's featherweight champion, spars for an opening during his fight with Lance-Corporal Jackson. Greaves was too fast for his opponent and knocked him down for the count in the second round.



"But, Jenkins, you don't do all your fighting in battledress!"



Corporal Taylor turns the tables on Private McDermott, Royal Scots, with a stiff left to the jaw. This was one of the best bouts of the match. The "Terrier" won on points.

NOT unexpectedly, the Regular Army defeated the Territorial Army at this season's annual boxing meeting, but it was the closest-fought match ever between the two teams.

The score was all-square at the end of the tenth fight but the Regular Army, which fielded four internationals, won the last two bouts to run out winners by seven to five. At the two previous meetings the Army's margin of victory was 11-2 and 10-3.

The highlight of an exciting evening, during which three contestants were knocked out, was a hectic welterweight scrap between Guardsman W. Gale, Grenadier Guards, and Trooper Harry Mees (44 Royal Tank Regiment, TA). Mees, a specialist in body punching, put Gale down five times in the first round and the fight looked all over. But in the second round Gale rallied and landed a fine right hook to put his opponent down for a count of eight. Now on top, the aggressive Guardsman pummelled Mees unmercifully and put him down six more times for long counts before the final bell when Gale was declared the winner on points.

The four Regular Army internationals all won their fights. Driver Mick Greaves, of 20 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, the Army featherweight champion, was much faster and



Gunner J. McGowan (TA) covers up as L/Cpl D. Gilfeather, of 8 Training Bn, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, dances in to the attack.

punched more heavily than Lance-Corporal C. Jackson (Irish Fusiliers, TA) and in the second round knocked him out with a right hook to the jaw. Private Alf Mathews (Kings Regiment) boxed cleverly to beat Private J. Holden (Parachute Regiment, TA) easily on points and Lance-Corporal Peter Burke (Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), the Irish international, gave

a brilliant display of fast, intelligent boxing to outpoint Private R. Seward, Parachute Regiment, TA, in their light-heavyweight bout.

The fourth international, heavyweight Sergeant Len Hobbs, Grenadier Guards, beat Driver L. James, RASC (TA), the Welsh international, on points after a fight that was marred by James

POLE-AXED

ALTHOUGH beaten in one match and held to a draw in the other, the British Army boxing team put up a fine performance during its recent two meetings with the Polish Army in Poland. The Polish Army won by seven bouts to three in Warsaw and drew five-all in Lodz.

Two British boxers—Private Laurie Mackay, Royal Army Ordnance Corps (bantamweight), and middleweight Private Alf Mathews, of The Kings Regiment—won both their contests, in each case outpointing the reigning Polish national champions at Lodz.

The other British winner at Warsaw was Rifleman Jack Head, Green Jackets.

Driver Mick Greaves, RASC (featherweight), Lance-Corporal Danny O'Brien, 11th Hussars (welter) and Sergeant Len Hobbs, Grenadier Guards (heavyweight) also won their bouts at Lodz.

Army title holders, Lance-Corporal Peter Burke (cruiser) and Rifleman P. Morgan (welter) were surprisingly defeated on points in both contests. The return match between the two armies will be held at Aldershot in May.

Royal Scots, and Corporal R. Taylor, Parachute Regiment (TA). Taylor won a fine fight on points with a brilliant display in the last round.

Other results, awarded on points, were: Lance-Corporal D. Gilfeather, 8 Training Battalion, REME, beat Gunner J. McGowan, Royal Artillery (TA); Lance-Corporal R. Reedman, Royal Engineers, beat Sergeant C. Garrigan, East Yorks (TA); Private T. Menzies, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (TA), beat Driver T. Sullivan, 6 Training Battalion, RASC; and Private P. Young, 4th East Yorks (TA), beat Driver A. Drakeley, RASC.

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LETTERS

IN A RUT?

Thank you for your interesting article on the Special Air Service Regiment's Free-Fall Parachute Club (October).

