

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1953

NINEPENCE





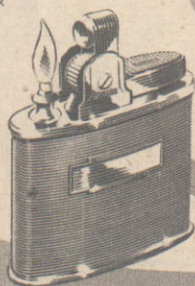
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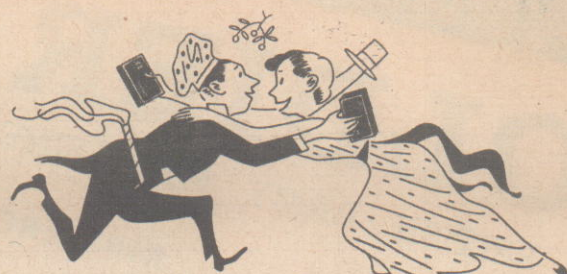
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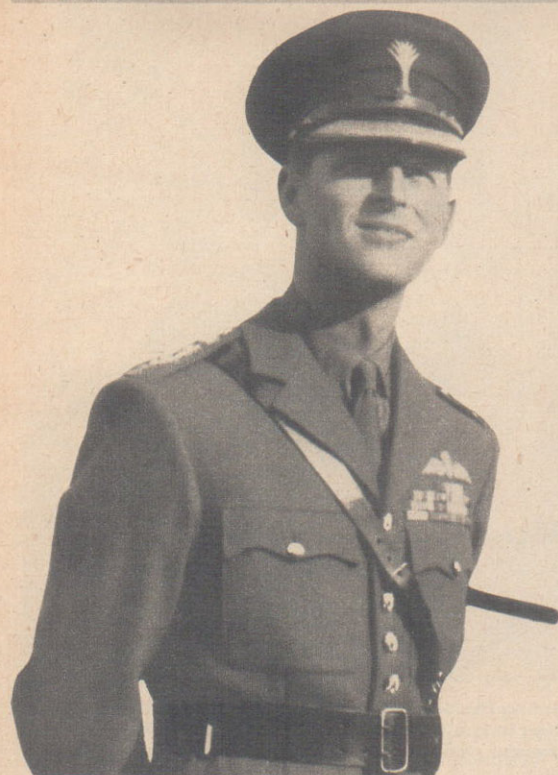
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The Duke wears the Welsh Guards cap badge—and pilot's wings: a picture taken at Windsor.

# THE DUKE RINGS THE CHANGES

As Field-Marshal or as Colonel-in-Chief the Duke of Edinburgh wears an increasing variety of uniforms

**S**INCE he became a field-marshal last January the Duke of Edinburgh has worn the Army's scarlet, dark blue and khaki. His head-dresses have ranged from a tank-man's black beret to a field-marshal's plumed hat. He has also worn a Highland regiment's kilt.

So far he has not appeared in a Guards bearskin, but the Guards will probably not rest until he does. There are times when the Duke must feel that life was simpler as a sailor!

One of the Duke's most recent parade-ground appearances was when he inspected men of the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards (of which he is Colonel) before they sailed for the Middle East. He wore the leek badge of the Welsh Guards in his cap. Over his medal ribbons were his pilot's wings.

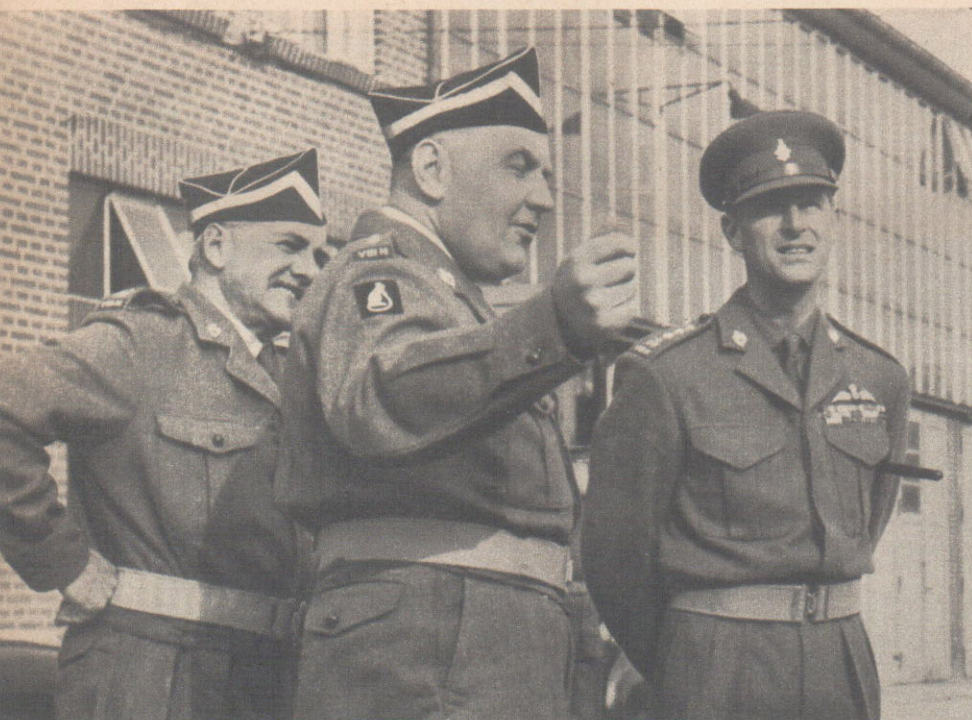
The Duke had only just returned from Germany, where he had visited a 260-year-old

**OVER**



In the ceremonial uniform of a field-marshal—with baton: the Duke of Edinburgh rides to the Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards Parade.





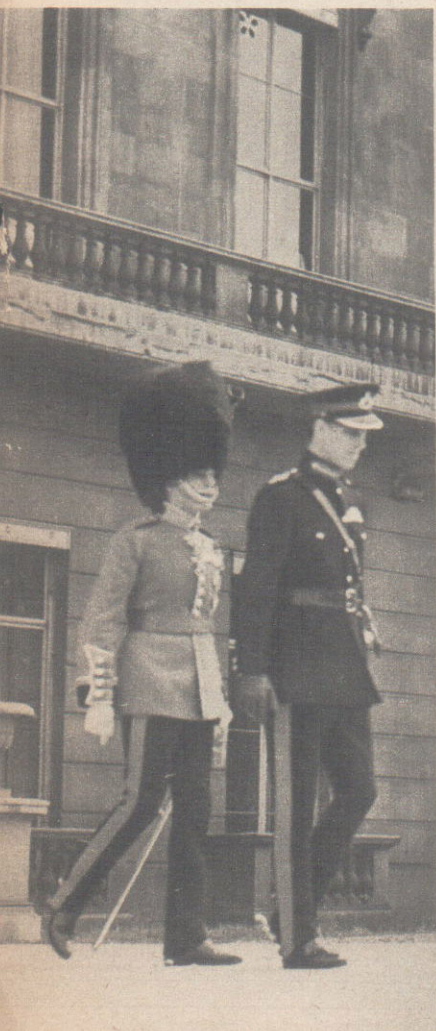
Visiting the 8th Hussars in Germany, the Duke wore the Regiment's badges—but not the ornate headgear as worn by Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the Regiment (left) and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Guy Lowther, Commanding Officer.



Wearing the black beret of the Royal Armoured Corps. Below: in the Number One Dress of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, with new-style sporran.

continuing

## THE DUKE RINGS THE CHANGES



The Duke wears the Army's Number One Dress on a Guards occasion at Buckingham Palace. Right: as he appeared on his Rhine Army tour last spring, when he wore khaki for the first time.

regiment of which he is Colonel-in-Chief: the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. He wore battledress with peaked cap containing the Regiment's badge. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Guy Lowther and the officers who greeted him wore traditional headgear which outshone that of their visitor.

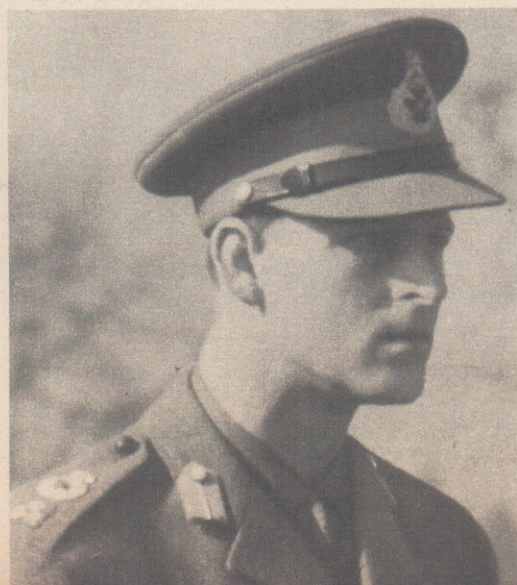
On an earlier visit to Rhine Army the Duke appeared in battledress with a peaked cap bearing the badge appropriate to his field-marshal's rank. When climbing in and out of Centurion tanks he wore a black beret, with the same badge.

The Duke's most ornate uniform to date has been the field-marshal's full dress, with white-plumed hat, which he wore on horseback when accompanying the Queen at the Trooping the Colour ceremony. He carried his baton.

The Duke has his blue Number One Dress, too. He has also appeared in the kilted version of that dress as worn by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief.

Another regiment of which the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief is the Wiltshire Regiment (Duke of Edinburgh's). The Wiltshires' original Duke of Edinburgh was Alfred Ernest Albert, second son of Queen Victoria.

Other military appointments of the Duke include the colonelcy-in-chief of the Army Cadet Corps.





# SOLDIER to Soldier

**F**OR the British Army, it has been a year of "fire brigade" duty. The big blaze in Korea is out; the persistent blaze in Malaya is isolated, half-stifled but not extinct; in the Kenya bush the fires are menacing but are being brought under control; in the Canal Zone the coals are still smouldering, puffed occasionally into nasty licks of flame; in Trieste and British Guiana the firemen are standing by with buckets and hose.

Unexpectedly the year has ended with the British Army in a sixth continent; an unfamiliar continent, but one which nevertheless crops up now and again in the Army's history. By all accounts the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have made as great a hit in Guiana as they did when, in 1950, they "first-footed" another land then unfamiliar: Korea.

When it was announced that Trieste was to be evacuated by British troops, **SOLDIER** prepared a feature entitled "Good-Bye To Trieste." The next day it was thought advisable to insert a question mark after the headline, and on the day after that to throw the whole thing away. Annoying, but not so annoying as the experience of the Trieste garrison, who began packing, said goodbye to their families, and then started unpacking again—to prepare for a much slower withdrawal.

The Army evacuates some stations without a pang, but many soldiers may yet feel a certain regret in looking their last on the Adriatic. As trouble-spots go, it has been a congenial one (compare its amenities with those of another trouble-spot situated at the northern end of a long sea-gulf: Akaba). Although the Triestini from time to time have joined in the cry of "Tommy, go home!" the individual British soldier in the so-called Free City has never been unpopular. When he goes, he will be missed, not for his spending money alone.

**A**RE the observations of Mr. Gilbert Harding worth both-ering about?

Many will say they are not. Yet thousands regard him as an oracle, and when he goes down with bronchitis it is front-page news.

In the week that Lieutenant-Colonel Carne was awarded the Victoria Cross, Mr. Harding saw fit to attack service in Her Majesty's Forces as a waste of time.

Here are the oracle's words, as reported in the *Daily Mail*: "Young men are dragged away, at the very moment when they ought to be enjoying themselves, to waste their time in some ill-fitting uniform, being bellowed at by morons, in the service of some cloudy and ill-defined ideal with which successive politicians seek to infuse them.

"It is outrageous that the youth of today should be subject to this tedious, squalid and regimented discharge of an imaginary duty."

Some may think it equally outrageous that the youth of today should be subjected to this tedious, squalid and intemperate abuse by a bumptious quizmaster.

By now Mr. Harding ought to be able to appreciate that the freedom he enjoys was won for him by the British Serviceman. Some day he might find time to wonder what the world would be like at this moment if the British Army had been pulled home in its entirety in 1945 instead of being required to discharge an "imaginary duty" in Malaya, Korea and elsewhere.

On one occasion Mr. Harding apologised for fourth-rate behaviour. This stuff is not even fourth-rate; it is not even Fourth Form.

**T**HE Royal Navy is to be congratulated on its recent enterprise in inviting the Press to sit in

at a board for the selection of potential officers.

The pressmen came away with the impression, not that smart youths were being turned down because of Northern accents, but that the board were almost pathetically anxious to find any signs of determination, aggression, leadership and initiative among the youths appearing before them.

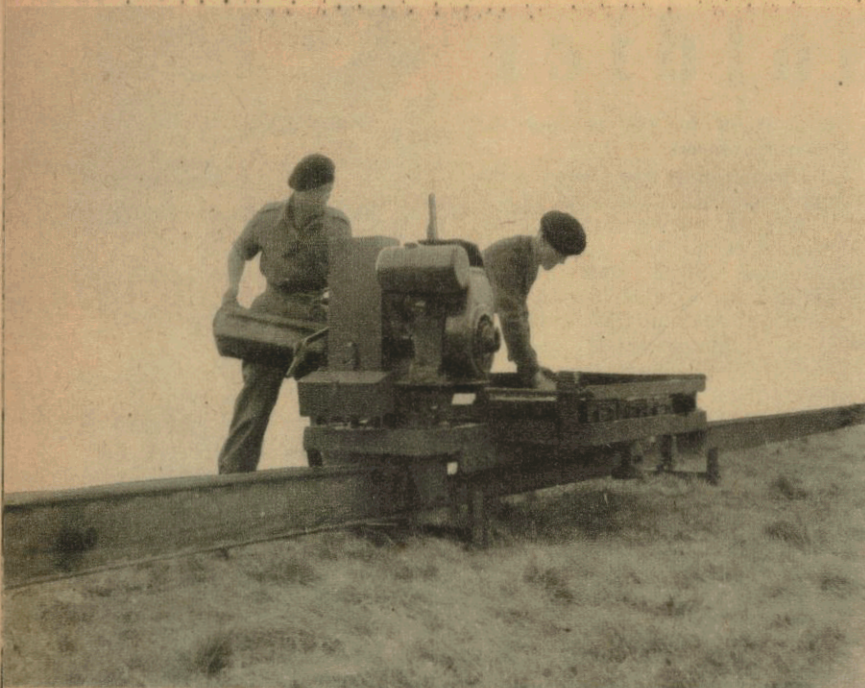
As **SOLDIER** has said before, there are plenty of intelligent youths whose personalities are negative; such candidates are rejected, and rightly, by all three Services. No parents like to think that their sons have uninspiring personalities, and so tales get around that boys are rejected because they went to the wrong school or came from the wrong county.

The Royal Navy's "public view" threw timely light on a serious problem which affects all three Services. What will happen in the near future when the boards have to interview a succession of youths who, when asked to name their sports, say "watching television?"

Some names make headlines but only a few reach the history books. One destined for permanent fame is that of Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Carne VC, DSO. In the picture below he stands, silent upon a peak in Korea the day after his release from captivity. The hill is Gloster Hill, where his Regiment made their splendid stand. The Glosters formed part of 29th British Independent Infantry Brigade, whose present Commander, Brigadier D. A. Kendrew CBE, DSO is seen with Lieutenant-Colonel Carne. They are standing on the site of Colonel Carne's final "command post" during the battle.







This transporter runs on a single rail and requires no driver. It may soon be used in big depots. Right: the new conveyor belt loading petrol cans.



## Now for the AUTOMATIC

**M**ACHINES were the models at an Army fashion show on Salisbury Plain: big-muscled machines built expressly to save time and men. Machines, it may be, for stacking up the big beach-head of tomorrow.

