SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

JUNE 1957

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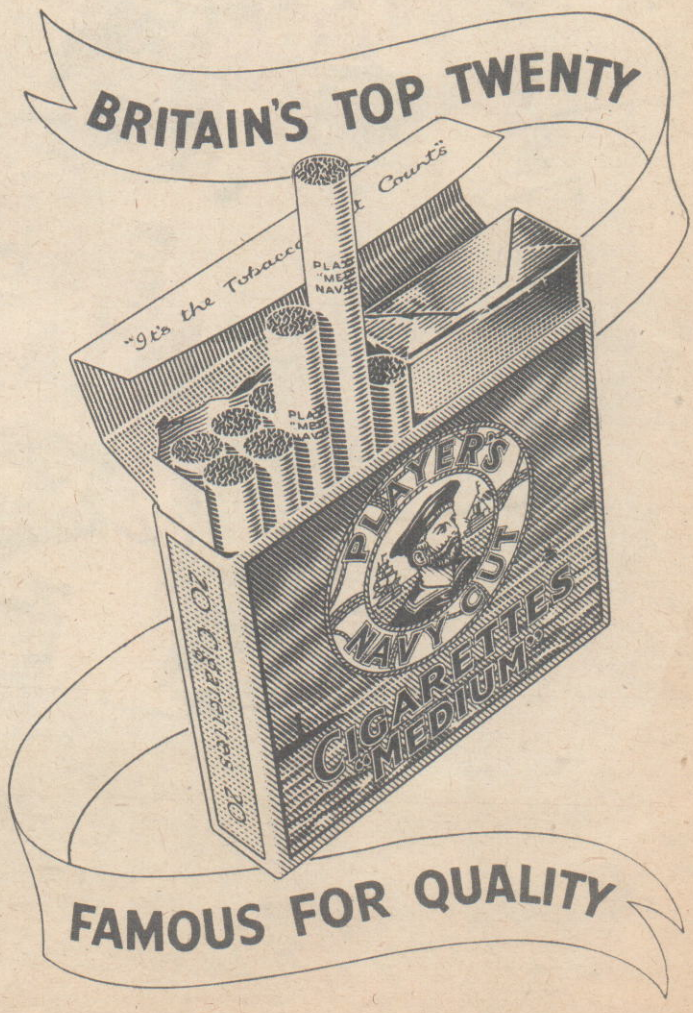

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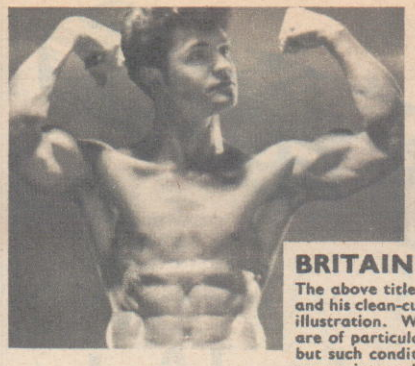

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The above title was won by Pupil Walter Redhead (left), and his clean-cut abdominal development is evident in the illustration. Well-toned and strong abdominal muscles are of particular value to the fighting man and athlete, but such condition is also important in every-day life to ensure internal health and prevent hernia.

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Allan Hunt (right) who was featured in our advertisement in a recent issue of "Soldier," reports further gains in size and strength. His chest has now passed the 52 inch mark as shown in this fully expanded position. At a strength-testing session he established some records and is undoubtedly one of the strongest men in the country.

STILL IMPROVING AT 24

Al Hunt started Maxalding while a National Serviceman and made such increases in both bulk and power that his relations and friends were astounded when he returned to civilian life. At 24 years of age he will make further progress. He gives full credit to Maxalding for his very satisfactory gains.

BEST ARMS

BRITAIN'S "BEST ARMS" CONTEST

The current contest to find the best arm development saw Maxalding pupils in top positions. Pupil Fred Wood, a National Serviceman (left), was at the top of this country's entries. This pupil reports further progress although far removed from gyms or apparatus, and while training solely on Maxalding.

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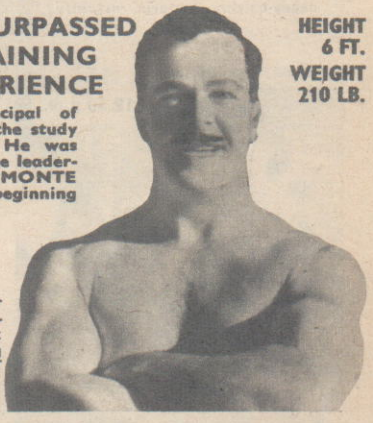
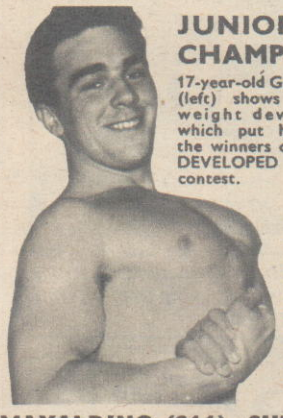


COURT SALDO (right) is the Principal of Maxalding, and has spent a lifetime in the study and application of scientific training. He was born into the profession and took over the leadership of Maxalding from his father, **MONTE SALDO**, who founded the method at the beginning of the century.



JUNIOR CHAMPION

17-year-old Gordon Wyer (left) shows a heavyweight development which put him among the winners of the BEST DEVELOPED YOUTH contest.

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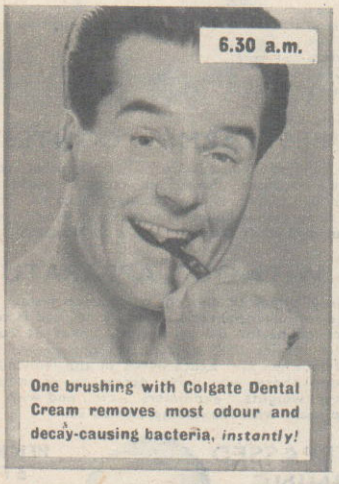

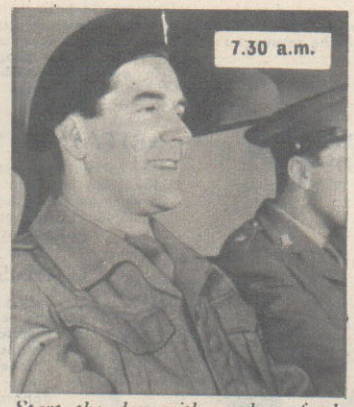

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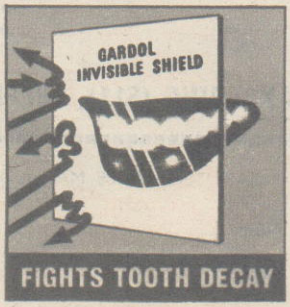

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Vol. 13, No. 4 **SOLDIER** JUNE 1957

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

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DUNKIRK? *You'd Hardly Know It*

THIS MONTH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS THE FRENCH TOWN WHICH THE MERRY MONARCH ONCE OWNED——AND SOLD. SHE WILL UNVEIL A MEMORIAL TO THOSE WHO FELL IN 1939-40

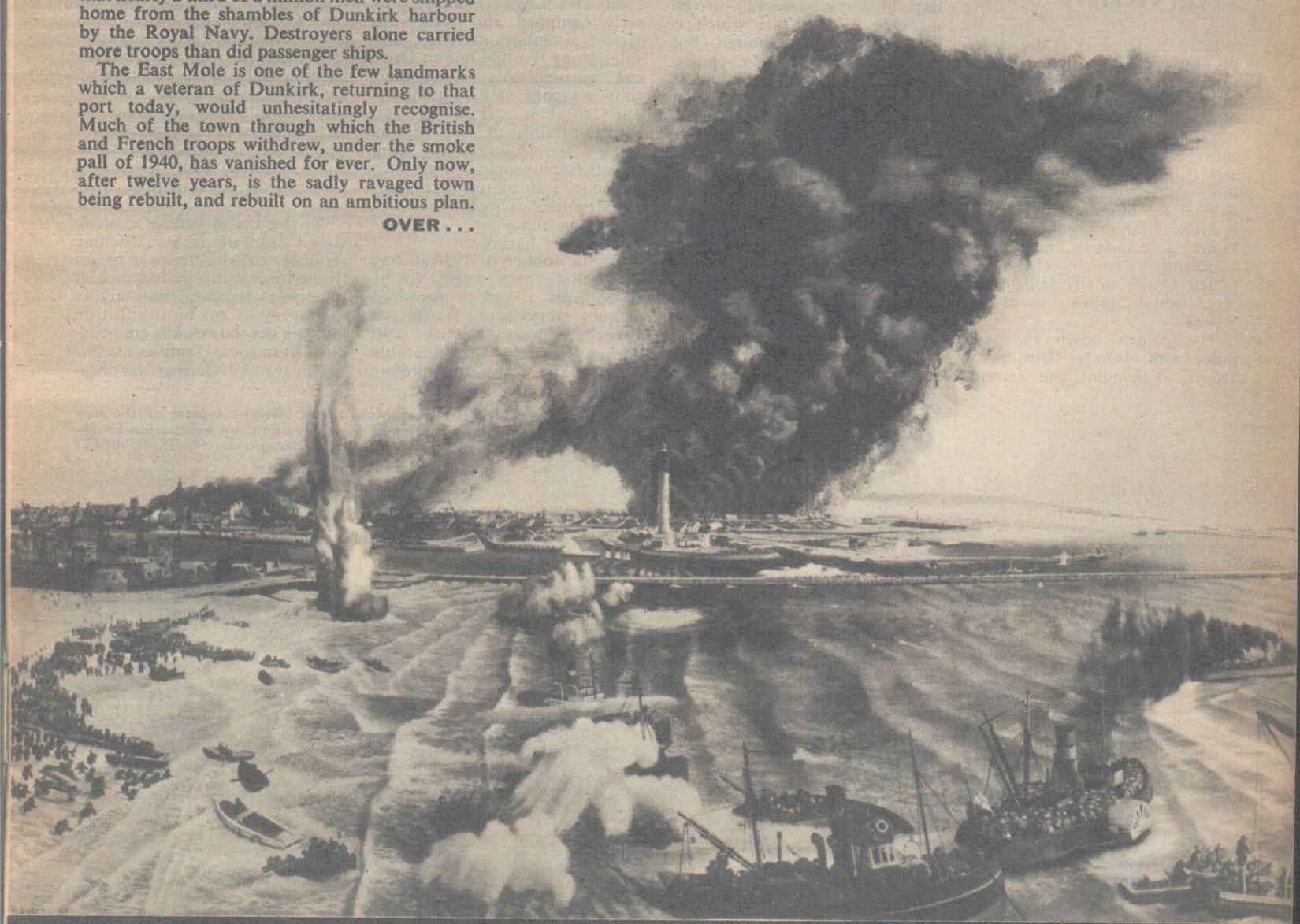
IT is hard to be sentimental in Dunkirk. Especially is it hard to be sentimental about the East Mole—a long dingy breakwater, ruptured in at least two places. What a puny sight it is compared with another mole famous in Britain's history—at Zeebrugge!

Yet it was from this battered East Mole that more than 200,000 British soldiers were evacuated in 1940. It is, or ought to be, part of Britain (as, indeed, the port of Dunkirk was until Charles II sold it to raise the wind).

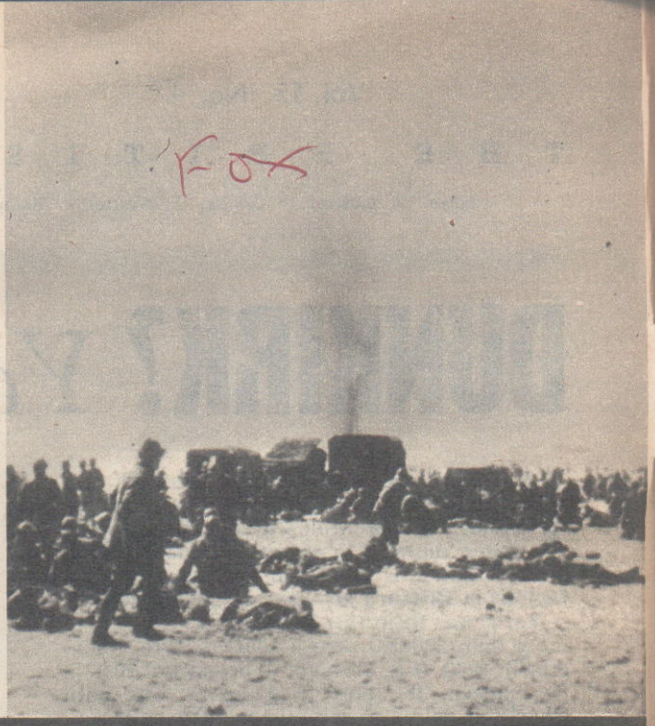
In popular legend, the evacuation of Dunkirk was carried out from the open beaches by tiny craft which set out valiantly across the North Sea from the creeks and tideways of England. So it was, in part; what tends to be forgotten is that nearly a third of a million men were shipped home from the shambles of Dunkirk harbour by the Royal Navy. Destroyers alone carried more troops than did passenger ships.

The East Mole is one of the few landmarks which a veteran of Dunkirk, returning to that port today, would unhesitatingly recognise. Much of the town through which the British and French troops withdrew, under the smoke pall of 1940, has vanished for ever. Only now, after twelve years, is the sadly ravaged town being rebuilt, and rebuilt on an ambitious plan.

OVER . . .



"THE WITHDRAWAL FROM DUNKIRK" BY RICHARD EURICH (AN OFFICIAL PAINTING). IN LEFT FOREGROUND IS SEEN THE EVACUATION FROM THE BEACHES OF MALO LES BAINS. THE NEAREST OF THE MOLES IS THE EAST MOLE, FROM WHICH MORE THAN 200,000 MEN WERE SHIPPED HOME



RIFLES AGAINST DIVE BOMBERS: TWO FAMOUS PICTURES FROM THE DUNKIRK BEACHES

DUNKIRK *continued*

Hard by Dunkirk is the resort of Malo les Bains, where many thousands of men were taken off in the little ships, under the eye of cafés, hotels and boarding-houses. Hardly any of those cafés and hotels survive. They are being replaced by glassy, modernistic structures. No wonder the film company which is currently shooting the story of Dunkirk decided to find a more "authentic" beach elsewhere. (Their choice finally fell on the Rye and Comber sands in Sussex.)

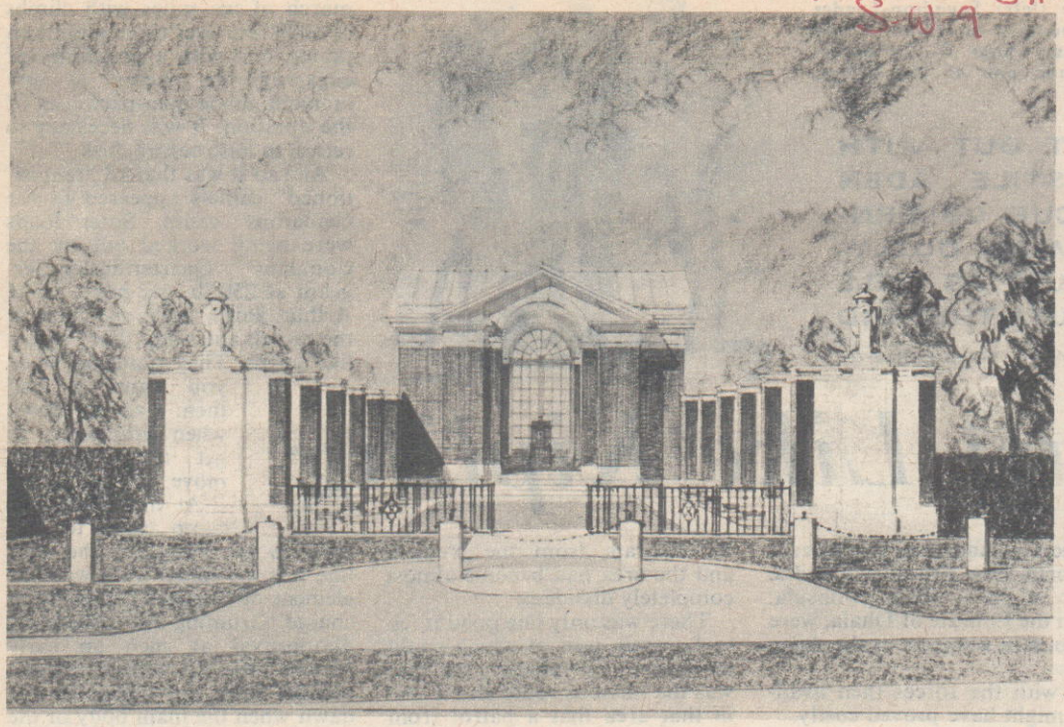
The golden beach runs ten miles from Malo les Bains to La Panne, in Belgium, and beyond. Along this stretch the British Expeditionary Force was "driven into the sea," a fate which is usually conclusive enough. But this obstinate Army did not know the rules; it used the sea to make its escape. "A very bitter sight for our men," was the complaint of a German headquarters.

All along these beaches occurred incidents which are now part of legend. At Bray les Dunes dozens of lorries—of which there was sad abundance —were driven into the sea and planked over, to make a pier. A party of men had the indecency to play cricket during a bombardment. One brigadier rode up on a commandeered carthorse to rally his men; another used a lady's bicycle. At the eleventh hour, a battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, properly equipped and preserving perfect discipline, marched nine miles along the tide-line to Dunkirk, pausing only to fire their puny weapons at dive-bombers. The battalion started off 300 strong and finished with twice as many — the additions being stragglers who could still produce weapons and march like light infantrymen. Those 600 embarked on almost the last vessel to leave the harbour.

To the soldier of 1940 it may seem that there ought to be monuments and memorial plaques everywhere. But in the French memory Dunkirk 1940 does not occupy a comparable niche. The town still prefers to remember Jean Bart, the redoubtable corsair who raided the coasts of England and Scotland in the seventeenth century (and in retribution for whose exploits the harbour of Dunkirk was filled up for 70 years). One of the new cafés at Malo bears his name. His statue stands, defiant, in the main square of Dunkirk—a square still cluttered with temporary shops in the equivalent of "prefabs."

