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SOLDIER



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Contents

- 5 The story of National Service
- 9 Editorial: SOLDIER-to-Soldier
- 10 Paratroopers drop in on Greece
- 10 Front cover story
- 12 Combined operations in the Persian Gulf
- 14 Adventure in British Guiana
- 15 Swearing through the ages
- 17 The Army's Medals: 13—Abyssinian War
- 18 The Army leaves Newhaven
- 19 The Army's Old Boys: 1—In-Pensioner G. Overton
- 20 SOLDIER Humour
- 23 Bringing in the grape harvest
- 24 Military Medley
- 26 Your Regiment: 1—The Middlesex Regiment
- 28 Prize competition
- 29 Sport
- 32 Letters
- 34 Collectors' Corner
- 35 Book reviews



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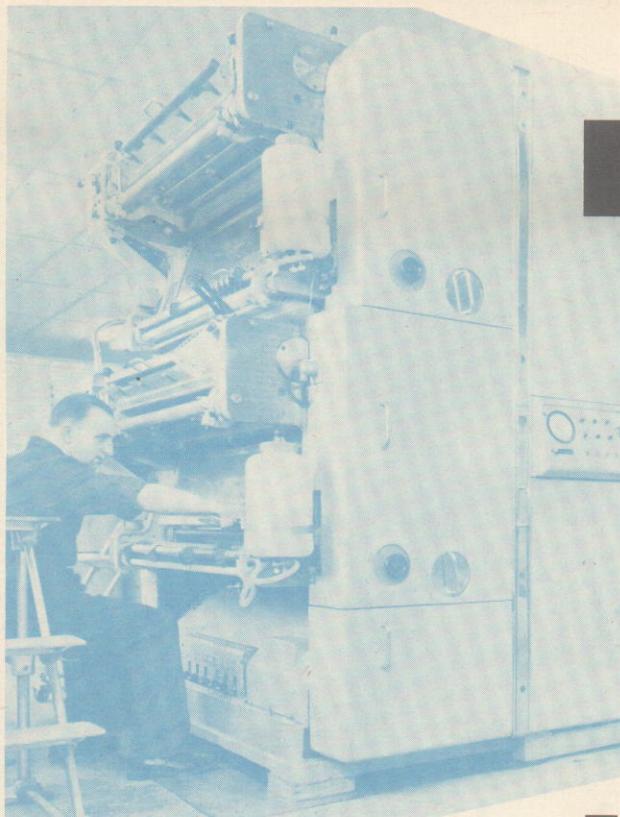
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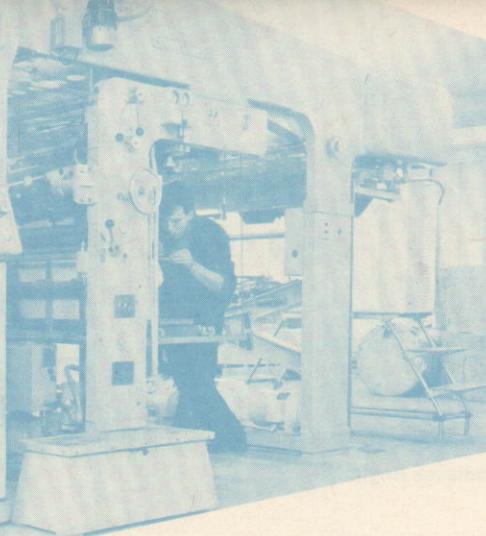
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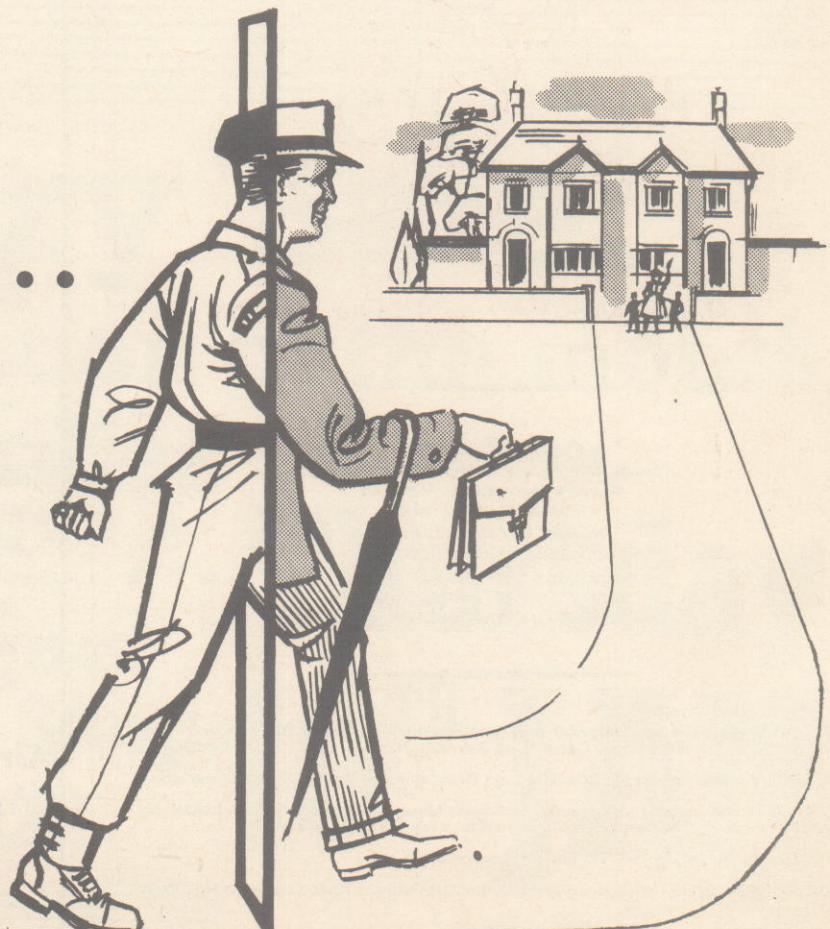
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1963 SEES THE END OF NATIONAL SERVICE. THE ARMY WILL BE ALL-PROFESSIONAL AGAIN—BUT WILL MISS THESE PART-TIME TROOPERS WHO HAVE SERVED SO WELL. SOLDIER IS PROUD TO ADD ITS OWN MODEST TRIBUTE TO THE CHORUS OF PRAISE. FOR WE'RE SAYING . . .

GOODBYE To Them All - and Thanks

IN a remote and unimportant corner of Asia called Korea, 280 National Servicemen, few of them old enough to vote, fought and died alongside their Regular soldier comrades. They died helping a small country resist a powerful aggressor, and helping the United Nations meet the first real challenge of its young life.

Later, in the conflicts of Malaya, Kenya and Cyprus, National Servicemen stood up bravely, in nerve-racking fighting conditions, winning through against a ruthless guerilla enemy. Through 24 years packed with events that have changed the course of history the British conscript has made his mark

insight into the make-up of their fellow men.

For many, even among those who had looked forward to it, the first days and weeks of National Service came as a shock. The discipline, the countless things to remember, having to wear a uniform and a properly-angled hat, pocket buttons to keep fastened, masses of kit that seemed to be more a responsibility than an asset—"Lose a button-stick and you're for it!"—and quite impossible to cram into a kitbag. . . . It seemed to the young National Serviceman that he would never last the day without finding himself on a charge for some technical oversight. Many's the young recruit who has walked three

"Their gallantry in action was in the highest traditions of professional fighting men"

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER

both on those events and on the traditions and customs of the force with which he has served.

This year, 1963, the British Army will become all-volunteer for the first time since July, 1939, when 34,000 men were conscripted to the Militia in its one and only intake. During the war it was just one army with an urgent job to do. But since then the relationship between Regular and National Servicemen has been that of partners, with give and take on both sides. Now they part company on the best of terms.

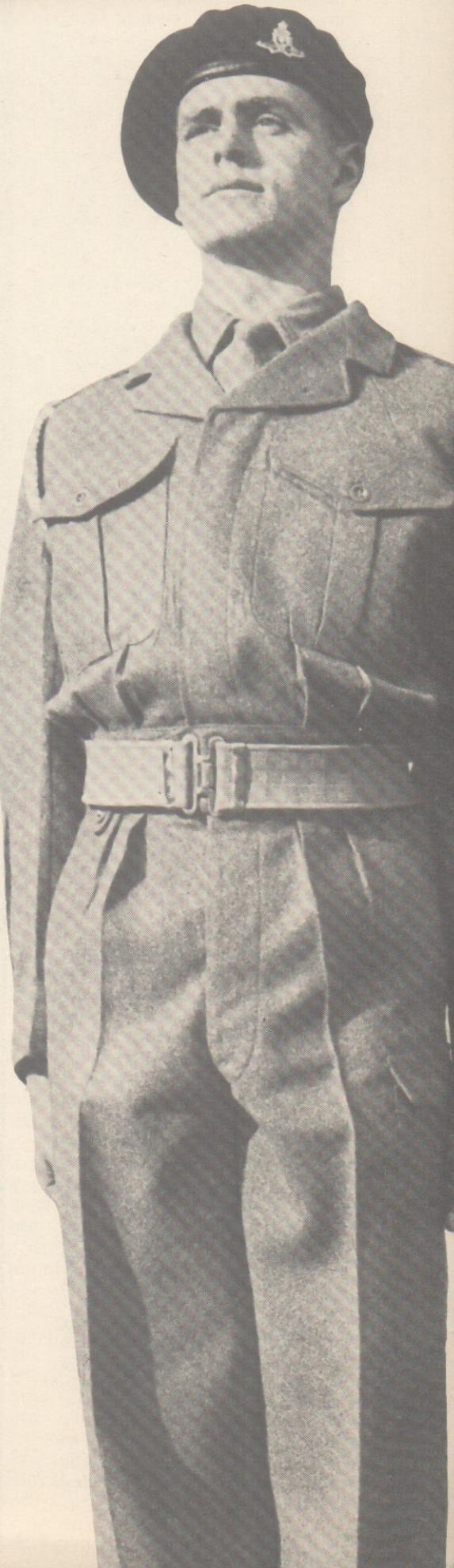
And as the Army strives to fill the yawning gaps—left by being virtually cut in half in under three years—it has bid a nostalgic farewell (not at all what is traditionally expected from the soldier) to those two-year troopers, while millions of ex-Servicemen look back with affection on those two distinctive years of their life and forward with a broader viewpoint, a squarer stance and a deeper

times the necessary distance to avoid the nervous strain of having to salute an officer!

Then there were the rumours. Even now the Army is only just learning that rumour is an enemy to be feared and must be dealt with ruthlessly by keeping all ranks informed of decisions as early as practicable. To the fresh National Servicemen, about to be tested, trained, vaccinated, posted . . . the rumours were alarming.

So what with the hard beds, early rising, the kit, the rumours, the dictatorial corporal (what an exalted rank that seemed at first) and most of all the feeling of being, from the time he is allotted it, just a number, the National Serviceman at first found Army life just too much for him.

Yet through it all there was the knowledge that everyone else was in the same boat and the problems, so shared, diminished. When the first ten days or



OVER . . .

HERE is your "New Look" SOLDIER — at the new price of a shilling.

★ This is the first issue to be printed by The Forces Press at NAAFI's up-to-the-minute works in Aldershot. The litho-offset process gives a cleaner and easier-to-read text and sharper pictures, enhanced by a new, whiter and smoother paper.

★ Within the same format, SOLDIER has been streamlined and modernised. The ever-popular letters pages, covering a wide range of topics but representing only a fraction of the queries answered by SOLDIER's letters service; the reviews of military books; the "How Observant" teaser, for this month specially elevated to prize competition status; the "SOLDIER Humour" pages, next month drawn by Larry, of "Man in Apron" fame — all these regular features will remain, with two important additions.

★ Every month one of the Army's famous regiments, its glories and tragedies, customs and eccentricities, will be mirrored in "Your Regiment," and another new series, "The Army's Old Boys," will present personalities among the 400 In-Pensioners of The Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The sports pages will spotlight each month one of the Army's sports.

★ To help you find these features, plus SOLDIER's world-wide coverage of the Army in well-illustrated articles, there is a contents list on Page 3. And on the next page SOLDIER's new printers herald, in their advertisement, the introduction of colour inside the magazine.

★ From this issue, SOLDIER costs a shilling. As explained last month, the magazine has cost ninepence since 1951. But over those 11 years costs have steadily risen while sales have diminished as the Army has decreased. SOLDIER knows that its readers will not begrudge the extra threepence a month, nor would they wish their magazine to be heavily subsidised.

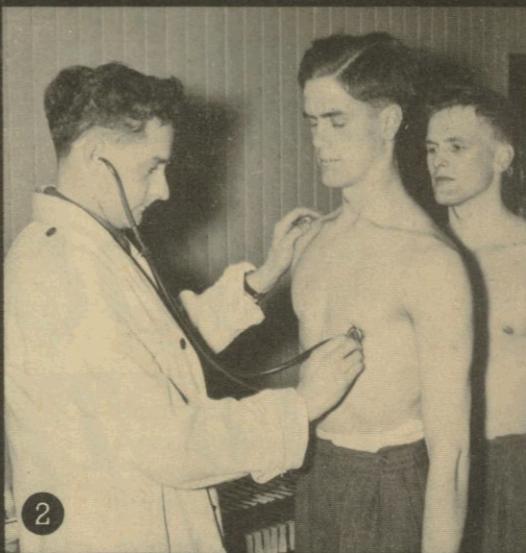
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★ No more scurrying for copies, no more disappointments! You can't afford to miss the "New Look" SOLDIER!

Into the Army's assembly belt of



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Goodbye Parades!

THE Army's farewell to its National Servicemen became a personal, individual affair with units choosing their own way of saying goodbye. There were scores of small informal presentations—from units and from Regular comrades—and other bigger occasions which caught the attention of the Press.

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment honoured 94 departing National Servicemen with a parade in their honour when the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Barry Kavanagh MC, shook hands and chatted with every man. More than 200 Regulars

presented arms and the Regimental Colours dipped in salute as the 94 men marched off with a military flourish and the band played "Auld Lang Syne."

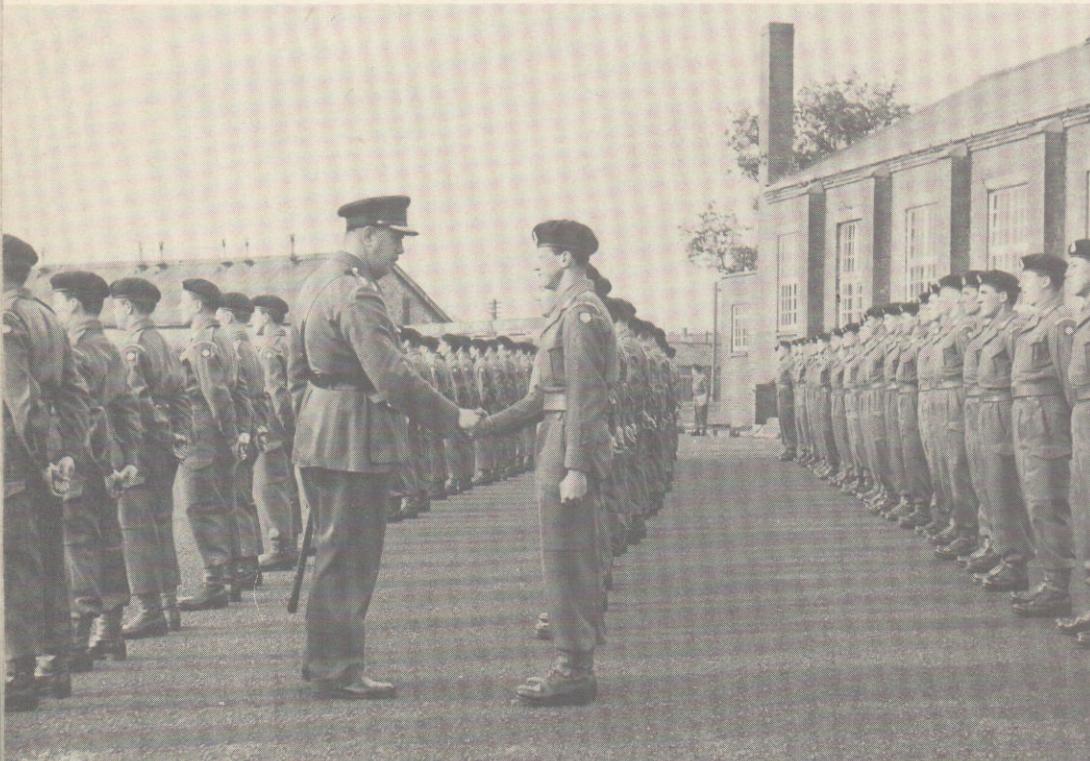
The fierce parade-ground expression of Regimental Sergeant-Major Robert Cox actually softened to a smile as Private Henry McGanity, last recruit to pass through the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Depot at Blackdown, was presented with a clock. "I'm sorry to see him go," said the sergeant-major. "The National Servicemen have been a grand lot."