Watching the show were senior officers from War Office, Home Commands and Rhine Army. Many were impressed by a driverless transporter which carried a ton of stores along a single raised rail, up gradients of one in 12 and round sharp corners, stopping automatically at loading and un-

The Army can always find work for another machine. Some useful novelties were paraded recently for its inspection on Salisbury Plain

loading points. They were told that it consumed only one gallon of petrol in eight hours.

If it successfully passes the tests imposed on it by the Materials Handling Experimental Unit of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, the machine will be fitted with a diesel engine and used for ferrying ammunition and stores both in depots and in the field. It could also be used in road-making and site clearance.

Fork-lift trucks and tractors which halve manpower and yet do double the work also attracted great interest. They are fitted with steel prongs which fit into base plates carrying stores and raise and lower loads from ground level up to 12 feet. In a man-against-machine competition the fork-lift trucks won easily. While four men loaded eight tons of petrol in jerricans in half an hour the fork-lift machine employing only two men loaded 15 tons in 22 minutes. Unloading 25-pounder ammunition from three-ton lorries, four men took 30 minutes to shift 15 tons; the fork-lift machine, with only two men, did the job in exactly half the time.

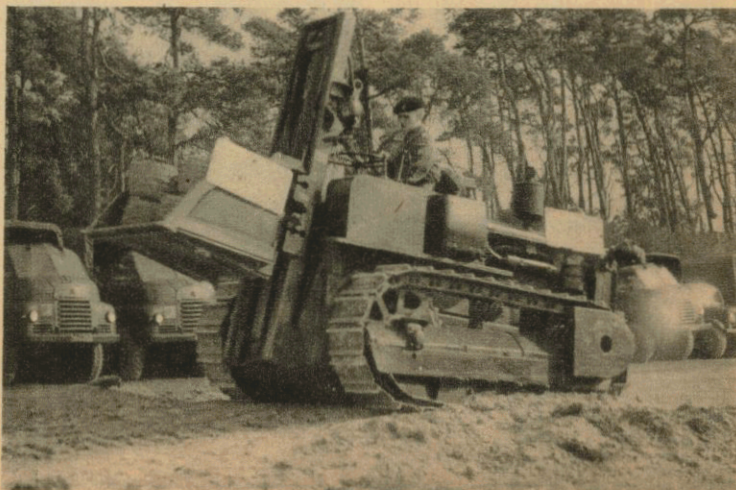
Fork-lift machines are jacks-of-all trades. The wheeled versions

can travel at 30 m.p.h. and the tracked ones have a remarkable cross-country performance when carrying loads. Both can be used to load and unload any type of military vehicle.

Three machines were used to show how bridge-building can be speeded. With their aid, three bays of a bridge were erected by 28 Sappers and launched over a wide gap in 10 minutes. Normally, 40 men would have taken 45 minutes to do the same work. When bridges have to be rushed up under fire, or completed by darkness to achieve surprise, the claims of this new system of building are worth considering.

Also on show was an automatic loader which can scoop up earth or sand at the rate of one ton a

One man and a fork-lift tractor do the work of nine soldiers without any broken or gashed fingers. This is a cross-country model.



Build your Bailey bridge this way: the fork-lift truck carries two steel bridge girders like these to the scene of operations with ease

## Beach-head

minute and load it into a lorry by means of a conveyor belt. This machine could also be used for site clearing and road making.

Among hydraulic cranes was one fitted with an electro-magnet which picked up a gun barrel weighing 17 hundredweight as though it were a pin at the end of a toy magnet. Another raised seven tons of cased stores in one lift.

One new machine for which a prototype will soon be ready will be capable of bull-dozing, lifting two tons by crane, scooping and

carrying stores on a fork-lift. It will be able to travel in road convoy at 30 m.p.h. and have a good cross-country performance.

It was for senior officers watching the demonstration to ponder how best these machines can be adapted for use in the Army. Lieutenant-General Sir Ernest Down, Commander-in-Chief Southern Command, stressed that in any future war, when dispersal would be essential, the speedy handling of supplies would be vital.

E. J. GROVE

With a fork-lift loading a truck is work for a girl.



It has preserved the living—and the dead

# RUM!

**R**UM, the Serviceman's traditional pick-me-up in times of stress and sometimes of celebration, has been in the news. When HMS Implacable sailed with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders to British Guiana 756 gallons of rum were taken on board. But contrary to reports, it was not to be drunk on the voyage; it was to be stored in Georgetown, capital of the colony, and issued only if operational conditions required.

Rum is usually associated with the Navy, but it has been an Army drink nearly as long as beer. Today, however, it is not a frequent issue.

Cavaliers who fled to Barbados were the first soldiers to drink it; it was called "Kill Devil." Cromwell's Roundheads were not introduced to it until 1655, when a British expedition captured Jamaica.

After that rum was drunk regularly as part of the daily ration by soldiers in the West Indies and serving on ships. The tot was anything up to half a pint, but rum cost only sixpence a quart.

Fortescue's "Canteens in the British Army," describing off-duty conditions in the 18th century, says: "In hot climates—India and the West Indies—when once the morning period was over, the men had little to do but sit and look at each other. The result, naturally, was that they drank to pass the time. In India there was arrack and in the West Indies there was rum, a new rum which is poison."

But rum was never a daily ration for soldiers serving elsewhere than in the West Indies, although it could be bought for three-halfpence a pint by men in their canteens. Today it is sold in the Army only in officers' and sergeants' messes and clubs.

Soldiers serving as part of ships' crews have always received the same daily rum issue as sailors, in the form of grog, which is rum mixed with at least three parts of water.

Grog gets its name from Admiral Vernon, who was known as "Old Grog" because he always wore a cloak of program (a coarse fabric). In the early 1700's rum was issued neat and sailors used to hoard it for wild parties in port. To stop this reprehensible habit "Old Grog" ordered that rum should be diluted with three parts of water so that it would not keep for more than a few days. The rest of the Navy followed suit.

The Naval tradition of splicing the mainbrace originally involved the issue of an extra tot to put new heart into men after arduous duty. Today the

## ARMY ORDERS 'SPlice THE MAINBRACE'

THE Army ordered "Splice the Mainbrace" at a Territorial camp after 300 men had reported sick during manoeuvres.

A rum issue makes news.

mainbrace is spliced only on occasions of national rejoicing.

In the Navy the daily tot is issued to all officers and men over 20. Those under 20 and teetotallers receive 3d. in lieu. The Army has no age limit, although boys are not allowed an issue. Rum, in the Army, is given only on the order of a divisional commander when a medical officer considers it necessary to safeguard health; as, for instance, after a strenuous exercise in cold or wet, when the men can rest immediately afterwards.

Members of the Women's Royal Army Corps are also entitled to their tot—a concession dating from early in World War Two when ATS girls on anti-aircraft gun sites were allowed one fluid ounce (a little more than a tablespoonful) after action, or in intense cold. Soon afterwards the pre-war issue of two-and-a-half fluid ounces was reduced to one fluid ounce for the entire Army.

Rum is reputed to have saved many lives in both World Wars. Field-Marshal Lord Ironside has told how, in the Archangel campaign, especially on sleigh journeys when no warm food could be obtained, rum was the only means of keeping up body heat. Even "dry" American troops took rum, defying regulations. French troops found their solidly frozen bottle of raw wine a poor substitute for rum. "The worst night we ever encountered registered 87 degrees of frost . . . only our tot of rum kept us alive," General Ironside has written.

Rum has not only fortified the living. It has preserved the dead. The bodies of admirals who died at sea used to be carried home in casks of rum.





# ONE MAN IS THE ENEMY

*You want the best battles—he has them. Cliff Richardson will lay on an Alamein or Trafalgar, and nobody will get hurt*



Each switch on the firing board sets off a nasty novelty.

ONLY in recent years has battle simulation—with real explosives—been brought to an advanced art in the British Army. Some readers will recall the article on the “Hohne Box” (SOLDIER, March 1950) telling how one man can “orchestrate” an impressive mock-bombardment for a military exercise.

But for more than a quarter of a century one man, Mr. Cliff Richardson, has been running a most successful line in battle simulation—for British films. Armed with a firing board of his own devising, equipped with multiple switches, he has played the role of one-man enemy for battle scenes in a great variety of films, among the more recent being “The Intruder,” “The Red Beret,” “Captain Horatio Hornblower,” and “The Gift Horse.”

Mr. Richardson first began to exercise his ingenuity in this field in the property department of Ealing Studios, where snowstorms or miniature towns had to be rustled up at short notice. He soon became known as a special effects man who could produce a convincing bombardment on land, sea or in the air, and yet (a matter of some importance) cause no casualties among highly-paid actors.

It is important, says Mr. Richardson, to gain the confidence of the actors on the set. “I usually tell them about the explosives I am using,” he said, “and give them a demonstration by placing a charge in the ground and standing as close as possible while my assistant

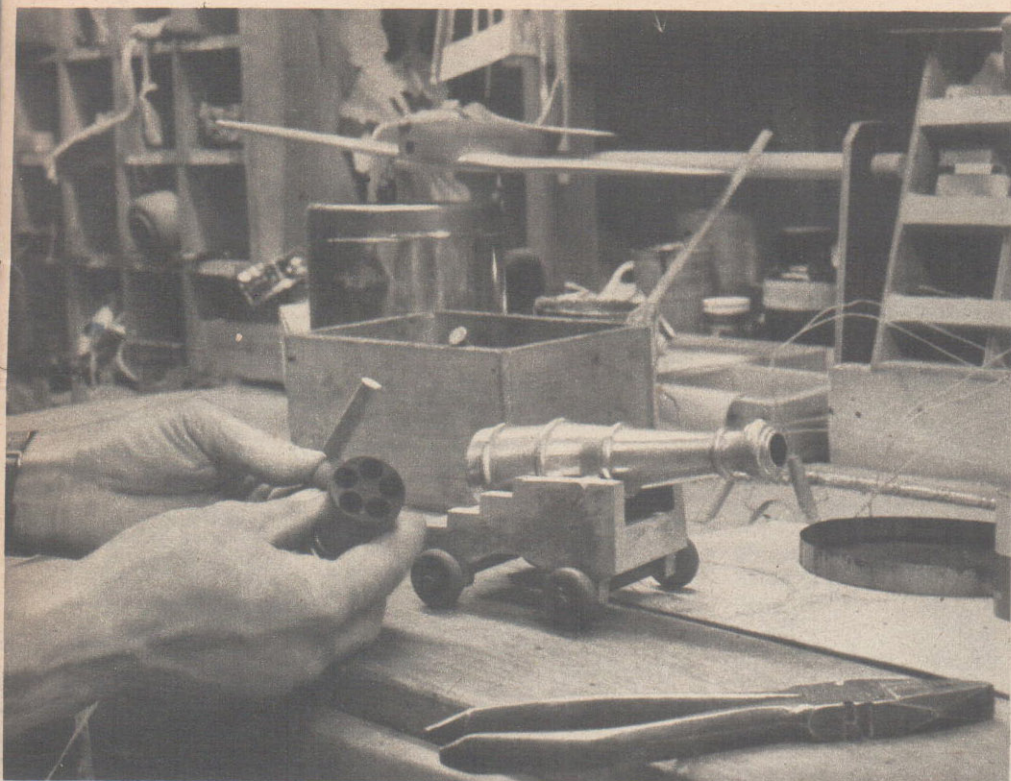
fires it. I brace myself and try to appear unconcerned as the charge explodes and walk away nonchalantly hoping they will feel confident enough to follow my example.

“Obviously large quantities of high explosives cannot be used in the studios,” he says. “We try to get the best visual effect with the minimum charge of explosive—usually gunpowder. We use this to blow into the air debris which will not hurt anybody—pieces of broken cork, felt and even sponge.

“On outdoor battle scenes on a large scale I can use high explosives to blow several tons of earth into the air. But first the battlefield must be carefully sifted and all stones removed. The position of the charges must be clearly marked so that the actors can see them, and timing must be perfect.”

In “The Intruder,” a film featuring tank warfare, five hundred pounds of gelignite were used together with special charges of Mr. Richardson’s own design to create the effect of shells striking armour plate, fuel tanks exploding, ammunition blowing up and shells bursting in the air.





**Top, left:** Working on a miniature cannon for a Hornblower naval battle. It can fire a series of gunpowder charges electrically.

**Top, right:** A barrage of "Roman candles" which explode in the air with a brilliant flash, like flak.

**Left:** Half a pound of gelnite is detonated in water, producing a high-towering plume of spray.



Before a battle can be staged police permits must be obtained for large-scale purchase and storage of explosives. The ground must be surveyed and measured to decide the amount of explosive and shot firing material required. Surrounding property must be protected against fire.

Cliff Richardson gained his experience the hard way. In 1930 when he was new to explosives he was using smokeless photographic flash powder to fake lightning. A large quantity of this pre-ignited owing to damp, causing an explosion which put him in hospital for six weeks. From this severe lesson he learned the necessity of paying the strictest personal attention to the storage of equipment on location. He has built up for himself a notable reputation for safety.

Numerous devices, now in general use in film studios, were invented in Cliff Richardson's workshop. Among them are methods of producing artificial clouds, fog and mist, guns fired by gases instead of cartridges, and (in co-operation with the Pyrene Company) a fire foam nozzle from which can be sprayed snowflakes to any desired density.

Smoke scenes in the studio used to mean the loss of many shooting hours while the studio was cleared of smoke afterwards. But Cliff Richardson produces *controlled* smoke—and everybody is happy, except possibly the firemen, whose fingers itch to sound the alarm.

W. H. PEARSON



**The Wilcox Chastiser** (the name is a private joke) emits black smoke with a bright flash, using only half an ounce of explosive, plus a special compound.

**Below:** A petrol explosion is fired by Cordtex detonating fuze wound round a can of petrol; gelnite is planted underneath to "atomise" the petrol.







The earthquake started it—the Army finishes it. Tottering walls cannot be cleared by explosive; they must be pulled down. Here Sappers set their gear.

# THE ARMY TACKLES AN EARTHQUAKE

*Gunners and Sappers on Cyprus did a fine job of relief when catastrophe came to the sunlit island*

Tractors and lorries were used to pull down the remains of stricken houses.



**W**HEN British soldiers in Cyprus felt their island shudder, as if it were a wharf butted by a liner, they had a good idea that this would mean a change in the day's routine.

They were right. For some of them it has meant a change of routine lasting for weeks. Among them are Sappers who, at the time of the 'quake, had just returned to Cyprus for a rest after tidying up in the wake of another earthquake in the Greek islands.

The villagers in the Paphos district were busy in the vineyards, shortly after six o'clock in the morning, when the earthquake struck. Houses and churches tumbled, roads disappeared under rubble and dust rose high in the still air. It seemed impossible that only 40 lives should have been lost, in view of the grim extent of the damage.

The first concern of the Government was to house the homeless in tents, pull down tottering buildings and keep communications open.

Across the mountains at his headquarters at Nicosia, Brigadier S. F. Garrett had begun planning as soon as he felt the shock. At once he committed two batteries of 49 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, and two troops of 30 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers along with Royal Army Service Corps transport and the Royal Corps of Signals. Soon a tented camp was set up on waste ground behind the little harbour of Paphos. This task force was placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Lewis, who established his headquarters in a tent wall enclosure beside the District Commissioner in the yard of Ktima Police Station.

The Army set to work with energy. They sorted tents, loaded them on to lorries to be distributed to villages. (Later many tents were brought in from Malta, the Canal Zone and elsewhere by the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.)

