

SEPTEMBER 1961 ★ 9d

# ***SOLDIER***





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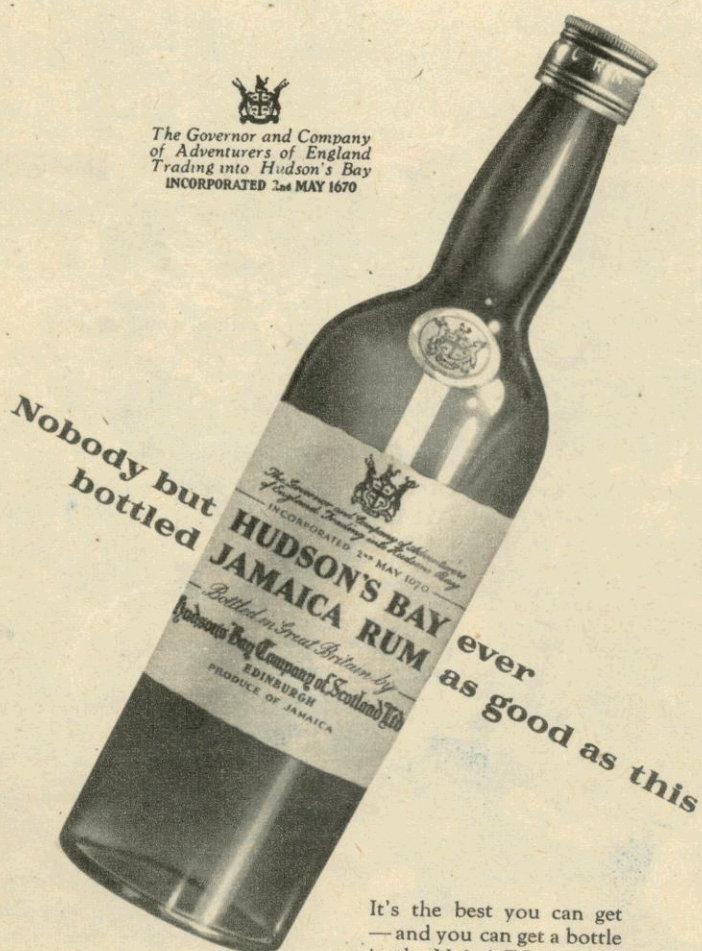
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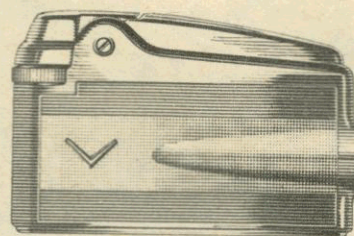


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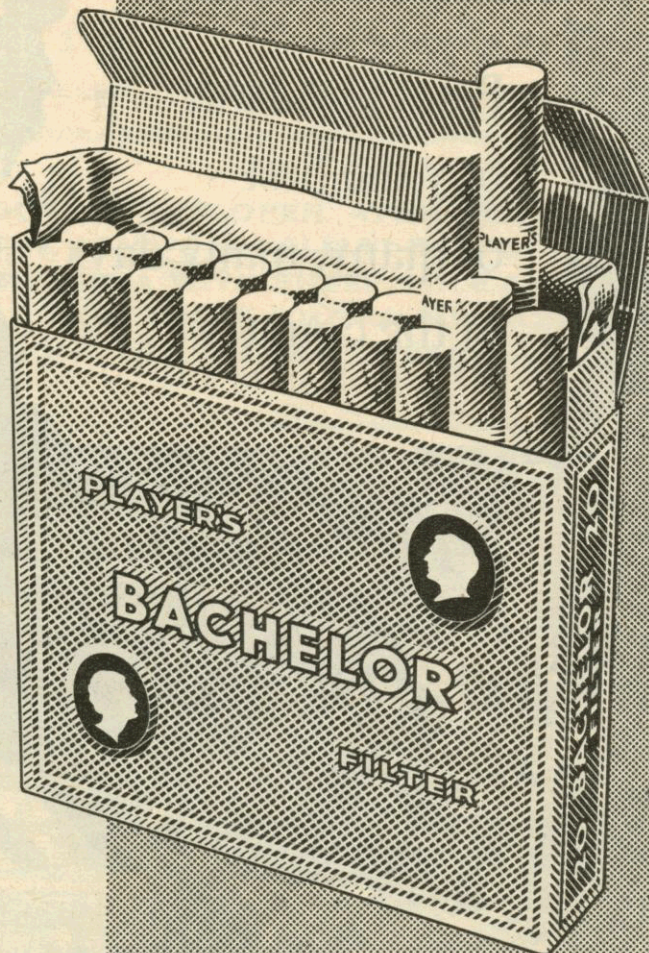
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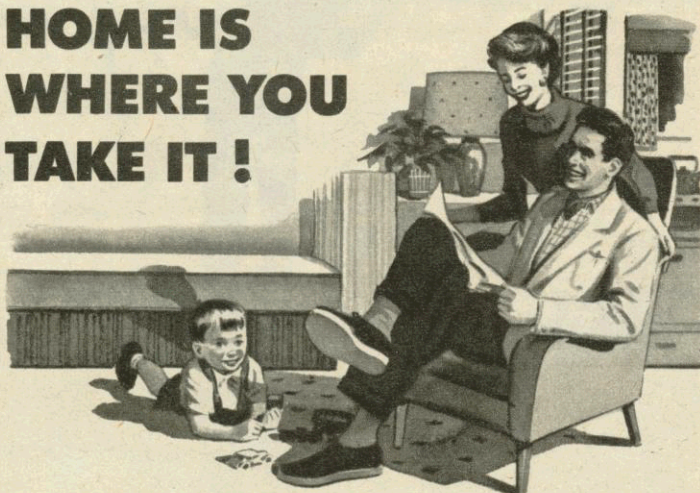
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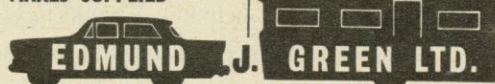
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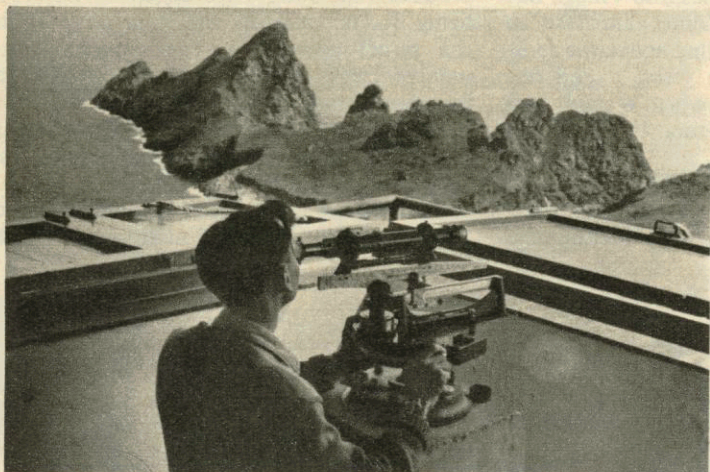


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In the visual observation post, WO II (AIG) F. Smith, RA, sights a telescope on the target area. Beyond him is Dun, home of a vast puffin colony.

Right: The quaint puffin has always been the sign of the detachment's all-ranks' club and motif of the exclusive tie which St. Kildans proudly wear.

Below: A tractor tows off the landing craft's cargo of store trailers. Beyond lie the Army camp and the old village in the shadow of cleit-covered Oiseval.



**OUT IN THE OPEN ATLANTIC, MEN OF THE ARMY'S LONELIEST OUTPOST SHARE ST. KILDA WITH SHEEP, MICE AND BIRDS AS THEY TRACK CORPORAL MISSILES FIRED FROM THE GUIDED WEAPONS RANGE**

**J**AGGED, sheer-faced, spewed in some primeval age from the gorge of a hostile Atlantic. This is St. Kilda—bare stacks and grass-clad islands repelling man-made craft with fearsome breakers and spurning sustenance to all but sheep and mouse and to a myriad sea birds.

This is the Army's most westerly—and loneliest—home station.

Here a mere 30, sometimes 50, soldiers track the *Corporal* missile on its flight from the Hebrides rangehead, 50 miles away, to its Atlantic grave and live the monastic castaway life which in 1930 the last St. Kildans abandoned.

Today's Army islanders lack nothing that modern ingenuity can devise but they are almost as much at the mercy of the sea and gales as their predecessors. Nowhere else is

**OVER . . .**

# ROCKET TRACKERS ON THE PUFFIN ISLES





there an Army outpost so near to civilisation yet so remote.

But few soldiers wholly detest this posting. Most of the lonely garrison accept St. Kilda's challenge and in meeting it discover a comradeship and spirit of team work rarely to be found in a peace-time Army.

That challenge first shows itself in the gaunt outline of the island group as the tank landing craft—the detachment's summer supply line—butts through the open Atlantic to St. Kilda, 50 miles west of the Outer Hebrides. To starboard lies Boreray's almost inaccessible bulk, flanked by two needle rocks—Stac Lii and Stac an Arnim, the Soldier's Rock.

Ahead, a 1400ft cliff (the highest in the British Isles) rises from the sea towards the

summit of Conachair, the crest dominating Hirta, the Army's home and main island of the St. Kilda group. To port lie the smaller stack of Levenish and the eroded, serrated Dun, separated from Hirta by a narrow passage in which Atlantic breakers foam and boil. Beyond Hirta is Soay, birthplace of the unique sheep which bear its name.

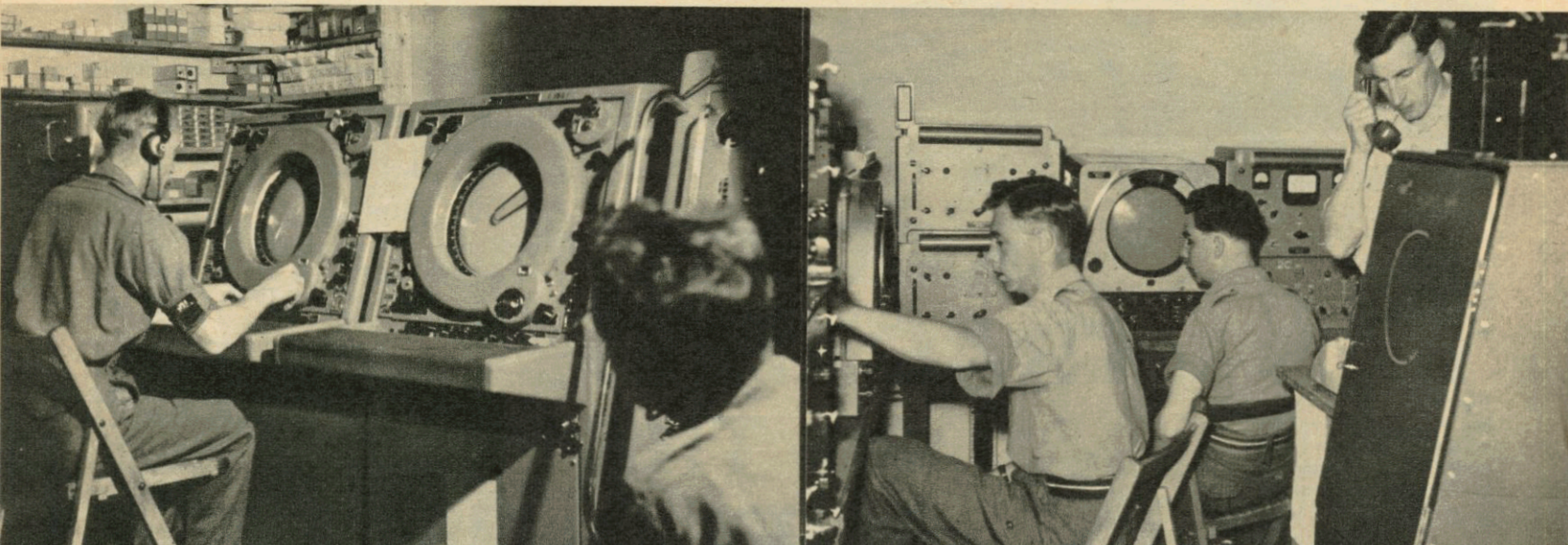
As the landing craft noses into Village Bay the Army's imprint becomes apparent in huts and buildings straggling above the rock-strewn beach, a minute jetty, a concrete ramp shelving steeply down to a sandy spit and the road winding tortuously up the hill to the radar stations.

Here are the eyes of the Royal Artillery's Guided Weapons Range. From a concrete building on Mullach Mor, 1172 feet up near

the centre of Hirta's five square miles, the soldiers keep a radar safety watch over the range. A mile away, in a similar building, more radar sets and their synchronised cameras record the *Corporals* as they plunge into the sea. Nearby, a visual check is made through telescopes.

Teleprinters and radio-telephones link St. Kilda and the South Uist rangehead. Before a firing, radar operators check on shipping in the target areas. The detachment commander relays to the other two teams the rangehead state: "The count-down will start in five minutes from now . . ." Excitement mounts as rapidly as if the teams were on the rangehead.

"Missile away." The operators scan the radar screens, tracing the flight path. "Look



Sergeant R. Dutton, RA, operating the radar set which shows whether the range is clear. Right: Staff-Sergeant C. R. Hall, REME radar technician.

Staff-Sergeant R. J. Loader, REME, Sergeant G. E. Tasker, RA, and Captain D. F. Williamson, RA, detachment commander, in the spotting room.



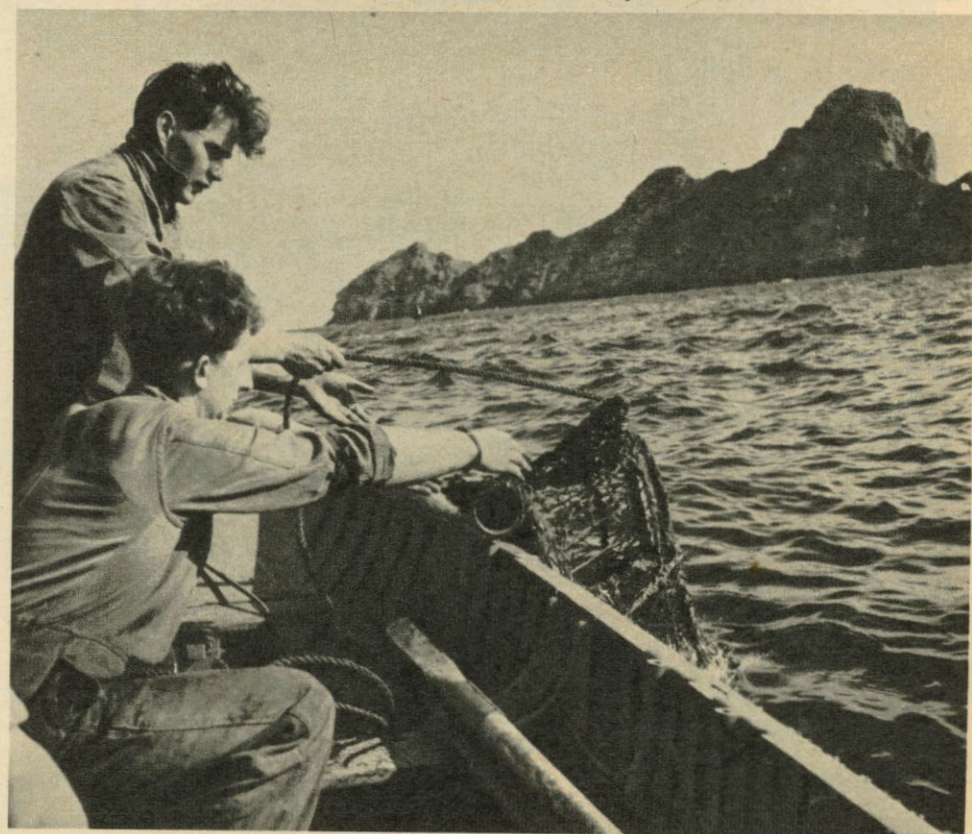
St. Kilda—a seventeenth-century map-maker's corruption of Skilda (Norse for "well island")—was used by the Vikings to replenish their water supplies. Two Viking houses of the seventh—eighth centuries remain but there are earlier underground dwellings as old as 1000 BC.

The stone cottages which replaced mud dwellings in "Main Street" are now roofless but the factor's house and manse—now officers' and sergeants' quarters—were repaired when the Royal Air Force and the Army re-occupied Hirta four years ago. A striking feature of the islands is the vast number of *cleitann*—stone bee-hive chambers used for storage and shelter—both in the village meadows and dotted over the hills.

A naturalist's paradise, St. Kilda is the home of three unique species—the long-tailed field mouse, the St. Kilda wren and the dark brown, goat-like Soay sheep—and a breeding ground of the rare grey Atlantic seal.

Bird life is prodigious. Stac Lii houses a quarter of the world's gannets; two million pairs of puffins make their burrows on Dun and there are thousands of Atlantic fulmars, herring gulls, ravens, kittiwakes, shags and black-backed gulls.

Private M. R. Macandie, RAOC (standing), and Corporal R. F. Butler, REME, hauling a lobster pot into the dhory. Although Village Bay is sheltered, there is always a swell, even in the best weather.



This is the sergeant-major's pipe-dream—every man on parade. Here, gathered round the World War One naval gun, is the 1961 St. Kilda summer detachment—three officers and 43 men of nine corps. Behind the group are the manse, church and old houses.

in"—and the men on the telescopes concentrate. "Impact!" Out at sea a white plume emerges from the swell, rises to 400 feet, poises for a few seconds and slowly falls back into the water.

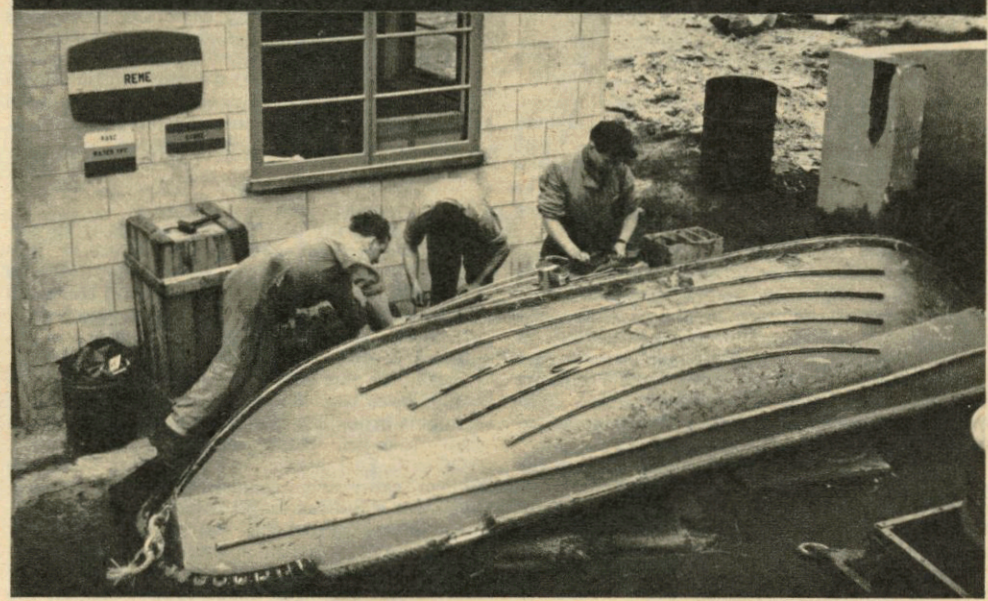
Now the rangehead wants to know how accurate the round was and, for a short time, as he develops films giving the answer, a Royal Army Ordnance Corps photographer becomes the detachment's most important and busiest man. The operational staff numbers about a third of the summer strength while the remainder provide the self-sufficient administrative tail. Every man has a full-time job and many double up with spare-time tasks.

Four appointments fall to Lieutenant W. E. Waters, Royal Army Medical Corps, who is St. Kilda's medical, messing, mail and meteorological officer. His medical reception station includes a four-bed ward and operating theatre but there are few calls on his services as a doctor. Issuing and accounting for rations—stored in the old church—take up most of his time. As the island's Postmaster he puts the unique puffin stamp on all outgoing mail. To recall the medical officer in an emergency, when he is not in camp, the Red Cross flag is flown at half-mast or, at night, rockets are fired. Emergencies have nearly always been associated with his international practice—treating seamen from Spanish, Norwegian and British trawlers. This year alone the medical officer has extracted 24 Spanish teeth, set a broken arm, carried out an emergency operation on an amputated foot and treated a man with a crushed stomach. The Army's technicians have repaired a French lobster boat's radio and the broken propeller shaft of a Norwegian ship.