The last three conscripts to serve with

38 Corps Regiment, Royal Engineers—Lance-Corporal Peter Murphy and Sappers Mark Sharp and Walter Morris—were presented with inscribed tankards by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Willison.

Gunner Bob Bruce, last of the line on the staff of the School of Artillery, Manorbier, received a silver cigarette case from his Regular comrades, presented by his battery commander at an all-ranks dance.

At Shorncliffe, the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, paraded with Band, Drums and Colours in a stirring tribute to their last 20 National Servicemen.



With a handshake and a word of thanks, Lieut-Col A. B. M. Kavanagh MC says a personal farewell to his National Service "Dukes." Below: It's the last detail—handing in one's kit.



continued from Page 7

smaller each year. By the end of 1959 the Army's total other-rank strength had dropped to fewer than 235,000 and more than 100,000 of those were two-year men. A year later, with only 79,000 conscripts left in the Army, the Regular strength had dropped even further, to under 130,000 other ranks, 153,000 including officers.

The Army was faced with the formidable task of reversing a downward trend before it could begin to build up its strength to the required 165,000 by the end of 1962, a figure below which it was agreed the Army could not function

"Many lost their lives and we shall always remember them with great pride"

EARL MOUNTBATTEN

efficiently. Should a crisis occur, more men would be needed.

The critics had strong grounds, but they made the mistake that greater men had made before them—they underestimated the British Army!

But as the Army drive began to gain impetus, Berlin upset the balance. Rhine Army needed strengthening to meet the threat and, after various alternatives were considered, National Servicemen in Rhine Army were called upon to serve a further six months. This affected only 9000 of the greatly reduced intake during the final six months of conscription (which ended in November, 1960). Strangely it did not affect the National Servicemen closest to the trouble—those in the Berlin garrison—as the garrison is not a part of Rhine Army.

In the event the Army topped the 165,000 all-Regular mark with six months to spare. On 30 September last the Army had 168,416 officers and other ranks—plus fewer than 12,000 National Servicemen. Present indications are that the new, all-Regular British Army will have reached its long term ceiling of between 175,000 and 180,000 by autumn, just a few months after saying goodbye to its last National Serviceman.



Two years have passed and the final parting with those once strange items of equipment is a goodbye to old and trusted friends.

But the Army's problem is not merely one of numerical strength. The Royal Signals will still be missing the National Servicemen next autumn, with a strong likelihood of a shortage of certain technicians. The Royal Army Medical and Dental Corps will both be short of nursing assistants and there will be gaps, too, in the Army Catering Corps.

The need for senior non-commissioned officers will be most marked in the technical branches while the departure of the two-year men has left many gaps among junior ranks. So there will be no lack of opportunity in this all-professional force, especially for young men with technical ability.

The Army will be a better place

without the National Serviceman. It is already more compact, better paid, better fed and housed and it will soon be composed again entirely of men who have chosen to make the British Army their career.

But the professional soldier who has served with the National Serviceman will miss him. The tight net of conscription put a wonderful cross-section of characters into khaki, each one playing his part in watching over the interests of his home and country, each one coming to terms with Army life in his own way, and leaving his mark.

Without him the Army will never be quite the same again.

PETER J. DAVIES

SOLDIER to Soldier

LONG after Parliament has curbed the latest Army game—discharge by by-election—soldier and civilian alike will still be chuckling. Prospective candidates with purely party and political ambitions have viewed the invasion with alarm and Members of Parliament have been no less serious in their opinions. In reply, the War Minister (Mr. John Profumo) has urbanely tried to preserve the true perspective of an infinitesimal percentage of the Army being involved in all this.

But in retrospect it has all been a delightful piece of chicanery snowballing into a Quixotic tilt at the very roots of democracy. A lieutenant started it all in West Middlesbrough with the aim of getting out of the Army to further his studies. The rest, just wanting to get out, weighed a possible £250 discharge against the £150 of a lost deposit, and jumped on the band wagon. And the cleverest contrived to get out and stay out—but not pay out.

Column dodgers of all three Services made up the bulk of over 200 applicants for nomination papers in the Rotherham and Colne Valley by-elections. Newspapers and their cartoonists have had a field day and local government in Rotherham, a solid Yorkshire town with now an assured place in any chronicle of the year's events, found itself in overwhelming demand by the Press. Solemnly, joining the august body of bulletin-issuers, an overworked Town Hall staff had to announce that figures of application papers would in future be issued weekly instead of daily.

Should all 200 applicants put up some form of fight—and in the last series of by-elections not all the ex-Servicemen were content to treat the matter as a formality—Rotherham would have an interesting time. Would there be sufficient rooms for meetings? Would the local printers cope? Would the ballot papers look rather like emperor-size football coupons? And would it be a wise precaution to ensure that the Town Hall balcony would safely accommodate a couple of companies for the declaration of the result?

Spare a thought, too, for radio and television—the difficulties of interviewing 200 candidates, the problems of the television pundits analysing possibility and probability, and the problem of the BBC whose duty is to name every candidate in the field.

At this rate, of course, a General Election could, in theory, denude the Army of ten or so brigades. In fact, any increase on the Rotherham and Colne Valley figures, or on the normal small percentage of misfit soldiers who buy themselves out—there were 462 trained soldiers in the six months up to last September—is as likely as one of the 200 ex-Service applicants being elected to Parliament.

And one Member of the House will be watching the whole campaign with a keen personal interest. Brigadier Fitzroy McLean did all this, but in reverse. He joined the Army to get out of the Foreign Service.



GREECE

After 14 years, Greece is still as hot and dusty—and just as friendly

THEY DROPPED IN BY THE THOUSAND

A Greek shepherd has a grandstand view of a drop between Larissa and Volos.

THEY dropped like rain on the parched plains of Greece—wave after wave of them, day after day. In two weeks, men of Britain's 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group completed 5800 drops, as much as they would be expected to amass in six months' solid training at home. This was record-breaking parachuting; British troops were back in Greece after 14 years—and they were there to work.

This was Exercise "Soft Putty"—ironically named; "Dust Bowl" would

have been more apt—a vigorous warm-up in 100-degree temperatures for the big NATO Exercise "Falltrap" in which the Brigade trained alongside Greek, American and Turkish troops in Northern Greece.

The return of British troops to Greek soil was warmly welcomed by the people of Greece who smiled and waved and lavished grapes and flowers on the visitors. The Brigade had moved in on a fully-operational footing, working round the clock to set up a tented Pegasus Camp on a pine-covered hillside overlooking the Aegean port of Volos and

40 miles from the airfield at Larissa where the big Royal Air Force transports landed.

The camp operation impressed the Greeks even more than the mass parachute drops, which they soon began to take for granted. One Greek newspaper, after commenting on the cars, tents, generators and modern hospital with operating theatre, all "brought by air from England", added: "It is really amazing how a force of 3000 men can be self-sufficient even under war conditions, through excellent organisation and modern equipment."

Despite this, life at Pegasus Camp had its snags. "War conditions" meant composite rations with a predominance of corned beef. Water was not fit to drink until it had been liberally laced with chlorine, so a cup of tea tasted like anything but! Then there was the dust. A dropped matchbox disappeared in a dust cloud and it was impossible to keep anything clean.

But after chasing round the Greek countryside for three and even four days and nights, Pegasus Camp looked like Buckingham Palace to the weary paratroopers.

Brigadier Michael Forrester DSO, MC, who commands the Brigade, admits the men were pushed to the limit on "Soft Putty" but is delighted with the way they responded. "We have been

Front Cover

AGAINST the sombre background of Waterloo Station, Corporal Molly Gall, of the Women's Royal Army Corps (Provost), brings colour—and glamour—to SOLDIER's front cover this month. Corporal Gall, who is serving a three-year engagement, was previously a policewoman in the Women's Royal Air Force but, she says, she much prefers the Women's Royal Army Corps.

Her unit is the Headquarters and Training Establishment of the Women's Royal Army Corps (Provost) at Kensington Palace Barracks in London and her duties in the Provost Company include foot and mobile patrols and assisting the Royal Military Police and civilian police on ceremonial occasions in London. Corporal Gall has also toured with the unit's recruiting van.

The Women's Royal Army Corps policewomen—all volunteers—undergo at Kensington a seven-week training course which includes police procedure, military law, first aid and self-defence. They are then posted to units. Overseas stations include Rhine Army and Berlin, Singapore, Hong Kong, Cyprus and Tripoli.

Portrait by SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL.



These Welsh Guardsmen are taking part in NATO's "Southern Express" exercise in Greece.



Top: Dropped from the sky, this *Land-Rover* and 105mm howitzer speed away from the parachute-strewn zone.

Left: Men of the 16th Parachute Brigade HQ pause for a roadside meal in the mountains just west of Larissa.

HOSPITAL UNDER CANVAS

THE field hospital which so impressed Greek journalists, dealt with more than 200 in-patients during the Brigade exercise, the majority with stomach complaints through drinking untreated Greek water. There was also the usual crop of minor parachute accidents, with sunstroke, poisonous Sea Urchin and scorpion stings, and an appendix operation adding to the variety of complaints.

Most of the hospital was under canvas, but the operating theatre, with its facilities for carrying out all kinds of emergency operation, was set up in a nearby house. All surgical instruments had been sealed in plastic containers after being sterilised by atomic ray at Harwell. Next door a dispensary, stocked with thousands of drugs, was handled by an officer who is a qualified pharmacist.

Another job which occupied the "para-medics" in Greece was arranging blood donations. British troops gave 34 pints of blood to the Greek blood bank, a gift which was much appreciated by the Greeks, who are constantly short of donors.

As Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Freeman, surgeon in charge of the unit, points out, the Brigade's medical facilities are better than any which exist for a civilian community of similar size.

able to use every available minute of this exercise to advantage," he said, "completing a very concentrated amount of parachuting. I doubt whether the like of it has ever been known before."

Despite the intense activity, injuries were few. Men of the Army Air Corps standing by to bring out casualties made only two such trips, and neither was the result of a parachute descent. One was a scorpion bite and the other a case of sunstroke, neither serious. But the *Austers*, operating from a rough airstrip near Volos, were kept busy on aerial reconnaissance, finding possible routes and bridging sites for the ground forces, observing enemy positions and troop movements and carrying out supply drops.

One of the men whose job it was to record and interpret the air intelligence was Captain Graham Purves, air adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment. His battleboard, camouflaged in the roots of a giant tree protruding from a bank, bearing such references as "Tom Cat Hill" and "Wasp Waist Pass", painted a clear up-to-date picture of the current exercise, showing the Battalion spread out high in the foothills north-west of Volos.

The casual movement of a flag on that battleboard told the story of a 40-mile march in full kit across the dusty steamroller-flat plains, a strenuous climb up craggy mountains and elaborate preparation of defensive positions—all in scorching sunshine.

With the paratroopers were men of the 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment. Apart from the parachuting, the men of this air-landed Battalion worked equally as strenuously as the rest of the Brigade, often acting as enemy for the 2nd and 3rd Parachute Battalions.

For all 3000 men in the Brigade, Exercise "Soft Putty" provided a tough, hard-earned lesson, in which men surprised themselves by their endurance, surviving for days on a minimum of food and sleep. Another Greek paper referred to the Brigade as one of the best fighting units in NATO's Strategic Reserve. Now they have seen—and appreciated—how such status is achieved.

Inter-Service rivalries these days are confined to the sports field. In action the three Services blend into one efficient hard-hitting force

PERSIAN
GULF

ISLAND INVASION

As dawn breaks over the Persian Gulf a British amphibious assault force steams towards a small island. The assault craft ramps crash down, Royal Marines storm the beach and the Army Beach Troop is quickly in action, clearing obstacles and preparing access roads, as the Naval Beach Unit selects landing points for the main force.

But the island is deserted. This is an assault without an enemy. The object is to give these ships, military units and assault squadrons of Middle East Command practice in their amphibious assault and support roles. With progress over land generally slow and hazardous in the Gulf, movement by sea and air is the only answer. And even without an enemy, these precisely-timed combined operations are an invaluable practical test for all units.

Under cover of darkness the previous night the force—two frigates, two tank landing craft, and a naval tank landing ship—anchors a few miles from the island. The striking force includes tanks, 105mm howitzers of a parachute battery and a troop of Royal Marine Commandos.

First into action is a four-man detachment of the Marines' Special Boat Section, setting out silently in canoes to find a suitable landing point for the main assault force. Their job done, they signal the information back to the headquarters ship and lie low to await the assault fleet.

A small radar-equipped navigation landing craft heads the foaming "V" formation, guiding the assault craft to the appointed beach. As the assault begins, men of the Signal Troop (Ship) establish a prompt radio link with the headquarters ship, keeping the force commander in touch with all units.

The massive beach armoured recovery vehicle is soon ashore and in use by Royal Engineers and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers of the Army Beach Troop, feverishly clearing a way for the main assault force. Yards of wire tracking are laid to prevent vehicles becoming bogged down in the sand, and stockpiling points for petrol, ammunition, food, water, etc., are quickly established. Water is needed in quantity, as there is none on the island. It is pumped ashore from the big naval tank landing ship into two large tanks on the beach.

This powerful armoured recovery vehicle helps to unload equipment from a tank landing craft. Below: The light but powerful 105mm howitzers are quickly in action to repel an enemy thrust.

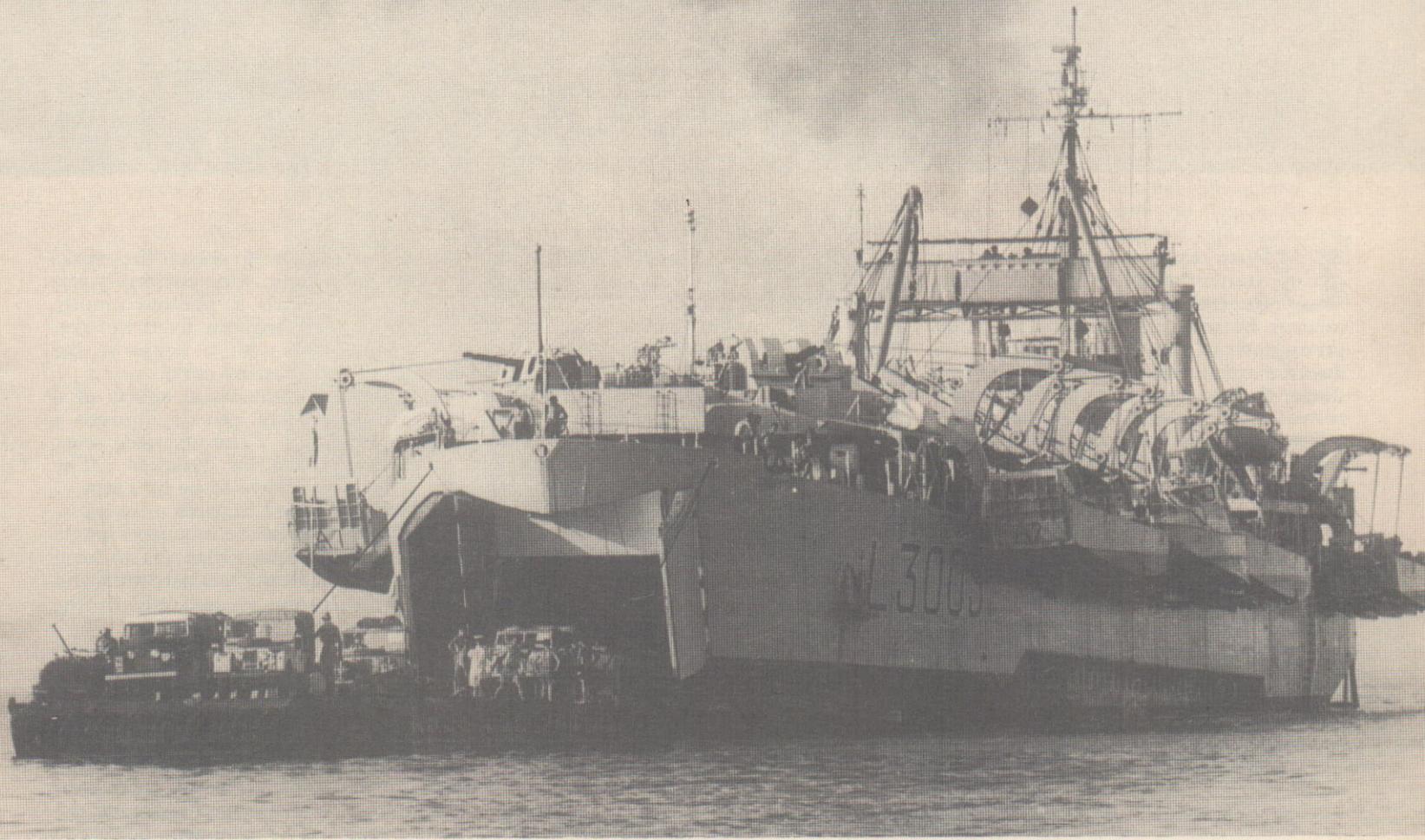
▼ The Sappers' Rhino pontoon ferry is soon ferrying heavy supplies from ship to shore.





