

JULY 1959 ★ 9d

# SOLDIER

THE ARMY ON CANVAS  
(See pages 10-13)

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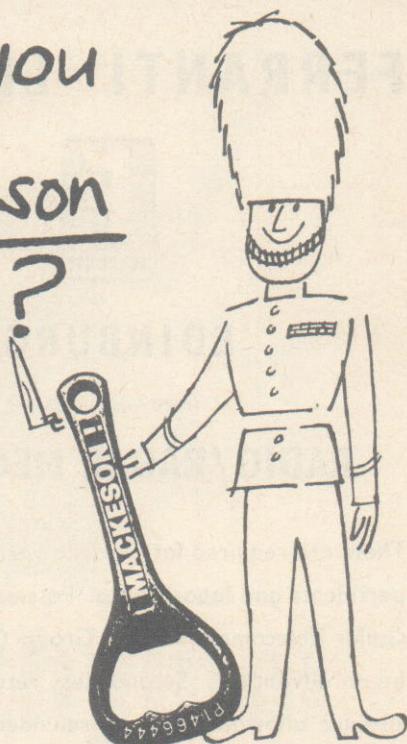
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*Past half-demolished houses silhouetted by raging fires a soldier rescue party picks its way through rubble on the training range.*

# H-BOMB TOWN

**A**N H-bomb had fallen on a town in north-west England and the streets were littered with dead and wounded. Rows of houses had been razed, their ruins trapping families who called piteously for help as scores of fires raged and belched huge clouds of smoke.

Help was not long coming. Through the smoke appeared rescue teams of soldiers who sought out the survivors and carried them carefully over the rubble on stretchers to waiting ambulances and Army lorries. While wardens in their posts checked casualty lists, other soldiers tested the area for radio-activity or attacked the fires.

Hours later the rescue operations were over. Many had lost their lives but many who would have died but for the efforts of the rescue teams had been saved.

The town on which the H-bomb fell—during a realistic exercise which SOLDIER watched—was a make-believe one at Millom, on the Cumberland coast, home of one of the two Army schools of Civil Defence where soldiers—Regulars, National Servicemen and Terri-

torials—are taught how to deal with casualties which a nuclear attack on Britain would cause.

From a distance, Millom's training range (on a wartime airfield) might be just another military camp. But at close quarters it is a collection of half-demolished buildings, intentionally built to give added realism to the work that goes on there. Between the buildings lie piles of old bricks and concrete, rusty pipes and bedsteads, old tins cans, broken-down vehicles and charred timbers. A telephone kiosk leans at a crazy angle and a gas lamp standard lolls drunkenly.

The students who go to Millom are taught the theory of civil defence in classrooms. On the outdoor range, in situations conceived to simulate the effects of H-bomb blast, they learn rescue techniques and practise casualty handling in every type of hazard.

Most of their time is spent on the range where "sets" designed for different types of training give the impression of a studio for a war film. Each set is numbered and, for additional realism, many of

**OVER...**

**IN A NUCLEAR ATTACK ON BRITAIN THE ARMY MAY BE CALLED IN TO HELP THE CIVIL DEFENCE ORGANISATION. AT MILITARY SCHOOLS IN CUMBERLAND AND SURREY, REGULARS, NATIONAL SERVICEMEN AND TERRITORIALS ARE TAUGHT RESCUE TECHNIQUES WHICH WOULD ENABLE THEM TO SAVE MANY LIVES**

*Pictures by SOLDIER  
cameraman PETER O'BRIEN*



On a floor map of London a cotton-wool mushroom simulates the dropping of a bomb in the Bromley area. Mr W. R. Wills, senior civilian instructor at Millom, outlines the civil defence organisation and chain of command.

## H-BOMB TOWN

continued

Below: In an exercise on the "Toytown" set, where bricks and rubble represent an area off London's Regent Street, Regular officers and NCOs take readings with radiac survey meters in order to prepare isodose rate maps.



**A**BOUT 22,000 soldiers have passed through Millom since it was set up at a cost of £250,000 in November, 1955, to train men of the Army Emergency Reserve's Mobile Defence Corps.

In 1956 the first battalions went there for training and at the same time light rescue instructors' courses for warrant officers and NCOs were begun. In 1957 Territorial Army units began taking courses in rescue and first aid.

"Close" owes its title to the Home Office Civil Defence School in Scotland. The "Star Hotel" is named after the camp's "local."

Since November, 1955, many hundreds of National Servicemen from Home commands and British Army of the Rhine have spent their final month in the Army at Millom, taking with them into civil life a keen awareness of the horror of nuclear attack and the knowledge and ability to play their part in minimising loss of life among the civilian population. Regulars and Territorials also spend a fortnight at the School and some are trained to become instructors in light rescue techniques.

The introduction to each course includes the showing of an H-bomb film. National Servicemen students then learn the organisation of the Civil Defence services and the way in which the Army would co-operate and are introduced to manpacks of hammers, saws, stone chisels and other unfamiliar equipment.

Three days are devoted to first aid but most of the soldiers' time is spent learning how to rescue casualties from heights and basements with or without stretchers, the use of ropes and ladders, elementary fire-fighting and how to search in smoke. The staff also instructs in building damage and forms of collapse and in shoring windows and openings. Special emphasis is laid on improvisation of stretchers, jib arms and sheers-legs from materials among the training range debris, and on working in confined spaces.

Existing and potential non-commissioned officers are selected for additional training as rescue section commanders. They are taught leadership and responsibilities of command, rescue reconnaissance, how to locate casualties and likely survival points and are given an introduction to radioactivity detection.

Surprisingly, there have been few accidents on the training range but on each course there is the occasional victim of claustrophobia, usually in the "crawl-ways" set where soldiers have to inch themselves through a maze of tunnels, finding their way, sometimes through water, past deliberately-placed obstacles and out of apparent culs-de-sac.

Hardened Regulars have been known to faint when confronted with realistically faked H-bomb casualties. This "casualty impact" is a part of the fortnight's syllabus for Regular sub-units. Their course covers in a shorter form most of the subjects taught to

Last year, when the Mobile Defence Corps was disbanded, its task was transferred to Royal Artillery and Infantry units of the Territorial Army.

This year many more Regulars and twice as many Territorials, who in future will spend one annual camp in four on civil defence training, will go to Millom.

The Army's other civil defence school is at Epsom, Surrey.

National Servicemen but also includes a demonstration of casualty faking and, for officers, warrant officers and senior NCOs, tuition in radio-activity detection and deployment exercises in support of local civil defence authorities.

The light rescue instructors' course concentrates on casualty rescue and handling; Territorial Army camps at Millom this year will follow a syllabus similar to that of the Regular sub-units but with the addition of advanced rescue instruction.

Half a day of the training for officers and senior NCOs is spent studying models illustrating civil defence organisation and co-operation between military and civilian forces. On a floor map of London (there is also a local map of nearby Barrow-in-Furness) a cotton-wool mushroom indicates the dropping of a bomb in the Bromley area.

Civil defence organisation is represented at sector level, in an area of central London bounded by Oxford Street, Charing Cross Road, Piccadilly and Park Lane. Here the instructor lectures from a "warden's post" and marks the dropping of the bomb with a blacking-out of lights, a flash and the appearance on the floor map of a cotton-wool mushroom.

Military deployment is taught down to platoon level in a building where a model shows damage to a warden's patrol in "Toytown," an area of some 20 acres off Regent Street. Civilian instructors at the School built all three indoor models and an outdoor simulation of "Toytown" where officers and NCOs take



readings with radiac survey meters from which they prepare isodose rate maps.

Millom's permanent staff of about 250, including civilians, boasts a collection of 64 different kinds of cap badges, representing 42 Infantry and 11 Royal Armoured Corps regiments, the Royal Artillery and 10 different corps.

Mr. W. R. Wills, the senior civilian instructor, is responsible for the training range safety

measures and advice on rescue and civil defence training. Under him a party of civilians has the unusual job of maintaining the range, erecting "new" buildings, reinstating sets and from time to time stirring up the debris after it has been flattened by hundreds of pairs of Army boots. On the camp's administrative staff falls the unusual burden for a training establishment of acting as a discharge centre for National Servicemen.

*Improvising with timber found on the site, National Servicemen under a bombardier instructor practise rescue from a first-floor window. Use of this method ensures that the casualty remains horizontal.*

*Below: Casualty handling in the light rescue training area. The stretchers have to be carried down a steep bank, across steps and a bridge and manoeuvred through a narrow tunnel, window and door.*





*From an acacia tree, the Signalmen rope an impala buck and doe ready for skinning and gutting.*

# SIGNALMEN ON SAFARI

***Big-game hunting is an exciting off-duty sport for soldiers stationed in Kenya who go on safari in the African bush where wild animals abound***

**B**IG game hunting is one of the most expensive sports in the world—a 30-day expedition would cost a civilian at least £1000.

But the British Army does it much more cheaply. In Kenya, members of the Army's safari clubs can go on a four-day expedition in the wild bush country of Africa for only five guineas.

The most active safari club in Kenya is the one formed three years ago by the Comcan (Commonwealth Communications Army Network) Signals Squadron at the Royal Air Force base near Nairobi. A few enthusiasts bought an old safari truck for £30 and membership grew rapidly until today many of the Squadron's 240

officers and men have been on at least one of the four-day safaris which take place every two months.

One party recently set out on an expedition to the Amboseli Game Reserve, 70 miles from Nairobi, camping at night on the side of pot-holed tracks used by Masai

tribesmen who, spear over shoulder, led water-carrying donkeys and herds of hump-backed cattle. Near the Reserve the truck driver, Lance-Corporal B. R. Baxter, had to keep a sharp look out for pits dug by long-snouted ant-bears in search of termites, their favourite food.

Once in the Reserve, camp was established and the party set off in search of game as extra rations for the next day's meals but came back empty handed. A herd of Thomson's gazelles was sighted

but the animals took fright and sped away, warned by giraffes of the hunters' approach.

Later that day two more groups tried their luck. Only 400 yards from the camp Warrant Officer J. Haw, a founder-member of the club, spotted a herd of impala and shot a doe through the heart and Lieutenant S. J. Lockett, who was in charge of the party, killed a large buck which sported a magnificent pair of horns.

The two impala were carried back to camp, quickly and expertly skinned and gutted and by nightfall the carcasses were hanging from a nearby tree. Offal thrown into the bush a hundred yards away soon attracted ravenous hyenas, jackals and foxes which continued feeding even when torches were shone on them.

The tired hunters went to bed early but got little sleep for the African night came to life in a deafening cacophony of animal noises—the "laughing" of the hyena, the jackal's howling, the roar of lion against a background of singing night birds and the incessant chirping of crickets. Scavenging hyenas and jackals prowled the camp, sniffing the tents. Beneath the skinning tree four hyenas kept vigil, looking skywards as if praying that the strung-up impala carcasses would fall.

As the sun rose over the distant mountains early next morning, the clouds furled back to reveal a wonderful panorama of dense patches of undergrowth colouring a vast plain rolling away to the edge of an escarpment. After breakfast Masai tribesmen who had heard of the kills came into the camp seeking meat, tinned milk, potatoes and any other food that could be spared.

The Masai is the proudest of the Kenya natives and has been little touched by civilisation. With his reddened body, beaded ear-rings, single loin cloth and carrying the wide-bladed spear and sharp *panga* (a long double-bladed knife) he looks as fearsome as his warrior ancestors centuries ago.

Later that day, after lunching on impala steaks, the expedition struck camp as heavy rain began to fall, threatening to flood the *dongas* (river beds) across which the safari truck had to pass. Aided by some hefty pushing by the passengers the truck successfully negotiated the already greasy surfaces and by evening the big-game hunters were back in barracks.

The Comcan Signals Squadron Safari Club provides rifles for its members and has a licence to shoot zebra and almost all types of the antelope family, including wildebeeste, hartebeeste, impala, Thomson's gazelle, dik-dik and bush-buck. Every kill has to be paid for—an antelope costs thirty shillings and smaller animals ten shillings.

The Club also organises photographic expeditions which are proving to be as popular as the game hunting safaris.

*From a report by Corporal P. C. Everett, Army Public Relations, East Africa.*



*The safari club's 23-year-old truck gets a helping hand in a steep sided donga. Soon, the Squadron club hopes to buy a Land-Rover to replace "Rock-a-Billy."*

*Below: Back in camp after a hunt there is time to clean rifles before the kettle boils. An African cooks for each party and helps in skinning the animals.*

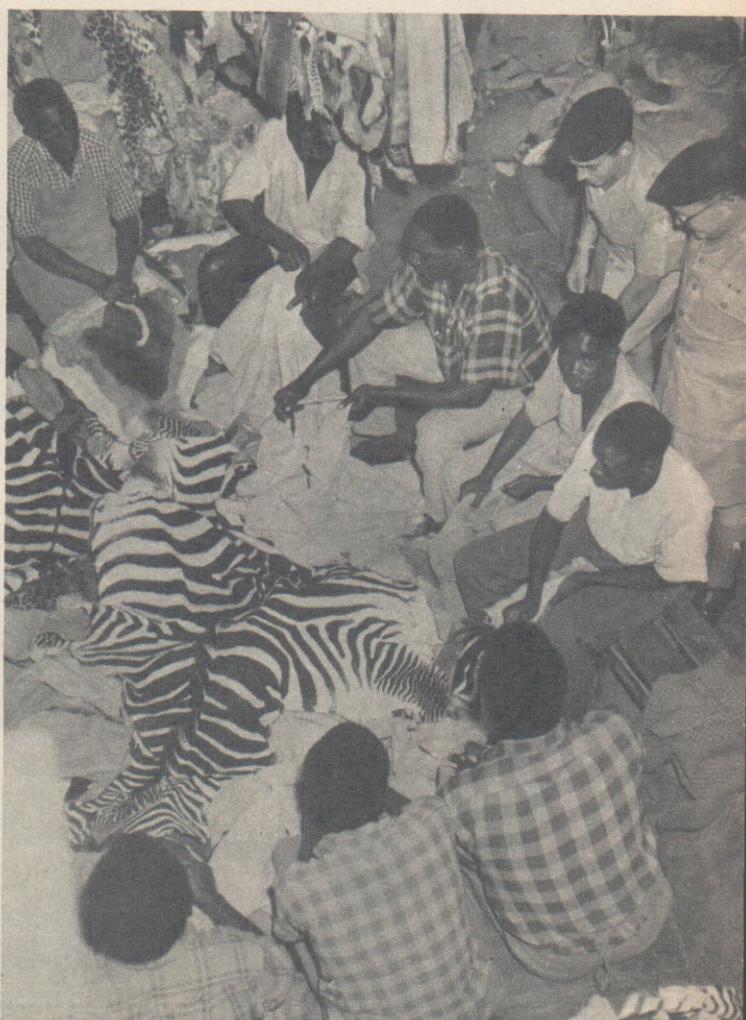


*Below: Masai tribesmen, one of them leaning on his broad spear and wearing a double-bladed panga, cast envious looks at the meaty legs of an impala. They quickly learn of a "kill" and gather round for a share of the "pickings."*



*Two of the Comcan Safari Club hunters stop to admire one of the massive ant hills which dot the African bush like prehistoric monoliths.*

*Below: Club members take the animals which they have shot to a Nairobi firm which employs 80 workmen and specialises in mounting heads and horns as trophies and curing skins. Here, sitting in a circle, African workers rub a zebra skin to soften it after tanning.*



# HE PUTS THE ARMY



*A former war artist is helping to bring regimental histories up to date by painting battle scenes of the two world wars. Recently he completed two outstanding pictures for the Royal Leicestershire Regiment which got the idea from a SOLDIER front cover two years ago*

*Left: In uniforms borrowed from the Imperial War Museum three of the artist's friends pose for him on Wisley Common. The German machine-gun is a cut-away model. On the left is Mr. Cuneo's partly completed canvas of the scene. Below: The finished painting, now hanging in the Officers' Mess at the Royal Leicestershire Regimental Depot in Leicester.*



# ON CANVAS

**P**ICNICKERS on the Surrey Downs blinked, rubbed their eyes and blinked again. Dangling from a tree like a marionette was an armed German paratrooper.

But this was no invasion. On that sunny afternoon at Wisley Common on the Portsmouth Road, men of the Parachute Regiment were re-enacting a scene from the German invasion of Crete 17 years ago to help former war artist Terence Cuneo capture the atmosphere of battle for one of two pictures he has painted for the Royal Leicestershire Regiment.

The story really begins with SOLDIER. Looking through the issue of September, 1957, the Colonel of the Regiment, Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Callander, saw a reproduction of Mr. Cuneo's dramatic painting, "The Opening of the Minefields at El Alamein."

For some time the General had been anxious to perpetuate on canvas the Regiment's gallantry in both World Wars and looking again at the El Alamein scene he decided that Mr. Cuneo should be asked to paint the two pictures.

To represent World War One General Callander chose the winning of the Victoria Cross by Lieutenant J. C. Barrett, a Territorial officer serving with the 1st/5th Battalion of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment. His choice was based on his wish to portray for young soldiers the conditions in which that war was fought and to inspire them with this incident of a gallant young officer leading a night attack against a very heavily defended German machine-gun position.

For World War Two the General sought a complete contrast and

**OVER...**

*Right: Men of the Parachute Regiment help Mr. Cuneo by posing for sketches on the Downs. Below: The finished work includes several actual incidents of the battle—the plane crashing into the hills called "The Two Charlies," a parachutist "Roman-candling," a German firing as he lands (simulated in the picture above), and (left) the adjutant and RSM attacking one of the paratroopers.*





TERENCE TENISON CUNEO, now 51 years old, joined the Royal Engineers in 1940 and for most of his five years' service was a war artist, often being seconded to the Ministry of Information to paint propaganda pictures, to the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office and to the War Artists' Advisory Committee.

One of the most versatile of modern artists, Mr. Cuneo is widely known for his portraits and figures and paintings of ceremonial, military and engineering subjects. His best known works include the

Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey (presented to the Queen by Her Majesty's Lieutenants of Counties), the Queen's Coronation Luncheon at Guildhall, and a number of other Royal occasions.

The public can see Mr. Cuneo's work—on his favourite subject—in the station posters that he does for British railways.

Mr. Cuneo is married and has two daughters. "Who's Who" lists his recreations as writing, sketching, travel, riding and engine driving.

## continuing HE PUTS THE ARMY ON CANVAS

selected the repulse by the 2nd Battalion of German paratroopers landing in Crete in May, 1941. In this action the Germans dropped on top of the 2nd Battalion's positions in a cornfield near the Heraklion airfield and suffered very heavy casualties.