Roads, unaltered from the days when Richard Coeur de Lion landed at Paphos on his way to the Crusades, corkscrew their way up the valleys and are bordered throughout their length by precipices—all very well for a mule, but no fun for a three-tonner.

Most villages can boast a few ex-Servicemen among them, but a tent of any size is best put up by a trained team. The Army showed how. Tents were only for the homeless, but all the villagers clamoured in shrill voices that they were afraid to sleep in their cracked houses and that they too must have tents.

A host of school children helped like beavers to put up a large marquee—until they discovered that this meant school again. One man decided that he would have a two-roomed tent, so he pitched his across a bit of standing wall; another slight tremor and the wall would have collapsed inside his tent. As the work went on, the Army's jeeps and trucks became filled with bunches of fat grapes, more than the men could eat themselves and plenty for their comrades back in camp.

The Gunners were inspired by the courage of the homeless in the sudden disaster which, like a war-time blitz, had ravaged this corner of an enchanted island.

A different problem faced the Sappers. The Public Works Department in Ktima gave them urgent assignments to pull down dangerous walls and buildings.

A church tower, cracked and liable to fall at any moment, was one of their first tasks. The bells, being heavier than the supporting masonry, fell first, preceding the usual noise of rumble and crash with cool clear notes. Later these bells were dug out and found to be sound.

The work was often perilous. In Ktima it was not always possible to judge, even from close examination, the real structure of the masonry on which the Sappers were working. Sometimes, after careful contriving to drop only the corner of a house menacing the street, they found that the back caved in as well, bringing with it the house next door. It was impossible to use explosives. Holes had to be cut manually in a dangerous wall, then a steel hawser inserted and the wall winched down. It was a heartbreaking job pulling down houses with the tearful owners looking on.

After their day's work the Sappers, smothered in dust and grime, hurried back to Paphos for a plunge into the cool water of the harbour.

Paphos, once one of the main ports of the Mediterranean, was totally destroyed by an earthquake in the early Middle Ages and never fully rebuilt. *Report by Captain HUGH CAMPBELL, Military Observer.*





A recovery truck pulls into the British post on the Semmering Pass. The British and Russian Zones of Austria meet here.

# A BARRIER IS RAISED

*There is one fewer road barrier in Europe. British and Russian soldiers have left the check points on Austria's Semmering Pass*

**A**FTER eight years, the check-points on the famous Semmering Pass in Austria—familiar to thousands of British soldiers—are no more.

Striped poles, a hundred yards or so apart, used to bar the road at the boundary between the British and Russian Zones of Austria. All British drivers bound for Vienna, which can be reached only by traversing the Russian Zone, were "logged" when they passed the British control post, and then had to show their papers at the Russian post.

It was a similar check to that operated at Helmstedt on the *autobahn* running from the British Zone of Germany to Berlin. But the Semmering control, unlike that at Helmstedt, has rarely been in the news. Incidents were rare.

For the British Infantrymen manning the Semmering it was a lonely post—but no one could complain of shortage of scenery.

When SOLDIER passed that way once a Russian cabin at the roadside had a portrait of Stalin in a long military greatcoat, with a naked electric light bulb burning above it in the **OVER**



The Russian and British guards paraded on the last day to exchange compliments. A Green Howards bugler sounded the general salute.





## A BARRIER IS RAISED (cont'd)

bright sunlight. As if in reply, a chalet occupied by British troops bore on its outside the familiar NAAFI photographs of the King and Queen.

On the day of withdrawal drizzle masked the bright autumn tints of the woodlands. The ceremony began when men of the Green Howards dismantled their red-and-white pole across the road. The British guard then marched along the main road to a point just short of the Russian check-post, to await the arrival of the Russian Guard. Austrian sightseers began to collect.

Marching briskly, the Russian guard came up the road and halted 30 yards away. When they had formed up the British guard presented arms, and the Green Howards' bugler sounded the guard salute. Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. E. Cranstoun, MC, Grenadier Guards, from Vienna, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. S. Miller, DSO, commanding the Green Howards, marched forward to meet Colonel Malyshev and

Colonel Stepanov, of the Russian Military Division, Vienna. There were cordial greetings and handshakes. After a general salute the Russian guard about-turned and marched away; the British guard retired beyond their former check-point.

After the ceremony Lieutenant-Colonel Cranstoun entertained the two Russian officers in the local Semmering Cafe Espresso—a notable day in the cafe's history. Also there as guests were the Burgomaster of Semmering and a representative of the Austrian gendarmerie. There was lively talk for nearly an hour in a medley of English, Russian, French and German. When the Army Public Relations photographer took a picture, Colonel Malyshev asked for a copy "if it is a good one."

The withdrawal on the Semmering follows closely on other withdrawals from check-points on the zonal boundaries in Lower Austria and Burgenland.

But Europe still has plenty more check-points operating.

Speaking English, Russian, French and German: the party in the Semmering Cafe Espresso. On left is Colonel Stepanov, with Lieut-Col A. D. S. Miller, D.S.O. (in Sam Browne). Colonel Malyshev is on right of picture. Backing the window is Lieut-Col A. J. E. Cranstoun, MC.



On the alert: an African soldier in the Aberdare Forest.

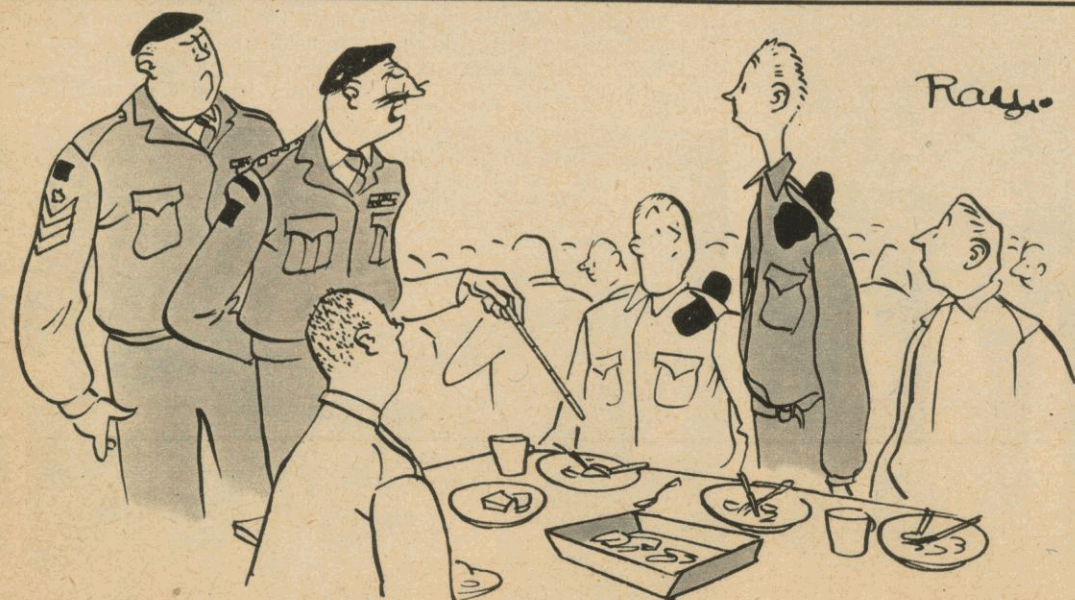
## THEY ATTACK

British soldiers now have bases high on the forested peaks of the Aberdares, where the Mau Mau gangs hoped to find sanctuary

**A** NEW method of combating the terrorist gangs who take refuge in the Aberdare Mountains of Kenya has been evolved by the Security Forces. Along the top of the range have been set up a number of "jeepheads." These, as the name implies, are the bush equivalent to "rail-heads." (Jeepheads are also to be found in the New Territories of Hong-Kong.)

The Aberdare Mountains are a 50-mile-long banana-shaped ridge on the eastern side of the Great Rift Valley, thrown up by the same tremendous cataclysm which caused the Rift to form. They rise to 13,000 feet at their highest point. From earliest times they have been the traditional hiding-place of the Kikuyu tribe from their many enemies.

The gangsters knew the tracks in this forest fortress. They carried very little equipment, and could slip down to the cultivated land to obtain food to supplement



"When I ask 'Have you any complaints?' I want to hear about the food—not your rheumatism!"



Surrender in the forest: the man on the ground is neither dead nor wounded. Terrorists will sham dead and try to escape later.

## FROM JEEPHEADS

the game they killed. Visibility in the forest is seldom more than three or four yards and a fugitive can hide in thick undergrowth a few feet from his pursuer.

The Security Forces had to carry their loads on their backs and their effective range was thus limited. They supplemented their supplies by air drops, but a plane buzzing overhead was a warning to the enemy to make himself scarce.

The jeepheads have changed the situation. Now the terrorists, much to their discomfiture, are finding bases established right in the middle of country they had always considered their preserve.

To establish the bases, the first thing was to cut roads passable by a small vehicle. This was done by following old game tracks and especially elephant walks. An elephant appears to have an instinctive knowledge of gradients and always follows the best line of country. He also picks firm ground because of his great weight.

The roads were begun by turning out troops and Kikuyu communal labour to cut down the forest and bush bordering the tracks. Even if the troops were

not employed in the actual cutting they had to be there to guard against attack. When the cutting was completed, bulldozers were used to shave off the worst bumps. Care, however, has been taken not to cut away all the roots and grass as these help to bind the surface in heavy rains.

From the jeepheads, stocked with supplies, the patrols now set

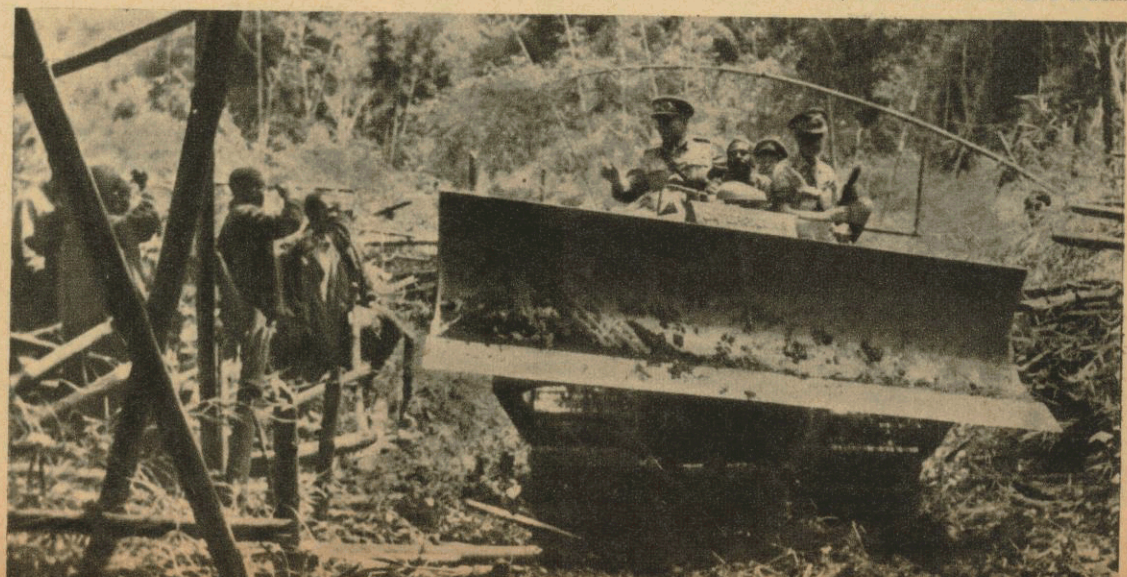
out to range the very middle of the terrorist country, instead of working in from the edges. It is the intention to link up the bases by further roads so that the whole area will have a network of tracks from which to operate.

The jeepheads themselves are comfortable camps. With unlimited bamboo at hand, very pleasant little huts are rapidly run up. Tables, chairs and even clothes closets have been constructed. Patrols go out fresh and fit and come back to

comparative comfort. As one company commander said: "Only a fool is uncomfortable. In the bush a good soldier can make a home anywhere."

One jeephead, manned by the 4th King's African Rifles, has been called Fort Essex because the company commander comes from the Essex Regiment. Another has been named Fort Warwick, also from county associations of the occupiers. But they are not really forts: they are essentially bases for attack.—*Report by Major J. R. Galwey, Military Observer.*

With General Sir George Erskine, Commander-in-Chief, East Africa on board, a bulldozer carves a track.







The Pipe Band of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders brought unfamiliar music to the capital of British Guiana.

**GUIANA**

## **"JOCKS" IN GEORGETOWN**



**I**T'S a long time since a British battalion set foot on the South American continent. When trouble threatened in the Colony of British Guiana, the Royal Welch Fusiliers were rushed from Jamaica to Georgetown, capital of the Colony.

Then the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders arrived from Britain, and the Welshmen handed over to the Scotsmen at a ceremony watched by big crowds. Outside Government House the Fusiliers presented a symbolic key to the Highlanders and played "Auld Lang Syne." Afterwards the Fusiliers re-embarked for Jamaica.

Both battalions achieved quick popularity in the Colony—and all the small boys want to join the British Army.

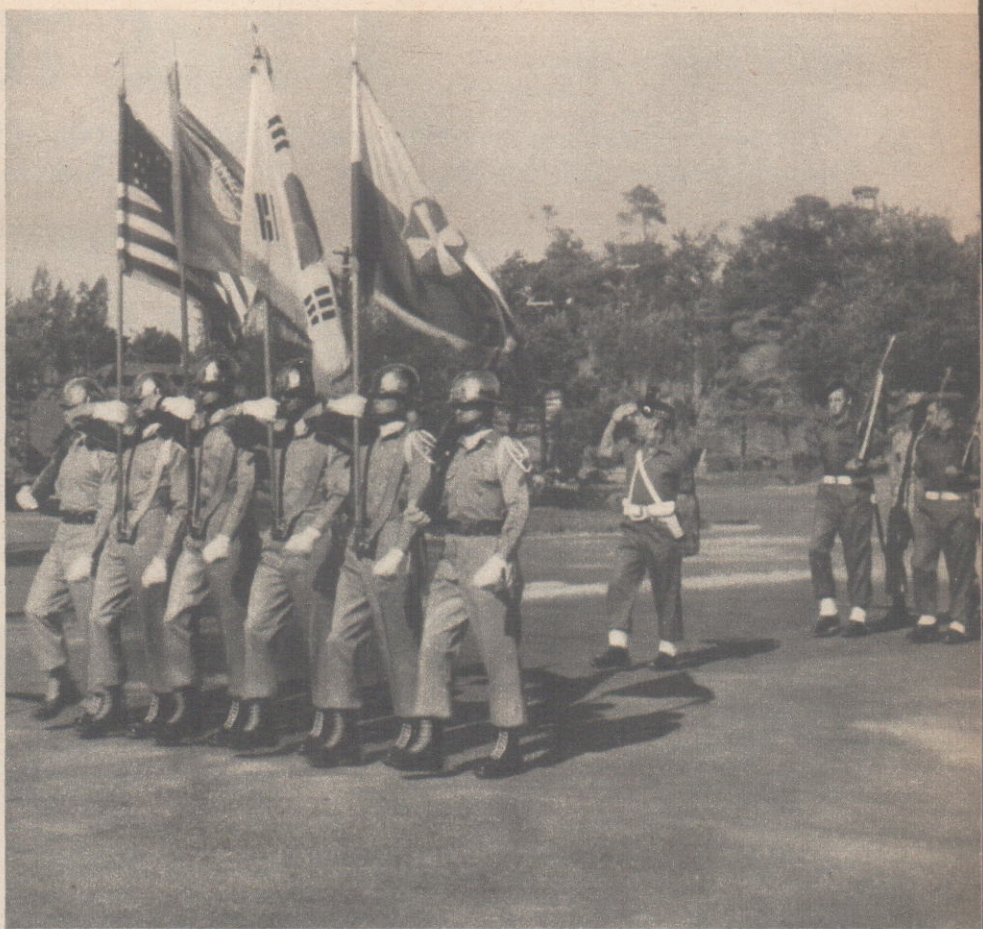


Left: Europe, Asia, America—it's all the same to the Argylls, here disembarking at Georgetown, British Guiana. Above: commanding the Argylls is Lieut-Colonel J. C. Church MC, (left); commanding British Forces in the Caribbean, Brigadier A. C. F. Jackson.