Trawlers regularly shelter in Village Bay from the Atlantic gales which sweep St. Kilda in winter and summer. Hurricane force winds have bent double a radar dish frame, smashed dhories, whirled away store buildings and have added to the island's toll—three aircraft (a *Sunderland*, *Warwick* and *Mosquito*) crashed there during World War Two—the wreck of the 50-ton yawl, *Avocet*, whose mast was salvaged and erected



Above: Gnr B. Madden painting the radar dish frame atop Mullach Mor. Below: The "Three Musketeers," L/Cpl P. J. Englishby, RASC (left), Pte M. R. Macandie, RAOC (right) (note one-man detachment signs) and Cpl. G. Culbard, REME, crew and maintain the dhories.







The big day on Kilda—a ship's in and there's mail up—replying perhaps to letters written weeks ago. The detachment can phone home but not receive calls.

Right: Off duty in the Puffin Club. The life-buoy and oar blade are souvenirs of the yawl *Avocet*, blown from its moorings and wrecked during a severe gale.



Pictures by SOLDIER  
Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN

## SOLDIER to Soldier

**T**HE Army—and 24 Infantry Brigade in particular—has every reason to be proud of its highly impressive performance in Kuwait (see pages 16-18).

Moving by air and sea at a speed and with an efficiency never before achieved—and even five years ago thought to be impossible—a force of more than 7000 troops, with tanks, guns and hundreds of tons of stores, was landed in six days, effectively discouraging aggression and possibly preventing a Middle East war.

The success of this first operational "fire brigade" action is a tribute not only to the planning of the combined Services staffs but, in a large measure, to the enthusiasm and high standard of training of the troops who, though happily they saw no fighting, tackled the job with admirable skill and cheerfulness.

Once again the lesson was driven home that highly-mobile conventional forces—a requirement SOLDIER has emphasised before—are vital to the Army if it is to be allowed to carry out its tasks and that more transport aircraft are needed. It is a sobering thought that 70 aircraft—a large part of the resources of the Royal Air Force Transport Command, and some of them World War Two *Valettas*—were needed to fly the "fire brigade" to Kuwait.

No less important, the operation proved the value of the Royal Navy's new commando carrier HMS *Bulwark*, which in three days rushed a Royal Marine Commando to the scene from 1000 miles away, ferrying the men and equipment ashore in its own helicopters and amphibious vehicles. Perhaps the final solution to the Army's mobility

problem lies with the provision of more commando carriers which could cruise the oceans ready at a moment's notice to take troops to trouble spots anywhere in the world.

Significantly a second commando carrier will be ready for service next year and soon the Royal Navy will have a new assault ship which will carry 700 troops, landing craft and helicopters and operate with the commando carriers.

When Britain was building her Empire her strategy depended on the ability of the Royal Navy to get the Army into and out of action and many well-known regiments began life as Marines. Is the wheel about to turn full circle?

For a time, mail was delivered by Fleet-

wood trawlers but was often delayed. Then free air dropping was tried. Most of the mail landed intact but newspapers and once a drum of beer hurtled into the sea.

Not only the weather rules life on St. Kilda. The islands are owned by the National Trust, leased to the Nature Conservancy and sub-leased in part to the Army which may not keep any animals or interfere with the wild life.

No sports pitches can be laid but the detachment plays its own versions of cricket and football on a rock-covered slope. Bathing is usually too cold for comfort and the favourite outdoor recreation is dhory fishing for mackerel, crab and lobster. Photography is popular, there are snooker, table tennis and darts competitions every month in the all ranks' club and, in winter, a weekly tombola session and social evening.

There are many modern conveniences—constant hot and cold water, central heating or electric radiators, deep-freeze refrigerators and even electric washer-spin-dryers. Fresh rations come out on every ship but the detachment has to make its own bread.

This summer the Army has been baking for nearly a hundred—the detachment, a gang of civilian contractor's men putting up buildings, mending the road and building a new ramp, National Trust parties and a warden and visiting specialist of the Nature Conservancy.

The National Trust parties make the trip in a chartered boat and cook their own rations. For them the fortnight's stay on St. Kilda is a wonderful holiday well worth the £25 each pays for the privilege of rebuilding the old village's dry walls, studying the bird life or exploring the Viking houses.

For the troops, a tour on St. Kilda is no holiday. Like soldiers everywhere they look forward to their relief, but many of them yearn to return to the Army's loneliest and most challenging outpost.

PETER N. WOOD

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★

**N**OT without justification the British soldier has often been described as Britain's best ambassador. But, sadly, some of his finest achievements in spreading the good name of Britain abroad are lost in the welter of crime, sex and sport which most newspapers prefer to publish.

Take, for instance, the remarkable work the troops have been doing in Kenya. When recent droughts brought a trail of famine and distress in their wake and Major General R. E. Goodwin, GOC-in-C, East Africa, launched a Forces' Famine Appeal, every unit organised a voluntary collection. But it did not stop there. The King's Regiment (Liverpool and Manchester) held a pageant and raised £154; a fashion show realised £221 and a mammoth raffle £1040; and the Army Postal Services designed and issued special stamps, the

proceeds of which were given to the fund. So far Servicemen in Kenya have contributed nearly £10,000.

In the field, too, the Army went to work, carrying vast quantities of food to stricken tribesmen while The Royal Air Force parachuted hundreds of bags of maize, the Africans' basic food, to remote villages in the Northern Province. A sympathetic War Office helped the Kenya Government by allowing military vehicles to work for up to 60,000 miles without charge.

The British soldier has a long and proud record of selfless service to those in need of help all over the world. His latest activities in Kenya deserve the highest praise—and more publicity.

★

**C**OMMANDING officers assailed by pressmen when allegations of "bull" are flying around have been handed a little ammunition for counter-attack by Mr. Arthur Christiansen, former editor of the *Daily Express*.

In his reminiscences, "Headlines All My Life" (Heinemann, 25s), Mr. Christiansen lets an interesting cat out of the bag. When the proprietor of the *Daily Express*, Lord Beaverbrook, decided to visit his paper, the occasion was supposed to catch the staff unawares, "but the management's secret service was most efficient," says Mr. Christiansen, "and the whole place was spruced up with the spit-and-polish that usually attracts hostile Press publicity when an Army barracks gets the full treatment before a Royal visit."





For much of their time at the School, the students play the practice chanter. Their instructor joins in—he, too, needs to practise assiduously—on a chanter given to him by a previous course.

Pictures by  
SOLDIER Cameraman  
FRANK TOMPSETT

You can't play the pipes in "six easy lessons"—it takes years of training. And then, to become an Army pipe-major, you go on an intensive seven-month course at the Army's School of Piping

# Pipe-Majors In The Making

**S**TANDING on its grey battlements and contemplating the magnificent panorama on every side, the visitor to Edinburgh Castle can merge himself into this cradle of Scottish history and as quickly lose all sense of time.

He begins to hear, in his imagination, the faint skirl of the pipes and to see the piper himself, slowly pacing the close-cut grass, kilt swinging and pipe tassels streaming in the wind.

A less romantic tourist, too, might hear piping—carried up in snatches from a single-windowed, vaulted room in the bowels of the Army's buildings. There, in a prosaic setting of barrack chairs and tables, disguised and brightened by regimental tartans, is the Army's School of Piping. There, embryonic pipe-majors shut themselves off from the outside world as they study the

history of piping, perfect their playing technique and learn how to organise a band.

The first school of piping, formed in the mid-17th century at Borreraig in the Isle of Skye, flourished for a hundred years and its teachings by the famed MacCrimmons were handed down through piping families to the present day.

The Borreraig pipers studied for seven years. Today's longest course—that of the Army's School of Piping—is condensed, by using staff notation, comprehensive collections of printed music and the modern aids of tape-recorder and records, into an intensive seven months.

No more than six students attend each course so that individual tuition can be given by their instructor, Pipe-Major John MacLellan, of The Queen's Own Highlanders. Each must be a non-commissioned officer

earmarked as a future pipe-major, have at least five years still to serve and be a practised piper.

Students are taught the theory of music, as applicable to the bagpipe, and learn how to instruct and keep a pipe band at the peak of efficiency. Most of their playing—they normally use, though not entirely in deference to nearby offices, only the practice chanter—is of the pibroch rather than the strathspeys, reels and marches, which even unsympathetic ears find melodious and rhythmic.

The pibroch, properly called *piobaireachd* and also known as *ciol mor* (big music)—strathspeys, reels, jigs and marches are *ciol beag* (little music)—is the purest form of pipe music written only for the bagpipe and played only by the solo instrument.

Pibroch has little place in the modern Army, but its mastery is essential to a good piper. Pipe-Major MacLellan, himself an open champion, reckons that of 4000 pipers in Scotland only about 25 are first-class players who are expert in every form of pipe music. He believes that it takes ten years' solid training to make a good piper.

During their course his students learn by heart six pibrochs, marches, strathspeys and reels. A pibroch lasts for 10 to 15 minutes,

**OVER...**





With the end of National Service, a source of ready-made pipers, good instructors are essential. Here, Sergeant A. Price is learning how to teach, with his fellow students acting as guinea pigs.

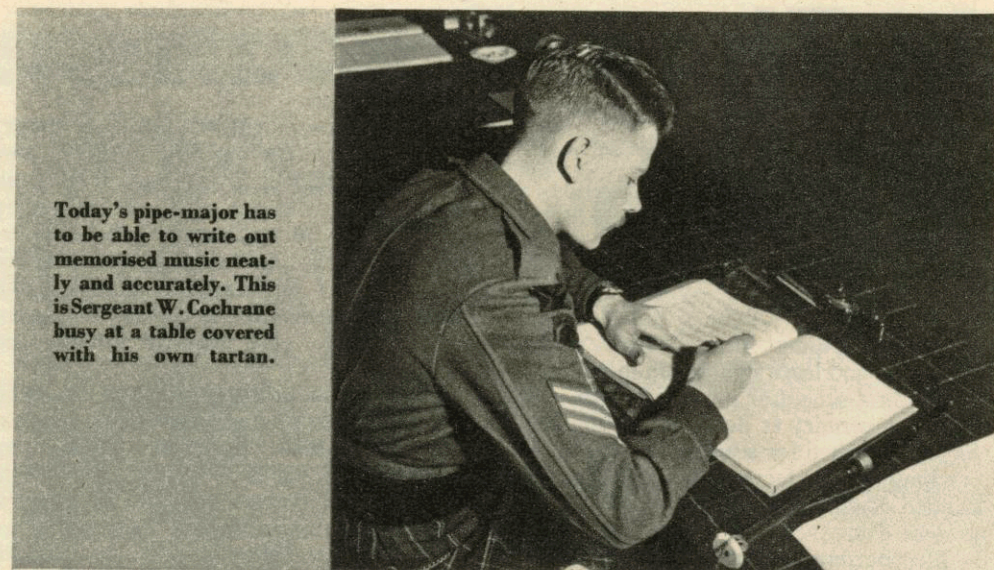
is based on three musical forms of increasing complexity and includes difficult notes which do not occur in any other pipe music.

What can and cannot be played on bagpipes is unwritten law. "Bonnie Dundee" and "Road to the Isles" are both permissible, as they were originally composed for the pipes, but other well-known Scots airs are disowned because they are not true Gaelic folk songs. "Loch Lomond" is regarded as a popular song and is, in any case, not playable on the pipes, but "Westering Home" is now being accepted—though not by Pipe-Major MacLellan, who is a purist.

Pipe-Major MacLellan—as the only Class

I warrant officer he is the Army's senior piper—began playing at the age of seven under his father's tuition. Joining The Cameron Highlanders in 1936, he was a pupil of the famous Pipe-Major Willie Ross whom he succeeded two years ago at the School of Piping.

At 19, Pipe-Major MacLellan became Pipe-Major in The Seaforth Highlanders and 12 years later was appointed Regimental Sergeant-Major. A champion piper, he has won all the piping world's major awards at Oban and Inverness and in 1958 won the master's march, strathspey and reel and both open pibroch competitions at both meetings, a feat never before achieved.



Today's pipe-major has to be able to write out memorised music neatly and accurately. This is Sergeant W. Cochrane busy at a table covered with his own tartan.

## "WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A', AN' A'"

**B**RING not a bagpiper to a man in trouble," unkindly says an English proverb. "The piper wants muckle that wants the nether chafts," replies the Scottish saw.

Oddly, of the comparatively few references to bagpipers in books of quotations, most are

from English poets. Shakespeare, in "The Merchant of Venice," says: "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time; Some that will evermore peep through their eyes And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper." And, less kindly, "when the bagpipe sings i' the nose."

Wordsworth, a cynical Sassenach, writes

of "The bagpipe dinning on the midnight moor," while John Gay comments: "Drunk as a piper all day long."

But neither Scot nor Sassenach, poet nor peasant, could quarrel with that delightful English proverb: "He's like a bagpipe, he never talks till his belly be full."



Pipe-Major J. A. MacLellan, The Queen's Own Highlanders, in the Cameron tartan.

Although steeped in the history and tradition of his art, Pipe-Major MacLellan does not scorn the modern age. He uses a tape-recorder to help his students memorise phrases and to pinpoint their imperfections, and on gramophone records they listen to performances by the old masters.

As important as theory and practice in playing and the ability to instruct is the maintenance of pipes in a band. The bagpipe is the only four-reeded, mouth-blown instrument and because temperatures can affect its tone, it is a most difficult instrument to keep in first-class playing order.

Students at the School learn how to care for their pipes (a new set costs up to £90), to clean them with small "flue" brushes and to tune the bass drone and two tenor drones—Irish war pipes have only two drones—which give the fixed harmony to the chanter's melody.

Pipers have always served in Scottish regiments, but before 1855 they played mainly *piobaireachd*. The official establishment then was a pipe-major and five pipers. Today, it is still the same, but commanding officers are allowed to use five of their 16 drummers to augment the corps of pipes and most units try to maintain a band of about 20 pipers and 12 drummers.

This presents a knotty financial problem, for the cost of the extra instruments, kit and maintenance—perhaps £300 a year—has to be met from private sources. Part of this is subscribed by the officers who have always, in Scottish regiments, taken a personal interest and pride in their pipes and drums.

The Army's School of Piping was founded



Sgt W. Cochrane, 1st Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers.



L/Sgt D. MacLeod, 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, comes from Elgin.



From 1st Battalion of The Royal Highland Fusiliers: Cpl D. Caird.



Sgt A. Price is from the 1st Battalion of The Royal Irish Fusiliers

at Edinburgh Castle in 1909, with an instructor appointed by the Piobaireachd Society. From 1921 until he retired in 1957, that instructor was Pipe-Major William Ross, an ex-Scots Guardsman renowned as the world's most accomplished piper.

The policy of the School and Scottish military piping (Irish piping is referred to the North Irish Brigade) is decided by a committee which includes the GOC-in-C Scottish Command, pipe-majors of the School, Scots Guards, Highland and Lowland Brigade depots, and an officer with a detailed knowledge of piping who links the School

with the Piobaireachd Society.

Expert judges appointed by the Society assess students' playing and instructing abilities at the end of each course. This, and a theoretical examination, set a high standard for the aspiring pipe-major.

The successful piper—he is given a "Pipe-Major's Certificate"—is a man whose name one day may be coupled with those of John Roe, Robert Crabb, Donald McLeod, Euan Macrae, Andrew Pitkeathly, Thomas Ramsay and John MacLellan—all pipe-majors of the Army and men revered wherever there are Scots and pipes.

Highland dancing has always been closely linked with piping. Scots regiments have good dancers.

Pipes need constant maintenance. The bag, semi-absorbent, is renewed every year at a cost of £2.



The fervent national pride of the Scot has a strong influence on the entrancing titles of pipe music. Many reels, strathspeys and marches are named after people, places and castles. Others record the departure to foreign lands of Scottish regiments.

Pibrochs, too, bear intriguing names. "The Carles with the Breeks" expresses the contempt of the kilt for the trews while "Thug mi pòg dó lamh an Rìgh" ("I Got a Kiss of the King's Hand") recalls the time when 80 pipers met King Charles II in 1651. Pointing to John MacGurmen (MacCrimmon), they told the King: "Sir, you are our King and yonder old man in the middle is the Prince of Pipers." When the King gave him his hand to kiss, MacCrimmon expressed his feelings by playing this pibroch.



# A GENERAL TAKES



The climax of the Esplanade ceremony as 2/Lieut Turner, escorted by two sergeants, offers the key, on a velvet cushion, to his father, Lient-Gen Turner DSO. On the left are the Lord Lyon King of Arms and his four Heralds.

**A** REGIMENT and a general, a subaltern and a batman, gave a family air to the installation of Lieutenant-General W. F. R. Turner DSO, GOC-in-C Scottish Command, as the new Governor of Edinburgh Castle.

This ceremony of handing over the key to the Castle has for many years been purely symbolic, but it has lost none of its colour, nor any of its significance in Scottish pageantry.

General Turner's installation was particularly an Edinburgh occasion. On parade was the 1st Battalion of The King's Own Scottish Borderers, which he commanded during World War Two. The Regiment has been

closely linked with Edinburgh since it was raised in 1689 within the shadows of the Castle walls.

Commanding the key party was General Turner's son, Second-Lieutenant William Turner, a Regular officer in the 1st Battalion, and to complete the family picture, the General's own batman, Lance-Corporal H. Fisk, was there to receive the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

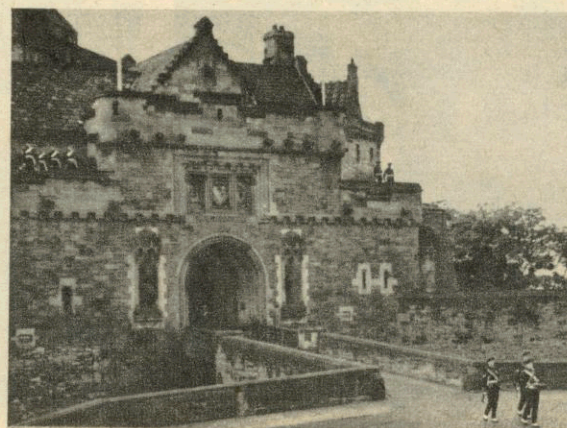
The Leslie tartan, diced bonnet with blackcock feather, and blue doublet of The Borderers dominated the Esplanade, but there was a splash of contrasting colour in the scarlet jackets of the boys from Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, and the tabards

of Lord Lyon King of Arms and Heralds.

On parade, too, were khaki-clad boys from the Combined Cadet Force and Army Cadet Force and old soldiers of the British Legion and South African War Veterans' Association.

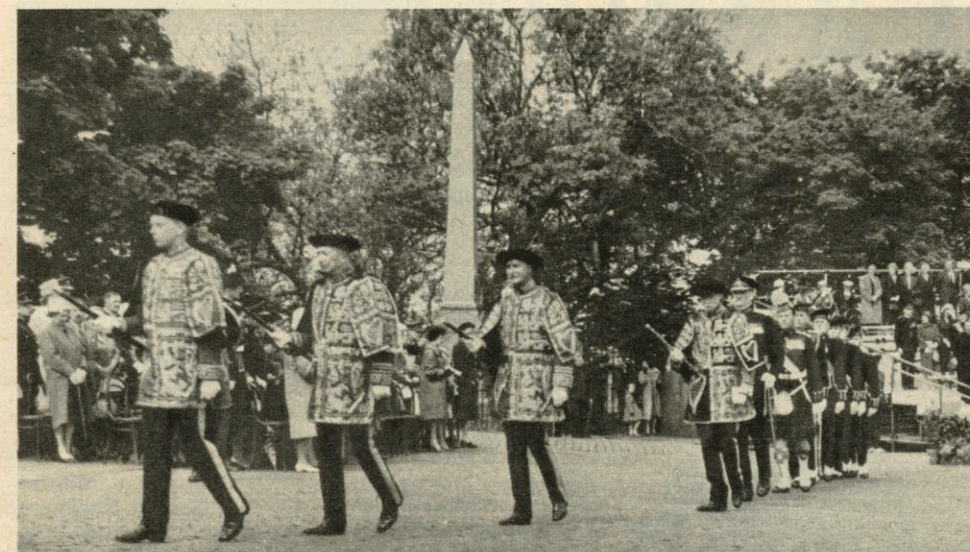
After General Turner had inspected the parade and presented the medal, Her Majesty's Household Trumpeters for Scotland sounded a fanfare as the Lord Lyon stepped forward down the Esplanade to receive the new Governor's request:

*"My Lord Lyon, pray read the Commission of Her Majesty as to the appointment of a new Governor of Her Majesty's Castle of Edinburgh."*



Two sentries and trumpeters from The Royal Scots Greys watch from the ramparts while the Castle gates are opened for the key party to march out in slow time across the drawbridge towards the Esplanade.

# OVER THE CASTLE



Lord Lyon duly read the Commission, then handed it to the General.