◀ A Saracen of the 17th/21st Lancers comes ashore from the *Rhino*, just one of many heavy vehicles that make up a ferryload.

The tank landing ship, HMS *Anzio*, anchors off-shore, transferring its vital load to the *Rhino*, working a brisk shuttle service. ▼



The Naval Beach Unit having marked safe beaching points, the Sappers' *Rhino* pontoon ferry comes into its own. Cumbersome while on tow at sea, it is invaluable in shallow water as a jetty, free berthing bridge and safe and spacious conveyor between ship and shore.

Two Royal Air Force *Hunter* jets, acting as enemy, bring the two frigates' anti-aircraft guns into action to beat off the mock air attack. On land, too, the imaginary enemy is fighting back, forcing the Marines to retreat to the

beach area where they secure a dropping zone for parachute reinforcements.

The drone of approaching aircraft heralds the parachutists, each man's descent speeded by 150lbs of equipment, including main and reserve parachutes, life-jacket, weapons, spare clothing, bedding roll and ration packs. With them is the main party of the Gunners to man the 105mm howitzers brought by sea.

A fresh attack, supported by Army and naval artillery, with tanks providing a tracer path to the enemy position,

is successful, and the din of battle subsides. Equipment trials, gunnery competitions and maintenance fill the rest of the day before the time comes for the big withdrawal. The 120 parachutists create some overcrowding on the homeward voyage, but spirits are high. It is exercises such as this—and they are a regular feature of training in the Gulf—that are blending the three Services more and more into one efficient fighting unit.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Persian Gulf.

MAN AND
MANATEE

Manhandling the manatee to its temporary home, a fenced-off pool near the rest house base camp.

Up to their chests in water, men of the 1st East Anglian Regiment felt the soft mud oozing between their toes as they struggled to fix a net across the entrance to a jungle creek. The job done, they returned to their launch to watch and wait through the night.

The sun was rising as the bobbing corks suddenly disappeared below the surface. As the net noose tightened, turmoil broke out. Men dashing to help haul in the prey slipped and slid in the mud and water, the net heaved and strained as the massive form of a manatee, or "river cow", arched out of the water and crashed back. The mammal twisted and weaved and with a final thrust of its huge tail broke through the net to freedom.

David Attenborough began it all. In his book, "Zoo Quest to Guiana", he tells of the trouble he had catching a

manatee. They weigh up to 150lbs and carry a fair-sized wallop in the tail. "This," said Lieutenant P. P. D. Stone, brandishing the book at the men of 5 Platoon, "merits our attention."

The idea was to catch a valuable manatee alive and sell it to British Guiana's Drainage and Navigation Department to keep down weeds in man-made waterways. There were snags from the start. The river was in flood and the borrowed net was rotten.

Camp had been made in an old rest house 50 miles up a small river some 60 miles from British Guiana's capital, Georgetown. When the Guianian guide arrived with a new net, plans were laid for the big hunt. The manatee spend the day dozing in the deep muddy waters of the main stream, venturing into shallow creeks and tributaries at night to graze on weeds along the banks, and returning to the depths at dawn.

The first job was to search the creeks for signs of grazing. One possibility was a long creek with a shallow mouth. There the East Anglians fixed the net, a y-shaped trap with a noose at the entrance, kept afloat by corks.

Despite the enthusiastic efforts of a noisy beating party, the day proved a complete failure. The manatee were lying low, waiting for darkness. The next hunt would have to be by night.

Within hours the hunters were cruising quietly through the moonless jungle night, huddled under blankets to keep the mosquitoes from their bare arms and ankles, the launch guided only by the reflection of trees in the water.

After the long night's wait, the loss of the first manatee was a blow, but a beating party went out again while the remainder kept watch on the repaired net. This time they were ready when a manatee surfaced for air a hundred yards up the creek. The net corks bobbed, the noose was pulled tight and the fight began. The manatee soon tired and was slowly eased to the bank by the triumphant hunters.

The problem of getting the manatee back to base camp was solved by tying a strong rope, fixed to a large cork float, round its tail and herding the mammal downstream to a fenced pool. The East Anglians subsequently caught a second, larger manatee in the same creek.

Loading them into the boat for their wet sack-covered journey home was a major operation. Then an Army lorry —after another tricky transfer—took the manatee to their new home in a weed-covered drainage canal.

As for the hunters—they are still talking about the one that got away!

Loading the two manatee into an Army lorry was another problem for the East Anglians.





The Duke of Cambridge (above) was a noted Army swearer but would have met his match in the fishwives and men of Billingsgate (right).

Calling A Spade A ★★★★ Spade

Although he lives in an age of relaxed morals, the British soldier today swears less than his ancestors. But time was when his generals led the field in this "damned ungentlemanly habit"

THE Dutch Army has been told, by its State Secretary for Defence, that there is too much swearing going on. All soldiers, says his special order, must be careful about coarse language, which shows "a lack of refinement and respect for the convictions of others. . . ."

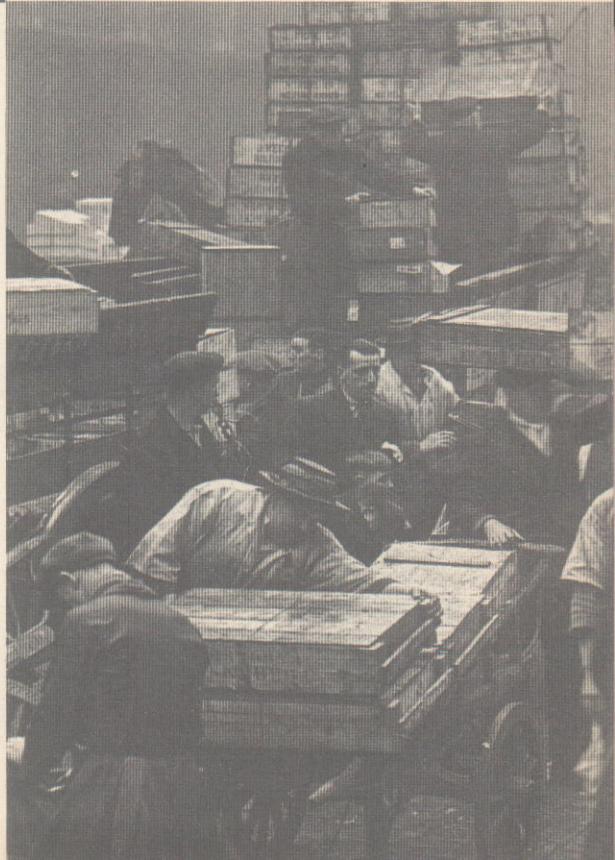
There have been similar orders to the British Army, but not for very many years, for the British soldier today, despite the modern attitude to four-letter and longer words, swears (and drinks—and the two often go together) far less than his doughty but rough-tongued predecessors. Perhaps he has not the same talent for reeling off a steady string of unrepeatable—and unrepeatable—oaths; or perhaps he just does not feel the same need to vent his feelings in profanity.

The old sweat, of course, has been swearing consistently and fluently since he first bore arms (and maybe the weight of that halberd or pike started it all?). "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," says Uncle Toby in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." And the old sweat has sworn terribly in Flanders, and lots of other places, ever since.

For effect? From habit? To drum home a point? Or to relieve a too pent-up emotion? Whatever the reason, the sworn swearer will be heartened to know that he has at least one champion, in an obliging American psychologist who says: "Swearing is a normal reaction—much better than crying and nearly as good as laughing."

Not that this psychologist has the backing of the "Father" of his country. George Washington was against swearing. As Commander-in-Chief of the States' first fighting force he issued a warning against "the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing," and asserted: "It is a vice so mean

OVER . . .



and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character despises it."

On George Washington's side of the fence stood Cromwell who, in founding Britain's Standing Army three centuries ago, came down more heavily on the swearers than any of his successors. "If any Officer or Souldier," said an order of his time, "shall presume to blaspheme the Holy and undivided Trinity, or the Persons of God the Father, God the Son, or God the Holy Ghost; or shall presume to speak against any known Article of the Christian Faith, he shall have his Tongue bored through with a red-hot iron."

And, in 1655, a "Foot Souldier" by the name of Robert Hull "was convicted by court-martial of 'unlawfull oaths and execrations,'" sentenced to three days' imprisonment on bread and water "and afterwards to stand upon a joystool, with a cleft stick upon his tongue, during the space of half an hour . . ." and have a paper fixed on his breast, written in capital letters, signifying his offence, and after that to be cashiered the Army.

But swearing has never been the prerogative of the private soldier nor of any one rank in the Army. Among the chief offenders down the years have been several of Cromwell's high-ranking counterparts.

The bluff old Duke of Cambridge, cousin to Queen Victoria and a popular Commander-in-Chief for a third of a century, was one of the hardest swearers of his time. His parade ground comments were a joy to the select few who heard them. After reviewing Grenadiers in Hyde Park, he summed up: "In all my experience of reviews I have never witnessed such a damnable exhibition of incompetence as has been shown by the Grenadier Guards today. When 'Cease Fire' sounded, the 1st Battalion was firing at the Serpentine, the 2nd at the Marble Arch, and God Almighty knows where the 3rd Battalion was firing. I don't."

Pungent and pointed, but not to be compared with his unprintable comments on many occasions at the end of manoeuvres at Aldershot. Perhaps it was a twinge of conscience that led the Duke, when addressing his officers once,



Oliver Cromwell took firmer steps against blasphemers than any other Army commander-in-chief.

When St. Paul's was being built, Sir Christopher Wren threatened to dismiss labourers who swore.

Bridges had to cross the Thames at Hinksey. If the ferry happened to be on the other side he would utter expletives which only his great predecessor, Tennyson, would have dared to rival.

Which all proves that expertise in bad language is by no means confined to the unlearned; indeed, the greater the academic achievement the wider the vocabulary, it seems. Two years after the city of Denver was founded, during the opening up of the Wild West, the first schoolteacher, dressed in a black broadcloth frock coat and silk hat, drove into town. He sat behind a team of oxen which he apostrophised with Greek and Latin oaths that won him infinite respect from the local masters of profanity. And they were no duds at the game!

But the supreme experts in the field at one time were the fishwives of Billingsgate, whose reputation for the use of expletives has become proverbial.

Swearing may be condoned in Billingsgate but not in Russia, where an ox-cart's driver was summoned for swearing at his beasts and "orally hurting their feelings." An official of the Regional Prosecution Bureau reproved the man and, "on behalf of the oxen," took offence at his language.

The local court sentenced the driver to a year's imprisonment. The Supreme Court in Moscow, on appeal, condemned the swearing but ruled that the prisoner had committed no crime and discharged him.

A General Gambier, dissatisfied with the way men of a famous Royal Horse Artillery battery carried out his order to dismount, roared: "Now climb back again, you pack of consumptive little Maltese monkeys." Eventually the General was told by higher authority that if he continued to use foul and abusive language on parade, he would lose his command. Not long afterwards his commander-in-chief found him in a fury with a trumpeter and bellowing: "Oh, you naughty, naughty, *naughty* little trumpeter."

Another swearing general was Sir John Pennefather. No battle of the Crimean War was complete, it was said, without "the grand Old Boy's favourite oaths roaring cheerily down through the smoke." When Sir John took command at Aldershot, an officer commented drily: "He swore himself in yesterday."

Sailors have been equally famed for their invective and, like the Army, have had such notable exponents at the very top as that outspoken old sea dog, "Sack-the-lot" Fisher. He believed in calling a spade a spade—with a few choice embellishments. But there have been purists, too, among seamen. Captain Woodget, last and one of the greatest skippers of the "Cutty Sark," kept a box of tracts on the poop to scatter over the rail whenever he overtook a steamer. He felt sure the steamer's crew would blaspheme because a sailing ship had passed them.

It was by no means the first time, though, that profanity had played a prominent part in industrial relations. When St. Paul's Cathedral was being built, Sir Christopher Wren had copies of the following notice displayed: "Whereas, among labourers and others, that ungodly custome of swearing is so frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of His authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion—it is



Two, being given poker-faced "English lessons" and duly welcoming sergeant-majors at breakfast with the most outrageous of greetings.

Certainly the soldier has a talent for learning at least the less desirable words of a foreign language and effectively using them both at home and where they are understood.

Down the years, military authority has tried hard, but in vain, to clean up soldierly language. George Washington banned "The unmanly and abominable custom of swearing" as long ago as 1776—and GIs in Korea were reminded of this order!

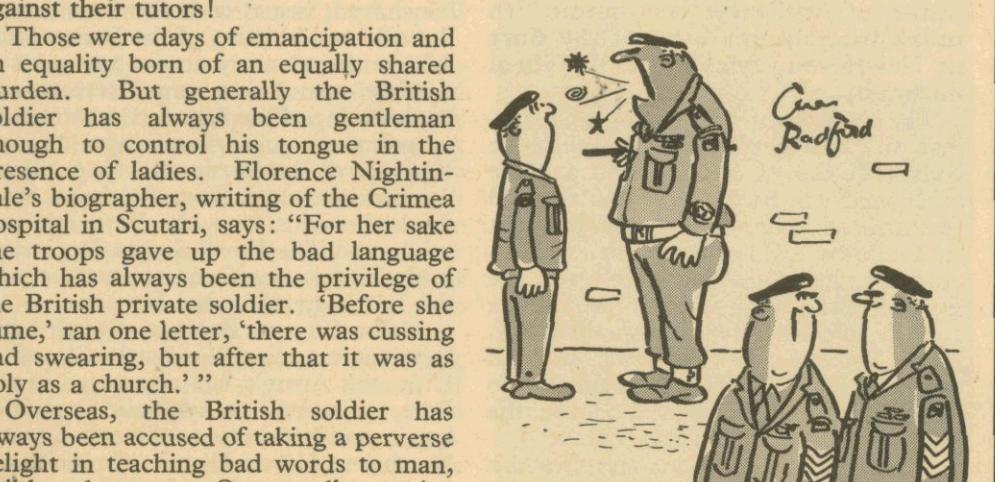
Cromwell's edict on blasphemy was reflected two centuries later when it was laid down that any officer or man who spoke against any known Article of the Christian Faith would be "delivered over to the Civil Magistrate, to be proceeded against according to law," and that anyone alleged to have used an unlawful oath or execration would be court-martialled.

But swearing has been too long the soldier's privilege and authority found that regulations against such a deep-rooted vice were far easier to decree than enforce. During World War One the War Office issued an ultimatum on bad language. Officers tried to make it effective, but the men whose ancestors "sweared terribly in Flanders" simply "Spoonerised" their profanity and made authority impotent.

In World War Two the use in one Infantry battalion of a recently-publicised four-letter word, within the hearing of an officer, resulted in confinement to barracks for seven days. This rule was waived only when the Battalion used mule instead of motor transport—perhaps an uncharitable reflection on a useful, if sometimes awkward, animal.

But let not the young soldier think that in this freer and easier age he can readily get away with swearing in the Army. There's always Section 69 of the Army Act looming over his head—"any act, conduct or neglect to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

More than likely, though, he will be told, rather like the Dutch Army, "there is too much — swearing going on" or even more plainly, "to put a — sock in it!"



THE ARMY'S

MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

13

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR

MANY medals are interesting for the fierce and bloody battles they commemorate, but this is certainly not the case with the medal struck for the Abyssinian War of 1867-68. The total casualties amounted to two killed and 27 wounded, so that the medal is probably unique in that it was given for a virtually bloodless war.

It is unique in another way. Nearly all the 14,000 medals issued had the recipient's name and regiment or ship embossed on the reverse, which meant that a separate die had to be made for each medal. The expense must have been immense. The men of some Indian regiments had their names engraved or stamped.

The medal's obverse shows a bust of Queen Victoria wearing veil and coronet, surrounded by a nine-pointed star. Between the points are the spaced letters of "Abyssinia". The suspension, by a ring on the top of a crown attached to the medal, is also unique.

The imprisonment by King Theodore of British subjects, including the Consul, caused the war. They were chained and gaoled in November, 1854, released in March, 1866 and re-arrested in April. After a series of ultimatums and threats, war was declared in November, 1867.