To the British soldier a stroll round Dunkirk is a chastening reminder of what the war meant to the town of his deliverance. It underwent bombing, not only by the Germans but by the British, and the desolation was tremendous. Even today families are living in the old German fortifica-

Left: The East Mole today. Below: typical of the new hotels and cafés at Malo les Bains, an evacuation beach.
Photographs: FRANK TOMPSETT



This artist's drawing shows the Dunkirk Memorial, designed by Mr. Philip Hepworth. The tablets bear the names of nearly 4700 men. Right: the headstone of an unknown soldier in Dunkirk cemetery.

tions in the harbour. Neat curtains show at the windows of crumbling casemates, chimney pipes sprout unexpectedly out of ruins. Dunkirk has not forgotten these people; but it made, and held to, the decision that the harbour must be rebuilt before the town.

That part of Dunkirk to which thousands of British feet will be directed on 29 June is the town cemetery beside the main road to Furnes, where Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will unveil the British memorial. Unlike similar memorials built by the Imperial War Graves Commission at, say, Monte Cassino and Hong Kong, this one lacks an inspiring natural setting. The sea and the dunes are out of sight. Hard by the simple graves and tablets commemorating the Allied dead are the elaborate marble graves of the burghers of Dunkirk, with inscriptions like "À Mon Chèr Époux" and "À Ma Chère Marraine." Overlooking all are unpretentious houses. Perhaps this is as it should be—for the men who died in this campaign were unpretentious too.

The Memorial lists nearly 4700 soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force to whom the fortunes of war denied the known graves given to their comrades. Names of sailors and airmen who died in this campaign are to be found on their own Service memorials in Britain. Eight hundred soldiers, sailors and airmen are commemorated by individual headstones in the cemetery. Some of these headstones date from the first World War. A number are in honour of men whose identity is unknown, though in some instances it was possible to establish rank or regiment.

A shrine will contain an engraved glass window designed by Mr. John Hutton. It shows the whole pageant of Dunkirk—soldiers helping wounded comrades, wrecked vessels, littered beaches, the little ships, the East Mole, the columns of smoke from the blazing refineries and aircraft swooping.

On the memorial the largest number of names (494) is claimed by the Royal Army Service Corps—a grim reminder of those lines of blazing lorries in the Dunkirk perimeter. Next come the Royal Artillery (468), the Royal Engineers (431), and the Royal Pioneer Corps (349).

The Line regiments with the highest totals are the Seaforth Highlanders (113), Durham Light Infantry (95), Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment (93), and Royal Norfolk Regiment (84).

The ceremony of unveiling will probably be attended by several thousand relatives of the fallen. Also present will be formation commanders of the British Expeditionary Force, representatives of all regiments and corps, and parties of ex-Servicemen.

SOLDIER to Soldier

RUMOURS about the fate of famous regiments were flying about even before Mr. Sandys's new defence plan was revealed. They have multiplied since, in spite of earnest appeals to "wait for it."

It is from the War Minister, not the sanitary orderly, that reliable news will shortly be forthcoming.

Some of the more responsible Press commentators have suggested that if any long-standing regiments or units are to be discontinued as such, their names should be perpetuated in those of units about to be formed. It seems a sensible enough idea. If a present-day artillery unit can bear the name of a rocket troop of Wellington's day, why should not a regiment of foot retain its name (or some part of it) if it is turned into a rocket regiment? Why not the Royal Loamshire Rocket Regiment?

Units of the Territorial Army have undergone many changes of role while still contriving to retain something of their old names (at times with admittedly cumbrous results).

An army is always in a state of waxing or waning, of adaptation or revolution. It is a living body which sheds old limbs after they have given long and valued service and grows vigorous new ones. The same life blood animates the new members—and that life blood is tradition.

The current problem affects not only the British Army. Consider this sentence:

"Some of us will feel that, unless the familiar infantry regiment remains exactly as before . . . there can no longer be a regiment. This view is too strict, and is oblivious of the constant changes in our traditional regiments since they were first formed. The physical existence of these regiments has been anything but stable or continuous. The regimental system follows the natural law that adaptability is necessary for survival."

That was written, not by the military correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, but by an American officer, Colonel Elmer Schmierer, in the United States magazine *Army*. His article was entitled "Long Live the Regiment."

The United States Army now has a Combat Arms Regimental System under which all infantry, artillery and armoured tactical units, both now and for ever more, will be "fathered" by 164 historic regiments. The system is "designed to link future combat units to the Army's illustrious past and give every unit a historically meaningful identity."

The 164 historic regiments are known by their numbers, as British regiments used to be known. It may be that the names of British regiments are more "glamorous"—The Black Watch, The Sherwood Foresters and so on—but soldiers can develop a fierce loyalty to a number, as we know from our own military past.

THE Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office, Sir James Simpson, recently listed some of the titles of his 6000 publications, which ranged from "Sex Life of the Elephant Seal" and "Seats for Female Shop Assistants" to the *Board of Trade Journal* and SOLDIER. In the last-mentioned, he said, were "some of the most delicious pin-up girls you have ever seen."

Discussing the route are (left) Squadron-Leader H. Kellas-Kelly, commanding a squadron of the Aden Protectorate Levies; Major D. Callander, Cameron Highlanders; and one of the Levies.

THE CAMERONS SET OUT WITH CAMELS OVER HOSTILE ADEN TERRITORY TO RESCUE GOVERNMENT GUARDS FROM AN OUTLYING FORT. IT WAS JUST AS WELL THEY CHOSE THE ROUTE THEY DID

By Captain P. R. SAWYER, Military Observer

It Was Just Like Kipling

THIS is the story of a rescue operation in conditions reminiscent of the days of Kipling and the North-West Frontier of India.

The scene was the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula. Besieged in their fort at Lazareq, in the Emirate of Dhala, were 15 Government Guards, whose task is to man outposts in the Aden Protectorate. To their aid marched men of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, together with two squadrons of No. 3 Wing, The Aden Protectorate Levies, led by Royal Air Force officers. (The Army is taking over command of the Levies.)

The Government Guards had been attacked by an estimated 250 rebel tribesmen. On the evening of the second day the defenders signalled by wireless that they were still surrounded, and though in good heart were running short of food and water. Aerial reconnaissance confirmed the presence of large numbers of dissident tribesmen in the surrounding hills.

Then came news that the loyal tribal guards of the area had been over-run by the rebels, who had set fire to their fort on the far side of the village. It was decided to withdraw the Government Guards, for maintenance of the post with the forces then available might have proved costly.

At this time "A" Company of the 1st Battalion The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under Major Donald Callander, MC, with one section of Vickers medium machine-guns and one section of mortars from support company, were encamped at Dhala, eight miles north of Lazareq. The camp was on a hillock in the centre of a bowl of barely arable country, surrounded by razor-backed mountains. Nearby, and on a similar feature, was the camp of No. 3 Wing, Aden Protectorate Levies led by Wing-Commander Malcolm Meehans, Royal Air Force, who commanded the operation.

Although it was known that enemy strength reports were often exaggerated, they could not be dismissed lightly. Arms had been smuggled into the Protectorate from the Yemen, and the area had become almost completely dissident.

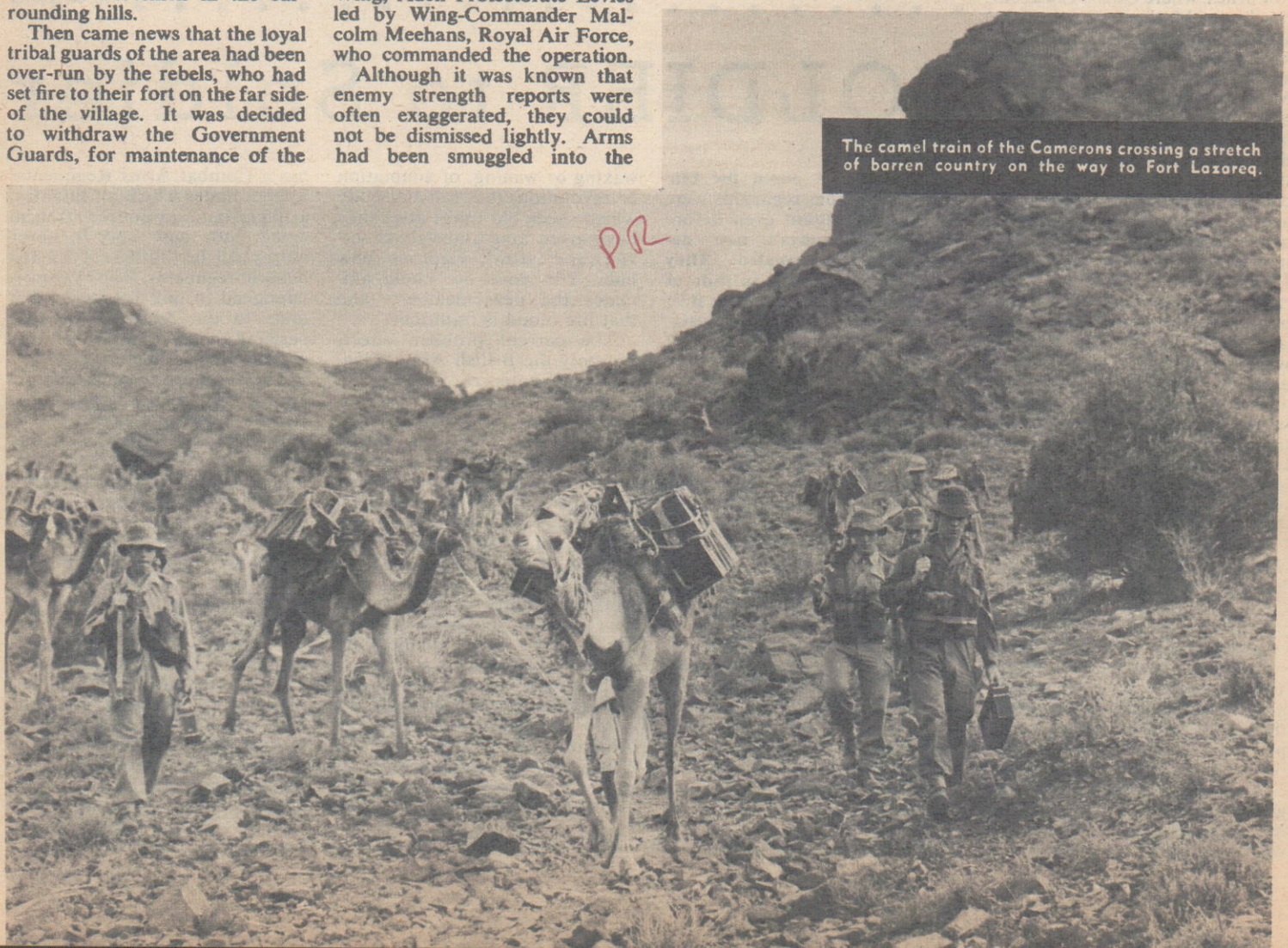
There was only one good track to Lazareq, part of which could be covered by vehicles; but that was the obvious route and it was in that area that a patrol from "B" Company had been ambushed earlier. It was therefore decided to strike west across the mountain ridges that straggled out from the main range in three jagged folds. Although this way was longer by two miles, it was hoped to achieve surprise.

The answer to any sustained long-range sniping, which is the favourite pastime of the rebel tribesmen, was to be three-inch mortars and Vickers machine-guns. The problem was how to carry these weapons. An approach march of ten miles with climbs of 1000 feet over three mountain passes, and with a possibility of engaging the enemy at any moment, made man-packs out of the question. It was necessary to return to base before dusk.

And so it was that 18 "requisitioned" camels appeared in the Camerons' camp. Soon loads were being worked out by the Company Quartermaster-Sergeant at 250 lb. per beast. CSM Arthur Smith took one look at the camels and said, "They're just like yoyos. They stand up when you want to load them and sit down when you want to get them on the move."

At three a.m. the camp came to life. First to get away for the start line was the camel train with the element of Support Company in charge. Grunting and registering disapproval at such an early reveille, the Camerons' camels plodded into the night. It was dawn when the main body of the column formed up to cross the first pass. The gap in the mountains appeared forbidding, for whatever awaited the other side, there would be no "Shangri-La."

When the light improved, figures were seen on the nearby summits. These were the Levies of No. 3 Wing picketing the heights. As the main column passed from one valley to another, these wiry, fleet-footed warriors, wearing gym shoes, scaled the jagged mountain sides to watch for the enemy. Down



The camel train of the Camerons crossing a stretch of barren country on the way to Fort Lazareq.

cultivated re-entrants the Camerons moved in open formation ready to give battle the moment it was offered, but nothing interrupted the march. From the few gaunt stone houses only women appeared, draped in their customary black habit. Very often the track faded out and the troops and animals had to pick their way through giant boulders, to be faced a few minutes later with an escarpment in which yet another uninviting pass would appear.

The men of Support Company soon learned to let the camels have their own way when crossing rocky outcrops. These knowing beasts would refuse to risk sliding on loose shale with their heavy loads, but would move deftly a few yards to the left or right, carefully selecting every step.

The advance continued steadily, but cautiously. Before the main body moved over a crest, an advance guard moved a quarter of a mile ahead, fanning out tactically, while the Levies scanned the hillsides. This tended to slow down the pace, but Wing-Commander Meehans was taking no risks. The tribesmen are adept at concealment.

By 10 a.m. the strength of the sun was beginning to be felt, and the men were permitted to drink. Water discipline was essential, for no one could foretell what might happen.

By 11 a.m. the objective was in view: a low straggling hill shimmering in the haze. On the summit was a jumble of grey rock-built dwellings and to their right was the fort. All seemed quiet, though there were reports of two long-range single shots having been fired at the column. The Levies took up positions of all-round defence to cover the administrative tail, the camels; and the mortars and machine-guns were unloaded and sited.

Government Guards who had marched with the force from Dhala were sent forward under cover to contact those besieged in the fort, and a plan was prepared to occupy the adjacent buildings during the evacuation. Two platoons of "A" Company were to take the ridge and the third to pass through and consolidate.

The atmosphere was tense. Would the tribesmen allow the rescuers to approach unmolested? No attackers had been seen for 24 hours, but they might have been hiding.

After half an hour two Government Guards could be seen scrambling down the hill towards "A" Company. They brought news that the beleaguered men were ready to move out with their equipment packed on camels. Still no chances were taken, and the assault went in as planned, but without a shot being fired.

The Government Guards who had held out for three days embraced their comrades, wrung the Jocks warmly by the hand, and pointed out the bullet bespattered walls of the fort. But this was not the time for pleasantries. It was already mid-day, and the force might have to fight its way back over miles of cruel country.

The Company Commander speedily evacuated the post, then withdrew with the Government Guards to the firm base, covered by the Levies and support weapons. It was decided to return to Dhala by the same route, and so the camels, still disapproving, were again urged to their feet.

Sweat poured off everyone's brow, stinging the eyes with salt. Above, vultures and hawks soared ceaselessly, ever-expectant that an animal would die on the column of march. The men of the Camerons moved gamely on, carrying not only 100 rounds per rifle, but mortar bombs, and machine-gun "liners" each containing 250 rounds.

The column, which had been swelled by the Government Guards and their camel train, was now spread over half a mile. At three p.m. the leading platoon halted at the top of a pass, waiting for a signal from the pickets to move ahead. Half a mile to the north a 2000-foot escarpment rose awesomely. The leading camels had just come in sight when sporadic firing from this feature was directed at the rear of the baggage train. Dwellings could be seen carved in the face of the rock, and men from two platoons saw the tribesmen moving in the crags above them. They and the Levies on a nearby cliff quickly returned the fire.

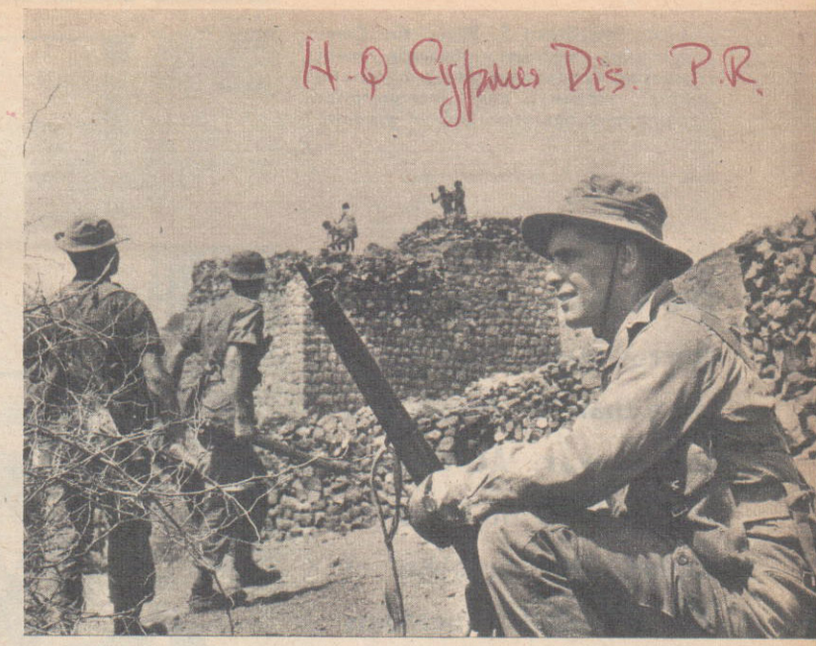
The sniping was long-range and had only nuisance value. It was necessary to keep the force moving; its purpose was not to deviate to hunt out odd dissidents. But the column had a trump card which it now played: a liaison officer called up the fighter "cab rank" which had been on duty since first light, and in a matter of seconds four Venoms of No. 8 Squadron were peeling off to attack the rebel hide-outs with their cannon. Their shells cut across the precipitous face of the mountainside, exploding with vivid orange flashes against the volcanic rock.

The column got under way again. With resigned dignity, seemingly unaware of the screaming jets and rattle of fire, the camels plodded sure-footed towards the next pass. The Camerons, now on the fifteenth mile, were going strong, but their boots were suffering (in these conditions the average life of a pair is one month).