Overseas, the art of advanced parachuting has developed rapidly in the last ten years as a competitive sport, but in Britain progress has been negligible. The Royal Aero Club and the national Press both seem to regard free-fall parachuting as a stunt, much as they did gliding after World War Two. And the astronomical expense of parachutes and equipment is a limiting factor.

Here is an opportunity for the Army, if only on the merits of its military application and following the precedent of numerous other countries, to lift the practice of advanced parachuting out of the rut of a decade.—Tony Miller, 3 Howard Close, West Horsley, Surrey (21 SAS Regiment, TA).

BRIGHTER UNIFORMS

The photograph of old Yeomanry uniforms in your article "And History in the Dining Room" (October) took me back to the gloriously colourful past and made me regret that today's top brass tactlessly issue a plain, unembellished No. 1 Dress uniform.

It should be brightened a bit. What about having the shoulder straps all in white, red or yellow instead of being just miserably edged? The sleeve cuffs might also have at least half an inch of piping in the regimental colour.

Even in this Rocket Age we should not entirely give up colour in our uniforms.—Philip Leventhal, 530 West 163rd Street, New York.

HE WAS AT DARGAI

The excellent article in your October issue about the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai in 1897 prompts us to send you the enclosed photograph of Mr. Walter Waterman, aged 85, who fought at Dargai and was one of the men who stormed the heights.

Hale and hearty and as straight as a ramrod, this fine old soldier recently flew from England to attend our annual Dargai Ball, which is held every year in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. He spent a week with us as a guest of the Regiment.



Mr. Waterman fought with the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai 63 years ago when he was 22.

Mr. Waterman served in the Gordon Highlanders in the Tirah Expedition of 1897, on the North-West Frontier and in the Boer War. His son is now a warrant officer in the Gordon Highlanders and has 32 years service to his credit.—Lieut-Col. G. R. Elsmie, Commanding Officer, 1st Bn, The Gordon Highlanders, BFPO 23.

KILT AND KUKRI

After reading "Well Done, Petticoat Regiment" (SOLDIER, October), I think it may interest you to know that hanging in the Officers' Mess of the 2nd Gurkha Rifles, with whom I served in World War Two, was a painting by Lady Butler depicting the Gordons and the Gurkhas charging the crest at Dargai.

I gather that as the Highlanders reached the forward troops the riflemen

rose from cover and joined them in the final assault. One, Subedar Kirparam Thapa, is credited with being the first man to reach the summit.

After the battle all ranks subscribed one day's pay to enable the Gordons officers and sergeants' messes to receive presentation *kukris* as tokens of their Nepalese comrades' esteem. The Gordons reciprocated by presenting the Gurkhas with silver figures of the two regiments and these I often saw on the Mess dining table. The officers of each regiment are still honorary members of the other's mess.—Major D. C. Purves, (4th Battalion, The Essex Regiment, TA) "White Hall," Wickham Bishops, Witton, Essex.

WAR PICTURES

In your October issue you state in a caption to a photograph of the Gordon Highlanders assaulting the hill at Dargai in 1897 that it was "one of the first to be taken in war."

Roger Fenton went to the Crimea with a van-load of photographic equipment and on his return published three volumes of pictures, many of which have been reproduced in the "Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research."

Photographs were taken also during the Zulu War of 1879.—Ernest J. Martin (Member of the Military Historical Society), 834 Kenton Lane, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

IMJIN EMBLEM

A friend who was attached to the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, during the action on the Imjin River, Korea, in 1951, claims that he is entitled to wear the insignia of the Presidential Citation when in uniform and that all attached personnel are also permitted to wear it if they were with the Glosters at the time of the action.

I understood that the award was made only to the 1st Glosters and that only members of that Battalion are entitled to wear the insignia. An enormous amount of ale has been wagered on this argument and we have agreed to accept your ruling as final.—G. H. Bailey, 4 Stafford Drive, Hately Heath, West Bromwich.