Saluting the smart Colour-bearers of the United States Army (right) are Major-General H. Murray, new Commander of 1st Commonwealth Division and Major-General M. M. A. R. West, retiring (with stick).



## KOREA

# A TIME TO SALUTE

**T**HEY can lay on as smart a parade in Korea as anywhere. When Major-General M. M. A. R. West said farewell to 1st Commonwealth Division he stood with his successor, Major-General H. Murray (the second Scot to command the Division) and General Maxwell D. Taylor, commanding 8th Army, to take the salute as a divisional guard of honour marched past, led by United States Colour-bearers. A new road was named "Mike West Highway" in his honour. Then General West tucked his big frame (and big stick) into a small aircraft and was whisked away by a serjeant of the Glider Pilot Regiment.



British Commonwealth soldiers, carrying the flag of the United Nations, took part in a parade to mark the retirement of United States General Mark Clark and to honour his successor to the Korea command, General John E. Hull.



They named a highway after the retiring Commander. With him stands the Commander of 1st Corps, Lieutenant-General Bruce C. Clarke, U.S. Army.

OVER



# A TIME TO WATCH . . .

*All is quiet—for the time being—on the border between North and South Korea. Commonwealth troops, still on the alert, are making themselves snug for their fourth winter*



From an observation tower Canadian soldiers look for signs of life in the opposite hills. They are in radio touch with headquarters.



## . . . AND A TIME TO WASH

**S**INCE the fighting ended, troops in Korea have had more time to spruce up. That has meant a rush of work for the mobile laundry and bath unit of 1st Commonwealth Division.

The unit is located in a narrow pass through which a mountain stream flows. Working 24 hours a day, in shifts, the troops engaged there clean the clothes of 15,000 men. Units are allotted fixed days for bringing in their dirty washing, to prevent Monday morning accumulations.

There are five mobile laundry trailers, each a self-contained laundry containing generator, boiler, pump, washing machine, hydro extractor, tumbler dryer and airing cupboard. Eighty pounds of "trousers olive green" can be washed twice, rinsed twice and dried within an hour. The hydro extractor takes 60 per cent of the moisture from the clothes in 10 minutes; and the drying tumbler completes the job as quickly.

Towels, heavily grimed from trenches and field workshops, need drastic treatment: they are subjected to a steam blast of 220 degrees Fahrenheit. Socks, by contrast, must be cleaned at a

temperature of 80-90 degrees, and slow-dried.

Officers and troops on special duties, such as guards of honour, may have their clothes starched and ironed. In the pressing tent Korean boys using Japanese electric irons press 2000 articles a week.

Operating the machines in winter is a tough job. With the temperature falling to more than 40 degrees below freezing all the water must be drained from the systems after the day's work. Night shifts are impossible owing to the extreme cold. By day operators have to wear gloves to prevent their hands sticking to the cold metal. Pipes leading from under the ice on the rivers must be constantly changed, for as ice forms inside them the flow of water becomes insufficient to feed the boilers.

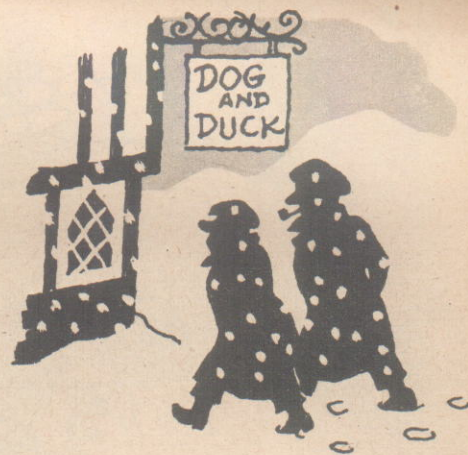
By contrast in summer the lads work stripped to the waist and the temperature in the trailers averages 115 degrees.

But the men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps take these handicaps in their stride. A soldier in 1st Commonwealth Division can always be sure of a clean shirt.



Drying socks for a division. The Commonwealth Division's mobile laundry works 24 hours.





## SEASON'S GREETINGS!

**Y**OU at the back, there! Silence, pray!  
Here is our Order of the Day,  
Spreading cheer to the lowest levels.  
Happy Christmas, you lucky devils!

Greetings to every man (and maiden)  
In Bulford and Schonbrunn, Antwerp, Aden,  
In Nether Wallop and Omdurman,  
And all (if any) in Pakistan.  
Greetings to every lusty lad  
In Wuppertal and Salzuflen (Bad),  
To all who answer the bugles blown  
In Famagusta and Fugglestone.  
Hail Benghazi! And how's the gang  
In Goodge Street Deep and Pasir Panjang?  
Hail Fanara (and how's the dhoobi?)  
Hail to the Hook, and hail Nairobi!  
Ho, Jamaica, and hi, Hong-Kong!  
Cheers, Guiana—it won't be long.  
Here's to the troops by the Yellow Sea,  
By the Red Sea, too, and in Trip-o-lee!

Here's to the lads, where'er they doss,  
In fort and hoochie, in tent or schloss,  
At Welbeck Abbey or Ruxley Towers,  
At Eltham Palace (and mind the flowers!)  
In neat new barracks of chaste designs,  
In Alma Camps and in Lucknow Lines,  
In haunted castles and Nissen huts,  
In bivvies and bunkers, bunks and butts.

Here's to the heroes planning larks  
On yen and ackers, on francs and marks,  
The bora-bored and the khamseen-crazed,  
The ghibli-grieved and the typhoon-razed,  
Greetings to all about to enter  
Smoky Joe's or the Nuffield Centre,  
The Reeperbahn or the church canteen,  
Or the Dog and Duck by the village green  
(All together, boys—"Nellie Dean!")

Greetings to all, this festive time,  
Playing in unit pantomime,  
Searching smugglers, painting signs,

Testing telephones, tasting wines,  
Bashing the square or bashing spuds,  
Flying Austers, exploding "duds,"  
Laying a barrage, laying lino,  
Showing the flag or dodging rhino,  
Guarding the dogs which guard the dumps,  
Making music or making jumps,  
Tapping keys or patrolling borders,  
Posting pin-ups or Part Two Orders.

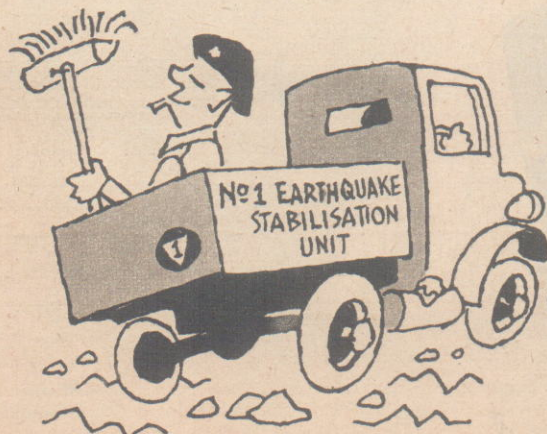
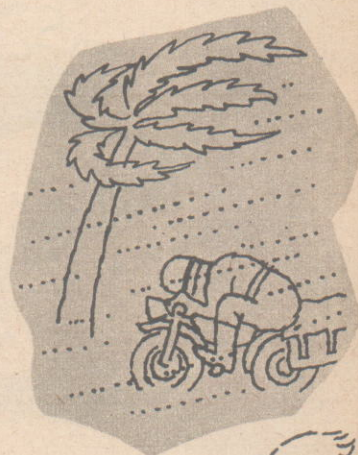
Here's to the girls with airs and graces  
Passing calls to the darnedest places,  
Calls to Fayid and Frimley Green  
(And gossiping gaily in between,  
Dreaming dreams of delightful things,  
And showing their new engagement rings).

Here's to the lads who strain and shove  
To sit in the wet and hear of Love—  
Love as sung by a sorceress  
In a skin-tight off-the-shoulder dress  
In the swilling rain—with immense success.

Hail to the "Y" List, likewise hail  
All who wave from the lorry's tail,  
All in open or close arrest . . .  
Everest climbers, all the best!  
Here's to the cooks who lash up suppers,  
Here's to the earthquake cleaner-uppers,  
Here's to the AER 1 (a),  
The FOO and the MGA,  
The GOC and the JAG,  
And the DDWRAC.  
Here's to the British Legion too,  
And the Sandhurst Drag (we must make that  
do).

May you get what you most approve!  
And now, three ranks in the roadway, *move!*

Verses by E. S. T.  
Decorations by FRANK FINCH



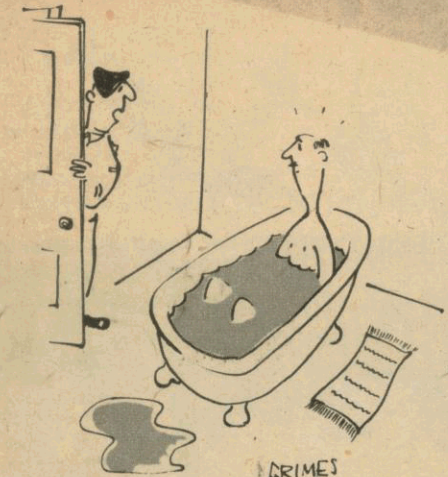




"Wakey, wakey! It's Christmas morning, and here's your cup of tea in bed!"



"Well, you told me to slip out and fetch a few herbs."



"Excuse me, sir, does one salute the officer or his uniform?"

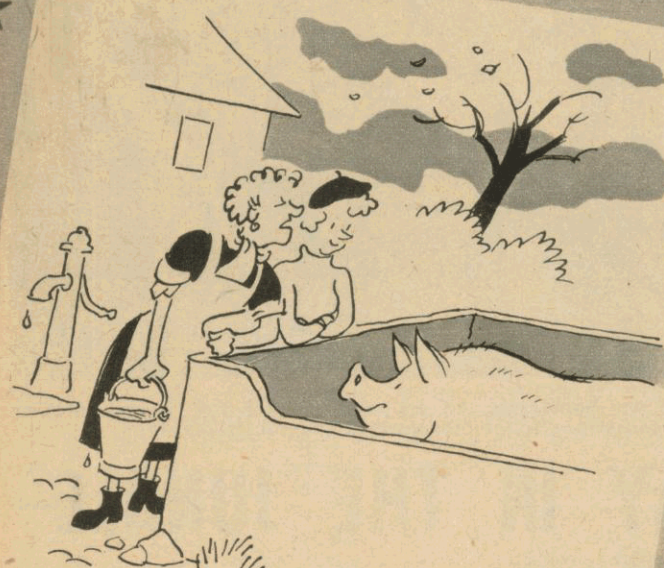
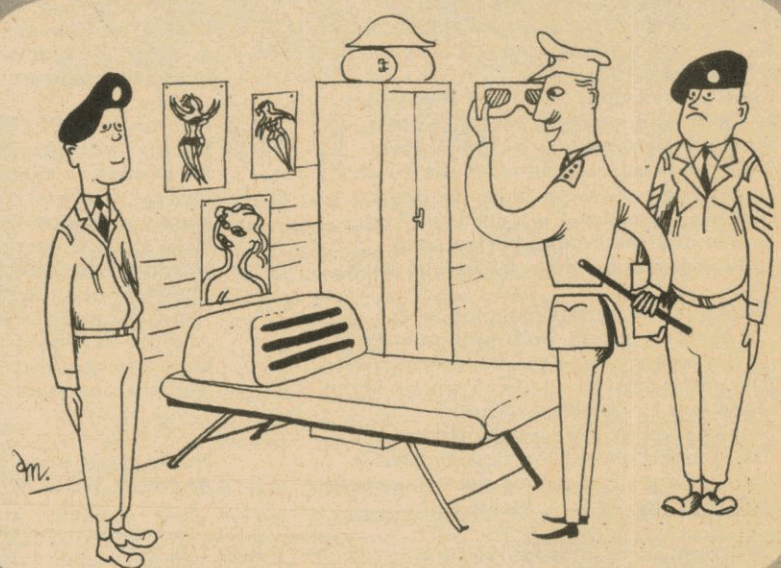


"I still think it would have been better to do this BEFORE we put it up."

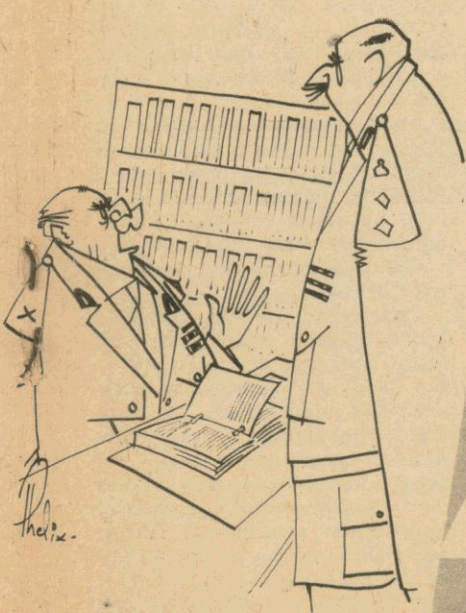
# SOLDIER HUMOUR



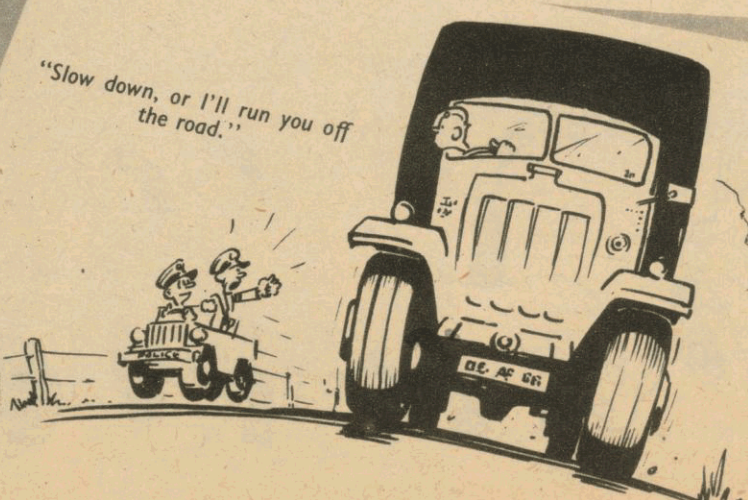
"All right, corporal—don't get up."



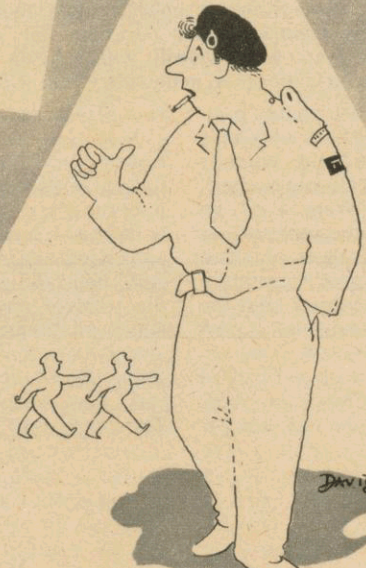
"We were keeping it for Christmas, but Bert wants us to sell it and buy him out."