As the sun was sinking, the men, still with their rifles at the ready, descended to the scratched-out fields round Dhala. The force was intact, having suffered no casualties and the task of rescue had been accomplished.

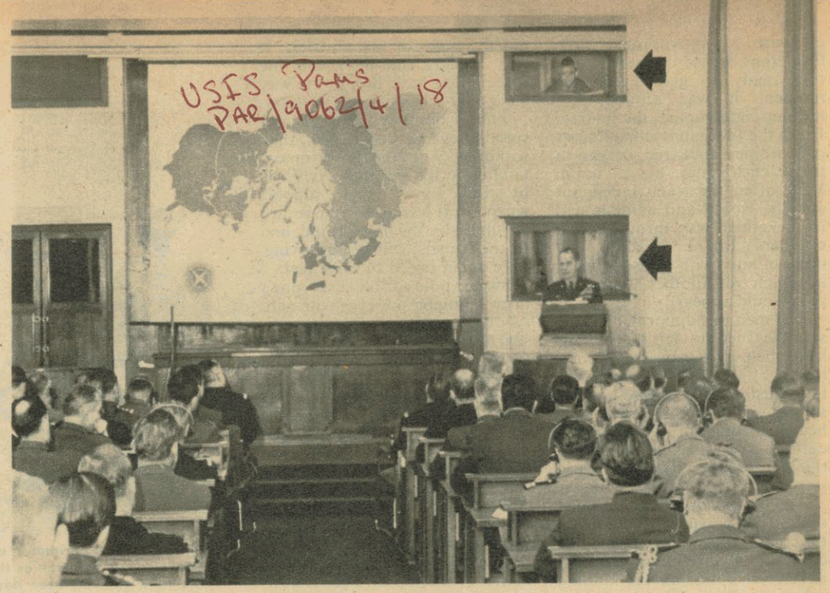
It was learned next day that 150 tribesmen had been lying in wait for the column in the hills overlooking the other route.

Air cover was provided by the Royal Air Force throughout the operation, two Shackletons being used for observation and as airborne signal centres.



Occupying the perimeter of the fort at Lazareq. Sergeant Vincent Martin covers two men as they go forward. Below: Government Guards who held out for three days shake hands with the relieving column.

Below: In order to dissuade the rebel tribesmen from occupying the fort during its evacuation, 75 mm rockets were fired as the relieving force withdrew. Note smoke of explosion just below the fort.



Lieut-Gen Clovis E. Byers, the Commandant, addresses students, many wearing headphones. Note interpreter (top window) and interpretation equipment operator (bottom window).

The commander of tomorrow must know much more than the theory and art of war. At NATO's Staff College in Paris he studies the problem of defence in all its dimensions

Studying for INTERNATIONAL COMMAND

WHERE are the high commanders who will lead the many-tongued forces of the Atlantic Treaty nations in years to come?

At this moment, the chances are that some of them may be attending a six-months course at an advanced staff college in Paris.

The pupils of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation's Defence College are senior military, naval and air force officers and civilians of the North Atlantic nations—minimum rank lieutenant-colonel, or the equivalent—who have been selected for training as future Staff officers under NATO.

More than 500 students have passed through the College since it was opened in 1951. Twenty-five of them have since become generals or flag officers. Others are now serving on the staffs of Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe and its subordinate commands. One civilian has become an ambassador, 14 others have been promoted to consulships or vice-consulships.

The Defence College, housed appropriately in a wing of the famous *Ecole Militaire*, seat of French higher military learning for over 200 years, is no ordinary Staff college. Its aim is to produce men well-versed not only in the latest conceptions of war but also in the military, political and economic problems which beset each of the 15 North Atlantic nations.

All the students have at least 15 years experience of their own Service arm.

When they arrive, they are grouped into nine international syndicates, each six strong and made up of representatives of the three Services and civilians, generally drawn from the foreign service. The members of each syndicate are from different countries but they have a common tongue, either English or French.

During the course the students, in their own study rooms, thrash out four set problems and in this way contribute to a stimulating exchange of ideas and a clearer understanding of national problems. Each syndicate is changed three times during the course, so that students work with as many different colleagues as possible.

In Paris most mornings are devoted to lectures—more than 100 of them. On one recent course the lecturers included Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Lord Ismay (until recently the Secretary-General of NATO), Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy, the Marquess of Reading, Brigadier Sir John Hunt and Mr. Richard Crossman, MP. The lectures range from an address on international politics or economics to an assessment of the military capabilities of the Soviet bloc, and include discussions on psychological warfare, cold war methods and the function of the Press and wireless in peace and war.

Twice during the course students leave Paris by air to visit some of the European countries they have been discussing, and to investigate problems on the spot. One tour takes in Belgium, Norway, Denmark and Britain; the second Italy, Malta, Greece and Turkey. In each country the students are briefed by government and military officials and taken to see military and industrial installations. There is time off for sight-seeing. Sometimes the parties visit Germany and one recent course went to Portugal.

Britain, the United States and France are allotted seven vacancies each on every course. Iceland (which has no military forces) and Luxembourg are the only North Atlantic Treaty countries which have not yet sent students.

The Commandant of the Defence College is an American, Lieutenant-General Clovis E. Byers, who has four deputies, two British and two French. The two British deputies are Brigadier E. N. K. Estcourt and Air Commodore S. J. Marchbank. The Commandant serves for two years and the post rotates between the British, French and United States Forces.

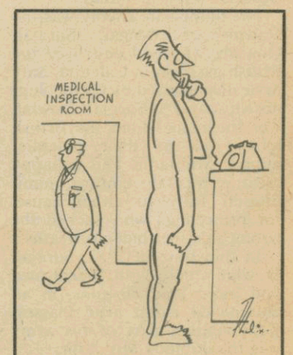
Of the 11 military instructors three are British: Colonel B. Wilson, Captain Viscount Kelburn, Royal Navy, and Group-Captain C. W. K. Nicholls. Others are provided by the United States, Canada, France, and Italy. The one civilian instructor in foreign affairs is Dutch.

The Defence College has a flourishing "Old Boys" organisation, with branches in most of the North Atlantic countries, including Britain. Each year a re-union of former students is held in Paris. Last year nearly 100 turned up, some travelling from as far away as Norway and Turkey.

E. J. GROVE

In this group of students may be a NATO high commander of tomorrow.

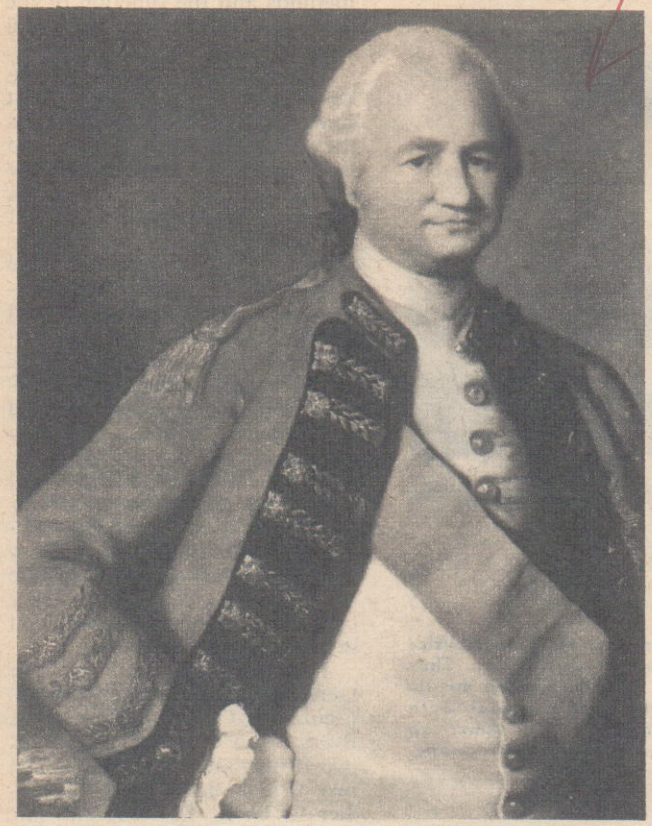
Students learn the potentialities of rocket weapons. Above: They see the Matador guided missile and, below, the Corporal, both demonstrated by American troops stationed in Germany.



"Great news! I've got flat feet, short sight and a slipped disc!"

NAT. PORTRAIT GALL.

200 years ago, at Plassey, the British Army had its first showdown with an Asian host. The bullets of the 39th Foot (the Dorsets) set scarlet elephants dancing



The Dorsetshire Regiment is now the only regiment to have Plassey as a battle honour. Two Irish regiments, now disbanded, used to share it. They stemmed from East India Company regiments.

Left: Sir Robert Clive, who commanded at Plassey. He did not like to be reminded of that council - of - war.

Right: Sir Eyre Coote, who counselled attack when Clive hesitated.

THE ODDS WERE 16 - 1

INDIA, 1757. . . . The clerks of the Honourable East India Company had climbed down from their stools and strapped on their swords. Their task: to make an anarchic sub-continent (or some portion of it) fit for decent trade. Plotting against them, stirring jealous native princes to mischief, were the French.

Having raised and drilled battalions of native soldiers, the Company's servants played two dangerous games simultaneously: the military game, in which the odds were prodigious, and the game of Oriental power politics, in which there were no rules.

One of the fire-eating clerks was Robert Clive, brave, touchy, vain. In June 1757 he was a Colonel in the Company's service. Under him was an officer who held his commission direct from the King: Captain Eyre Coote, of the 39th Foot (the Dorsets—First in India).

The immediate enemy was the Nawob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, who had destroyed the British garrison in Calcutta, only to be dispossessed by Clive. Supposedly loyal to Surajah Dowlah was the man whom the British looked on as their potential puppet, Mir Jaffir. This unhappy creature was reluctant to commit himself fully to either cause, for princelings who backed the wrong side met hideous deaths.

In mid-June of 1757, Surajah Dowlah stood, with 50,000 men and more than 50 guns, in an entrenched camp near Plassey. Commanding part of his army was the dubious Mir Jaffir.

The problem for Clive, on 21 June, was whether to lead his 3000 men, with a handful of guns, across a swollen river and attack an army of 50,000. Heavy monsoon rains were falling. If defeated, he would be unable to re-cross the river; and, shorn of Clive's forces, Calcutta would again be lost. It was a grim decision for one man to take, and Clive determined to call a council-of-war of his officers. Normally, no commander would do anything of the sort, and in after-life Clive hated to be reminded of this "weakness." Coote, who now held the local rank of major, put up a strong case for attacking at once. The men's morale, he pointed out, was high, thanks to recent victories. Only three days march away, a French force was hurrying to the Nawob's aid. In any event, said Coote, the Army was already so far from Calcutta that it could not depend on supplies, hence the choice was "fight or starve."

Major Coote did not carry the council with him. Only seven voted for action, 13 against. Clive agreed with the majority, but after much soul-searching in his tent informed Coote that he had changed his mind. Without doubt it was a mortifying moment for Clive, for like most of the Company's officers he resented the superior status (and often arrogance) of the King's officers. Much of the bad blood between Clive and Coote in later life originated from this episode.

The Nawob's host was protected by a loop of the river. Clive's men, having crossed at the only available ford, splashed through the flooded countryside towards Plassey and took up positions in a soon-to-be-famous mango grove.

Shortly after dawn on 23 June the Nawob's forces were seen to be marching on the Plassey grove, as if to surround it. It was a dazzling sight — with the scarlet-clothed elephants of the commanders, the oxen-drawn cannon, the brilliant banners and the caracoling horsemen. The British soldiers were impressed but they had no cause to feel daunted. Perhaps the biggest threat came from the Nawob's French-manned guns.

When the cannonading opened soon after dawn Clive displayed his thin red line to give as great an impression of strength as possible, but he could not afford to suffer even the lightest casualties. He therefore withdrew his force into the grove, where they lay low. The mango trees suffered more than did the concealed troops. Under the British musket fire the scarlet elephants plunged hysterically.

In the afternoon the black Bengal rains returned — and changed the fortunes of war, not for the first time in British history. Clive's force had been provident enough to stretch tarpaulins over their ammunition; the Nawob's men had not. Soon, the enemy's fire began to fizzle. Surajah Dowlah assumed the British powder was wet, too, and sent in cavalry to attack. They were smartly repulsed.

All this time, the British had not known which way Mir Jaffir, in the enemy's camp, would jump. Surajah Dowlah appealed to his underling to take vigorous action, but Mir Jaffir and his fellow conspirators went behind his back and communicated with Clive, urging him to attack. Surrounded by traitors, Surajah Dowlah decided to pull out. There was still much skirmishing and cannonading, but Clive was fighting a leaderless army and by five o'clock the British were in the enemy's camp. The fleeing army were pursued for six miles.

This battle, ending in almost ludicrous anti-climax, was important in that it was the British Army's first showdown with an Asian host, the first decisive battle in British India. Rain and treachery may have determined the outcome, but, as Sir John Fortescue says, tribute must be paid to "the iron will and unshaken nerve that could lead 3000 men against a host of unknown strength and hold them undaunted within a ring of 50,000 enemies."

Only seven Europeans and 16 sepoys were killed. The hard core of Clive's force comprised some 700 white troops, among them the 39th Foot, plus 100 Portuguese, 50 seamen and 50 men of the Royal Artillery.

Mir Jaffir got away with it. He became Nawob of Bengal.

Soldier 4967

In its big depots the Army is trying out a number of new devices to save labour, time and space

"Look, one hand!" A WRAC corporal demonstrates how a three-ton lorry can be pulled along by a mobile electric jack.

IT ALL SAVES LABOUR

A CORPORAL in the Women's Royal Army Corps strolled across the barrack square at Feltham, nonchalantly trailing by one hand a three-ton lorry. Or so it appeared.

In fact, the lorry was resting on an electrically-driven jack on wheels and the machine was doing all the work. The corporal had only to press a button and the lorry followed her wherever she led it—just like Mary's little lamb.

The electric jack, which can pull loads of up to ten tons, enables vehicles to be parked closer together than they can normally be driven. It is one of many new labour-saving devices which are being introduced into the Army, at home and overseas, to speed up, and cheapen, work in stores depots.

Many of the new devices are now in use at No. 2 Vehicle Group, Royal Army Ordnance Corps at Feltham, Middlesex.

One is a steam jet cleaner, driven by electricity, which forces scalding steam and detergent through two jets at a pressure of 150 lb. a square inch. The thickest grease rapidly disintegrates before it. With this machine two men can clean a large vehicle in one hour compared with the four hours it usually takes four men to do a less effective job with cold water hoses and several pints of expensive white spirit. The innovation will be welcomed by the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' inspection teams, who often have to spend much time scraping away clogged grease and mud.

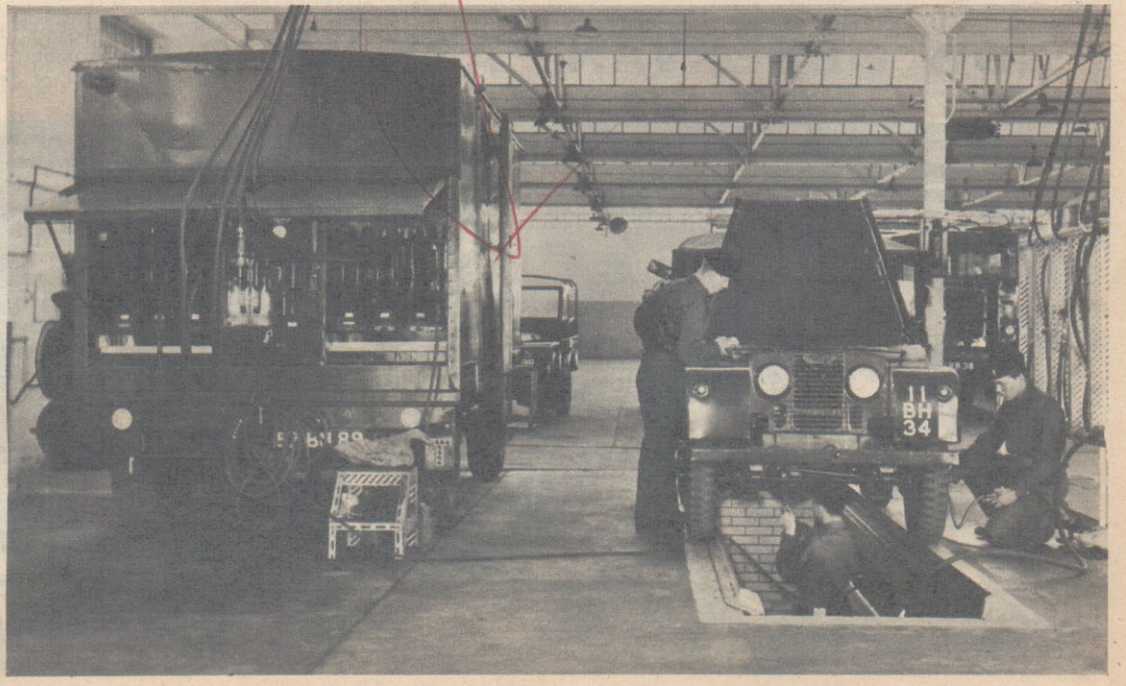
A new method of preserving vehicles stored in the open air is to spray them with hot wax which seals all parts that might rust and waterproofs the canvas covers. Unlike the grease and other preservatives which have been used until now the wax need not be removed when the vehicle goes on the road. A waxed vehicle can remain out of doors for at

OVER...

Right: The electrically-driven steam jet cleaner goes into action on a Scout car.

Below: The new servicing trailer with a crew of seven cleans and services a vehicle in half an hour.

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.



Soldier 4967

The Octopus makes easy work of removing heavy tyres and does it more quickly, too.

least two years without needing more attention.

Vehicles are now being sprayed with hot paint, a method which saves money and gives a better finish. As hot paint is of the correct consistency for spraying, no thinners are needed and because the spray is more concentrated there is less waste and the painter can get closer to his work.

A new vehicle servicing trailer has also been brought into use. This is fitted with a petrol-driven washing plant and pipe lines which supply oils and lubricants. It carries a crew of seven who can thoroughly clean and service a vehicle in half an hour—at least four times more quickly than the old method.