Before starting work on the Victoria Cross picture Mr. Cuneo had long talks with Lieutenant Barrett (now Colonel Barrett, a surgeon in Leicester and until recently Honorary Colonel of the

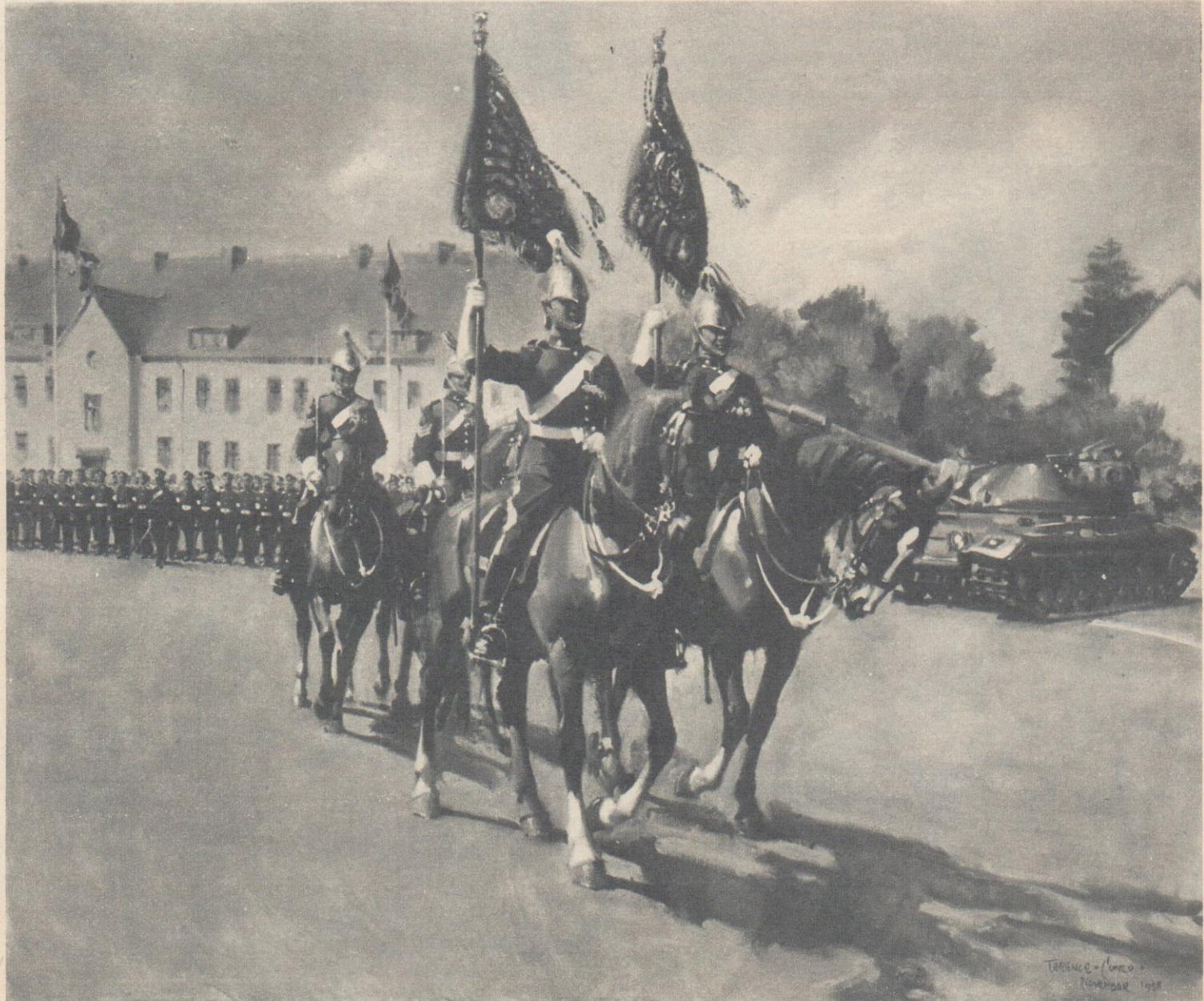
5th Battalion with whom he won his award). After Colonel Barrett had given Mr. Cuneo his impressions of the night attack the artist rounded up three of his long-suffering friends, dressed them in British and German uniforms (borrowed from the Imperial War Museum with a model of a German machine-gun) and took them out in his car to Wisley Common seven miles away. There they found a convenient ditch, bounded by a

barbed wire fence, and enlarged it to make a trench with a firing step.

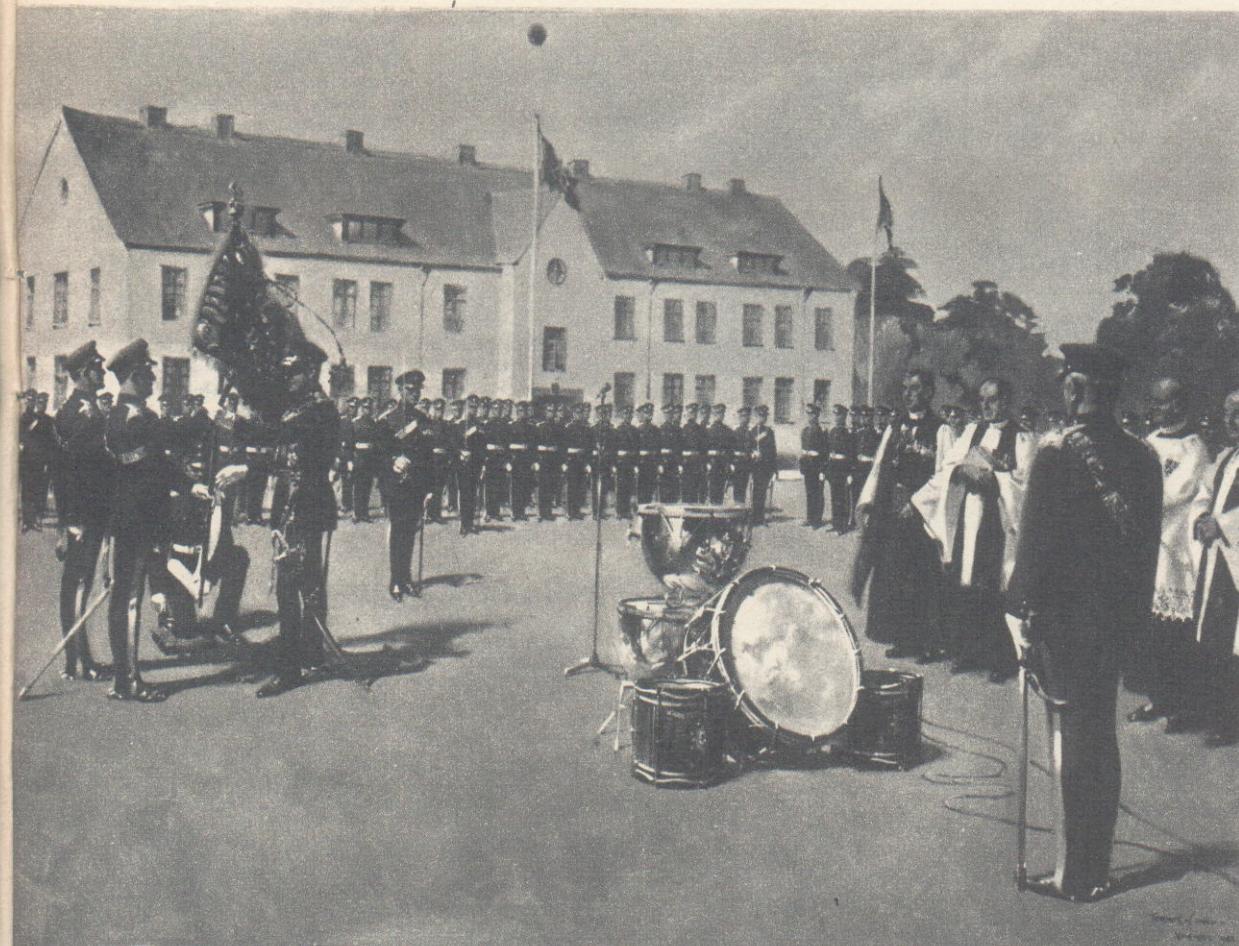
The Cretan picture, a much larger painting depicting incidents in that battle, set a greater problem for Mr. Cuneo in his search for the reality of atmosphere and precision of detail which mark his work. He was considerably helped, however, by first-hand accounts of the battle and descriptions of the countryside given to him by officers who took part in the action.

They were Brigadier C. H. V. Cox DSO, MC, who commanded the 2nd Battalion in Crete, his then adjutant, now Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Marriott MC, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. D. Nicholls MC, who had one of his fingers shot off in the repulse of the parachutists. Lieutenant-Colonel Marriott also enlisted the help of the Parachute Regiment in providing men, uniforms and equipment to enact scenes for the artist. From the Airborne Forces

Mr. Cuneo's painting of the old Standards of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards being marched off parade in a recent ceremony at Fallingbostel, Germany.



TERENCE CUNEO  
November 1958



*This second painting of the Fallingbostel ceremony exemplifies the artist's meticulous attention to military detail. It depicts Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, the former CIGS, presenting the new Standard to the Regiment and formally completing the 1922 amalgamation of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and the 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards.*

Museum at Aldershot he borrowed German equipment, parachutes and uniforms, including a jacket which came from Crete.

For weeks, while he worked on his canvas, Mr. Cuneo's studio overflowed with uniforms, a supply container and multi-coloured parachutes. Out on Wisley Common five men of the Parachute Regiment posed for sketches, one of them, held in a German parachute harness slung from a tree, simulating a paratrooper who landed firing his automatic weapon.

For more atmosphere Mr. Cuneo went to Abingdon to watch men dropping from aircraft in a display for high-ranking officers of the South Korean Army, and at Frensham he went up in a training balloon to a height of 800 feet—and, he says, would have jumped himself if he had only been trained in landing technique! For the setting of the Heraklion scene, Mr. Cuneo went to the south of France and made notes of olive trees and vineyards.

Mr. Cuneo has a personal link with the Parachute Regiment in his painting of the late King George VI presenting Colours to the Regiment at Aldershot. His most recent military pictures are of the presentation of a new Standard to the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards by the former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, and of the trooping off parade of the old Standards of the two Regiments.

Mr. Cuneo confesses that he is not as interested in ceremonial parades as a subject for military paintings and that he finds the portrayal of rows of soldiers a tedious task. But he thoroughly enjoys working on battle scenes—"The Snipe Action" of 90 German tanks attacking the 2nd Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, in North Africa, is another of these—and his current ambition is to portray a tank battle such as the Knightsbridge clash in the Western Desert.

As an artist he feels that his medium lends itself ideally to a permanent pictorial record of regimental history and that it is a matter of great regret that few regiments have brought their collections of paintings up to date. Paintings of World War One battles are rare, he says, and the comparative few of World War Two have largely been of naval or air subjects.

Perhaps Mr. Cuneo's own brilliant contributions towards filling this gap will create a new demand for modern military paintings.

**FOOTNOTE:** The Royal Leicestershire Regiment's paintings of Lieutenant Barrett and the Heraklion battle hang in the Officers' Mess at the Regimental Depot in Leicester. The World War Two picture will be on public view on 15 September, when it will be exhibited by the Society of Aviation Artists at the Guildhall Art Gallery in London.



## COVER PICTURE

**S**OULDR'S cover picture is of a painting by Mr. Cuneo depicting the visit by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the Staff College, Camberley, in its centenary year last year.

On the right of the Queen is Major-General J. H. N. Poett DSO, the then Commandant, and on the right of the Duke, Brigadier D. Peel-Yates DSO, Assistant Commandant.

Signed prints of this picture can be obtained either from the Mess Secretary at the Staff College or direct from Messrs Vicars Bros, 12 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



## Cuneo's Mouse

**A**LMOST all painters have a secret "trade mark" and Mr. Cuneo is no exception.

His is a mouse which, in a whimsical moment some years ago, he inserted on a small painting. Now it appears, always cleverly concealed, in each of his works—running, sitting meditatively or perhaps carrying a flag.

In the painting of the Crete action on page 11 it is running away from the parachute harness on the right. In the picture on page 12 it jauntily precedes the horses and on page 13 can be seen in the shadow of the left-hand drum.

For those who are unable to find Mr. Cuneo's mouse on his paintings, the artist depicts him taking a lively interest in SOLDIER in the accompanying sketch.



On Salisbury Plain, a detachment takes post at the three-in-one howitzer, here shown in the field-firing position. The weapon can be rapidly taken to pieces and carried by three helicopters or 11 mules.

Below: The 105-mm. pack howitzer is easily manageable by its six-man detachment here seen straightening its adjustable legs for the anti-tank firing position. The howitzer can also be used as a mortar.

## Three-in-One Howitzer

THE Gunners may soon be getting a new three-in-one weapon which would give much needed punch to units of Britain's Strategic Reserve.

It is the Italian 105-millimetre pack howitzer which can be used as a field gun, as an anti-tank gun and as a heavy mortar. It is air-transportable and can also be carried by mules.

The new howitzer, of which the British Army now has 12 on troop trials, was seen in action recently at the School of Artillery demonstration on Salisbury Plain and senior Gunnery officers were enthusiastic about its performance.

"It is very effective in all of its three roles," said one officer, "and seems to be the ideal weapon for use by airborne Gunners when flown to deal with a sudden emergency."

The 105-millimetre pack howitzer has a range of about 14,000 yards. When lowered into a crouching position on its quickly adjustable legs it becomes an anti-tank gun, using special

*Below: The self-propelled 5.5-inch medium gun mounted on a Centurion chassis. Guns of this type may replace the 25-pounder. Note the huge spade and armoured cover.*



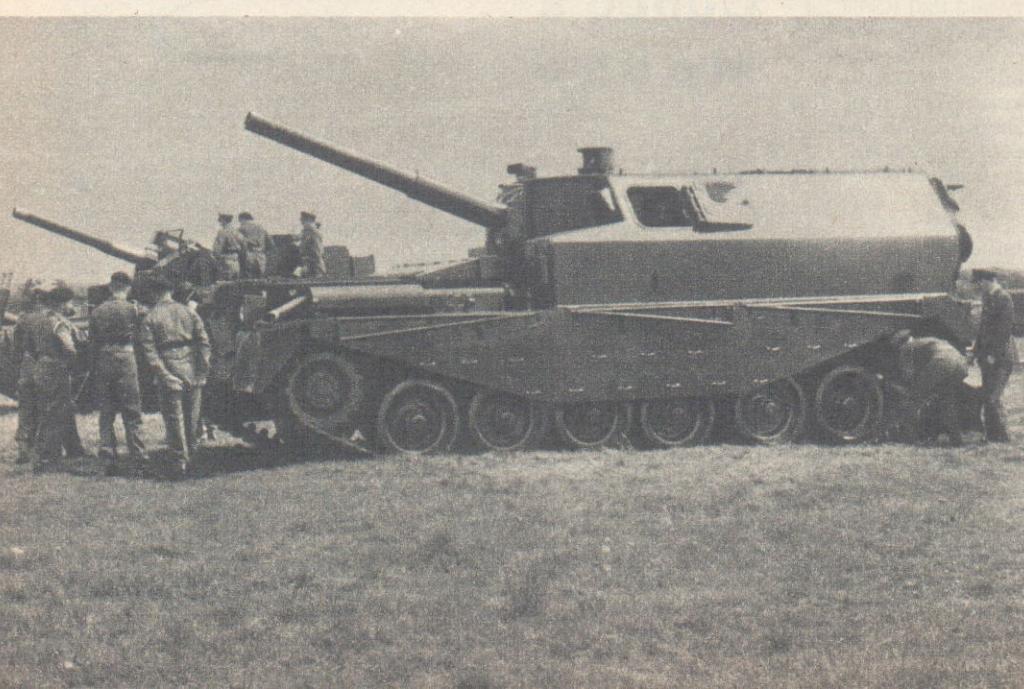
armour piercing ammunition. It can also be raised to an angle of 70 degrees to fire in the role of the 4.2-inch mortar which is the weapon at present used by airborne Gunners.

One great advantage of the 105-mm. pack howitzer is that it can be rapidly taken to pieces and, with its detachment of six men, flown in three Whirlwind helicopters—the largest machine used by the Army Air Corps. It can also be carried by eleven mules (and anyone who imagines this is no asset should remember the recent operations in the Oman when the SAS used donkeys for ferrying stores).

Also on show on Salisbury Plain was a self-propelled 5.5-inch medium gun mounted on a Centurion tank which is designed to replace the American 155-mm. howitzer at present used by the Royal Horse Artillery.

The chassis is fitted with a gigantic stabilising spade and the gun detachment operates under cover of armoured plating which gives protection from air-burst high explosive shells and, in nuclear war, from radiation.

This may be the forerunner of the weapon that will eventually replace the 25-pounder.



# And The Bridge Came By Air

**T**WO of the new helicopters which could revolutionise air support for the Army recently showed their paces before Staff College students at the Army Air Transport Training and Development Centre's demonstration on Salisbury Plain.

One was the Westland Aircraft Company's turbine-powered *Wessex* which can lift well over twice the load in cargo or troops of the well-tried *Whirlwind*, which is now in service. The Royal Navy has already ordered 120 *Wessex* helicopters but the Army is interested too in the development of a jet-engined version of the *Whirlwind* which may give a much-improved performance at high altitudes and in tropical conditions.

The Westland *Westminster* "flying crane," a prototype twin-turbine helicopter, showed how it could pick up a bridge pontoon weighing three tons and deliver it upstream of a Sapper bridging site, ready to float into position.

With a payload of five tons and a range of 100 miles the *Westminster* can lift lorries over obstacles, transport command posts, operating theatres and vehicle servicing units, or carry up to three Thunderbird guided missiles or 26 fully-equipped Infantrymen.

While the *Westminster* roared overhead the French *Alouette* flitted across the sky in tight turns and dainty pirouettes. The *Alouette* has been undergoing tests as a possible addition to aircraft operated by the Army Air Corps, but the Army favours the Saunders-Roe P 531, a British helicopter with a better performance.

Adoption of the P 531 depends not only on financial considerations but also on agreement being reached in the current talks on raising the present all-up weight limit of 4000-lb on Army aircraft. This figure, imposed when the Army Air Corps was born in September, 1957, covered the Corps' aircraft at that time but now rules out aircraft like the five-seater P 531, the *Pioneer*, and *Beaver*.

The Army Air Corps wants the *Beaver*, which can carry six passengers as against four in the *Percival 9* or three in the *Auster 9*, which is now in service in Malaya and Hong Kong, as a fixed wing aircraft for its liaison role.

A novel feature of the air demonstration was the "birdman" technique of three French paratroopers who made a delayed drop and positioned themselves in mid-air by "paddling" with their arms and legs and pulling on their harness ropes. The last man of the trio earned special applause by landing on his feet and doubling smartly away across the airfield.



*Above: A three-ton pontoon is well within the lifting capacity of the Westminster which cruises at 80 knots with a slung load.*



*Right: The light all-metal Beaver transport will carry over half a ton of cargo or six passengers.*

*Below: A Royal Navy Wessex lands 17 Royal Marines. The Army's Whirlwind has a lower speed and endurance, carries only 10 men.*



*"Whoever said the Army teaches a man to stand on his own feet never danced with you!"*

# Shakespeare's Town Honours

*The Royal Engineers have been good friends to the people of Stratford-upon-Avon since the early days of World War Two. Now the link has been strengthened by the granting of the freedom of Shakespeare's native town to the Sappers*



*In Bridge Street, the Royal Engineers troop the scroll which confers on the Sappers the freedom of a famous town.*



*On behalf of the Sappers, the Chief Royal Engineer, General Sir Kenneth N. Crawford MC, accepts the scroll from the Mayor, Councillor H. W. Guyver.*

**O**N the bank of the river Avon, in Shakespeare's native Stratford a season of open-air performances of his plays had a great success.

The audiences marvelled that groups of actors appearing from distant parts of the ground which seemed to have no communication with each other, came into view at exactly the right moments.

The secret? A telephone network, set up and manned by men of the Royal Engineers.

This is one example of the way the Sappers join in the life of Stratford-upon-Avon which has now shown its appreciation of the part they play by conferring its Freedom on the Corps of Royal Engineers.

The link between the town and the Corps goes back only to 1940. Then, after Dunkirk, the War Office ordered, "Clear the ports." Dumps of engineer stores began to appear at Long Marston, five miles out of Stratford. From this improvised beginning sprang No. 1 Engineer Stores Depot, now a flourishing military establishment with stocks worth £20,000,000.

Stratford could have done with its military neighbours before. As the Mayor, Councillor H. W.

Guyver, said at the Freedom ceremony, during the Civil Wars one arch of the town's ancient bridge over the Avon was demolished in military operations.

"Not having a Royal Engineers Depot at Long Marston in those days, we had to wait several years before the bridge was repaired."

Relations between the Depot and the town have been good from the start. "A large community like the Depot, only a few miles away, is bound to make an impact on a place like Stratford, and the impact has been a good one," Stratford's town clerk, Mr. T. E. Lowth, told *SOLDIER*. Having been a soldier himself (in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment) Mr. Lowth has seen something of the impact of military units on towns elsewhere.

Many of the contacts between the town and the Depot follow

# The Sappers

the pattern of good personal and official relations between any large unit and its civilian neighbours. Councillors and council officials meet officers socially and on business; troops play both for and against the town's sports teams; the Sappers are there in some capacity or other at flower shows and Armistice Day and Mayor's Sunday ceremonies; the Depot helps the local Civil Defence organisation; and soon the Combined Cadet Force of Shakespeare's old school will be affiliated to the Royal Engineers instead of the Depot of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, which is merging into that of the Forester Brigade in Leicestershire.

This year, too, the Chatham Band of the Royal Engineers played both during the Shakespeare's birthday and Shakespeare's Sunday celebrations. Now that the Corps has the town's Freedom, Colonel Greenwood says firmly, "Every year in future a Royal Engineers band will play on these occasions."

What makes the link between the town and Depot unusual is what makes Stratford different from any other town of similar size: the memory of Shakespeare and all that is done to keep it alive.

On Shakespeare's birthday, the town celebrates in a big way, and the men from Long Marston line the streets for the ceremony. During the day, flags of some 90 countries are hoisted, usually by representatives of those states. If no representatives are available, distinguished guests of the Corporation hoist for them. This year, the flag of Paraguay went to the mast-head at the hands of Colonel H. R. Greenwood, commander of No. 1 Engineer Stores Depot.

On Shakespeare Sunday, Strat-

ford's "Sword of State" is carried in procession in front of the Mayor. This two-handed weapon, four feet ten inches long, is borne by a uniformed figure selected by the Mayor from one of the Services or voluntary organisations. This year it was carried by RSM F. W. Bellis from Long Marston.



## THE BARD KNEW HIS SOLDIERS



**F**REEDOM, high-day! high-day, freedom!

Will Shakespeare had nothing like the conferring of the Freedom of his native Stratford-upon-Avon on the Royal Engineers in mind when he wrote that line, but it is likely that he would have celebrated the occasion with something equally jubilant.

He might, indeed, have paid them the sort of tribute he put into the mouth of the Duke of York in *Henry VI*, who, speaking of Kentishmen, said:

*In them I trust, for they are soldiers,  
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*

Shakespeare liked soldiers, to judge from his plays, and he certainly knew a good deal about them. One writer has made a good case for supposing not merely that Shakespeare served as a soldier, but that he reached the rank of sergeant.

It is tempting to go one further and try to show that he was an engineer, since one can show almost anything by quoting lines from Shakespeare out of context. Resisting that temptation, however, it is fair to say that Shakespeare knew a good deal about military engineering of his day. He certainly knew its language. Hotspur, dreaming martial dreams, was heard by his wife to be talking in his sleep of

*... trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets.*

Shakespeare gets down to the technique of siege mining in *Henry V*, when that garrulous Welsh officer, Fluellen, reports

*Tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of war; the concavities of it is not sufficient. For, look you, th' adversary—you may discuss it unto the Duke, look you—is digt himself four yard under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow all, if there is not better directions.*

Shakespeare, indeed, is fond of mines and countermines. Hamlet, threatening revenge, says

*I will delve one yard below their mines  
And blow them to the moon.*

The Bard of Avon also knew something about another Royal Engineers' activity—camouflage. In *Macbeth*, the witches tell him he will not be vanquished until

*Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him.*

Come against him it does, when his besieger in Birnam Wood orders

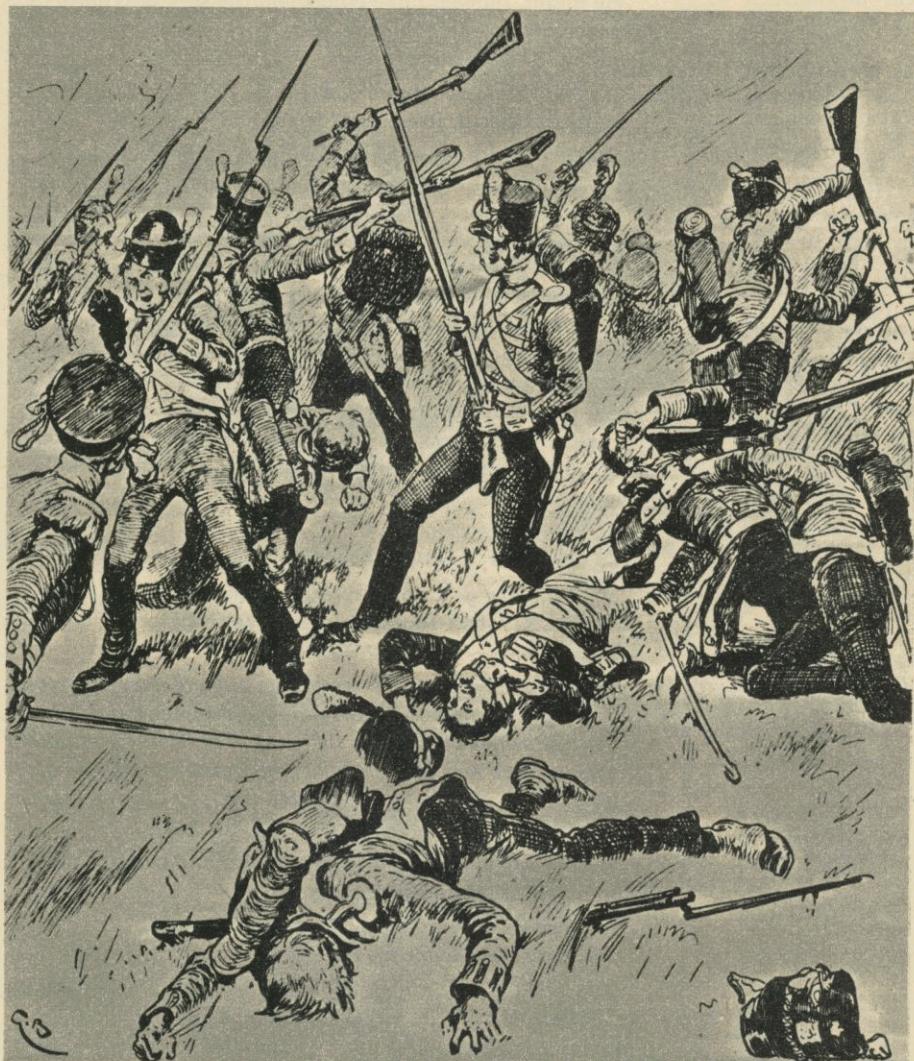
*Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.*

But however much Shakespeare knew about military engineering, there is one passage which proves he was not a military engineer himself. It is that in which Hamlet says

*... 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar.  
No Sapper could have written that.*



The victory at Talavera is commemorated in the Regiment's cap badge which also bears the Castle and Key of Gibraltar.



Above: A contemporary drawing of a scene during the grim battle at Talavera, showing British and French troops in a desperate hand-to-hand fight on Cerro de Medellin.



Right: Another contemporary print showing British and Spanish troops repelling a French cavalry attack.

## THE BLACK CUFFS

***In the Peninsular War, 150 years ago, the 48th Foot won their premier battle honour in a desperate fight against Napoleon's soldiers. That day, at Talavera, the 48th turned the tide in a brilliantly courageous action that cost the Regiment nearly a third of its men***

**T**HIS month the Northamptonshire Regiment celebrate a glorious triumph in the Peninsular War when, at Talavera in 1809, the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 48th Foot (now the Northamptonshire Regiment) turned near defeat into overwhelming victory and inspired 20,000 British and Spanish soldiers to rout a French army twice as strong.

In recognition of this victory Sir Arthur Wellesley, who commanded the allied army, was created Duke of Wellington.

In July, 1809, British troops in the Peninsula were fighting alongside the Spaniards against Napoleon's marauding armies and among them were the two battalions of the 48th—the 1st in General Stewart's Brigade and the 2nd under General Tilson as part of General Hill's Second Division. Other British regiments included the 29th (now The Worcestershire Regiment), the 3rd (now The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment)), and the 66th (later The Royal Berkshire Regiment).

As the Anglo-Spanish force approached Talavera the French General Victor withdrew from that city and Toledo and was pursued across the Alberche river by the Spanish advance guard. Near Toledo, Victor turned and drove the Spanish back across the river, whereupon Wellesley formed his line three miles to the north of Talavera along the dry bed of the Portina Brook which ran into the Tagus at Talavera.

On the right was the town, like a fortress with its high, well-kept walls. For nearly two miles from the town the battlefield was flat but on Wellesley's left flank was the Cerro De Medellin, a long open hill whose eastern front dropped steeply to the Portina Brook.

Wellesley decided that the Spaniards should hold Talavera and the ground to the north. The British Fourth Division were next to the Spaniards, while to the north the First Division took up position, with the Third Division in support. On the extreme left, General Hill's Second Division were high up on the Cerro De Medellin.

At midday on 27 July, Victor crossed the Alberche

## TROUNCED THE FRENCH

and the Third Division fought a delaying action with the French before retiring. As the shadows lengthened Victor's columns left the cover of a wood and faced the allies.

The French light cavalry were the first to move. They turned towards the town to test the Spaniards who replied with fire along the whole of their line. The enemy were too far off for it to do any damage and Wellesley was amazed to see four Spanish battalions break and flee. Fortunately, not all the Spaniards were so panicky and the remainder filled the gap.

Apart from the summit of the Cerro De Medellin, which the Second Division were about to occupy, the British were now in position. Victor was quick to notice that there were no troops on the summit and realised that if he could take it the allies could not hold their line.

So, in the gathering dusk he sent three regiments to take the hill from three sides. One lost the way in the dark, the second was stopped by the British First Division but the third, the 9th Leger, gained the summit.

General Hill was talking to Colonel Donellan, who commanded the 1st Battalion of the 48th, when he saw men on the summit fire a few shots. Thinking they were British he ordered Donellan to stop the firing. It was not until he was almost at the top of the hill that Donellan realised the mistake. Wounded, and narrowly avoiding capture, Donellan got back to Stewart's Brigade, and the 29th and the 1st Battalion of the 48th, with their bayonets levelled, charged and swept the French, into the Portina. Three hundred of the enemy were killed.

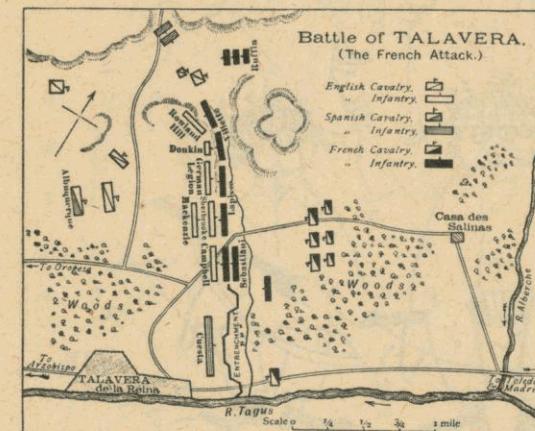
At dawn next day Wellesley saw the enemy drawn up ready for battle. A few French troops were placed in front of the Spaniards but the main body of the formidable force opposed the British and prepared to attack the Cerro De Medellin.

At 5 a.m. the French artillery opened up and Wellesley ordered Stewart's and Tilson's brigades, easy targets on the skyline, to lie down. Smoke from the French guns was so thick that the first Hill's Division knew of the French advance was when their own skirmishers came back up the hill.

When the smoke cleared the enemy were only 100 yards away. "Advance" roared Hill and his Division leaped to their feet and put in a tremendous volley which halted the French. During the furious exchanges that followed Colonel Donellan rode along the line encouraging his men.

**Right: A plan of the Talavera battle showing the dispositions of the allies and French drawn up for the attack by General Victor's Infantry and cavalry.**

**Below: At the start of the final assault by the 48th, Colonel Donellan was seriously wounded. Raising his hat, he said, "Major Middlemore, you will have the honour of leading the 48th to the charge."**



The two Battalions of the 48th were now side by side in the centre, the 29th on their left and The Buffs and 66th on their right.

The French fire slackened and Hill's men, bayonets gleaming, tore down the slope and drove the panic-stricken enemy into the Portina.

For the second time Victor's efforts to control the Cerro De Medellin had failed. After four hours' fighting in the scorching Spanish sun a halt was called for both sides to remove their wounded. In a strange lull enemies of a few moments before met briefly as friends and drank together from a stream.

At the early afternoon Victor made his third attempt on the hill, and again fighting raged all along the British line. On the right the Fourth Division twice drove the French back in disorder. In the centre the First Division, outnumbered by two to one, waited until the enemy was within 50 yards, then eight battalions fired a volley simultaneously and charged, driving Victor's men beyond the Portina.

It seemed as if the 48th would be swept away by the retreating British troops but calmly they wheeled back by companies to let them through, put in a deadly musketry fire and with their bayonets stopped the French advance.

This brilliant action gave the Guards and the Germans time to rally and all along the line the French began to retreat. The battle was over and none had done more to win it than the 48th. Of the 700

men of the Regiment who went into action that day nearly 250 were killed or wounded.

Colonel Donellan had to be left behind in Talavera when the army withdrew a few days later. He died of his wounds and was buried with full military honours by the French. Major Middlemore became Colonel of the 48th in 1843.

The Regiment's reward for its glorious action in the battle came in 1816 when the Prince Regent decreed that the word "Talavera" should be borne on the Colours and appointments.

Today the Northamptonshire Regiment celebrate their victory at Talavera as a Regimental day.

The Northamptonshire Regiment rejoice in the nicknames "The Black Cuffs" (from the colour of their facings in the 18th century) and "The Steelbacks" (from the stoicism with which they endured flogging as a punishment) and were the last British regiment to carry Colours into battle—at Laing's Nek in the Boer war.

K. J. HANFORD



"The Army makes a man of you all right. I started off in the WRAC."

## HUMOUR



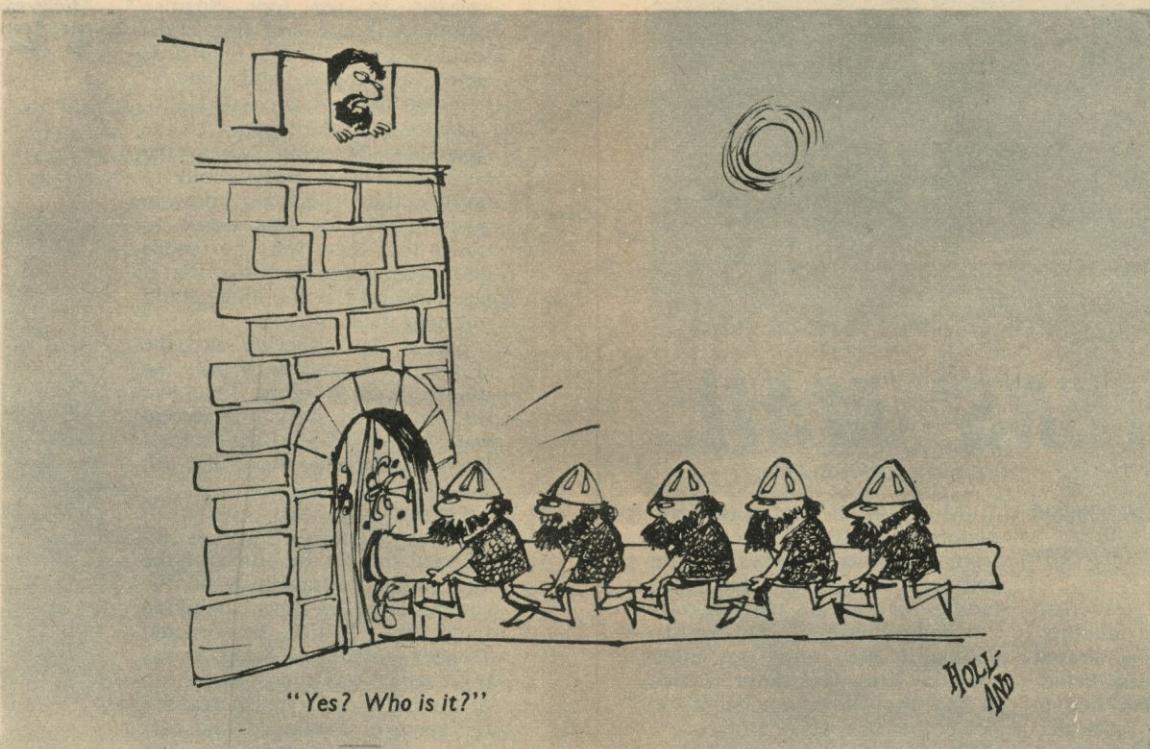
"Oh, yes, I've got a lot to thank the Army for."



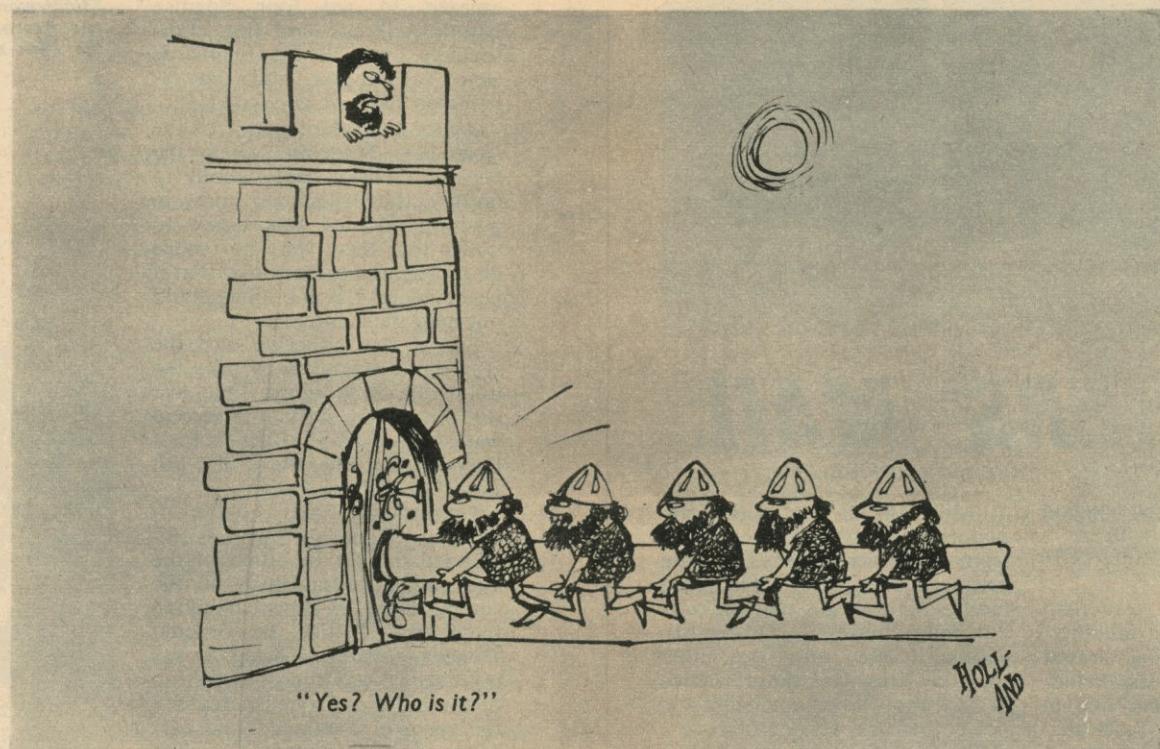
"This beer's terrible. I'll be glad when I've had enough."



"This is fantastic. It's got my number on it!"



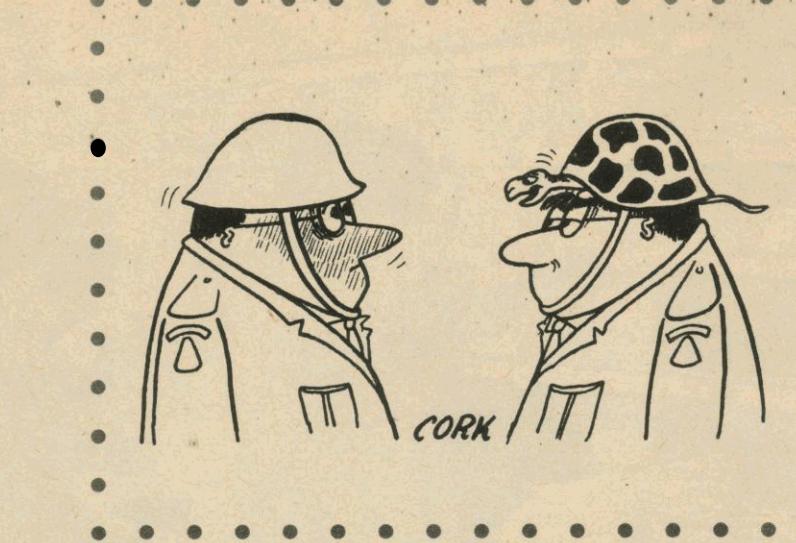
HOTH AND



J. B. RUSHER  
"Before we were married you never cared if I was in step."



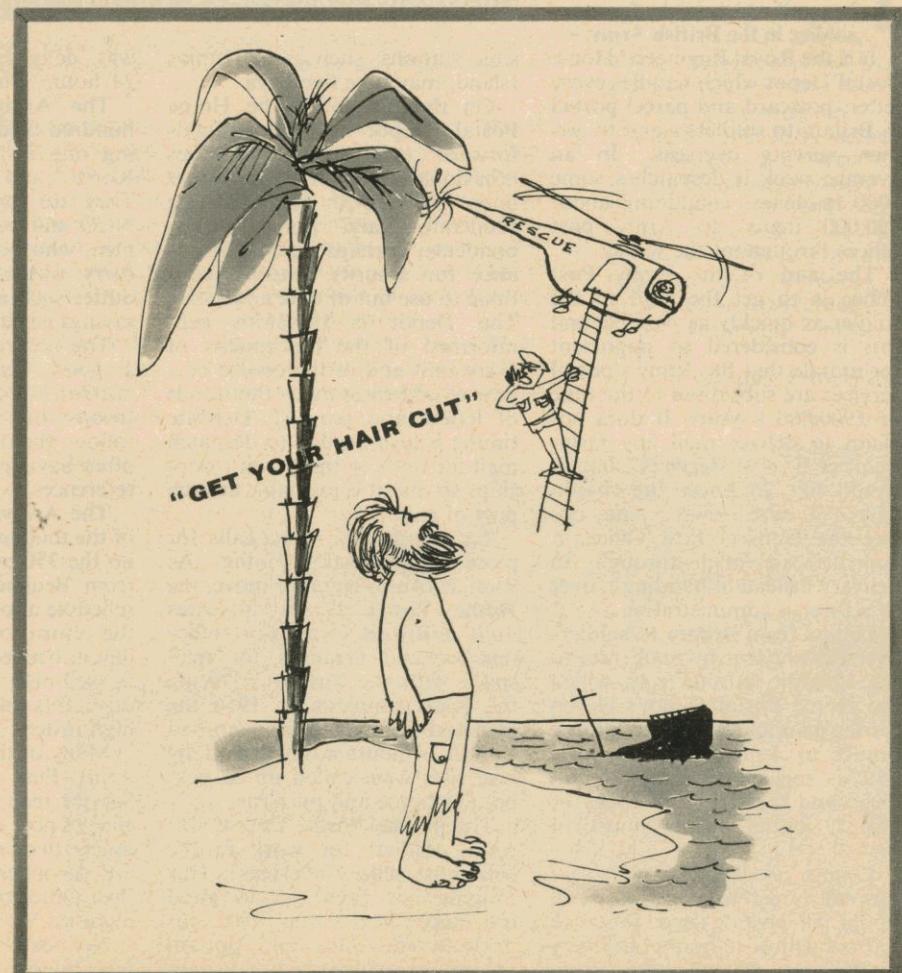
HOTH.



CORK



STAN HARDMAN  
"We interrupt this programme to present Glo-Brite, the wonder boot polish."





# **THEY SPEED THE SOLDIERS' MAIL**

**I**N what was once a factory in the London suburb of Acton, is a unit which works for every soldier in the British Army.

It is the Royal Engineers' Home Postal Depot which handles every letter, postcard and parcel posted in Britain to soldiers—and to airmen—serving overseas. In an average week it despatches some 7000 mailbags, containing about 750,000 items, to Army post offices throughout the world.

The aim of the Army Post Office is to get the mail to the soldier as quickly as possible and this is considered so important for morale that the Army's postal services are subsidised to the tune of £900,000 a year. It does not claim to deliver mail any faster than civil post services, but it would like to know the reason why if it were slower. And, unlike the General Post Office, it controls all mail through to delivery instead of handing it over to a foreign administration.

Letters from Britain to soldiers overseas are sent by mail train to the London termini from which the Home Postal Depot's eleven lorries maintain a 24-hour shuttle service to Acton. At Acton the mail is sorted, generally to unit level, and taken to the docks or airport within a few hours of arrival.

Letters to Rhine Army are normally delivered within 24 hours of posting and those to Cyprus within 48 hours. Delivery to the most distant and inacces-

**The Army's postal depot in Britain sends more than 39,000,000 letters, postcards and parcels to British soldiers overseas every year.**

sible stations, such as Christmas Island, may take five days.

On the face of it the Home Postal Depot has a straightforward task. But difficulties occasionally arise. Sometimes units move with disconcerting suddenness and home correspondents, perhaps kept in ignorance for security reasons, continue to use out of date addresses. The Depot is therefore kept informed of the movements of every unit and in the course of a year re-addresses many thousands of letters and parcels. Delicate timing is also needed to despatch mail for units in transit on troopships so that it is available at each port of call.

An operational move calls for more complicated planning. As soon as troops begin to move, the Home Postal Depot allocates units a British forces post office number and arranges for mail space with the airlines. During the Suez campaign in 1956 the men and women at Acton worked 12 and 14 hours a day and many reservists were called up to help both at home and overseas.

The Home Postal Depot also trains soldiers for work in the field post offices overseas. This training has been put to good use since World War Two, for in both the Suez and Jordan operations mail posted in Britain

was delivered within less than 24 hours after the first landings.

The Army maintains several hundred field post offices, including one in Washington, one in Korea, and two in Australia. They are generally staffed by an NCO and between three and ten men, who besides delivering mail carry out all other post office duties such as selling stamps and savings certificates.

The nature of the work varies a good deal from station to station. Postal units serving troops on exercise in Cyprus follow them wherever they go, often having to find units by map references.

The Army's postmen with one of the toughest jobs are those who do the 350-mile mail run by road from Benghazi to Tobruk. The schedule allows only two days for the return journey, with one rest day in between. On rough roads, in well-nigh intolerable heat and dust, this calls for stamina of a high order.

high order.

Many of the men serving in the Army Post Office are National Service men with civilian experience of post office work, and, with one or two exceptions, the officers are seconded from the General Post Office on short service commissions.

No postal organisation is perfect and there is an enquiry branch

at Mill Hill to deal with complaints, the most common being from the soldier who says he is not getting his letters or from the mother who alleges that they are not being delivered. On investigation, it often turns out either that the letter was never written or that the soldier got it but did not bother to reply.

The Army Post Office has a long history, and in its archives is a letter to the Foreign Office dated 1799 from one Henry Darlot, who was about to start mail deliveries to the troops in Holland. He set out wearing a buff coat with cocked hat and cockade, armed with a pair of pistols and accompanied by a post-chaise, two horses and a servant. It is a far cry from that post-chaise to the aircraft, parachutes and motor vehicles used by the Army Post Office today, but the principle of getting the mail to the soldier as quickly as possible is the same.

In 1960 the Home Postal Depot hopes to move to permanent quarters at Mill Hill, where greater mechanisation will enable it to economise in manpower and speed deliveries still further.

speed deliveries still further. "To get letters promptly to men in lonely outposts, who are far from any entertainments, is of paramount importance," says Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Read-  
ing, RE, Commander of the Home Postal Depot.

R. F. LAMBERT

# A TASTE OF ARMY LIFE

WHAT'S the Army like and how do soldiers live and train abroad?

To find out, more than 1200 schoolboys from all over Britain recently spent a fortnight as guests of many units in Rhine Army. They were members of Combined Cadet Forces from such famous schools as Oundle, Sedbergh and Edinburgh Academy and boys from scores of Army Cadet Force units from more than a dozen counties.

Each host unit gave the boys ample opportunity of tasting Army life, accommodating them in their barracks and allowing them to take part in training and organising demonstrations.

Cadets staying near Munster spent a week-end at the Army Ski Centre at Winterberg and visited the Mohne Dam. Others saw Gunners of 47 Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), Royal Artillery, training with the Corporal rocket and watched units of the Canadian brigade at work. Some visited the Ruhr steel works, the British Forces Network station in



See how easy the Army makes life for its Sappers and Pioneers? A keen cadet from Edinburgh Academy gets advice on how to operate an air-powered saw.

Cologne and the famous Schloss and Riding School at Celle and went for a tour by ferry boat round the Hamburg docks. One party spent a fascinating few hours at the Volkswagen works watching a car being turned out every 30 seconds from 5000 component parts.

Making their first visit under this War Office scheme to encourage boys to join the Army were 21 lads from the Army's own school

— the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Dover. They were attached to the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars which they joined on squadron training on Luneburg Heath, acting as crew members and learning something of the intricacies of tank driving, wireless and gunnery.

To judge from their remarks on the journey back to Britain many of the boys will soon be joining the Army.

Left: A cadet from Bury concentrates on the task in hand as he sweeps a German field for 'mines.'

Right: Boys from the Duke of York's Royal Military School pose on a Conqueror tank belonging to their hosts.



Left: A cadet from Bury concentrates on the task in hand as he sweeps a German field for 'mines.'



## DO YOU KNOW HIM?

★ 1 ★

- In this new series **SOLDIER** recounts the inspiring exploits of once-famous British soldiers.
- Can you identify this man whose story is told below?
- One night in April, 1798, at San Domingo in the West Indies, Robert \_\_\_\_\_, a red-haired major of Dragoons, was roused by shrieks of "Help! Murder!"
- He leapt from his bed, snatched up a sword and ran downstairs in his nightgown to confront a gang of armed fanatics who had come to kill him. Already they had hacked his native servant almost to pieces.
- Robert \_\_\_\_\_ rushed at the killers, cutting and thrusting with his sword. Although wounded in the head by a pistol bullet, he slew six of the gang outright and put the survivors to flight. Years later when presented to King George III, the monarch looked at Robert \_\_\_\_\_ in astonishment and said, "Eh, eh! Is this the little man who killed the brigands at San Domingo?"
- In India in 1806 the native garrison of Vellore Fortress mutinied, killing all but a handful of the British troops.
- Robert \_\_\_\_\_, who was at Arcot, collected some troopers and covered the 16 miles to Vellore at a gallop.
- Single-handed, he attacked a gateway and was then joined by another officer and four men. All save Robert \_\_\_\_\_ were shot down. Robert \_\_\_\_\_ then swarmed up a rope to the ramparts, led attack after attack and overcame seemingly impossible odds.

**F. DUBREZ FAWCETT**

Answer on page 37

# "THE DUKES" GOT THERE BY CANOE

**A**T Orlock Point on the rocky coast of Northern Ireland, some two miles north of Donaghadee, 12 soldiers set off to cross under their own steam the treacherous Irish Sea to Scotland—a voyage that hardened sailors heartily dislike even on a large passenger boat.

Eight officers, a corporal and three lance-corporals of the Duke of Wellington's Regimental Outward Bound Club (the only one of its type in the Army) were doing the journey the hard way—in two-man canoes.

They were all volunteers and most of them inexperienced

canoeists whose only training had been on Belfast Lough a few weeks before. Two of the canoes were home-made—by Lance-Corporal A. Watts, one of the experienced members of the team—and the rest belonged to the Brigade Canoe Club.

The six canoes, led by Captain



*The six two-man canoes lined up at Orlock Point at the start of the long paddle across the Irish Sea. Two of the canoes were made by a member of the Regiment.*



*Above: Going strong at the halfway mark are Lieutenant J. Greenway and Second-Lieutenant C. Cumberlege. Although most of the men were inexperienced only three failed to complete the hazardous crossing.*

*Below: A pause for a breather when the crews were fed with hot soup and glucose. During the crossing high waves swamped the canoes and towards the end strong tides threatened to sweep them back to sea.*



D. Gilbert-Smith MC and Second-Lieutenant W. Charlesworth and accompanied by a local fisherman's launch, set off under an overcast sky. After reaching the Copeland Islands on schedule they ploughed through the rough waters of the notorious Ram Harry Race where high waves crashed side on to the canoes and swamped the occupants. The crews paused for a rest and then made off again, this time led by Lance-Corporal Watts and Second-Lieutenant E. Duckney and followed by Second-Lieutenant M. Bray and Lance-Corporal P. Spruce. Behind them the rest—Lieutenant J. Greenway and Second-Lieutenant C. Cumberlege; Lieutenant J. Shenton and Second-Lieutenant J. Fawcett; and Corporal K. Johnson and Lance-Corporal N. Mitchell—were beginning to feel the cold winds and were fed from the launch with hot soup, glucose tablets and Army compo rations.

The half-way mark was reached on schedule and it looked as if the crossing would be accomplished in the target time of seven hours.

But high, cold winds, sometimes reaching 15 knots, and strong counter currents slowed progress and the outline of the Scottish coast seemed to get no nearer as the crews paddled desperately through the high seas.

Six miles from Portpatrick one of the canoeists was taken on to the launch, suffering from sickness and a badly blistered back. Shortly afterwards another, crippled with cramp and cold, had to be relieved.

Slowly but surely the canoes inched towards the shore, battling against the tide which threatened to sweep them out to sea again and with only a mile to go a third exhausted canoeist had to be relieved. The rest, however, stuck grimly to their task and shortly after 6 p.m. they landed on Scottish soil, to the cheers of crowds who had watched their efforts.

They had made the crossing in 8 hours 35 minutes—one and a half hours outside their planned time but a remarkable performance of stamina and skill in adverse conditions.



*The Regimental Colour, with the battle streamer attached, is trooped before the Glosters. The Battalion is back to back—as it fought against Napoleon's men.*

## A TRIBUTE TO GLORY

IT was a proud day for the Glorious Glosters as they marched on to a barrack square in Germany to receive the United States' highest collective military award for gallantry.

Eight years ago, on a hill in Korea, the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment and C Troop, 170 Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery, won the admiration of the world for their heroic three-day stand against overwhelming Chinese forces at the Battle of Solma-ri (Imjin River). When ordered to withdraw only five officers and 37 other ranks made good their escape. The Glosters' commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Carne, who was later awarded the Victoria Cross, stayed behind with the wounded.

Now, at Osnabrück on the eighth anniversary of the battle, the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment paraded to receive from an American general the Presidential Citation—an honour never before awarded to a non-American unit.

Among them were 29 survivors of Solma-ri, including Major M. G. Harvey MC, who led the main escape party to safety. Also on parade, with their guns, were C Troop, 170 (Imjin) Field Battery, Royal Artillery, successors to C Troop, 170 Mortar Battery who were also awarded the Presidential Citation.

To the strains of music from the Regimental Band, General Clyde D. Eddleman, Commander of the United States Army in Europe, inspected the parade in company with the Colonel of the Regiment, General C. E. A. Firth DSO. The Battalion was then drawn up in line and the Regi-

mental Colour was marched forward and lowered while General Eddleman tied to it the battle streamer of the Presidential Citation—a strip of blue cloth bearing in gold the legend "Solma-ri Korea."

Then the Commanding Officer of the Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. S. Heidenstam, gave the historic command "Twenty-eighth, right about face"—the order given to the 28th Foot (later

The Gloucestershire Regiment) when they repulsed the French at the Battle of Alexandria in 1801 by fighting back to back.

The rear rank turned about and the Battalion faced both ways at the present as the Regimental Colour, with its proudly borne battle streamer, was trooped to commemorate another day, 150 years later, in Korea, when the Glorious Glosters wrote a brave page in British military history.

*General Clyde Eddleman ties the Presidential Citation battle streamer to the Regimental Colour. It is a unique tribute to a brave action on the Imjin.*



**T**HE Army is perturbed and angry following reports that a document which clears British soldiers of committing a series of inhuman atrocities during the Cyprus emergency, may be suppressed.

And justifiably so, for the Human Rights Commission of the Council of Europe has found that almost all the 49 allegations of brutality and worse are baseless and that only in a few isolated instances was the conduct of British troops blameworthy.

Yet, it seems, this report which vindicates the Army will never be made known to the world because, under the Human Rights Convention, publication is made only if a government which has violated the Convention refuses to remedy the situation.

No one who served in Cyprus during the four-and-a-half years of terrorism would deny that occasionally the British soldier may have used a little more force than was necessary. He was often acting under extreme provocation and needed more than kid gloves to fight the gangs of thugs who shot his comrades in the back. But, as the Commission has found, the behaviour of British troops was generally of a very high standard.

By absolving them, the report does justice to the men who fought against all odds to keep the peace in an island riddled with hatred and intrigue. But justice must also be seen to be done.

Mercifully, Cyprus is now calm, but before the recent sad chapter in the island's history is closed the reputation of the British soldier should be publicly vindicated.

**★**  
**W**HAT kind of men make the best soldiers?

According to a report based on an eight-year investigation by Columbia University, married men in the United States Army in wartime were better soldiers than either bachelors or divorced men.

Equally surprising is the discovery that men who lived in agricultural areas were worse soldiers than those who lived in the cities and that more men broke down because of the frustrations of army life in general than from stress of actual combat.

So far as SOLDIER knows no similar investigation has been made in the British Army. It would be interesting to know if the results would be the same.

# MILITARY MISCELLANY

Germany

## THIS BRIDGE SWIMS

**A** REMARKABLE new floating bridge which can carry a Conqueror (Britain's heaviest tank) and its transporter, together weighing 105 tons, has been undergoing troop trials in Rhine Army.

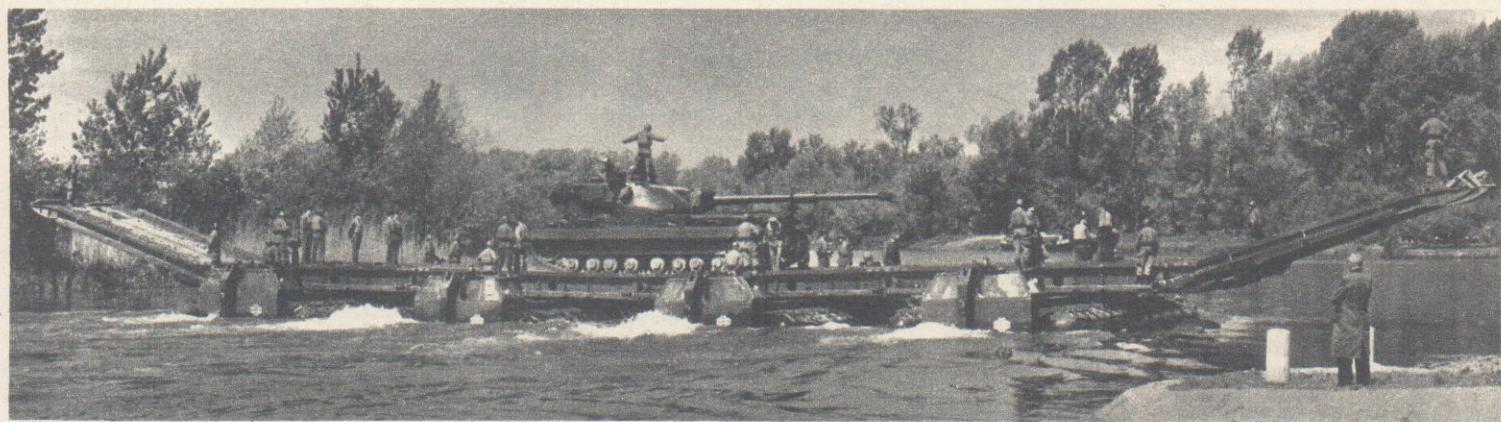
It is the Gillois assault pontoon bridge, invented by a French lieutenant-colonel of that name, which is made up of a series of amphibious vehicles, each equipped with decking which revolves through 90 degrees to form individual sections of the bridge. Each vehicle weighs 28 tons and can be driven at 35 miles an hour on land and at seven miles an hour on water. On a wide river the bridge can be swum fully loaded into position.

To construct the bridge, the amphibious vehicles are driven into the water where they swing their decking around and, attached to each other, form a continuous roadway.

At one recent trial a 150-ft. river was spanned in eleven minutes after which a Centurion tank was driven across at 20 miles an hour. Later, a Conqueror tank on its transporter made an equally successful crossing in the presence of high-ranking North Atlantic Treaty Organisation officers.



With its decking in position, one of the floating bridge vehicles enters the water. When afloat the wheels retract and the propeller takes over. Below: Laden with a 65-ton Conqueror, the Gillois bridge swims down river.



## ... AND TWO BECAME ONE

Centurions of the newly formed 4th Royal Tank Regiment drive past Major-General H. R. B. Foote VC, DSO on a barrack square in Germany. The 4th and 7th were old friends who had fought side by side in World War Two battles.



**A** SPECTACULAR march-past of more than 30 gleaming Centurion tanks—the first of its kind in Germany for many years—was the climax to the amalgamation parade of the 4th and 7th Royal Tank regiments at Hohne recently.

It was the first of three amalgamations which are taking place in the Royal Tank Regiment.

Appropriately, the salute as the Centurions roared past the parade ground, led in a scout car by the commanding officer of the new 4th Royal Tank Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Farnell-Watson MC, was taken by Major-General H. R. B. Foote VC, DSO. He won the Victoria Cross in North Africa in 1942 for gallantry while commanding officer of the 7th Royal Tank Regiment.

Before the march-past the two regiments had marched inwards on each other to form one regiment and then fired a "Feu de Joie" on their tanks' guns.

To the accompaniment of "Auld Lang Syne" the old regimental flags were lowered for the last time and then the new regimental flag was unfurled on its mast.

Another new regiment had been born.

## THE COLOURS FADED AWAY

**I**T was a sad and moving occasion at Old Anniesland in Glasgow when 200 officers and men were drawn up in review order to greet their Colonel-in-Chief, Princess Margaret, whose name is borne in their title: The Royal Highland Fusiliers (Princess Margaret's Own Glasgow and Ayrshire Yeomanry).

The old Colours of the two famous Scottish regiments which have been united to form the Royal Highland Fusiliers—the Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Highland Light Infantry—were to be trooped for the last time.

But it was a happy and inspiring day, too, for Princess Margaret was also to present the new Regiment with its first Colours.

Accompanied by the Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General R. A. Bramwell-Davis, who was dressed like the men on parade in the new No. 1 uniform of a blue doublet with Inverness skirt and gauntlet cuffs, Mackenzie tartan trews and white spats over brogues, the Princess reviewed her Regiment. Then, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" the old Colours were trooped and marched off.

The new Colours were marched on and consecrated and then the parade formed a hollow square as the Regimental drums were piled and the new Colours laid on them. The Princess handed them

*The old Colours of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Highland Light Infantry receive their last salute before being taken to Glasgow Cathedral for laying-up.*



to the Colour party and as the band played the national anthem they were proudly trooped for the first time.

Later, Princess Margaret accepted on behalf of the Regiment the freedom of the City of Glasgow and of the Royal Burgh of

Ayr (where the Regimental Depot is now located). She told her audience that the old Colours had faded away like old soldiers who never die and that the new ones would be an inspiration to the new Regiment which would go forward with increasing vigour,

maintaining the traditions of its two famous forebears.

**FOOTNOTE:** The new Regiment has already made its mark. In March, the Royal Highland Fusiliers recruited 41 men on Regular enlistments, more than any other regiment of the line.

## TROUBLE? THEN CALL IN REME



*Winding its way round a narrow hairpin bend in the Troodos Mountains, "Delilah" keeps well away from the edge of the road on the far side. There is a drop of more than 800-ft into the valley below.*

**W**HEN a monster 27-ton D.9 caterpillar tractor arrived in Famagusta docks the Cyprus Trading Company were at a loss to know how it could be transported to their asbestos mine at Amiandos, 3000-ft up in the Troodos Mountains.

Several weeks later they were still without an answer.

Then someone thought of calling in the Army and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers said they could do the job.

The task was undertaken by three men from No. 1 Infantry Workshops, REME, in Nicosia—Sergeant J. Finch and Craftsmen J. Morrison and T. Caulfield—with the assistance of "Delilah," a Scammell recovery vehicle complete with trailer.

On the first day the tractor was loaded on to the trailer and driven for 73 miles to Limassol where after an overnight stop the second and extremely difficult stage was tackled.

"Delilah" and her trailer, together 60-ft long, made good time over the first ten miles and then began to climb into the mountains over roads which became increasingly narrow and rough surfaced.

Soon the roads dwindled into tracks and at times ran alongside sheer cliff face with drops of up to 800 feet yawning below. But "Delilah" and her crew pushed on, through mountain villages and over bridges only an inch or two wider than the vehicle, until the asbestos mine was reached.

It was a severe test of skill and team work and yet another example of the help that the Army is glad to give those who want it.

# QUICK CROSSWORD

THIS month SOLDIER offers six recently published books worth more than £5 5s to the winner of this crossword contest.

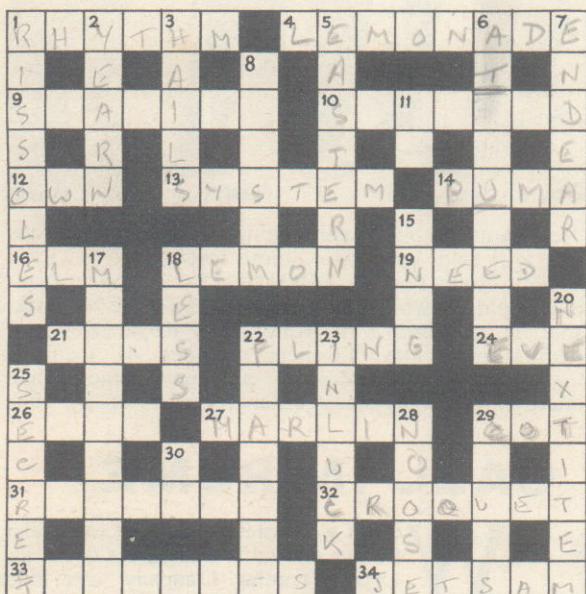
Entries must arrive at SOLDIER's London office by Friday, 24 July.

The winner will be the sender of the first correct solution opened by the editor. He or she may choose any six of the following books: "Britain and the Arabs" by Sir John Glubb; "Grey Touched with Scarlet" (war experiences of Army nursing sisters) by Jean Bowden; "War and Peace in the Space Age" by Lt-Gen. James Gavin; "Knights of the Floating Silk" (secret agent's true story) by George Langelaan; "Dawn of D-Day" (an account of the first few hours of the Normandy invasion) by David Howarth; "Death Be Not Proud" (the true story of women agents in France); "How to Sail" (one of the How to Play series) by John Fisher; the novels "Interrupted Journey" by James Wilson; "The Small Spark of Courage" by D. A. Rayner; "East of Algiers" (a Paul Temple thriller); "Friar's Folly," a romance by Marjorie Warby; "Wild Men of Sydney" by Cyril Pearl; and a bound volume of SOLDIER, 1957-58.

FAN LEGS.

## RULES

- Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
- Each entry must be accompanied by the "WIN SIX BOOKS—14" panel printed at the top of this page.
- Competitors may submit more than one entry but *each* must be accompanied by the "WIN SIX BOOKS—14" panel.
- Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
- The Editor's decision is final.



KONEDAH

## ACROSS

- Regular movement (6 letters).
- Drink for a lone dame (8).
- Cut off skin the get this (7).
- Sprinkled (7).
- Not another's (3).
- Organisation in messy stemmer (6).
- Wild member of the cat family (4).
- A slippery tree? (3).
- Used in 4 across (5).
- Want (4).
- Cleopatra knew these serpents (4).
- Young men often have one (5).
- Lady at the going down of the sun (3).
- Equal in the late hours (4).
- A spiky, nautical instrument (6).
- Most of us start off in one (3).
- Ransacking in a firearm (7).
- A game for the lawn (7).

★ The solution and name of the winner will be announced in SOLDIER, September.

The winner of SOLDIER's May "What Do You Know?" competition was:

WO 11 G. GLADMAN, 5 Base Workshop, REME, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

The correct solution was: 1. Nyasaland; Russia; Iraq; Cyprus; Australia. 2. The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers). 3. Barnet. 4. Cassino. The rest were World War One battles. 5. Henry Cooper. 6. Mis-spelled words were irresistible, incognito and pavilion. 7. A hoosegow is a gaol. 8. (a) bliss; (b) well, ends; (c) work, play, Jack, dull; (d) swallow. 9. Two days. 10. (a) hen pen; (b) rippin' pippin; (c) slight fright; (d) fine spine.

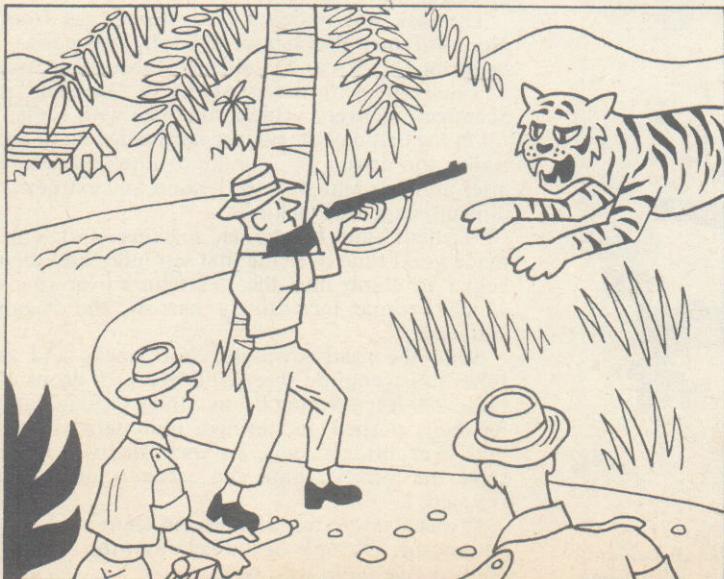
- To show as on a screen (8).
- Fast-flying aircraft and the morning for this wreckage (6).

## DOWN

- A title in reverse and flat fishes for these meat balls (8).
- A tale plus for this longing (5).
- Comes from (5).
- Geographically in the orient (7).
- Back again on the barrack square (2, 3, 4).
- The extremity of an extremity to make you fond of (6).
- Plaster of Paris is made from this (6).
- Initially a blue-blooded sailor (2).
- Difficulty with animal connections (4).
- Impenetrable, sounds like a gorged teacher (9).
- Not so much (4).
- The detail that follows at a meeting (4, 4).
- Projecting rims from fan legs (7).
- Fortunate (2, 4).
- They say a woman never keeps it (6).
- Rope ring in Pentonville (5).
- These are guides, but not human (5).
- A Greek symbol you could eat, perhaps (2).

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

## • HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



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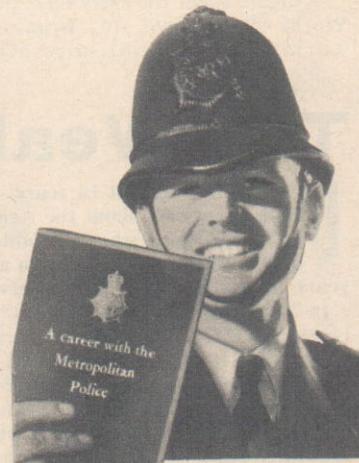
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# WINGATE THE BRILLIANT ECCENTRIC

**A** YOUNG officer stopped the general's car, climbed in and ordered the driver to drive on. Then he explained to the general that he had an important communication.

Thus, in 1938, did Captain Orde Charles Wingate tell General Sir Archibald Wavell his plan for Special Night Squads, composed of British and Jewish volunteers, to cope with Arab raiders in Palestine. The general was persuaded.

One of the many remarkable things about Wingate's career, admirably described by Christopher Sykes in "Orde Wingate" (Collins, 35s), was the way he defeated red tape.

Feeling he had been unjustly overlooked as a candidate for the Staff College, he marched up to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (then General Sir Cyril Deverell), who was watching an exercise, and outlined his case while staff and senior officers looked on aghast. The result was not Staff College, but the next best thing, a staff appointment.

Once he had a memorandum he wanted to present to General Sir Edmund Ironside, then Governor of Gibraltar. Wingate was on a troopship which called at the Rock. There was no shore-leave, so he leaped on an adjoining cargo vessel, walked ashore, was received by the Governor at dawn and returned to the trooper, undetected.

Not all the highly placed contacts of this forceful and unorthodox soldier were made so brusquely. For many he depended on introductions from his august kinsman, "Cousin Rex"—General Sir Reginald Wingate, formerly Governor-General of the Sudan and High Commissioner for Egypt. His link with Mr. Churchill, however, was won on his own achievements. After the success of the first Chindit expedition in Burma he was able to communicate with the Prime Minister direct.

Wingate was an unpopular cadet at Woolwich, where he was "run"—an unpleasant form of running the gauntlet organised as a punishment by his fellow cadets. Wingate resolved never to be the victim of a mob again. To avoid it, he must have power; to have power he must be educated. So the slack cadet plunged into study with fierce energy.

As a subaltern on Salisbury Plain, Wingate and a friend flouted the convention that Gunner officers in medium regiments did not hunt. His performances in the hunting-field developed that extraordinary eye for country which was to stand him in good stead later.

His first overseas posting was to the Sudan, and while there he set out on a desert exploration trip. Wingate went the hard way, trudging through the heat of the day with his camels. It was his

published account of the expedition which he brought to the attention of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff whom he tackled on the subject of Staff College nominations.

His staff appointment was as an Intelligence officer in Palestine. From his Intelligence work came the Special Night Squads, hard-hitting little units which were a great success and brought him the Distinguished Service Order for courageous leadership. Wingate, however, espoused the cause of Zionism with all the force of his nature. He saw his squads as the cadre for a Jewish army and dreamt of a Jewish army with himself as its commander. He even offered to resign from the British Army and go underground with his Jewish friends to fight the British!

His meddling in politics and his rebelliousness did not endear him to his superiors. The result was adverse reports which Wingate contested before the Army Council.

Wingate spent the early days of World War Two in Britain, working out an anti-aircraft

strategy similar to that which was later used. After Dunkirk, he devised a scheme for a "special unit" to carry out guerrilla warfare against German invaders. The scheme was accepted, but there was other work in store for Wingate.

In 1940 he went to the Middle East, where he commanded guerrillas (called Gideon Force) and raised rebellion against the Italians in Ethiopia. At one stage, 300 of Wingate's men besieged an Italian force of 12,000. The campaign ended with the surrender of 14,000 Italian and native troops.

Wingate then went back to Cairo, but in the busy headquarters he found little recognition of what Gideon Force had done in Ethiopia. He tried to commit suicide, was rescued only just in time, recovered and sailed for England.

After one night as a battery commander in Dorset, he flew to Burma at the request of Lord Wavell, then Commander-in-Chief in India. In 18 months he was to rise from major to major-general.

Now came his greatest, and most controversial, hour. He conceived the idea of units making long-range penetration behind the Japanese lines, attacking communications and tying down troops. So, in the face of



General Wingate wearing his old-fashioned solar topee. He won fame with his Chindits. In 18 months he rose from major to major-general.

much opposition, were born the Chindits.

They were trained according to Wingate's rigorous ideas. Men were virtually forbidden to go sick. In their first expedition, Wingate wrote, "the man knew that sickness meant capture or death. He therefore did not only not go sick, he did not even feel sick."

The success of the first expedition brought Wingate fame and restored morale in the Far East by showing how the over-rated Japanese jungle-fighters could be tackled. The second expedition—by which time the Chindits had grown to 26,500 men—was only three weeks old when Wingate was killed in an aeroplane crash. He was only 41. "He has gone," Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons, "but his spirit lives . . ."

## The Weaker Sex At War

**I**T is odd that almost 14 years should have elapsed before the appearance of a book about the Army's nursing sisters and their exploits in World War Two. It is odder still that the book should be written by a woman who is not even a trained nurse, but who spent the war years at home in the Civil Service.

In "Grey Touched With Scarlet" (Hale, 18s), Jean Bowden tells an absorbing story of the experiences, hair-raising, heroic, sometimes humorous but never humdrum, that befell the sisters of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service in various theatres of war during 1939-1945: the women known throughout the Army with affection and regard as "The Q.A.s."

In every battle area of World War Two, often working under fire and in appalling conditions, the Q.A.s played their gallant part. Their weapons were skill, patience, knowledge, courage, initiative and endurance. They suffered imprisonment at the hands of the Japanese and were often bombed at sea on board hospital ships. In November, 1942, one of these, with more than 200 nurses aboard, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. After hours in the water clinging to pieces of wreckage or in life-boats, the bedraggled sisters were brought ashore at Oran, where their sodden uniforms were exchanged for

men's clothing. It was then that the indomitable Matron in charge produced a phrase which has won immortality in the history of the Q.A.s. "Here, borrow my comb," she said briskly, "and try not to look like survivors."

Hospital ships in the Mediterranean paid a particularly heavy toll. The S.S. *Newfoundland* was attacked while steaming fully lit and with her red crosses illuminated, in the middle of the night in the Gulf of Salerno. Six sisters died in the fire that followed.

On Friday, 13 February, 1942, a number of Q.A.s, among them Sister Margot Turner, were evacuated from Singapore in the S.S. *Kuala*, a little ship weighed down with a mass of women and children refugees and under constant air attack by the Japanese. Some fifty miles out a direct hit wiped out a cabin containing four Q.A. matrons, and the ship quickly sank. Sister Turner swam to a small island some 400 yards away, where she remained for four days helping to care for the

sick and wounded until picked up by another small boat in the middle of the night. At nine o'clock the next evening there were two explosions in rapid succession, and the little boat shuddered and heeled over. As Sister Turner struggled towards the hold a V.A.D. met her. "It's no use," she sobbed, "they're all dead." The deck was at an angle of 60 degrees and the two women slid down to the rail and into the water only moments before the ship foundered. They tied together two rafts floating in the wreckage and before daylight had swum out and brought to comparative safety 16 people, including six children. Then followed an appalling four days as the survivors, despite Sister Turner's ceaseless and valiant efforts, perished one by one. At length, burned black and cruelly blistered by the sun, thirst-racked, starving and alone, she was picked up by a Japanese naval vessel which took her to internment in Sumatra.

In 1949 the title of the Service was altered from Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service to Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, but to the rest of the Army they are still "The Q.A.s."

Wingate's was an eventful career, to which the author does full justice. The story of his life never lacks interest, not only for his accomplishments, but for his brushes with higher authority, his fertile inventiveness and determination which scorned all obstacles.

He was an eccentric, too. At one stage he wore an alarm-clock on his wrist; sometimes he wandered naked around his home and received visitors in that state. Once, while waiting for a cool drink at Tripoli airfield, he seized a flower-vase and drank the dirty water from it—and developed typhoid. His violent temper brought him much trouble.

## Tank Epic In The Desert

**N**ON-FICTIONAL books about World War Two fall, broadly, into two categories—those concerned with the higher direction and political considerations of the war, and those describing the individual experiences in action of less well-known figures.

An exciting and grim new book of the latter sort is "Brazen Chariots," by Robert Crisp DSO, MC (*Frederick Miller, 15s*), a day-by-day account of what happened to him as a tank commander, and to those he commanded, in the "Crusader" campaign of November-December, 1941, in the Western Desert, when Axis forces stood menacingly close to Egypt and around besieged Tobruk.

Bob Crisp was a South African who, before the war, was a journalist and a Test cricketer. His unit in the Crusader Operation was the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, of the 4th Armoured Brigade. His story is that of the tank man in battle, conveying in vivid, descriptive language all his emotions and moods, of exhilaration, fear, grim resolution, and utter weariness.

It is recorded that the 4th Armoured Brigade was in action continuously for the first 14 days of the campaign, without rest or maintenance, and 172 of its tanks were knocked out in five weeks (six of them when under Bob Crisp's personal command). But at the end of that confused and critical battle, 400 of Rommel's tanks had been reduced to 58 and the outnumbered British forces had snatched victory from disaster.

Most readers probably will close the book in hearty agreement with the view of Field Marshal Lord Harding, expressed in a foreword, that it "has a moral for the public and for our leaders too. . . . Let us hope that the lesson of the dangers of being unprepared that cost us so dear in the early days of both World Wars have at last been learnt. It is for the people of this country and our leaders—political and military—to ensure that if the Bob Crisps of the future have to fight in our defence the dice are loaded in their favour and not against them. Will they? I wonder."

## The Late Starter Who Made Good

**T**HOMAS GRAHAM was 45 when he entered the Army, and his first rank was lieutenant-colonel. He left it, 21 years later, as a lieutenant-general with a well-merited peacock.

How this late-starting amateur reached military distinction is told by A. Brett-James in "General Graham, Lord Lynedoch" (*Macmillan, 36s*).

It was disgust with the French revolutionaries that first urged Graham, a wealthy Scots landowner, to take part in the war against France. In 1792 his wife died in the Mediterranean, whether he had taken her in the hope of mending her health. He took her body back to England by way of French canals. On the trip, officious and drunken French soldiers showed no respect for the barge which was Mrs. Graham's hearse, and broke open her coffin. After this experience, he considered war "just and necessary."

Later, still a civilian, he went on a Mediterranean cruise with the Royal Navy and found himself in besieged Toulon. He became an unofficial volunteer aide-de-camp to the commander of the British troops, picked up a musket, led a counter-attack in the nick of time, and was slightly wounded.

This decided him that he could make good as a soldier. After the long peace, he thought, he would be "but little behindhand with most of the field officers of the army except in the mere knowledge of drill and field exercise."

So he went back to Britain and raised a regiment. He scorned the easy way to permanent rank by

a token journey through the lower commissioned ranks. It took him 15 years to gain his permanent commission, and a dour fight it was with the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York. At one time, when there was a break in the war in 1802, the Duke told Graham to resign or his regiment would be disbanded. However, a resumption of hostilities put the quarrel back into the pending tray.

Impatient for active service, Graham left his regiment, the 90th (and so missed its hour of glory at the Battle of Alexandria) to serve as a liaison officer with the Austrian Army.

In 1803, he was again a liaison officer, this time with the Spanish army. He left them, and as Sir John Moore's aide-de-camp took part in the retreat to Corunna. When Moore fell mortally wounded, it was Graham who lifted him from the ground.

After this campaign, he was promoted major-general and at last given his permanent commission. After an unsatisfactory expedition to Walcheren, Graham was sent back to the Peninsula, to command the British troops defending Cadiz. This was a thankless appointment, but Graham

found fame in an elaborate sortie by scoring a notable success against great odds at Barrosa.

He now became second-in-command to the Duke of Wellington. The two had much in common and worked well together. Soon, the strain of campaigning affected Graham's sight, and he was forced to go home, vowing he would return if the sight of one eye could be saved.

Back he went, with both eyes restored, and back into battle. Once again his health broke down. Home he went again, but six weeks later he was in harness once more, commanding a British force fighting a difficult campaign in the Lowlands. In 1814 he retired, and lived to the age of 95.

Graham was the dashing kind of general who had horses shot under him in battle, but he was also a man to take cool decisions. When the attack on San Sebastian was going hard, he ordered artillery to fire just above the heads of his own men fighting in the breach. It was a daring stroke which broke the French defence.

He was also a general who liked to campaign in style and comfort. His establishment in the Peninsula included 40 luggage mules. Six officers of his personal staff lived at Graham's expense, and he had many guests. All this cost £800 to set up and £2140 a year to run.

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## FOUR-CAREER GENERAL

**I**N the days when no young man could aspire to a commission in the British Army unless he had private means, the Indian Army offered a career to impudent would-be officers.

They had to be good. There were only 20 or 30 vacancies a year, competition was keen and only those high on the Sandhurst passing-out list stood a chance.

Such a one was Gentleman-Cadet J. G. Smyth, whose mother had to have a whip-round among her friends to settle the tailor's bills when he was commissioned. So, in 1912, began the career which Brigadier Sir John Smyth Bart, VC, MC, now relates in "The Only Enemy" (Hutchinson, 30s).

As a subaltern in the 15th Ludhiana Sikhs, he led a party of ten men across bullet-swept ground to carry grenades to a company of his own regiment and one of the Highland Light Infantry who were cut off. Only Lieutenant Smyth and one man arrived, but they had a welcome supply of grenades with them.

Lieutenant Smyth was awarded the Victoria Cross for this exploit and when he went to receive it, King George V explained that the actual value of the medal and box was not more than a penny. When Brigadier Smyth's medals were stolen, the War Office charged him £1 11s 6d for a replica!

The author was the only Indian Army officer to command a brigade in the operations which ended at Dunkirk in World War Two. It was a Territorial brigade, and when it was decided to introduce a Regular battalion into it, Brigadier Smyth surprised his superiors by choosing the 1st Battalion, Highland Light Infantry. His experiences alongside the Highland Light Infantry at the time he won the Victoria Cross were the reason for the choice.

Back in India, the author became a divisional commander and was at the head of the 17th Indian Division during the Japanese advance into Burma. He had to make the terrible decision to blow the Sittang river bridge with two-thirds of

his division on the wrong side of it.

The handling of his division became the subject of controversy. It is Brigadier Smyth's case that had he been allowed to retreat and fight on ground of his own choosing, and to use his Burma Rifles as guerilla troops, the results would have been less disastrous. As it was, the author was compulsorily retired from the Service in mid-war, after having obeyed orders against his own judgment. Some years later, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell tried to make amends by having the author made substantive major-general, but all that came was that, retired on a colonel's pension, he was made an honorary brigadier.

In bad health, and faced with the problem of seeking a new career, the author became a newspaper military commentator, and when peace came he started a third career as a writer on lawn-tennis. His success in both these fields was followed by still another career in politics. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, a task which was particularly suitable to a Member of Parliament who had worked hard in the cause of the Far East prisoners-of-war.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**M**OST books about D-Day in Normandy deal with the higher strategy of the battle that sealed the fate of Germany in World War Two.

Now, 15 years later, comes another of a different kind—"Dawn of D-Day" (Collins, 18s)—in which David Howarth tells of the experiences of a score of men who led the assault, the men who landed in France by parachute and from gliders and landing craft as dawn was about to break on 6 June, 1944.

Most of the men who headed the invasion had never been in battle before. Men like Major John Howard, whose glider-borne force captured the bridge at Benouville intact to cut off German reinforcements; Sergeant Ogden Smith, who helped clear underwater obstacles on the beaches; the men who drove the swimming tanks and smashed the first line of the German defences; Sergeant-Major Bowers, of the Royal Hampshire Regiment, who led a desperate and successful attack on a German pillbox; and the small party of parachutists who landed in the middle of a German division and fought their way to safety.

Their stories represent a cross section of the tens of thousands of men who landed in Normandy on the first day of the invasion, the most elaborate military adventure ever undertaken.

**S**O far as SOLDIER knows, no lady passengers were carried by private armies behind the German lines in the Western Desert in World War Two.

The one in Gordon Lansborough's "Patrol to Benghazi" (Cassell, 13s 6d), a comely German war correspondent rescued from a shot-down Junkers, is almost certainly the first to suffer that fate in fiction.

The men who accompanied her behind the lines belong to an organisation called POWEG, which rescues prisoners-of-war. A captive general is their particular objective because, locked in his mind, he carried the plan for Alamein and it is feared the Gestapo will prise it out of him.

The author writes knowledgeably about the desert.

**T**HE experiences of an American sergeant parachuted into the Kachin hills to raise a guerilla force behind the Japanese lines is told in "The Mission" (Constable, 12s 6d), by Dean Brellis.

At first completely cut off because his wireless set is out of order, the sergeant recruits villagers and trains them into soldiers. Later weapons and other supplies are flown in and the force moves off to harry the Japs along their escape route.

The author writes from first-hand knowledge. He served in the American Strategic Services and parachuted into Jap-held Burma, where he fought for two years with the Kachin tribesmen.

**I**N "No Friend for Travellers" (Robert Hale, 16s), A. J. Wightman tells a horrifying tale of the exploits of the Indian Society of Thugs, the most ruthless fraternity of mass-murderers in history.

It is also the story of the man who was responsible for destroying them—Captain (later Major-General), William Sleeman just over a century ago.

In "Cloud Over Arnhem" (Wingate, 8s 6d), a Dutch woman, Mrs Kate Ter Horst, pays tribute to the courage of the men who parachuted at Arnhem in a brilliant little book describing the ten-days operation which was doomed to disaster from a woman's point of view.

## THE MAN WITH TWO FACES

**M**ANY a book of soldierly reminiscence includes an account of the shooting of a lion, but that which opens George Langelaan's "Knights of the Floating Silk" (Hutchinson, 21s) is surely unique.

His lion was safely in a cage. It belonged to a private zoo in Belgium, just after the phoney war had turned into a hot one. There was a possibility that bombing might release dangerous animals, so the Field Security section to which the author belonged turned out with rifles as an execution squad.

The author's war led him to England via Dunkirk, back to France by parachute, into Vichy prisons, over the Pyrenees to Spain and home again, to North Africa, and finally back to Paris with the liberating army.

The man who parachuted back

*The author when he was commissioned into the East Yorkshire Regiment and (far right) as he looked when he re-entered France after his features were altered.*



to France as an agent was not, superficially, the same as the man who had left as a lance-corporal. While the London blitz was raging, he lay in a nursing home having alterations to his appearance by plastic surgery. He was able to go, undetected, among people he had known as a journalist in France before the war. The only time he was recognised was when he telephoned an old friend who had not seen his new face but knew his voice at once.

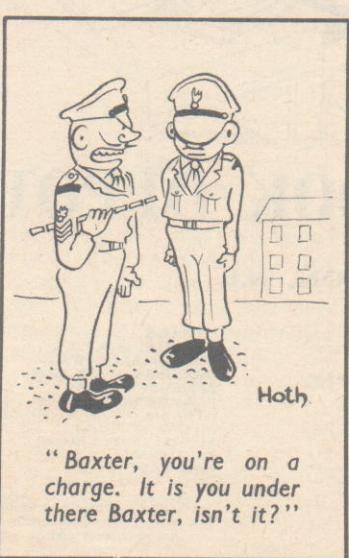
His book is a collection of lively war stories, and the title is taken from the name of an association formed in prison by those who had parachuted into France and called themselves Companions of the Floating Silk. This prison was visited by a legless priest who one day lifted up his cassock and produced from his wheel-chair a radio transmitter. Its main purpose, which it achieved, was to enable the prisoners to arrange their escape. Thanks to a garrulous guard they were also able to transmit information about a local arms factory, which the Royal Air Force destroyed.

Like all who were concerned in Field Security, the author went on

many wild-goose chases. But not all his spy-catching efforts were wasted. In France he had a tremendous fight with a suspect priest whose shoe came off, exposing a piece of paper that showed his suspicions were well-founded. In England a censored letter from a neutral country led to the unmasking of a Scandinavian ship-owner, living in Hull, whose fishing boats did more than catch fish.

In Algeria, the author became involved in the war between French Intelligence set-ups on the Allied side. The upshot was that he found himself being questioned at the point of a gun, a situation his training as an agent helped him to put right in the tradition of the best thrillers. Then, during a spy-hunt, he happened on a white-slavers' plot, which he foiled, and several people took shots at him. He was moved to Morocco, and experienced a curious adventure with a senior officer, a suspect mistress and a suspect Pole.

Though British, the author is a Parisian at heart and Paris was his goal. So far as he knows, he was the first British officer in uniform to reach the liberated city.



Lieut. M. Howard, the Best Man-at-Arms, skilfully avoids a thrust by CSMI McNeil, runner-up in the sabre contest. Sandhurst Cadets won the inter-unit championship.

# FENCING TRIUMPH FOR THE APTC



**S**OUTHERN Command and the Army Physical Training Corps monopolised this year's Army Fencing championships at Aldershot.

Of the eight competitors who shared top honours for sabre, foil and épée, seven were Southern Command representatives and all but three were instructors in the Army Physical Training Corps.

It was a triumph, too, for Lieutenant Michael Howard, a former company sergeant-major instructor of the APTC, who was commissioned into the Royal Pioneer Corps three weeks before the championships. In the gymnasium where he had spent many hours as an instructor he won the sabre competition, was second in the foil and took third place in the épée event, successes which won for him the title of Best Man-at-Arms in the British Army.

In the sabre contest Lieutenant Howard scored eight wins, beating each of the other competitors. Runner-up was CSMI R. McNeil, APTC, who suffered one defeat and third was CSMI G. Talkington, APTC, who was beaten twice. Fourth was a newcomer who had only just joined the Army—Private B. McCarthy, Royal Army Service Corps.

The surprise of the individual championships was the eclipse of Lieutenant Howard (who has represented Britain at the Olympic and Empire Games) in the épée contest. He took third place behind Captain P. King, Royal Corps of Signals, and Sergeant Instructor R. E. Bright, APTC.

In the foil competition, which was won by CSMI R. D. Perry, APTC, CSMI G. W. Gelder took third place. This gave him, with

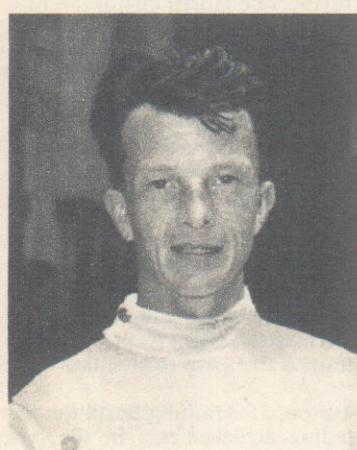
his performances in the other two events, the title of Best Man-at-Arms in the Army Physical Training Corps.

The inter-unit team championship went to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst with 5 Division Signals Regiment, Rhine Army runners-up.

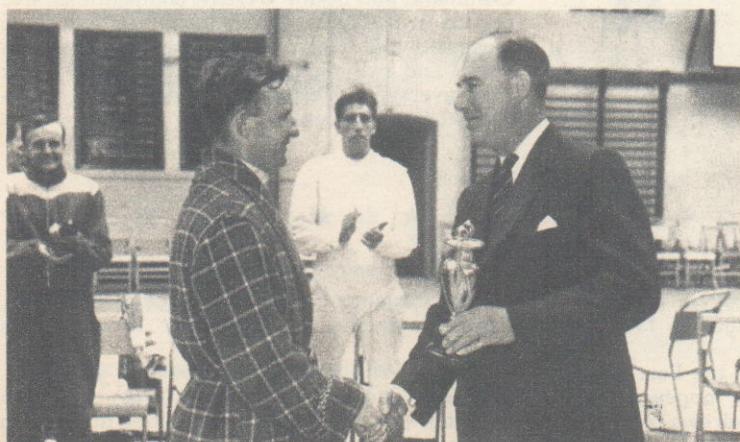
There were only four entries for the Women's Royal Army Corps

individual championship which was won by Second-Lieutenant P. Binney, of the WRAC Depot, Guildford.

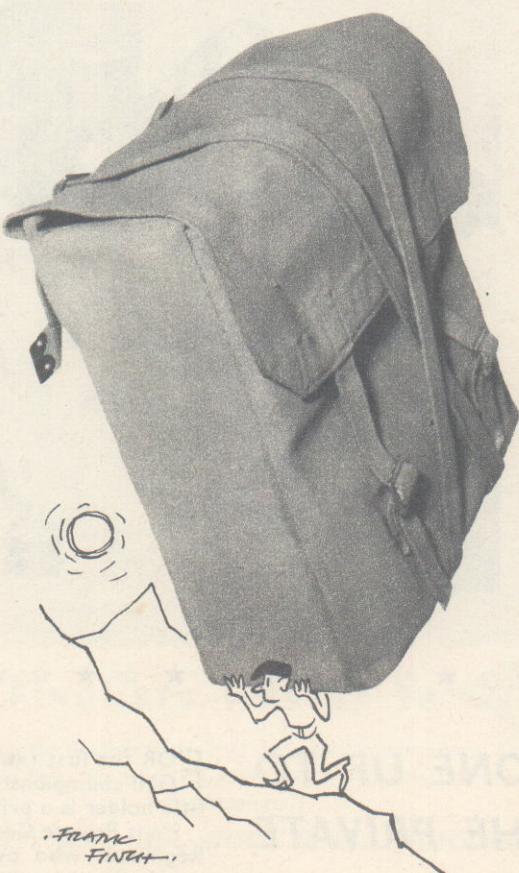
As SOLDIER went to press the Army team (Lieutenant Howard, CSMI McNeil, CSMI Talkington and Private McCarthy) won the British Sabre championships for the first time in the history of the contest.



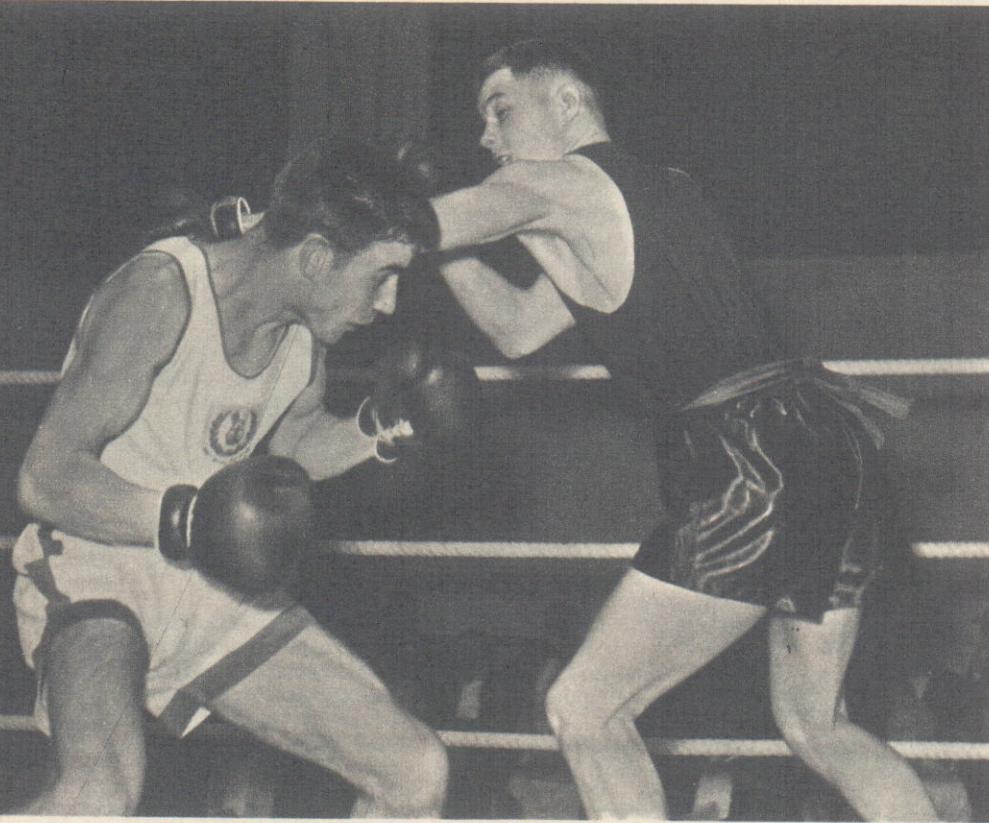
Above: CSMI Gelder was Best Man-at-Arms in the Army Physical Training Corps. Below: Lieutenant Howard receives his title-holder's trophy. He has fenced for Britain several times.



## Privates' Predicaments ... 2



# CHAMPION UNIT BEATS THE ARMY



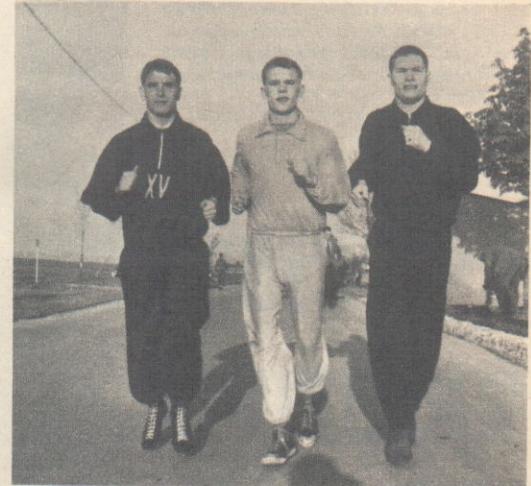
*Above: Driver P. Warwick misses with a left as his opponent, Private V. Jones of the Royal Pioneer Corps, slips his lead. But Warwick easily won his fight in the match against an Army team. Below: Some of the silver trophies won by 15 Training Battalion at boxing, rugby, soccer, athletics and swimming. They are insured for £2000.*



## ONE UP TO THE PRIVATE

FOR the first time in the history of the Army Golf championship which began in 1911, the title holder is a private soldier.

He is Private George Will, of the East Surrey Regiment, who overcame the bogey at this year's championships at St. Andrews to win by two strokes from Corporal G. B. Cosh, Royal



*Three of 15 Training Battalion's outstanding boxers who this year won Army titles. Left to right are Driver M. Greaves, Driver Don Weller, Driver P. Warwick.*

**I**N the long history of Army sport few—if any—units have achieved such success in one year as the men of 15 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, from Blandford in Dorset.

And to prove it the Battalion has a collection of silver trophies (insured for £2000) which look like a Bond Street jeweller's window display.

In the past year the unit has excelled in most sports and particularly at boxing in which for the third year running it won the Army inter-unit championship (equalled by only one other unit), provided seven finalists in the Army individual championships and three Amateur Boxing Association title-holders, a unique record unlikely to be broken. In the Imperial Services boxing championships three titles were won by the unit which also took eight of the ten individual titles in the Royal Army Service Corps championships and won both the Southern Command and South Western Command competitions.

Now, 15 Training Battalion has scored another notable success. To celebrate the feat of winning three ABA titles—by Lance-Corporal Fred Elderfield (middleweight), Driver Paul Warwick (lightweight) and Driver Don Weller (bantam)—the unit challenged a British Army team and won by 22 points to 17.

It was the first time a unit had fought a representative Army side and 15 Battalion's achievement was a tribute to the skill and perseverance of Major R. L. Thomas, the unit boxing officer, and Company Quartermaster-Sergeant R. Copplestone, who has trained the team for the last three years.

At other sports, too, 15 Training Battalion has recorded outstanding achievements in the past year. At soccer it won the Dorset Senior Cup (knocking out three semi-professional clubs), provided two players for the Army and six for Dorset County, and won the Southern Command Royal Army Service Corps Six-a-Side tournament. The rugby team won both the Southern Command and South Western competitions, five players turned out regularly for Dorset and three played for the Army. At hockey, athletics, lawn tennis and swimming the unit also put up better than average performances in Army and Command championships.



Army Ordnance Corps, and Major R. F. Semple, Royal Engineers, who tied for second place with 150.

Private Will, who learned to play golf at St. Andrews and who before he was called up recently was assistant professional at Walton Heath, returned a 75 and a 73.

# "THEY TRIED TOO HARD"

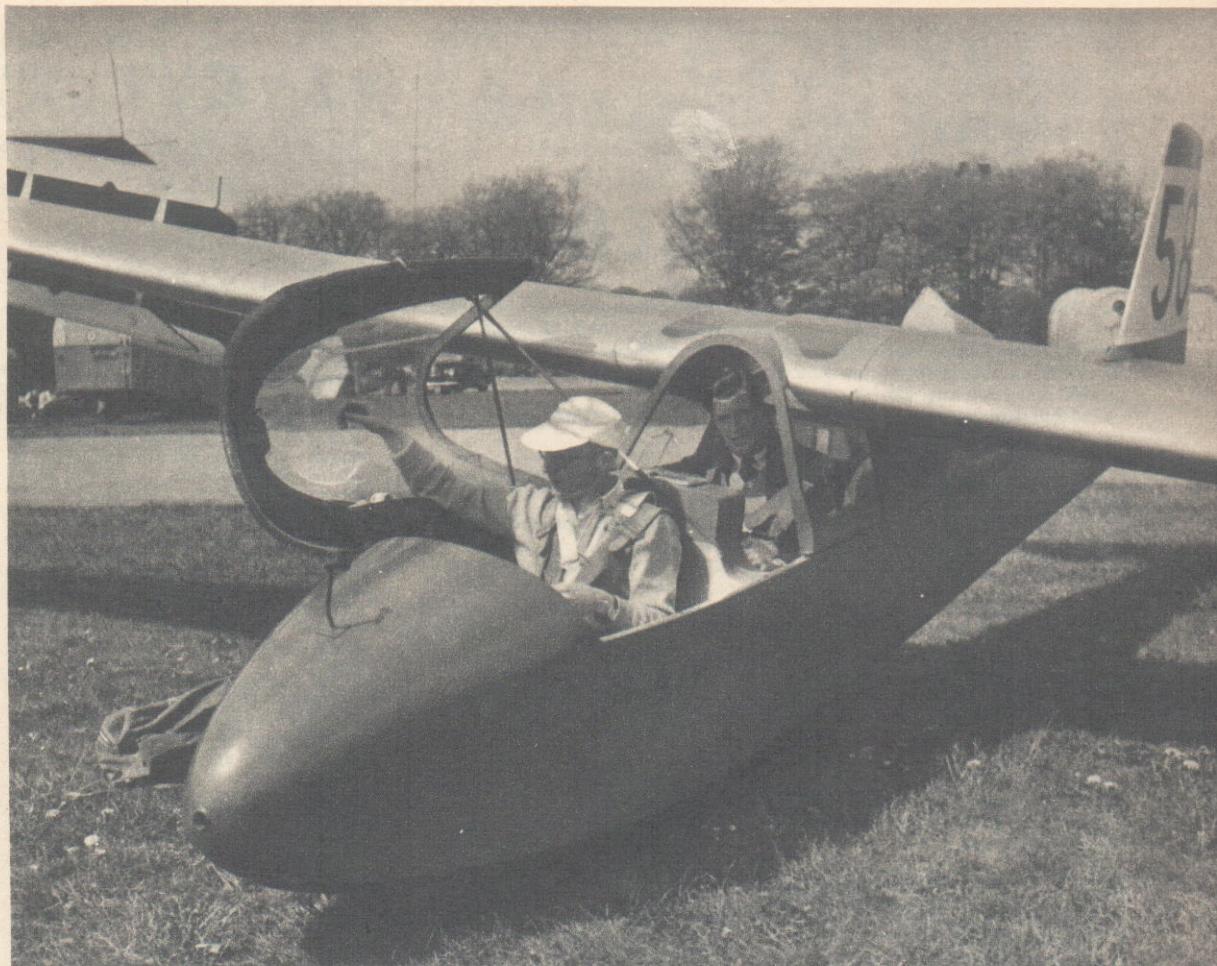
SEVERAL members of the Army Gliding team put up excellent performances in the first ever inter-Services Gliding championships held recently at Lasham in Hampshire in conjunction with the national championships.

But the Army finished third behind the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy because, said one official, "They tried too hard. The harder you try the more tense you become and that makes gliding difficult."

Outstanding in the Army team which consisted of three solo pilots and three two-man crews were Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond MC, commanding officer of 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, who won the national gliding championship in 1957, and Warrant Officer E. Stark, Royal Engineers.

The former was tenth in the national contests. Competing in League One (for pilots of world championship class) he obtained maximum marks for a race in which his average speed on an out-and-home course was 34.8 miles an hour and shared first place in a return race from Lasham to Oldbury Castle. He also flew 130 miles on a fixed line flight to finish eighth in that event.

Warrant Officer Stark won one of the League Two (for less experienced pilots) long-distance races by flying 174 miles to Wakefield, 15 miles farther than any other Services pilot. He also covered more than 100 miles in



another long-distance flight, landing at Bampton.

Captain E. G. Shephard, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, also flew more than 100 miles on a long-distance flight and was the Army's best pilot in the race to Edgehill.

Of the two-man crews Major F. W. Shepard, Royal Engineers, and Captain T. Potts, 45 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, flew their "Skylark" more than 100 miles to Crediton in Devon and Major Sir Charles Dorman MC, 13th/18th Royal Hussars and Captain A. J. Adair, Royal Artillery, put up the best Army effort in a chosen-objective race.

Major J. M. Ibberson, of the 16th/5th Queen's Royal Lancers, and Lieutenant D. J. Corbett, Royal Engineers, finished seventh in two League Two fixed point races.

*Two of the Army competitors—Major J. Ibberson (rear seat) and Lieut. D. Corbett make ready for a practice flight. They were seventh in two of the races.*

## UMBRO at Wembley again



### The Finalists line-up in



Once more, the finalists in the F.A. Cup chose Umbro strip. The Scottish finalists, too, made the same choice—Umbro, the choice of champions.

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# THE NEWS YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED

MORE and more Regulars are joining the Army on long-service engagements. In the first quarter of this year 8,827 Regulars joined. Of these 446 were National Servicemen who decided to stay on and 986 were men with previous service who elected to rejoin. The corresponding figures in the same period of 1958 were 386 and 489.

On 1 April this year the number of Regular other ranks in the Army was 149,961.



The Shepton Mallet military detention centre will be vacated by the Army and handed back to the Home Office in the early 1960s.

The War Minister recently told the House of Commons that the prison costs £2300 a week to run. Each prisoner costs £11 a week.



When an Army bomb disposal unit was called to deal with an unexploded bomb reported to be ticking in an orchard at Kingswood (Surrey) the villagers took cover and plans were made for evacuating the nearby school and houses.

The flap died down when the bomb disposal experts reappeared, carrying the "bomb"—a broken cast-iron wash-boiler.



A team of amateur film-makers, all former soldiers, is to make a film of the wartime operations of the Special Air Service Regiment. The SAS and the Parachute Regiment are providing uniforms and equipment for some of the scenes which will be "shot" in Epping Forest.



The passengers in this aircraft (above) are Servicemen and their wives who flew from London to Singapore on the first Britannia 317 luxury air-trooping flight recently.

The Britannia does the 7600-mile journey in 24 hours instead of the usual three-and-a-half days taken by other aircraft.



The Imperial War Museum in London is anxious to obtain mementoes of the imprisonment of British soldiers by the Japanese in World War Two, particularly "a pair of hollow-soled boots in which prisoners concealed a radio set" and improvised surgical instruments.



A famous football now lies beside its companion in the Regimental museum of the East Surrey Regiment at Kingston.

It is one of four which platoons of a battalion of the East Surrey Regiment dribbled "over the top" at Montauban in France in 1916 on their way to capture a strongly-held German trench system.

After the battle only two of the footballs were recovered. One remained with the Regiment and the other was presented to the second-in-command of the Battalion, Major (later Colonel) E. C. Claire whose relatives recently "permanently loaned" it to the Regimental museum.



Nearly 14 years after the end of World War Two, two Japanese soldiers who think the war is still on are hiding in the jungles of Rabaul and Lubang islands in the Philippines.

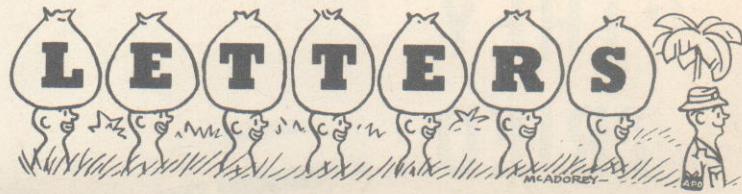
Armed with loud-speaker apparatus, Philippine police are searching the jungles, broadcasting a message from a relative of one of the fugitives that the war is over.



An unmanned "flying eye" which can circle enemy positions and report on troop movements and defences has been delivered to the United States Army. The "eye" has stubby wings, a propeller in the tail and interchangeable nose cones for aerial photography or radar.



Since NAAFI introduced the juke box hire scheme in 1957 more than 250 of these music makers have been installed in Service canteens in Britain.



## THOSE UNIFORMS

The new walking-out uniforms (SOLDIER, May) remind me of 4 August 1914, when the entire British Army doffed its colourful dress and went into khaki. Except for the Brigade of Guards, the entire British Army is still wearing khaki.

I must agree with Mr. John Taylor of "The Tailor and Cutter" who says, "It is a pity that the only real touch of colour is in the No. 1 headdress. A scarlet jacket would be much more impressive."—Philip Leventhal, 530 W 163rd Street, New York.

I think I speak for most people when I say that my reaction to the new uniforms is disappointment. They look drab and baggy and lack colour and interest. They are typical of Army uniforms common to soldiers the world over.

The British Army is an army with a difference. It is full of interest, colour and tradition and these qualities should be displayed in its uniforms as they were 50 years ago.

We have lost a great opportunity to re-introduce the splendid uniforms of the past. Does this attitude typify the drabness of the present-day British nation or are we just afraid to be different?—"Disappointed," Aberdeen.

My colleagues and I admire very much the cut of the new uniforms but we think there should be a white buff belt instead of the present cloth belt.—Private K. Don, Gordon Highlanders.

My enthusiasm is marred by the statement attributed by you to an officer, that "he objected to the wide trousers because they flapped on drill parades." The answer is a well fitting pair of web anklets to keep the flapping trousers in place. But anklets means boots must be worn. Where do we go from here? I say let us keep the new uniform purely for walking out.—"G.D."

## RECRUITING

It is encouraging to learn from your article on recruiting (SOLDIER, April) that the whole recruiting machinery is undergoing a "face-lift."

One of the obvious aims of modern recruiting, as you rightly indicate, is to project propaganda into the proper quarters. Posters and other media are excellent up to a point. The natural follow-up is the attractive information office in the right place.

You point out that action is being taken to improve the appearance and siting of information offices, but this will prove expensive and take time. Surely one answer is to install information booths at all the main line railway offices in the right place.

Years of Victory 1802-1812," Sir

Arthur Bryant gives three instances when discipline broke down completely. Sir John Moore, in a dispatch to the War Secretary, said "he could never have believed that a British Army could become so demoralised in so short a time; its conduct in retreat had been infamous beyond belief." The Light Infantry, however, lost fewer men than any other part of the Army; indeed they repeatedly saved it from being cut to pieces.—Corporal T. R. Cass, RAOC, Persian Gulf.

## CORUNNA

I cannot believe that the British Army remained calm during the retreat to Corunna ("The Light Infantry Remastered," SOLDIER, April).

In "Years of Victory 1802-1812," Sir

Arthur Bryant gives three instances when discipline broke down completely. Sir John Moore, in a dispatch to the War Secretary, said "he could never have believed that a British Army could become so demoralised in so short a time; its conduct in retreat had been infamous beyond belief." The Light Infantry, however, lost fewer men than any other part of the Army; indeed they repeatedly saved it from being cut to pieces.—Corporal T. R. Cass, RAOC, Persian Gulf.

## LONGEST COMMAND

The Army List from 1800-1840 shows two lieutenant-colonels with 20 years or more in command and ten with 17-18 years (Letters, June).

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Goodall Elrington had command of the 47th Foot (Loyal North Lancashire Regiment) from 1813 until promoted to Lieutenant-General in 1841. A veteran of the Peninsular and first Burmese war, all his regimental service was with the 47th Foot.—A. Lavender, Lye, Stourbridge.

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# THEY MARCHED ACROSS CYPRUS

IN April SOLDIER published a letter from a warrant officer who wondered if today's soldiers were as tough as those of 40 years ago. He told of a platoon of the London Rifle Brigade which covered 52½ miles from London to Brighton in marching order in 14 hours 23 minutes and suggested that few platoons could equal the feat today.

The challenge was recently taken up by Company Sergeant-Major S. E. Abbott and 12 men of "B" Company, 1st Green Jackets (43rd and 52nd) who covered the 54 miles between Limassol, on the southern coast of Cyprus, to Karavostasi on the north coast, in 16 hours 10 minutes marching time and 31 hours 10 minutes including a night stop.



*The men of B Company, 1st Green Jackets on the last lap of their 54-mile march from Limassol to Karavostasi.*

Their route took them over the Troodos Mountains and climbed from sea level to 4500 feet and down to sea level again. They marched in battle order and had had no special training.

## ROGERS' RANGERS

The 60th Foot have no connection with Rogers' Rangers (Letters, May).

I have been engaged on research work about the life of Rogers for over four years, in conjunction with Mr. J. R. Cuneo of Westport, Connecticut, whose book "Major Rogers of the Rangers" is being published this month. The last years of Rogers' life are not included but will appear later in a separate work. Anyone wishing to be put right over Rogers should write to me.—S. R. Sellwood, The Moorings, Scatterdell Lane, Chipperfield.

The "small hard hat with boss" was not the full-dress but the undress cap of the King's Royal Rifles. The full-dress headdress from 1890 was the rifle busby and was discontinued in 1902. The Regiment never wore the horn or any other device on the collar.—E. J. Martin, 834 Kenton Lane, Harrow Weald, member of the Military Historical Society.

There was nothing odd about Rifle Corps wearing green jackets and black accoutrements in the pre-1914 days. The 60th Foot wore red until 1797, when a fifth battalion was raised. They were the first to wear the green uniform.

It was not until 1815 that the whole corps were officially ordered to wear green.—B. T. A. Griffiths, 1 Vincent Road, Newport (military artist and historian).

## THE BUFFS

In your May issue you refer to The Buffs as The Royal West Kent Regiment.

The correct title is The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment).—Privates G. Burgess and B. J. Chapman, 5 Platoon, B Company, 1st Buffs, BFPO 20.

★ SOLDIER erred badly.

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## GSM CLASPS

You invite claims (Letters, March) for the highest number of clasps to the General Service Medal, mentioning six as the possible maximum. I have a modest total of four: Palestine 1936-39, Palestine 1945-48, Malaya, Cyprus.—Captain F. A. Anthony, Royal Engineers, Episkopi, Cyprus.

★ Four clasps is the highest claim so far.

## QMAAC

Reading about the re-union of National Servicemen who served together in the Royal Army Pay Corps at Aldershot (Letters, April), reminds me of the days when I was stationed there, serving with Queen Mary's Auxiliary Army Corps.

Eight of us were "rookies" when Blackdown Camp was opened. In a week we scrubbed out 20 empty married quarters, using cold water and scouring powder but no soap.

We former members of the QMAAC still have a re-union dinner once a year in London. One old lady who attends is 93 years old and there are several over 80.—Mrs. R. Cleworth, 148 Durham Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

★ Queen Mary's Auxiliary Army Corps succeeded the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps at the end of World War One but was very soon disbanded.

## MODEL SOLDIERS

Congratulations on your fine photograph of Major H. E. D. Harris's model soldiers (SOLDIER, April).

Most of the exhibitors at the show belong to the British Model Soldier Society and many mould and cast their own figures. These cover the armies of

LETTERS CONTINUED OVER

## DO YOU KNOW HIM?

(See page 23)

The hero (shown below) was Major-General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie. He was born in 1766 and killed in 1814 in the attack on Kalunga in Nepal. He became known as "The Bravest Soldier."



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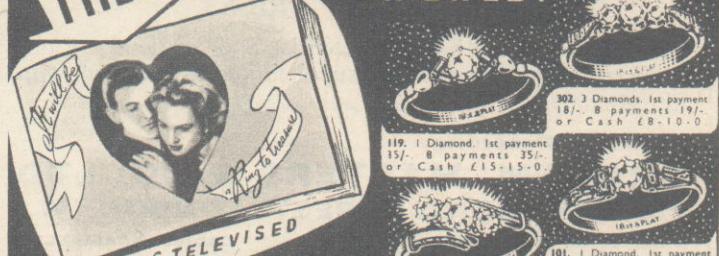
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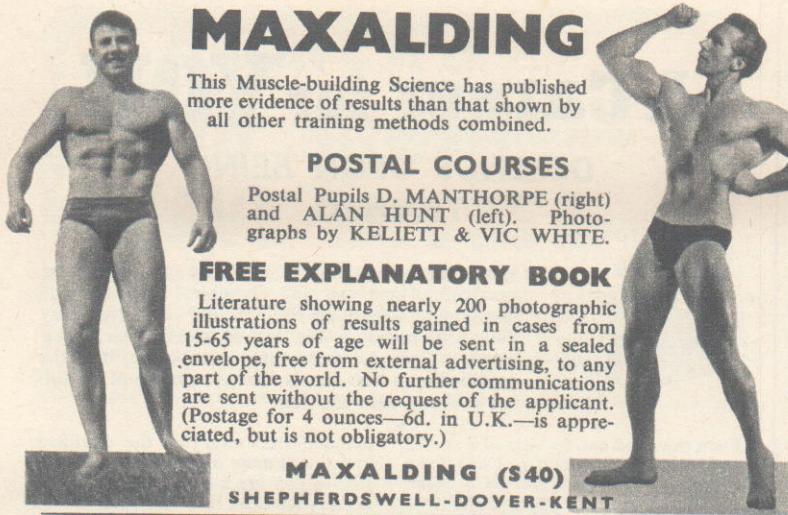
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## more letters

the world, from Greek and Roman times. Membership of the Society stands at over 400 and is spread over the Commonwealth, the United States, Germany, France and Belgium. There is a monthly publication of members' articles on a variety of topics and meetings are held. Membership costs £1 a year and anyone interested in joining should write to Mr. A. G. Clayton, 32 Seymour Court, Colney Hatch Lane, London, N.10.—"Soldier Modeler."

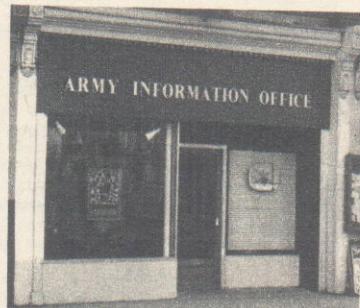
★ Major Harris will personally advise any unit on starting a model soldier club.

## NOT DRAB

In your recruiting article (April) you publish a picture of an old-fashioned recruiting office.

This "drab, back-street shop window" was, in fact, the first to be completely modernised in Britain, serving as a prototype for the rest.

The efficient and hard-working recruiting staff here are by no means behind the times.—Brigadier The Hon. M. Fitzalan Howard MC, Headquarters, London District, Horse Guards, Whitehall.



★ SOLDIER apologises for unwittingly giving the impression that the old recruiting office in Battersea Park Road is still in existence and reproduces above a photograph of the modernised Army Information Office.

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 28)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. Third horizontal streak on tree trunk. 2. Curve of rifle sling. 3. Tiger's left upper tooth. 4. Third stripe from top of tiger's right foreleg. 5. Number of points of grass in front of centre soldier. 6. Position of third pebble from left. 7. Left hand soldier's hat brim above ear. 8. Width of house. 9. Lower leaf of black plant at left. 10. Height of hill behind tree.

## WRONG GUNS

In your article "If It's Technical They've Got It" you say that the cocooned guns shown on Page 15 are 25-pounders.

I beg my Gun Mechanic trade badge they are 17-pounders.—Cfn. J. Reilly, 1 RCHA LAD, Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Cdn Forces, Europe.

★ Craftsman Reilly can keep his badge. They were 17-pounders.

## COLLAR BADGE

There is an interesting sidelight to the origin of the new collar badge of the 3rd East Anglian Regiment (Letters, May).

The Wiltshire Regiment (62nd Foot) served for a time on the right of the Essex Regiment (44th Foot) in 1915. An officer of the 62nd noticed one day the number "62" on a button displayed by a member of the 44th. On being told what it meant he good-humouredly cut off the button and claimed it as a souvenir.—I. Stevenson, Dryden House, Oundle.

## WANT TO SWAP?

I would like to correspond with someone who wants to exchange British for American magazines. I subscribe to SOLDIER which I find very interesting. Keep up the good work.—James J. Brown, 9601 S.W. 60th Court, Miami 56, Florida. (Medals and firearms collector.)

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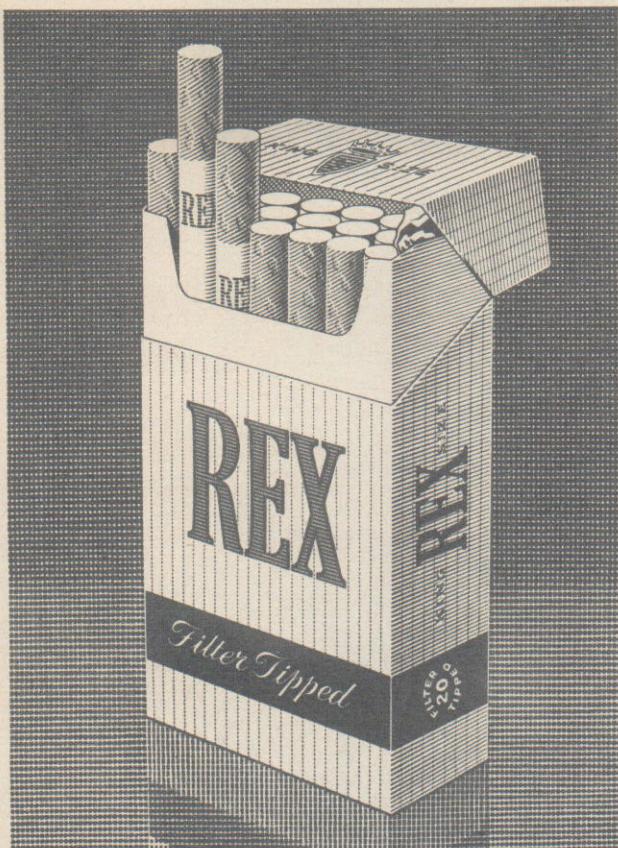
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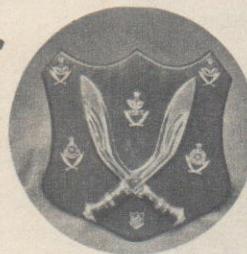
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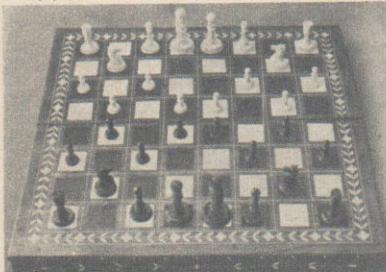
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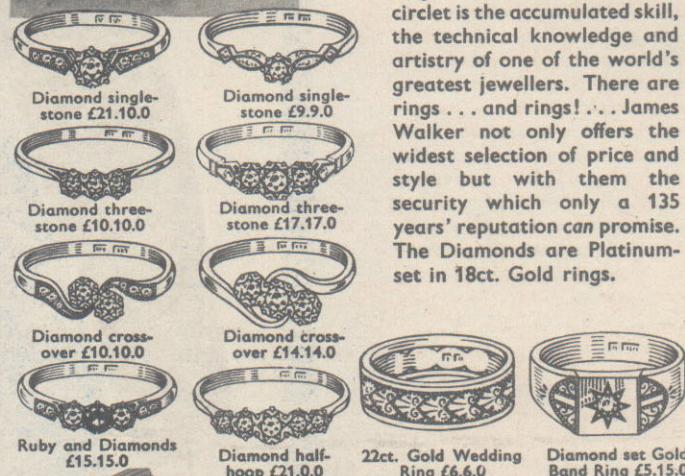
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