*"My Lord Lyon, pray now order the gates of the Castle to be opened and the keys brought to me."*

Turning about to face the Castle entrance, the State Trumpeters sounded a rousing fanfare. Doubling on to the south ramparts, trumpeters of The Royal Scots Greys blew the alarm; the Castle Adjutant, his sword drawn, and two sentries with fixed bayonets, appeared on the north ramparts. As the Lord Lyon moved towards the drawbridge, a sentry challenged. The Castle Adjutant cautiously demanded:

*"What comes the Lord Lyon King of Arms to do at the gates of Edinburgh Castle?"*

Replying in the name of the Queen and her Governor, Lord Lyon charged the Commandant and Garrison of the castle to open the gates and deliver up its keys. Failure to obey would be "at their highest peril."

*"Advance one Herald to deliver the just double of the said Summons to be served, verified and proven."*

The Herald knocked three times on the wicket gate with his baton, delivered the document and withdrew. "All is well," cried



Pipes and Drums strike up the Regimental March, "All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border," as men of the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, give an "Eyes Right" to the dais.

At the end of the parade's march past, the Lord Lyon King of Arms, preceded by The Heralds in line, leads the new Governor and his escort up into the Castle.

Born in Edinburgh, Lieut-Gen W. F. R. Turner DSO was commissioned in 1928 into the KOSB, soldiering with the Depot, 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th Battalions.

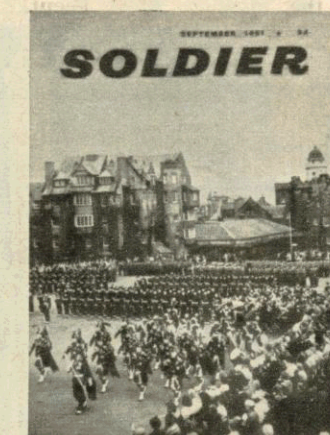


a rampart sentry, and as the Castle gates opened the key party—Second-Lieutenant Turner bearing the key on a velvet cushion, with Sergeant W. Speakman VC and Sergeant E. McLellan as his escort—slow-marched down the Esplanade to present the key to the Governor.

After placing his hand on the key as symbolic acceptance, General Turner instructed Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. MacLeod DSO, MC, commanding the parade, to deliver the key to the safe custody of the officer commanding troops in the Castle.

Then, as the Governor took the salute, the 1st Battalion marched past, followed by the other detachments on parade.

Finally, to a fanfare of The Royal Scots Greys trumpeters, the Heralds in line, Lord Lyon, the Governor and his escort, marched in slow time over the drawbridge and into the Castle as the Governor's banner rose to the masthead of the gatehouse flagpole.



## COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover, by Staff Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN, shows the Pipes and Drums and Military Band of the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, marching up the Esplanade to take up their positions for the march past at the end of the installation ceremony.

THE appointment of Governor of Edinburgh Castle has been in existence continually since 1107, except for the period from 1860 to 1936. In the roll of past Governors are many Scottish nobles—the Dukes of Orkney, Lauderdale and Gordon and the Earls of Athole, Arran, Mar, Leven, Balcarres, Middleton, Kelly and March.

Several holders of the office relinquished it suddenly. The third Governor, Walter Comyn, Earl of Menteith, was poisoned in 1258; assassination ended Thomas Knyton's appointment in 1337; and a year after his installation in 1400, David, Duke of Rothesay, was killed at Falkland.

Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange was hanged in 1573; James, Duke of Hamilton, survived only a year from 1648 before being beheaded in London; and Lieutenant-General Sir James Campbell fell at Fontenoy.

In recent times the appointment has been vested in the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command, and the key, the chief symbol of the installation ceremony, is now held by the officer commanding troops in the Castle.

THE Lord Lyon King of Arms is a member of the Royal Household and responsible for controlling badges and coats of arms in Scotland where he also performs many of the functions of Earl-Marsh.

He holds daily court in Edinburgh and can call on a military escort for making Royal proclamations or for visitations. Lord Lyon was asked to approve formation and corps badges during World War Two and in recent years has been consulted on the design of new badges for amalgamated Scottish regiments.

Sir Thomas Innes of Learney has held the

office of Lord Lyon since 1945 and is a member of the Royal Company of Archers (The Queen's Bodyguard of Scotland).

On the subject of tartans—he records them at the request of clans—Sir Thomas holds strong views. The large number of existing tartans is, he says, the result of mis-weaving—and there are far too many applications for new designs.

Note for Sassenachs: Four tartans—Childers Universal, Caledonian Red, Jacobite Yellow and Hunting Stewart—may be worn by anyone.



# THE ARMY STORY —BY TATTOO

**T**HREE hundred years in the history of the Army are spanned in this year's Edinburgh Tattoo which is expected to attract 200,000 to the Castle during the Edinburgh International Festival.

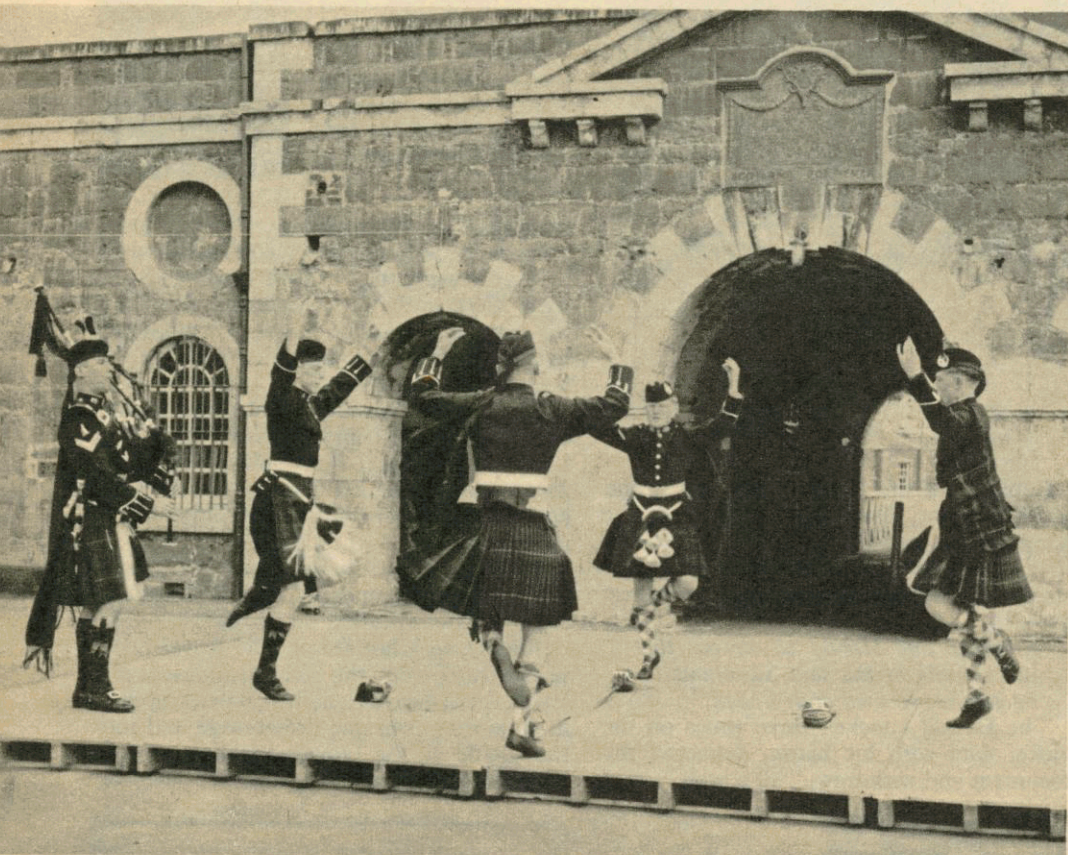
Men of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, dressed in old-style uniforms and armed with pikes, show how their predecessors, the Regiment of Scottish Foot Guards, mounted guard for the first time at the Castle, and to emphasise that life in the Brigade of Guards is not all ceremonial duties, Scots Guardsmen of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, in modern combat dress, are staging a support weapons race, hauling their *Mobats* and 3-inch mortars over obstacles.

Norway is this year's guest country and the Royal Norwegian Guards from Oslo will make a dramatic entry as they dry-ski on matting down the Esplanade arena. Their own band accompanies a drill display and 30 girls from a youth organisation near Oslo join the Guardsmen in dancing.

No Edinburgh Tattoo would be complete without Scottish dancing and men of the Scots Guards, The Gordon Highlanders, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Training Depot of The Gordons and the Queens Own Highlanders, partnered by girls of all three Services, are performing famous Scottish dances.

Newcomers to the Tattoo are a troop of Sappers from 38 Corps Engineer Regiment and another from 4 Canadian Field Squadron, in Germany, who compete in a Bailey Bridge building race. The youngsters from the Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps are giving a drill and drums and bugle display and other attractions include Royal Air Force police dogs and their handlers, massed pipes and drums and massed military bands.

Rehearsing at Fort George are four of the eight junior soldiers from the Highland Brigade Depot who are dancing at the Tattoo. They are partnered in one dance by WRNS, WRAF and WRAC.



Left: A smiling Guardsman of the Royal Norwegian Guards on duty in Oslo. His uniform, unusual headgear and its plume are all black.

Youngsters of the Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, appearing for a second time in Edinburgh, giving a display at Fort Tregarth in Cornwall.





There's military history in the making at Edinburgh Castle as a new-born Regiment, The Queen's Own Highlanders, takes over guard duties. Stan Eagle (kneeling) is there to record the occasion.

## History in The Negative

**Y**OU may never notice him, but he will certainly be at the Edinburgh Tattoo—perhaps in the front row with the Press cameramen, or maybe photographing a piper in a quiet corner.

Mr. Stanley Eagle will be there because the Tattoo represents for him an easy opportunity (he lives in Leith, only a few miles from the Castle) of pursuing his unusual hobby—collecting photographs of military ceremonial.

He has some 3000 prints, mainly covering the period since 1900 although some of them date back to 1870, in a collection which is probably unparalleled.

Mr. Eagle began collecting 30 years ago—he has long forgotten what prompted him at the time—and has spent most of his holidays and a considerable sum of money in furthering his hobby.

He buys his pictures from regiments, Fleet Street agencies and SOLDIER and takes some himself, particularly during the fortnight which almost every year he spends in London, Aldershot and other military centres in the South of England at regimental parades and ceremonies. To offset the cost of his hobby, Mr. Eagle plays the drums in a Scottish country dance orchestra.

One of his problems, as a civilian who has no official connection with the Army, is keeping tabs on military events, but he has his own information network among friends up and down the country and in the Army's Public Relations. Another source is the regimental magazine. He subscribes to over 30 of them and between 2000 and 3000 copies share the attic retreat in his home where he files his pictures.

Probably the most interesting section of his photograph collection is that of the 1900-1914 period when uniforms were more colourful, and one of his treasures is an unusual picture of two drum horses of the Royal Horse Guards and the Life Guards at

a rehearsal for last year's Trooping the Colour. Another is the rare spectacle of the Household Cavalry Band, in State dress, standing unmounted during the Garter ceremony at Windsor. A picture of Scottish interest shows the Corps of Drums and Pipers of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, leading the Queen's Guard of the Depot, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, to Holyroodhouse in Edinburgh.

Mr. Eagle's grandfather was a Volunteer and a drum-maker. His own service was during World War Two, first as a Gunner then in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. He has been employed for 40 years by an Edinburgh brewing firm.

● Mr. Eagle is on the look-out for photographs of Army ceremonial, in full dress uniform, of the years between 1902 and 1914. His collection is bequeathed to the Scottish United Services Museum.



At his home in Leith, Mr. Eagle sorts a few of the 3000 prints in his collection of military photographs. They are filed in boxes and kept in an attic which also houses a stack of programmes, regimental magazines and a useful darkroom.

## The Army in the House

2

*The second of a series of news and views on the Army from both Houses of Parliament*

**E**LEVEN soldiers are employed in Royal households but "they carry out military training appropriate to their rank and service," said the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, in answer to an allegation that they were "not soldiers in the real sense but cheap labour."

Five of the men were at Buckingham Palace, three at Clarence House (the home of the Queen Mother) and three at York House (home of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester).

★ ★ ★

**I**t is estimated that about 10 per cent more recruits from civil life are needed if the all-Regular Army is to reach its target of 165,000 by 1963. In the six months ended on 30 April, 1961, 11,329 recruits completed three months' service and were available for posting to units, said the War Minister.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE Minister of Defence, Mr. Harold Watkinson, announced that £165,000,000 had been spent by Britain in equipping and maintaining the British forces in Germany since May, 1955.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE Government has no intention of making changes at present in the overall strength of balance of British Army of the Rhine, said the Defence Minister. The reduction from four divisions to seven brigade groups was approved by the Western European Union and this force "meets the present requirements both as to balance of conventional and nuclear weapons and their general disposition and make up."

★ ★ ★

**A** LOT of young men today are convinced that there is no point in being a soldier when a nuclear bomb can blow us to bits in five minutes. It is for the Government to show that there are non-nuclear jobs to be done . . . said Lord Nathan in a House of Lords Debate on the Army Estimates.

★ ★ ★

**S**INCE 1956 £3,000,000 has been spent on Commonwealth Defence installations in Kenya and a further £7,000,000 is needed to complete the projects, said the War Minister.

★ ★ ★

**O**NE in four of the recruits who had enlisted in the Regular Army in 1959 had now either been discharged or bought themselves out, said Mr. James Ramsden, Under Secretary of State for War. The cost of their training was £1,750,000.

★ ★ ★

**M**R. RAMSDEN refused to act on a suggestion by Mr. William Stonehouse, MP, that advertisements for the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, which contained illustrations of soldiers with their guns at the ready in Kenya should be withdrawn. Mr. Stonehouse said they gave the impression of armed suppression of colonial peoples. Mr. Ramsden retorted that they showed routine training in the field and added: "The presence of British troops in these stations is a contribution to stability and the preservation of law and order."

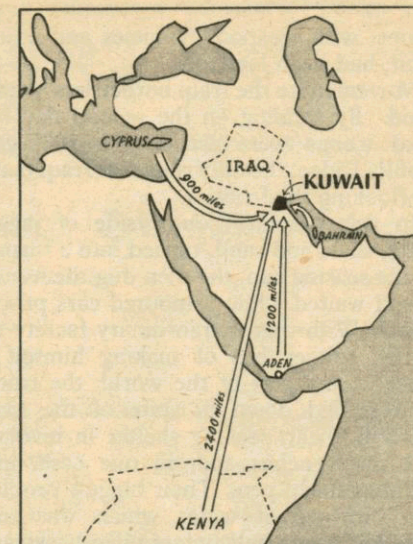
★ ★ ★

**T**HE only thing that increased recruiting before the war was the advent of Munich, when it became clear to young men where their duty lay. . . . If their duty is pointed out to the young men of today they will do as their forefathers did."—Mr. George Wigg, MP (a former Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Army Educational Corps).



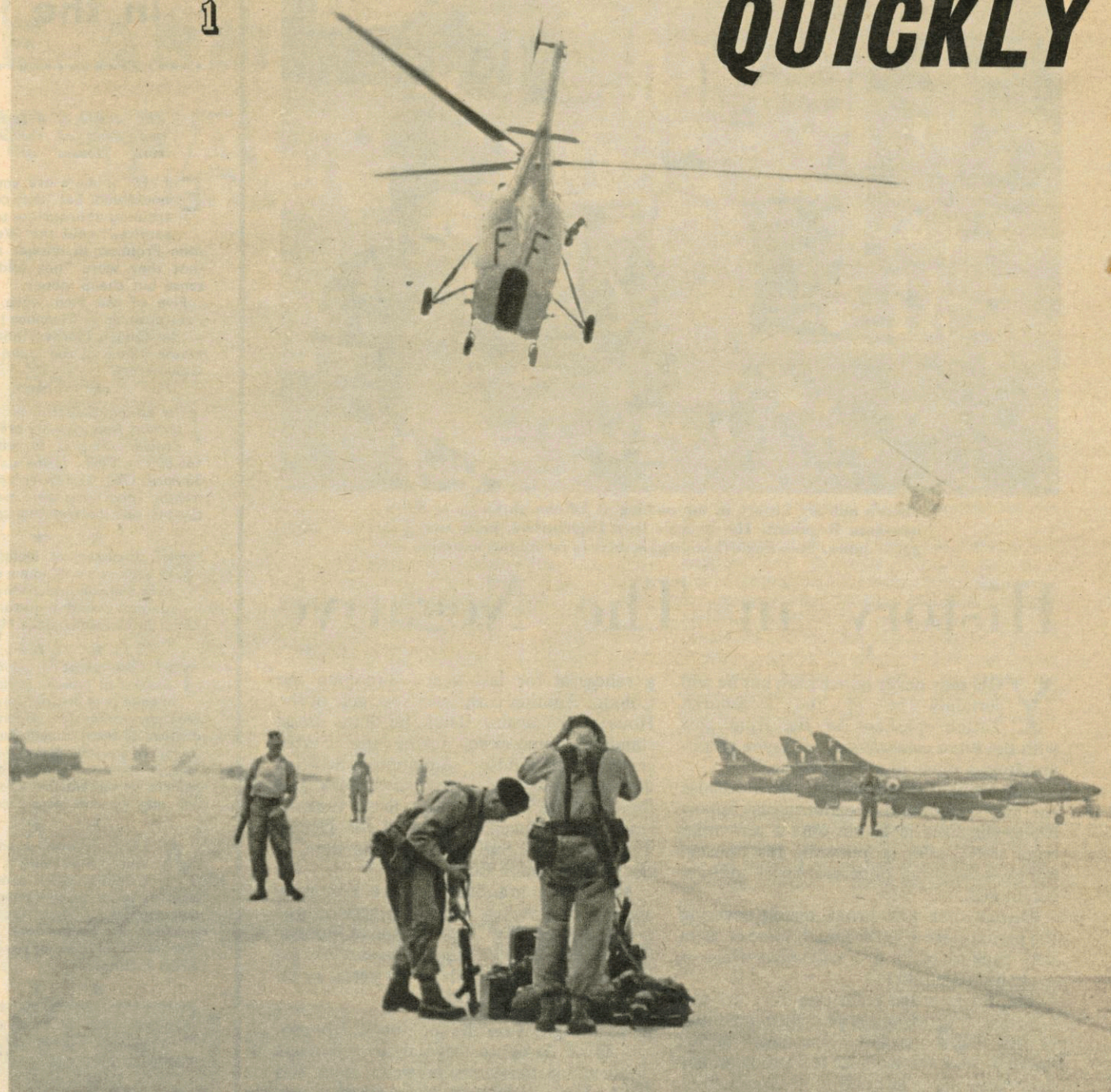
# QUICKLY INTO KUWAIT

Only hours after receiving the call for help, men of 24 Infantry Brigade and Royal Marines landed in troubled Kuwait. It was a triumph of organisation and training and the first operation of its kind. There was no fighting but the troops won a notable victory by keeping the peace



**KUWAIT** (two-thirds the size of Wales and one of the richest oil-producing countries in the world) became independent only two weeks before Iraq threatened invasion and the Sheikh appealed to Britain for help.

Britain, which has been closely linked with Kuwait since 1899, when the territory accepted British protection, last year received nearly 40 per cent of all its oil supplies from Kuwait. Oil production is in the hands of the Kuwait Oil Company, jointly owned by British Petroleum and Gulf Oil Corporation of America.



Stripped to the waist, men of 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, who flew from Cyprus, dig themselves into the desert near the Iraqi border. At the time the temperature was 130 degrees in the shade.

**W**HEN British troops poured into Kuwait, the fabulously rich oil sheikhdom in the Persian Gulf, they were making military history.

For the first time Britain's Strategic Reserve—the "fire brigade" force which has the task of nipping trouble in the bud—was being tested in action and in a bloodless operation, carried out with remarkable speed and efficiency, it brilliantly achieved the object for which it was set up.

Not a shot was fired in anger. The mere presence of the troops was sufficient to

prevent the threatened Iraqi invasion of Kuwait.

Never before have British troops moved so rapidly or done their job more effectively. Only hours after Sheikh Abdullah al-Salim, the ruler of Kuwait, had appealed for Britain's help, more than 600 Royal Marine Commandos were being flown ashore by helicopters from the Royal Navy Commando carrier HMS *Bulwark* which, three days before, had been cruising off Karachi, 1000 miles away. At the same time, the 3rd Dragoon Guards, with 14 *Centurion* tanks,

rushed from Bahrain by tank landing ship, went ashore at the port of Shuwaith, digging in around the Farwanja airport.

Though the landing was unopposed it was difficult and uncomfortable, for as the troops came ashore a red-hot wind from the desert brought a blinding sandstorm in its wake.

Meanwhile other units from 24 Infantry Brigade in Kenya, 2400 miles away, and in Bahrain, Aden and Cyprus, were on the way by air and the next day more than 3000 **OVER...**



Brigadier Derek Horsford DSO and bar, who commanded the field force. He has been a Rifleman, a Gunner, and an Infantryman.

Above: Seconds after landing Royal Marine Commandos at Farwanja airfield, helicopters return to their parent ship, the carrier HMS *Bulwark*, to ferry in more troops and equipment. Six hundred Commandos were landed in the first few hours.