More pneumatic tools — wrenches, drills and grinders— are being used in the Army. They are powered by electric or petrol-driven air compressors and can be operated in static locations or in the field. They are easier to use than hand tools. Pneumatic wrenches exert many more times the pressure a man can apply so that many jobs, especially those needing the removal of obstinate nuts and bolts, can be done more quickly and easily.

One machine which will save much time (and bad language) is the Octopus, a hydraulically driven apparatus for removing heavy tyres from wheels. When the wheel is placed on a circular platform the machine's six levers, together exerting a pressure of 20 tons, bear down on the tyre and gently press it away from the holding plate. The wheel is then turned over and the process is repeated until the tyre falls from the wheel. The operation takes only five minutes and is a vast improvement on the old lever-and-sledge-hammer technique which sometimes damaged the tyre beyond repair.

More and more Army depots are being equipped with electrically-operated fork-lift trucks and pallet transporters. At Feltham only the light articles are moved by hand. It is easier, cheaper and quicker to load stores into pallets and lift them —up to nine tons at a time— mechanically.

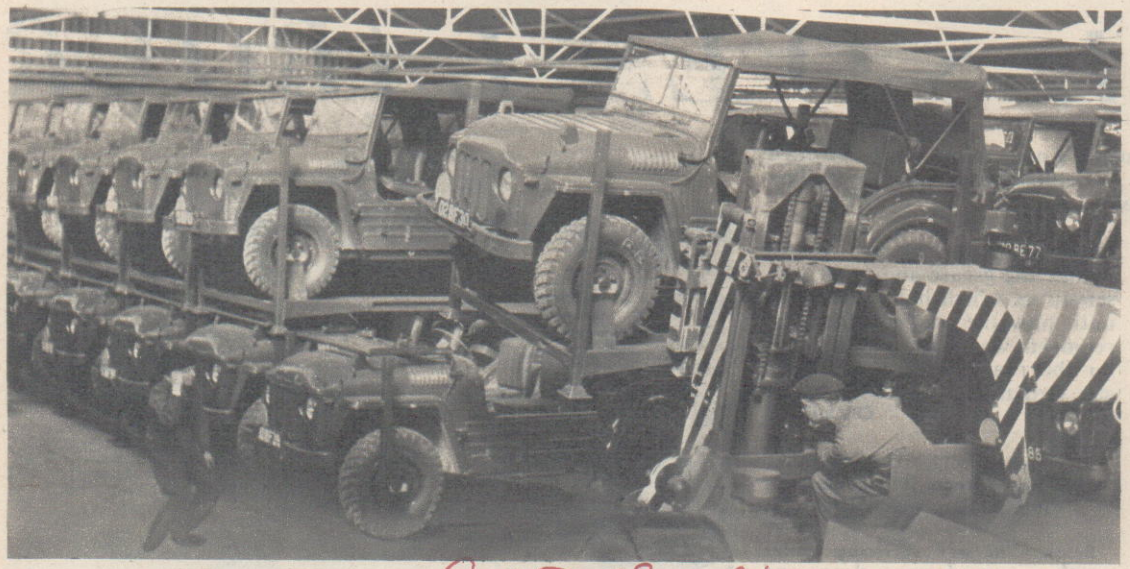
Pallets used at No. 2 Vehicle Group are made at the depot from steel tubes constructed to hold any type and shape of article. They can be stacked one on top of the other. One set of pallets holds the Champ utility vehicle which is stored in two decks, the top vehicles being lifted on by fork-lift truck.

"As the Army's storage costs work out at about 30 shillings a square foot this double banking saves a lot of money," says Lieutenant-Colonel C. Rafferty, who commands the No. 2 Vehicle Group.

The Army is also using polythene containers for storing smaller stores, like Signals equipment. They are cheaper than cardboard containers and take up less room.

E. J. GROVE

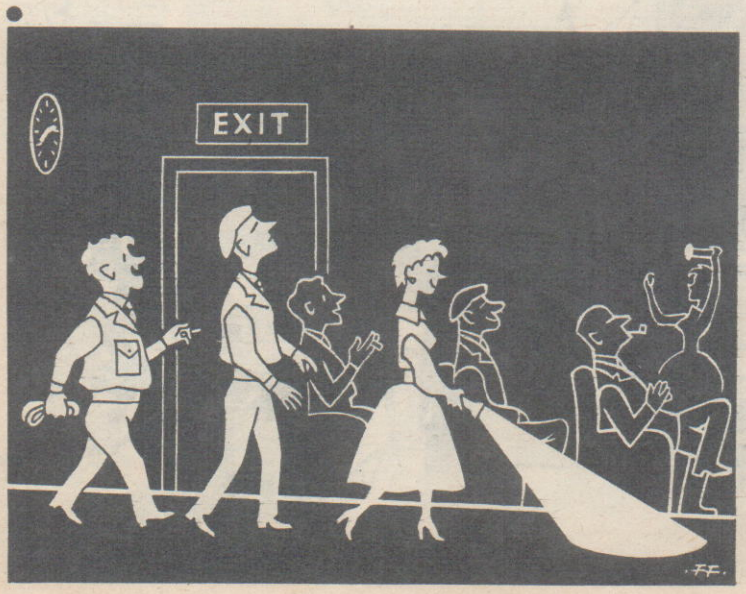
Below: A fork-lift truck double-stacks Champs to save storage space. Each vehicle is secured in a steel pallet.

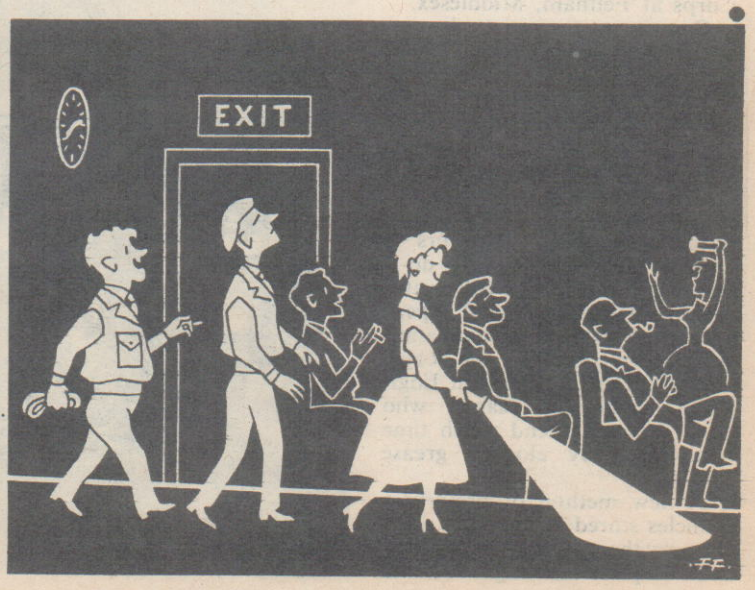


SOLDIER 4967

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.





ADC

His duties are not set out in any military manual—but the young officer who wears the aiguillette will find that his role is much more than ornamental

"AN *aide-de-camp* is to his general what Mercury was to Jupiter, and what the jackal is to the lion. It is a post that very few can fill with credit . . ."

That was written by a witty fellow in the eighteenth century, when the function of the *aide-de-camp* was rather different from what it is today, and the appointment was more widely coveted.

Among the requirements for the post, according to this writer, were the ability to make a good bow, to carve well, to listen patiently to long stories, to pick up and pass on all available camp gossip, and to snub subalterns. "If your general keeps a girl, it is your duty to squire her to all public places, and to make an humble third of a party at whist or quadrille; but be sure never to win . . ."

In the field the *aide* should show great dash:

"Whenever the general sends you with a message, though ever so trifling, gallop as fast as you can up to and against the person to whom it is addressed. Should you ride over him, it would show your alertness in the performance of your duty."

In brief, this writer's "advice" to *aides-de-camp* was: "Let your deportment be haughty and insolent to your inferiors, humble and fawning to your superiors, solemn and distant to your equals."

That (more or less) was the *aide-de-camp* of old. What is he like today? What does he do?

His duties will not be found set out in any Army manual. They are a matter to be laid down by the general whom the *aide-de-camp* serves. All the regulations require of him are that he shall be a subaltern or captain with three years commissioned service; that he shall hold the appointment for no more than two years; and, not least important, that he shall be a bachelor.

An *aide-de-camp* may be appointed to a General Officer Commanding or to a General Officer Commanding-in-Chief. Alternatively he may be chosen to serve a Dominion or Colonial Governor. In that event his pay and conditions of service are a matter to be settled entirely between the Governor and the officer himself.

In days gone by the War Office used to keep a file of names of volunteers for the appointment. Since the last war, however, so few officers have aspired to wear the *aiguillette* (that shoulder adornment consisting of plaited cords ending in long points) that the list has been discontinued. Officers who wish to volunteer do so through the normal channels.

If the personal qualifications of an *aide-de-camp* had to be set out in print they would go something like this: He must be a man of polished manners, a good mixer at all levels, able to organise a household, possessing plenty of small talk when required (but only when required), capable of materialising or vanishing in an instant, loaded with tact, a zealot for punctuality, and an early riser. Nothing irritates a vigorous general more than a slugabed *aide* who is not ready for the pre-breakfast canter.

In days gone by a high proportion of *aides-de-camp* were sprigs of nobility, or relatives of the commander. Cynics said that commanders preferred young lordlings, in order that they should have somewhere to go for a spot of rough shooting and free lodging in their declining years. The young lordlings could be relied on to "freeze out" the hangers-on who tended to cluster round the commander.

British *aide-de-camp* to a German general: Captain F. J. Lassetter, 3rd Carabiniers, who is ADC to General Speidel, commanding Allied Land Forces Central Europe under NATO.

In days of patronage it was natural for a commander to take nephews and even sons into his personal service. As the nation would not go to the expense of providing him with a staff, he could hardly be blamed for doing his best to form one from keen young men whom he knew intimately and trusted.

Sometimes, of course, the *aides* took liberties which young officers lacking wealth and influence would not have dared to do. In the memoirs of William Hickey, the eighteenth-century diarist, is an account of how the *aide-de-camp* of General Sir Alured Clarke, in India, produced a hookah at the dinner table. It was a time when even orthodox forms of smoking were not really gentlemanly. The following conversation ensued:

General: "Pray, sir, give me leave to ask what that may be?"

Aide: "A hookah."

General: "A hookah? It is a graceless, if not an offensive thing. I presume, sir, you have adopted it in your capacity of captain of dragoons, at least I hope not as my *aide-de-camp*?"

For answer the *aide* smiled and puffed away "with the utmost composure," until the subject dropped.

To the jealous regimental officer, the *aide-de-camp* was often a suspect figure—a vain fellow with a disinclination for the routine of regimental soldiering and a desire to shine under the eyes of his commander, either on the field of battle or at amateur theatricals.

In war, it often happened that the general and his family circle of *aides* performed prodigies of planning and improvisation. When galloping about the field the *aides* were just as vulnerable to enemy shot as were the regimental officers, sometimes more so. On the delivery of the orders they carried the lives of thousands might depend.

One *aide-de-camp* who earned for himself an unenviable niche in history was Captain Edward Nolan, who delivered (many say mis-delivered) the fatal message which set off the Charge of the Light Brigade—in the wrong direction. He was an impetuous young man and did not conceal his scorn for the slow-thinking Lord Lucan to whom he delivered Lord Raglan's order. In a last-minute attempt, as it was thought, to correct the direction of the charge he was killed in his saddle by a Russian shell-burst.

In World War Two Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's *aides* knew better than to produce a hookah at dinner, but they by no means abstained from practical jokes. When a pretty French woman at Sousse followed up her presentation of a bouquet to the Field-Marshal with "Vill you kees me?" she was acting out a part rehearsed by the two *aides*. (The Field-Marshal *did* kiss her.)

One of the *aides* died in the last days of the war. He had been promoted to serve as a personal liaison officer, whose task it was to scout forward and bring back direct reports from the field of battle. Speeding to headquarters in a jeep, Major John Poston was ambushed by a band of fanatic German youths. He took to the ditch and shot it out with them, but was killed. The Field-Marshal wrote a very moving tribute to his former *aide* in *The Times*.

Today, under NATO, the *aide-de-camp* needs to be not only a young bachelor of good manners, but an officer with at least one additional language at his command.

"It is a graceless, if not an offensive thing."

ALL SOLDIER PIX
4971

Left: When the Army took over Kneller Hall in 1857 one of the instruments in a military band was this ophicleide, father of the present-day euphonium.

Under the trees in the grounds of Kneller Hall Pupil Musician P. Davis, Royal Artillery, receives instruction on the trombone from Student Bandmaster J. Howe (right).

QUEEN VICTORIA WAS NOT AMUSED

The Royal Military School of Music, which celebrates its centenary this year, owes its existence to a musical mishap that horrified the Sovereign

IT will be a doubly significant moment in the history of the Royal Military School of Music when the Kneller Hall Band plays the National Anthem as the Queen arrives on 28 June to commemorate the School's centenary.

It was the inept rendering of the Anthem by Army bands which was largely responsible for the Royal Military School of Music being formed.

In 1854 Queen Victoria held a Grand Review and was shocked to hear the Army's massed bands (in those days conducted by civilians, generally Italian or German) strike up the Anthem, each in a different key and following its own arrangement. The result was an appalling cacophony and Queen Victoria was not amused. She complained to her brother, the Duke of Cambridge, who, when he became Commander-in-Chief two years later, set about forming the Royal Military School of Music, which was opened at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, in 1857. In the Crimean War the Duke had been distressed to hear how much better French Army bands played than British.

Two pupils demonstrate musical museum pieces. Left: A serpent (circa 1790) and (right) a 19th century three-key bugle.

Lieut-Colonel D. McBain, the School's Chief Instructor, was a student at Kneller Hall 30 years ago. He was Director of Music of the Royal Horse Guards Band.

There will be no discords and the National Anthem will be pitched in the correct key when the Kneller Hall Band greets the Queen this month. It is probably the finest military band in the world.

Ostensibly the School was formed to save regiments the expense of employing civilian bandmasters, but until 1872 it was financed by officers of the regiments which sent their men there. For 100 years every director of music and every bandmaster in the Army has been trained at Kneller Hall; so have thousands of Army bandsmen. Today bandmasters and musicians from several Dominion and Colonial armies and police forces also go there for instruction.

The bandmaster's course at Kneller Hall has always been the longest course in the Army—it lasts for three years. All students are NCOs, normally 50 on each course and each from a different regiment or corps. They learn every phase of music theory and practice and are trained to instruct on any instrument; they must be able to play every instrument, one of them expertly; they learn how to conduct military and choral works, to compose and arrange scores for any type of band.

Finally, they must pass a test in conducting a church service with a full choir and organ (other students represent the choir boys and the service is held in the School Chapel). After that they become eligible for promotion to bandmaster with the rank of warrant officer. Later they may return for a six months course to become directors of music, a commissioned rank, which entitles the holder to put the letters "p.s.m." after his name.

Every year the Royal Military School of Music trains some 250 bandsmen and bandboys as competent musicians on at least one instrument. They receive instruction from civilian professors of music (some of them former Army bandmasters). The pupils form four companies, each with its own band and commanded by one of the student bandmasters.

The company bands combine to form the Kneller Hall massed band of 250 musicians, at present conducted by Bandmaster R. Bashford, of the 17th/21st Lancers. It plays regularly for the BBC and in summer gives

OVER . . .

Triple-tongueing on the double bass, which is one of the heaviest instruments in a military band, is Lance-Corporal John Tyas, of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment.

Bandsman David Eastwood, 11th Hussars, is learning to play the clarinet.

Left: All would-be bandmasters wear this student badge on their left sleeves.

Kneller Hall, built on the site of a country mansion belonging to a Court painter, has been the home of the Royal Military School of Music for 100 years. For a time early in World War Two it housed GHQ Home Forces.

weekly concerts in the grounds of Kneller Hall.

The Kneller Hall Trumpeters, all student bandmasters, play at most ceremonial State occasions in London. They were on duty at the last Coronation.

Since World War Two a remarkably large number of bandsmen whose fathers were also taught at Kneller Hall have passed through the School. One of them at present serving there is Bandsman David Marsh, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who was christened in the School Chapel when his father, later to become Bandmaster of the same regiment, was a student. Bandsman Marsh's great-grandfather was Bandmaster J. W. Wood, of the 5th Lancers, one of the School's first students. He had two sons, both of whom became directors of music in the Army. Bandsman Marsh is now learning the cornet under the instruction of Mr. J. Hudson, solo cornet player in the Scots Guards Band 27 years ago.

In all its long history Kneller Hall has opened its doors to only one woman student. Captain Jean McDowall passed out top of her class in the bandmasters' course in 1953-55 and is now Director of Music of the Women's Royal Army Corps Band.

The Royal Military School of Music has only three military officers on its staff—the Commandant, Colonel A. Abel-Smith (who is also Inspector of Bands), the Adjutant and Quartermaster, Major J. Garcia, and the Chief Instructor, Lieutenant-Colonel D. McBain, who was a student bandmaster at Kneller Hall from 1924-27. Lieutenant-Colonel McBain joined the Royal Scots as a bandsman in 1919 and after passing out of Kneller Hall became bandmaster of the King's Royal Rifle Corps until 1938 when he was transferred to the Royal Artillery Mounted Band at Aldershot. In 1947 he became Director of Music of the Royal Artillery Band and then of the Royal Horse Guards before being appointed to Kneller Hall in 1953.

Kneller Hall, on the site of a country mansion owned by the celebrated Court painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, was chosen as the home of the Royal Military School of Music because it was the ideal place for bandsmen to blow away to their hearts' content without fear of upsetting any neighbours. It was set amid trees and fields.

Today it stands self-consciously in the middle of a large housing estate which has grown up around it and is described in one popular book on well-known buildings in Middlesex as "an extraordinary affair in which nearly all the remains of the villa which Kneller built for himself in 1709-11 have disappeared. What we now see is a vast neo-Jacobean pile with two turrets."

Now, if the wind is in the right direction you can hear the shrill notes of the cornets and the deep oompahs of the double basses and euphoniums more than a mile away at Twickenham railway station. The bandsmen have to be careful not to blow too loudly too early in the morning or too late in the evening when they take their instruments out into the spacious grounds and practise under the trees.