Sir Robert Napier arrived with an army near Massawa in January, 1868, and set off on the 320-mile march to Magdala, the capital. He had 43,000 men with him, but only about 14,500 were troops. Camp followers made up the total, including drivers of the vast animal convoy of 43,000 camels, horses, donkeys and elephants.

Napier fought the battle of Arroig on 10 April and entered Magdala, 9000 feet above sea level, three days later. He found that King Theodore, after releasing the captive Britons, had committed suicide.

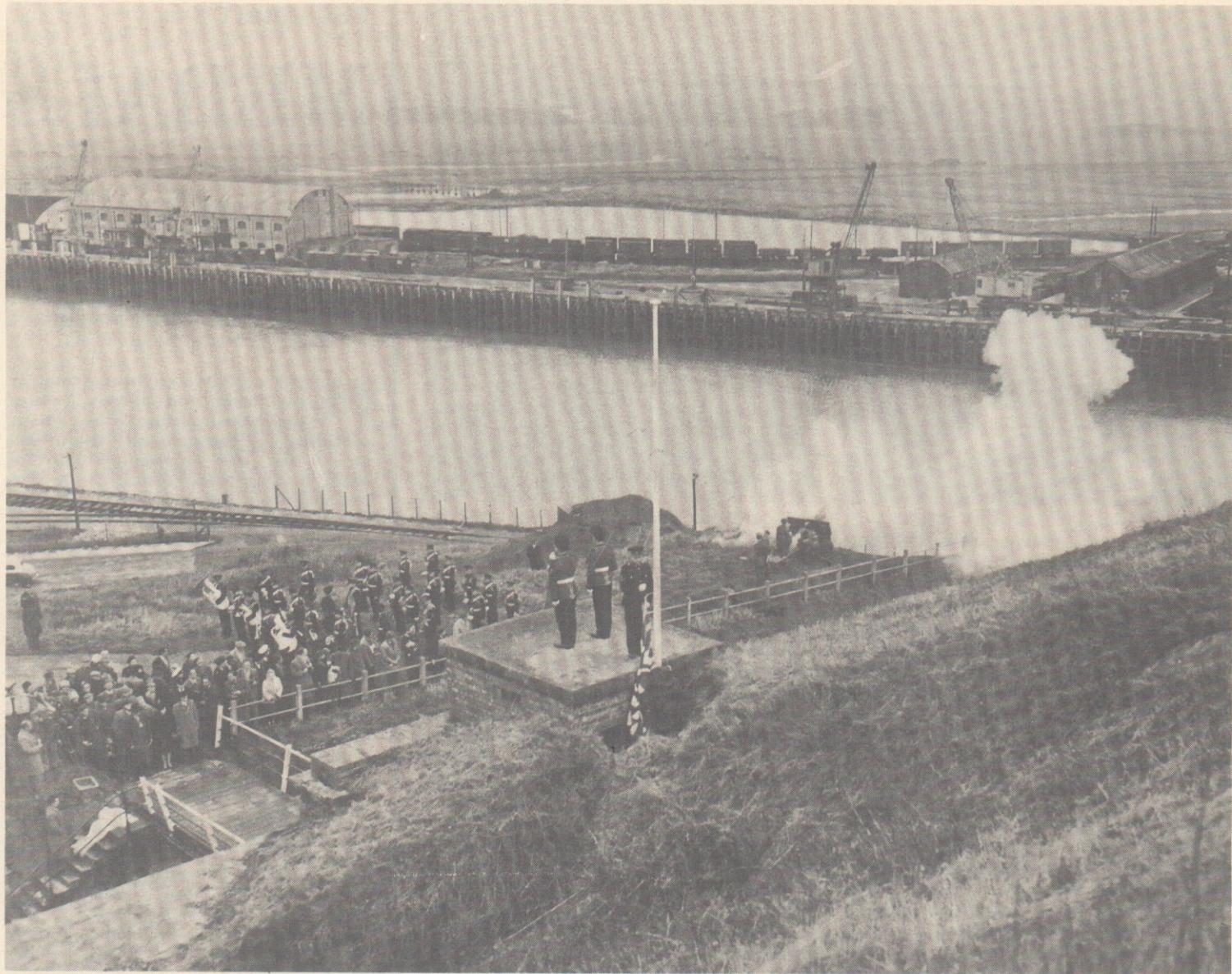
The troops burned the capital and returned to the coast, having found the mountainous, rocky country and its great heat more troublesome than the Abyssinians, many of whom ran from the fight.

British regiments engaged were the 3rd Dragoon Guards and these Infantry battalions: 4th (King's Own); 26th (Camerons); 33rd (Duke of Wellington's); 45th (Notts). Detachments of the 11th Hussars, 96th (Manchester) and 109th (Leinsters) also took part.

A naval party of 83, with some 12-pounder rocket tubes, accompanied the Army.



George Washington was against the "wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing."



The last round is fired and the Union Jack is hauled down as the Army, after 200 years, leaves the Newhaven Fort.

A FORT CHANGES HANDS



Councillor Stanley Bennett, Chairman of Newhaven Urban District Council, accepts the "key" to the Fort from Major Eugene Bennett, RA.

An artillery salute and the closing of massive wooden gates by two soldiers in 18th-century dress formed part of a brief but colourful ceremony, recalling 200 years of military occupation, to mark the handing over of the Fort at Newhaven, Sussex, to the local authority.

The Fort, built about 1865 as a permanent Coast Artillery defence, is to be converted into a holiday centre while other land will be used for housing and recreational space. The Army first sent its Gunners to Newhaven, to establish one of nine "sea batteries" on the Sussex and Kent coasts, when the French threatened invasion in 1756. The Gunners were to "teach such of the inhabitants as shall be inclined to learn how to load, point and fire the guns placed there for their defence."

The Battery expanded to an earthwork with a parapet "18 feet thick of sod," commanding the entrance to the Ouse, and then gave way to the present Fort.

The Band and Buglers of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, came from Shorncliffe to take part in the handing-over ceremony which, symbolic of a day in the life of units stationed at Newhaven, began with the sounding of Reveille and hoisting of the Union Jack. After a commentary on the 200 years of military association came Retreat and the lowering of the flag. A detachment of 25-pounder guns from 257 (Sussex Yeomanry) Regiment, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army, from Brighton, fired the last rounds from the Fort, and two soldiers of The Royal Sussex Regiment, in their period uniform, solemnly closed the Fort's gates for the last time.

Major Eugene Bennett, Royal Artillery, commanding the Battle Clearance Unit, the Army's last occupants of the Fort, presented a symbolic inscribed key in polished brass to the new owners, Newhaven Urban District Council, and finally, through a Guard of Honour, the Chairman and members of the Council were escorted into the Fort.



THE ARMY'S OLD BOYS

Within the square, military, Wren-designed walls of The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, lies a treasury of living military history, a reservoir of stories, anecdotes, humour, and battle experience. Each one of the 400 In-Pensioners who wears that honoured red coat and distinctive peaked cap has a story. **SOLDIER** plans to tap this rich source and each month feature just one of the four hundred

1: Sergeant-Major George Overton

THE armchair in The Royal Hospital lounge creaked a protest as the tall impressive frame of the ex-regimental sergeant-major loomed forward. "Do it all again?" The parade-ground voice had mellowed just a shade. "Of course I would, especially under today's Army conditions."

This from a man who had carried a stretcher amid the no-man's land shell holes of World War One, helped to man Britain's coastal defences in World War Two, shared in pioneering a railway across wild Nigerian bush and sailed the China Seas as ship's sergeant-major.

It all adds up to 40 years' Regular and Territorial Army service. But at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, former Regimental Sergeant-Major George Overton has a mere two years' service and carries the hospital rank of corporal. Yet he has no time for living in the past and has already shown himself a worthy member of this unique band of veterans, becoming an orderly of the Council Chamber and a member of the hospital club committee.

That military moustache, though no longer bristling at recruits in the Royal Army Medical Corps Depot, has the same sharp military trim as it had 35 years ago. Those steel-grey eyes may have a few wrinkles round them, but they are almost as sharp today as they were when they spotted casualties a quarter of a mile away in the no-man's land of Ypres, despite being blinded for four days by mustard gas.

They were four days he would not want repeated, but for the honour of serving alongside the Reverend Noel Mellish at Hill 60, when the chaplain won his Victoria Cross, and the memory of the triumphant march into Germany when British troops covered 20 and 30 kilometres daily, many of

them with no soles on their boots.

Perhaps it was reaction against the destruction of war that led Sergeant-Major Overton to volunteer on secondment to help build the railroad from Kaduna to the Benue River in Northern Nigeria. They were two years of rugged living, depending more and more each day on the wild life for food as the railroad cut deeper into the bush.

The following three years as a drill instructor at the Royal Army Medical Corps Depot came as a sharp contrast—and another big change was round the corner. Her Majesty's Ambulance

Transport *Assae*, bound for the China Seas, needed a ship's sergeant-major. Sergeant-Major Overton held the post for two years until the *Assae* was taken out of service.

A short spell as sergeant-major in charge of the hospital at the Royal Tank Corps Depot, marked the end of 20 years' Regular service with the Medical Corps, but he was soon back in the Territorial Army, this time as a Gunner.

His service, in the Hampshire Heavy Brigade, again became full-time with the outbreak of World War Two when, up to 1942, he was troop or battery sergeant-major with five different batteries on coastal defence near Portsmouth. Two years in Scotland, training the Home Guard, a spell at the Command Weapon Training School at Sandbanks, near Bournemouth, and a year as permanent staff instructor with the 16th Battalion, The Wiltshire Regiment, were other wartime activities, but when the Battalion was disbanded after the war it seemed his Army days were ended. The 55-year-old ex-soldier became head porter in a civilian hospital.

Yet six years later he was in uniform again, as Regimental Sergeant-Major of

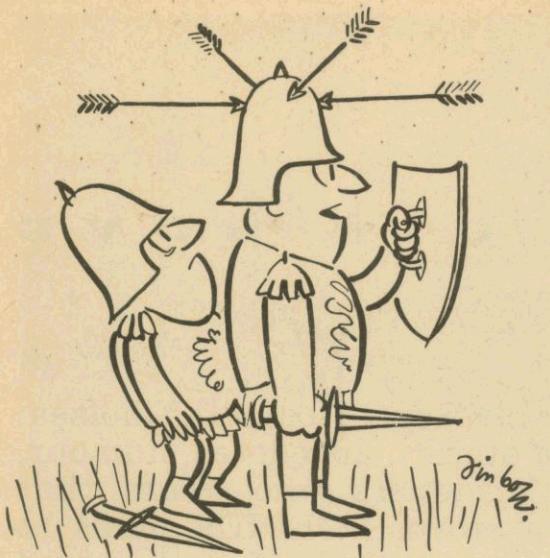


The square stance, the eagle eye, the shining brass—at 72, Sergeant-Major Overton has lost none of the marks of 40 years' soldiering.

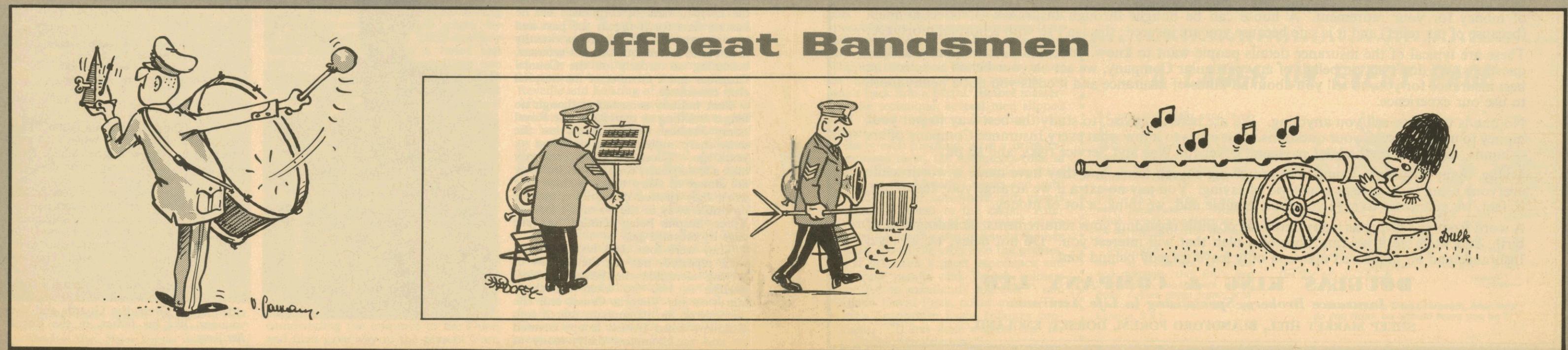
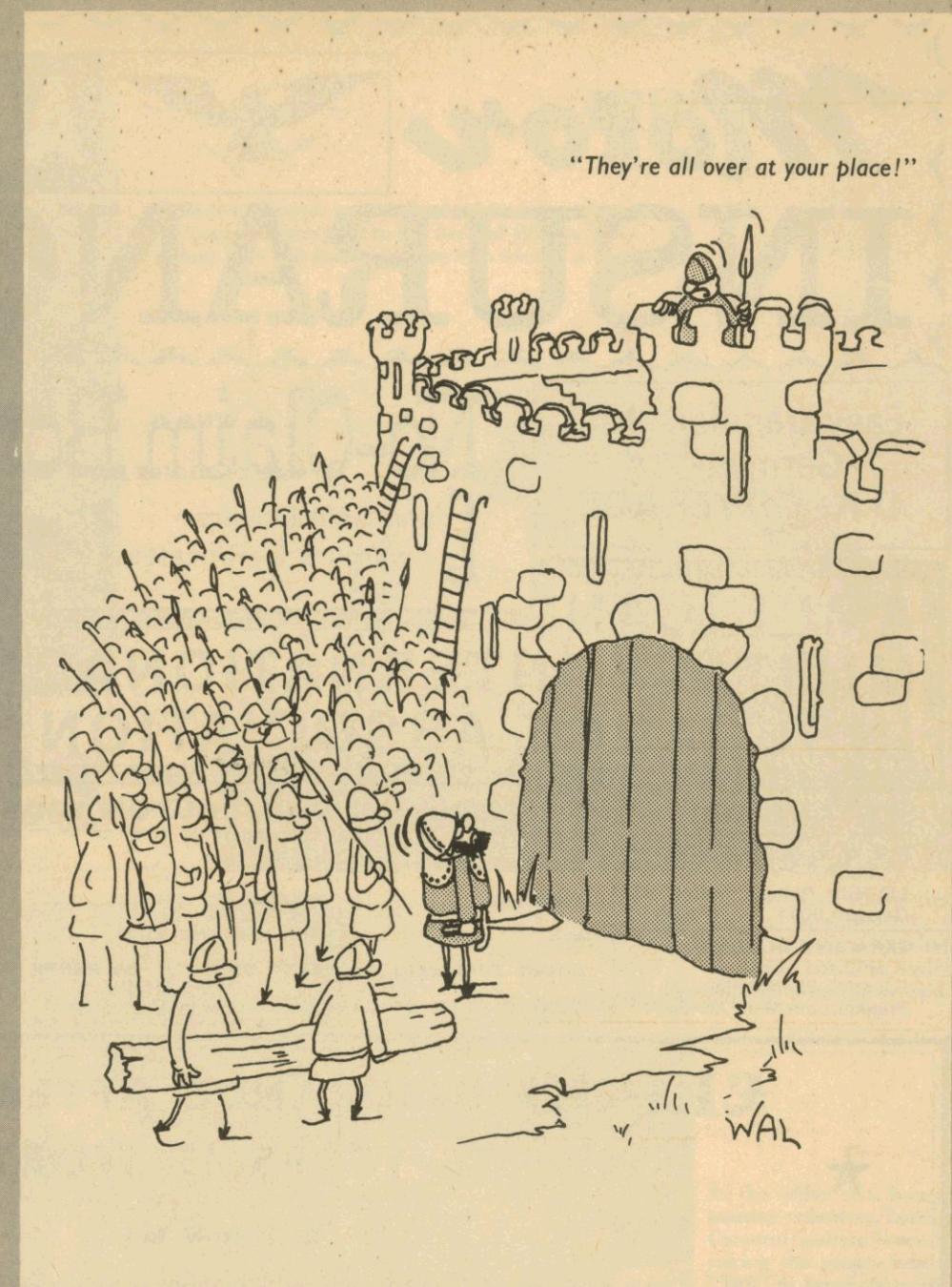
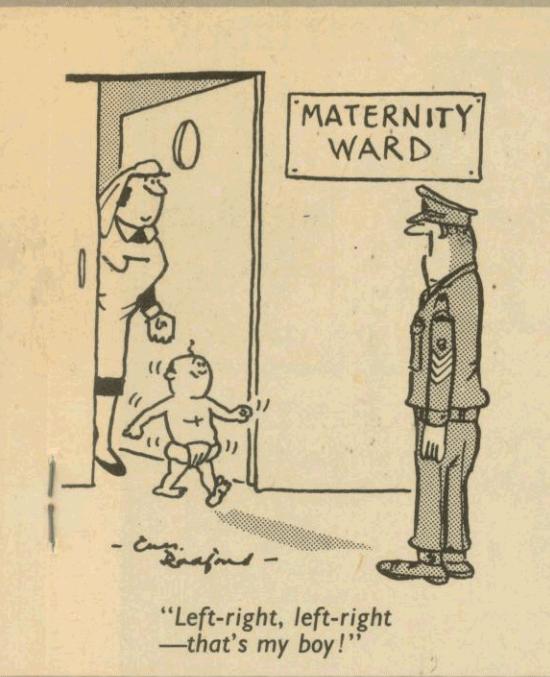
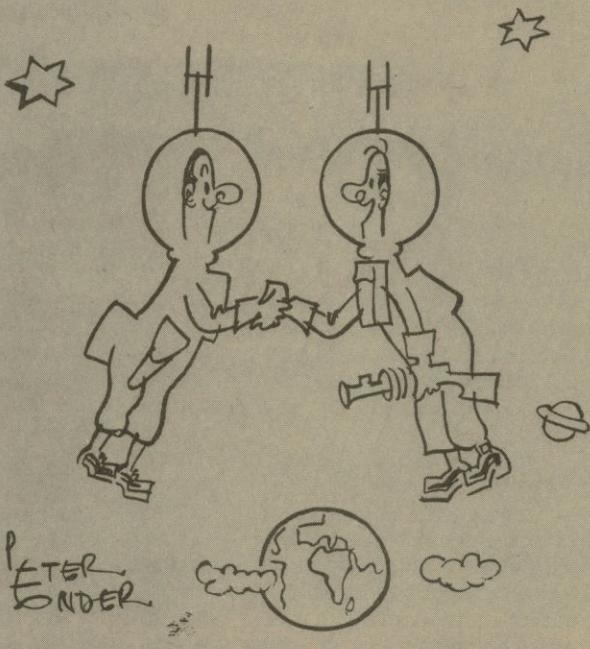
the 12th Home Guard Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment, when it was reformed in 1952, a job he did for four years before finally closing the door on a colourful Army career.