"In my young days you didn't find words like 'pantees' in ACI's."

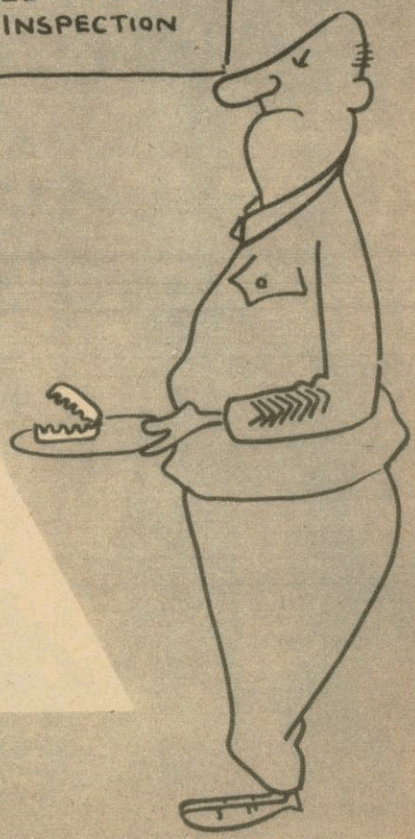


"Slow down, or I'll run you off the road."



"But, serjeant-major, I'm going on leave!"

DENTAL INSPECTION







Heavy meal for Light Infantry: men of the Somersets, off on patrol, watch the mixing of their Christmas pudding. It will be something to look forward to while jungle-bashing.

## IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE JUNGLE—

—and the Pudding had Stuck in a Tree.  
They laid on a Fearful EXPLOSION . . .  
Oh, Bring Back my Pudding to Me!

**C**HRISTMAS on a troopship, under a tropic moon (see **SOLDIER's** cover) may seem a bizarre occasion, but not more so than singing of peace and goodwill, with a hymn sheet in one hand and a weapon in the other, in the sultry heat of the Malayan jungle.

By now there are many hundreds of British soldiers who have carolled "See amid the winter's snow," "In the bleak mid-winter" and "Good King Wenceslas" in steamy tents, with the perspiration running down their faces. It takes time to work up a Christmas spirit in these conditions—but the men succeed. To help the atmosphere, the Royal West Kents have had English holly with red berries flown out every Christmas. One spray is worth all the lush vegeta-

tion of Malaya.

Men of "C" Company, the Green Howards, are unlikely to forget Christmas 1949. They were operating in primary jungle, mostly flooded. Their Christmas drop, consisting among other things of rum, beer and puddings, fell into the tops of trees, the lowest of which was 50 feet high. An Auster aircraft dropped saws, but these also lodged in the trees, so explosives were requested—and used. The sad result was that the

Christmas puddings, not to mention wireless sets, were blown into a torrent and lost. The Company finally sat down to a Christmas dinner on New Year's Eve.

Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, the General Officer Commanding Malaya, intends to make Christmas Day this year a holiday for every man who can be spared—but there can be no relaxation of vigilance against terrorists. "Every man will have a Christmas dinner—even if he has it a week late."

The Commanding Officer of 22 Special Air Service Regiment is confident that many of his men—travelling perhaps on foot, perhaps by motor transport, motor launch, raft, Valetta or helicopter—will be able to converge on base for Christmas.

Companies of the Somerset Light Infantry have their own farms with pigs and geese which are as closely guarded as their arms and ammunition. The 16th Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, have reared 28 fat geese out of 30 goslings bought in April. Gurkhas and Malays stand in wherever possible for British and Fijian troops over Christmas, as the British and Fijians do for the Gurkhas' Dashara Festival and the Malays' Hari Raya. *From a report by D. H. de T. Reade, Army Public Relations.*





**M**ANY soldiers, reading of the Egyptian proposal that the Canal Zone installations should be guarded by no more than 4000 British troops in civilian clothes, must have wondered how such an Army could be disciplined, paraded and inspected.

So far as SOLDIER knows, no large body of the British Army has ever been called on to serve in civilian clothes overseas.

The problems are easy to picture. First, would the men be expected to provide their own clothes? Or would the Army, in the interests of uniformity, order a supply of suits all of one style—rather like those issued to the demobilised? Would certain styles be reserved for officers—to assist in their easy recognition?

Then what would happen on parade? Suppose three ranks of "civilians" have been drawn up to attention and a subaltern is about to hand over the parade for inspection to his company commander. How does he salute? And what happens on the order "Officer on parade—dismiss?"

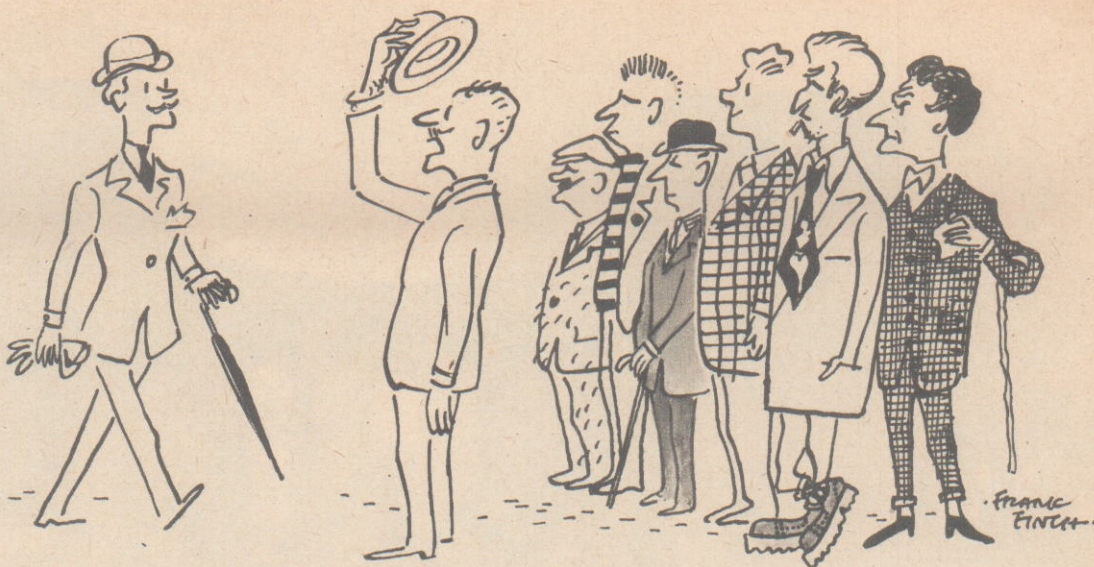
Off parade, officers would be saluted, presumably, by an eyes left or eyes right, or by a doffing of headgear—if worn.

The situation, of course, may never arise. Even supposing it does—well, the Army has tackled many worse problems.

In one context or another the wearing of civilian clothes by soldiers has often created controversy. During the eighteenth century young subalterns took a perverse delight in wearing civilian clothes in camp, in order (as one observer said) to show that they were not dependent on the Army for clothes.

In the original "King's Regulations and Orders for the Army 1837" a paragraph stated: "Officers are on no account to appear in plain clothes in the vicinity of the camp or quarters but are always to wear their proper uniform." When away from their regiments they could wear what they liked, although they had to dress soberly and within the bounds of fashion.

Officers stationed in London seem to have worn civilian clothes as often as possible in the latter part of the last century. One reason was that advertising contractors had brought the Queen's Uniform into disrepute by dressing up bands of down-and-outs as soldiers, or attiring leaflet distributors as Staff officers. (SOLDIER, October 1951). When the Uniforms Bill was brought in, in 1894, to scotch this practice, a Member of Parliament told the strange story of how the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief, ordered a subaltern as a punishment to wear his uniform in public for a specified time.



## SOLDIERS IN PLAIN CLOTHES

**They do not wear uniform at the War Office—but can you picture YOUR unit parading in "civvies"?**

Describing social life among the Household troops in 1900, an anonymous writer said: "The greatest exactness of dress in uniform is insisted on in the Brigade, as must only be expected in the personal guard of the Sovereign; but it is not generally known that equally strict sumptuary laws are enforced in the matter of mufti. The aim doubtless, originally, was to mark the members of the Brigade conspicuously for their richness and neatness of dress when off duty, in contradistinction to the gay apparel of the *macaronies* of the period. Though the richness of attire is now happily a thing of the past, great neatness is still insisted on in the Guardsman, and the iniquity of gaudy ties and waistcoats, curly brimmed hats in the extreme of fashion, and startling garments generally is strictly tabooed.

"In mufti, when in town in the morning, a black tie is the only wear; the hat must be of a certain shape and not in the extreme of fashion, and patent leather boots are seldom worn except in the evening. In the country the usual tweeds of the English gentleman are worn, with a tie and hat ribbon of the well-known colours of the Brigade."

Guards officers still do, in fact, wear their own distinctive civilian dress—a strictly formal suit with a bowler hat and a tightly rolled umbrella—as anyone strolling down Whitehall cannot fail to notice.

Most officers and many

soldiers who work at the War Office wear civilian clothes on duty, by virtue of a concession dating from before World War Two.

Many reasons have been advanced for the granting of the concession. Some say it was to save the Army (and the officer) expense, as elbows of uniforms wear out quickly at desks; others, that it was to save senior officers embarrassment if they wished to ride in crowded buses and tube trains; or that it was a security measure; or that it was to prevent friction between soldiers and civilians; or that it was to enable staffs to go on to social occasions without going home to change. The concession may have been influenced by any or all of these considerations; but a more likely reason is that the War Office is a Department of State, not an Army command.

The civilian Director of Movements in World War One, Sir Sam Fay, had a battle with the War Office on the wearing of civilian clothing, and was allowed to continue wearing it only after a hard tussle with the Army Council. In his book, "The War Office at War," Sir Sam wrote: "The arguments were that I occupied a military post and that under King's Regulations no soldier need obey any order that I as a civilian might issue. . . I had no objection to the King's uniform; quite the contrary. But to walk down Whitehall in a general's dress and be saluted by *real* soldiers was repugnant to me. Further, if I had taken any military rank and there was a higher rank to me, I might have to kow-tow."

In Rhine Army after World War One soldiers were allowed to

wear civilian clothes when off duty and away from barracks. Today the ruling is similar, except that National Servicemen below the rank of corporal are not allowed out of uniform unless they have been in Germany for at least six months or in the Army for nine months, and then only at the discretion of the commanding officer. Before leaving barracks they are always inspected by the guard commander and turned back if their attire is unsatisfactory. The same ruling applies to units in Britain. In one unit the commanding officer refused to allow his men to walk out of barracks wearing "spiv jackets."

Only last month were American soldiers in Germany allowed to wear civilian clothes off duty. The order granting the privilege bans the wearing of "blue jeans, T-shirts and other teenage garments in public places." So far the British Army has not had to issue an instruction like that!

Soldiers serving on military missions in certain foreign countries may be ordered to wear civilian clothes when, for one reason or another, uniform would be undesirable. Similarly, in wartime officers and men of the Intelligence Corps put on civilian clothes to undertake special tasks in neutral countries; so did men of certain other arms. Shortly before World War Two, British troops approaching the Libyan border from Egypt were ordered to wear plain clothes in order not to provoke incidents with Italians.

On the battlefield, perhaps the nearest the British Army has approached to wearing civilian clothes was in North Africa during World War Two, when the unofficial uniform for Eighth Army officers consisted of suede shoes, corduroy trousers, sheepskin jacket and gaily coloured scarf.



1900 style: "In the country, the usual tweeds."





The first service in Woolwich's open-air church was held for men of Charlie Troop. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.)

## THE MEN WHO STUCK TO THEIR GUNS

*From Communist prison-camps, Gunners who earned glory on the Imjin River came home to be honoured by their Regiment*



The men from the Imjin sing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

**F**OR the men of Charlie Troop, 170 Independent Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery, there was no celebration when the award of an American Presidential Citation brought them a tribute unique in the history of their regiment.

They were in prison camp. No word of the honour they had earned by their stand with the Glosters on the Imjin leaked back to them. It was more than two years later, when armistice brought them release, that they first heard of it.

Forty-four Gunners, plus a cook of the Army Catering Corps, had fought on the Imjin as Charlie Troop. One died in the battle; a second Gunner, and the cook, died in captivity. Many of the survivors—but not the Troop Commander, Captain F. R. Wisbey MC, and the senior non-commissioned officers—were Reservists, who had been recalled to the Colours for Korea. For them liberation meant a return to civilian life.

The men of Charlie Troop returned to Britain in separate troopships, but the Royal Artillery, proud of the addition they had made to its laurels, resolved to bring together as many as possible and do them belated honour. So 27 Gunners paraded together for the last time in

uniform, wearing their Korea ribbons, their Commonwealth Division flashes and the blue-and-gold emblem of the Presidential Citation.

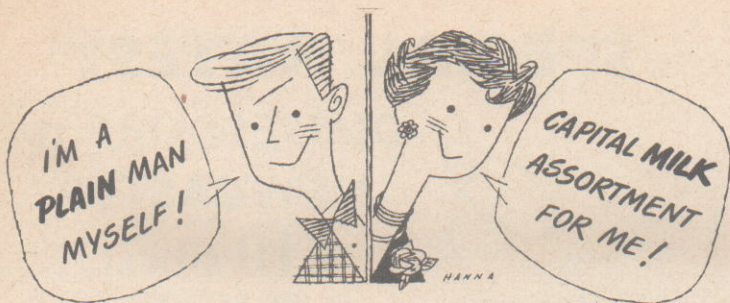
It was a voluntary parade. With official blessing, 25 out of 27 marched on to Woolwich's Front Parade wearing civilian shoes. Among them were time-expired Regulars, or Reservists, who had their discharge papers in their pockets. There were also three who had just signed on for further engagements.

As the preliminaries were taking place, three newsreel cars manoeuvred into position, right up to the area in the centre of Front Parade on which the ceremony was to take place. An alert warrant officer of the Garrison, anxious to maintain military dignity, strode up to Major T. V. Fisher-Hoch, who commanded 170 Battery in Korea and said: "Shall we have these cars moved, sir?"

"No," said Major Fisher-Hoch. "You should have been at the

*Continued on page 27*





## NOW—Capital Assortment in Plain or Milk Chocolate!

Your favourite chocolates are now milk as well as plain! Those glorious centres are cased in smooth creamy milk chocolate as well as silky rich plain chocolate. You can enjoy the luscious wonderfully varied centres for which Duncan Capital Assortment is famous, in the chocolate coating of your choice!

PLAIN IN THE PINK PACK MILK IN THE BLUE PACK

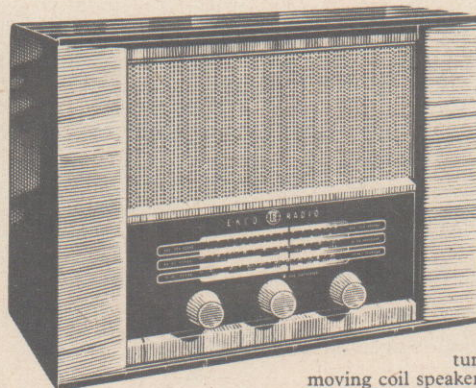


MADE BY **DUNCAN** OF EDINBURGH



## One of the boys of the new brigade!

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## IMJIN GUNNERS

continued

presentation of the citation, Serjeant-major. Every photographer in Korea was there. They took pictures over the general's shoulder and under his armpit." It was right that the men who had earned the glory should now take their place before the lenses.

A guard of honour flanked the little party of men from Korea, and a strong contingent of the Royal Artillery band was there.

The ceremony was short and simple. First Major Fisher-Hoch told the men how, on 8 May 1951, he received the citation from General Van Fleet, in Korea. Then he read it to them.

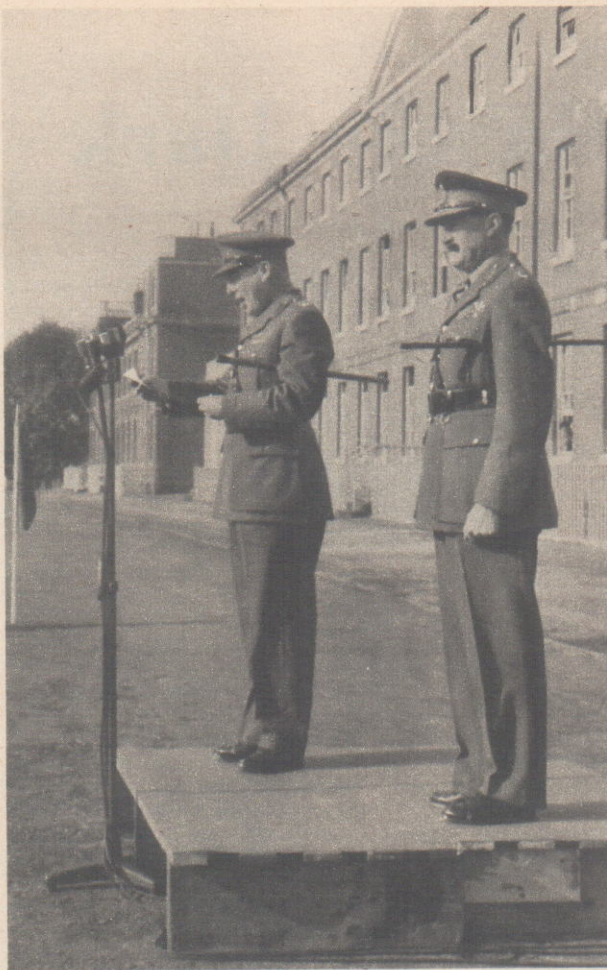
The Director, Royal Artillery, Major-General K. F. McK. Lewis, said that Lieutenant-Colonel James Carne of the Glosters, whose Victoria Cross had been announced the previous day, had declared that his honour was shared by all the Glosters and by the Gunners.

"As a regiment," said General Lewis, "we fight our guns to the last, and the country has traditionally admired a man who sticks to his guns. That tradition has been exemplified by you men of Charlie Troop."

As the band played the Gunners' quick march, the men marched past General Lewis, and on to the Garrison Church. This traditional shrine of the Gunners was almost destroyed in World War Two. In the four weeks preceding the "C" Troop ceremony, parties of Gunners had been turning the bombed-out shell into an open-air church. Now, three days after the turf had been laid, it was in use.

The service was short, with only one hymn, and ending with the Last Post, Reveille and the National Anthem. Then the ceremonies were over.

The men came together again for a beer with General Lewis and a celebration steak lunch. Each was presented with his copy of the Presidential Citation, with a note at the bottom naming him as one of the men who were with "C" Troop at Solma-Ri, Korea, and adding that he was entitled to



The combination of flashes and emblem which only the men of Charlie Troop have worn. Left: Major T. V. Fisher-Hoch, 170 Battery's commander in Korea, reads the Presidential Citation. Beside him is Major-General K. F. McK. Lewis, Director, Royal Artillery.



wear the emblem at all times.

It was a quiet little party. This was a solemn moment, for all that it was a joyous one. These men had fought together and knew the comradeship which that engenders. They had been separated in captivity and had come together again in liberation. Now all that was over. Some had another momentous event on their minds: in a few hours they would see their homes for the first time in three years.

The Charlie Troop of Solma-Ri was no more. But Charlie Troop, 170 Battery, lives on in Hong-Kong. Other Gunners now wear the blue-and-gold emblem, to perpetuate the honour done to their unit. The original Presidential Citation, mounted, takes pride of place among the Battery treasures.

Richard Elley

Headed by their Troop Commander, the men of Charlie Troop. Below: A beer with the General for Battery Serjeant-Major G. E. Askew.



Captain F. R. Wisbey MC commanded "C" Troop in the battle.



# The Army in the Dark

**T**HE story of the "forgotten army" which spent the winter of 1918-19 in Arctic darkness, on the edge of a land in revolution, is now told for the first time—and told with commendable candour and vigour—by the man who commanded it: Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, late Royal Artillery.

It is a story full of queer turns and surprises, of bravery and fiasco, chequered with mutiny; of how a handful of determined officers held together "a tiny army of not very first-class troops," often by sheer strength of personality. Everyone who aspires to command troops ought to read "Archangel 1918-19" (*Constable 21s*).

The twilight landscape of Archangel and Murmansk was peopled not only by soldiers of many different lands, but by a rich variety of dangerous and often preposterous characters. Gaolbirds there were in plenty, spies, adventurers and refugee officers of unbelievable ineptitude.

The enemy, prowling in the great forests, were the Bolsheviks, who luckily were ill-disciplined and inefficient; otherwise the story of Archangel might have been one of total disaster.

Originally troops were sent to North Russia to draw off German forces from France; to that extent the venture was successful. Then came the Armistice; and rightly or wrongly, the decision was taken to back the White Russian cause. When it was seen that the military situation was hopeless the Allied force was withdrawn.

Field-Marshal Ironside went to Archangel shortly before the Armistice, as brigadier-general and later major-general. Under him were British, Americans, French, Australians, Canadians, Poles, White Russians and others. At once he set about preparing the troops for the cruel winter. One important task was to put the fire-fighting appliances in order. Murmansk would have burned like Moscow of old, if the Bolsheviks had set fire to it, leaving the occupants in the same plight as Napoleon's armies.

It meant "tearing strips" off subordinate officers. "American ways of answering senior officers were often curious. When I had spoken sharply to a company commander about something his men had done, he held out his hand with the words, 'General, I'm with you.' To this day I am not quite sure whether he meant to say that he agreed with me, or merely had heard what I said."

November 11, 1918, brought a thank-you message from King George V. "What a blessing it was to have a King who never forgot his troops in the field!" says the author. "The Allied contingents received no such message from their respective Governments, and I had perforce to prepare one for them."

The war was over, but on the Dwina fighting broke out on Armistice Day. It continued spasmodically through the winter. The men found it hard "to realise

why they, of all the great armies which had fought so well and so long, should have to go on fighting in a cause which they understood so little."

At one stage some British prisoners were freed by the Bolsheviks. Like more recent prisoners in Korea, they had been subjected to propaganda. It had no effect. A Scots miner had been asked by the Bolsheviks whether he would not prefer to work in a bank, handling a lot of money. His reply: 'What guid wud I ha'e been in a bahnk?'

The Bolsheviks distributed propaganda leaflets abusing "Mr.



Field-Marshal Lord Ironside: a portrait by Eric Kennington. "Pin him to the ground with a bayonet," demanded the Bolsheviks.

Ironside." One of them ended:

"The mere sight of this great hulking, red-headed, overgrown schoolboy makes one want to spit in his face. Such a man can be dealt with only in one way. Pin him to the ground with a bayonet. Into the sea with the red-headed Feltwebel Ironside!"

The winter clamped down, and the great forests creaked un-

cannily in the frost. Sleighing was the only means of communication (periodically icicles had to be broken off the ponies' nostrils). Machine-guns, frozen tight, were boiled to free them. Minor mutinies began to break out, notably among the badly officered White Russians. They were stamped out by quick and resourceful action.

The Arctic summer brought its problems, too. Because daylight was perpetual there was never any chance of masking troop movements. And grotesque problems occurred, like that of the Lascars who, at the time of Ramadan,

refused to eat before the sun went down—which would have meant a fast of many months. "I had to give them absolution, after explaining the situation in my best Urdu," says General Ironside. Such are the problems of generalship.

White Russian officers spent much time issuing extraordinarily loquacious orders about trivialities. In one of them a high commander told his forces how he had found two Russian sailors using filthy language in the street and blowing their noses on the pavement. They were improperly dressed, as he found by personal investigation, because they did not wear striped vests and one of them had a woman's locket.

"I ask myself the question, when will these people realise that they are disgracing the uniform of our native land, by carrying on them women's ornaments?"

"How pitiful is all this and how deeply disgusting!"

The Archangel force was skillfully withdrawn under Lord Rawlinson. General Ironside was rewarded with a KCB and was then put on colonel's half-pay of £460 a year, but soon afterwards was promoted to major-general. He became Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1939-40.

A man of many languages and many adventures, he has served under two queens and four kings. Not surprisingly, when created a Baron he chose to be Baron of Archangel. It is a place which he has good reason to remember—and with pride. A frontispiece shows him fur-swathed looking like an enormous grizzly bear.

## "Someone Had Blundered"

**T**HE charge of the Light Brigade, as the French general said, was magnificent, but not war. Even Lord Tennyson did not conceal that "someone had blundered."

The astonishing, and often scandalous, background to this brilliant feat of arms is filled in by a woman, Cecil Woodham-Smith (who wrote a best-selling life of Florence Nightingale) in "The Reason Why" (*Constable 15s*). This is a book of outstanding interest, engrossing in the extreme.

To a large degree, it is the story of the Earl of Cardigan, the courageous but impossibly insolent commander who superbly led the charge, dashed through the Russian guns, then rode off the field, took a bath on his luxury yacht in Balaclava Bay, had a bottle of champagne with his dinner and then went to bed; leaving the survivors of the "six hundred" to lick their wounds.

Lord Cardigan had had a tumultuous career. After incessant squabbles with his officers he had been removed from command of the 15th Hussars, but later—in hardly credible circumstances—was allowed to buy command of the 11th Light Dragoons, where

he continued to bully his officers and flog his men. It was no secret that he hated his brother-in-law, the Earl of Lucan, who as Lord Bingham commanded the 17th Lancers; and it was well known that the hatred was reciprocated. Yet, when the Crimean War broke out, Lord Cardigan was gazetted commander of the Light Brigade under Lord Lucan, who commanded the cavalry division. At once Lord Cardigan began to snub and ignore his divisional commander, and incredibly Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, overlooked this behaviour, even sending orders to him direct. The Commander-in-Chief was ageing, lacking in determination. He knew only the Waterloo drills, and shocked his Staff by referring to the enemy as "the French," when the French happened to be his allies.

The Light Brigade were never intended to charge in the direction they did. Lord Raglan sent an ambiguous order to Lord Lucan; it was badly delivered by a contemptuous aide-de-camp who may or may not have misunderstood it, and who waved his arm flamboyantly in the fatal direction, crying "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns."

Lord Lucan knew the order would bring disaster, but it was an order. He passed it on to his hated brother-in-law, who expressed surprise, but saluted and acquiesced. Had the two not been at daggers drawn, "they might have been able to examine the order together and discuss its meaning," says the author. On the other hand, two bosom friends might well have misinterpreted it.

So the charge went in. It went in, beautifully drilled, perfectly dressed, as on a field day. Lord Cardigan led, unflinching, and unflinching the troopers thundered after him, ripped by shell from three sides. After the handful of survivors reached the guns Lord Cardigan, riding clean through the position, called it a day and made no effort to rally his men. He was first on the field and first off. From this circumstance grew a legend that he had never ridden at all.

Lord Lucan "carried the can," being blamed by Lord Raglan for misconception of an order. Lord Cardigan, once the most-hissed man of the day, landed in England—a hero, until the facts began to leak out. Soon afterwards the Army was reformed in a big way. The scandal died, but the glory abides.



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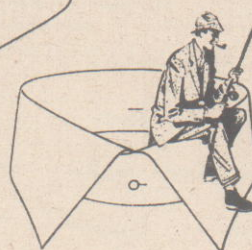
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# Sergie Dogo Tells His Story

**S**ERGIE is merely an abbreviation of his rank. Dogo (Tall Man) is the name his Nigerian machine-gunners gave him.

To Records he was Serjeant James Shaw, an ex-Regular Infantryman and Guardsman, who had rejoined in World War Two and was serving in Nigeria. When a call came for serjeant volunteers for Burma, his name went on the list. Soon afterwards he flew with his Africans into the White City, the block on the Japanese communications which the Chindits were holding with devastating effect.

"The March Out" (Hart-Davis, 12s 6d) is his account of the White City and of the gruelling trek the Chindits made to Mogaung—80 miles in more than three months.

In an introduction, Colonel Bernard Fergusson, who was himself a Chindit commander, says he believes this is the twelfth book about the Chindits and the tenth to be written by someone who took part in their expeditions. "This seems a lot of printer's ink to be expended on two comparatively minor campaigns. But for those who took part in them the Wingate Expeditions, for all the suffering which they entailed, carried something spiritual about them; and General Wingate's forceful, almost prophetic, character imprinted itself upon us all."

Serjeant Shaw was 40—the upper age limit—when he volunteered. Few men of 40, points out Colonel Fergusson, survived the expeditions.

This is a fine, unfrilled story. Anyone who served in the jungle during the monsoon will confirm that the author has made a magnificent job of re-creating the atmosphere. There is incident on every page.

At one stage the author was suffering from an injured heel, and had to fall out. Zaki, his orderly, refused to leave him, and together they spent a dismal night in the jungle, facing starvation or capture by the Japanese if they could not rejoin the column. Next morning, a *chaung* between them and their companions was flooded to unfordable depths. After several perilous attempts, they finally succeeded in crossing and thereafter, to avoid injury to his heel, Zaki insisted on carrying his master across any further *chaungs* they met, (a service his master dispensed with when there were spectators).

Later, after they had rejoined the column, Zaki came across some white man's "chop" which was unfamiliar to him, but determined to give his master a treat—dried peaches and apricots boiled together with potatoes.

Sergie Dogo, who wrote his thanks to schools from which he had been sent cigarettes, eventually found himself corresponding with 12 schools, and the consequent fan-mail brought him much-envied relief from the jungle tedium. He quotes some extracts:

"If anyone sings out of tune in the choir and we have to stay late, we bash him up and down on the gravestones."

"Our pig had ten puppies and they died."

Fine escapist reading for a man in the jungle, a hundred or two miles behind enemy lines.

Perhaps the most poignant moment in this book is when the sick, tired, under-strength Chin-

chits arrive at last on the outskirts of Mogaung and discover they must take part in the attack on the town, in co-operation with General Stilwell's Chinese. Relief comes at last, and the Chindits make their first wheeled journey for months—on a train towed by a jeep with train-wheels, with Africans crowding on the bonnet to prevent it jumping the rails.

In the author's column, less than half the Africans who marched out of White City were left; of 40 white men, only six remained.

## Bimbashis Will Chuckle

**H**OW does a young African feel when, for the first time, he leaves his native village (where he believes in spirits), puts on the Queen's uniform and learns to drive a motor lorry?

Because young African soldiers do not write books it is hard to know the answer. But Laurence Thompson, who served with Sudan troops during World War Two, has written a highly entertaining and perceptive novel in which the British Army is seen as through the eyes of an African recruit. The title is "A Time to Laugh" (André Deutsch 8s. 6d.)

It is a book which will make

bimbashis split their cummerbunds with laughing, and yet give them pause to search their consciences. It is devilishly funny, but very far from being heartless.

Masterson Bey is recruiting for the Buna Service Corps (no connection with any other force, says the author). He enlists Gadein the gormless, who wants to earn the price of a bride, and Musa the sly. Gadein tries hard

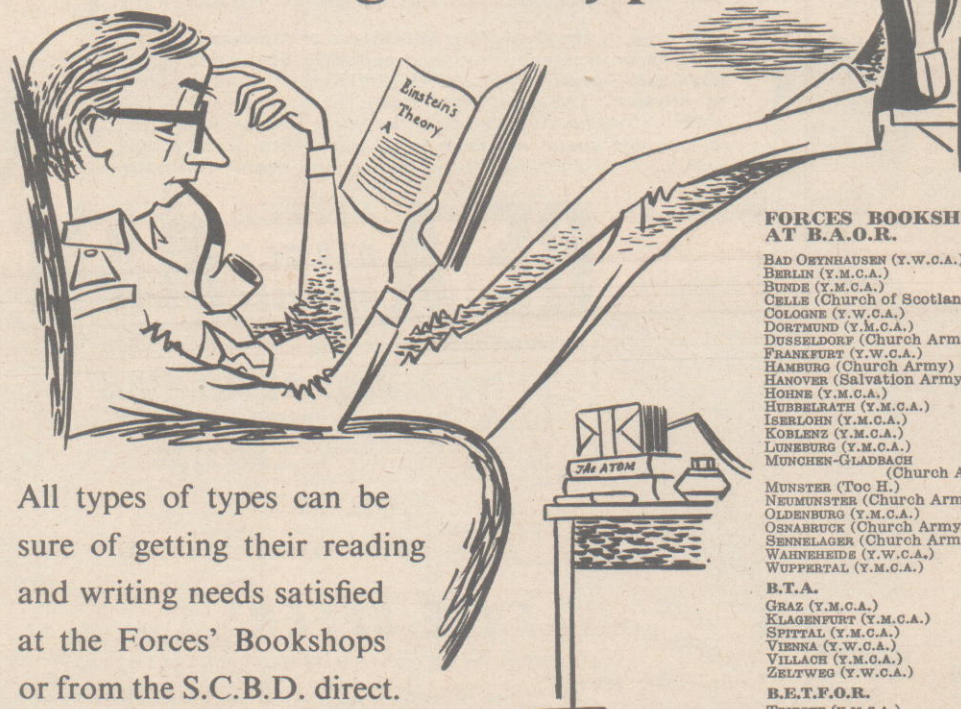


"Is that the Black Watch? Colossal Films are doing a film on Flodden, and they would like to massacre your battalion."

to do the right thing, but somehow never succeeds. Musa tries hard to do the wrong thing, and half-succeeds. "You'll get on very well with the English," they tell Gadein, "if you remember two things. Always do what they tell you, and don't ask questions. Questions make them excited. Never hit an Englishman, because the law of their country forbids them to hit back. You may think that unmanly, but there it is."

The first disillusionment which greets Gadein is when "the lord bimbashi" waves him into a truck for a driving demonstration. The officer presses the starter button when the truck is in gear, and the resulting convulsions convince Gadein that even bimbashis are up against evil spirits.

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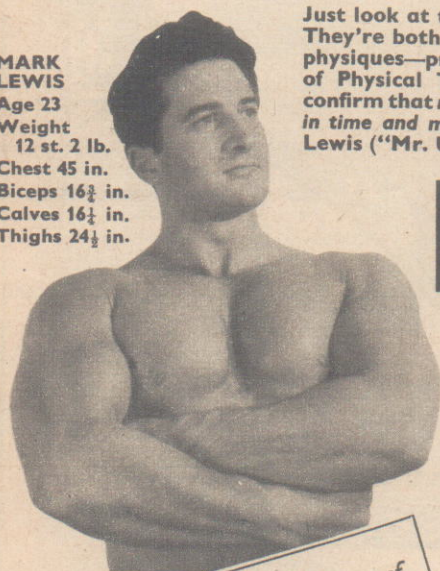
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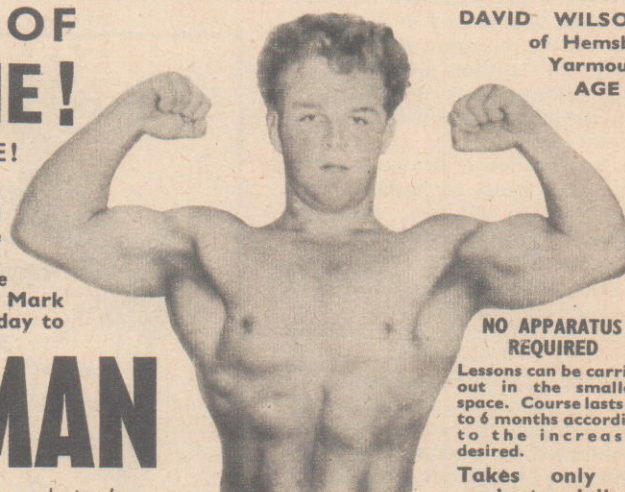
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# BOXING TWINNS

*The Cooper brothers have sworn never to fight each other—but they'll take on anybody else!*

**T**HE Army has boxing twins of high promise: 19-year-old Henry and George Cooper, both of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. The two have sworn never to fight each other. As it happens, they are now separated by a few pounds in weight; Henry is a light-heavyweight, and George a heavyweight.

Lance-Corporal Henry Cooper began boxing in 1946 and has won 66 out of his 76 fights. He has represented Britain in most of the international teams during the past two years. He was at the Helsinki Olympic Games and the Warsaw European championships. He was the Amateur Boxing Association, Imperial Services and Army light-heavyweight champion in 1952 and 1953.

Corporal George Cooper, who also began boxing in 1946, has represented the Army against Wales, London, Denmark and Rhine Army. He was runner-up for the 1953 Army heavyweight title, being beaten by Lance-Corporal Joe Erskine.

Both brothers recently appeared at the Garrison Theatre, Tidworth in the Army Boxing Trials held to enable the selectors to pick teams for the current season. The best boxers in Rhine Army also took part. Joe Erskine and George Cooper met again and again Erskine won. (Joe Erskine has also fought Henry Cooper in the light-heavyweight class, being outpointed by him in the 1952 Amateur Boxing Association championships.)

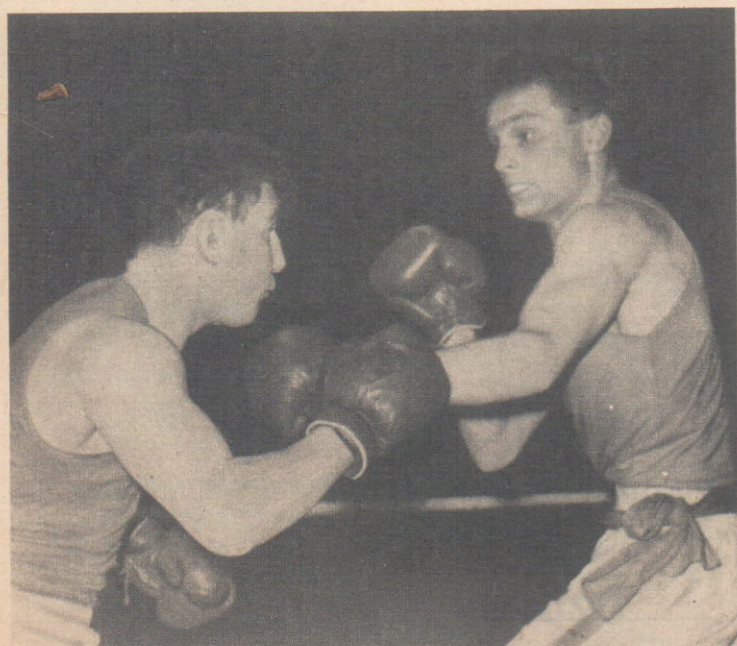
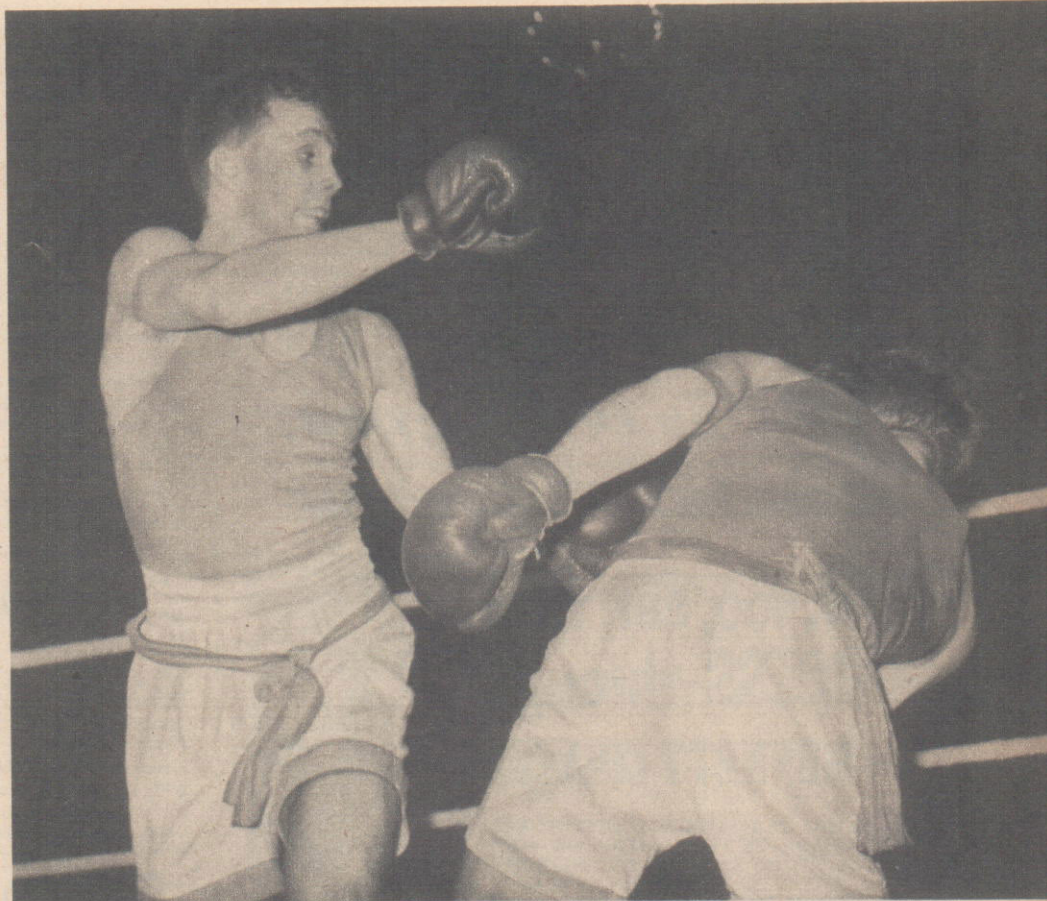
The twin brothers, who come from South London, serve in 4 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Henry as a motor transport driver and George as a tank driver.

Both belong to the Montrose Boxing Club.

**Right:** Light-heavyweight Lance-Corporal Henry Cooper (left) beat Bombardier T. Smith in the Army Boxing Trials at Tidworth. **Below:** Corporal George Cooper (right) lost to Lance-Corporal Joe Erskine in the heavyweight class.



A friendly spar: Henry (left) and George Cooper.



Medicine ball exercise for Henry Cooper. Out of 76 fights he has won 66.



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\* To preserve secrecy models are used for photographs and initials instead of the original names. The original letter may be seen at Sheffield with thousands like it.



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## MAN IN WARDROBE

There is an argument in our mess. It arises out of the newspaper stories telling how Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Deane-Drummond spent 13 days hiding in the cupboard of a German guard-room in the late war. One of our number says that a British soldier spent FOUR YEARS in a cupboard in the first world war. What are the facts, please?—"Bugle Horn" (name and address supplied).

★ In World War One Trooper Patrick Fowler, of the 11th Hussars, spent four years in and out of a wardrobe in a house in the village of Bertry, near St. Quentin, behind the German lines. Cut off from his unit at Le Cateau, he was sheltered in the home of Madame Belmont-Gobert and her daughter, even though Germans were billeted in the house and often used the same room. Trooper Fowler was able to exercise at night. For concealing him, Madame Belmont-Gobert was awarded the Order of the British Empire. In 1927 she, her daughter and two other women from the same village were awarded annuities by the Lord Mayor of London and were received by King George V and Queen Mary at Windsor. Gifts amounting to £3,491 were also contributed by readers of the Daily Telegraph to Madame Belmont-Gobert.

## TIPPING SOLDIERS

The men who drove the petrol tankers in the recent strike did a good job, but it made sad reading to find that some of them were being given tips (quite large tips, too) by garage owners. Soldiering is a profession second to none. Let's not lower it by accepting gratuities. Civilians ought to know better than to offer them.—"Jabez" (name and address supplied).

★Hear, hear!

## MASTER GUNNER

WO 1 G. T. Gibson writes about the unequal pay and status of a master gunner (SOLDIER, September), but he only touches on the fringe of the problem.

Not only do we have to wait for warrant officer class one promotion, but we are barred from going any further when we reach the young age of 40. The age limit is 45 for a WO 1 in REME—why not for the master gunner? We can also quote one case where a warrant officer who failed the course is now receiving a shilling a day more as a regimental quartermaster sergeant.

As to accelerated promotion, more than 50 per cent of master gunners are now worse off in rank and pay than they would have been if they had not taken the course.—WO 1 C. Whittall and A. Briggs (Master Gunners), Bude, Cornwall.

## FILMS

coming your way

The following films will shortly be shown in Army Kinema Corporation cinemas overseas:

**ROMAN HOLIDAY:** This is the comedy which tickled even the London critics, both by its gaiety and by the performance of a new star, Audrey Hepburn. Miss Hepburn plays a young princess who, on a good-will visit to Rome, decides to take a break from being royal for a few hours. She gets into a little harmless mischief with the aid of an American reporter (Gregory Peck). The cast also includes Eddie Albert, Margaret Rawlings and a handful of genuine newspaper correspondents in Rome playing themselves, the blurb says, "with dignity and, of course, great authenticity."

**THE MAN BETWEEN:** Any soldier who has been stationed in Berlin will want to see this. The story is of kidnapping across the borders of the Western and Eastern sectors. Much intrigue, a capture and escape and, as climax, a thrilling chase. The cast is headed by James Mason, Claire Bloom and Hildegard Neff.



# LETTERS

## THAT POCKET

In your reply to my letter (SOLDIER, November) on the absence of a pocket in which Army Book 64 can be securely kept by members of the Women's Royal Army Corps in Number One Dress, you say there is a pocket inside the tunic, under the right arm, for the pay-book.

I was aware of that. As, however, the pocket measures three inches by three inches, and the AB 64 measures four inches by five, I had not imagined it was intended for anything except tickets.—"Regimental" (name and address supplied).

★ This correspondent is quite right. SOLDIER's informant on women's uniform slipped up. The whole question of pockets is now "under consideration."

## STRONG TEA

In "Heading for the Last Brew-Up" (SOLDIER, October) you say the strongest and richest of all tea qualifies for the title of serjeant-major's tea only if the spoon stands up unaided. As a young soldier of nearly 24 years service I entirely agree that this is the only way tea should be made. As I am at present serving with the 51st (Highland) Infantry Division, Territorial Army, I thought I had better take our typist in hand and instruct her in the true art of making serjeant-major's tea, English style.

I pointed out what SOLDIER had to say and proceeded to the store to instruct her. We nearly lost our adjutant after he had drunk the brew we produced, and I was almost considered ready for posting to lands far away.—Sub-Conductor F. W. Langley, HQ, RAOC, 51 (H) Infantry Division, Territorial Army, Glasgow.

★ Now perhaps some Scot serving with an English unit will start a course in porridge-making.

## BUYING-OUT

I am a Regular soldier, having enlisted in May 1945 for nine years with the Colours and three on the Reserve.

**QUO VADIS:** The novel of early Christianity which helped its author, Henryk Sienkiewicz, win a Nobel Prize, has long attracted film-makers. The first screen version was made in France in the very early days of the cinema, ran 20 minutes and was greeted with roars of laughter. The second, Italian, came in 1912, and was a great success. The third, in 1912, was also Italian and starred Emil Jannings. While it was being made, a lion, there to devour Christians, actually did devour one of the extras. The 1953 production has everything (in colour, of course)—the burning of Rome, the lions, Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov (as Nero) and Buddy Baer (breaking a bull's neck).

**DANGEROUS WHEN WET:** Esther Williams, filling a bathing-costume as adequately as ever, swims the Channel. Musical novelties, songs, dancing, an Egyptian Channel swimmer and a family from the Middle West, all in Technicolor.

**THE CADDY:** Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a golfing story—at least, they start the story by golfing. Good value for Martin-Lewis fans. Also in the cast: Donna Reed and Barbara Bates.

● 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 the discipline of an individual unit.

Can you tell me how much it would cost me to buy myself out?—Corporal, British Troops in Austria (name and address supplied).

As a boy, I took a course at Kneller Hall. Does that mean I cannot buy myself out?—Bandsman, BAOR (name and address supplied).

★ SOLDIER regrets that it is unable to give answers on personal buying-out problems. Discharge by purchase is a complicated process. Only a unit, with full information available, and in consultation, if need be, with Records offices, can reliably assess a man's eligibility and calculate the amount payable.

## HARD-UP WIVES

As a soldier's wife I would like to ask a question. What has happened to the proposal that married soldiers should

be forced to make a higher allotment to their wives? Doesn't SOLDIER think that this is an overdue reform?—"Hard Up" (name and address supplied).

★ This is a problem on which the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association has been putting in some hard campaigning. Only a small minority of Servicemen, says SSAFA, fail to make an adequate voluntary allotment to their wives; in some instances a married Serviceman stationed away from his home has more money to spend on his own amusements than his wife has to maintain the home and support herself and children. At present a Regular soldier of the rank of corporal or below is only required to make a qualifying allotment of 17s 6d a week; this, with the weekly marriage allowance of £2 2s, brings his wife's income to £2 19s 6d a week. A married National Serviceman need pay only 10s, to be added to a marriage allowance of 35s a week. These allotments are unaffected by the number of children a soldier may have.

The Minister of Defence has declined to consider raising qualifying allotments, as SSAFA suggested, unless evidence can be produced of a "substantial number" of cases where hardship is being caused. As an interim measure, SSAFA urged on the Minister of Defence and the National Assistance Board that when a wife's income fell below the Board's scales, and the man could not be persuaded to make her an adequate allotment, the Board should supplement the wife's income and recover their disbursements from the husband, via the Paymaster. This would not be an ideal solution, in SSAFA's opinion, but it would be a stop-gap one; more to be preferred would be a reintroduction of a Service Children's Allowance.

Since the matter is still under discussion, SOLDIER would merely comment that, while it is deplorable that Service wives should be allowed to suffer in this way, it would be a great pity if the selfishness of a few men led to the introduction of any scheme under which a soldier would be deprived of the right (enjoyed by all civilians) to spend his earnings as he sees fit.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

## CLUB FOR FAR EAST SOLDIERS

BEFORE he left Britain for Australia, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim opened a club which was already open—in the sense that it was open to the sky.

Now it has a roof on top and is handsomely furnished. It is the Burma Club, a rendezvous in the West End of London for men and women who won the Burma Star in World War Two, or for those who have served in Malaya, Hong-Kong and Korea since the war. Its aim is to foster comradeships born in the Far East campaigns.

The club is at 7 Hamilton Place, which is in fact Park Lane, but the prices of food and drink are not Park Lane prices.

It is a basha which is open

equally to private and field-marshal, and has no colour bar. So far its biggest crush has been on the night of the Burma Reunion, when a sizeable number of the occupants of the Albert Hall moved on to keep up the good cheer in the new club.

The club is run in conjunction with the Burma Star Association, which has an annual subscription of five shillings; an extra half-crown qualifies for membership of the club. For those who do not belong to the Burma Star Association or similar bodies the club membership charge is five shillings.

Now, where's that Africa Star Club?



When he opened the Burma Club Field-Marshal Sir William Slim was handed the key by Miss Hilda Corpe, receptionist, who was imprisoned by the Japanese.



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## MORE LETTERS

### OLD WARRIORS

An equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn (1801-85), the work of E. Onslow Ford, Royal Academy, used to stand at the junction of Knightsbridge and the Brompton Road, London. It was erected in 1895 and removed about 1931 owing to the construction of Knightsbridge Underground station. Can you tell me where it is now? I should also like to know if an equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Sir George Stuart White (1835-1912) stands in Portland Place.—Rev. Roy Liddel, Chaplain to the Forces, 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, Tampin, Negri Sembilan, Malaya.

★ The statues of both these nearly-forgotten stalwarts of the 92nd (later 2nd Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders) are in good condition. That of Lord Strathnairn was removed in 1933 to the Westminster City Council's depot at Grosvenor Canal, where it has been ever since. Several times the Council has considered re-erecting it, but no suitable site has been found. In 1928 Sir Osbert Sitwell wrote: "The only thing that most Londoners know about this forgotten general is that a bird sometimes nests in his plumes. As a poet wrote:

His Lordship dressed in red, and  
from his head  
Waved proudly borrowed plumes  
upon the winds,  
Now turned to lead, he, like his  
men, is dead;  
Birds nest within his plumes and  
no one minds."

Hugh Henry Rose, later Baron Strathnairn, first distinguished himself while attached to the Turkish Staff in a campaign in Syria and was then a diplomat in Constantinople. In the Crimean War he was recommended for the Victoria Cross but was considered ineligible because he was a brigadier-general and a Commander of the Bath. He went to India when the Mutiny broke out, in 1857, and commanded the triumphant Central India Force. From guns captured by this force his statue was made. He was later Commander-in-Chief, India.

Field-Marshal White, whose statue still stands in Portland Place, won a Victoria Cross in the Afghan campaign of 1879-80, as a major. He, too, became Commander-in-Chief in India and was also Quartermaster-General, but he was best known as the commander of the garrison which held out for 118 days in besieged Ladysmith, during the South African War.

### ALL ABOUT IT

The average soldier seems to know very little about the actual structure of the Army, and he cannot glean much about matters like promotion or pay from a study of Army Council Instructions—even if he were allowed to browse through them. Why doesn't somebody write a handbook on the British Army—in simple terms?—"Lance-Jack" (name and address supplied).

★ Somebody has. Major T. B. Beveridge (who commanded a company at the Dardanelles at the age of 18, and is now a Staff Officer at the War Office) is the author of "A Guide for the National Service Man in the Army" (Phoenix House 5s). It tells in simple terms about the machinery of call-up, organisation, discipline, promotion, pay, reinstatement and so on.

### CARDEN-LOYDS

I would like to inform Colour-Sergeant J. Moston (SOLDIER, October) that the 3rd Battalion, Royal Tank Corps, to which I belonged, was issued with the first section of about 14 Carden-Loyds, along with the same number of Morris-Martell two-men tanks, in 1926-7. We took these vehicles on manoeuvres to test them.—C. Gallimore (late Trumpeter and Corporal, Royal Tank Corps), Sheffield.

I spent the last three of my 13 years service at the Small Arms School, Netheravon, driving a Carden-Lloyd. The engine was a Ford engine, but it was far away from the driving seat, there were no exhaust pipes anywhere near the controls, the radiator was farther away than ever, and the fan was well covered in. As for taking up to half an hour to start, mine never failed, even in mid-winter. It always went at the first touch on the starter. Perhaps the Loyals had never heard of the 16-task maintenance system. I agree that 30 miles an hour was easily reached with a six-pounder anti-tank gun behind and the gun-crew and ammunition aboard. I will not mention the tracks which came off.—W. Baverstock (ex-lance-corporal, Royal Hampshire Regiment), Whitchurch, Hants.

★ SOLDIER's reply to Colour-Sergeant Moston quoted an extract from the Loyals' regimental journal for 1929, which alleged that the Carden-Lloyd carrier's exhaust pipe often set the driver on fire, that the radiator-cap was near his neck, the Ford engine often boiled, and the fan, which was exposed, came between the driver and his companion.

### NO TRUMPETS

For the funeral of a member of our local branch of the Royal Artillery Association, I tried to obtain the services of a Royal Artillery trumpeter to sound the Last Post over the grave. I made contact with the adjutants of both Service and Territorial units of the Royal Artillery and was informed that there are now no trumpeters in the Regiment!

This seems strange to me. One wonders how punctuality and discipline are maintained without the warning order of the bugle or trumpet for guard mounting, reveille, lights out and so on. I wonder what can be the reason for the change.—Captain A. Arnold, RA (retired), Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

★ Trumpeters have been dropped from Royal Artillery unit establishments since the abolition of the horse in the Regiment. Most units, however, have an unofficial trumpeter and this correspondent was unlucky in making contact with two which did not. Trumpeters are available from the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, at St. John's Wood, or the Boys' Regiment at Hereford, if other duties permit, for the price of the railway fare and subsistence.

Whereas once all relied on the trumpet call, today officers, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers have greater responsibility and must personally ensure that their men are on parade at the proper time. Many larger units have loudspeakers with which to address the men or call them together.

Economy was one reason for dropping the trumpeter. Boys who in the old days would have trained as trumpeters, now spend their time becoming efficient soldiers and potential NCOs.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

## -Now look at the ACCORDION!

### THE BELL LIGHTWEIGHT

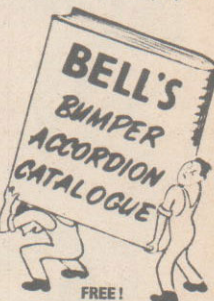
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## MORE LETTERS

### SCARLET

Having joined up again, and being all in favour of the traditional dress of the British Army, I should like to know this: If from somewhere I scrounged a good old scarlet coat, blue trousers and so on, would I be allowed to wear them when walking-out—weather permitting, of course?—Corporal W. Aylmore, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

★ A man wearing traditional scarlet without authority might find himself charged with being improperly dressed:—a sad thought. Dress Regulations say: "Full dress is an obsolete uniform and will not be worn."

### MESS DRESS

Are warrant officers in this theatre allowed to wear mess kit—monkey jacket, black trousers, miniature medals and so on—at mess functions? And have service chevrons been re-introduced since the War?—Warrant Officer, Singapore (name and address supplied).

★ There is no mess dress for warrant officers. For special functions, warrant officers class one might wear their Number Three Dress—subject to the commanding officer's instructions. Service chevrons went out at the end of the last war and there appears to be no intention of re-introducing them.

### FILM BONER?

From your review of the film "The Red Beret" (SOLDIER, October) I was surprised to learn that the film depicts and gives an actual place-name to a battle which never took place. If it had, the Paratroops would have been fighting No. 6 Commando.

There were, in fact, two airfields at Bone, a large one and a small one near a railway station called l'Alelik. Both were some distance from the town. No. 6 Commando (which wore American steel helmets and displayed American colours) had played the main part in the assault and capture of Algiers, and was taken by destroyer to Bone to capture both airfields and so forestall the Axis. Two troops marched up-hill to l'Alelik airfield and the remaining troops to the main airfield. As they reached their respective positions, the airborne drop occurred. It is surprising that no fighting did take place, for the rank and file of neither formation had been warned of the other's operation and the low cloud and drizzle had not been conducive to accurate identification of the aircraft. Moreover, the Commando had been warned that an enemy drop could be expected.

I can appreciate that there should have been a desire to make something out of one of the rare instances upon

which these highly-specialised airborne troops were used on a legitimate task, since their subsequent fate was to be frittered away on constant Infantry operations. But No. 6 Commando, before becoming an Infantry stop-gap for five months, did at least carry out two Commando-type operations in North Africa, and Bone happened to be one of them.—F. P. Bowen, Interpretation Section, SHAPE, Paris.

### AIRBORNE TIES

Our 508th Airborne Regimental Combat Team believes it is the first American military unit to copy the example of famous European military units and have its own regimental (striped) necktie. The plan was conceived only a few months ago by our commander, Colonel George O. Pearson, of Sheridan, Wyoming, who wanted some lasting memento of volunteer airborne service for all the paratroopers of our 508th "Red Devil" airborne combat team.

The ties are of dark blue silk with alternate and diagonal rows of red devil heads and white parachutes. The cravats are conservative and can be worn with the most formal of civilian dress. Already the ties have caused quite a stir in military circles and we are waiting to see if other units follow our example.—2nd Lieutenant James R. Mailler, Public Information Officer, 508th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, Fort Benning, Georgia, USA.

### BRIDGE OF PRICE

Pay and allowances for troops in Singapore and Malaya are the same, yet as soon as one crosses the Causeway from "Treasure Island" to Malaya one is subject to all kinds of taxes and increased prices. Firms with branches in both places advertise their Singapore prices and Federation prices, and there is often as much as 25 per cent difference. Surely the men who are really fighting the terrorists in Malaya should have some compensation, instead of having to pay out more than those in Singapore.—Regimental Sergeant-Major, Kuala Lumpur. (Name and address supplied.)

★ Local Overseas Allowance for troops in Malaya and Singapore is assessed on details of local prices supplied by Command Headquarters. The difference in prices in Malaya and Singapore was not overlooked when the last price return was made. An average of the two, taking into account the numbers of men serving in each area, was used to fix the allowance. This is normal procedure to give a fair rate over an area which has varying costs of living. It saves the administrative confusion which would occur if every part of the area had its own Local Overseas Allowance.

## DO NOT MISS SOLDIER!

If you are a serving soldier, you will be able to buy SOLDIER from your unit, your canteen or your AKC cinema. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should enquire of their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms.

If you are a civilian, you may order SOLDIER at any bookstall in the United Kingdom.

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# RISE AND SHINE!

R.S.M. A. J. BRAND, M.V.O., M.B.E.,  
gives his 7 point recommendation  
for a parade ground polish.

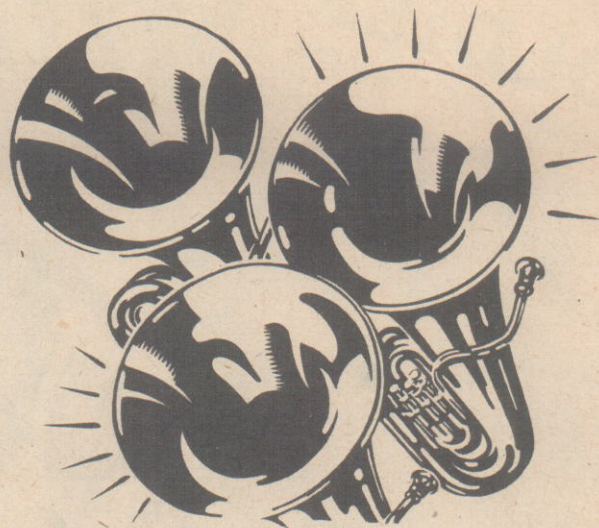


Known throughout the British Army as "The Voice," R.S.M. Brand, late of the Grenadier Guards and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, has used and recommended Kiwi for twenty-five years. Here is his 7 point method for getting a parade ground polish on a boot.

- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."

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# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



VALERIE HOBSON