The local residents never complain. After all, once a week they get a free concert from one of the best military bands in the world merely by opening their windows. Even a cracked note from a cornet makes a pleasant change from the deafening roar of aircraft as they swoop low over Twickenham bound to and from London airport.

Kneller Hall is being given a face-lift in its centenary year and workmen have been busy for months cleaning the red-brick façade and redecorating the interior. Soon, too, the ugly Nissen huts erected in the grounds during World War Two when Kneller Hall became for a time the General Headquarters of Home Forces, will be replaced by a new barracks, the foundation stone of which the Queen will lay during her visit this month.

E. J. GROVE

Kneller Hall is in his blood: Bandsman David Marsh was christened in the School Chapel, his father was an Army bandmaster and his great-grandfather one of the first students. Bandsman Marsh is now being taught the cornet by Mr. J. Hudson, solo cornet player in the Scots Guards Band over 25 years ago.

Did THIS Amuse Queen Victoria?

One day Queen Victoria listened, fascinated, to a new tune being played by a military band in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. She sent a page to inquire of the bandmaster the name of the piece.

Not without a certain apprehension, the bandmaster told him. The page then returned to the Royal presence and reported that the tune was called "Come where the booze is cheaper."

Student Bandmaster J. Multow, REME, teaches Lance-Corporal G. Muddiman, of the 16th/5th Lancers, how to play the xylophone. Xylophones need supple wrists and strong fingers.

And now . . .

THE FIGHTING ABORIGINES

For a long time the men from the jungle fastnesses have served as trackers and porters. Now they are going out as fighting patrols

Sergeant Ronald Holt MM, of the Special Air Service demonstrates the mechanism of a No. 5 rifle to an aborigine squad sergeant.

A typical man of a "Senei Praak" section—with shotgun probably of local manufacture. Below: Aborigines relish ice cream.

A demonstration of ambush drill by men of the "Senei Praak."

MALAYA has just seen the birth of a unique fighting unit. It is known as the "Senei Praak"—the fighting aborigines.

The aborigines of Malaya live deep in the almost inaccessible jungles clothing the country's mountainous backbone. They are mostly little folk—hardly more than pygmies—who scrape a precarious livelihood by primitive agriculture, fishing and hunting with six-feet blow-pipes.

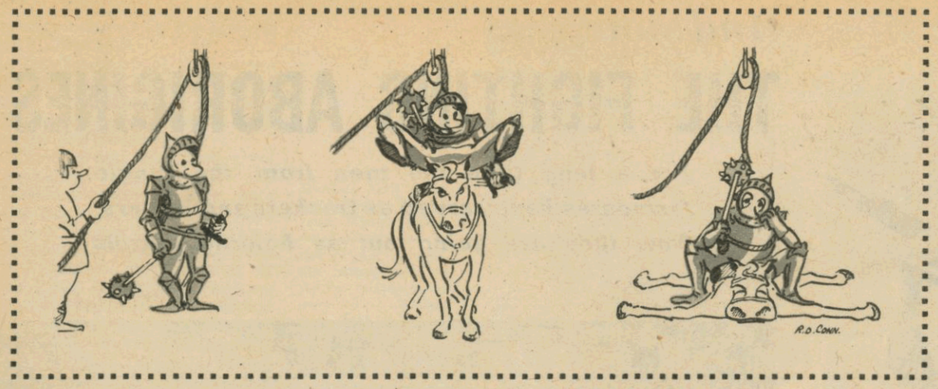
Communist terrorists have been using the jungles in which the aborigines live as rest and retraining areas, and have succeeded in intimidating some of the natives into giving them food and information. It has been the Government's policy to encourage the aborigines to seek protection by entering jungle forts and settlements, and the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, well-known for its skill in deep jungle patrols, has been prominent in helping them to obtain this protection.

Aborigines have been serving with the Security Forces for a long time as trackers and porters, but hitherto they have not been used as fighting men. Only recently was it decided to teach them to fight as small trained bodies of soldiers.

The "Senei Praak" are being trained by the Special Air Service Regiment for their new rôle. It is hoped that they will operate in small parties of about section strength on their own, without the benefit of British officers or NCOs. As yet, the scheme is experimental, but the first two sections to be trained and sent back into the jungle have shown such promise that already there is talk of raising a regiment.

The "Senei Praak" wear normal jungle green and the famous airborne red beret to mark their association with the Special Air Service. Their cap badge consists of crossed blow-pipes with a Seladang (Malayan bison) head in the upper quadrant and crossed dart quivers in the lower quadrant, all on a green ground. They are paid at police rates, and their administration is undertaken by the Federation of Malaya's Department of Aborigines. Their operational control is vested in the military commander of the area in which they are operating.

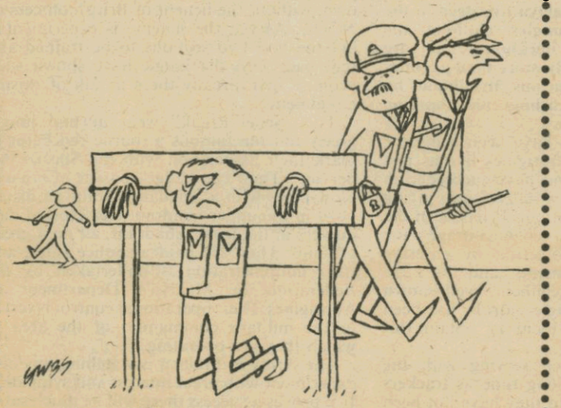
The Army in Malaya is watching this new experiment with great interest and sympathy. If it proves a success there will be much satisfaction among the aborigines' old friends and mentors—the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment.



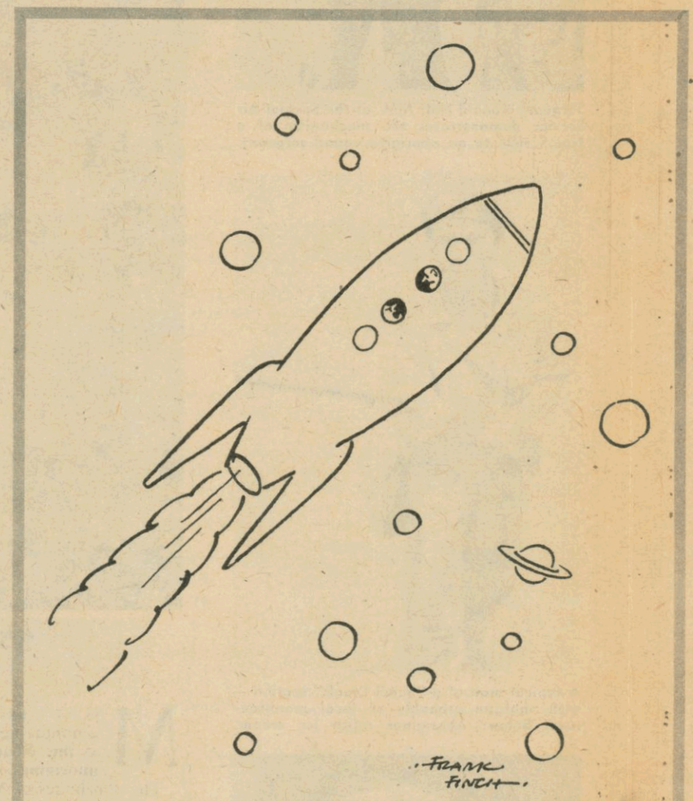
JOK

SOLDIER HUMOUR

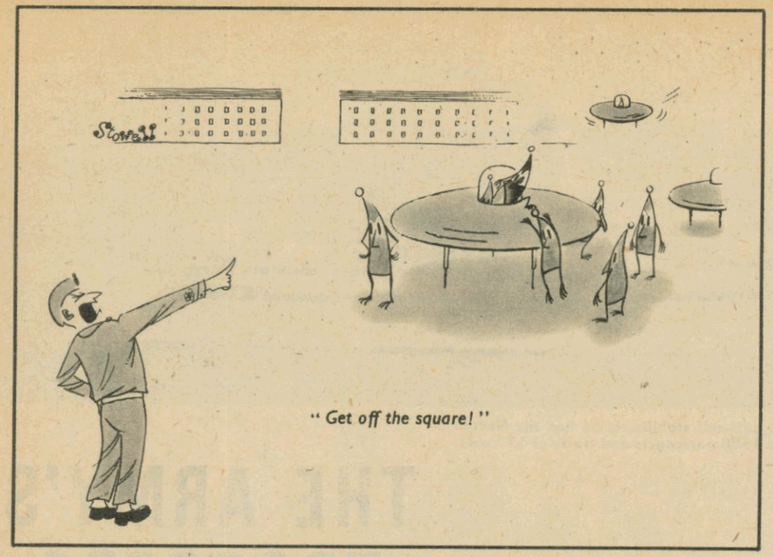
"At least we can die like soldiers, Smedley. Sound 'Cookhouse.'"



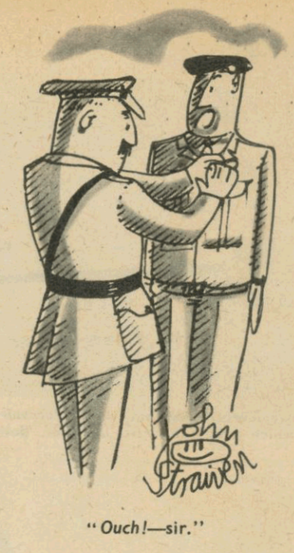
"Oh, him! He's in close arrest."



"As soon as we can, I'd like you to step outside and say that again."

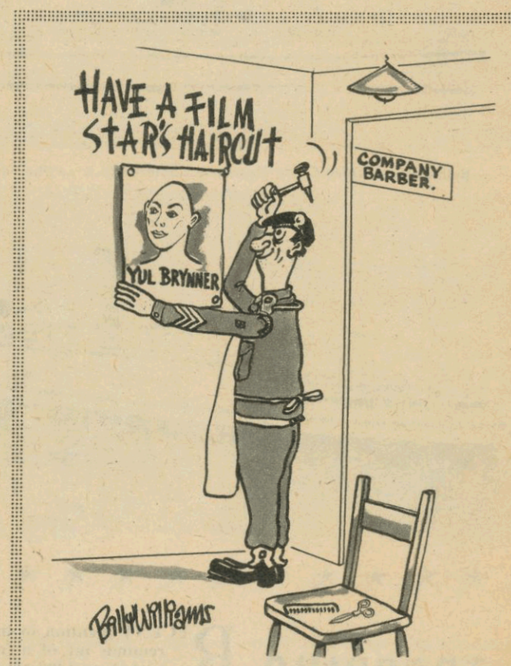


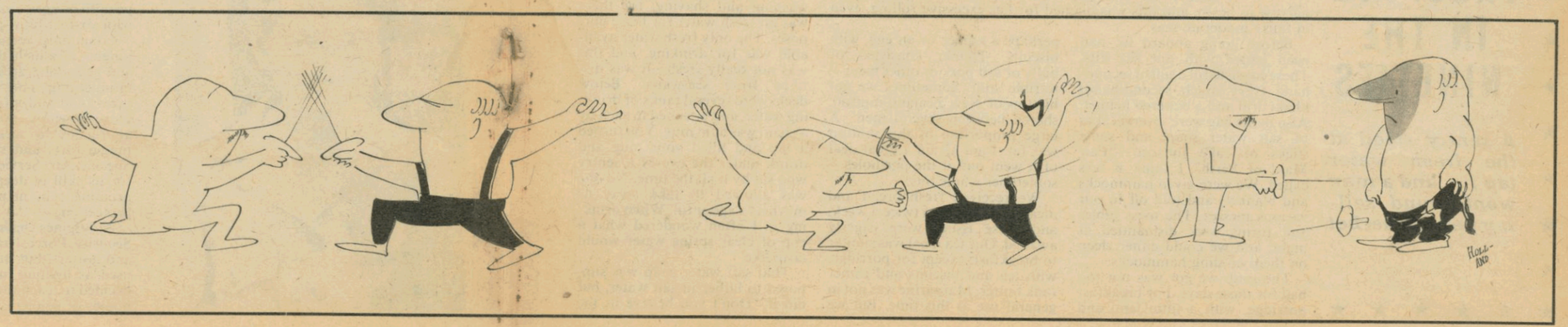
"Get off the square!"

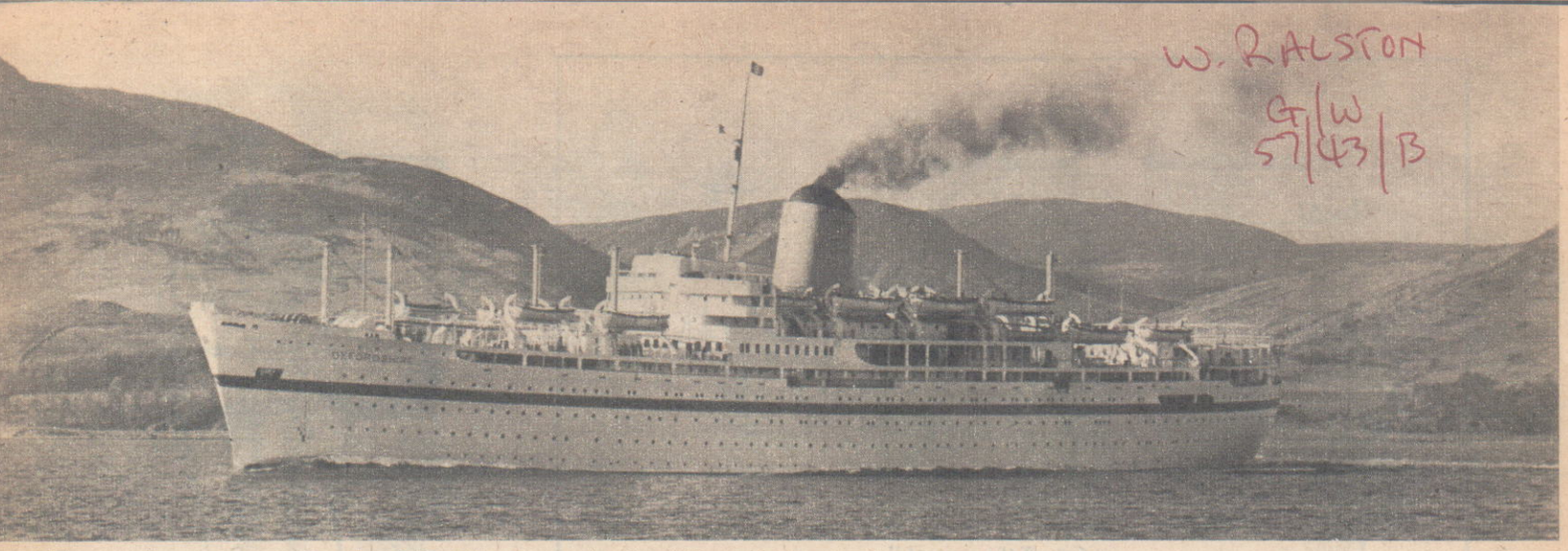


"Ouch!—sir."

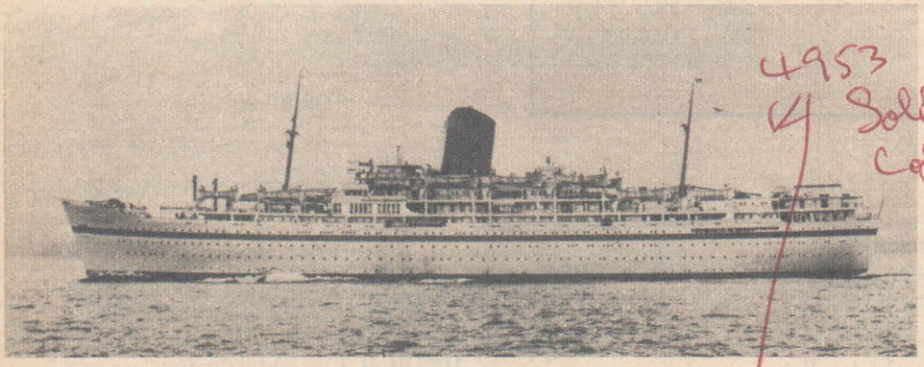
"Cup of tea, quick—I've got 40 bars rest."



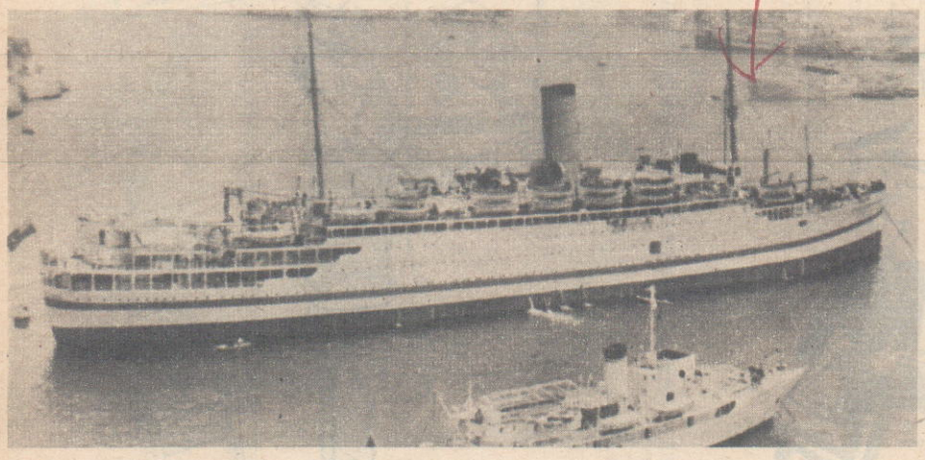




The Army's newest troopship, the *Oxfordshire*, has anti-roll stabilisers. So has the *Nevasa* (below), which came into service last year. Both carry 1500 passengers and cruise at 17 knots.



Below: the *Empire Clyde* (formerly *Cameronia*) is on the Middle East run.



THE ARMY'S TROOPERS

A NEW troopship, probably the most comfortable afloat, is plying between Britain and the Far East.