Right: As a *Centurion* tank goes forward, two Marine Commandos direct helicopters on to a landing strip near the frontier town of Houtlah. The Marines sailed to Kuwait in a carrier which had been cruising off India.



Left: The 11th Hussars prepare their *Saracens* for action before moving off to the Iraqi border. Above: Sappers of 34 Independent Field Squadron cool off at a rest camp. Note Arab headdress.



troops, with weapons, vehicles and equipment, had been landed.

Movement to the Iraqi border was equally rapid. By evening on the second day forward troops were astride the 1000-yard Moutla Ridge, the only route for Iraqi tanks, overlooking the frontier.

In this desolate countryside of jagged rocks, shale and sand, turned into a furnace by the searing sun, the men dug themselves in and waited while armoured cars probed ahead. With that extraordinary facility the British soldier has of making himself at home in any part of the world, the troops soon settled down in spite of the overpowering heat, seeking shelter in bivouacs and slit trenches and, in one case, in a Bedouin sheep pen. Their biggest problem was shortage of water which was soon remedied when helicopters plied backwards and forwards with ice-cold drinks.

On the third day more troops and equipment arrived by air from Cyprus and Kenya and made their way to the front through a swirling, stinging sand storm while in the rear areas stores and weapons were ferried ashore.

Five days after the first troops had landed more than 7000 men were in position, holding an 80-mile defence line near the border, in case of attack.

The attack never came, for in a remarkably short time the build-up had been completed and an assault on Kuwait would have been doomed to failure. The danger was over and, step by step, the "fire brigade" force was withdrawn and re-deployed, ready to return at an hour's notice if trouble broke out again.

The biggest enemy turned out to be the weather. Scores of men (though, significantly, not those who had been acclimatised

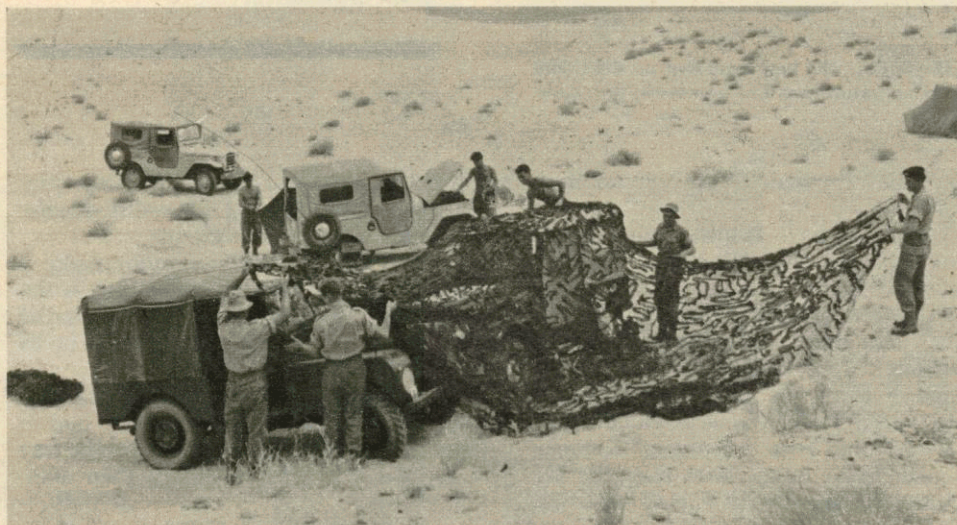
in Bahrain and Aden) were prostrated by the overpowering heat, and violent sand storms tore at the troops as, handkerchiefs tied round their mouths, they prepared their positions.

The Army was quick to help alleviate the arduous conditions and within four days of the landing had set up rest centres on the coast and in Kuwait city for men suffering from heat exhaustion. NAAFI was soon on the job, too, shipping thousands of bottles of beer, soft drinks and half a million cigarettes to the men sweating it out in the desert.

As a demonstration of speed and strength the landings in Kuwait were impressive and many valuable lessons were learned, not the least being the need for more transport aircraft and helicopters so that the Army's "fire brigade" force can move even more quickly to a trouble spot.



A picture to bring back memories of North Africa in World War Two. Centurion tanks take up position on the Moutla Ridge to guard the invasion route into Kuwait. Picture: *Daily Express*.



Above: Men of 42 Commando camouflage their vehicles in a forward area. In a country devoid of features and vegetation, hiding weapons and vehicles was a problem that called for ingenuity.

Below: The job completed. An observer could see there was something, but he would not know what was beneath the scrim. Some of the scrub in the middle distance concealed foxholes.



Men of the 9th (Rocket) Squadron, Parachute Regiment, put the finishing touches to their weapon pit, one of hundreds screening the border. Below: "Dear Mum: Well, here we are in Kuwait . . ." Pictures by *Daily Express Features Service*.



## THEY WERE THERE

**A**MONG the major units which were rushed to Kuwait to keep the peace were: Headquarters 24 Infantry Brigade; 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards and 3rd Dragoon Guards; 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment (Liverpool and Manchester); 2nd Battalion, Parachute Regiment; 11th Hussars; 7th Parachute Light Battery, Royal Horse Artillery; 42 Commando, Royal Marines; 45 Commando, Royal Marines; and 29 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.



## KEEPING THE PEACE

2



Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Coles, Commanding Officer of the 5th Battalion, KAR, checks a Zanzibari's identity papers during a tour of the rural areas. On the right is Major-General R. E. Goodwin, the GOC-in-C East Africa Command.



Askari of C Company, 5th Battalion, King's African Rifles, stand guard over three suspected murderers and looters whom they captured during a day-long patrol through the jungle.



Left: Men of A Company, 5th Battalion, KAR, patrol the streets of Zanzibar city, rifles at the ready and an eye on possible terrorists in the first-floor windows.

# ON GUARD ON THE ISLE OF CLOVES

**W**HILE British troops were on guard in Kuwait, The King's African Rifles and the Kenya Police were keeping the peace 2600 flying miles away in Zanzibar, the tropical British island protectorate in the Indian Ocean.

It was one of the speediest "fire brigade" operations in the Army's history. Only three hours after the British Resident had appealed for help when bloody rioting broke out in the city of Zanzibar, a company of the Kenya Police General Service Unit—an organisation highly trained in riot quelling—was on its way by Royal Air Force *Beverleys*, followed two hours later by another company. Within an hour of landing both companies were in action in the city, breaking up fights, patrolling and guarding shops and offices against looting and arson.

During the night rioting spread to the rural areas and a call went out for reinforcements. Before dawn the next day a company of the 5th Battalion, The King's African Rifles, stationed at Nakuru, in Kenya, was

flown in and within minutes the *askari* were helping to disperse gangs of looters attempting to break into Arab shops. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Coles, immediately called for more reinforcements in the shape of another company of his Battalion which arrived later in the morning.

By mid-afternoon a headquarters had been set up in a city school and patrols were sent out to disarm rioters and "show the flag."

In the meantime, Major-General R. E. Goodwin, GOC-in-C East Africa Command, had flown in to make his own assessment of the situation and had ordered two companies of the 6th Battalion, The King's African Rifles, to fly in from Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanganyika. One company went direct to the neighbouring island of Pemba, which is part of the Sultanate of Zanzibar, to prevent the riots spreading there, and the other company joined the 5th Battalion in patrolling, setting up road blocks and imposing a curfew on the city of Zanzibar.

But their task had only just begun. As

the rioting in the city died down it flared again in the rural areas and quickly developed into a brutal assault by gangs of African Zanzibaris on isolated Arab families. Scores of houses were burned down and their occupants murdered.

The King's African Rifles and the Kenya Police were immediately rushed to the scene to protect the Arabs. They set up guard posts, patrolled the mud-hut villages and searched the jungle for gangs of murderers and looters. Many suspects were arrested and large quantities of loot recovered.

Gradually law and order was restored and most of the troops and police were withdrawn but, as *SOLDIER* went to press, The King's African Rifles were still garrisoning the island in case trouble should break out again.—From a report by Captain J. D. Ellis, *Military Observer*.

● Zanzibar, known as the "Isle of Cloves" (it produces most of the world's supply of cloves and clove oil), became a British protectorate in 1890. The African inhabitants outnumber the Arabs by six to one.



# "Short Back And Sides"

**T**HERE are moments in a soldier's life when your comrades seem to vibrate to the thunderous beating of your heart.

Then, suddenly, the silence is shattered with the Sergeant-Major's roar: "Haircut, you!" The footsteps move on and you bless your good luck. If only he had looked at your rifle...

But it makes you think about haircuts, Army haircuts in particular. Boots is boots, webbing is webbing and a rifle is a rifle. A tin of NAAFI polish or blanco will attend to the first two. A piece of four-by-two will do wonders with the last; but hair is different. It grows!

This growth used to annoy the War Office, but an amendment to King's Regulations didn't stop it; so, biding their time, they just gave it its head. In fact, in the 1660's a soldier's



"Grow some, you!"

hair was worn long and level with the shoulders. Hair which would not grow to the required length had to be helped with wigs or switches! Instead of the terse "Haircut you!" the command then was "Grow some, you!"

The 18th century saw the pigtail, or queue, as standard practice. Lard and powder were rubbed into the hair and the revolting mess was tied with a leather thong.

The War Office counter-attacked by inventing the Haircut, Army, Mark I. It was not perfected in minutes, mind you. Haircuts, Army, Mark I, II, and III, were all tried out with fortnightly reports from commanding officers.

By 1808 the entire British Army got the historic command "Haircut, the lot of you!" and greasy hair clogged the drains from Poona to the Peninsula, and littered the road to Mandalay.

It is said that the Worcestershire Regiment were too busy fighting the war at Vimiero to get their hair cut, and so were the last regiment to fight in long hair. But it's always the same with the provincial boys; always out for a bit of cheap notoriety.

"Short back and sides," with a lot off the top, soon became the general rule, though, for a while, the troops fought back. "Small side whiskers" were allowed, but when the top is knocked off the shelter there is not much hope left and the boys had to come right out in the open with hardly a hair to hide behind.

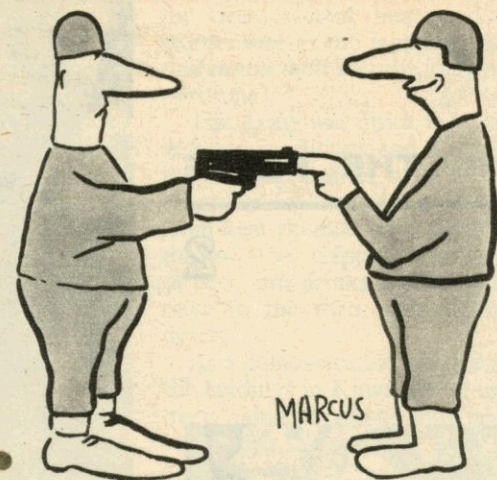
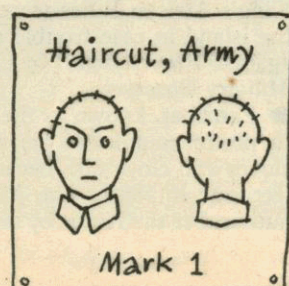
With any Army haircut, of course, luck is needed. Inspecting officers have to find something wrong, and when everything is perfect "Haircut, you!" is their last despairing effort. They run competitions to see how many times they can get the same man to the barbers in a week!

I remember once during the war when my mate and I were posted to another unit. On the first parade he was told to get a haircut. The next morning, too. The third morning he was asked "Why he hadn't got a haircut shut up you next there escort"—all in one breath.

As we stood outside the Orderly Room the sergeant knocked off my mate's cap to reveal his completely bald head. To give that sergeant his due, he never turned a hair. "Shun, quick march, right turn, left turn, left right, left right..." My mate got seven days from the captain who never took his eyes from the naked head.

Army haircuts are not to be taken lightly, so if you hear footsteps stop behind you on parade and suddenly "all the air a solemn stillness holds," you have been warned. Get your hair cut!

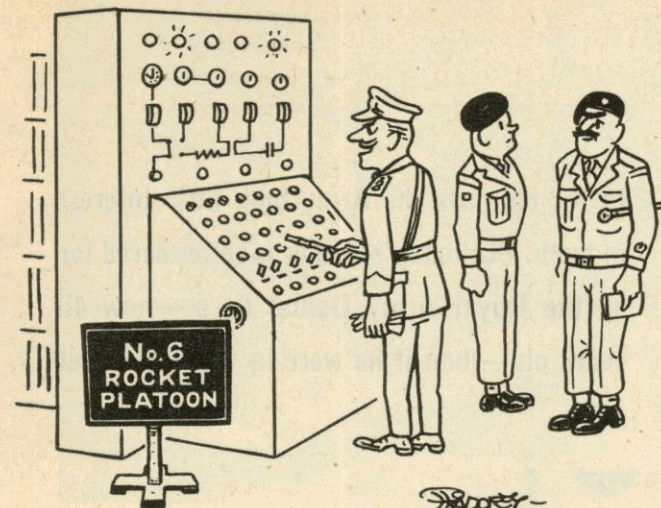
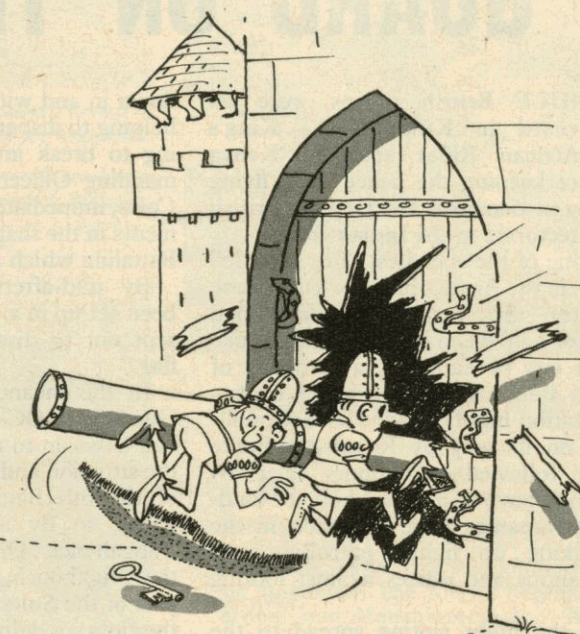
OSCAR KETTLE



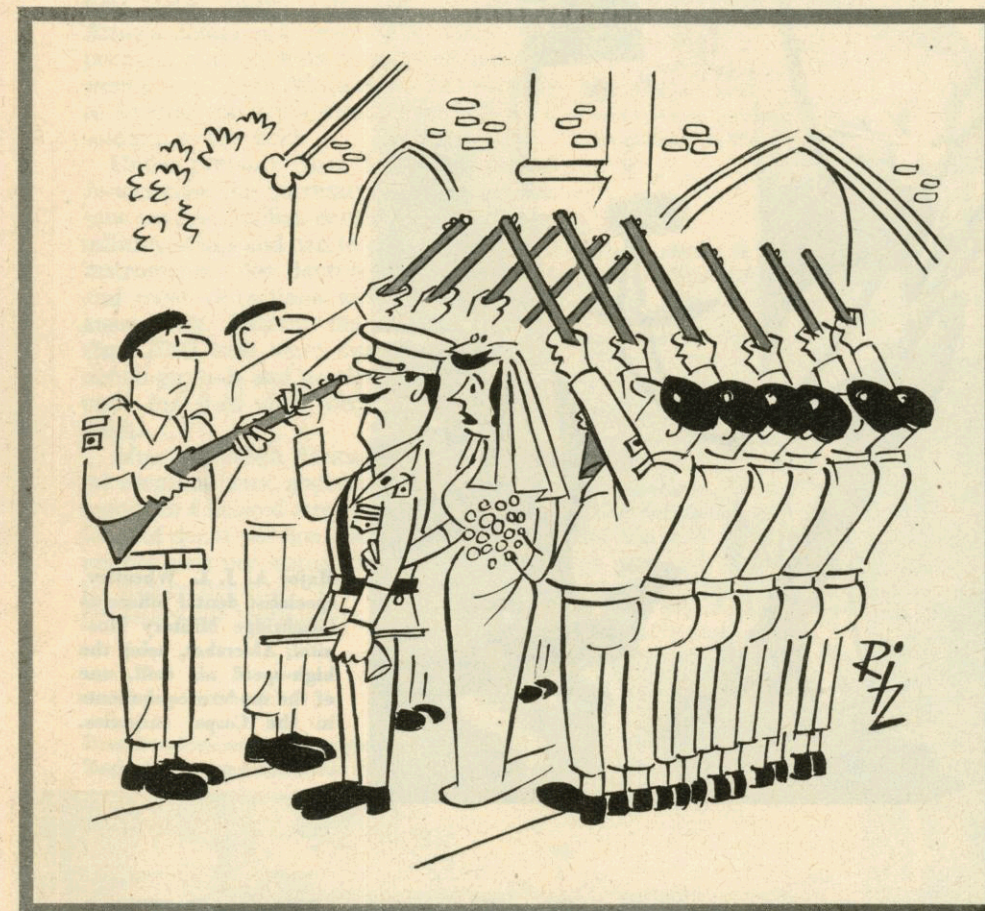
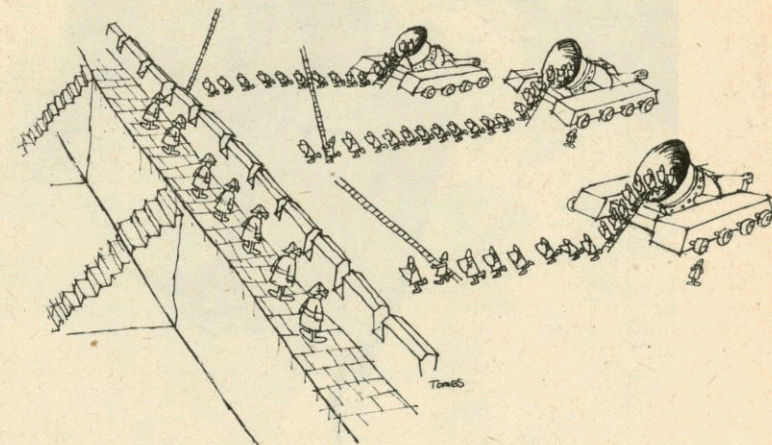
## HUMOUR



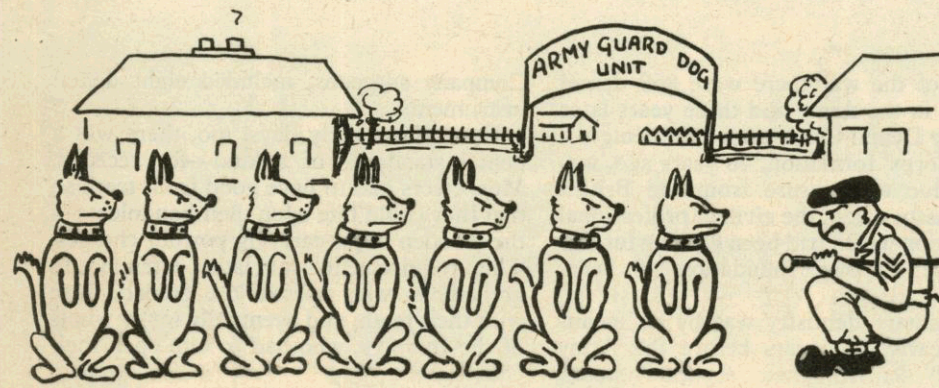
"And Brother Atkins, here, came to us straight from the Guards."



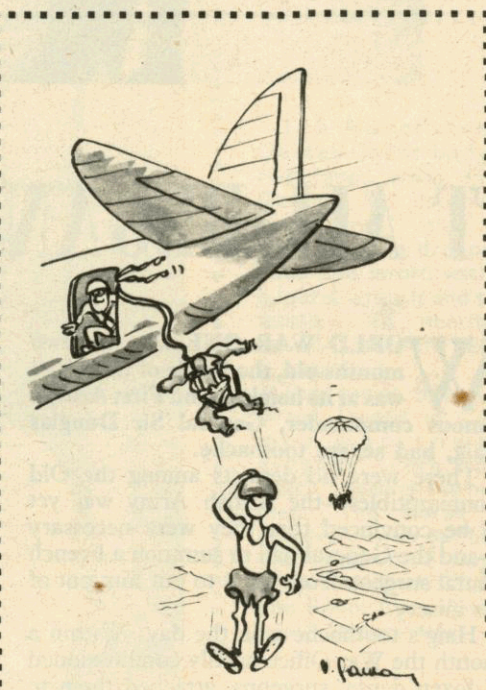
"Dirty buttons. Take this man's name, Sarnt-major!"