★ The wearing of the emblem was approved by the late King George VI for the 1st Glosters, 'C' Troop, 170th Independent Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery, and "all personnel while serving on the posted strength of the aforementioned units. Only those who were in Korea on the posted strength of these units on the dates given (23-24-25 April, 1951) will retain the right to wear the emblem on transfer or posting to other units." Army Order 3 of 1951 refers.

WIDOWS' FUND

If the existence of the Military Widows' Fund was better known to married officers proceeding overseas, many cases of distress could be avoided.

The Fund, a private one, provides a lump sum of £1000 (free of estate duty) to widows (or dependants) should married officers die while serving overseas. Cause of death is immaterial and benefit is invariably paid within two or three days of the casualty report reaching War Office. No claim need be made.

The subscription is £3 a year, payable only while an officer is serving overseas—a very inexpensive provision to ensure that ample funds become immediately available to a widow.

All inquiries should be sent to me:—Lieut-Col. R. Walker, Secretary, Room 278, The War Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

MARATHON RIDE

Your book review "Into Battle on Horseback" (SOLDIER, October) recalls a feat performed by my great-grandfather.

I quote from the "Norfolk News" of 23 June, 1860.

"Having, after the Battle of Toulouse, returned to Headquarters, Colonel Harvey found himself at the close of 1814 in attendance on His Grace The

● **SOLDIER** welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must, therefore, give their full names and addresses to ensure a reply. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

● **SOLDIER** cannot admit correspondence on matters involving discipline or promotion in a unit.

Duke of Wellington, who was then British Ambassador in Paris. The Duke, having at that time occasion to forward despatches to Lord Beresford, at Lisbon, entrusted them to Colonel Harvey. He performed the journey of nearly 1400 miles, from Paris to Lisbon, on horseback in 14 days, a feat rarely accomplished by an equestrian and one which may truly be considered of an extraordinary character, considering the season of the year, the nature of the country to be passed and the dangers to which he was exposed."

At the time Colonel Harvey was 29 years old and had served through most of the Peninsula War, receiving nine clasps to his Peninsula Medal besides other decorations.—R. C. Cooke, Wellway House, Finchfield, Sussex.

RESETTLEMENT GRANT

I am leaving the Army soon, having completed 15 years Colour Service. My engagement is for 22 years but I intend to exercise the option of leaving after 15 years. Will I be entitled to the £250 resettlement grant?—"Staff-Sergeant."

★ No. An amendment to Army Order 139 of 1957 states: "a soldier discharged or transferred to the Regular reserve at or after the end of the period of the Colour Service for which he has engaged, who is awarded a service pension, or who has at least 15 years reckonable service of which the last ten years have been continuous."

SOLDIER understands that a number of men have taken this wording to mean that they qualify for the resettlement grant after 15 years, even though they obtain discharge before completion of their engagements. This is not correct—a soldier must be "discharged or transferred to the Regular reserve at or after the end of the period of the Colour Service for which he has engaged" in order to qualify.

MACHINE-GUN GUARDS

Can SOLDIER say when the Machine-Gun Guards of World War One were formed and when they were disbanded?—C. P. S. Bushell, 136 Hartham Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

★ The Guards Machine-Gun Regiment was formed in February, 1918, from machine-guns of the Household Cavalry and Foot Guards. It was known as the 6th, or Machine-Gun, Regiment of Foot Guards or, simply, as the Guards Machine-Gun Regiment. It was disbanded in April, 1920.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVER

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LONG SERVICE

In your letters columns (November) "Volunteer" told of RQMS H. Caseley, Royal Signals (TA), who compressed 42 years Territorial Army service into 38 years.

We can beat this as we have on strength Sub-Conductor R. Bachelor DCM who has served in the TA since 17 May, 1920. He won the DCM in World War One.

We think that this will still the tongues of any other aspirants to the distinction of being the longest serving Territorial.—Captain J. E. Morgan, 14 General Stores Coy. RAOC (TA), Glasgow, N.W.

I think I can beat RQMS Caseley's record by just over a year. I joined The Royal Berkshire Regiment on 1 June, 1920, and gained my fifth clasp in January, 1958.—Sergeant A. N. May BEM, 4/6th Bn. The Royal Berkshire Regiment, Maidenhead, Berks.

Staff-Sergeant D. C. Anderson, a serving member of this unit, enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps (TA) on 21 July, 1921 and thus beats RQMS Caseley by one month.—Lieut-Colonel B. A. S. Hayne, Comd. 128 Tpt. Colm. RASC (TA), Croydon.

In our squadron we have a number of old stagers. Squadron Sergeant-Major G. F. Skitt, Staff-Sergeant J. Kirby, and Sergeant J. Parkinson served through both world wars, and are either still serving or have retired very recently.

The late Lieut-Col. J. W. Hyde, of 55 (M) Signal Regiment (TA), our parent unit, enlisted in 1922 and had unbroken service up to the time of his death in 1956 when he was commanding the Regiment.—Captain F. Enright, 311 Signal Squadron (TA), Wallington, Surrey.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 28)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. Right arm of spectator second from left. 2. Fingers on right hand of striking player. 3. Size of lower black square on striking player's shirt. 4. Height of lamp above hut door. 5. Size of left cup on shelf. 6. Hair parting of player on right. 7. Length of shorts of player on left. 8. Length of lower line across the sun. 9. Curve of right hand player's stick. 10. Length of bird's body (or tail).

PUZZLE PICTURE

The winner of SOLDIER'S Picture Puzzle in November was: Lance-Corporal D. Iles, Military Band, HQ Company, 1st Battalion, The Black Watch, BFPO 53.

The correct answers were: 1. Shaving brush. 2. Clothes peg. 3. Cigarette lighter. 4. Tobacco pipe. 5. Ball point pen. 6. Fountain pen.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

The winner and the correct solution of SOLDIER's Christmas Crossword competition will be announced in our February edition and not in this edition, as previously stated.

GREEN, NOT BLUE

In your December issue you state that the London Irish Rifles wear the blue caubeen. It is, in fact, green—in keeping with the rest of our uniform as a Rifle regiment.—Lieut-Col. N. W. Dorrity, Commanding 1st Battalion, London Irish Rifles.

★ SOLDIER erred and apologises. All ranks in the London Irish Rifles wear a green caubeen with a green hackle, except officers, warrant officers and pipers who wear a blue hackle.

BADGE COLLECTORS

I collect British Army cap badges but have been unable to acquire those of the 9th and 16/5th Queen's Royal Lancers, the 11th Hussars and the Royal Hampshire Regiment. Can anyone help?—M. Bresemann, Grenzstrasse 1 (24a), Lüneburg, Germany.

I am a collector of cap badges and would like to hear from other collectors.—Mariner 1st Class Th. Peters, P/A Burg, Verweijlaan 31, Geldermalsen, Holland.

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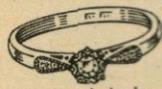
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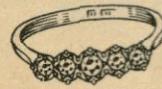
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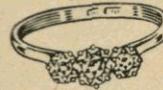


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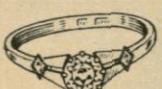
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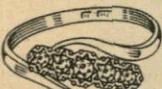
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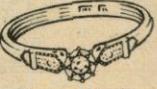
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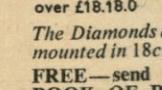
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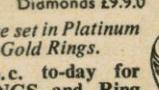
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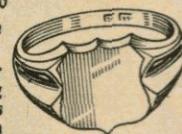
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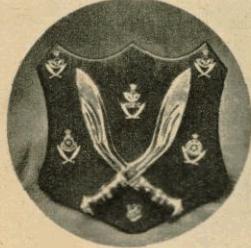
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