Despite all these years of service his narrowest escape from death came at his home in Southampton in November, 1940, when a 1200lb bomb blasted the building. He and his wife, who were sheltering under the stairs, crawled unhurt from the rubble.

Both Sergeant-Major Overton's sons served through World War Two, the elder in the Grenadier Guards and the younger, like his father, in the Royal Artillery.



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A German vintner pours a bucketful of grapes into the container strapped to the back of Private Tony Abbott who will then carry the 80lb load to a cart.



Private Brian Harris tips his load of grapes into a barrel. "I've never worked so hard, but I've really enjoyed myself," he said.



In the cellar of a house, another volunteer, Lance-Corporal Graham Jones, is raking the grapes into a "Mill" to break them up.

VINTNERS In The Making

HOW to make wine, in six easy lessons. That was what 130 British soldiers set out to learn when they volunteered to share for three weeks the life and work of German families in the Moselle wine country.

The men, from 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, 40 Regiment and 18 Regiment, Royal Artillery, and 1st Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, soon found this was no easy job. First steps in wine-making, for most of the soldiers, meant trudging from collecting points, with 80lb of grapes, to waiting carts on the vineyard tracks. Slippery steps, too, for there is an art in tipping grapes from a container on one's back into a barrel. Before mastering the technique, several men slipped and dived headfirst into the juicy grapes.

Early each morning, after a breakfast of sausage meat, the volunteers rode in tractor-drawn carts up the vine-covered slopes on the Moselle's banks and until dusk filled their containers with grapes and carried them to the carts. After leaving the vineyards they went to the cellars below the centuries-old houses to help shovel the crop into the presses.

"It has been a great experience and the local people and British soldiers have got on excellently together," said Captain David Pank, commanding The King's Shropshire Light Infantry contingent. "It has done a great deal for Anglo-German relations."

A LAUGH ON EVERY PAGE

If you want a jolly good laugh you couldn't do better than get your own copy of "SOLDIER Humour," a 64-page booklet containing more than 100 of the best cartoons published in SOLDIER over the past few years.

There's a chuckle or two on every page—which is excellent value by any standards for the 1s. 3d. that "SOLDIER Humour" costs.

"SOLDIER Humour" is on sale at bookstalls at home and overseas. Unit PRI's and individual subscribers may order copies direct from: H.M. Stationery Office, P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1.



"As a Catering Corps sergeant, how long do you think we should leave you on?"

THE "VIKINGS" ARE WITH IT



ATEST of the Army's steel bands is that of the 1st East Anglian Regiment. It was formed by members of the Corps of Drums while the Battalion was serving in Georgetown, British Guiana, and specialises in West Indian calypsos, the twist and "Jump up" music.

Local musicians taught the members of the band, who call themselves the "Fascinators," and within a few months the group was competing with British Guiana steel bands. At one engagement, the "Miss British Guiana" contest, attended by the Prime Minister, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, the Mayor of Georgetown congratulated the "Fascinators" on their high standard. Since the Battalion's return from Guiana, the group has appeared on television.

RIGHT LEFT and CENTRE

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, welcomes Colonel H. A. White, a former officer of the 1st Battalion of the Brigade of Guards (2nd Punjab) to the bi-centenary celebrations of the Battalion at the Red Fort, Delhi. On the opening day of the celebrations, the President presented new Regimental Colours to the Battalion and the old Colours were trooped out.

Colonel White, who was flown out to India by the Indian Brigade of Guards, served as a captain in the Brigade's 1st Battalion and commanded No. 2 Guard when the old Colours were presented at Madras in 1934.



FRANCE'S LATEST MILITARY EQUIPMENT WAS ON SHOW AND IN ACTION WHEN THE FRENCH ARMY HELD ITS BIGGEST



A camouflaged half-track crossing a Gillois bridge.

A column on the move during the exercises. The Jeep-type vehicle carries an anti-tank weapon.

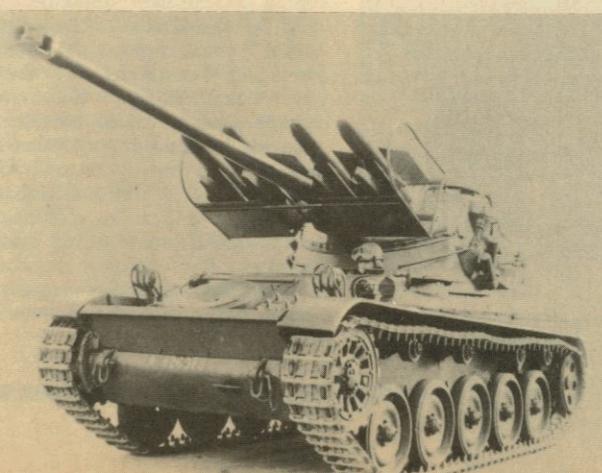


As air travel replaces sea trooping, this is the kind of view with which the modern soldier becomes familiar. This picture was taken from a Comet 4B, flying at 40,000 ft., between Cyprus and Greece. Sergeant M. Parsons, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, of Army Public Relations, took the picture at 5.30 pm, using a No. 4 red filter, Ilford FP3 film, shutter speed of 500 and an aperture of 5.6. The film was developed in Kodak microdol ultra fine grain developer.

MANOEUVRES FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS. SOME 50,000 TROOPS TOOK PART IN THE EXERCISES, HELD IN EASTERN FRANCE



A 14-ton tracked armoured personnel carrier, with a capacity of 12 men and the driver. A light or medium machine-gun can be swivel-mounted below the turret.



This new AMX tank carries a 75mm gun and missiles.



This radar equipment, carried by two men, can detect a vehicle or body of men on the move at five kilometres' range, or stationary at one-and-a-half kilometres.

WITH the Regimental Band at its head and Colours flying, the detachment marched down the narrow country lane and halted opposite the old man sitting sunning himself outside his cottage at Lydd, in Kent. His eyes shone as he recognised his old Regiment, and a tear escaped as the squad responded to the order: "57th Regiment, to Henry Holloway, present arms!"

This was the tribute of The Middlesex Regiment (Duke of Cambridge's Own) in 1888 to the sole survivor of the immortal stand at Albuhera in 1811. Henry Holloway was there, as a drummer boy just 11 years old.

Today, in another country cottage near Basingstoke, the Regiment has a veteran who took part in that tribute, Mr. Francis Hurst, aged 94, a living link with the battle upon which The Middlesex Regiment's traditions are based, the battle that gave the Regiment its nickname, "The Diehards".

It was Colonel William Inglis, commanding the 57th of Foot at Albuhera, who, as he lay badly wounded, shouted "Die hard my men, die hard!" Of the 570 men, 430 were killed or wounded. Another regiment to distinguish itself in the Peninsular War was the 77th of Foot, earning the praise of Wellington for a magnificent rearguard action at El Bodon, being reduced to 100 men after the capture of Badajoz, and later linking up with the 57th at Toulouse.

Some 60 years later the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, chose the 77th as his own Regi-



Men of the Middlesex were among the first in action in Korea, fighting in this kind of terrain.

THE DIEHARD LEGEND

ment, and in 1881 when the 57th and 77th amalgamated it was as The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex) Regiment. This marriage produced a force that has maintained and enhanced many times the traditions born at Albuhera, not least during World War One when the Regiment mustered 46 battalions hundreds of awards, including six Victoria Crosses and 83 Battle Honours.

Through World War Two the Regiment fought on almost every front. The 1st Battalion was lost at Hong Kong, holding out for 14 chaotic days against Japanese hordes. When the Colony surrendered, survivors became prisoners-of-war, many of them to die later in the hold of a Japanese ship torpedoed en route for Tokyo. Men of the 2nd Battalion were among the last to leave Dunkirk and among the first to return on D-Day, fighting from the Normandy

34 Military Medals tell a story of unparalleled gallantry, inspired by a commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Maxwell, who was himself the holder of a Victoria Cross. World War One earned The Middlesex Regiment hundreds of awards, including six Victoria Crosses and 83 Battle Honours.

Since then the Battalion has spent two years in Austria, three in Cyprus and three years at Hamelin, Germany, returning home last May to be stationed —for the first time since that memorable salute to Henry Holloway 75 years ago—at Lydd. Deputising in 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group for the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, at present in Bahrain, the Battalion has been training in Greece (see

beaches through Belgium and Holland and across the Rhine to Bremen.

It was in June, 1949, ten months after the two Regular Battalions had been amalgamated, that the 1st Battalion returned to garrison duty at Hong Kong. When the Korean War began the Diehards were among the first British troops in action.

Since then the Battalion has spent two years in Austria, three in Cyprus and three years at Hamelin, Germany, returning home last May to be stationed —for the first time since that memorable salute to Henry Holloway 75 years ago—at Lydd. Deputising in 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group for the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, at present in Bahrain, the Battalion has been training in Greece (see

In this new series on the origins, exploits, personalities, traditions and sporting prowess of British Army Regiments, the spotlight falls first on the Diehards, of Albuhera fame. Next month's issue will feature The Royal Hampshire Regiment



Men of the 57th hold an Albuhera position.

THE SILENT TOAST

THE General Service Medal that Henry Holloway earned as a boy at Albuhera now forms the stem of a silver cup made from the accoutrements of those who fell in that historic stand. Each year, on the battle's anniversary, the officers take the cup to the Sergeants' Mess where the Commanding Officer proposes the Silent Toast—"To those who fell at Albuhera."

After drinking from the cup he passes it to a member of the Sergeants' Mess who drinks and passes it on. Last to drink is the Regimental Sergeant-Major, who must drain it. The cup is passed

round in a silence that can be felt—a tradition that has been maintained for generations.

On the same night, the ceremony of swearing-in the Diehards takes place in the Officers' Mess. The ceremony is a closely-guarded secret. All officers who are not sworn Diehards must leave the room and enter when summoned.

PENTATHLON AND BIATHLON

PENTATHLON has long been the speciality of The Middlesex Regiment, and the example set by Sir Brian Horrocks has been emulated by Corporal Mick Finniss, the British international who last year swept all before him, becoming the first man ever to win the Army, Inter-Services and British Open championships in the same year (see SOLDIER, November, 1962).

The Army's nine men selected for special training in biathlon—shooting and skiing—with an eye on the next Winter Olympics, in 1964, include Corporal Robert Holland, who has learned his skiing with the Regiment.

Though championships have currently eluded the Diehards they are runners-up in Army hockey and pentathlon, third in Army swimming, and runners-up in the Rhine Army Basketball Championships.



Cpl Mick Finniss.



Above: The Regimental cap badge, worn today by Cadets and Territorials, bears the Prince of Wales' plume, coronet and motto, Duke of Cambridge's cipher and coronet and "Albuhera" scroll. Right: collar badge Regulars'.



Sir Brian Horrocks, a famous Diehard.

Regimental button, worn by Cadets and Territorials. Regulars wear Brigade insignia.

WITHOUT question The Middlesex Regiment's most famous son is Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks DSO, MC, whose graphic accounts of battles and stories of castles on television have made him a national celebrity. But, to fellow Diehards, Sir Brian is first an exceptional soldier and outstanding sportsman.

His baptism of fire came very soon after he joined the 1st

Battalion from Sandhurst in August, 1914. After only two months in France his platoon was surrounded and nearly every man was killed or wounded. Young Second-Lieutenant Horrocks, severely wounded in the stomach, was taken prisoner and spent a year in German hospitals.

As soon as he was fit he began to earn himself a reputation for escaping, but despite ten successful breaks his luck never held. Between planning escapes he

learned Russian and within two months of repatriation went to Russia in search of action against the Bolsheviks. After various adventures he was again taken prisoner and finally repatriated to England in 1920, rejoining the 1st Battalion and serving in Silesia, Britain and Germany. During this period he represented Great Britain in pentathlon in Paris in 1924. A born athlete, Sir Brian played for the Battalion in every sport.

Soon after World War Two began he took command of the 2nd Battalion on the Continent, but two days before Dunkirk he was promoted to command 11th Infantry Brigade, the first step of his subsequent rapid rise. In 1948 he accepted the historic post of Black Rod (see SOLDIER, May, 1962).

But Sir Brian still keeps in touch and regularly attends Regimental functions. He is still a Diehard at heart.



The relief sentry gets his orders as The Middlesex Regiment takes over its first guard at the Palace.

Just 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 . . ."

SOLDIER readers know these words by heart. For six years they have accompanied one of SOLDIER's most popular regular features—the two pictures, drawn by Frank Finch, which plague brigadier and trooper, captain and sergeant—and Mum and Dad—alike. It is a feature which has been copied by many of SOLDIER's contemporaries.

This month, "How Observant Are You?" enjoys an exalted status as the January competition. The two pictures still look alike but they are bigger and more complex than usual—and they vary in considerably more than ten details.

Here is the challenge. See how many differences you

can find, list them and send in your answer to reach SOLDIER's London Offices by Monday, 18 February, 1963. The following prizes will go to the senders of the first correct solutions, or nearest correct, to be opened by the Editor:

1 A £10 gift voucher.

2 A £6 gift voucher.

3 A £4 gift voucher.

4 Three recently published books.

5 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.

6 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

7 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER (Army Cadet Force or Combined Cadet Force only).

RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:

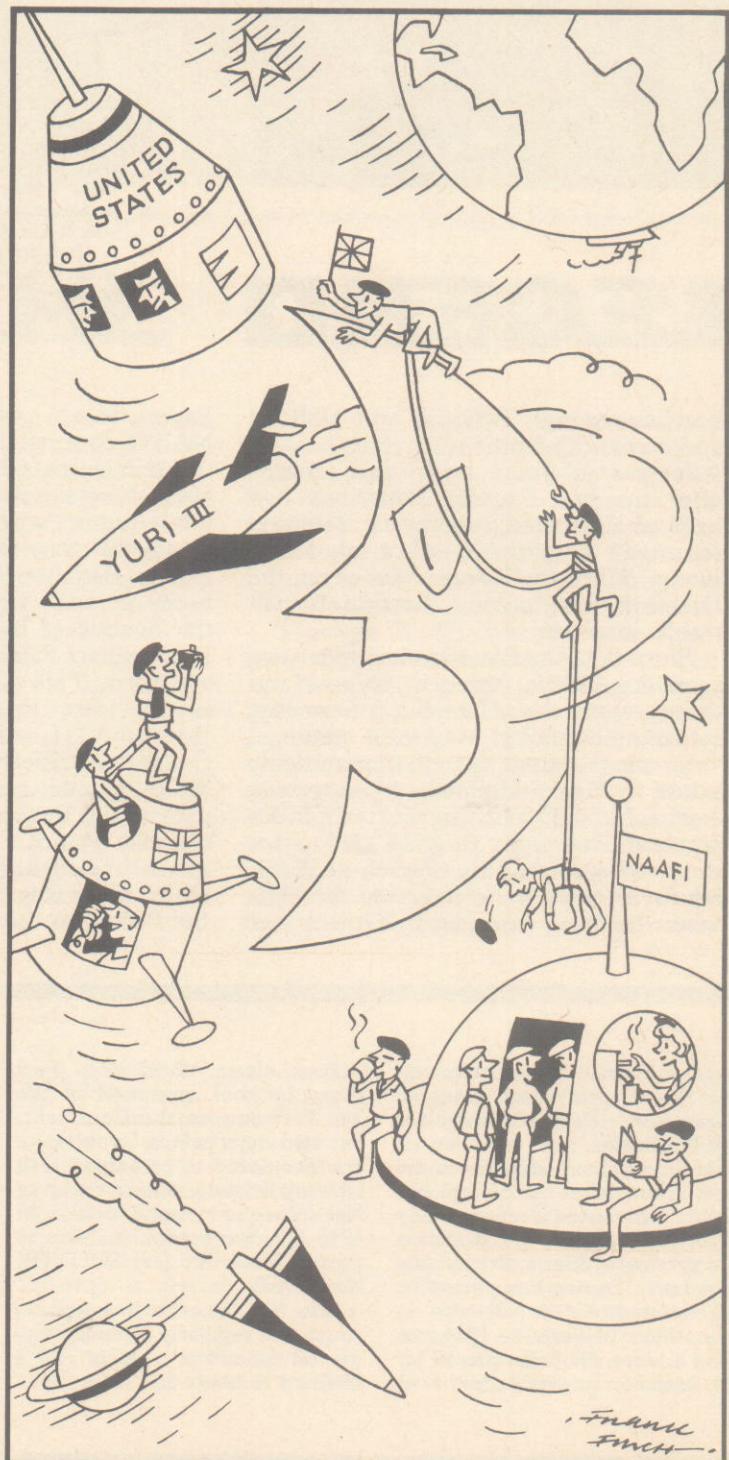
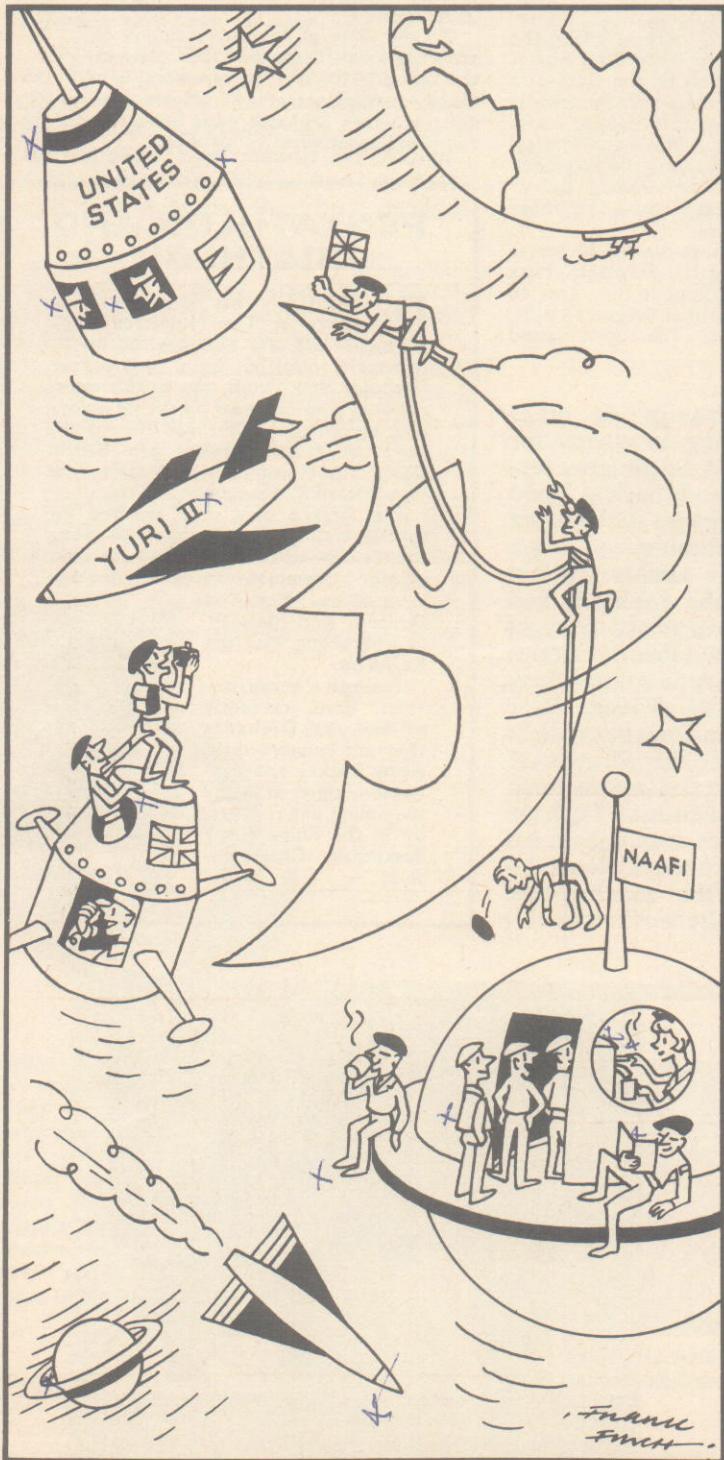
The Editor (Comp 56), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 56" label printed on this page.

3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.

4 Servicemen and women and Services sponsored civilians may compete for prizes 1 to 6; cadets for prizes 4 to 7 and other readers for prizes 4 to 6.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in the April issue of SOLDIER.



ASHI,

SPORT

In this, the first of a new series in which **SOLDIER** features an Army sport, the fast-expanding Judo takes its bow

To begin with there's the *tsuri-koma-ashi* and the *de-ashi-harai*. Of course the *kuzure-kami-shihogatame* and *tomoe-nage* come later and the *renraku-waza* against *koshi-waza* is really advanced stuff. These are terms which are echoing more and more round the lofty rafters of Army gymnasiums. Judo has joined the Army—and is already well on its way to becoming a major Army sport.

The Army Judo Association was formed little more than a year ago and its momentum has been phenomenal. The Army is already well placed to succeed at this exacting sport. It has no fewer than six black belts, highest symbol of Judo proficiency, representing not only years of dedicated work, but an enthusiasm for the sport and a yearning to teach it, urging others to aspire to the same pinnacle of control, co-ordination and fitness of mind and body.



J/Pte Simmons tries for a hold in the Army's first Judo championships. Right: S/Sgt Welsh, winner in the black belt division, in action.

And there are six brown belt holders—also very high up the Judo scale—four blue, ten green, 25 orange, 150 yellow and about 800 white, the latter achievable after about two months' part-time interest and practice. Each progression of colour from yellow upwards represents at least six months' part-time application.

But 800 white belt holders means 800 men already on their way up the Judo ladder, and more are joining every week. This is only the beginning. In 12 months a proportion of those 800 can be holding orange belts, and in two years some will surely hold green and even blue belts. This is just what the enthusiasts who run the Army's Judo are aiming for.

At the Association's first championships—held recently at Oswestry, heart of Army Judo—40 finalists from all United Kingdom commands competed for individual awards in three classes, and a team award. Plans are already in

GOSHI,

ALL

FALL



Sgt-Maj Sheedy (black belt) sorts out a knotty problem as contestants struggle for *osae-komi*.

BACKBONE of the Army Judo Association are the three black belt holders at Oswestry, Major M. G. Harvey MC, of the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, secretary and driving force of the Association; Sergeant-Major Ray Mitchell, physical training instructor at the school; and Staff-Sergeant Harry Welsh, physical training and Judo instructor of 17 Regiment, Royal Artillery, who became the Army's first Judo champion in the senior class of the recent championships. These three experts sowed the first seeds of organised Army Judo among the few pockets of the sport that were thriving in Germany in 1959.

The three other Army holders of the coveted black belt are Sergeant-Major Instructor Michael Sheedy, chief instructor at other ranks level at the Physical Training School, Aldershot; Captain William Tate, 1 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, Colchester; and Lieutenant Graham Macdonald of the Central Ordnance Depot, Bicester, who are all active teachers.

Lieutenant Macdonald represented Scotland as a brown belt, then gained his black belt while spending a year in Japan in 1956. He also gained his 2nd Dan—more advanced black belt grading—under the tuition of the Japanese master, Ojata Hisato, who is himself a 9th Dan, an exalted Judo grading.

DOWN!

hand for this year's championships: officials are anticipating a rapid advance in standards, with last year's contestants competing in higher grades and a new batch of enthusiasts in lower grades.

Before then the Army will have competed in its first British Judo Association

OVER...

SPORT continued

Area Championship, entering as an area against teams from six other areas of the country and a universities' team which also has area status. The Army may well be a force to be reckoned with in this competition.

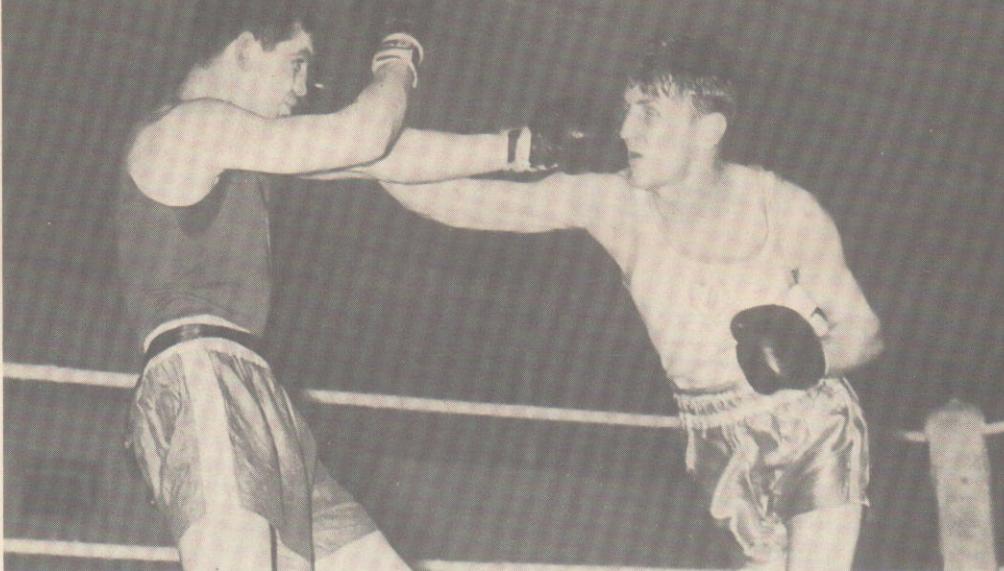
The rapid progress of Army Judo brings its problems, principally the increase in the demand for qualified tuition, a problem which will solve itself as a proportion of the present newcomers reach higher grades and can teach. At present, however, the key men have a lot of travelling to do to meet the demand for tuition.

Since the championships, in October, Staff-Sergeant R. Reilly, who holds the brown belt, has flown from Singapore to Hong Kong to run the first Judo course there. The classes, in off-duty time, have attracted 40 students. The trip was made possible through a physical training instructor transfer, an example of ever-increasing interest and encouragement from official Army sources.

So far the Association has been entirely self-supporting, but it seems almost certain that from next April Judo will be put on the same footing as the other Army sports and receive similar financial help. Then the rest will be up to the soldier's keenness for what exponents will tell you is the ultimate in physical training.

The beginner will find that as well as needing to practise this exacting science he will have practically a new language to learn. *Judoka* (participants) compete on a *tatami* (mat) wearing *judogi* (Judo clothing) and may finally earn an *obi* (Judo belt). Basically they need a smooth flow from *kuzushi* (posture) through *tsukuri* (attack method) to *kake* (action of throwing) and after experiencing a few *o-soto-gari* or *o-goshi* (simple throws) they soon learn the importance of *ukemi* (breakfall!).

But it is a rewarding and absorbing study, as each week more and more soldiers are finding. And any newcomers who care to call at their unit club will find a welcome on the *tatami*!



Pte Peter Young (left) moves inside a right from his Regular Army instructor, Sgt C. Garrigan, and counters deftly.

Terriers On Top

WITH a fierce right cross the Territorial Army private caught his Regular Army sergeant-instructor a stinger on the left ear. Instead of reading the Riot Act, the sergeant came back with a left and right to the body.

This was boxing at its best and most interesting, a bout with an edge to it. Private Peter Young, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, had failed to make the weight in the light-welter section of the annual Army v Territorial Army match at Guildford, and found himself fighting at welterweight—against his own permanent staff instructor, Sergeant C. Garrigan, whom he beat on points.

He gave the Territorial Army its tenth win in 13 bouts, though Private Young's non-appearance in the light-welterweight gave the Army a score of

four. It was the Territorial Army's first win in this series since World War Two.

Two more of Sergeant Garrigan's charges, Private R. Russell (bantam) and Corporal R. Barker (light) had similar success against their Army opponents, providing a hat-trick for the battling Yorkshire battalion. There was a hat-trick, too, for The Durham Light Infantry's Territorials. Private H. Hillary (light-middle), Corporal I. Lawther (light-heavy), both of 6th Battalion, and Private C. Henderson (light), of 8th Battalion, all had good wins.

The Army's winners were Private E. Lofthouse (middleweight), of 16 Base Vehicle Depot; Lance-Corporal P. Taylor (lightweight), 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps; and Sapper R. Boomer (light-middle), 38 Corps Engineer Regiment, though Sapper Boomer's opponent, Lance-Corporal J. Wood, 5th/6th Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment, received a cut eye in a first-round clash of heads which caused the referee to step in promptly.

Another unlucky fighter was the one officer in the match, Lieutenant Mike O'Neill (heavyweight), 24 Regiment, Royal Artillery, who needed eight stitches in the cut that brought a premature end to his bout against Private M. Goodwin, another North Staffordshire Territorial.

Other Territorial victories were gained by Gunner R. Mainwaring (flyweight), 883 Locating Battery, Royal Artillery; Trooper R. Garrett (featherweight), North Irish Horse, who was two pounds overweight at the weigh-in but worked it off in half an hour; and Sapper A. Gilbert (light-welter), 131 Parachute Engineer Regiment, who beat a man who fought for the Territorials the previous year but has since become a Regular, Private J. Lindborg, Intelligence Corps Centre.

This was a fine, well-deserved victory for the Territorial Army, for once free from the last-minute withdrawals that have plagued selectors in recent years. It was a fitting revenge for last year's 11-1 defeat by the Army, and sets the stage for a battle royal this year.

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postage and packing. Stamps cannot be accepted.

WELSH

meet

WELCH

THE clash in Germany between the Welsh Rugby giants of the Army could almost be heard echoing round the valleys of the Rhondda. For the first time in more than 20 years the 1st Battalion, The South Wales Borderers, winners of the Army Cup a record four successive years, and the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, winners of the Army Cup a record ten times, met in open conflict.

The Welch took an early lead when Regimental Sergeant-Major Roberts pounced on a bad kick for touch and dived over, Captain D. Cox converting with a great kick. The Borderers replied with a series of spirited attacks and Private Birkett scored a fine try in which more than half the team had a share. But the kick failed.

The crucial period came early in the second half with the Borderers well on top and striving for the lead. Determined Welch tackling saved their line but it was not until late in the game that the Welch broke through to clinch the match 8-3 with a try by Private Evans.

Books For The Sportsman

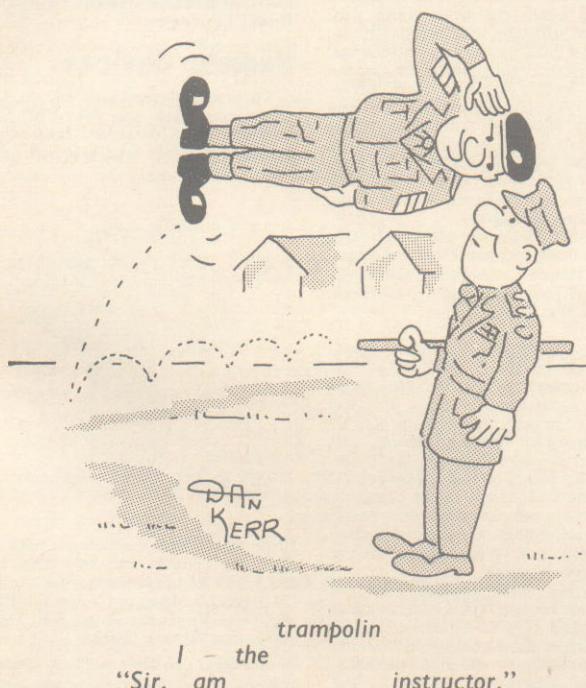
THE dedication of "World Cup '62" (Souvenir Press, 18s) is to Manuel Molina Gonzales, 17-year-old mascot of the Uruguay national side, who "died of a broken heart" when Uruguay lost to Yugoslavia in the 1962 World Cup. It is to just such enthusiasts that this book will appeal.

It is a detailed and exhaustive record of this mammoth footballing encounter, with a history of the competition—it began in 1930—followed by reports and scores, chronologically, of the matches in the 14 qualifying groups for the finals in Chile.

The competition in Chile is dealt with day by day, match by match, with detailed reports, order, time and scorers of goals, and all teams, referees, linesmen and attendances. Reports lengthen progressively up to the final which merits an eight-page description. As a record it is admirable, but as an entertainment it must surely test the enthusiasm of the most ardent Soccer supporter.

INSPIRED by the independent television programme of the same name, "Seeing Sport" (Desmond Lloyd, 15s) is a well-produced, well-illustrated book dealing with the techniques of 15 different sports. The contributors are acknowledged experts and each is given sufficient space to cover the basic principles of his sport and add several useful tips.

Alf Gover (cricket), Tony Mottram (tennis), Tommy Docherty (soccer), Johnny Leach (table tennis) and John Disley (climbing) are among the contributors, and other sports covered are athletics, Rugby, swimming, angling, boxing, ice skating, camping, canoeing, hockey and Judo.



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LETTERS

How Much Longer?

HOW much longer can Airborne Forces survive as at present constituted? The parachute has about as much place in modern warfare as the zeppelin, and, while none would wish to see the red beret disappear, some new method of air landing must be devised if the use of airborne troops is to remain practical in an age when Russian fighter aircraft can exceed 1500 mph. Our present transport aircraft are barely faster than those of World War Two.—S/Sgt J. Sims, 111 Hollingbury Road, Brighton 6, Sussex.

The White House

Although one hears about the burning of the White House by British forces in 1814, the fact that this was done in retaliation for the burning and looting of York (now Toronto) in Upper Canada does not seem to be generally known. This was a naval action by an American force on its way to join the attack on Niagara, in 1813.—Maj E. J. D. Edmonds, RCA, 4403 West 15th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, Canada.

Kilted Confederates

As a result of my article which appeared in SOLDIER (July, 1961) I received many requests for information on the uniform of a Confederate unit, the Charleston Highlanders of South Carolina, but no data was available to me at that time. However, I have just received information describing the uniform of this unit, details of which are as follows:

Black feather bonnet with red and white diced band; red jacket piped with white; white cuff tabs with three buttons; belts of white buff leather and buttons and buckles of silver; white horsehair sporran with black leather top and three silver-topped black tassels; black shoes; red and white diced hose-tops and white spats; the plaid was a half or belted plaid and the kilt and plaid were of MacDonald tartan. Which MacDonald tartan was not specified, but it is believed to have been MacDonald of Glengarry.

I hope this information will be of value to fellow military historians and collectors.—1st Sgt Bruce Cameron, 97th Regiment, NY State, 102 West 93rd Street, New York, NY, USA.

Motor-Cycle v Scout Car

I cannot agree that motor-cycles are as efficient as scout cars for recce purposes (Letters, November). A scout car is, after all, an armoured fighting vehicle, and recce often involves fighting for information—a bit tough on the motor-cyclist!

As for the wide dispersal of troops in the event of nuclear war; what better means of control and communication than a completely self-sufficient scout car equipped with wireless?

Once having made contact with the enemy a scout car can report back by radio a constant and reliable stream of information, whereas the motor-cyclist, having spotted the enemy, would ride back with the required information which, by the time he arrived, might well be as out of date as last week's newspaper. Further-

more, not only is the scout car in constant radio contact, but this contact can still be maintained by other crew members should the car commander become a casualty.—Sgt C. C. Wicker, HQ Sqn, Inns of Court and City Yeomanry, RAC (TA), Chancery Lane, London WC2.

I was surprised to find that my letter on the subject of scout cars versus motor-cycles as recce vehicles (SOLDIER, July) raised so much controversy: I have received many letters giving the "pros" and "cons" for both points of view. I have discussed the matter with a number of Regular Army officers and they are of the opinion that a scout car is not so vulnerable to small arms fire as a motor-cycle and also offers more protection.

Although some of your correspondents may disagree with me on the question of whether there should be a motor-cycle corps or not, I hope we are all united in strongly disapproving the introduction of black "Teddy-boy" jackets.—Cadet Birtwistle, Ashton House, Quernmore Road, Lancaster.

Nuclear Devices

To settle an argument can SOLDIER please say when the first "A" or "H" bomb in the Christmas Island series was exploded? I was on Christmas Island in



1958 when five explosions took place, three "A" bombs and two "H" bombs, and I was told that these were the first.—L/Cpl R. G. Mee, 15 Corps Fd Pk Sqn, Corps Engineer Regt, RE, Derry Barracks, Ripon, Yorks.

* The first British nuclear device was exploded off Montebello Islands, Australia, in October, 1952. The first of the Christmas Island series was exploded in May, 1957.

Bonnet & Glengarry

In the November issue of SOLDIER, "Gordon Terrier" states that "The bonnet was always a Lowland headdress in the Army, and therefore quite incorrect for wear with the kilt." In fact the blue bonnet was the original Highland headdress, and is shown on the figure of The Black Watch soldier in the 1742 Clothing Book.

The Glengarry appeared in the mid-nineteenth century and was adopted as undress headdress by the whole Army in 1873, Scottish regiments, both Highland and Lowland, wearing it in most cases with a diced border. Photographs of The Royal Scots Fusiliers in Zululand in 1879 show them wearing the diced Glengarry. The full dress headdress was, of course, the busby.

The modern bonnet was indeed "thrust upon" all Scottish regiments, but only The Royal Scots Fusiliers fought the



Here, in pictures, is the answer to several queries from overseas readers and from the Sassenachs at home: The bonnet (top) and the Glengarry.

innovation, their efforts being rewarded by King George VI's permission to retain the Glengarry.

I hope "Gordon Terrier" will now agree that (a) the bonnet in various forms is indeed part of the Highland wardrobe, and (b) The Royal Highland Fusiliers have worn the Glengarry for as long as

● **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.

any Scots regiment and, by virtue of their stand against officialdom, have probably a greater right to wear it.

Moral: Do not, at any time, accept indignities (sartorial or otherwise) which are thrust upon you in the name of progress or standardisation.—Capt D. I. A. Mack, Depot, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, Winston Barracks, Lanark.

Victoria Cross

Canon W. M. Lummis erred in his letter (SOLDIER, November). Lieutenant Robert Blair was an officer in The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards) when he won his Victoria Cross during the Indian Mutiny, although on the actual day he won the award he was attached to the 9th Lancers. A descendant of Lieutenant Blair, the late Sir Robert Maconchie, presented Blair's Cross to The Queen's Bays in 1956. It now hangs in the Mess of the recently amalgamated Regiment, 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards.—Col G. W. Draffen DSO, Colonel, 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, Shawdene, Donnington, Newbury, Berks.

All my spare time for more than two years has been devoted to research with a view to compiling a complete standard work on the Victoria Cross, to be entitled "Aristocracy of the Brave." Despite a thorough scrutiny of official records and access to the unique Lummis VC files, much essential information is still lacking, and I should be most grateful if any readers who have authentic knowledge of any VC, relatives, schools, memorials, museums or institutions with Crosses or documents relating thereto gifted or on loan, in short, anyone who can supply or corroborate data, would please get in touch with me. Every letter will be gratefully acknowledged.—Mrs. Ian Pratt, Brambles, Heatherdene, West Horsley, Surrey.

Capering Bandsmen

For too long we endured the dreary "Oom-Pah-Pah" of military bands. Now we have Guards bands breaking into the popular "Seventy-six Trombones," the BBC featuring Army clarinettists and a twist session at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.

The honour of wearing the Queen's uniform is not in dispute, nor is it dis-

OVER...

CAN YOU HELP?

A recent bush fire at Sinoia, in Southern Rhodesia, completely gutted the home of Captain G. R. Norton VC, MM, who won his Victoria Cross while serving as a platoon commander in the 1st/4th Battalion, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, at the battle of Monte Gridolfo in the Gothic Line, Italy, on 31 August, 1944.

The official citation says: "Lieutenant Norton displayed matchless courage, outstanding initiative and inspiring leadership. By his supreme gallantry, fearless example and determined aggression, he assured the successful breach of the Gothic Line at this point." Wounded and weak from loss of blood, Lieutenant Norton was taken back to base hospital where he discovered that the nurse who was to look after him was his twin sister. The next day was their birthday.

Certain treasured documents and newspaper cuttings relating to the awards of the Victoria Cross and Military Medal were also lost in the fire, and Captain Norton and his wife are most anxious to replace these. Can any reader help? Documents etc. should be sent to: RHQ, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, Serles House, Winchester, Hants.

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more letters

graced by the "antics," "capers" or "waltzing coons" of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry Band. Quite the reverse. Retired Brigadier and Retired Lieutenant-Colonel should wake up to the fact that this is a modern man's Army—the days of Wellington and Roberts are over. Tradition, in its proper perspective, will never die, but the modern Army must not be stifled by clap-trap and "what we did in the Crimea."

The King's Shropshire Light Infantry has a Band to be proud of, all its members are accomplished musicians and it is a credit to all concerned.

Carry on, Bandmaster Ridings, and more power to your baton!—A. R. Cox (Sgt, RA, Rtd), 31 Cranbrook Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

As a serving Regular soldier I was truly amazed at the attitude of the two retired officers (Letters, November). I am unable to see how the efficiency of a fine band can be impaired because the binding rigidity of military band music is slightly bent in order to prove that new ideas do exist.—L/Cpl D. Smith, HQ Northern Army Group, BFPO 40.

Gad, Sir! It would take a retired brigadier from Camberley and a retired colonel from Cheltenham to object to the Band of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry trying to move with the times (Letters, November)!—Maj D. J. O. Thomas (Rtd), North Garden, Treyford, Midhurst, Sussex.

What Is It ?

I read with interest Mr. J. Turner's letter in the October issue of SOLDIER.

Unless I am mistaken, the badge in question was designed by a man named Michael Halsted while he was an assistant master at my old school, Bradfield College, Berkshire. The badge, which should be worn with the sword pointing upwards, is based on the St. Andrew's Cross, the school crest. Halsted had been invalidated out of The Queen's Bays and, on joining the school staff in 1943, offered to assist in the training of the Junior Training Corps.

One of his innovations was the formation of a "Commando" company for those cadets who had passed their Certificate "A," Part II. However, before they were allowed to join this "company d'élite," cadets had to pass a number of tests to prove their capabilities as instructors. Training in the company was comparatively advanced and consisted,

Collectors' Corner

B. H. Vanderveen, Apple Tree Cottage, Lodge Lane, Salfords, Surrey.—Military vehicle data books, photos etc., all nations and periods. Also exchange.

J. De Vos, De Pintelaan 183, Ghent, Belgium.—Will exchange Belgian for worldwide cap badges.

Maj Jeanette L'Hommedieu, PO Box 483, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, USA.—All foreign military insignia.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 53 (October—quiz) were:

1. Mr. E. L. Edmunds, White House, 81 High Street, Bagshot, Surrey.

2. CSM B. K. Longhurst, RASC/AER, 74A Waldron Road, London SW18.

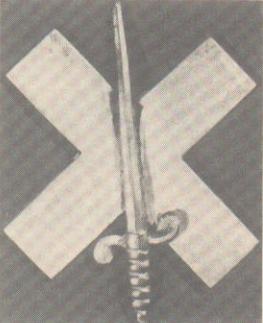
3. WO II S. H. Cartwright, Army Information Office, 6 Commercial Road, Hereford.

4. Sgt T. M. Cross, RAPC, War Office (F9), Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W1.

5. WO I G. A. Gladman, 35 Base Workshop, REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

6. Mr. J. Bethell, 244 Malyons Road, Ladywell, Lewisham, London SE13.

The correct answers were: 1. (d) (island, Outer Hebrides). 2. Centurion, Chieftain, Comet, Crusader, Cromwell, Conqueror, Covenanter, Churchill, etc. 3. (a) *Lively* cricket; (b) *Dead* doornail; (c) *Wise* owl; (d) *Right* rain; (e) *Slippery* eel. 4. (d) *Zither*-stringed. 5. (a) *Washington*; (b) *Canberra*; (c) *Stockholm*; (d) *Edinburgh*. 6. (a) *Anthracite*; (b) *Antarctic*; (c) *Antelope*; (d) *Antlers*; (e) *Antennae*. 7. *Hell*, *Hull* and *Halifax*; *Sun*, *moon* and *stars*; *The organ*, *the monkey and me*; *Red*, *yellow* and *blue*; *Hung*, *drawn* and *quartered*; *Guide*, *philosopher* and *friend*; *Famine*, *sword* and *fire*. 8. (a) *S (Seven)*; (b) *XXI*; (c) *128*. 9. *Miner*. 10. (b) *(Canadian jerricans)*. 11. (c) *(St. Paul's Cathedral)*.



inter alia, of crawling under fire and initiative tests.

As a mark of distinction, members of the "Commando" company were entitled to wear a green beret with the special St. Andrew's Cross badge.—Maj J. A. Henry, Royal Artillery, HQ 1 (BR) Corps, BFPO 39.

Odd Calibre

Surely there is an error in the article "A Gun Goes Mountain High" (SOLDIER, November)?

I do not know much about artillery, but I cannot help thinking that a 3.7 mm pack howitzer is a bit on the small side. 3.7 mm is about 0.146 in, slightly smaller than the average air rifle calibre; should not the 3.7 mm be 3.7 in?—Tpr C. O. Hutt, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (TA), c/o Meadoway, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham, Glos.

* Yes. For 3.7 mm read 3.7 in. It's this Common Market influence!

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

Executive Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, June 1963 (Basic grade rises to over £1,200); good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, October 1963. Customs Officer 18-23, March 1963 and 1964 and Preventive Officer 19-21, February 1963 and 1964; extension of age limits for Forces service.

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BOOKS



A Horsa glider in flight, as seen from the gunner's position in the towing aircraft, an *Albemarle*.

THEY FLEW AND FOUGHT

THE Glider Pilot Regiment was a hybrid corps, born of Army and Royal Air Force co-operation at a time when relations between the two Services at home were not marked by that understanding achieved in the later campaigns of World War Two.

The new Regiment was lucky to have as midwife, nurse and leader an officer whose hybrid training might have been planned for the job. George Chatterton had been a naval cadet and a Regular pilot in the Royal Air Force. Grounded by Royal Air Force doctors when he was recalled to the Reserve, he transferred to The Queen's Royal Regiment.

He became the first commander of the Glider Pilot Regiment training centre, and from the first saw the glider pilots as "total soldiers"—men with the independence and flexibility of Royal Air Force pilots in the air, but able instantly to become ground soldiers and fight alongside their passengers when their gliders had landed. For this he demanded Guards discipline, training in all Infantry weapons, tank driving and wireless.

How he accomplished all this, Brigadier Chatterton tells in "The Wings of Pegasus" (Macdonald, 30s), his history of the Regiment. The means were far from orthodox. Once he masqueraded as a colonel in the American Air Force to put his case; he also set up an unofficial office in the coal cellar of a Royal Air Force headquarters and became the self-styled "Commander Glider Pilots," an appointment which later became official.

One of his most difficult moments came in Algiers when, as commander

of the 1st Battalion, he was told his unit was to be used in the Sicily landings. He protested that the pilots had insufficient training, and was given half an hour to decide whether to be relieved of his command or go forward with the operation. He decided to see it out, and himself landed a glider in the sea off the Sicily coast.

At Arnhem, the Glider Pilots lost

615 casualties, all but a death blow to the Regiment. For the Rhine crossing operation, 1500 surplus Royal Air Force pilots were drafted into the Glider Pilot Regiment, an inter-Service problem that was not eased by some of them wearing the Glider Pilots' red berets with their blue uniforms.

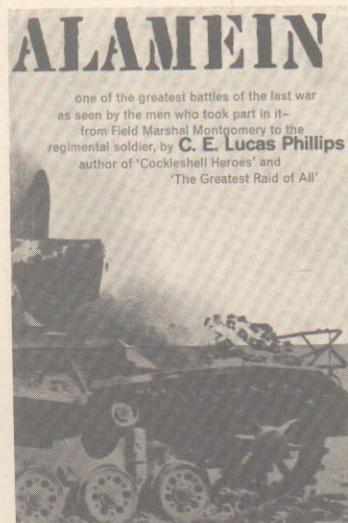
Brigadier Chatterton's book is well salted with individual accounts of action. Perhaps the most revealing thing to the layman is the hazards that the glider pilots ran in training and in ferrying their machines: an astonishing number of things could go wrong.

The author's conception of "total soldiers" was vindicated many times, but notably during the drops in Holland. While the British glider pilots were fighting at Arnhem and a battalion commander took over a brigade, 1000 American glider pilots around Nijmegen were unemployable because they had no formation on the ground, at a critical moment when a reserve would have been invaluable.

The Glider Pilot Regiment lingered on after the war, and many of its members flew as second pilots on transports during the Berlin air lift. The role of the glider in war was over, however, and the pilots converted to light aircraft. In 1957, the Regiment closed down as the new Army Air Corps came into being.

R. L. E.

ALAMEIN- THE 12-DAY SLOGGING MATCH



ALAMEIN looks like becoming one of the most written-about battles—and why not? Historically it was vital, it was full of drama at every level, and in parts it was controversial.

Brigadier C. E. Lucas Phillips makes a very useful contribution to the literature of the battle in his "Alamein" (Heinemann, 30s). It succeeds in describing what it was like to be present, a task which authors more concerned with unravelling complicated tactical threads have ignored. The author, who commanded a Gunner regiment in the battle, has been able to write much at first-hand.

He devotes a good deal of space to some of the more dramatic aspects and incidents. One is the way in which minefields were breached to let through assaulting Infantry and armour. Those Alamein minefields, "Devil's Gardens" the Germans called them, were a nightmare, booby-trapped and covered by enemy fire. A Royal Engineers major

OVER...

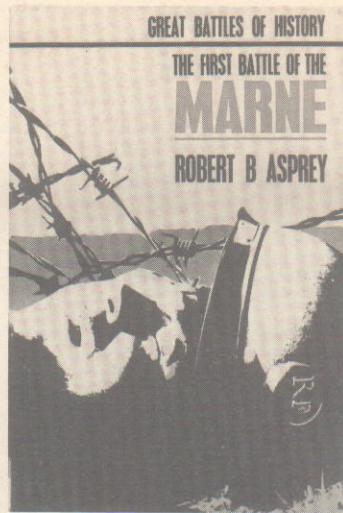
worked out a drill for lane clearing and the Sappers calmly carried it out.

There is a detailed account of the stand at "Snipe," where the attenuated 2nd Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, with Gunners and Sappers, fewer than 300 men all told, was ordered to make an island of resistance in enemy territory until the arrival of an armoured brigade.

There is also the Balaclava-like charge of the 9th Armoured Brigade—3rd Hussars, Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry and Warwickshire Yeomanry—against the enemy anti-tank gun screen on the Rahman track. This should have been an Infantry task, but no Infantry was available and General Montgomery wanted a hole in the screen to enable 1st Armoured Division to break through. The start was delayed, and dawn silhouetted the tanks and made them easy targets for the gunners. Montgomery attached such importance to this operation that he had said he would be prepared to accept one hundred per cent casualties. It was not as bad as that, but 230 of 400 officers and men, and 75 of 94 tanks were lost. The effect of the charge on the course of the battle is still a matter for controversy.

Montgomery had warned his army to expect a 12-day slogging match. On the eleventh day, reports the author, although Montgomery himself was outwardly the soul of confidence, "to nearly everyone at the end of that day the position was still critical, indeed, seriously critical." But on the twelfth day, Highland and Indian troops made the attacks which opened the gates, "Monty" had been proved right—and the long chase to Tunisia was on.

R. L. E.



MARNE was an Allied victory

THE First Battle of the Marne was the great five-day encounter which condemned the German and Allied armies to four years of trench warfare during which the flower of each belligerent's youth perished. It is often stated loosely that the battle ended in stalemate, but it must be counted as an Allied victory since it wrecked Germany's programme for a lightning victory in the West before the big march to the East.

Secondly, it can be regarded as an Allied moral victory since it turned world opinion against Germany for "the rape of Belgium." Maybe because many accounts of World War One fighting are out of print, maybe because

the reader with an interest in war is tired of World War Two battles, the current rash of 1914-18 books is achieving an amazing following.

On the whole they provide good reading, but it is fair to say that they add little which has not been said a hundred times before. Such a book is "The First Battle of the Marne" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s), by Robert B. Asprey.

As an account of a battle it cannot be bettered. A former officer of the United States Marine Corps, Mr. Asprey has made an exhaustive study of the facts and has acquired a firm, soldierly grasp of his subject. With clarity and precision he unfolds the opposing plans of campaign of which this battle was the outcome. With equal clarity he describes the fighting and, although his maps leave much to be desired, the text more than makes up for the deficiency.

Perhaps the great feature of this book is its liveliness. So often, the urgency of the moment—particularly so in the case of post World War One books—is lost in turgid writing. If only because he has written an accurate account in the style of the Sixties, Mr. Asprey's book deserves recommendation.

It may not come to be regarded as a classic, but it is, nevertheless a valuable record. Coupled to this, it is one of a new series of books on Great Battles of History.

Other books, in preparation, are on the battles of El Alamein, Sedan, Koeniggratz, Alma and the Zulu War. May one put in a plea for Stalingrad. We have had an account by a German war correspondent and one by a British author, both of which achieved what they set out to do, but we still wait for the military historian's account in the fashion set by this new series.

C. W.



The bombardment of Port Arthur. After losing their original battering train at sea, the Japanese later brought up siege guns firing 11-inch shells.

THE Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 is one of those conflicts which, because they do not directly affect the English-speaking peoples, are apt to be neglected by their historians. Yet it was the Japanese victory over the Russians which showed that the white man was not invincible and which kindled the flames of Pan-Asianism and Pan-Africanism.

Many "I was there" accounts of this war were published soon after it, but few were authoritative and fewer still put it into its true perspective. Today's reader is faced with a barren prospect if he wants to study this small but vital clash of arms. All the more reason, therefore, to welcome "Red Sun Rising: The Siege of Port Arthur" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s), by Major Reginald Hargreaves.

Here, in the new battle series, is a fascinating, often exciting, account of the principal land engagement of that war, the battle which was to become just one of the levers which toppled the Tsar from his throne a few years later.

Clausewitz wrote: "War is a continuation of policy by other means." The ostensible cause of this particular war was the Russian refusal to withdraw from Southern Manchuria. It is hard not to sympathise with the Japanese for following the Clausewitz dogma, but one would have expected the obvious parallel to be drawn between the initial naval attack on Port Arthur and the

equally stealthy attack on Pearl Harbour in 1941.

But this is by the way. In no way does it affect the quality of this portrait of a battle. And what a lively canvas it is! With discerning judgment Major Hargreaves sums up his men. The Russian commander, Baron Stossel, we find, is "an inflated military manikin overweighed by his epaulettes". The man who might have won a great Russian victory, General Smirnoff, is constantly hectored by the bombastic baron, backed by the interfering Baroness Stossel. On the other side, the Japanese leaders, General Nogi and Admiral Togo, are quiet and confident, conducting their campaign with steady competence.

Coupled with his sound estimate of the men involved, Major Hargreaves exhibits a careful sense of evidence and a keen knowledge of world affairs which takes us through the tactical ebb and flow of battle to wider horizons of strategy.

How, for instance, could the Russian viceroy, Admiral Alexeieff, supposedly a seaman, fail to see the possibility of seaborne landings? Why did he suppose the Japanese would march overland from the Yalu River? Why, indeed, was mighty Russia defeated by a nation which only 30 years before was a feudal vacuum? Major Hargreaves, by excellent research, supplies the answers to all these questions, and in doing so presents us with a book which will take its place alongside the best war histories.

C. W.

MIGHTY RUSSIA HUMBLED

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TIME WAS ON THE ALLIES' SIDE

THE Allies won World War One because General Foch's policy failed and General Ludendorff's succeeded. A paradox? No, says Mr. Barrie Pitt in "1918, The Last Act" (Cassell, 30s), a vivid and comprehensive assessment of the final year of the war.

At the end of 1917 the Germans and the Allies had fought each other to a standstill. Bogged down in stinking mud and outdated military theory, the Allies were heartily sick of the war. The French were ready for defeat or victory provided fighting ended. General Foch, now Commander-in-Chief of the Allies, ordered attack all the time. Only the utter impracticability of this hysterical doctrine prevented disaster, says Mr. Pitt.

A study of the August Allied attacks illustrates his argument. Each was launched entirely at Foch's insistence and broken off despite it. The result, by sheer luck, made tactical sense. Each attack was broken off immediately it lost its initial impetus, by which time another attack had been made near enough to benefit from the ground already gained. Almost by accident the Allies began to edge their way forward.

Conversely, General Ludendorff planned his attacks on sound military principles. He drastically re-organised

the German Army. Picked troops were trained in assault and formed into Stormtroop units to attack enemy artillery by the swiftest, easiest routes. Battle units of Infantry and artillery experts were to follow up and break through quickly to the rear.

Like most later attacks, the St. Michael offensives in March, 1918, failed because Ludendorff's tactics were too successful. Surprised by lack of resistance, the Germans advanced headlong and the initial impetus petered out. Troops who expected to finish off the enemy in triumphant onslaught merely exhausted themselves, gained only miles of barren ground and gave the Allies

time to turn rout into ordered retreat and counter-attack. Ludendorff's attempt to drive the British into the sea failed and by mid-August the tide was turning in the Allies' favour.

Time, says the author, was on the Allies' side. It brought United States help nearer and corroded German morale. In the last two months of war more and more Germans preferred to surrender rather than fight to the last.

Shortly after the Americans' arrival the Allies began to make headway. But, stresses Mr. Pitt, not directly because of it. General Pershing, in 1918, played the same lone game as

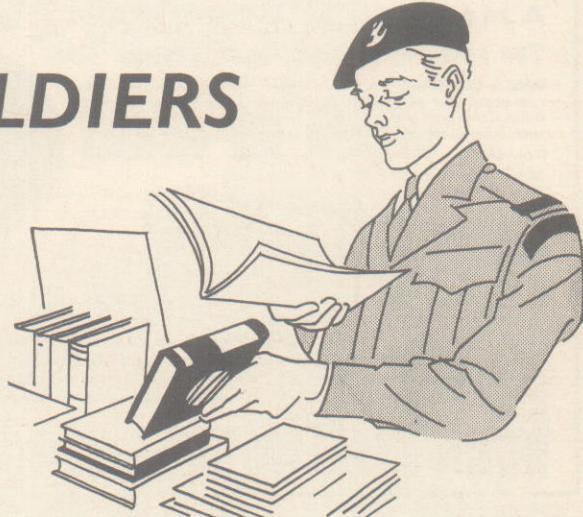
OVER ...



The tide now begins to turn. German Stormtroops find themselves attacked during fighting in the Marne Bulge.

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SINGAPORE (Union Jack Club)
SEK KONG (Church of Scotland)
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D. H. C.

AFTER being out of print for 22 years, Volume I of Cecil C. P. Lawson's "A History of the Uniforms of the British Army" has now been published (Norman Military Publications Ltd, 45s). Volume III in this series was reviewed in SOLDIER, January, 1962. Volume I covers the hundred years from the Restoration to 1760, and is profusely illustrated by more than 100 drawings and reproductions. The work will be of particular value to military historians and collectors in that it contains a large amount of material resulting from the author's personal researches which has not been published elsewhere.

D. H. C.

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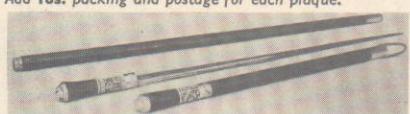
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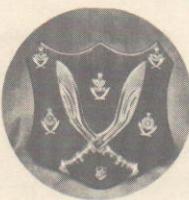


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BOOKS *continued*

Sir John French early in 1914. Pershing refused to commit his troops to the war let alone surrender their command to the Allies. He believed his army could mop up the Germans on its own. But the terrible casualties suffered in the early fatally enthusiastic American advances changed his views.

The Allies, concludes the author,

won World War One by an accident of psychological advantage. The courage and determination of the ordinary soldier and "civilian officers", prepared to act on their own initiative, made up for deficient professional leadership.

The Allies, argues Mr. Pitt, were victorious because of desperate courage rather than effective logistics and despite, rather than because of, their military leaders.

M. G.

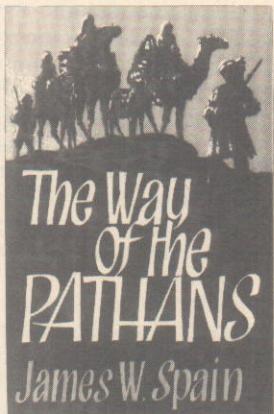
TRIBAL SOCIETY

THE wild and rugged country along the border between Pakistan and Afghanistan has as consistently turbulent a history as any area in the world. However, in the last decade perhaps, if only on the surface, it has achieved within its ill-defined borders some semblance of peace, and it is mainly of this last decade that James W. Spain writes in "The Way of the Pathans" (Hale, 18s).

Despite his comparatively recent acquaintance with the Pathan, the author, an American, has devoted considerable and scholarly research to his subject, and the result is an entertaining and highly readable book. He follows the annual trek of the *powendah* nomads from the Afghan heights down to the plains of Pakistan, and tells of the perennial intrigues and squabbles among the Mohmands and Afridis, the Mahsuds and Wazirs.

The Pathans are a proud and fierce people, and the author not only traces their historical background, but also describes their daily lives and the violence of tribal disputes over *zar*, *zan* and *zamin* (gold, women and land).

For old India hands, memories will be evoked of Wana and Razmak,



Kurram and Kohat, but, although he writes of the spasmodic, century-long war between Briton and Pathan with admiration and sympathy for both sides, some will doubtless disagree with the author's interpretations and judgments.

Fittingly, it was Rudyard Kipling, with his gallant old outlaw, Kamal, who first kindled the author's interest in the Pathans. In describing them and the forbidding grandeur of their land, he has proved himself not unworthy of his mentor.

D. H. C.

THE YOUNG CHURCHILL

THE story of Sir Winston Churchill's early years as a soldier and war correspondent was told in the four books he wrote while still a serving soldier, and which consisted largely of eye-witness accounts of actions in which he was personally involved. Although "The River War" is still available, the other three books, "The Malakand Field Force," "London to Ladysmith" and "Ian Hamilton's March" have been out of print since before World War One; now all four have been edited into a single volume, "Frontiers and Wars" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 42s).

"The Malakand Field Force," first of the quartet, tells the story of the expedition sent out from Nowshera in 1897 against the tribes in the Swat valley, in the wild frontier land between India and Afghanistan. The Mad Mullah, the Bengal Lancers and the Guides Cavalry—now legendary names—play their parts in stirring events described with a wealth of fascinating detail.

"The River War" describes the campaign in the Soudan and culminates in the routing of the Dervishes by Kitchener's Army in 1896. Sir Winston himself is now the last officer survivor of one of the most famous Cavalry exploits of all time, the great charge at Omdurman.

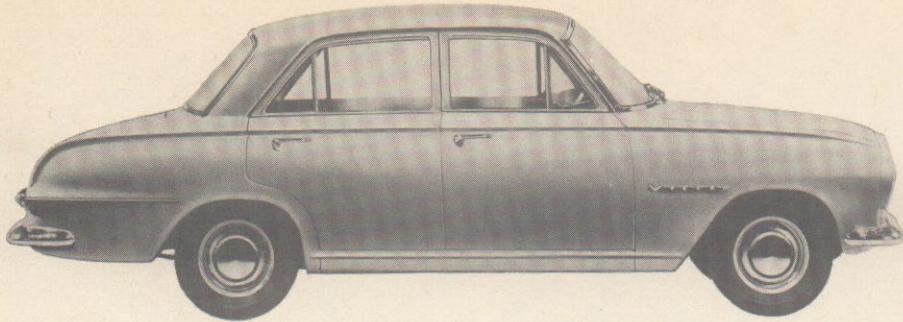
"London to Ladysmith" and "Ian Hamilton's March" are both concerned with the South African War. Perhaps the highlight of the former is the account of the author's capture by the Boers and his subsequent daring escape from a prison camp. Both stories are packed with action and excitement.

Sir Winston is not only a master of the English language but a master story-teller, and he has woven into this tapestry of high adventure much of his own vigour and zest for life. This is a portrait of a vanished age and, reading the volume as a whole, it is hard to believe that the man who lived through these events and tells of them with such vivid clarity, is still alive today.

D. H. C.



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