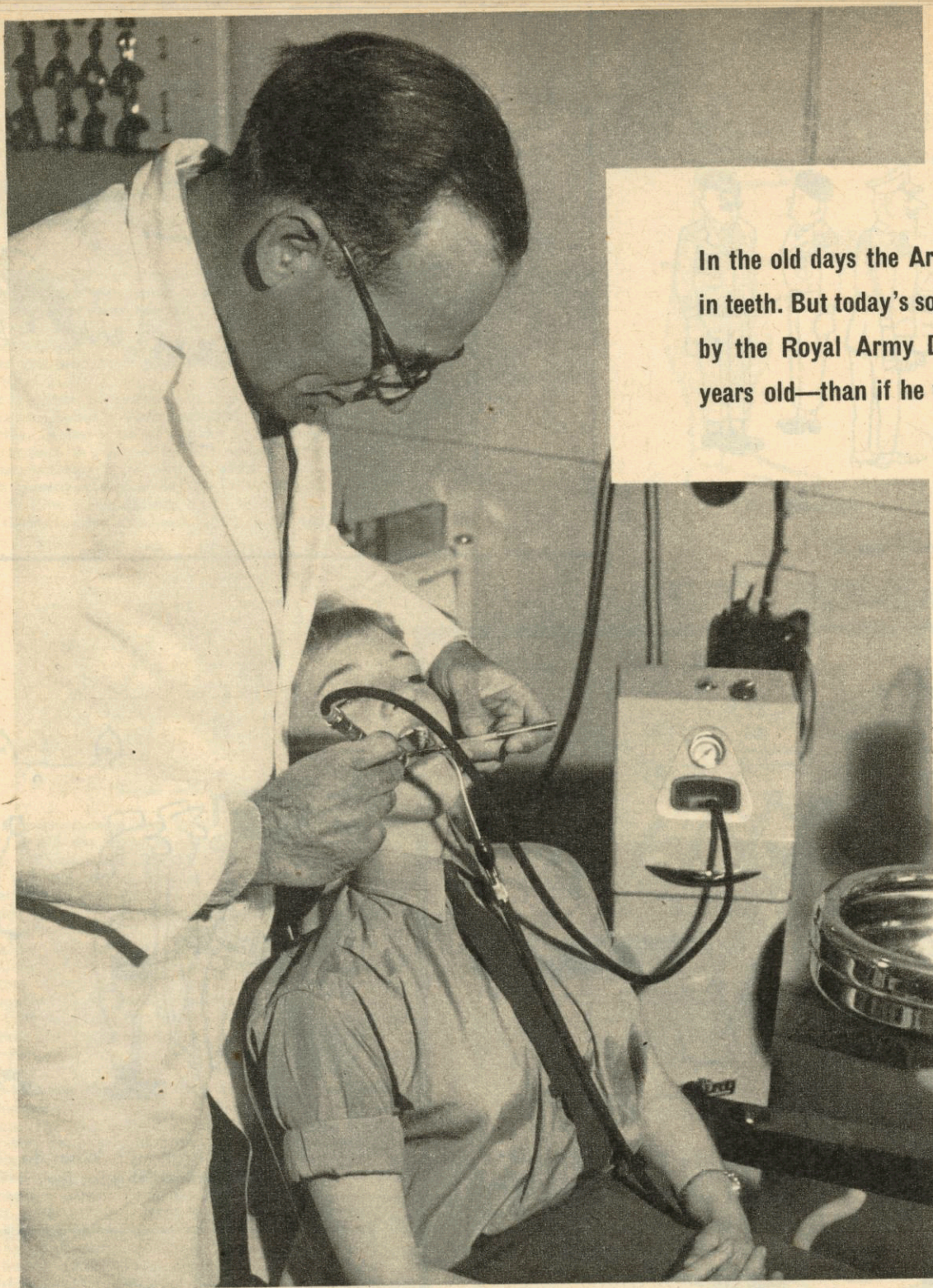
"I can have it on HP? What do you think I joined this lot for?"



"Muzzle in, No. 2... Back No. 3-4-5... Carry it on..."







In the old days the Army took little interest in teeth. But today's soldier is better cared for by the Royal Army Dental Corps—now 40 years old—than if he were in "civvy" street

Major A. J. L. Wheatley, specialist dental officer at Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot, using the high-speed air drill, one of the modern equipments in the Corps' surgeries.

## IT ALL BEGAN WITH HAIG'S BAD TOOTH

**W**ORLD WAR ONE was just two months old, the Battle of the Aisne was at its height—and First Army's famous commander, General Sir Douglas Haig, had severe toothache.

There were no dentists among the Old Contemptibles—the British Army was yet to be convinced that they were necessary—and the General had to summon a French dental surgeon from Paris to put him out of his misery.

Haig's toothache won the day. Within a month the War Office hastily commissioned a dozen dental surgeons, attached them to the Army Medical Corps and sent them out to casualty clearing stations in France. By

the end of the war there were 850 dental surgeons in the Army and three years later the Army Dental Corps came into being.

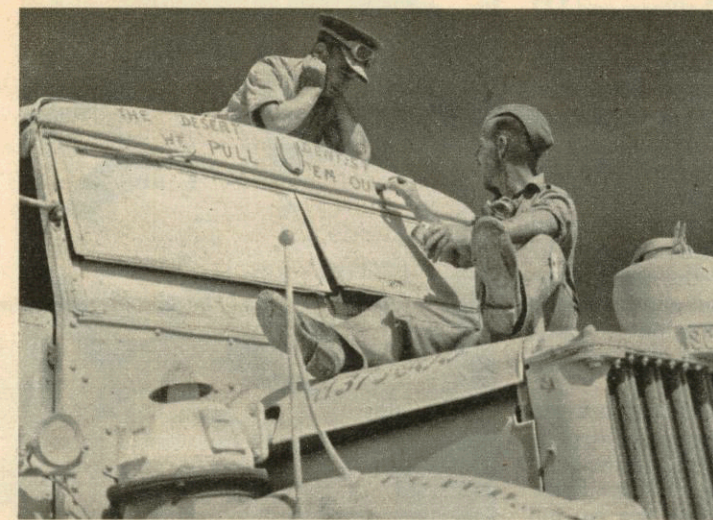
The Corps' formation, 40 years ago, was largely due to pressure from the British Dental Association, the civilian professional organisation which had been fighting for this end since its own foundation 40 years earlier.

Yet military dentistry was by no means new. Nearly 300 years before the Army accorded dentists their separate status, Charles I authorised a free issue of instruments in the hope of inducing surgeons to join his expedition against France. This surgery chest, based on that issued to East India

Company surgeons, included eight dental instruments.

From those early days, too, there was a dental standard—of a kind—for recruits. Musketeers had to have good front teeth so that they could bite open their bandoleers—the wooden tubes carrying powder charges. This requirement was later extended to grenadiers, who opened the grenade fuse with their teeth, and eventually to the whole of the Infantry, who had to bite open their cartridges.

A general medical examination of recruits was introduced in 1798, but not until a century later was it laid down that "recruits must possess a sufficient number of sound



teeth for efficient mastication."

This was in 1899. The South African War had just broken out and there was still no provision for the dental treatment of a field force. Early in this war the British Army's dental sick assumed alarming proportions and an honorary dental surgeon went out to South Africa at his own expense to become the first dental surgeon to treat soldiers in the field.

Under pressure from the British Dental Association, the Secretary of State for War sent out four civilian dentists. They had no military status and had to provide their own instruments. No dentures were available and most extractions were made without anaesthesia. During the campaign more than 2000 men were evacuated home on dental grounds and nearly 5000 were found unfit for field duty because they lacked teeth.

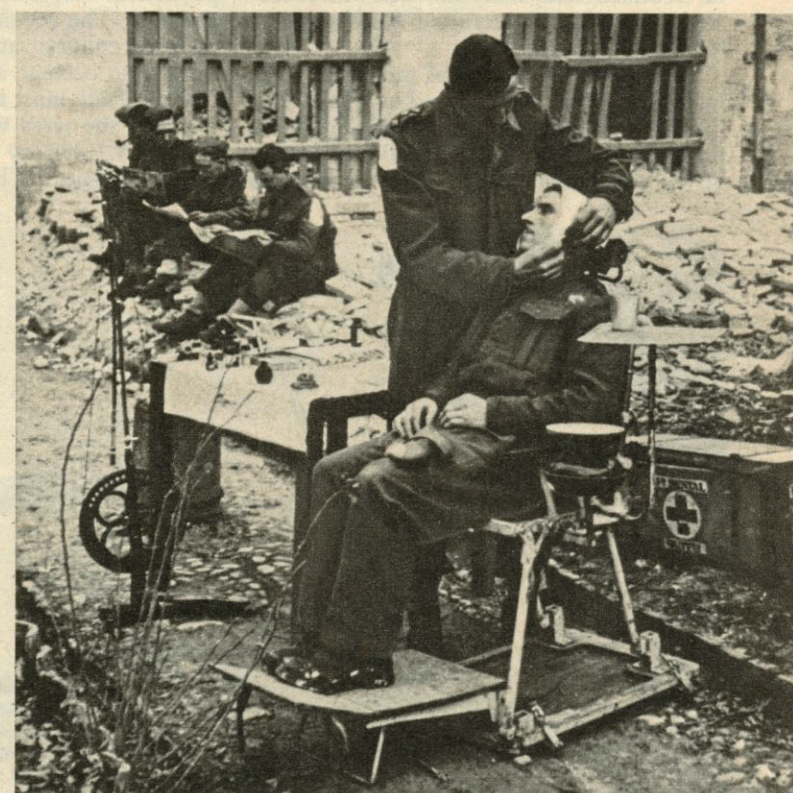
After the South African War, eight dental surgeons were appointed to home commands in a belated attempt to provide some form of dental service. But, again, they had neither rank nor status and were authorised to supply dentures only when these were necessary for mastication, and then only to

OVER...

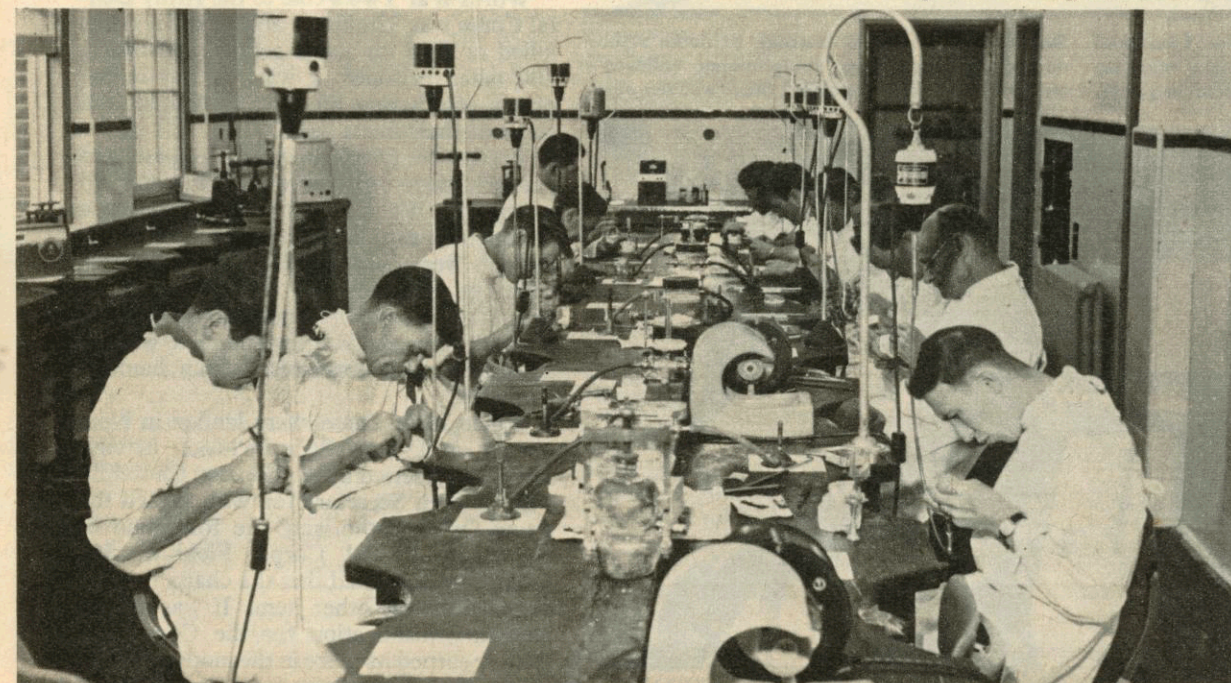
With irrepressible humour—and the help of a shaving brush—a desert tank transporter driver paints a slogan on his cab front. The Dental Corps, too, became mobile in the desert. Three-ton lorries carried the Corps' mobile dental units which made a first appearance in this theatre.

Right, above: A war-time surgery in a Tobruk hospital. Note the sandbags.

Right: An even less comfortable "waiting room" in Eighth Army's front line at Lanciano, Italy, 1943. The patient in the chair at this field dental centre is Pte A. J. L. Williams and the dentist is Capt D. F. Glass. Behind him is an old treadle-type drill. Flashes are painted out.



Dental technicians making plastic dentures at the Army Dental Laboratory, Aldershot, which serves Southern Command. Technicians (on a minimum six-year engagement) take a two-year course at the RADC Depot and Training Establishment.



The Royal Army Dental Corps badge, redesigned when King George VI approved the "Royal" title in 1946, bears a dragon's head and sword within a laurel wreath and the motto, "Ex dentibus ensis" ("From the teeth a sword.")

This comes from the Greek legend of Cadmus who sowed dragons' teeth from which sprang armed men. The Corps is, however, non-combatant like the Royal Army Medical Corps and Royal Army Chaplains' Department.



"sergeants of good character."

Three whole-time contract dentists were appointed to military establishments in India, one of whom, J. P. Helliwell, later became the first Director of the Army Dental Service.

During this period the only treatment was to relieve pain. Four Army Medical Corps officers were graded as specialists in dentistry on their Corps' reorganisation, but were never employed in this capacity and this scheme, too, was abandoned.

Dental facilities were negligible when World War One began and not a single dental surgeon accompanied the British Expeditionary Force to France. After the incident of General Haig's toothache, the War Office ordered that no soldier should be discharged if he could be made fit by dental treatment and, later, that men with defective teeth could be recruited if otherwise fit for general service.

Such was the heritage of the Army Dental Corps, which was formed as a joint service for the Army and the Royal Air Force, the latter withdrawing in 1930 and setting up its own dental branch. The new Corps

had an establishment of 110 officers and 132 other ranks, but its dental officers could not possibly cope with the backlog of disease and it was decided to concentrate on improving the future Army by giving priority treatment to recruits.

After three years the dental inspection and treatment of all soldiers became routine and the Corps was able to deal with relaxed entry standards and devote more time to the conservation of teeth. In the early days, officers had to manage with old-fashioned and second-hand equipment, but towards the end of the peace years this was all replaced.

At home there were 115 dental centres, more than half of them at regimental depots, and dental officers were allotted on the basis of one to 3000 trained soldiers (today's proportion is one to 1250) and one to 500 recruits. The regular inspection and treatment of children at Army schools had, by 1938, also become a reality.

One of the most important developments between the wars was the appointment of the Army Advisory Committee on Maxillo-Facial Injuries. This led to the maxillo-



A QARANC trainee dental hygienist, Private Ruth Birtles, scaling a patient's teeth. QARANC and RADC can also train as dental clerk assistants.

facial teams which saved so many men from disfigurement in World War Two. Teams of three specialists—plastic surgeon, dental surgeon and anaesthetist—operated on wounds to the face and jaws caused mainly by bullets, mortar bombs and mines.

From its immediate pre-war strength of 237 officers and 325 men, the Dental Corps grew to a maximum of 2143 officers and 3653 other ranks, plus 267 dental clerk-orderlies of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

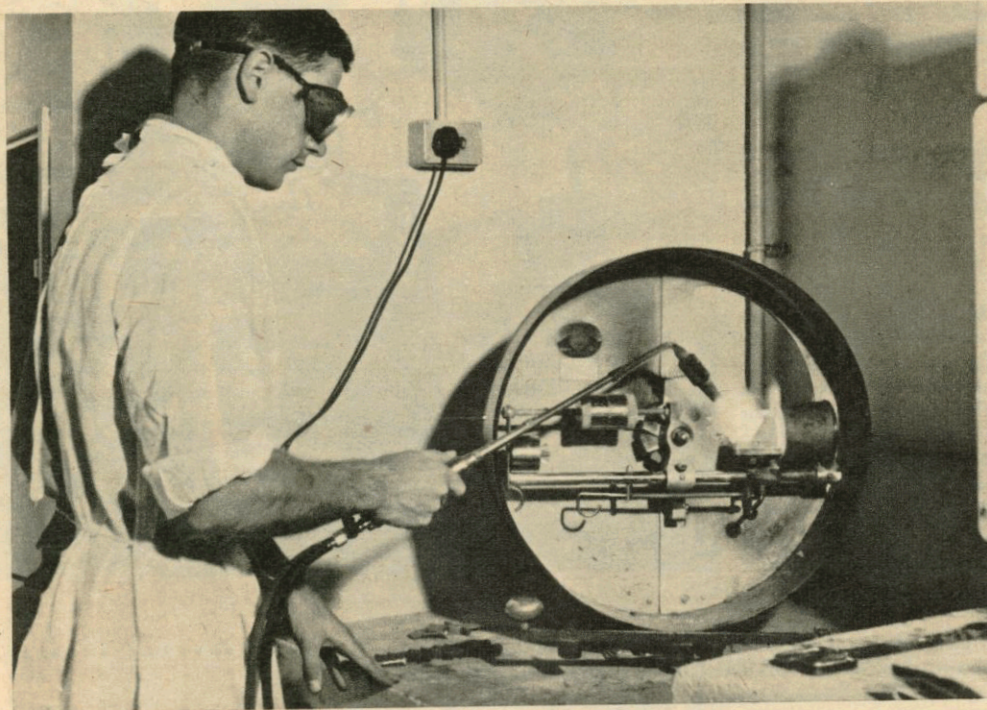
The Corps worked from static dental centres and mobile dental trucks and in hospitals, convalescent depots, field ambulances and casualty clearing stations. Dentists worked in tents in the desert, went in with the first waves of assault troops and parachuted at Arnhem.

There was no shortage of work. Only two out of 100 recruits had sound teeth; the rest had either false teeth or needed treatment. The Corps' statistics for the war years are staggering: attendances for treatment, 20,353,073; teeth conserved, 14,690,368; teeth extracted, 3,654,309; scalings, 3,900,840; dentures supplied, remodelled or repaired, 1,704,458.

World War Two's cost to the Army Dental Corps was 32 officers and 42 other ranks killed or died on active service and nearly 100 taken prisoner of war. It was in the prison camps that the Army's dentists did some of their finest work.

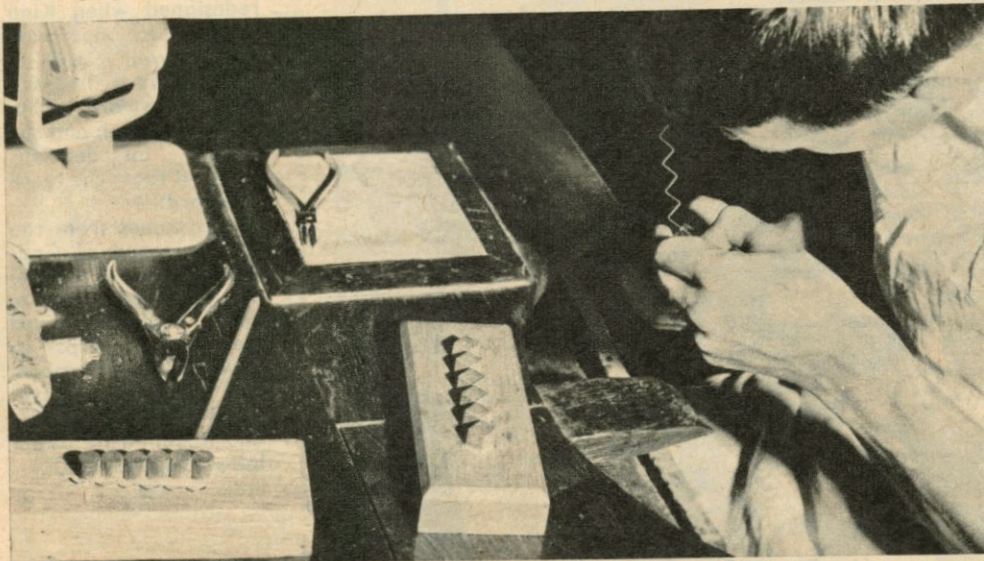
Teeth were filled with plaster of paris and dentures were repaired with string and old teaspoons. When anaesthetics ran out at a prisoner-of-war hospital near Singapore, patients were hypnotised so that their teeth could be extracted. In another camp, in Siam, the only dentist among 10,000 prisoners built himself a surgery complete with an adjustable chair improvised from bamboo and rope.

When dental chairs were landed in Normandy on D-Day, their inclusion in vital stores was queried by Sir Winston Churchill, who, as then Secretary for War, signed the Army Order authorising the formation of the Army Dental Corps. Field-Marshal Montgomery replied that the chairs were as essential as any other item. It was an unnecessary justification for the Corps had already earned its place in the modern Army.