She is the 20,527-ton *Oxfordshire*, latest addition to Britain's Long Sea Voyage Transport Fleet which now numbers 14.

The *Oxfordshire* is the second troopship to be built since the end of World War Two, the other being the *Nevasa*.

There are six more troopers on the Far East run: the *Asturias* (biggest and fastest), *Empire Fowey* and *Empire Orwell* (former German vessels), and the chartered *Dilwara*, *Dunera* and *Devonshire*. Of these the *Dilwara*, which came into service in 1936, was the first to be built specifically as a troopship. On the Middle East run are two former emigrant ships, the *Empire Ken* and *Empire Clyde* (previously *Cameronia*). A third, the *Cheshire*, was recently withdrawn and may join the three emigrant ships which ply to Australia and New Zealand and sometimes bring home Servicemen from the Far East.

Troopships carry 42,000 out of 110,000 Servicemen in transit each year. Of the 40,000 on the Far East route 27,000 move by sea. On the Middle East route only 15,000 out of 40,000 move by sea.

★ ★

TROOPING IN THE 'NINETIES

A sentry stood at the fresh water tap . . . and a man went round selling penny sherbet

RECENT mention in the press of the troop transport *Dilwara* reminds me of a former trooper of the same name which took some 1400 of us to India in 1894.

I believe her tonnage was about 4000. She was rather narrow in beam, and this was blamed for her excessive rolling, even in fairly moderate seas.

Before going aboard we had been issued with our sea kits. These consisted of a suit of second-hand (very much second-hand) khaki drill and a battered helmet. Also in the bag were several cakes of salt water soap, and some sticks of cake tobacco—"Fair Maid of Perth" I think it was called. We were given hammocks and blankets and told off to our various messes. The mess tables and forms were dismantled at night, and we could either sleep on them or sling hammocks.

The grub we got was not too bad for those days. For breakfast porridge, with a little jam, and perhaps a kipper or an egg, with biscuits. Dinner consisted of bully or salt pork or other meat—terrible stuff. Sometimes we got big tins of New Zealand mutton, shared between several men. A large proportion of this mutton was fat. I am afraid a great deal of it went out of the portholes—sometimes whole tins.

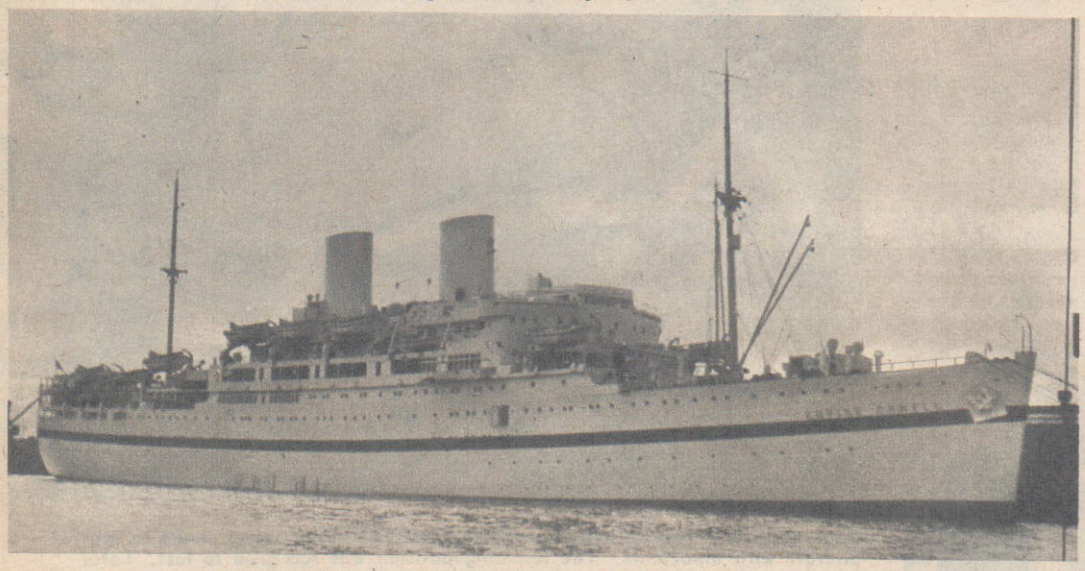
We received fresh bread and meat not more than twice a week, and these issues were eagerly awaited. Our tea meal was similar to breakfast, except for porridge, with tea and biscuits and rather rank butter. Margarine was not in general use at this time. But we managed to live, and I believe most of us enjoyed ourselves.

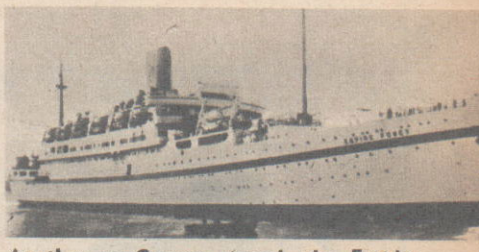
Some may say: Why salt water soap? Well, we had to use it for washing and shaving, for there was no fresh water for these purposes. The only fresh water available was for drinking, and this was not really fresh—it was distilled from sea-water. Below decks were several tanks of drinking water, and attached to each by a chain was a tin mug. You turned a tap and filled your mug and drank under the eye of a sentry who sat by it all the time. No one was allowed to take away as much as a spoonful. When drinking it, I often wondered what a cup of clear spring water would taste like.

That salt water soap was supposed to lather in salt water, but did it? Don't you believe it; the

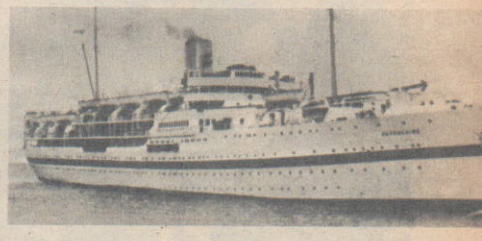
4953
ALL SOLDIER COPIES

Above; the *Empire Ken*, a Middle East trooper. Right: the biggest of the fleet, *Asturias* (22,445 tons). Below: the *Empire Orwell*, a former German vessel, is one of eight Far East troopers.





Another ex-German vessel, the *Empire Fowey* (19,121 tons), plies to the Far East. So does the chartered *Devonshire* (below).



Below: the *Cheshire*, like the *Devonshire*, carried men to Christmas Island.

Dunera (left) and *Dilwara*, two chartered vessels, operate to and from the Far East.

The *Captain Hobson*, *Captain Cook* and *New Australia* are emigrant ships on the Australia and New Zealand run. They sometimes bring home Servicemen from the Far East.

★ ★

stuff was hopeless, and the daily shave was a real ordeal, especially with the razors then issued.

It was in November when I made that voyage, and it was not until we were in the Mediterranean that we dug out of our sea kit bags the khaki drill suits and helmets. Soon a general chopping and changing was in progress. It was comical to see a six-footer in a pair of trousers reaching to just below his knees, and a shorty with trousers and coat that smothered him. Finally some sort of reasonable rig-out resulted, and we soon grew used to our ill-fitting clothing. In any case there was no one to see us except the high-ups on the upper decks, and except for occasional grins at our outfits, they took no notice of us.

The ship was packed, and we had barely room to move; it was for ever like a crowd coming out of a popular theatrical show. There was a profiteer who went round with a pail of water, a tin of sherbet and a spoon, crying, "Who sez a cooler?" A spoonful of sherbet in a glass of water cost a penny; but pennies were rather scarce among the lower ranks. We were paid daily. The private soldier got one shilling, which was spent mostly on fags and on tasty extras he could afford, such as a tin of bloater paste (which I had never heard of until then), a tin of jam or a tin of salmon. The dry canteen was open only for specified periods and if you happened to be towards the end of the queue when time was up, you were unlucky.

When the ship reached warmer latitudes, a bath was rigged up on the fore well deck. It was a huge sail with the sides drawn up box-like, filled with sea-water, and was about four feet deep. To take advantage of this you had to be there before reveille, when the sail was loosed and the water allowed to run through the scuppers into its parent sea. The big snag was the pre-reveille turn out, which many of the men did not like.

In due course we reached Port Said, where the filthy business of coaling was suffered. We either had to remain on deck or below. If we stayed below, we missed the spectacle, and remained fairly free from coal dust. If we stayed up top, we saw all that was to be seen, and in addition collected and swallowed a good supply of dust. I stayed up, and watched fascinated as the coal-carriers (mostly women) bore their baskets up the ramps to the bunker, tipped them, and then descended for more.

Then came the task of cleaning away the coal-dust. We soldiers had to do that, or a good deal of it; and how the stuff sticks, and how it gets into all the corners and crevices of the iron-work! Washing, scrubbing, scraping—what a filthy, tiring job—why shouldn't the sailors do it?

However, the task was done in due time. Meanwhile we sailed slowly along the canal, till Suez was passed, and we were in the Red Sea. And on and on, across the Arabian Sea to Bombay.

Now, alas, no more may our troops go to soldier in India. What a deprivation! I would not have missed my twelve years there for anything.

J. E. STRATFORD

SCRAPBOOK

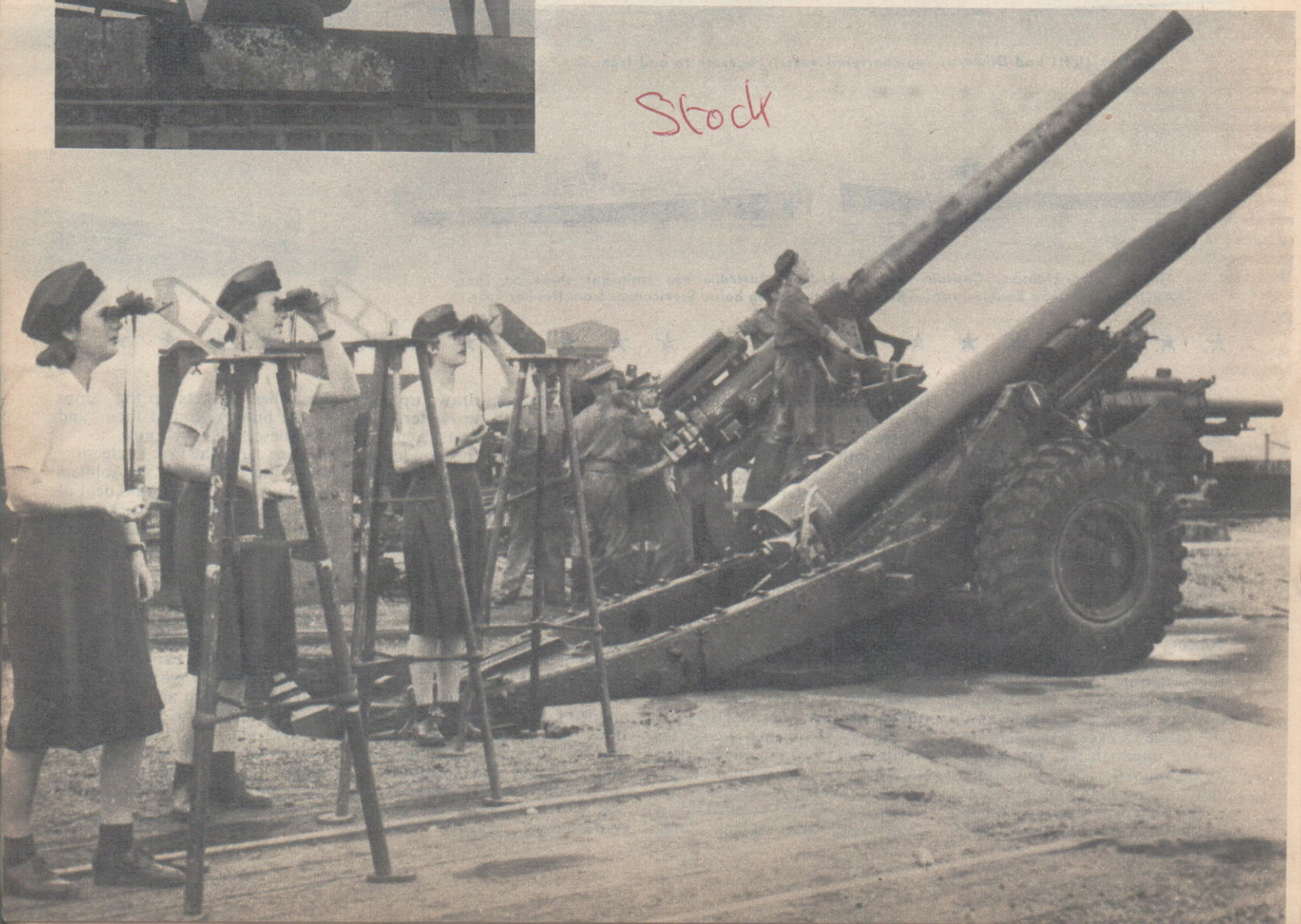
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OF WORLD WAR TWO

On a gunsite in Northern Ireland these girls reclined on swivel chairs to spot aircraft with binoculars. The reclining position was too good to last. Later spotters stood up to the job—at a swivelling telescope with eyepieces for two.

Left: Girls in one branch of the Auxiliary Territorial Service wore white skirts, white blouses, blue blazers. They were employed mostly on experimental ranges, as at Shoeburyness. The two watchers in the photograph are using a suitably modified searchlight to record the positions of shell bursts.

Stop-watches in hand, girls watch for the bursts, then record time of flight.



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ELECTRIC FINISH

ALL SOLDIER PIX 4981 R.

With only seconds to go 4th Training Battalion, REME pulled off a dramatic win in the Army Cup Final—their second victory in six years

IN 60 years of competitive Army soccer there have been many better cup finals at Aldershot Military Stadium, but none has produced a more dramatic finish than that which enabled the 4th Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers to become the holders of the Army Cup for the second time in six years. They beat the Royal Army Pay Corps Training Centre with a goal scored barely 15 seconds from the end.

The finalists between them helped to eliminate 203 other entrants.

Only once before has there been a similar number of entries—in 1950-51, when, curiously, 4th Battalion, REME won by the same margin, two goals to one. Their opponents on that occasion were the 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment.

This time all the 22 players were National Servicemen, six of them being professional footballers (the rules allow three professionals a side). The Pay Corps' trio included an under-23 Scottish international, Private D. Baillie.

The REME team had four players, Sergeant E. Bazeley, Lance-Corporals J. Loughran, and P. Chaplin, and Craftsman J. Ainsworth, who were not affiliated to any club. It was Sergeant Bazeley who scored the winning goal in truly professional style.

After a desultory 70 minutes, in which over-eagerness had ruined much of the play, the Pay Corps snatched the lead through Private G. McInnes. He dashed forward to head into the net a centre by Private R. Bumstead, before the goalkeeper Craftsman Ironside was aware of the danger.

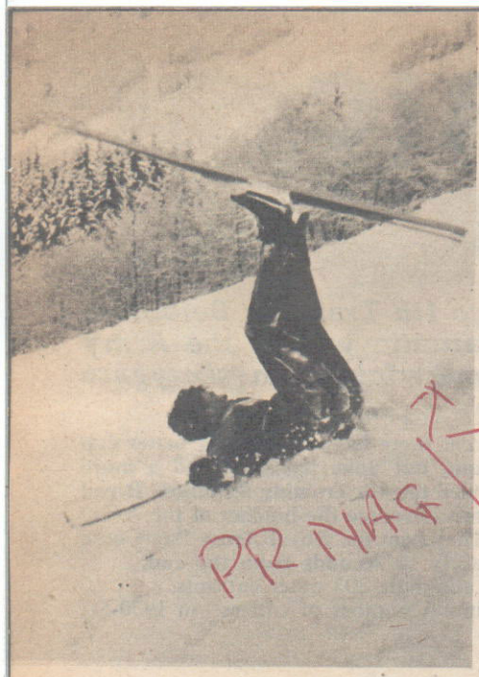
Eight minutes later Corporal A. Collin took a free-kick from just inside the Pay Corps half of the field. The ball hit the underside of the crossbar, rebounded on to the back of the goalkeeper Lance-Corporal M. Crook, and trickled into the net, to put REME level.

From that point, for the first time, REME asserted a marked superiority and gained their reward just when extra time appeared certain. It was fittingly their best combined movement. Lance-Corporal S. Steele sent a pass out to the right wing, which Craftsman J. Darroch met as he came running in. He quickly transferred the ball diagonally back along the ground to the centre of the field. Sergeant Bazeley shot first-time with his right foot from 20 yards out and the ball found the corner of the net.

The cup and medals were presented by General Sir Charles F. Loewen, Adjutant-General.

The rival captains toss-up: L/Cpl. T. Johnson, REME (left) and Cpl. G. Dear, RAPC. Referee was Captain C. H. Dennis (RAMC). Below: L/Cpl. M. Crook, the Pay Corps goalkeeper, diverts a cross shot from the left wing out of danger.

Left: In happy mood the Cup winners chair their captain off the field. Above: REME's first goal came from a 50-yard free kick which hit the crossbar, then struck the goalkeeper's back to trickle into the net. *Photographs: A. J. P. O'BRIEN*



Not the most comfortable way of completing the Downhill event.

A frozen log obstacle in the Unit Patrol Race at Winterberg. *Photographs: Sergeant F. E. Preston.*

FORTUNE FAVOURED THE NOVICES

TWO days before the 1957 Army Nordic and British Army of the Rhine Ski Championships were due to start at Winterberg, in the German Sauerland Hills, there was no snow.

Three hundred competitors, and as many officials and spectators gathered at the Winterberg leave centre or the nearby winter warfare training centre and waited in sunshine. There had been no snow on the ground for ten days in this, the mildest winter in that area for 80 years.

However, in the 48 hours before the championships nearly two feet of snow fell and the week's ski-ing went off as scheduled.

The Harz and Sauerland winter sports areas are within easy striking distance of most Rhine Army units, and each year hundreds of troops put on skis for the first time. It is a sport they enter with wild enthusiasm and padded trousers. Many units in Germany give ski-ing their full support and hire expert German instructors.

In the Sauerland hills, soldiers new to skis astonished themselves and everybody else

It was the performances of these novices which made the highlight of the 1957 Championships. A Gunner with less than three months experience gained third place in the competition for the Army's best all-round ski-er. Nearly 60 per cent of the competitors in the *Langlauf* and cross-country events were first-year ski-ers and many gained higher positions than their more experienced rivals.

The championships were split into two main parts—the Downhill speed or Alpine events, and the Nordic *Langlauf* events and cross-country racing. Because the Army is no longer allowed to take armed troops into Austria, only the Alpine events were held there this year, the cross-country and military patrol events forming part of the Rhine Army Championships.

The 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards carried off the major award, the Duchess of Kent's Cup for the champion Army unit. Champion Rhine Army unit was the 13/18th Queen Mary's Own Royal Hussars. Lieutenant J. A. G. Moore, of 44 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, a member of last year's British Olympic *Langlauf* team, gained the Champion Army All-Rounder title. His regimental team carried off, either as a team or individuals, nearly 40 awards, including the Younger Cup for the champion Army cross-country team of the year (*see article below*).

Lieutenant John Moore, R.A., the 1957 champion all-rounder and winner of 19 individual awards.

THE CONQUERING GUNNERS

A REGIMENT with an unusually fine ski-ing record over the last five years is 44 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery.

It was fortunate enough to have two officers capable of forming and training a ski team to championship standards. The first was Captain James Spencer, a former Army champion all-rounder, the second Lieutenant John Moore, this year's champion all-rounder.

Every year since 1951 the Regiment has found at least one member of the British Army Team in the International Patrol Races. This year it had especial cause for pride, as of the two British teams entered in the World Military Ski Championship the first was found entirely by the Regiment: Lieutenant J. A. G. Moore, Bombardier M. Webb, Gunner B. Nichol and Gunner W. Rackley. In the second team was another member of the Regiment.

Coached by officer-experts, the ski-ers of this Gunner regiment in Rhine Army have strong cause for pride

Last year three members or ex-members were among those chosen for the British Olympic Team, and four more were selected for training.

The Regiment's achievement has been carried out against progressively increasing competition. In 1952 there were only four entries for the Inter-Unit Patrol Race, but this year there were 57. Each year the standards of cross-country ski-ing have been higher.

Although the Gunners have been fortunate in having expert guidance, 80 per cent of the regimental team each year were new to ski-ing.

In team events over five years, the Regiment has won the Army Inter-Unit Patrol race four times, the *Langlauf* five times and the Military Combination five times. In individual events it has won the *Langlauf* five times and the Patrol five times. This year the Regiment's two teams came second and third in the Inter-Unit Patrol race. The team of the 13/18th Hussars proved to be better shots.

Only three soldiers were eligible this year for the title of best all-rounder in the Army championships of Downhill, Slalom, Cross-Country and Patrol. All three were members of 44 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment: Lieutenant J. A. G. Moore, Gunner B. Nichol and Gunner W. Rackley.

The Regiment faces its heaviest challenge next season for it may not have a leader of the same proficiency as Captain Spencer or Lieutenant Moore. Meanwhile, it proposes to celebrate its five-year record by buying a suitable piece of mess silver.

ROUND-UP

On the slopes of Mount Olympus was held the first Cyprus District Ski Meeting. But there were . . .

SENTRIES ON THE SLOPES

In the background—a soldier prepared for trouble from terrorists.

IN Cyprus this winter more than 450 Servicemen have learned to ski—no mean feat in view of the Army's pre-occupation with EOKA. Indeed, the tops of the Troodos mountains, where the best snowfields are to be found, have been the scene of the fiercest battles with terrorists.

Pine Trees Leave Camp at Troodos opened for skiers on 7 January. From then on week-long courses were held for Servicemen and Servicewomen who wanted to learn the sport. Officers who were proficient at skiing gave up leave to act as instructors and classes to suit all grades of ability and enthusiasm were run. As the news spread, more and more enthusiasts came in from all parts of the island.

The official season ended with the Cyprus District Ski Meeting, the first ever held. This was a tremendous success. Excellent courses were found by the course setter, Lieutenant-Colonel V. A. P. Budge, Grenadier Guards, for the Open Downhill and Slalom races, on the steep northern face of Mount Olympus (6400 feet), and an easier novices' course on the gentler southern slopes. The open races were a real test of nerve and skill, comparable in all but length with races run in Switzerland and Austria. Both events were won by Major Henry Irvine-Fortescue, who was captain of the Army Ski Team in 1951 and 1952, and a member of the British Ski team in 1949 and 1951.

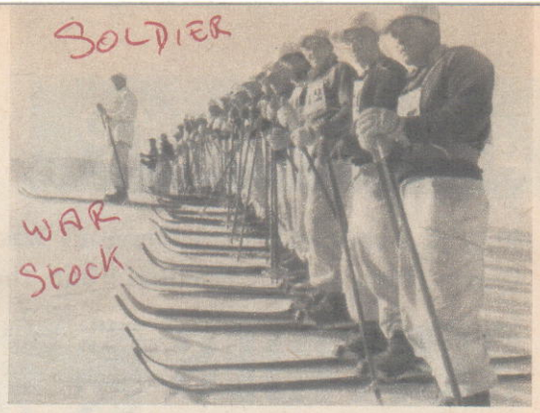
The novices' course provided plenty of thrills for the 28 competitors. The winner was Sapper Addamson of 37 Field Engineer Regiment. For one who had spent only seven days on skis his performance was most impressive, though the fact that he is a skilled ice-hockey player may have helped him. Ten members of 40 Commando, Royal Marines, and four girls from the Women's Royal Army Corps competed.

Conditions in the mountains did not allow any relaxation of security and all competitors and officials had to ski with their revolvers on them. One competitor completed the course with his weapon trailing behind him on a lanyard. No penalty was imposed for this unorthodox method of braking, but the spectators on the course took a poor view of it as a means of reducing weight.

It is hoped to develop the sport in Cyprus next winter and to hold an annual championship including unit Patrol and *Langlauf* races.—*From a report by Major C. H. M. Toye.*

Members of the Women's Royal Army Corps ski-ed in Cyprus.
Photographs: L/Cpl. A. J. Clark

The Skiers of the Lebanon



Ski class on parade: A picture taken at the war-time Lebanon Ski School.

DURING the second world war 15,000 soldiers learned to ski at a school amid the snows of Lebanon, near the few survivors of the famous cedars.

With hardly any exceptions, these skiers never went into action as such . . . but a jolly good time was had by all.

A fascinating account of the school is given by James Riddell in "Dog In The Snow" (*Michael Joseph, 12s 6d*). The author was serving in 1941 as political officer in Homs, Syria, with the rank of captain. One day he heard that the Australians were searching for a man with knowledge of snow and skis. It seemed unlikely that he, as a "Pommie," would be chosen for a post of authority over Australians, but he was. He became chief instructor and was promoted to major.

"Why, in the first place, the decision to start up all this furious activity was ever made, is not for me to question," writes Mr. Riddell. There was a theory that ski troops might prove useful in guerilla warfare in the Lebanon if the Germans succeeded in closing their pincers on the Middle East. Others hinted darkly of the mountains that would be reached when the Army ran out of deserts, or of scope in the Balkans or Norway.

The author did not worry about the higher strategy. "I make no bones about it, I had a wonderful war," he says. "It (the job) kept me in the beautiful mountains of Lebanon for three years. It sent me to Persia, to Canada, and surprisingly enough, to Florida."

The School started from scratch—making its own skis, writing its own manuals. NAAFI were asked to supply a set of gramophone records, which were melted down to make ski wax. From such beginnings was built up a school with 100 instructors, capable of handling more than 2000 pupils at a time. Among those taught were Australians, New Zealanders, Greeks and Gurkhas. The entire 2nd Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry was posted there one winter. At various times, too, there were parties from the "private armies"—Special Air Service, Special Boat Service and the Long Range Desert Group.

There were some daunting slopes in the vicinity of the School. One dawn the author watched five men lose their grip at the top of a steep slope—"they fell, and went on falling, for somewhere between 1500 to 2000 feet. In these terrifyingly long-distance falls they seemed to be disintegrating. Bits of equipment—caps, skis, sticks, gloves, glasses—flew off in all directions, but at the bottom, save for friction burns, they were quite unharmed."

The dog which gives the book its title was an Alsatian which deserted a bearded Maronite bishop to become the author's pet. Rex seems to have performed a useful function by running in front of descending skiers and forcing them to practise avoiding action.

The author, who holds firm views about many controversial aspects of ski-ing, thinks that the school in the Lebanon may have done something to foster the great post-war increase in ski-ing. On a long-term view, it must have been much more satisfying to run than, say, an anti-gas school.

A Pity That Flag Came Down . . .

FOR this centenary year of the Indian Mutiny (see SOLDIER, May) Major-General Richard Hilton has written a popular account of that epic upheaval: "The Indian Mutiny" (*Hollis and Carter, 18s*).

Major-General Hilton, who flew with the Royal Flying Corps, served 15 years in India, mostly in command of Indian troops. He is at pains to point out that the 100 years of beneficent rule which followed the Mutiny "could not have been achieved by a brutal, militaristic and imperialistic tyranny." He regrets that India found it necessary to call for the lowering of the famous Union Jack at Lucknow in 1948. That flag flew in honour of Indian gallantry as well as British.

The author tells the story straightforwardly. "It may amuse some of us," he writes, "to read about a brigade commander who gave the actual words of command to his whole brigade, or about a doctor and a staff officer who accompanied the Cavalry charge 'just for fun,' or about an Infantry battalion that made a tough assault in defiance of its general's orders." These, he says, were the symptoms of the "gay fighting spirit" which led us to victory.

THE wife of a Regular officer has written a novel which could be described as the "Gone With The Wind" of the Indian Mutiny. It is called "Shadow Of The Moon" (*Longmans, 18s*).

The author, who writes as M. M. Kaye, is a great-niece of Sir John Kaye, author of the standard history of the Mutiny. During the late war, while her husband was serving in Burma, she lived for some time in a Native State in India and by chance discovered in an outhouse a set of Mutiny trials. The documents were riddled by white ants but she pieced them together and used them for this book.

The story, twice the length of an ordinary novel, paints a vivid and exciting picture of the India of one hundred years ago, with the Lucknow siege as climax.

OUR GUERRILLAS WERE READY

Arthur R. Murray
99, Cleveland Rd
Ealing, W-13

MANY a soldier of World War Two remembers without relish the mornings when he was jerked out of bed before dawn and driven with three or four of his comrades to the nearest church tower, there to spend an hour of chilly boredom scanning the English skies for enemy parachutists.

This dawn watch went on long after Hitler gave up his plan for invading Britain.

Amusing and disconcerting memories of those days when Britain was daily waiting for Hitler to "do a Napoleon" are to be found in a most absorbing book, "Invasion 1940" (*Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s*), by Peter Fleming, author and traveller.

Those were the days when all the milestones, signposts and station name-boards in Britain were removed or obliterated; when boys were no longer allowed to fly kites; when all fireworks had to be surrendered; when sites were chosen for mass graves of Britons; and when a staff of trained riflemen stood by to shoot dangerous animals at the London Zoo, in the event of a bomb hit freeing them.

How many can claim to have heard of the Coats Mission, which the late King George VI described as his "private army"? It comprised one company of the Coldstream Guards under Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Coats, of that regiment, transported in motor coaches, plus four armoured cars manned by the 12th Lancers and the Northamptonshire Yeomanry. In emergency it was the unit's duty to escort the King and Queen, "who were in theory each supposed to keep one suitcase packed against this contingency," to a place of safety. Four large country houses were earmarked as possible refuges.

The author, who served in the Grenadier Guards, was appointed to organise in Kent and Sussex a network of "stay behind" parties to harass the Germans in the preliminary stages of an invasion. These "auxiliary units" consisted of two officers and 12 soldiers. They were trained in sabotage and the use of explosives. Hidden in various parts of the countryside were "cells" or lairs from which they would operate. Some were specially built dug-outs; one was in the cellar of an abandoned house; another was formed by enlarging the tunnels of a badgers' sett.

This scene showing the swastika triumphant in Trafalgar Square was shot for an amateur film which sets out to portray what would have happened had this country been occupied by the Germans. (See letter on page 35.)

"The amateur guerrillas in Kent and Sussex," writes Mr. Fleming, "took pains to familiarise themselves with the demesnes of the larger country houses in their area. They reasoned that these were likely to be used by the Germans as unit and formation headquarters."

Mr. Fleming, who writes with a dry, polished wit, cocks his eye at many of the nonsenses that were perpetrated on both sides during that historic summer. The English-speaking German radio tried hard to foment panic and unrest in Britain. Knowing that the country was very much on the alert against parachutists, it announced that German airborne troops were being provided with "fog pills" enabling each soldier to make himself indistinguishable from a cloud. Once at least there was an airdrop in Britain of German parachute equipment, with the object of setting everybody hunting frenziedly for spies. "The Germans," says Mr. Fleming, "had overlooked the possibility of the parachutes landing, as several did, in standing corn, where the absence of tracks made it obvious that nobody had been attached to them."

There *were* times, as the author shows, when spy fever led citizens into foolish actions. Many mishaps were attributed to the work of Fifth Columnists when they were no more than the product of muddle. Absurd stories were circulated about citizens "signalling" to bombers with torches from back yards.

Some of the happenings, of course, were not funny in the least. One night alone, in different parts of the country, four motorists were shot dead by Local Defence Volunteers (later Home Guard) for disobeying or misinterpreting signals to stop. The German radio did its best to multiply incidents of this kind and by August 1940 had a "score" of nearly 400.

Mr. Fleming subjects Hitler's "Operation Sea Lion" to close and skilful scrutiny. "All in all," he writes, "the operation's prospects cannot be considered good. It is indeed doubtful whether history offers any parallel example of a victor so nearly offering his vanquished foe an opportunity (the only opportunity that existed in the whole gamut of strategy at the time) of inflicting on him a resounding and well-merited defeat."

At one time, he reveals, the Germans were seriously considering sending their men, not over the Channel, but under it in submersible tanks 90 feet long, known as "war tortoises."

It seems that very comprehensive handbooks were compiled to help the German invaders find their way about the country and to understand the British psychology. Rather better, it may be thought, were the mock phrase-books dropped by the Royal Air Force. They contained useful expressions like "We are seasick. Where is the basin?" "See how briskly our captain burns" and "Why is the Fuehrer not coming with us?"

It appears from this book that Hitler never really had faith in his invasion plan; nor had many of his Service chiefs. He might have succeeded if he had had the men and the plans ready immediately after Dunkirk. Gambling on Britain capitulating, he tried to hasten the process by dropping his famous leaflets urging an "appeal to reason." The summer days went by, London was bombed, the *Luftwaffe* sustained a bloody reverse, and by autumn the invasion forces were quietly dispersed—not before the codeword "Cromwell" had created a famous flap in the British defences on the night of 7 September. Unfortunately not all units and duty officers knew what "Cromwell" meant. Some thought it meant the invasion was in progress; all the codeword demanded, in fact, was an unusually high state of alertness.

Badges—Cap, Collar and Arm

THE first edition of Major T. J. Edwards's "Regimental Badges" dealt with cap badges only. Now an enlarged edition (*Gale and Polden, 25s*) takes account of the numerous other badges the Army wears—collar badges, arm badges and so on.

Most people know that the Gunners and Sappers wear grenades as collar badges; only the more knowledgeable can tell you that the Duke of Wellington's Regiment have an elephant on their collars and the Essex Regiment an eagle. In certain regiments officers wear a badge of a different design from that worn by the men; Major Edwards illustrates these, too. He has also caught up with the badges of such exotic regiments as the Somaliland Scouts and the Fiji Defence Force.

Poems of War

Do not despair
For Johnny-head-in-air;
He sleeps as sound
As Johnny underground . . .

THE number of poets who have had their poems used in films must be infinitesimal. One of them is John Pudney, whose "For Johnny" prefaced the film "The Way To The Stars."

His war poems, which appeared in many fugitive volumes, have now been gathered together, along with others, in "Collected Poems" (*Putnam 18s*). Many of them subtly pictured the Royal Air Force in its heroic or boisterous moods; others were inspired by troopship life or the Western Desert. They re-create, often hauntingly, the days when brave lives were being slashed short:

We do not say good-bye;
We play no game of hearts;
Eyes too often lie.
Let's play darts.

Buffaloes' Bluff Ended Battle of the Scheldt

IF you must bluff, do it in a big way. The Royal Scots tried it and pulled off a brilliant exploit.

It happened in the last few days of the battle for Walcheren Island when more than 2000 well-armed Germans, pledged to fight to the last man, were holding out in the marooned town of Middelburg.

Their commanding general, in a spirit of bravado, said the garrison would surrender only if attacked by tanks, knowing that no tanks had been able to land and that in any event the flood waters around the town were too deep.

While men of two other regiments put in a dummy Infantry attack from the east, 100 Royal Scots embarked in seven Buffaloes, amphibious landing-craft which from a distance look like tanks, and swam into the town from the west. Crossing through a breach in the walls, the Buffaloes, which could have been knocked out by machine-guns, touched down on the cobbled streets and roared up to the German headquarters in the main square. The bewildered general and his staff, thinking the Buffaloes were tanks, had fled. Next day the garrison surrendered to the Royal Scots without a shot.

For the Germans it was an ignominious end to the battle of the River Scheldt in the winter of 1944. For nearly three months in some of the bitterest fighting of World War Two they had denied the Allies the use of Antwerp, Europe's second largest port, and thus halted the drive into Germany.

The story of that desperate struggle fought over the flooded polder lands of south-west Holland—a battle, as one soldier put it, "for men with webbed feet and waterproof skins"—is told by a war correspondent who was there, R. W. Thompson, in "The Eighty-Five Days" (*Hutchinson, 18s*).

The title refers to the time that elapsed from the day that 11th Armoured Division captured Antwerp intact until the first ships sailed unmolested up the Scheldt with the first of the supplies the Allies needed for victory. In the author's view they were 85 days of hell that need never have been had the Allies pushed rapidly west and north immediately after the Normandy break-out instead of attempting to bounce a way into Germany through Arnhem.

The delay in clearing the Scheldt Estuary, whose guns and mines barred the way to Antwerp, enabled the Germans to concentrate almost impregnable defences along the river and on its neighbouring islands, says the author.