Above: Cpl S. Lochea, at Southern Command Dental Laboratory, heats chrome cobalt alloy for centrifugally casting special metal denture plates.

Below: A first step in learning to make orthodontic appliances (for straightening children's teeth) is to bend wire round these wooden pegs.





# HELL'S TEETH

**B**RANSBY BLAKE COOPER, an assistant surgeon in Wellington's army in the Peninsula, sat in his tent at the village of Sarre, near the Franco-Spanish border. The year was 1814.

A servant entered and said there was someone to see him—someone with a letter of introduction from Cooper's uncle in London.

Outside the tent the surgeon was hailed by a thickset, rough-looking fellow who on first glance seemed unlikely to be the emissary of Astley Cooper, London's most celebrated surgeon. But Bransby Cooper knew his uncle had some queer friends.

He opened the letter presented to him. It read as follows:

*My Dear Bransby,  
Butler will tell you the purport of his visit. I hope you are well and happy.  
Your affectionate uncle,  
Astley Cooper.*

Thereupon Bransby Cooper asked Butler the purpose of his visit. The man said he had come to the Peninsula to collect teeth—teeth from the mouths of dead soldiers.

It was a day when human teeth were in heavy demand for riveting to dentures. Many well-to-do persons, though they did not know it, or pretended not to know it, were fitted with teeth from the jaws of corpses resurrected by the body-snatchers



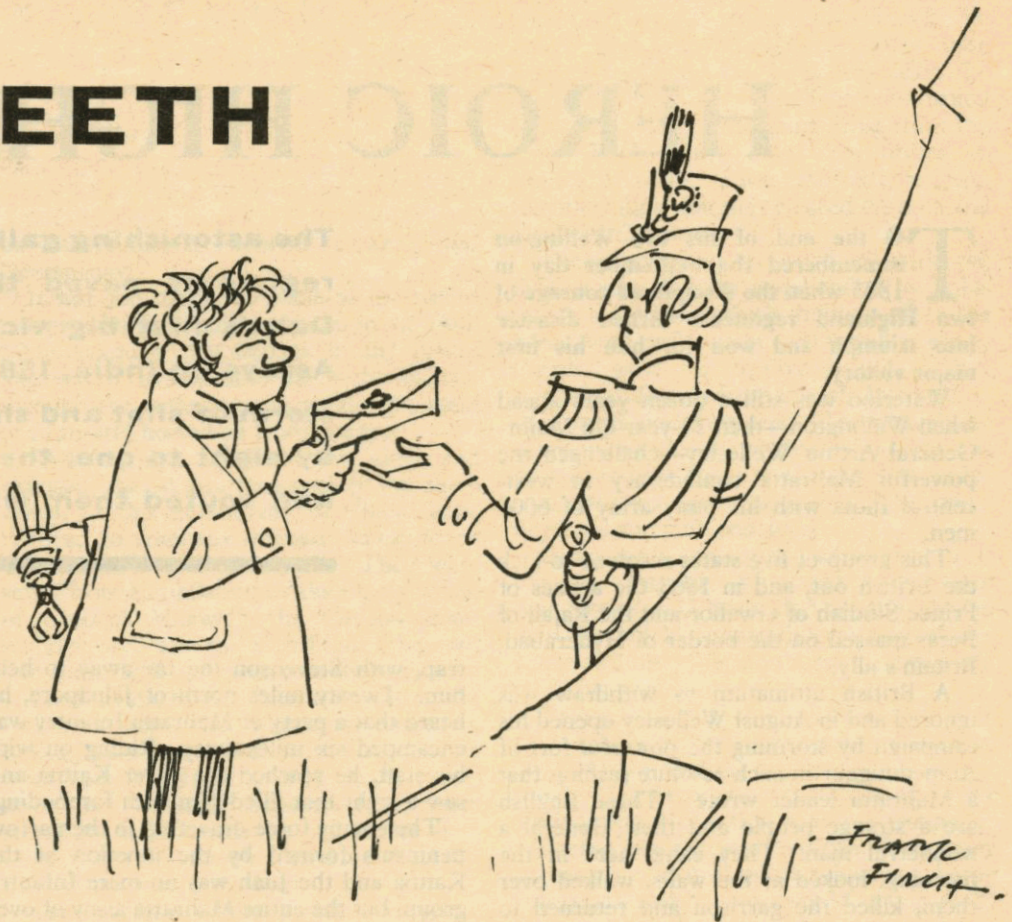
*"transplanted from the mouths of healthy young people"*

who supplied surgeons with "subjects." Others ate with the aid of teeth which had been directly transplanted, in ones or twos, from the mouths of healthy but hard-up young people.

Butler, in fact, was a hospital porter turned body-snatcher, one of the band who supplied Astley Cooper with his raw (very raw) material from the graveyards of London. In return, Astley Cooper befriended these ruffians, bailed them out, supported their families when they were jailed and did them occasional favours—as in the introductory letter he had given to Butler.

Used as he was to his uncle's ways, Bransby Cooper was a trifle taken aback at the nature of Butler's mission. The man began to plead with him: "Oh, sir, only let there be a battle and there'll be no want of teeth! I'll draw them as fast as the men are knocked down!"

And no doubt he would have been as good as his word. Unfortunately for Butler no battles were imminent and he was much chagrined. He had travelled all the way



*"knew his uncle had some queer friends"*

from Lisbon on foot, with occasional lifts from the bullock wains of the Army's commissariat. Bransby Cooper noticed that he was suffering from a dangerous physical complaint, took him into the hospital and performed an operation on him; after which he gave him some money and sent him away.

Two years later Butler wrote Cooper a letter thanking him for saving his life and mentioning that he had made £300 (a tidy sum in those days) on his Peninsula venture.

Butler's post-war career had its dramatic moments. According to Bransby Cooper, he practised for a while as a dentist in Liverpool and was then sentenced to death for robbery. In jail the Governor gave him a horse's skeleton to articulate. So impressed were two eminent Austrian visitors by the prisoner's skill that they interceded with the Prince Regent to spare his life. This was done on condition that he left the country.

Wellington's soldiers were at the mercy of many other enterprising rogues who helped to make up the disreputable "tail" of the Army. Ben Crouch, a notorious resurrectionist, and a colleague, Jack Harnett, obtained licences as sutlers to the Peninsula

Army and robbed the troops of many other things besides their teeth. They ranged like jackals over the battlefields, pocketing money, officer's epaulettes and all kinds of trinkets. Crouch and Harnett also spent a very profitable night looting a chateau. Bransby Cooper, in a biography of his uncle, says: "Nothing but the large sums of money derived from these depredations could have prompted them to encounter the risk inseparable from such proceedings."

With his profits, Crouch opened a big hotel at Margate but his ill reputation ruined the venture. Harnett left £6000.

The Anatomy Act of 1832 scotched the operations of the resurrection men. In that year, in Manchester, the Army was called on to restore order when a mob began liberating the patients of a cholera hospital, in the belief that the surgeons were consigning those who died to the dissecting tables. Four troops of the 15th Hussars scattered the mob and enabled the dying patients to be recovered. Their commanding officer was Lord Brudenell who, as the Earl of Cardigan, led the Charge of the Light Brigade.

*"ranged like jackals over the battlefields"*





# HEROIC HIGHLANDERS

**T**O the end of his life Wellington remembered the September day in 1803 when the disciplined courage of two Highland regiments turned disaster into triumph and won for him his first major victory.

Waterloo was still a dozen years ahead when Wellington—then 33-year-old Major-General Arthur Wellesley—challenged the powerful Mahratta confederacy in west-central India with his puny army of 6000 men.

This group of five states resolved to kick the British out, and in 1803 the armies of Prince Sindiah of Gwalior and the Rajah of Berar massed on the border of Hyderabad, Britain's ally.

A British ultimatum to withdraw was ignored and in August Wellesley opened his campaign by storming the powerful fort of Ahmednuggur in such resolute fashion that a Mahratta leader wrote: "These English are a strange people and their General a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the walls, walked over them, killed the garrison and returned to breakfast!"

Thereafter Wellesley's British and Indian troops, accompanied by 900 of the Nizam's soldiers under Colonel Stevenson, marched north to seek out Sindiah and Berar. On 21 September Wellesley sent Stevenson off on a westerly route through the hills, he himself taking the eastern defiles. The plan was to unite on the 24th and attack the Mahrattas.

Two days later Wellesley walked into a

**The astonishing gallantry of two Highland regiments paved the way for the Iron Duke's first big victory at the Battle of Assaye, in India, 158 years ago. Through a storm of shot and shell, and outnumbered by eight to one, they tore into the enemy and routed them with the bayonet**

trap, with Stevenson too far away to help him. Twenty miles north of Jalnapore, he heard that a party of Mahratta Infantry was encamped six miles away. Riding on with his staff, he reached the River Kaitna and saw a sight that filled him with foreboding.

The enemy force drawn up in the narrow peninsula formed by the junction of the Kaitna and the Juah was no mere Infantry group, but the entire Mahratta army of over 50,000 men.

Wellesley's dilemma was acute. He could retire to await Stevenson, which would bring a swarm of enemy Cavalry down on him, or pit his tiny force, which included only 1500 Regular British troops, against Sindiah's well-trained 50,000.

He decided to attack. The Mahrattas were drawn up along the line of the rivers, facing the Kaitna, their left on the village of Assaye, on the Juah, and their right stretch-

ing westwards as far as the eye could see. Wellesley's problem was to get his men over the Kaitna into the narrow tongue of land beyond, where the enemy would lose the advantage on a front of less than a mile.

His guides assured him there was no ford, but through his glasses Wellesley spotted two villages on opposite banks of the Kaitna.

"My victory at Assaye," he wrote later, "came from my having the common sense to guess that men did not build villages on opposite banks without some means of communication."

Investigation revealed the existence of a ford, which the enemy had carelessly left unguarded, and at 1 p.m. Wellesley led his army down to the ford—one British and two native Cavalry regiments, one British and five native Infantry battalions, 500 artillerymen, and 14 guns.

The Mahrattas began a savage cannon-

# AT ASSA YE

ade and the first man across—Wellesley's orderly—had his head blown off. The body remained in the saddle, and the terrified horse scattered the staff until the corpse slid to the ground.

The British force, depleted by the terrible fire, fitted neatly into the tongue of land. Sindiah now threw his main force across the peninsula, with a reserve line along the Juah, its left resting on Assaye. The British Commander drew up his men in three lines. In front were the 78th Foot (2nd Seaforth Highlanders) on the left, two native battalions in the centre and the picquets on the right.

Behind them were the 74th (later the 2nd Highland Light Infantry) on the right of two native battalions, and in the rear the Cavalry.

"The fire was so intense," wrote Wellesley later, "that I doubted whether I should be able to induce my troops to advance." But advance they did, with a brisk cheer, at 2.45 p.m.

Shot from a hundred guns on a narrow front tore into the British ranks. On the left the Seaforths swept into the Mahratta right wing, bayoneting the Gunners and forcing the Infantry back.

But elsewhere a series of crises developed. The picquets under Colonel Orrock had been ordered to avoid Assaye, but unaccountably they edged to the right and came under intense fire from the village. The 78th, grimly maintaining their station, followed in Orrock's wake, and the two units found themselves advancing straight

on Assaye into a storm of musketry and cannon shot.

It was too much for some of the native troops, who broke and ran in on to the 74th. Simultaneously the Sepoys in the centre swerved to the left on to the Seaforths, and through the widening gap galloped a mass of Mahratta horsemen from Assaye.

Sweeping into the 74th, now alone and exposed, the Mahrattas savagely cut them down, yet this gallant band of Highlanders, reduced to company strength, clung to its Colours and refused to yield. They were saved from annihilation by the timely action of Colonel Maxwell, the Cavalry commander, who sent the 19th Light Dragoons and some native horsemen to the rescue.

Cheered on by the 74th's survivors, the Cavalry swept the Mahratta horsemen before them and charged into the enemy front line. The ferocity of the assault scattered the Mahratta Infantry, who began streaming north across the Juah. After them went Maxwell's Cavalry, hacking the fugitives down with the sword.

The Seaforths, having broken through on the left, now wheeled to the right and bore down on the Mahratta reserve Infantry line which broke—and another stream of fugitives crossed the Juah.

After them raced the exultant Sepoys but the Mahratta Cavalry, still full of fight, launched a flanking attack on the Seaforths, simultaneously assailed from the rear by enemy Gunners who had feigned death when the British surged through.

Cut off and attacked from three sides, the

Seaforths calmly awaited orders from their General. As the command "Attack the guns!" rang out, Maxwell's Cavalry came surging back into the battle to tackle the Mahratta horsemen. The Seaforths turned about and charged the guns firing from the rear. Three times they were forced to change front and it was only after a grim, relentless fight that they cleared the area and captured the guns.

There remained to be dealt with the 6000-strong division commanded by Pohlmann, a German, which, holding off to the west, was still intact. Maxwell's weary Cavalry were sent against it and as they swept in obliquely from the left Maxwell, at their head, was shot dead. Conclusively he threw up his sword and checked his horse as he fell, and the Cavalry, thrown into confusion, swerved down the line of Pohlmann's bayonets and galloped away.

Pohlmann's subsequent action was inexplicable. Possibly influenced by the fact that Sindiah and Berar had already left the field, he led his intact division out of the battle and the Mahratta horse rode sullenly off in his wake!

By 6 p.m. one of the fiercest battles ever to be fought in India was over, and Wellesley had won his first big victory. Nearly a third of his force were casualties, the 74th alone losing over 400 in dead and wounded.

Assaye saw heroism that has rarely been surpassed in British military history—heroism epitomised by one-armed Captain A. B. Campbell, of the 74th, who, his remaining arm shattered, took the bridle between his teeth and fought on with his sword in his mutilated hand.

Wellesley never forgot the gallant service of the Highland regiments and when, some time later, a soldier of the 74th was sentenced to death for murder, the General intervened to save "a fellow from such a valiant regiment" from so inglorious an end.

K. E. HENLY



Left: Followed by his Highlanders, the Iron Duke, then Major-General Wellesley, takes his army across the Kaitna narrowly escaping death as his orderly is beheaded by a Mahratta cannon ball.

Right: The battle as a contemporary artist saw it. Wellesley urges on the Madras Native Infantry after leading his army into the enemy stronghold.—Courtesy Parker Gallery



## PLASTERED ELEPHANT

**A**FTER the Battle of Assaye King George III ordered that all Corps engaged in it should bear on their Colours and appointments an elephant superscribed "Assaye" and for many years the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders carried this Colour (now preserved in the Officers' Mess) on parade.

In 1838, when the Regiment was serving in Ceylon, the Seaforths bought a young elephant which was trained to march on parade.

His soldier-keeper was a drinking man, and he regularly took the animal into the canteen. The men thought it a great joke to see the elephant put his trunk into numerous pots of beer and empty them, and it was a common sight to see elephant and keeper lurch off to the stables.

But alcohol made the elephant unruly, and sometimes, in a fit of temper, he would rush away from the Regiment and scatter the local people. He finally became too rough a handful for the Seaforths, and ended his days in an Edinburgh zoo.





## Down at the old Ferry Inn

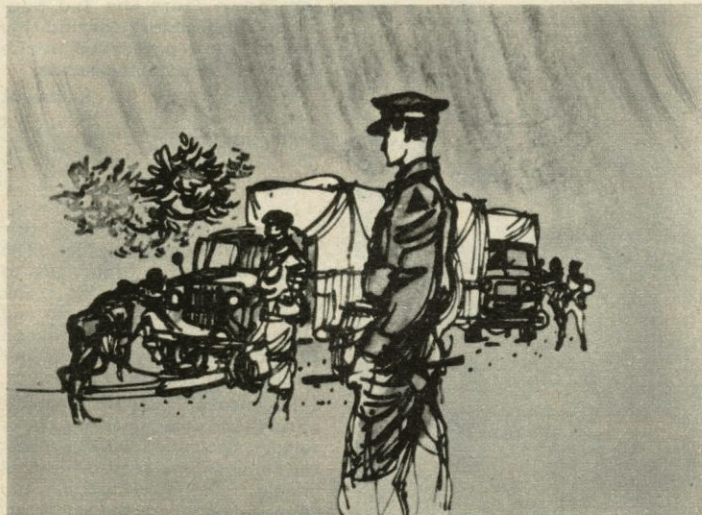
We missed the ferry by seconds and came in here for a beer. Well, we can afford the time. We only want to see what the other side looks like. Better drink up quick though or we'll miss the next trip over. Or should we, now? What's wrong with it here this side of the river? Lovely pub. Lovely view. Lovely beer.

## Beer, it's lovely!

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

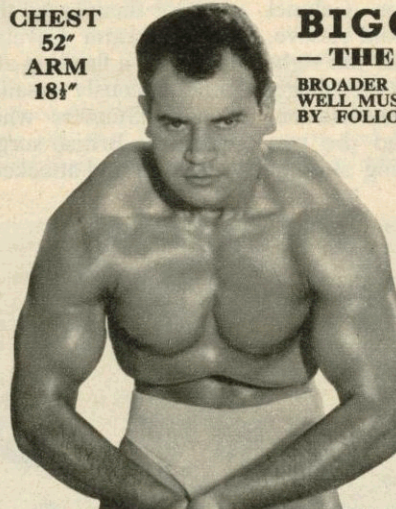
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COMPETITION 40

## WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

SEE how bright you are and win a prize. All you have to do is to answer the questions set out below and send your entry to reach **SOLDIER's** London offices by **Monday, 23 October**.

The senders of the first six correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

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

1 Esperanto is: (a) an Italian supper dish; (b) a tall grass in Kenya; (c) an artificial language; (d) an opening move in chess; (e) a dialect in Wales. Which?

2 In which war did Florence Nightingale become famous?

3 One of these is a stranger: (a) Norway; (b) Sweden; (c) France; (d) Luxembourg; (e) Italy. Which, and why?

4 Name three German composers whose surnames begin with the letter B.

5 You've heard of the top brass, but do you know which two metals are used in the making of brass?



6 Who is this British actor?



7 Of which armoured vehicle used in the British Army is this a part?

8 (a) Flavour is to taste as odour is to —; (b) Brother is to sister as nephew is to —; (c) Oak is to acorn as pine is to —; (d) Ball is to football as puck is to —; (e) Good is to better as better is to —.

9 Pair these: (a) Minister; (b) Football; (c) Skaters'; (d) Shot; (e) Tray; (f) Cube; (g) Prime; (h) Waltz; (i) Tea; (j) Coach; (k) Ice; (l) Long.

10 How hard must the wind blow to be called a hurricane? (a) 80 mph; (b) 45 mph; (c) 65 mph; (d) 60 mph; or (e) 55 mph?

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:

The Editor (Comp. 40), **SOLDIER**,  
433 Holloway Road, London, N7.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 40" panel printed at the top of this page.

3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.

4. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 40" panel.

5. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and Services' sponsored civilian, may compete.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in **SOLDIER**, December.

11 The consonants have been removed from these famous British regiments and replaced by dashes. What are the regiments? (a) —e —a—e—o—i—; (b) —e —i—l—e—e— —e—i—e—; (c) —e —o—o— —i— —a—e—; (d) —e —a— —e—e— —e—i—e—.

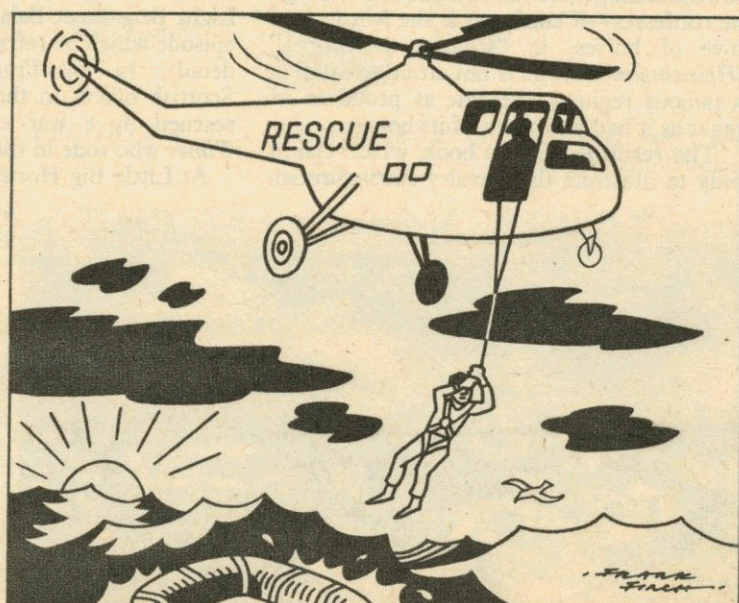
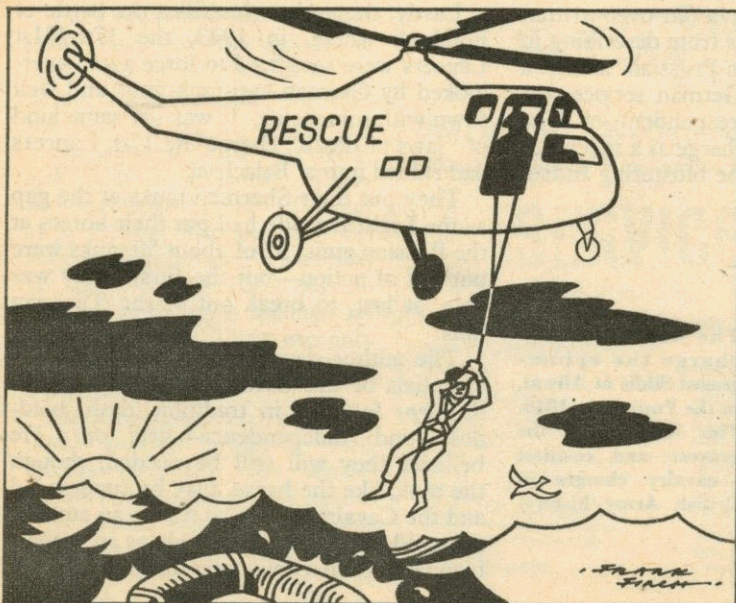
12 Which parts of the human body can mean: (a) a factory worker, a cluster of bananas, and a measure of four inches; (b) to pay a bill, add a column of figures, a measure of metre in poetry; (c) to assume a burden, the side of a road, to thrust aside.



13 Who is this British film actress?

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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





## ESCAPERS' CASTLE

**T**HERE were many times in World War Two when Dr. Reinhold Eggers was a very harassed and depressed man.

And no wonder. He was the security officer at the notorious German prisoner-of-war camp in Colditz Castle, the seemingly escape-proof fortress where all the inmates were officers—tough, clever and confirmed escapers. Hardly a week went by when at least one prisoner did not get away. The final tally was 300 attempted escapes of which 30—nine of them British—were successful.

The story of Colditz from the Allied side has been told in books and films and now—in “Colditz: The German Story” (Robert Hale, 18s)—Dr. Eggers himself tells it, for the first time, from the German side.

His was an unenviable task, fighting a losing battle against ingenuity and an organised campaign to make life unbearable for the German captors. The prisoners smoked on parade, jeered at the German officers, bribed the sentries, poked malicious fun at the Fatherland, stole clothing, money and food and generally made a nuisance of themselves.

The British, particularly, says the author, “sometimes behaved like urchins.” They were always later on parade and when they did deign to put in an appearance, unshaven, shuffling along in slippers and pyjamas, they

paid no attention to their orders. But when it was a special day, like the King's Birthday, they would march on, impeccably smart in their best uniforms, several minutes early!

Needling the Germans was not the only reason for this dangerous kind of tomfoolery. It hid the more important plans for escape and under its cover maps, compasses, radio parts, pills for faking illness, blankets and dyes for making civilian clothes, money and food were smuggled into Colditz. The Germans tried to profit from their discoveries—honours at the end were about even—but instead of smuggling escape equipment to their own countrymen in British hands they sent propaganda tracts urging them to be of good heart!

Dr. Eggers and his assistants foiled many escape attempts and unearthed a wealth of smuggled material but, astonishingly, they missed a glider which some of the prisoners built in sections in an attic over the chapel. It was proposed to launch the glider if the castle had been attacked and surrounded but, in the event, it was never used and was destroyed some months after the war.

The King of the Colditz escapers was Lieutenant Michael Sinclair, of The Rifle Brigade, who was known to his captors as The Red Fox. Five times he got away, only to be recaptured, once when he had reached the Dutch border. Four other attempts were



Left: Lieut. Michael Sinclair, of The Rifle Brigade. The Red Fox, as he was known to his captors, made nine escape attempts and on one occasion reached the Dutch border. Below: The Colditz Camp Sergeant-Major, Franz Joseph, whom Lieut. Sinclair impersonated in one escape bid. It failed when a sentry became suspicious.

detected before he could get outside the castle walls.

On one occasion, disguised as the German Camp Sergeant-Major, he was shot at point blank range in the chest but this did not deter him from trying again. Tragically, it brought about his death. In September, 1944, Lieutenant Sinclair broke away from a knot of prisoners at exercise, scaled the wire and ran down a ravine to a stream where he fell dead, shot in the heart by a sentry's wildly aimed bullet.

## The Spirit of The Cavalry

**S**ENTIMENTALITY has bemused many older writers of books about the Cavalry in recent years. Nostalgia has caused them to present the world of horses and stable-drill as something remote from the mid-20th century army. Their readers may be forgiven for finding it difficult to believe that Lancers, Dragoons and Hussars could ever have found a place behind steering-wheels and machine-guns.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Lunt, of the 16th/5th Queen's Royal Lancers, is a writer of a different generation and outlook. Though he confesses—if confesses is the word—to a love of horses, in “Charge to Glory!” (Heinemann, 21s) he is not afraid to say that a famous regiment became as proud of its tanks as it had once been of its horses.

The result is that his book, which claims only to illustrate the Cavalry spirit through

ten accounts of Cavalry battles and engagements, by illustrating its continuity, does this arm a greater service than many more pretentious works.

He retells his stories skilfully. There is Marengo, where a well-timed charge by Kellerman's brigade saved the day for France and put Napoleon on the throne, an effort for which the Emperor was inadequately grateful. At Aliwal, the 16th Lancers broke the fierce Sikhs. In the “Death Ride” at Mars-la-Tour two German regiments made a charge as desperate as that of the Light Brigade at Balaclava (an over-written episode which he refrains from describing in detail). In this Franco-Prussian affair, a Scottish officer in the German service was rescued by a war correspondent of *The Times* who rode in the charge as a spectator.

At Little Big Horn, the blustering Indian

fighter, General Custer, died. At Beersheba, in 1917, the charge of the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade was an outstanding example of the success with which Allenby used his Cavalry and which, says the author, set back mechanisation in most armies by 20 years.

At Moreuil Wook, in France in 1918, a Canadian Brigade, led by the famous Jack Seely (who had fought as a Yeoman in South Africa and been Secretary of State for War) blunted the spearhead of the great German offensive at the crucial moment.

Lastly, the author describes the battle of Fondouk where, in 1943, the 17th/21st Lancers were sacrificed to force a gap overlooked by German anti-tank guns and well sown with minefields. It was the same kind of “jaws of death” charge the 17th Lancers had ridden into at Balaclava.

They put their Sherman tanks at the gap as the Light Brigade had put their horses at the Russian guns; 32 of about 50 tanks were put out of action—but the First Army was able, at last, to break out of the Tunisian hills.

The author develops his theme that the essentials of the Cavalry—mobility, *esprit-de-corps* founded in tradition, dash, boldness and independence—live on. He believes they will still be needed, though the tank, like the horse, may be superseded and the Cavalryman go to war in an atomic-powered submarine that lands as an amphibian tank, or in a helicopter, or even a spaceship.

The 16th Lancers charge the opium-crazed Sikhs at Aliwal, in the Punjab, in 1846. This was one of the bravest—and costliest—cavalry charges in British Army history.





# Bravery—And Terror—On The Beaches

THE ten days between 26 May and 4 June, 1940—when the remnants of the British Army were rescued from the beaches at Dunkirk—were probably the most crucial in our island history.

In that time 300,000 men escaped and were brought home to form the nucleus of the Army that was to fight again and win.

The story of those epic days, based on the painstakingly gathered statements and impressions of hundreds of those who were there, is now told by Richard Collier (who was 16 at the time) in "The Sands of Dunkirk" (Collins, 21s).

Each experience—from that of the private soldier who, on a runaway farm horse gave a display of circus riding to the applause of his

comrades waiting on the beaches, to the calm decision of General Alexander—is woven into a colourful tapestry which does not pretend to be a military history but a first-hand account of human experience.

The author tells of heroes—like the men who took on *Stuka* dive bombers with rifles—and of the terrified, shell-shocked men who could fight no more. It is not a pretty story and here and there the author errs (when did staff officers wear red tabs on their greatcoats?).

Mr. Collier rightly gives credit to the saving of a broken army to the Royal Navy, the French Army and to the bravery and resource of the trapped troops themselves. This is a book which may anger readers who

The spirit of Dunkirk: A British soldier takes on a *Stuka* dive bomber with his rifle. Men like this paved the way for the miraculous deliverance.



mistakenly think all soldiers are brave but deserves its place among the histories of those fateful days.

## A Dunkirk With A Difference

IN the middle of the night of 26-27 April, 1941, a long line of troops, weary and dust-covered, shuffled up a gangway from the dock at Kalamata, in Southern Greece, on to the deck of a destroyer.

They were directed to a mess-deck where they were crammed together like passengers in a rush-hour London Underground train.

Half an hour later they were transhipped to the troopship *Dikwara*. Five air raids later, they landed safely at Alexandria.

Many of them have since nursed a curiosity about the details of the operation which preserved them from the conquering Nazi hordes. Here, 20 years later, is their answer: "Greek Tragedy, '41" (Blond, 25s), by Anthony Heckstall-Smith and Vice-Admiral H. T. Baillie-Grohman.

Admiral Baillie-Grohman was the naval officer in charge of the shore arrangements for Operation *Demon*, the evacuation of "Force W," as the British Commonwealth force in Greece was called. His co-author was a flotilla officer in the landing-craft which played a big part in the operation until all but one succumbed to the Luftwaffe.

They deal somewhat perfunctorily with the operations on land, but when it comes to the naval side they are on sure ground.

Operation *Demon* was Dunkirk with a difference. There was no friendly shore 20 miles away. Crete, the nearest, was several times as far. There was no fighter-cover. There was no fleet of small boats manned by week-end sailors. There was only the Royal Navy and the gallant transports.

Destroyers steamed by night into harbours littered with wrecks or sown with mines. Caiques and landing-craft ferried men from remote beaches. Cruisers and transports waited off-shore beyond the last hour at which it would be possible to

get out of range of the Luftwaffe before daylight. The transport *Ulster Prince* drifted aground and was set on fire by German bombers. Her captain and a party of volunteers fought her guns until the decks were red hot.

One little-known story told in this book is about Captain J. F. Phillips of The Devonshire Regiment, and Lieutenant J. T. Tyson, Royal Engineers. Lieutenant Tyson had placed demolition charges on the bridge over the Corinth Canal. As German para-

troops swarmed over the bridge, he pointed out the charges to Captain Phillips, who aimed at them with a rifle. The first shot missed, but brought a hail of machine-gun fire towards the two men. They kept firing until they scored a direct hit and the bridge, with the paratroops running across it, fell 150 feet into the Canal.

Operation *Demon* cost the Royal Navy dear, but it brought 42,000 British, Australian and New Zealand soldiers out of Greece to fight another day.

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Sgt: Yes, Sir. Private Smith's on duty there, Sir.

Capt: Smith? Who's he?

Sgt: Forces Book Shop man, Sir.

Capt: Oh, yes. Always telling us how he can get almost anything he wants there.

Sgt: Yes, Sir. You would be surprised what they've got—everything in books, magazines, periodicals...

Capt: Jolly good. Well, keep 'em at it, Sergeant.



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The winner, Captain David Carpenter, is given a triumphal ride in the Victory Chair by men of his Corps. He led at all stages of the championship.

## A Captain Wins At Bisley

**T**HE Army's new rifle champion, 27-year-old Captain David Carpenter, of 17 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, at Bicester, romped home at Bisley to win the Queen's Medal, the Army Rifle Association's Gold Jewel, the Watkins Cup and the Army championship by a clear 19 points.

He led in all three stages and finished with 661 points out of a possible 750. Runner-up was QMSI J. D. Gillam, of the Small Arms School Corps, with 642, and third, Corporal A. Notley, 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade, with 617.

Captain Carpenter's performance was the most consistent for many years. He began by winning both matches—for the Roupell and Whitehead cups—in the first stage of the championship and though he finished 22nd in the second stage for the Roberts Cup, which was won by QMSI Gillam, he headed the final 100 competitors in the third stage, the Army Hundred.

QMSI Gillam was also second in the Whitehead Cup and Corporal Notley, who won the Army Hundred Cup with 180 out of a possible 200, became the Champion Young Soldier. The Champion Young Officer was Second-Lieutenant P. Waxman, of 7 Signals Regiment, Royal Signals.

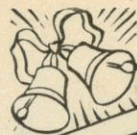
The standard of shooting this year was of a high class and the 1st Battalion, The Worcestershire Regiment, firing the self-loading rifle, set up a record of 25½ seconds for snap shooting in winning The Royal Ulster Rifles' Cup. The previous best was 28 seconds, in 1947, by a team from the Small Arms School Corps, using the old No. 4 Lee Enfield.

The recently formed School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering also did well, winning the light machine-gun match for the Worcestershire Cup, the revolver team match and the Parachute Regiment Cup for sub machine-guns. And Staff-Sergeant A. Clarke, of the REME School, won the individual sub machine-gun title.

Appropriately, The King's Royal Rifle Corps won its own regimental cup in the major units team championship.

The inter-Services rifle match was won by the Royal Navy's Air Command, for the second successive year, with 1288 points. The Green Jackets were the leading Army team, third with 1265 points.

Captain Carpenter (foreground) takes careful aim in the final stage of the contest—the Army Hundred. His final score was 661 out of a possible 750.



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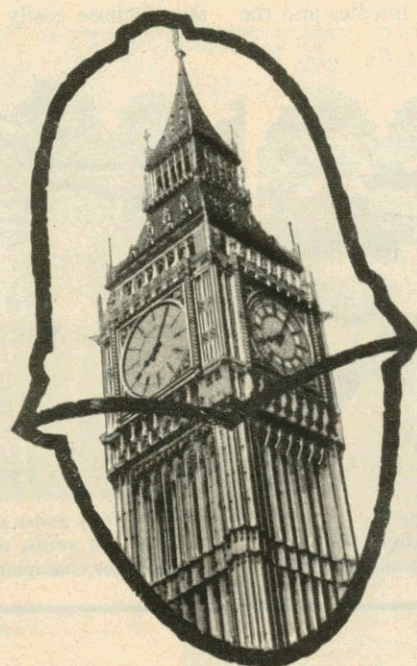
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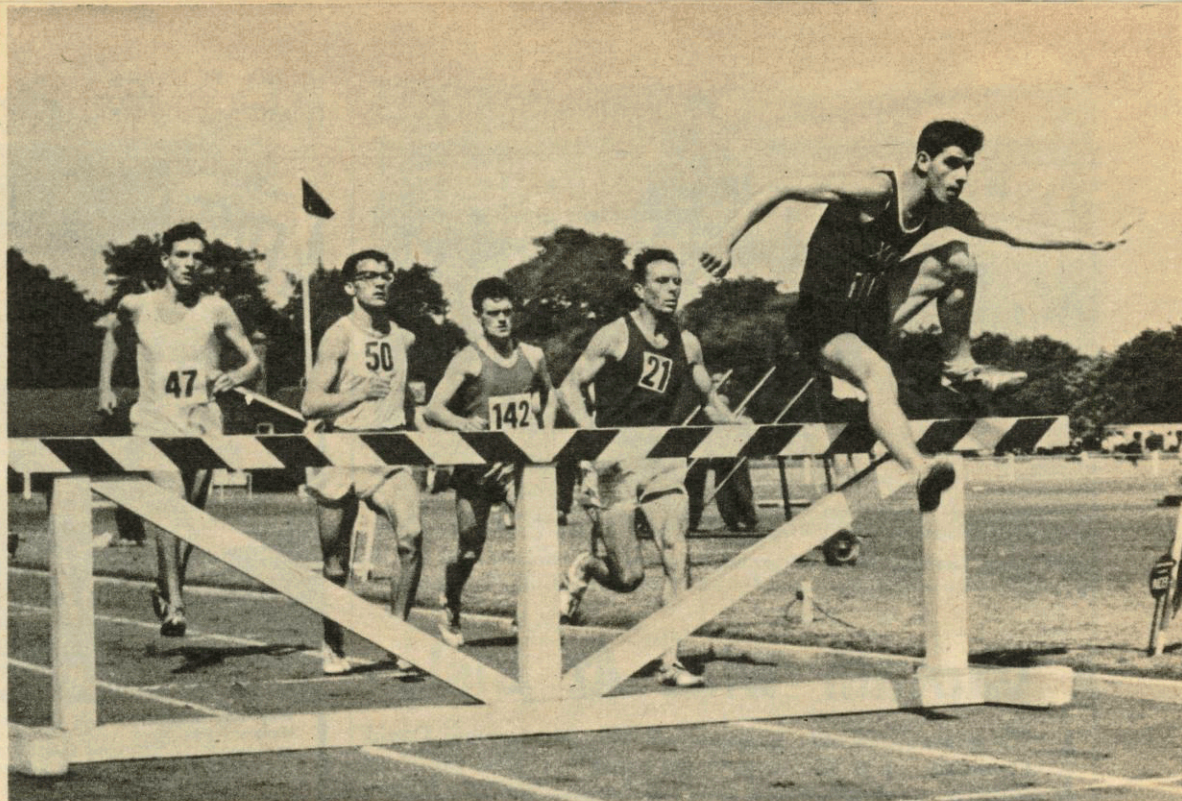
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# RHINE ARMY TAKES EIGHT TITLES



Tpr E. Pomfret leads at the halfway stage in the 3000-metres steeplechase. The winner was L/Cpl Grubb (50), who set up a new Army record.

**I**T was a field day for Rhine Army at the 1961 Army Individual athletic championships. Soldiers from Germany won eight of the 18 titles and two of them set up new records.

It was also a triumph for Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Eric Cleaver, Army Physical Training Corps, who won the discus championship for the eighth successive year and for Staff-Sergeant Instructor Colin Andrews, APTC, and Sergeant-Instructor John Cork, APTC, who each won their events—the 440 yards hurdles and the

long jump, respectively—for the fifth time.

And, finally, it was a good day for Sergeant Helen Watt, of the Women's Royal Army Corps Physical Training Wing, who won three events—the 80 metres hurdles, 100 yards and 220 yards.

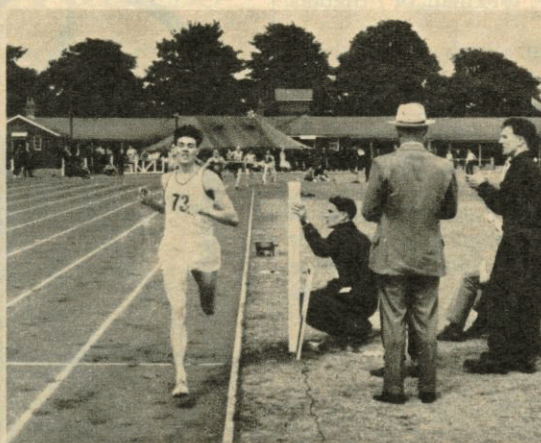
The two new record holders are Lieutenant John Lane, The Welch Regiment, who raced away to win the 220 yards hurdles in 24.8 secs, and Lance-Corporal Ben Grubb, 14th/20th King's Hussars, who ran and jumped brilliantly to win the 3000-metres steeplechase easily from Sergeant G. Burt,

Parachute Regiment. Lieutenant Lane also won the 120 yards hurdles in 15 secs and another double was scored by Driver Tony Jones, the Welsh international, who took the 880 yards in 1 min 53.9 secs and the 440 yards in 48.9 secs.

Seven competitors retained their titles, among them Rifleman R. Gooden, Green Jackets, who won the 100 yards in 10.1 secs;



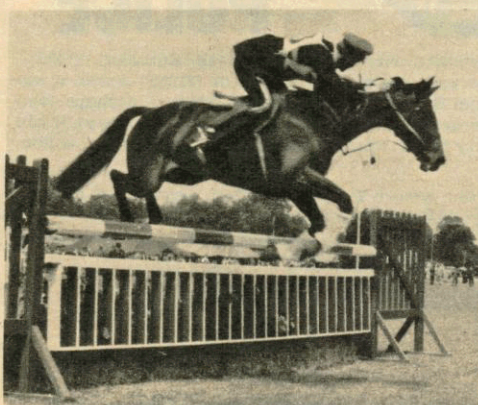
With the rest of the field trailing, Cpl B. Kit-chener, REME, pounds over the line to win the mile from L/Cpl D. Keily, 6 Battalion, RAOC.



Driver Tony Jones easily leads the field home in the 440 yards, one of the two events he won in the championships. He runs for Wales.



Sergeant-Instructor John Cork, Army Physical Training Corps, retains the long jump title which he has held for the past four years.



## TOP RIDER

**T**HE Army's Three-Day Horse trials at Tidworth provided an unexpected but brilliant win for 20-year-old Lieutenant Peter Hervey, of the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, riding his own 10-year-old bay mare *High Jinks*.

He was half-way down the list after the dressage event on the opening day, but pulled up into second place at the end of the 16-mile speed, endurance and cross country test in which he gained maximum speed bonus marks. On the final day, he

jumped a clear round (see picture, left) to take the lead from Miss Jane Wykeham-Musgrave, on *Ryebrooks*, who knocked down three fences.

Lieutenant Hervey, who is rapidly becoming one of Britain's leading horsemen, beat many outstanding riders, including Captain Jeremy Beale, of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, who was second on *Anonymous*, and the 1960 Olympic Games competitor, Mr. Michael Bullen. His win also gained him the Earl of Shaftesbury's Challenge Cup for the best performance by a Services' rider.





Lance-Corporal P. Lyons, Royal Engineers, who beat Sergeant-Instructor G. Morris, APTC, into second place in the pole vault with a leap of 12ft 7ins; and Sergeant R. Guest, Royal Army Medical Corps, who put the weight 47ft 2½ins.

Other winners were:

Three miles, L/Cpl D. Keily, 6 Bn, RAOC; 220 yards, S/Cdt Cpl D. M. Putt, RMA; One mile, Cpl B. Kitchener, REME; High jump, Rfn A. Houston, Cameronians; Hammer, Cpl A. Hughes, 2nd Bn, Grenadier Gds; Hop, step and jump, Capt H. Murray, RAMC; Javelin, Gdsmn C. Warrington, Canadian Gds.

Sgt Helen Watt streaks home to win the 100 yards in the excellent time of 12.4 seconds. She also won the 220 yards, in 28.6 seconds, and the 80-metres hurdles, in 12.9 secs.

Pictures: SOLDIER  
Staff Cameraman  
PETER O'BRIEN

# Sports Shorts

The Army easily won the inter-Services' 50 miles road time trial cycling championship with a combined time (for three riders) of 6 hours 11 mins 28 secs. This was nearly six minutes faster than the Royal Air Force and nearly 50 minutes better than the Royal Navy.

First man home was Signalman J. Baylis, of 8 Signal Regiment, in 2 hrs 2 mins with LAC P. Loveday, RAF, second, 1 min 57 secs behind. Third and fourth places went to Cfn P. Harris, of 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Signalman G. Bennett, of 8 Signal Regiment.

Major-General G. S. Cole scored a double victory in the Army golf championships when he won the General's Cup and then went on to win the full Army event. The General returned rounds of 74 and 79 in the Army event, four strokes ahead of the runner-up, Brigadier W. H. H. Aitken, a former winner. Lieutenant A. R. Cole-Hamilton was third with 159.

Private G. C. Longbottom (seen in action, right), of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, became the first Infantryman to reach the finals of the Prince of Wales Cup when he rode his own horse Marcus VIII into third place, after a timed jump off, at the Royal Tournament recently.



The Royal Army Service Corps' team (Major Boon: on Halcyon; Sergeant Graham, on Heather; and Major Brown, on Baya) won the Queen's Cup for the Services' team jumping contest at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, incurring only four faults. Second were the Royal Horse Guards "A" team, with 12 faults; third the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, "B" team.

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# LETTERS

## TOPI OR NOT TOPI?

A member of the House of Lords recently advocated an issue of sun helmets to our troops in Kuwait. To foist the *topi* once again on our soldiers serving in the East would be a retrograde step. In World War Two it was proved that troops could serve with greater efficiency, safety and comfort when not encumbered by unnecessary and unwieldy sun helmets.

On leaving Britain for North Africa in 1942 I, like many thousands of other soldiers, had to take a Wolsey-type sun helmet as part of my kit, but during the campaign I never saw a single British soldier wearing one. Nor did I see anyone wearing the "Bombay Bloomers"

with which we had been burdened. These were khaki drill shorts which had a turn-up to the crutch and through which white tapes were threaded. The idea was that the turn-ups could be turned down and bound to the legs by the tapes, thus eliminating the need for changing into slacks. The comments of the troops on these sartorial monstrosities were most rudimentary!—**R. Rimmer GC, 29 Coniston Road, Newton, Chester.**

★ Most of the troops in Kuwait (see pages 16-18) wore the floppy, cotton jungle hats which were reported to give adequate protection against the broiling sun.

## DRINKING

The interesting article on drinking in the Army (**SOLDIER**, July) omits any reference to drinking habits in the women's Services, so here is an extract from Florence Nightingale's orders on the subject:—"If any nurse be found intoxicated she will at once be discharged. Each nurse will be allowed one pint of porter or ale for dinner; one half pint of porter or a wine-glass of wine or one ounce of brandy (as she likes best) for supper."—**Major General R. E. Barnsley (Rtd.), RAMC Museum, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Crookham, Hants.**

## LAST CHARGE

I believe that the last regimental cavalry charge by the British Army was made by the 21st Lancers during the Third Afghan War in 1919, and that this is one of the battle honours earned by this Regiment.—**D. L. Westmorland, 1 Rectory Lane Flats, Ifield, Crawley, Surrey.**

There were many cavalry charges after that carried out by the Thirteenth Hussars at Lajj on 5 March, 1917, notably that by the Royal Bucks Hussars and Dorset Yeomanry at El Mughar (Palestine), on 13 November, 1917; by various regiments of the 4th and 5th Cavalry Divisions, the Australians and New Zealanders during the advance through Palestine in September to October, 1918; and, probably the last of all, by the Mysore Lancers and two squadrons of the Jodhpore Lancers on the Aleppo-

Alexandria road on 26 October, 1918.—**Brigadier C. P. Clarke, Swifts, Milverton, Taunton, Somerset.**

★ According to the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* the last cavalry charge by a complete regiment—the 20th Hussars—took place during the Chanak incident in Anatolia on 13 July, 1919. The 21st Lancers did not participate in the Third Afghan War.

The last cavalry charge in British military history occurred in Burma on 19 March, 1942. With a small column of some 50 Sikhs, Captain Arthur Sandeman, of the Central India Horse, rode into a Japanese ambush. Yelling to his trumpeter to sound "The Charge" Sandeman drew his sword and set his horse's head at the enemy. He never reached them, nor did any of the brave sowers who followed him "into the jaws of death."

## CROIX DE GUERRE

The mention of the award of the Croix de Guerre to certain units (Letters, July) brings my old Regiment into the picture—the 12th (Service) Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment. They received the award for their part in the Pip Ridge and Grand Couronne, the last battle in the Balkans, in September, 1918, when they lost their colonel, seven officers and 105 other ranks.—**John Roberts, 760 Longmoor Lane, Fazakerley, Liverpool, 10.**

## SICILIAN STORIES

I am writing a new history of the Invasion of Sicily which will be in a narrative form telling much of the battle through the eyes and ears of soldiers who were there.

I would be most grateful if you could bring this to the attention of your readers in the hope that some may help by writing to me with personal reminiscences, allowing me to see diaries or documents they may have in their possession or sending me photographs. I would look after any material that is sent to me and return it.

Any anecdotes or stories, no matter how small, can be of great help to me. I need hardly add that I am interested in all ranks.—**Hugh Pond, Gate House, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey.**

## SIGN ON FOR A BOUNTY

**TO** stimulate internal recruiting, Regulars and National Servicemen who soldier on will receive a £200 tax-free bounty. And Servicemen abroad will get more free leave home.

The £200 bounty will be paid to any Regular due to leave the Army before the end of June, 1963, who has nine years' service or less and signs on for at least another three years, and to any National Serviceman who becomes a Regular. But the offer is open only until the end of April, 1962.

During the next two years, married unaccompanied soldiers in Rhine Army will have three free leaves a year to Britain, and single men will have two instead of one free leave home.

Single men in Cyprus, North Africa, Aden and the Persian Gulf will also have one

free leave to Britain during a tour of two or more years, a privilege already enjoyed by married unaccompanied soldiers stationed in those countries.

Announcing these new recruiting inducements, the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, admitted that the chief grievance in Rhine Army was the enforced separation of a substantial number of men from their wives and families because of lack of married accommodation. But this problem was being tackled with vigour and the Army had launched a programme to provide an additional 8000 quarters in the next three years. The first 2000 new quarters would be ready by April of next year.

Mr. Profumo also announced that to improve recruiting among civilians, he planned to extend television advertising and to seek the aid of the Territorial Army as special recruiters.

## BEARDED

Thank you for a fascinating article on beards and whiskers ("Keep Those Bristles Trimmed!" June).

In pursuit of the hirsute, your readers may like to see (below) Colchester's most hairy soldier—Sergeant J. Dodds, the Regimental Pioneer Sergeant of the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.—**"A Haver-cake Lad," Huddersfield.**



**PHOEBE HESSEL**

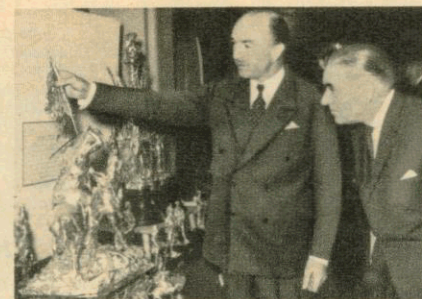
The following inscription is on a tombstone in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, in the heart of Brighton:

"In memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regt of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged 108 years."

This goes to show what a military life can do for a woman! The punctuation is mine; there was none at all on the stone.—**Mrs D. Duffield, 10B Wykeham Terrace, Lower Dyke Road, Brighton 1, Sussex.**

★ In 1728 Private Samuel Golding, 2nd Regiment of Foot, sailed off to the West

The War Minister admires the silver centre-piece of The Buffs, depicting the saving of the Colours at Albuhera.



## HISTORY ON SHOW

It was a collector's paradise and a sight no one had seen before. On display at the Victory ex-Service Club in London were the prized possessions of 14 regiments, each telling part of the story of the British Army over more than 300 years.

There were a set of medals of Marlborough's campaigns, gold-plated spurs once worn by an officer of the Royal Horse Guards, surgical instruments which did duty at Waterloo, a field-marshal's baton, dozens of statuettes, the magnificent solid silver centre-piece of The Royal West Kent Regiment, ancient Colours, side drums and shakos, a sword worn by General Sir John Moore, the field marshal's uniform of the Duke of Cambridge, models of tanks, armoured cars, anti-aircraft guns and a Thunderbird, and scores of other historic and irreplaceable regimental trophies.

The exhibition, which was opened by the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, was part of the recruiting campaign in London and the Home counties.

Indies, leaving behind a lovelorn 15-year-old, Phoebe Smith. A tall, handsome girl, Phoebe soon discovered that other regiments were also under orders for the West Indies and so, with her hair shorn and disguised in man's clothes, she enlisted, according to her statement, in the 5th Regiment of Foot (now The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers).

After five years in the West Indies, Phoebe's regiment sailed for England and thence to Flanders, where she was wounded at Fontenoy.

Some years later the 5th and the 2nd Foot met again at Gibraltar and while there Samuel Golding, now a corporal, was so seriously wounded that he was sent home to England. Phoebe thereupon confessed her secret to the wife of her commanding officer and was granted an immediate discharge, and sent home to Portsmouth where she nursed her lover back to health. They then married and lived happily on his pension for 20 years.

After Samuel's death Phoebe married William Hessel, a Brighton fisherman, and when he died, in 1793, she bought a donkey and became a travelling pedlar.

At the age of 102 she celebrated "right royally the victory of Waterloo" on Brighton Steyne, and when she came to the notice of the Prince Regent he offered her a weekly pension of one guinea. This she refused, accepting only half a guinea, which she declared sufficient for her needs.

Phoebe Hessel had nine children and in 1821, blind and paralysed, she died at the age of 108.

The only evidence that Phoebe Hessel served in the 5th Foot is the inscription on her tombstone. Her movements in no way coincided with those of the 5th at that period, nor does Fontenoy figure among that Regiment's battle honours. That she served for many years in the Army is beyond dispute, but many say that her regiment was more probably the 3rd Foot (The Buffs), and that the error was due to the old woman's faulty memory or to a sculptor's mistake.

## THE CHURCHMEN

As an ex-soldier of World War One I find your letters and Hours of Glory series particularly interesting. I am waiting for the day when **SOLDIER** mentions my old unit, "The Churchmen's Battalion"—16th Church Lads Brigade, The King's Royal Rifle Corps—but perhaps you have never heard of it.

I recently visited Hill 60, the Menin Gate and Ypres, and would like to pay tribute to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission for the wonderful way in which they look after the graves of our fallen.—**J. W. Benstead, 24 Kirby Estate, Jamaica Road, London, SE16.**

★ The "Churchmen's Battalion" was Continued in column 3

## Collectors' Corner

SAC Hendy, 25 Sqn. Armoury, RAF, Waterbeach, Cambs. British Army badges.

B. H. Vanderveen, Apple Tree Cottage, Lodge Lane, Salfords, Surrey. Literature, pictures of military motor transport, all nations and periods.

Major N. M. Bemister, 28 Warwick Gdns, London, W14. 1939/45 British, Commonwealth cap badges.

Master H. Ripley, 12 Broomfield Cres, Leeds 6. British, Colonial, foreign army buttons.

Pte. D. H. Richards, Holding Coy, 6 Trg Bn, RASC, Houndstone Camp, Yeovil. World-wide army badges.

A. C. Osborne, Park Lodge, Albury, Guildford, Surrey. British, Commonwealth cap badges.

A. T. Bradley, 28 Throstle Grove, Middleton, Leeds 10. Military band concert programmes.

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raised at the instance of Field Marshal Lord Grenfell, Governor and Commandant of the Church Lads Brigade, and was composed of past and present members. It was numbered the 16th Battalion, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and recruiting began in September, 1914, full establishment being reached in November of that year.

The Churchmen's Battalion had a distinguished record on the Western Front in World War One.

## DELAY

As a result of my letter about the Sydney University Regiment (**SOLDIER**, April) I have received so many replies that it is at present quite beyond my capacity, as a university student with small income and large bills, to write to them all. I hope to reply to all in due course.—**G. A. White, 96, Mossman St, Armidale 5N, N.S.W. Australia.**

MORE LETTERS OVERLEAF

## GIFTS FOR THOSE AT HOME...

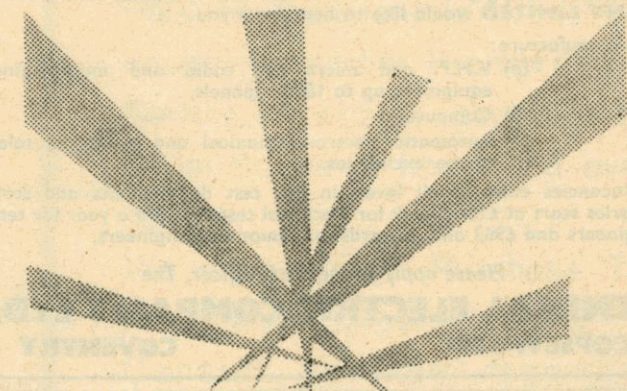
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## more letters

### CARTOONS

Isn't it time that there was a radical change in the policy of most military magazine artists in that they always portray commissioned officers as clean-shaven, bright-eyed, alert intelligencia, while the standard caricature of the Other Rank is one of a square-headed, broken-nosed, spotty-faced ignoramus, sporting an idiotic smirk and nail-brush coiffure?—Pte. K. Taylor, Terendak Camp, Malacca, Malaya.

★ Though admitting that cartoon humour depends largely on the ridiculous, **SOLDIER's** staff artists and contributors plead not guilty. The Editor has found 12 cartoons published in **SOLDIER** in the last four months which show officers with moustaches and other ranks with unbroken noses, handsome haircuts.

### FIGHTING HUSSARS

I am loathe to complain about your excellent article on the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars' boxing team (The Fighting Hussars, June) but I cannot agree that they are the best team in the Army. If they were they would be Army champions instead of the Irish Guards who beat the 15th/19th on their way to the championship. Like football, where only goals count, the winner in boxing is the best man.

The Irish Guards' team is composed entirely of Regulars and there isn't an Army, Command, nor Area champion among them. They are all doing the job for which they enlisted, that is Guardsmen, and they have no special privileges.

I wonder how many Regulars the 15th/19th have in their team, how many were enlisted into the Regiment at recruiting offices and the number who were transferred from other regiments of the Royal Armoured Corps?

I think it is high time that we concentrated more on our Regular teams and basked less in the reflected glory of those who come to the Army for only two years. And please refrain from doling out nicknames like "The Fighting Hussars" on such slight pretences!—**WO II J. T. P. Kenny BEM, Irish Guards, Army Information Office, Belfast.**

★ **SOLDIER's** assessment of the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars' boxing team as the best in the Army was based on the number of champions it possessed and the article was in no way intended to belittle the fine achievement of the Irish Guards. The title to the story, too, was selected because the phrase described accurately the boxing achievements of the 15th/19th Hussars.

Captain J. S. A. Douglas, boxing officer of the 15th/19th Hussars, says that 18 of his team of 21 are Regulars. Fifteen

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Left rotor-blade. 2. Size of window on left of cockpit door. 3. Shadow in lower front window of cockpit. 4. Right end of big cloud above sun. 5. Seagull's right wing. 6. Left strut of black landing wheel. 7. Shape of white wave on left of dinghy. 8. Left shoulder strap of man's harness. 9. Position of man's left leg. 10. Number of sun's rays.

## PRIZE WINNERS

The winners of **SOLDIER's** "How Much Do You Know?" Quiz in June were:

1. Cpl A. Sutton, 107b Fontaine Rd, Bovington Camp, Dorset.
2. Cpl D. G. Madden, RPO (Inf. Western Command, Hightown Barracks, Wrexham.
3. Mr M. P. Hayward, REME Tech. Services, Royal Dockyard, Woolwich.
4. Mr J. A. Kerr, 15, Hooper Rd, Sheffield 11.
5. M. Hughes-Narborough, Police Trg School, PO Kiganjo, Kenya.
6. Major P. H. Tresidder, RE (AER), Borough Engineer's Dept., Municipal Bldgs, Penzance.

The correct answers were: 1. Haig, the only World War One general, is odd man out. 2. "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink." Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 3. Northumberland, the only junior cricket county. 4. Embroidery stitch. 5. Any battle beginning with the letter "L". 6. 1620. 7. Helsinki, Vaduz, Kabul, Jesselton, Bangkok, Amman. 8. Glynn Johns. 9. A punt, gondola or canoe. 10. (a) telescope; (b) stethoscope; (c) ophthalmoscope; (d) periscope; (e) kaleidoscope. 11. (a) one; (b) 13; (c) 18 (five on each front paw, four on each rear paw); (d) Ten. 12. (a) Marry in haste, repent at leisure; (b) A fool and his money are soon parted; (c) Too many cooks spoil the broth. 13. Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens. 14. Lance-Corporal; Dull-thud; staff-sergeant; silver-lining; golf-course; brother's-keeper.

were either already in the Regiment or were enlisted through recruiting offices. No boxers were transferred from other Royal Armoured Corps units, though two who did not have six months to serve, were attached pending, their demobilisation when the 11th Hussars left for Aden.

### REKMR

An acquaintance of mine has a sword on the hilt of which is engraved "F. N. Tuff, REKMR." What do the letters "REKMR" represent?—N. Stevenson, 81 Thorne Road, Doncaster.

★ The Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles. F. N. Tuff was commissioned as a second lieutenant in June, 1915, and died of wounds received in action the following November.



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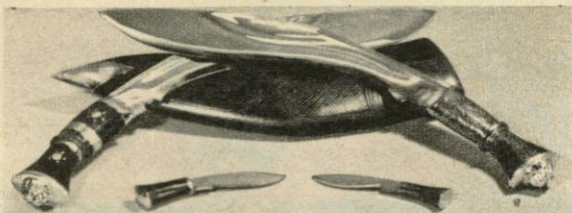
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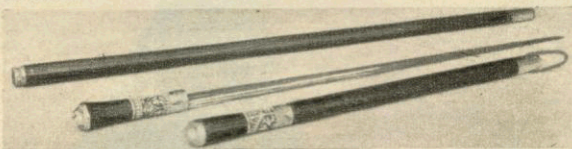


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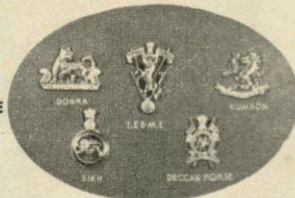
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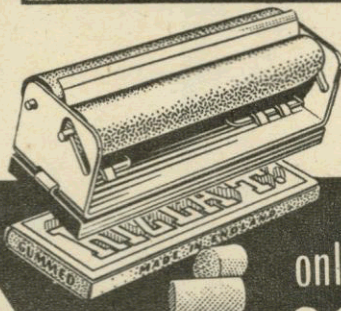
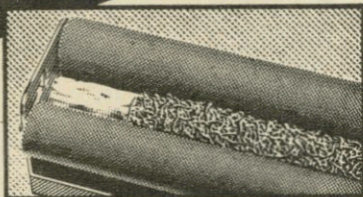
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