The battle of the Scheldt, in which more than 60,000 men, half of them Canadian and British, died or were wounded, was fought out, sometimes hand-to-hand, over the canals and dykes and fields submerged by the sea during the wettest winter for 50 years. Under the floods were booby-traps. On the Beveland Causeway one battalion of the Régiment de Maisonneuve came out of action with only 20 men alive. It was an ironic battle for the 52nd (Lowland) Division; trained for mountain warfare, they went into action below sea level.

Near the end came one of the most remarkable combined operations of the war when 4th Commando Brigade, Royal Marines, launched a frontal assault on Walcheren under the muzzles of the most powerful and concentrated coastal defences in the world. Had the German gunners paid attention to sinking the assault craft instead of shooting up the support craft a landing would have been impossible.

Another mystery which has never been explained is why one of the batteries ceased firing at a critical moment and allowed the surviving support craft to land.

The battle of the Scheldt: A glimpse of bombed, flooded Westkapelle, on Walcheren Island, through which Royal Marine Commandos fought.

SOLDIER 4959

The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers already have two quartermasters: Major E. H. Proctor and Lieutenant S. J. McHaffey.

TWO Quartermasters to Each Battalion

—and, as a result, promotion prospects for warrant officers are brighter

FOR the first time in the history of the Army all Regular Infantry battalions and major units in other arms are to have two quartermasters.

This decision will considerably brighten promotion prospects for warrant officers and NCOs.

It is good news, too, for existing quartermasters, who can now look forward to receiving more help in dealing with the steadily increasing burden they have had to shoulder since 1945.

The new quartermasters will be selected from regimental sergeant-majors and regimental quartermaster-sergeants (or their equivalent in arms other than Infantry) and will be commissioned as lieutenant quartermasters. Normally they will replace the unit mechanical transport officer (or the technical adjutant in the Royal Armoured Corps) and be made mainly responsible for transport. In addition they will help the present quartermaster in all his duties.

To ensure that there will be sufficient warrant officers to fill these new posts the age limit for appointment to quartermaster has now been raised from 43 to 44 years. Next year it will be further raised to 45 years.

Most Infantry battalions and Royal Armoured Corps regiments will have their two quartermasters by September. Major units in other arms may have to wait a little longer, but all should have them by the end of the year.

The first unit to receive its second quartermaster was the 1st Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, demonstration battalion at the School of Infantry, Warminster, where newly-commissioned Lieutenant (Quartermaster) S. J. McHaffey is now understudying Major (Quartermaster) E. H. Proctor.

These two have served together before. Lieutenant McHaffey joined the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers as a drummer boy in 1930, two years before Major Proctor signed on as a fusilier. In 1932 they went to the Far East with the 1st Battalion and in 1941, after Major Proctor had been commissioned, Lieutenant McHaffey was his company sergeant-major in India. In 1952 they were respectively Quartermaster and Regimental Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Battalion.

Both have the Coronation Medal and are Members of the Order of the British Empire but only Lieutenant McHaffey has the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal (Major Proctor did not serve long enough in the ranks to receive it).

Major Proctor told SOLDIER: "Since 1945 the quartermaster's responsibilities have increased tremendously. He has many more stores to account for, many more forms to fill in and books to keep. The signal equipment held by one section today is at least equal to that of a whole platoon before the war. There are more married quarters, furnished with items not issued before the war; more weapons and pieces of equipment; and, since National Service there is a more involved system for feeding and clothing. Also, battalions move station more often."

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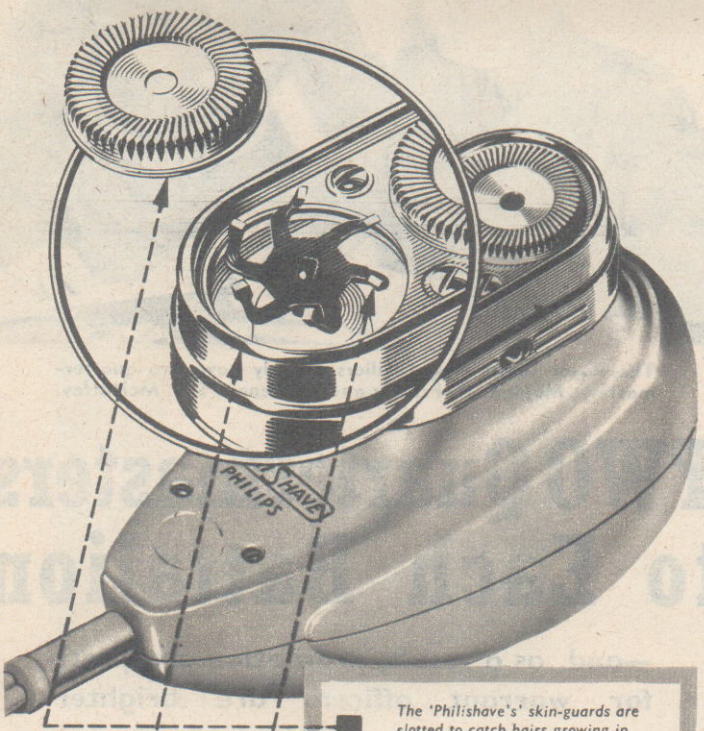

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LETTERS

SALUTING

In my unit a civilian is both paying officer and imprest-account holder. He is a retired officer with the honorary rank of major. It is customary to salute him on pay parade and I am told it is because he is the imprest-account holder. I have always believed that a soldier should salute only the Queen's commission. Can you say whether this procedure is correct?—**"Curious."**

★*Saluting the paying officer in these circumstances is an act of courtesy.*

ATOMIC BOMB

Reading of the exploits of soldiers in *Wizard* and *Rover* and the various foreseen weapons (SOLDIER, April) reminded me of a serial which appeared in one of these magazines in 1940. It was about strife on the planet Saturn, and one of the warring sides used a weapon called an "atomic bomb." To the best of my recollection, the result of the explosion was very similar to that of the atomic bomb of more recent date.—**Stuart V. Tucker, 51 Woodfield Lane, Ashtead.**

SEA VOYAGE

I recently travelled home from the Far East by civilian liner and was told that I could claim one-and-sixpence for each day of the journey for wearing civilian clothes. I have been unable to find the authority for this.—**"Winter Cruiser."**

★*There is no such authority.*

"USEFUL AND NAUGHTY"

In March 1957 SOLDIER published a criticism of my interpreters' dictionary known in the Services as *The Military Eitzen*. Feeling hit below the belt by some sentences of this criticism, I have been allowed by the editor to correct them.

1. *The Military Eitzen* has not been compiled for the Army exclusively, but, from its first edition in 1928, for the three Services.

2. It is not I who says that "****, an excellent Old English word, is no longer obscene." In the footnotes on pages 26 and 229 the source of this statement is given in full: Eric Partridge. *Usage and Abusage*, 1948.

3. The student of my book has not to "overcome his surprise at finding" purely civilian words and phrases alongside military technical terms if he has been attentive enough to read (on page five) that *The Military Eitzen*, to be used by civilians, translators and interpreters as well, contains all the civilian words and phrases not yet to be found in non-technical dictionaries.

4. British regimental nicknames have been taken from most reliable books such as *A Dictionary of Forces Slang* (1948) by Wilfred Granville, Frank Roberts and Eric Partridge, and from the war books listed on pages 213-5. My one and only mistake was, and is, to reserve the name of Jocks for the Cameronians.

5. SOLDIER'S last sentence about *The Military Eitzen* reads: "It certainly makes a fascinating book in which to rummage in an idle half hour." On the contrary top officers and university professors in all countries are agreed that *The Military Eitzen* is a must book for men who read and write bilingually.

If any other periodical had tried to minimise the importance and usefulness of *The Military Eitzen* I couldn't be less interested. SOLDIER, however, read and re-read from its first issue to the latest, ranks so high in my esteem and, if I may say so, love that the rather unfriendly remarks hurt painfully. — **Kurt Hilmar Eitzen (Oxonian), Hamburg-Blankenese, Germany.**

★*Surely Herr Eitzen protests too much? SOLDIER did not approach his book either to praise it or to bury it, but to describe it. What is wrong with saying that it is "a fascinating book in which to rummage in an idle half-hour"? That cannot be said of many books of reference.*

SOLDIER expressed surprise, not at finding civilian words in this dictionary, but at the nature of many of the civilian words. It suggested that Herr Eitzen's German readers should be careful how they employed some of his colloquialisms.

Does Herr Eitzen still maintain that the 6th Airborne Division are the "Death or Glory Boys"?

CROSSED RIFLES

When a non-commissioned officer has attended the Small Arms School and is graded "A" or "B" he is entitled to wear a crossed rifles badge above his chevrons. But for how long? Some say three years, others five years and some "at the commanding officer's discretion." Which is correct?—**Sergeant G. Simmons, 328 Honeypot Lane, Stanmore.**

★*Crossed rifles may be worn for up to five years and the period can be extended by a man's commanding officer.*

IF THEY HAD WON

For the past year I have been directing, on an amateur basis, a 16mm sound film which reverses the end of the war, and shows what might have happened had this country been occupied by the Germans.

An ambitious film of this sort is hampered by innumerable difficulties. Several hundred extras have still to be found, military vehicles to be procured, and official permission sought for almost every move we take. But overriding all these is the problem of obtaining genuine German uniform and equipment. We have a costume department stocked with many rare items of SS and Panzer uniform, but we still urgently need more authentic material of all German services.

I wonder if those of your readers who could spare any item from a tunic button to a Tiger tank would be kind enough to contact me? We would be most grateful to be given the opportunity of buying or hiring anything whatsoever appertaining to the Nazis. The film will take three more years to make, by which time we hope to have amassed enough equipment to be able to show the complete evacuation of all German forces stationed in England. Repeat, we hope!—**Kevin Brownlow, 3 Fairfax Road, London, NW6.**

★*See illustration on page 31.*

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

ADD "AL"

You referred to the Royal Army Educational Corps (SOLDIER, March) as the "Royal Army Education Corps." Are we to expect in next month's issue mention of the "Royal Electric and Mechanic Engineers"?—**WOII Instructor P. A. Padwick, 69 Army Education Centre, Pembroke, Malta, GC.**

★*This reader should agitate for his Education Centre to be called an Educational Centre.*

"Q" PAY

When I was promoted last July I was given to understand that all warrant officers, class two, in the Royal Army Medical Corps are appointed quartermaster-sergeants. As the order of precedence in Queen's Regulations brackets regimental quartermaster-sergeants and quartermaster-sergeants together I am told that I should be receiving the same rate of pay, which is seven shillings a week more than I am getting now. Is this correct?—**"QMS."**

★*The additional seven shillings a week given to warrant officers, class two, holding the appointment of regimental quartermaster-sergeant, recognises that they are in charge of stores or equipment for a group of companies or equivalent units. The title "quartermaster-sergeant" does not in itself carry any entitlement to rates of pay higher than those of ordinary warrant officers, class two.*

88 MET 88

With reference to "34th met 34th" (SOLDIER, January) and "The Elevenths Met" (SOLDIER, March), another such meeting was between the 88th Connaught Rangers and the French 88th at Badajoz (April 6, 1812).

The following are two of the incidents that appear in Cannon's "Record": (1) "Before the Third Division was established within the Citadel, a bugle-boy of the regiment (88th), of the name of White, was severely wounded, but nevertheless this gallant lad continued to sound the 'Advance' until all resistance on the part of the enemy was at an end." (2) "The Castle was defended, amongst other troops, by two battalions of the French 88th. One of our 88th lay badly wounded beside a dead Frenchman, and when morning began to advance he saw upon the Frenchman's buttons the number of his regiment. Turning round to one of his comrades, notwithstanding the extreme torture he was suffering from his wound, he was not able to restrain the joy he felt upon the discovery. As he said, 'the French had their Connaught Rangers too.' "—**J. E. Hume, Lieut.-Colonel, late The Connaught Rangers and The Loyal Regiment (NL).**

FN RIFLE

I have met a soldier who knows a soldier who has been issued with an FN rifle. Any news of mine?—**"Target."**

★*According to a recent statement in Parliament, 14,000 FN rifles are now in service, mostly overseas. A memorandum to the Army Estimates says that home production is due to start this year.*

PR NAG

OLDEST DESERT RAT :

Captain H. C. W. Richardson, BEM, Royal Tank Regiment, served with Headquarters 7th Armoured Division under all its 17 commanders from its formation in 1939 until he retired recently. A corporal in 1939, he held every rank up to captain, except that of second-lieutenant. He was a sergeant tank commander in the 1940 advance to Benghazi, and a transport sergeant-major during the 2400-miles winter push of 1942-43.

PR Berlin Story 941

FATHER SERVES SON :

In Berlin, Sergeant Alf Massey, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, waits on his son, Bandboy John, aged 15, the youngest member of the Battalion, who has signed on for nine years. Members of the Massey family have served with the Royal Welch Fusiliers since the Crimean War. Sergeant Massey was all-India middleweight champion between the world wars. Recently, at the age of 41, he boxed in the Berlin championships.

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IC94

NEW MEDAL?

I think the terms governing the award of the Long Service and Good Conduct medal should be altered. I am in my twenty-second year of service and during the whole of that time have had only two charges against me: (1) absence without leave for which I was reduced in rank; (2) threatening to strike a senior rank, a sergeant-major, for which I was reduced to the lowest rank. The last charge was in 1945, so for 12 years I have had a clean sheet, risen to senior rank and been given a position of trust.

What hurts most is that when Very Important Persons visit the unit or there are ceremonial parades I am asked, "How long have you been in the Service?" When I tell them and they glance at my medals to see that the Long Service and Good Conduct medal is missing, the majority cannot get away quickly enough. It makes one feel like a criminal.

If there is one thing an old soldier looks forward to it is the "rootie gong." So why not a medal for long service, with a clasp for good conduct? There is a saying "To err is human, to forgive, divine."—**"Sadly Disillu-illusioned."**

★*It would need a Royal Warrant to alter the terms which govern this award. Any easing of the present regulations would tend to lessen its value.*

Surely, if the suggestion in the last paragraph were adopted, a man would still feel embarrassed if he wore the long-service medal without a good conduct clasp?

EFFICIENCY MEDAL

As I had completed over 12 years service in the Auxiliary Territorial Service and the Women's Royal Army Corps (Territorial Army) I was nominated for the Efficiency Medal by my commanding officer. The recommendation was rejected by battalion headquarters because of insufficient qualifying service. Apparently none of my service before I became a Territorial counts towards the medal, as I was not serving in the Territorial Army before joining the ATS and I did not join the Territorial Army after my first demobilisation at the end of 1946. I rejoined the ATS on a short-service engagement in April 1947 and was released in September 1949, as I was not up to peace-time medical standard. The following January I joined the Territorial Army and I am still serving.

Surely some proportion of war-time and regular service is allowed to count as qualifying, or is the Effciency Medal purely a Territorial Army "plum"?—**"Corporal."**

★*A short-service engagement is not qualifying service for the Efficiency Medal but it does maintain continuity. Had she joined the Territorial Army immediately after her release in* 1949. *this non-commissioned officer would have ensured continuity and all service would have counted apart from the exception quoted. She must now serve until 1962 for the Efficiency Medal.*

CONSULATE GUARDS

I was recently discharged from the Army on pension after 22 years service and I wish to obtain employment as a consulate guard at a British Embassy abroad. What qualifications are required?—**G. Prentice, 39 Coopers Lane, Bramley, near Basingstoke.**

★*Those who stand the best chance are long-service pensioners, preferably former non-commissioned officers with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, under 50, married but without family commitments. The Foreign Office will not accept single men.*

TANKS

The tanks on the bridge crossing an Italian river during World War Two (SOLDIER, March) are American-built "Slugger" tank destroyers. The tank in the water is a German Panzer-kampfwagen V or "Panther" tank, without its gun barrel, probably a tribute to British marksmanship.—**James T. Goff, Normal, Illinois, USA.**

GRATUITY AND GRANT

You state (SOLDIER, April) that the gratuity for a corporal after 20 years reckonable service is £375. I retired after 22 years service and my gratuity as a sergeant was only £225 under the new code. Why should there be this difference? It would suggest that in order to gain financially it is better to retire from the Army in a lower rank with less service.—**"Busty."**

★*This reader has made the common mistake of confusing terminal gratuity with the terminal grant, which he received. The latter is paid in addition to pension, a gratuity only when a soldier leaves the service after 12 years or more and has failed to complete 22 years.*

PALESTINE POLICE

I enlisted in 1931 and was transferred to the Reserve in 1938. The same year I joined the Palestine Police and was there at the outbreak of World War Two. I was one of many who applied to rejoin a regiment (mine was serving in Egypt) and were told that the question of rejoining the Army did not apply to us as we were part of the military forces and under orders to stay in our jobs. Many men called up were, in fact, sent to reinforce the Palestine Police.

In 1946 I left the Palestine Police and worked in England as a civilian for ten months before re-enlisting in the Army. In 1950 I signed-on to complete 22 years, but only my pre-war service and short-service engagement were taken into account. The question is: Should my service with the Palestine Police count towards qualifying pensionable service? I was paid a gratuity by the Colonial Office.—**"Union Jack."**

★*Service with the Palestine Police is not reckonable for an Army pension.*

NAAFI SHOPS

Remembering the excellent service and the very handsome discount provided by NAAFI family shops while I was serving, I should very much like to start dealing with them again. Is a retired officer, or pensioned Other Rank for that matter, allowed to deal with NAAFI?—**"Appreciative."**

★*No.*

NEW BADGE

This blue-and-gold sleeve emblem goes to Air Dispatch men of the RASC who have carried out 20 operational or 40 training flights. Ninety officers and men of 55 Company RASC in Malaya have received the badge.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*See page 14*)

The drawings differ in these respects: Shape of head, left-hand walking soldier; position of clock; right-hand usherette's fingers; middle bar of "E" in "Exit"; line at junction of tall soldier's legs; number of fingers of tall soldier; tie of tall soldier; rear heel of usherette in foreground; shape of near usherette's torch; shape of seated soldier's pipe.

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from the Chairman of
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Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders
GCB, KBE, MC, DFC, MM.
Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee
1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

ELIZABETH MUELLER
—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer