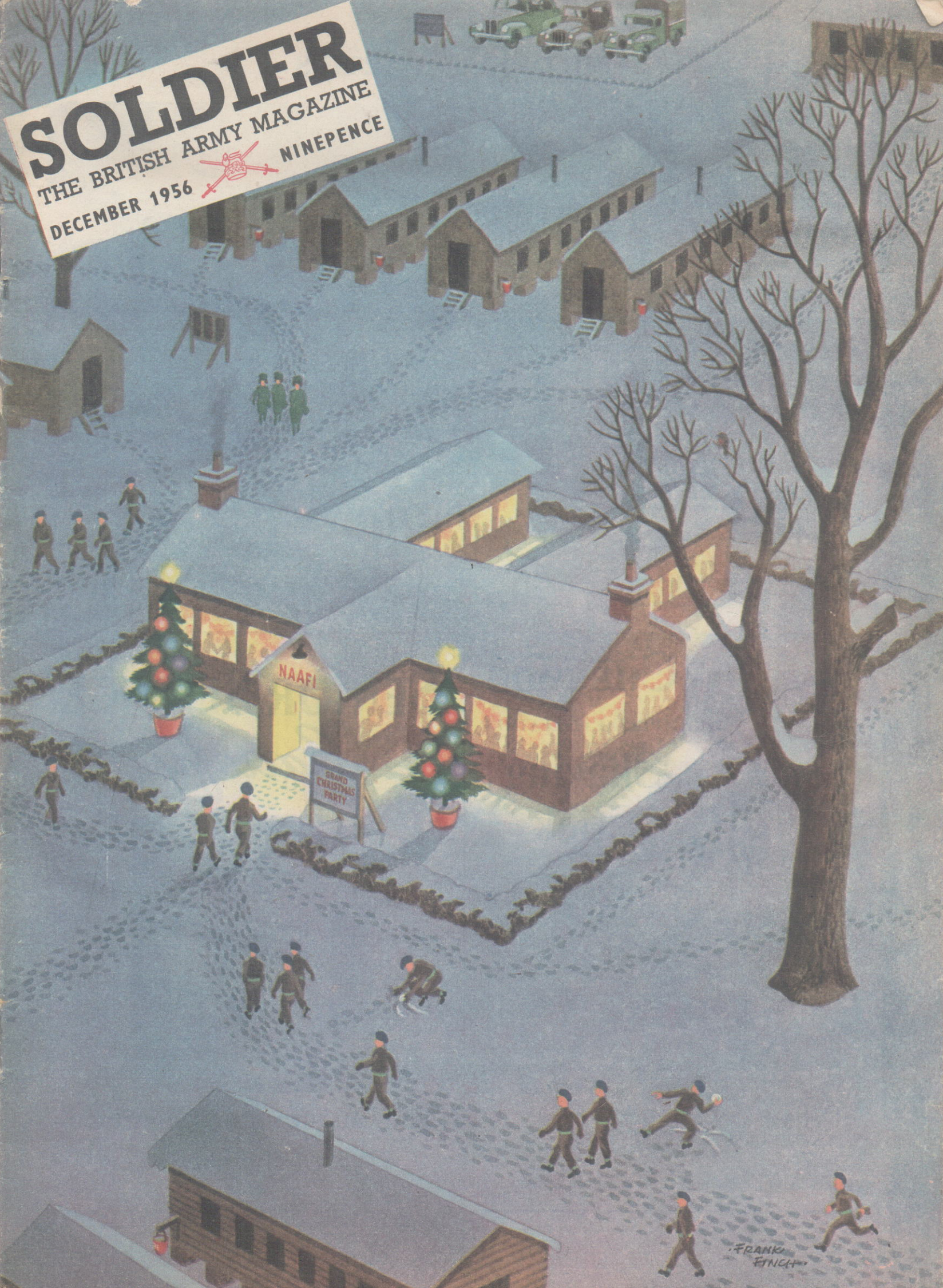
SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1956

NINEPENCE



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Vol. 12, No. 10 **SOLDIER** DECEMBER 1956

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Libya, 4 piastres; Cyprus, 7 piastres, Malaya, 30 cents; Hong-Kong, 60 cents; East Africa, 75 cents; West Africa, 9d.

Weapons ready, troops follow the beam of a searchlight as it sweeps the wooded mountainside where terrorists lurk.

THE SEARCHERS

Enter a "sparrow-hawk" — in the operation of that name in the barren Kyrenia mountains.

SHARP EYES AND AN INQUISITIVE APPROACH ARE WHAT A SOLDIER NEEDS IN CYPRUS. BUT THE MAN-HUNT IS NOT THE WHOLE STORY— THE ARMY MUST ACT THE GOOD SHEPHERD TOO

AS the weeks pass, the young British soldiers serving in Cyprus are rapidly developing those characteristics—initiative, sharpness of observation, and above all, inquisitiveness—which will inevitably destroy EOKA.

It was the inquisitiveness of four young troopers of the Royal Horse Guards, acting entirely on their own initiative, that started the chain of events leading to the discovery of a large part of the Grivas diaries. More recently it was the tenacity of some youthful paratroopers that unearthed a gang of much-sought-after terrorists.

These troops, men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade commanded so energetically by Brigadier M. A. H. Butler, were detailed to search an isolated farmstead perched on a little plateau in the heart of the picturesque Kyrenia range of mountains. It was an ideal hideout for terrorists. There were no other houses within miles and the only method of approach was by foot or by donkey.

The troops searched the place time and time again. Nothing was found. Resolutely they

OVER . . .

In "Wild West" countryside two paratroopers cover a patrol of their comrades. Note the look-out perched on top of the bluff (right).

Left: Caves are blown up in the Kyrenia mountains. Below: Private Kieran O'Donnell shows the breathing hole through which he spied one of six much-wanted terrorists in an isolated farm house.

THE SEARCHERS

Continued

refused to give up. "There must be something here," they argued. So they went on searching. Then, inside the house, one of the soldiers pushed to one side a coat hanging from a nail on the wall. That simple act resulted in the capture of six leading terrorists. The coat covered a hole in the wall and behind that wall crouched the wanted men.

The business-like attitude of the paratroopers must have impressed them for they put up no fight at all. That is not unusual. These men, and others like them, whose brutal activities cause their fellow Greek Cypriots so much misery, are fearless enough when they are operating in the rabbit warren of narrow, heavily built-up streets of the Greek quarter of Nicosia, or when darkness protects them in the mountains, but there is no indication yet of any real courage in their make-up when they come face to face with the Security Forces.

"Sparrowhawk" was the code name given to the successful operation in the Kyrenia hills. Although the fit, energetic paratroopers cornered most of the publicity in the world Press Brigadier Butler stresses that success was due entirely to first-class team work. A squadron of Royal Horse Guards, a battery of 40th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, a detachment of Cyprus District Signal Regiment, two companies of The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, two more from each of The Wiltshire Regiment and The Highland Light Infantry all had an important job to do.

Continued overleaf

An officer of 16th Independent Brigade points out two automatic weapons which, according to ballistics experts, were used in recent murders. The Sten belonged to Lance-Corporal Gordon Hill, a victim of EOKA. The weapons and equipment rounded up during "Sparrowhawk" included not only machine-guns, rifles, pistols and a 2-inch mortar but grenades, bombs, booby-trap mechanisms, cartridge fillers, field-glasses and knuckle-dusters.

The Greek Cypriot lad (left) is fascinated by the troops' radio. Right: One of the medical officers who attended to Cypriot sick during "Sparrowhawk."

The happier side of Cyprus: Fireflies racing off Kyrenia Castle. This painting by Major J. I. Purser was shown at this year's Army Art Society exhibition in London.

THE SEARCHERS

continued

It was not headline-making stuff. Night and day the troops guarded the perimeter, controlled road blocks and checked identity cards, and if this dull work had not been done well there would have been no capture of terrorists or recovery of a vast supply of arms and equipment.

The variety of units required to mount a satisfactory operation does not end there. Royal Navy vessels patrolled the coast and cut off the sea escape route. The Royal Air Force supplied and manned the helicopters, the ideal form of transport in this type of country. Air Observation Post Austers, controlled by flying Gunners, were used for many purposes, including the distribution of leaflets. Girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps Provost Company searched local women in the curfewed villages and did it so thoroughly and yet so politely that there was not a murmur of complaint. Intelligence Corps officers and men, the backroom boys who never seek the limelight, did important work. Army dogs and their handlers trekked mile after mile in difficult country. Finally, there was 188 Battery (Radar and Searchlight) Royal Artillery, whose lights swept the mountain passes night after night and made it almost impossible for terrorists to make a dash from the cordoned area.

When a curfew is imposed the people in the area have to be cared for, especially in isolated country districts. This makes an additional responsibility which the Army accepts. On "Sparrowhawk" a team of ten Army medical officers devoted almost the whole of their time to looking after the sick, young and old.

With shepherds confined to their homes, flocks have to be watched. Every day the Army used a helicopter to scour the 300 square miles of operational area. Straying flocks were rounded up, fed and watered. One company commander had 20 flocks in his charge at one time. The tending of sheep is not part of normal military training but not an animal was lost. During curfew, too, foodstuffs must be sent to any village where supplies are running short.

The Army, of course, gets no credit for all this. Inevitably, minor things go wrong and when they do they are highlighted. Allegations which do not stand the test of investigation are made. Rumours of ill-treatment of villagers are circulated throughout the island and, typically, lose nothing in the re-telling.

And yet the morale of the troops could not be higher. In spite of all the accusations made against them they know that they are carrying out their distasteful task honestly and fairly, and are rendering the vast majority of the population a service which in time will be appreciated at its real value.

BRUCE LANGLEY

SOLDIER to Soldier

BIG events in the military field have an unfortunate habit of happening just when SOLDIER goes to press.

As these lines are written, the Army is in the process of returning to Egypt, with rather more accompanying publicity than when it came out of that country. So far, however, not even the first muzzy photographs of a beach-head at dawn have come over the wires.

The Army has tackled many a delicate operation before now under the critical eyes of the world. It can be relied upon to discharge its new task as it has discharged so many others: that is, with audacity and guts, with firmness but without ferocity.

It is the same Army as that which Sir John Fortescue wrote about: "Dutiful to its masters, merciful to its enemies."

★

IF he had read the bad press which the Army received throughout October, 1956, even Sir John Fortescue might have wondered momentarily whether the Army was living up to its old traditions. But being a sensible man, he would have taken much of the news with a pinch of salt.

Of course, it wasn't all the fault of the Press. When Army units start protest-marching, that is news in any kind of newspaper. Melancholy news, but certainly news. Whether these incidents were worth all those big coal-black headlines is open to argument. And whether all that was said to have happened actually happened is certainly open to suspicion. "Hundreds (of Reservists) were shouting when the *Asturias* tied up at Southampton: 'We want to tell our story to the *Daily* ————'" What, *hundreds?* And did they *really* shout that, all in unison?

Initially, of course, the blame for those headlines rests squarely on those who decided that their grievance was one which could be redressed only by laying it, not before one person, but before the population of two hemispheres.

THE Press generally had a great deal to say about so-called "bull" and time-wasting tasks.

Anyone who sifts carefully through what they printed will sooner or later be struck by one point: that while they all agree that more should be done to keep men usefully occupied, none of them offer any suggestion as to what the men should be given to do. Mr. J. B. Priestley, for instance, talked about men's "boredom or disgust" because of "bull," and recommended "in place of purple-faced bellowing and threats a little more insight into ordinary human nature, a touch of common sense." That sounds all very well, but what would Mr. Priestley *do* with trained troops who have to be kept standing by in an overseas garrison until a political crisis is settled? After all, he was an officer once.

Many newspapers are quick to decry and condemn measures which are introduced in certain units — anniversary parades, pageants, tattoos, initiative tests, football tournaments, blackberrying expeditions and so forth. For a change, why not some constructive suggestions — other than demands for sending out more concert parties and West-end stars?

What to do with trained men, when further training is unnecessary or impossible, is a chronic military problem. In the old days men were allowed to get drunk, that being the only form of relaxation they understood and appreciated. Here and there enlightened commanders encouraged them to dig gardens, or to attend school, or even to help with amateur theatricals, for which, however, they had no real talent.

During the late war troops in waiting were kept occupied as far as possible with lectures and discussions, with hobby and language courses, with brains trusts and visits to places of historic or industrial interest; and, of course, route marches and "bags of sport." These, or similar measures are adopted by many units today; but men cannot sit endlessly in lecture-rooms, just as they cannot endlessly kick footballs or visit breweries.

The professional soldier knows that service must have its periods of tedium and is reconciled to it. He offsets boredom by entering as fully as possible into the life of the garrison. Reservists called up suddenly from civil life find it rather more difficult to be philosophical. At a time when their wives are harassed and short of money it doubtless seems a mockery to be picking blackberries or playing housey-housey.

This point of view is understandable. But if the interests of the realm require the Reservists' presence under arms—a liability for which, after all, they contracted—they must curb their impatience. Any other way lies anarchy.

A period of prolonged standby is, of course, a considerable challenge to the officers of a unit. It is they who, in the last analysis, by their initiative and resource and encouragement, determine whether a unit is a contented one.

NATO Allies: This quadruple mount of .50 machine-guns in an anti-aircraft rôle was inspected by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery when he watched NATO manoeuvres in which the Portuguese Army took part.

The Fiji lieutenant was tossed four times by an elephant.

THE JUNGLE IS NOT ALWAYS NEUTRAL

In Malaya and Kenya soldiers on patrol have had exciting brushes with four-footed "terrorists"

A LIEUTENANT of the Fiji Regiment was leading his patrol along the jungle edge in Johore when an angry elephant bore down to attack.

The soldiers scattered.

Singling out the lieutenant, the elephant pursued him, lifted him with his trunk and dashed him to the ground. As he looked up, the officer saw the elephant's foot poised above him. In a flash he rolled sideways and the foot smashed into the earth, grazing his ear.

The lieutenant was armed with a machine-carbine and a 36 grenade. He knew that the automatic would be useless against an elephant. If he threw the grenade it might frighten the beast but would almost certainly kill himself.

So he decided to play dead and lay motionless. The elephant sniffed him, picked him up on his tusks and hurled him along the track. Still not satisfied that the quarry was dead, the beast tossed him four more times and then lumbered off. Still conscious, the officer was removed to hospital by helicopter. He was up and about again in a few days.

Four-footed "terrorists" can upset the best-laid schemes of a platoon commander. The rule in Malaya and Kenya is that wild beasts are not shot down unless they endanger life, for the excellent reason that the sound of shooting will betray the position of the patrol.

The 1st Battalion The Royal Hampshire Regiment, recently returned from a long spell in Malaya, had many encounters with wild animals, and captured two tiger cubs. The Regiment, whose cap badge is a royal tiger, named them "Nassau," the code name of an operation in which they accounted for 35 of a band of 37 terrorists, and "Rose," after the Minden rose they wear once a year.

No. 8 Platoon was on patrol in Johore when the leading scout was attacked by a fully-grown tigress. Because there were terrorists in the vicinity the scout held his fire and the animal retreated. Then it attacked again, this time making straight for the scout who was forced to fire, wounding the animal in the foot. A few yards along the track the scout came across two tiger cubs, a male and a female, each about the size of a kitten and probably only a week old.

The cubs were taken to battalion headquarters in Kluang and placed under Private C. Brick, a National Serviceman who had experience as a liontamer in civilian life. For the first few weeks he fed them on bottled milk and gradually weaned them on to bread and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

One of the tiger cubs presented by the Royal Hampshires to London Zoo.

JUNGLE *continued*

vegetables and finally meat. They slept in a cage in the officers' mess and were taken for walks every day, following Private Brick like affectionate dogs.

When they were eight months old the cubs' friendly habit of nipping officers' legs decreased their popularity and the animals were flown to London and presented to Regent's Park Zoo.

Another patrol of the Hampshires was attacked by a crocodile in Pahang. While searching for ambush positions, men of "D" Company had to cross a narrow, muddy river. The first three men stepped on to a "fallen log" and jumped to the opposite bank. The fourth stumbled and kicked the "log" which sprang up, opened its cavernous mouth and flung itself at the rest of the patrol. The nearest man jumped upwards with his legs wide open and the crocodile passed between them. The others took hasty cover and the crocodile dived back into the river.

A sergeant in the same company had as near an escape from death as any man can have when a King Cobra—one of the most deadly snakes in the world—slithered across his knees while he was resting in a *basha* in Pahang. The patrol had settled down on a hillside by the jungle's edge when the giant snake, apparently wanting to drink in a nearby stream, streaked through the middle of the position. Seeing the men, it changed its course, shot through the sergeant's *basha* and disappeared into the jungle.

In Kenya, security patrols have had frequent clashes with rhinoceros, buffalo and elephant. If an animal has to be shot, details must be reported to the local game warden.

When a rhinoceros attacked a patrol of the 1st (East Africa) Reconnaissance Squadron in the Aberdares, all the *askari* escaped into the bamboo except one—Trooper Justo. As the rhino charged, its horn went between the trooper's legs, neatly depriving him of his trousers. The toss deposited him in front of a second rhino which trod on his foot. Both animals made off, leaving Trooper Justo little the worse.

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery revisits the school where he captained the rugger team and planned the great descent on the beaches of Normandy

Captain of the rugby XV at St. Paul's, young Montgomery poses with his team. *Courtesy Sagall Press*

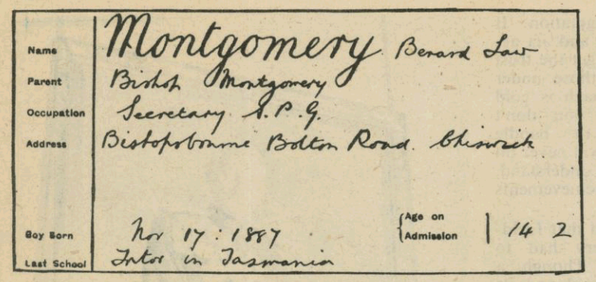
'MONTY' IS NOW 'BERNARDO'

Field-Marshal Montgomery inspects the Combined Cadet Force contingent. He once paraded here as a private. Below: With the High Master, Mr. A. N. Gilkes, he passes through the ranks of present-day Paulines.

THE High Master's room at St. Paul's School, Hammersmith — the school which taught John Milton and Samuel Pepys—has impressive proportions.

Few of the boys who have entered the room, however, have noticed its architectural merits. Most of them have been preoccupied with their mission—to receive punishment. Many a boy who has passed through the school with an unblemished record never saw the inside of the High Master's room.

One virtuous Pauline was Bernard Law Montgomery, a day boy from 1902 to 1906. He was an important member of the school, captain of the rugby fifteen, a member of the cricket and swimming teams, captain of one of the clubs which at St. Paul's take the place of "houses"—and a private in the Officers' Training Corps. "But," Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein told the school recently, "I had to wait until I was a commander-in-chief before I entered that room."



They misspelled his Christian name in the school register in 1902. In 1956 they Latinise it on the plaque (right).

It happened in 1944. The victor of Alamein had come home to take command of 21st Army Group, the striking force for the invasion of Europe. St. Paul's School had evacuated to Winchester in 1939 and the building, which had been headquarters of Britain's invasion defences, now became headquarters of the invasion offensive. (Later it was to be headquarters of the Austrian Control Commission and then the Polish War Office before being restored to its owners.)

"Monty's First Eleven," the well-tried Staff who had been with him in the Western Desert and Italy, moved into the classrooms. The schoolboy who had never entered the High Master's room now took it over as his office. He lived just across the road.

"I received some extremely rude letters from inhabitants of Hammersmith to ask me to go away," he recalled. "At that time there was some attention being paid to London by German bombers, and this particular area had received some of it. Indeed, some members of my headquarters were killed in houses nearby. I have never discovered any evidence that the Germans knew this building was my headquarters."

In St. Paul's School, the plans for the invasion were re-cast. When they were complete, Field-Marshal Montgomery left his staff to work out the details, and set off by private train to visit the invasion troops, making those famous speeches which increased his already great popularity, roused the enthusiasm of his armies, and caused concern in certain quarters in Whitehall.

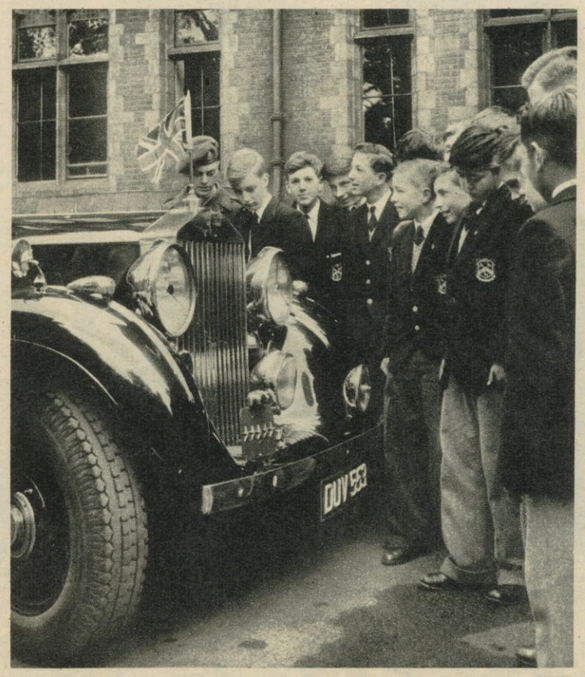
On 15 May, 1944, the King and Queen, Mr. Winston Churchill, General Dwight D. Eisenhower and many high commanders gathered in St. Paul's School to hear the details of the final plan from Field-Marshal Montgomery. St. Paul's part in the invasion was nearly over.

To commemorate these momentous events, the High Master's room has been redecorated. At one end is a new fireplace over which is a Latin inscription to the effect that the memorial was dedicated "By Paulines in honour of a Pauline, Bernard Law Montgomery, Leader of Leaders, on account of the warlike plans made up in this room and on account of the final victory over Germany in 1945." In the Latin, the Field-Marshal's first name is rendered as "Bernardo."

At the other end of the room a portrait of Field-Marshal Montgomery hangs beside one of another Pauline general, the first Duke of Marlborough. (Their arms face each other from the stained-glass windows in the school hall.) Inside the door is a parchment, recording the historic events which occurred in the school in 1944. Since all this has been done to remind future Paulines of their legacy, it seems likely that admission to the High Master's room will no longer be restricted to offenders.

Field - Marshal Montgomery, who went to the school to unveil the plaque, called on the High Master, Mr. A. N. Gilkes, to translate the Latin inscription. "I don't understand Latin," said the Field-Marshal. "I never cared about Latin. I was a mathematician—quite a good one, actually."

It was a great honour, said the Field-Marshal, for his portrait to hang beside Marlborough's.



Many Paulines achieve luxury cars—but only one has a five-star Rolls.

He thought subsequent generations of boys who saw the portraits would ask what sort of men these were.

"We were both Infantry soldiers. He was in the Grenadier Guards, I was in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. We both became Colonels of our regiments. We were both over the age of 50 when we reached high command in the field. We were both Knights of the Garter. Marlborough appears to be wearing some sort of body armour. We may come to that. He died at the age of 72. I am hoping I shall not.

"I have devoted the whole of my adult life to soldiering and the profession of arms. Marlborough, besides being the leading military personality of Europe, was also the leading diplomatic and political personality of Europe. In those days the same man could perform the two functions. I don't believe you can today. I think the Germans professionalised war and that democracy has professionalised politics. I have never attempted to mix in politics. War is a very rough game. Politics, I think, is perhaps worse."

Field - Marshal Montgomery also had something to say about leadership. He defined it as "the capacity and the will to rally men and women to a common purpose, and the character that inspires confidence." Leadership depended on truth and character, but the element of truth was not always understood. A leader must speak the truth to those under him.

"I did not always in the war tell all the soldiers all the truth. It was not necessary and might have compromised secrecy, but I did tell them what it was necessary for them to know to play their part and what I did tell them was true, and they knew it and that built up their confidence."

There were emotional forces bottled up in man, and when one was dealing with a large number of men—he had had two million under command — those emotional forces were terrific. They had to have some outlet. "It has to be one that is positive and constructive, warms the heart

OVER . . .

Triumphant in the Desert, the Field-Marshal greeted St. Paul's with an airgraph Christmas card. *Courtesy Sagall Press*

and excites the imagination. If you understand that and act accordingly, then you get the trust and confidence of those under you. If your approach is cold and inhuman and you don't understand how to handle human nature, you will never do any good. If you do understand, then the greatest achievements become possible."

There was one end that Field-Marshal Montgomery had to achieve indirectly. Though a governor of the school and its most distinguished old boy, he was not allowed the customary privilege of guests of honour on such occasions, that of asking for a day's holiday for the school. Pauline tradition is that this may be done only by a reigning sovereign or a bishop.

Good staff work, however, had ensured that there was a bishop present, to make the request to the High Master at the Field - Marshal's instigation. Another Montgomery operation had gone according to plan.

Below: Under the great organ in the hall, Field-Marshal Montgomery addresses past and present Paulines. His subject is leadership. Right: The portrait by Denis Fildes which now hangs next to that of Marlborough in the High Master's room.

A DAY ON (AND IN) THE TAY

Life-jackets at the ready, Lieutenants John Rankin and David Wilson of the Black Watch set out for a row in rough water.

The River Tay was in spate, almost at flood level, when eight Territorial officers of 153 (Highland) Infantry Brigade undertook an aquatic role in a recent exercise. Their collapsible rubber assault boats proved to be collapsible in more senses than one, but the "cockleshell heroes" were unabashed.

A golf umbrella makes a sail for Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Watt and Major D. A. Rowan-Hamilton. Right: A spill for Major M. Gomme-Duncan and Captain G. Phillips. They resumed their journey undaunted.

"UNIQUE. NOT QUITE OF THIS AGE. GREAT FUN . . . ." SAYS AN ARMY PAMPHLET OF THE GAMBIA, WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS TO VISIT NEXT MONTH. HERE IS AN ARTICLE BY AN OFFICER WHO SERVED THERE

REDCOATS IN A "TOY" COLONY

THE Gambia is Britain's oldest, smallest and least-known possession in Africa.

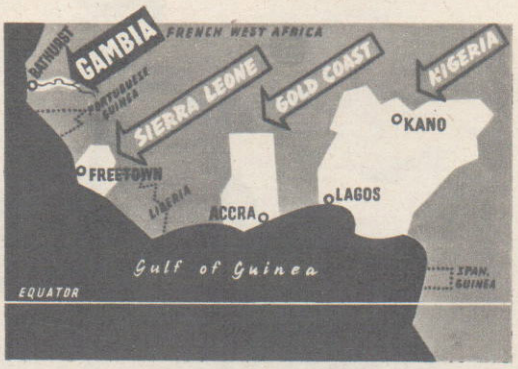
On a map it seems lost in the vastness of French West Africa, a narrow strip of pink sandwiched between great chunks of purple. It is, in fact, little more than a river with a narrow strip of land running along either bank, a territory which is all length and no breadth.

In keeping with its size, everything in the colony, including the army, is on a small scale. When I was first posted to the Gambia Regiment in 1952 the only details I could discover about the unit were that it had four officers on the establishment and that although termed a regiment the unit was only of company strength. "A self-accounting, independent company," said the Army List. It all sounded as if it dated from the "Sanders of the River" epoch.

In fact, as I soon found out, there is something rather old-fashioned about soldiering in the Gambia. Probably there is something rather old-fashioned about soldiering anywhere in West Africa, but in the Gambia this impression is especially marked. Perhaps it is because it is such a small unit, the smallest of its kind in the British Army. And, because it is situated some 500 miles away from the next British unit, it is left very much to its own devices.

Although the Regiment dates only from 1901, when a party of four officers and two non-commissioned officers went out from Britain to raise the Gambia Company of the Sierra Leone Battalion, there were troops of the West India Regiment stationed in the colony a long time before then. The colourful red Zouave jackets worn by the West African soldiers today were adopted from this regiment.

During World War One the Regiment saw active service in East Africa and the Cameroons and at Nyango it won its first battle honour.



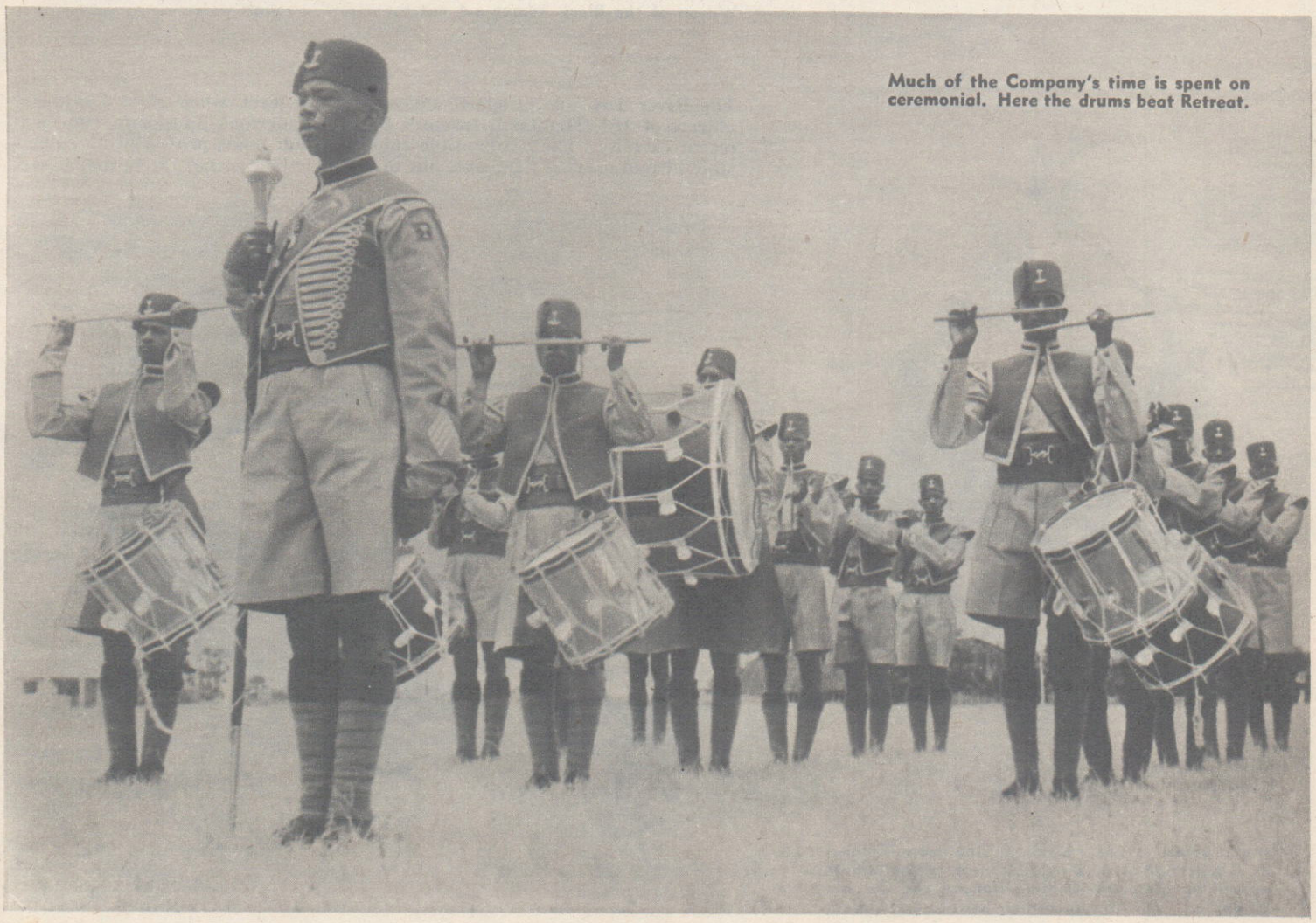
A ten-mile strip on either side of a river. That is the Gambia, Britain's oldest African possession.

The outbreak of the Second World War found the Regiment in Freetown as a sub-unit of the Sierra Leone Battalion. In 1940 the 1st Battalion of The Gambia Regiment was formed and the following year a second. As the total population of the colony was little more than 230,000 at the time, it was a considerable effort. In fact, Gambia contributed more recruits in relation to its size than any other colony in West Africa.

Both battalions were sent to Burma in 1943. The heroic eight-day defence of Frontier Hill was the 1st Battalion's "finest hour" and both battalions fought at the great battle of Myohaung.

In January 1946 the 1st Battalion returned to Bathurst while the 2nd continued as an independent anti-tank company of 82 (West African) Division. In September of the same year "D" Company of the Sierra Leone Battalion was formed from the remnants of the two battalions.

In 1950 "A" Company, The Gambia Regiment was formed and made independent of the Sierra Leone Battalion. The following year Colours were presented to the Regiment by the



Much of the Company's time is spent on ceremonial. Here the drums beat Retreat.

Soldiers from all parts of Africa enjoy their "feasts" and the Gambians are no exception. This Gambian soldier dances in a traditional costume used in the famous Mumbo-Jumbo ceremonies.

Governor, Sir Percy Wyn-Harris of Everest fame. This was one of the great events in the unit's history and set the seal on its independence.

The link with Sierra Leone, nevertheless, remains strong. Freetown is the District Headquarters for the Gambia. Many of the posts in the company that require educated Africans, such as orderly room clerks and instructors, are filled by Sierra Leonians, since the average Gambian is generally not so highly educated.

The main duties of the unit today come under the heading of "ceremonial." As in all colonies, particularly small ones, a certain amount of pomp and circumstance is considered invaluable. Guards of honour, ceremonial parades, Government House receptions—these are the events which constitute the substance of the Regiment's calendar.

In the dry season (November-May) the Government House guard is ceremonially mounted in Bathurst's large central square. Almost the whole of the town's population turn out to watch. The "mammies" are particularly enthusiastic onlookers, cheering wildly every smart drill movement and booing any mistake they notice. Long experience has made them better able to follow the order of parade than the guard commander himself!

It is in the dry season that the greater part of training is carried out. The unit has its own rifle range at Brikama, some 20 miles inland from the camp. Here for two months every year the Company retires into "bush" huts made of palm fronds and lives a Robinson Crusoe existence until the annual range course is completed. Platoon and company training follows, sometimes at Brikama, sometimes at the village of Gunjur, farther down the coast. Here officers and non-commissioned officers flourish on a diet of oysters, shrimps and lobsters. The men, however, prefer to stick to their rice and palm oil "chop."

Every other year the Company goes on a month's trek into the interior to "show the flag." The men enjoy these treks immensely, relishing the opportunity of seeing friends and relatives "up-River." On such visits they receive gifts from the local chiefs, who know better than to present offerings incommensurate with the Regiment's dignity. On one occasion when the company arrived at a certain village the chief sent a goat to the company-sergeant-major as a present. The recipient looked it over and, considering it too small, sent it back with a demand for a larger one.

The highlight of these treks comes when the company forms a guard of honour at the opening of the Chiefs' Conference, which is held annually in one of the Protectorate towns.

During the rains, work has of necessity to slow down. All Gambia becomes engrossed in the task of planting groundnuts, the life-blood of the Colony's economy. Even the soldiers are affected by "groundnut fever" and every inch of available space in the camp is dug up and planted. The Commanding Officer has to keep an alert eye otherwise he may well find the parade ground whittled away overnight.

Life for the officers and non-commissioned officers serving with the Regiment has several advantages not enjoyed by other units farther down the West Coast. The climate, except for the four rainy months, is healthy. During the dry season it becomes so cool and fresh that there was once a plan to turn the colony into a tourist resort. The quarters are pleasant buildings facing the sea and there is a private swimming beach a hundred yards away from the officers' mess. Social life centres in the Army Kinema Corporation film shows, the only ones in the colony. There are many facilities for sport, but no polo games as in Nigeria. Deep sea fishing and duck shooting in the marshes around Bathurst are popular.

Because of its isolated position and comparatively small importance, the Gambia Company is not very frequently visited by higher authority. The District Commander comes up from Freetown about twice a year.

On such occasions the camp is given a fresh coat of whitewash and the "mammies" are told not to pound their rice too near the parade ground. From a distance, the low white quarters with their red roofs look almost like dolls' houses. To inspecting officers it must seem in many ways like visiting a small model unit . . . a toy regiment stationed in what was once called Britain's Toy Colony in Africa.

MICHAEL TEAGUE

"Mammies" pounding millet for their soldier-husbands' dinner.

Look well at this tablet: It bears names of men from four out of the five regiments of Foot Guards, and of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Regiments of Foot. There are many other tablets at Cassino to continue the story.

In the foreground are two pipers of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards who played a lament at the battlefield.

Of the dead, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander said:
"They came from all the King's dominions, united in a common loyalty and a common cause, and they were faithful to the very end in the discharge of the duty they had accepted."

Photographs: Sgt. F. E. Preston, Army Public Relations.

IN PROUD MEMORY . . .

TO buglers of the Border Regiment fell the honour of sounding the Last Post at the unveiling of Cassino's memorial to the Allied dead of World War Two. Pipers of the Scots Guards played the lament "Lochaber No More."

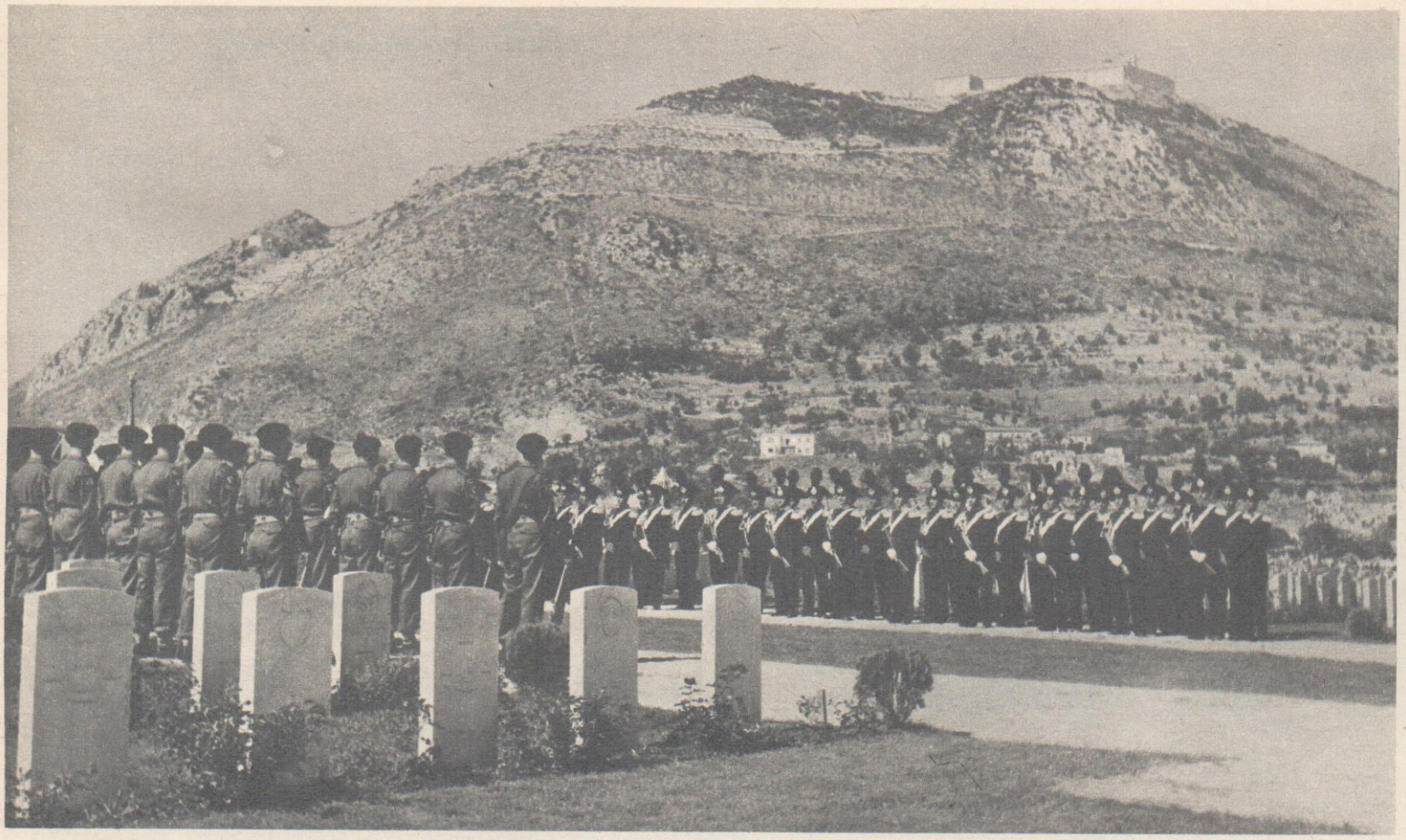
A party of more than 100 soldiers travelled from Gottingen, Germany, to the sunlit battlefield below the new, white, Benedictine monastery. There the Border Regiment's Guard of Honour paraded with representatives of many Allied fighting services.

Field-Marshal Earl Alexander, who commanded the Allied forces in Italy, unveiled the memorial. From a garden of remembrance rise a series of sea-green marble tablets bearing the names of more than 4000 officers and men, killed in the fighting in Italy and Sicily, who have no known graves. Close by lie the graves of 4268 other Servicemen.

The Field-Marshal's personal wreath bore the words: "In proud and grateful memory—Alexander of Tunis."

His armies came from many lands and spoke many tongues. Padres of all denominations were there at the unveiling; and prayers were offered for Jews and Mohammedans.

The Cassino battlefield looks peaceful enough, yet death, sudden and violent, still walks the rubble. In the schools are warning notices showing the many kinds of bombs, shells and mines to be avoided.



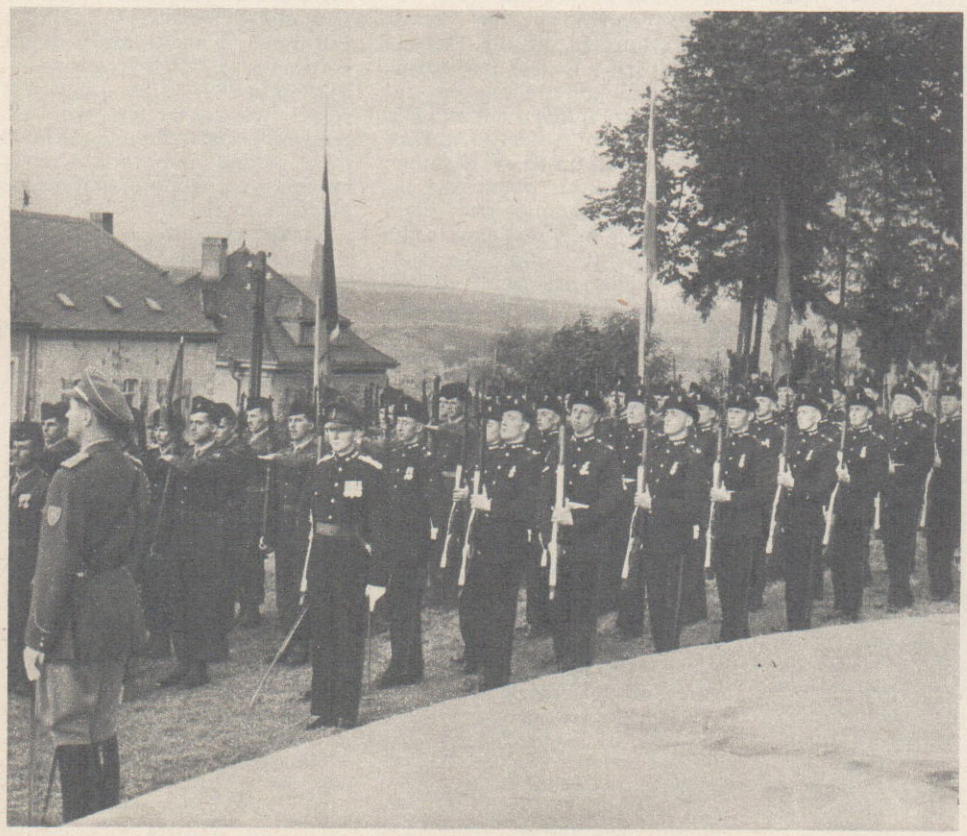
The guards of honour from the Border Regiment and the Naplas Legion of the Carabinieri face each other, below the Monastery.

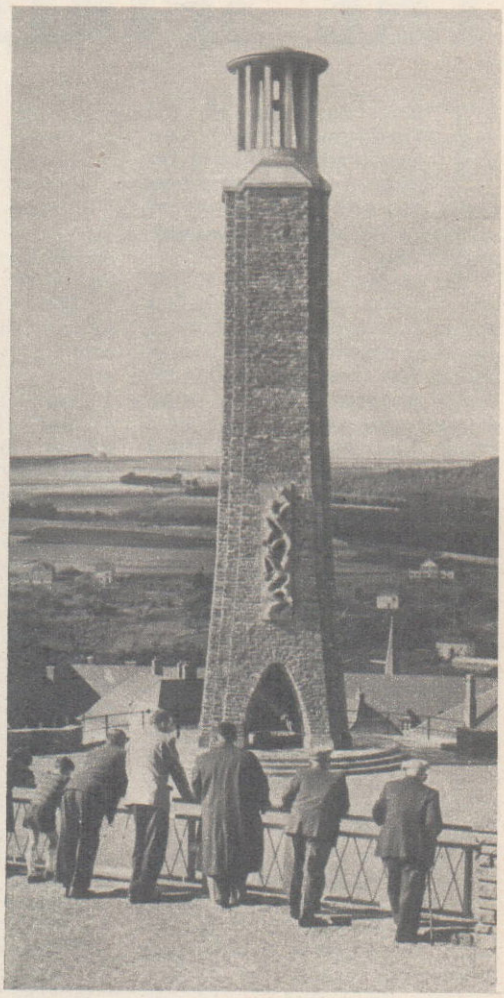
THE 21 MEN OF LUXEMBOURG

A guard of honour drawn from the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, otherwise the 1st Battalion The Royal Irish Fusiliers, travelled from Wuppertal in Germany to the pocket state of Luxembourg for the unveiling of an unusual monument.

It honours 21 brave men who, in 1942 during the German occupation, started a country-wide strike. They were shot.

Detachments from several other North Atlantic Treaty powers were present—including one from Luxembourg's small army. The Grand Duchess Charlotte performed the dedication ceremony.





Above: The 95-feet monument erected at Wiltz, Luxembourg. Left: The detachment of the 1st Battalion The Royal Irish Fusiliers which furnished a guard of honour. *Photos: Sgt. M. F. Godfray.*

Yeomanry in Pantelleria: the tank is that of the Lothians and Border Horse.

THE SPIRIT OF THE YEOMANRY

THE RESHUFFLE IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY BRINGS AMALGAMATIONS AND CHANGES OF ROLE FOR MANY YEOMANRY REGIMENTS . . . BUT THE OLD VIGOROUS TRADITIONS WILL LIVE ON

THE conversion of the Territorial Army's two armoured divisions to Infantry, now taking place, spells the end of independent existence for certain Yeomanry regiments.

The number of them to follow the Cavalry pattern, first on horses, then in tanks or armoured cars, has decreased heavily since World War One. Now, still more are to disappear from the order of battle as amalgamations take place. Thus five of the Scottish Yeomanry regiments will be telescoped into two. One famous unit, the City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders), is to become an Infantry battalion.

The Yeomanry have taken hard knocks before, however, and they have always come up ready to fight. They have a tradition of resilience and independence which stems from their early days when volunteers provided their own horses, belts and swords and sometimes their uniforms too, receiving no pay except when called out.

Though many Yeomanry units claim descent from bodies which existed much earlier, the Yeomanry movement started in 1794 when, the Regular Army being committed against the French abroad, there was a call for volunteers for home defence.

It was a movement to which both patriotism and self-interest contributed. On the one hand, locally-raised funds (some from the Yeomen themselves) covered the cost of the units; on the other, service with the Yeomanry exempted from service in the less attractive Militia. For the first 20 years, the Yeomanry were a motley collection of independent troops, with only an occasional organised regiment. Some troops had grandiose names. In Shropshire there were the Brimstree Loyal Legion, the Oswestry Rangers and the Pimhill Light Horse. The Oxfordshire Cavalry was a troop raised in the little town of Woodstock.

The new Yeomanry drilled regularly, at least once a week except during harvesting, haymaking and sheep-shearing, until the Battle of Trafalgar eased the risk of invasion. The only unit to see action against the French was the Pembroke Yeomanry which was called out when a force of French ex-convicts and other desperadoes, under an Irish-American adventurer, was landed at Fishguard with orders to burn Bristol and make mischief generally. The Yeomen were quickly on the scene and their commander ordered men and women to gather on the hilltops wearing the red cloaks and high hats of the Welsh women and girls.

The captains of the French ships assumed from this that the British Army had arrived. They sailed away and the invaders, cut off, laid down their arms and fled to the hills. For two days the Yeomen rounded up the Frenchmen and then escorted them to London. Two Frenchmen were killed and one Yeoman was shot in the ankle. For this action, the Pembroke Yeomanry received the battle honour "Fishguard,' the only one to be awarded a Yeomanry regiment before the South African War.

If they did not see action against a foreign foe, the Yeomen earned their keep (though they did not receive it) at home. In the domestic troubles that followed the Napoleonic Wars, they were often called out to suppress riots. Usually this was contrived without bloodshed, but in 1819 at St. Peter's Field, Manchester, the local troops of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry and some Regular Cavalry charged a body of demonstrators. Blood was spilt on both sides and the incident was given great notoriety as "Peterloo."

"There was of course wild clamour over the so-called massacre of innocent folk at Peterloo and elsewhere," says Sir John Fortescue in his "History of the British Army." "It may be that the repression of disorder was sometimes carried out with excessive sternness, though the howl of a baffled mob should never be accepted, without support, as evidence of the fact."

There was only a handful of the Regular Army at home at this time, and much depended on the Yeomanry in preventing insurrection. The Duke of Wellington approved their use. Cavalry, he declared, inspired the most terror but did the least damage. It was not until a regular police force was established in 1829 that the Yeomanry was partly relieved of its unpleasant duties.

The 19th-century Yeomanry regiments were proud "family" units, composed largely of tenant-farmers and their sons, commanded by their landlords and their landlords' sons. They wore gay uniforms and many were mounted on hunters, in consequence of which they were better horsed than the Regular Cavalry. They were independent of mind, and the history of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars tells of a Lord Villiers who, having

raised his own troop (and a private band to go with it), refused to take up an unaccustomed drill position, saying, "as right troop of the 3rd Squadron he and his men had always been accustomed to work, and he would be —— before either he or his men worked anywhere else." He went further, and wrote to the War Office asking that his troop might be separated from the rest of the regiment. Evidently the quarrel was patched up because he later became second-in-command of the regiment. (This regiment, before 1914, boasted both Sir Winston Churchill and F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, among its officers. "With a Cabinet Minister to intercede at times with the Secretary of State for War, and Second-Lieutenant F. E. Smith to answer conundrums of inspecting generals, the regiment throve," says its historian.)

One of the Yeomanry's duties last century was to escort the Sovereign when he or she visited the regimental county. The Middlesex Yeomanry (now Airborne Signals) once took a wrong turning with William IV and went up a narrow lane which was eventually barred by a gate leading to a ploughed field. There was nothing for it but to open the gate and turn the Royal cortege round on the other side. The Yeomen afterwards boasted that no other regiment in the Empire could reverse a royal procession in a ploughed field without turning over at least one carriage. The Middlesex Yeomanry was an expensive and exclusive regiment in those days; nobody could join unless approved by ballot.

Changes in the old Yeomanry began with the South African War. Regiments did not go to South Africa but provided volunteers who fought together in companies of the Imperial Yeomanry. The companies brought back to the parent units the "South Africa" battle honour many of them now wear. Meanwhile, at home the Yeomanry were increased, and so was the annual training. The dashing Hussar, Lancer and Dragoon uniforms were replaced by khaki; the sword gave way to a rifle and the Yeomen became mounted Infantry instead of Cavalry.

When the Territorial Army was born, the Yeomanry constituted 14 Cavalry brigades. Many regiments saw service in World War One as Cavalry or mounted Infantry, but most also had spells as machine-gun, cyclist, armoured car or Infantry units. In the Middle East, the 74th Yeomanry Division was an Infantry formation with a broken spur as its emblem.

After the war, when mechanisation was making its unsteady early progress, all but the 14 senior of the 50-odd Yeomanry regiments were ordered to give up their Cavalry role, and some were amalgamated. There was much heart-burning; the seniority roll had long been the subject of dispute. Some regiments succeeded in clinging to horses for a few more years by volunteering to convert to Artillery, a decision not difficult in the case of the Royal Buckinghamshire Hussars which had managed to keep two troops of field guns on its unorthodox Cavalry establishment up to 1875. Other regiments became armoured car regiments.

When World War Two broke out, many of the horsed regiments went off to the Middle East with 1st Cavalry Division. On the way, an enterprising corporal of the Sherwood Rangers, stranded at a French railway station with a sick horse, telephoned the British liaison officer with the French Army, the Duke of Gloucester.

Four stripes? Yes — it has long been the privilege of the squadron quartermaster-sergeant in the Middlesex Yeomanry, now Airborne Signals. The four chevrons, "as worn by Household Cavalry," are believed to date from when the Yeomanry escorted the Sovereign to Windsor. It is thought that either William IV or Queen Victoria directed that, as the Regiment was performing a Household Cavalry duty, it should share the Household troops' dress distinctions.

"You remember when you visited Welbeck there was one horse with a wart on his nose?" he asked. His Royal Highness remembered. "Well, I've got this horse here in the waiting room and it's got the colic." Veterinary officers were soon on their way to put the horse right.

For most of the first two years in the Middle East, the horsed Yeomen saw little action. Some of them earned the unhappy distinction of taking part in the first war against the French (in Syria) since the rout of Napoleon. In "The Second World War," Sir Winston Churchill recalls visiting "our own choice Yeomanry Division" behind the front at Alamein. By then they had received tanks—only to lose them again. He was able to tell them that 300 Shermans were approaching through the Red Sea, and that with these the Yeomen would be the leading armoured troops in the world. "I think they were consoled by this," he writes.

Yeomen saw much service in tanks and armoured cars. It was a Yeomanry unit, the 4th County of London Yeomanry (Sharpshooters) which led 7th Armoured Division through the enemy minefields at Alamein. The 1st Derbyshire Yeomanry still dispute with the 11th Hussars the honour of having had the first armoured car patrol into Tunis. The Sherwood Rangers claim to have been the first British troops to enter Germany.

Yeomanry regiments also served as motor battalions and lorried Infantry, manned flail tanks and Buffaloes, marshalled invasion troops in Britain for D-Day, controlled traffic on the Normandy beaches, and operated as Artillery and Signals units.

Yeomanry in an artillery rôle: these guns firing in North Africa are manned by the Scottish Horse.

A QUIZ FOR CHRISTMAS

DO YOU LIVE HERE?

These are the outlines of five counties in the British Isles. They are shown the same way up as they appear on the map. Can you name them?

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1 Which of these statements are true—if any?
(*a*) Wild Bill Hickok was known as Buffalo Bill;
(*b*) ectoplasm is used to stop bleeding;
(*c*) a pedal cyclist has exceeded 100 miles an hour;
(*d*) spastics are space travel enthusiasts.

2 A film star died last year, but hundreds of his fans believe he is still alive and write to him. Who was he?

3 Your grandfather possibly went around with a gold repeater in his pocket. What was it?

4 If informed that you were to be defenestrated, you would expect to be:
(*a*) disembowelled;
(*b*) thrown out of a window;
(*c*) declared insolvent;
(*d*) sprayed with insecticide.
Which?

5 In 1852 the King of Prussia directed that an account of bravery by British troops in the face of certain death should be read out to every Prussian regiment. What was the event thus commemorated?

6 Which high commander of World War Two won a four-engined aircraft in a bet?

7 The most precious gem, carat for carat, is not a diamond, but a flawless—what?

8 What is the highest score recorded in a first-class football match?

9 Can you find the ants? The answer in each case ends in—ant: (*a*) a vile ant; (*b*) a fawning ant; (*c*) a fussy, learned ant; (*d*) an ant that eats seven times its own weight in a day; (*e*) a grassy ant; (*f*) a shrewish ant.

10 These are the scrambled names of two film stars: (*a*) LIMEY MORON RAN; (*b*) WE GRANT GARTERS. Whose?

11 Name one word which means a cooking fireplace, a row of mountains, an area for target practice, a stretch of grazing ground.

12 This sketch represents the title of a stage comedy in London. Can you guess it?

13 Are they male or female: (*a*) a marquess; (*b*) a squireen; (*c*) a hoyden?

14 If you possessed a percheron you could: (*a*) harness it to a plough;
(*b*) take your car through the Customs with it;
(*c*) train it to sing;
(*d*) kill yourself with it.
Which?

15 Spot the intruder: Sauterne, Hock, Liebfraumilch, Camembert, Imperial Tokay.

16 For which industries or professions are these London streets famous: (*a*) Fleet Street; (*b*) Harley Street; (*c*) Wardour Street; (*d*) Great Portland Street; (*e*) Hatton Garden?

17 If a man pronounces "Dunlop" with the emphasis on the second syllable, which of these cities is he most likely to come from? (*a*) Glasgow; (*b*) Chicago; (*c*) London; (*d*) Exeter.

18 Which countries operate these air lines: (*a*) Sabena; (*b*) Aer Lingus; (*c*) Transworld; (*d*) Aquila; (*e*) Misr?

19 Billy Bunter is the creation of a writer whose real name is (*a*) Frank Richards; (*b*) Charles Hamilton; (*c*) Ian Hay; (*d*) Harry Ponsonby; (*e*) Martin Clifford. Which?

20 The Mayflower Project has been mentioned frequently in the newspapers. It is a scheme to:
(*a*) build a chain of American luxury hotels in Britain;
(*b*) sail a replica of the *Mayflower* to America;
(*c*) mass-produce a new type of motor car;
(*d*) give thousands of orphans a seaside holiday.
(*e*) to plant hedge-rows on the South Downs. Which?

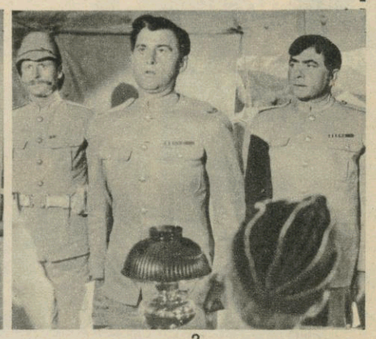
ALL ANSWERS ON PAGE 38

WHO'S IN TROUBLE?

Here are scenes from three films about soldiers. Can you identify the characters who are "on the mat"—and name the films in which they appeared. Note: There is no need to name the escorts.


1


2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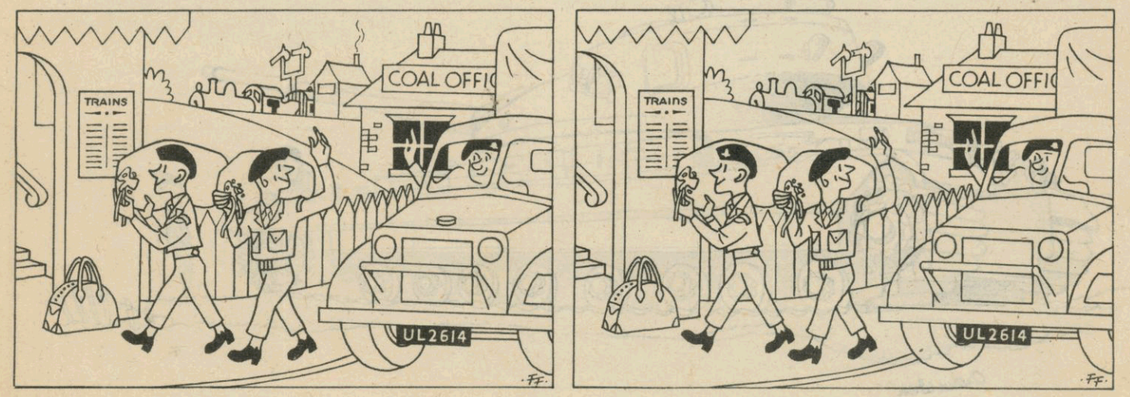
SPOT THE MISTAKES

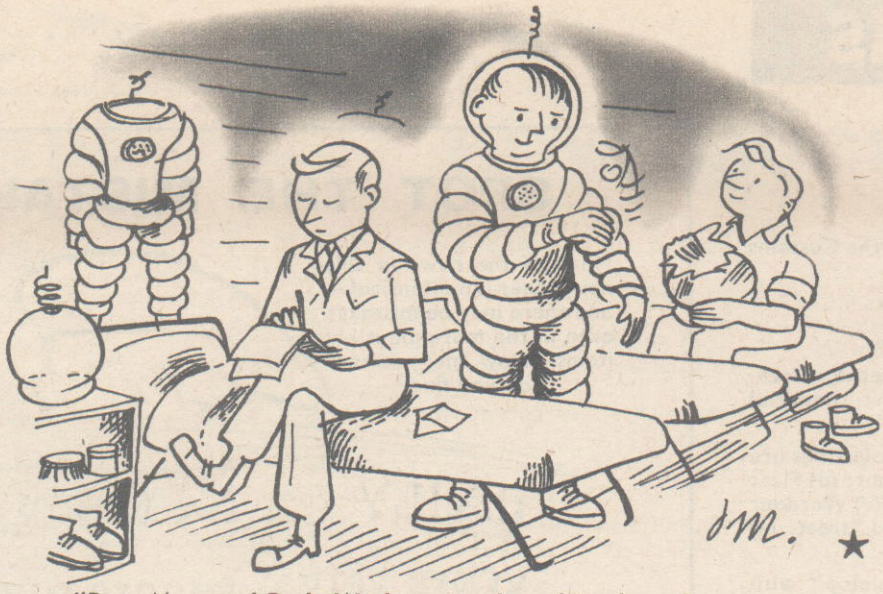
Much of the news in this newspaper is nonsensical—and there may be mistakes even in the more plausible items. How many errors can you find?

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look the same, but if you examine them you should find ten points of variation. (SOLDIER borrows this idea from the French military newspaper in Algeria, *Le Bled*).



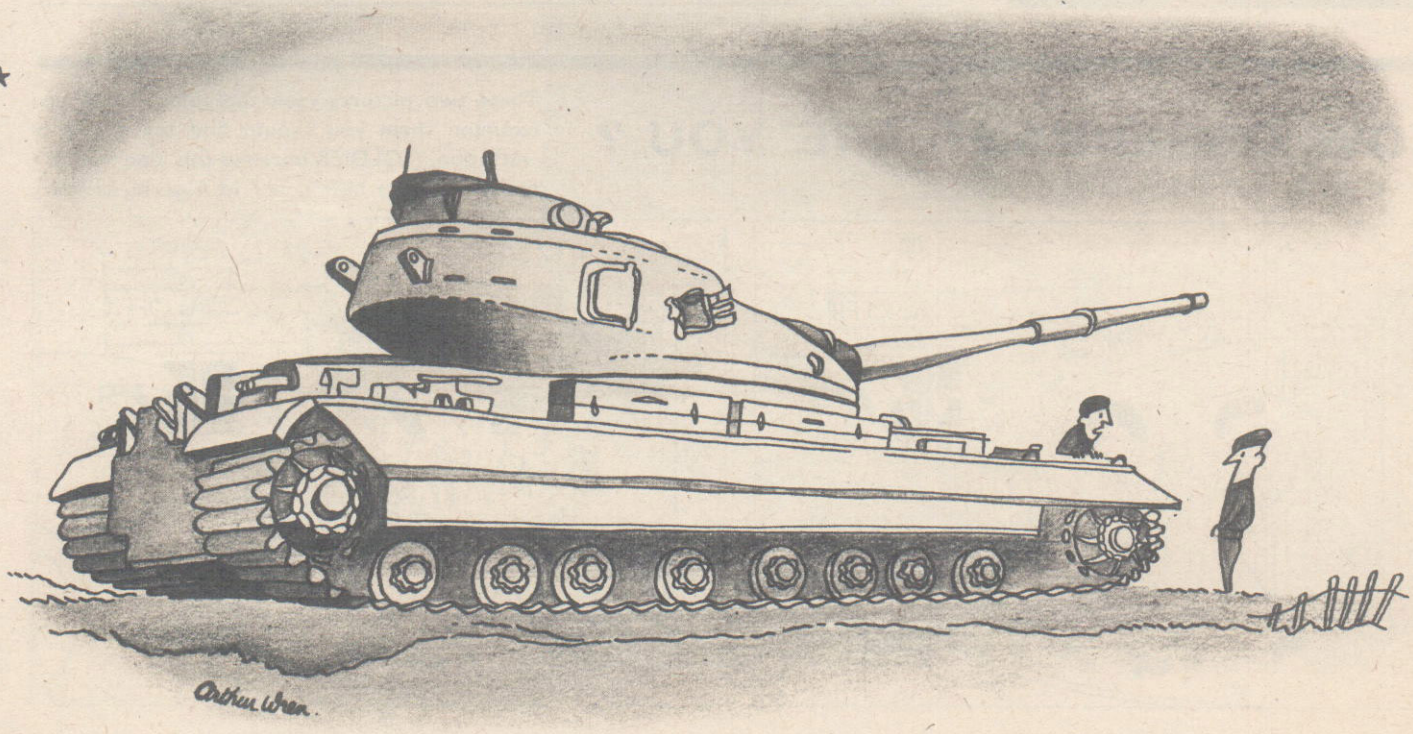
SOLDIER HUMOUR



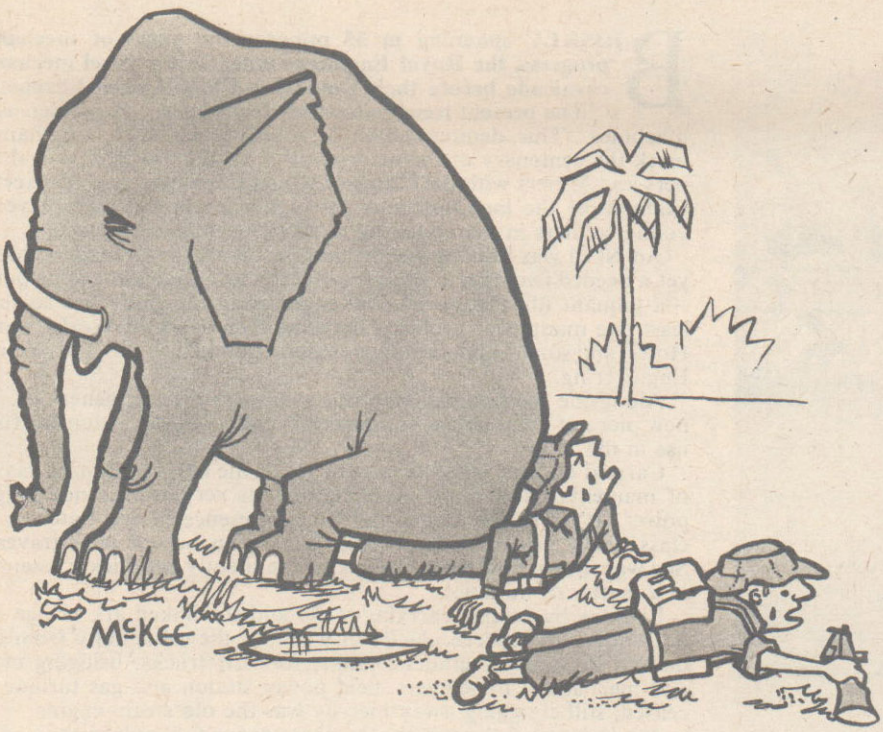
"Dear Mum and Dad. We have just been kitted out for our new posting. I have an idea it's going to be somewhere unusual . . ."

"Do you think he knows? Or should we tell him?"

"It's all right. He doesn't walk, only marks time."



"Hang on a minute. I'll see if he's in."

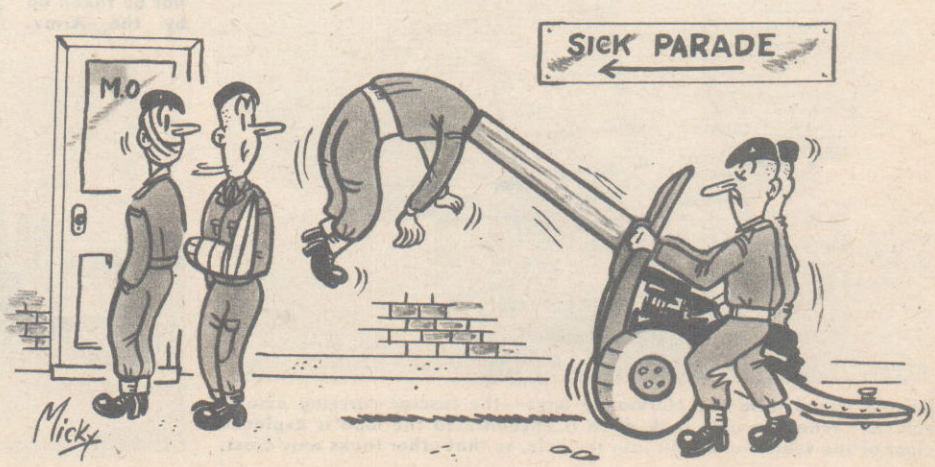


"Oh, stop moaning! It's the same for all of us."

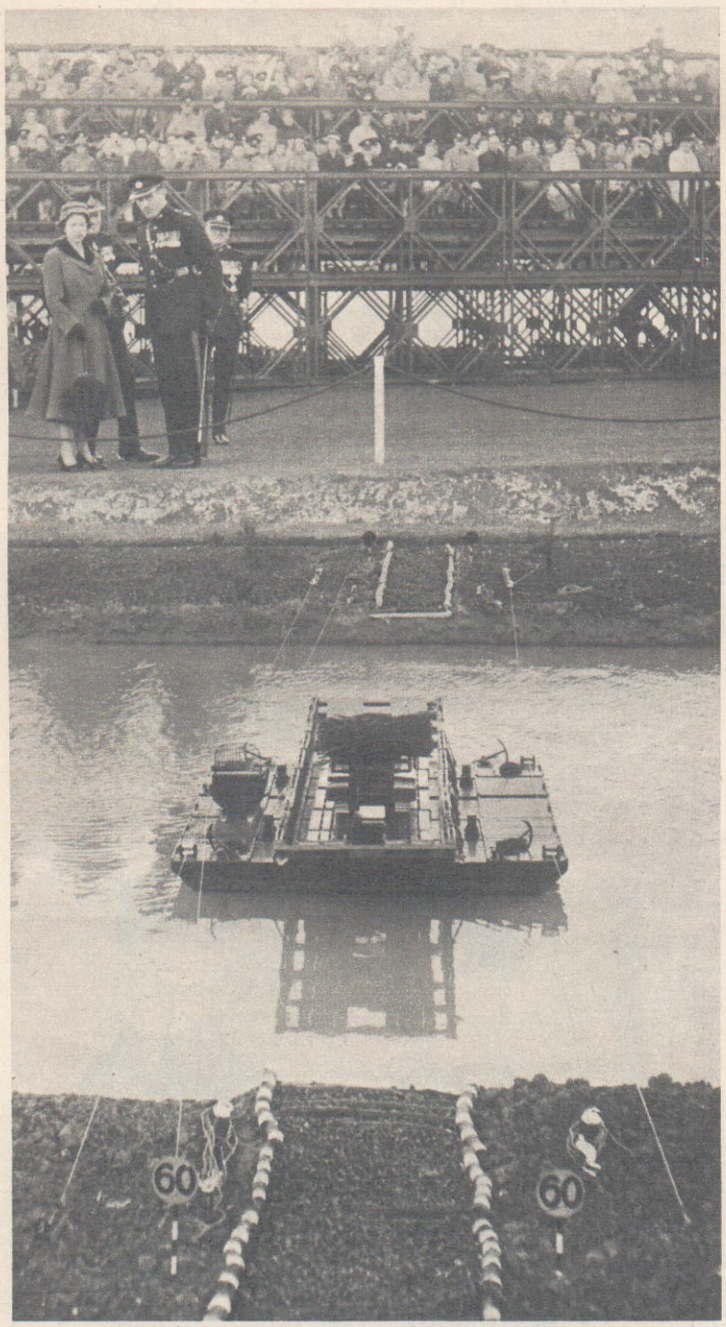
"Now, each of you men will represent two thousand corpses."

"Do you mind if I show a little independence this morning, Sergeant? My wife's watching."

"I've done a terrible thing, Sergeant. I've put myself on guard tomorrow night."



The Queen and the Machines



BRISKLY spanning in 35 minutes 100 years of mechanical progress, the Royal Engineers unleashed a novel mechanical cavalcade before their Colonel-in-Chief, Queen Elizabeth.

The present trend is towards fewer men and greater use of machines. This demonstration at Gordon Barracks, Chatham, to mark the centenary of the incorporation of the Corps of Royal Sappers and Miners with the Corps of Royal Engineers, was an excellent example of the inconspicuous yet highly important part played by young soldiers in manipulating modern mechanical monsters.

An NCO was fully at ease behind the controls of a huge bulldozer; yet it needed two men to keep the oldest working steam-engine puffing —a piquant illustration of how engineering ingenuity has solved at least one manpower problem since the then Clerk of Works, Robert Howe, and some Sappers first got together at the School of Mechanical Engineering.

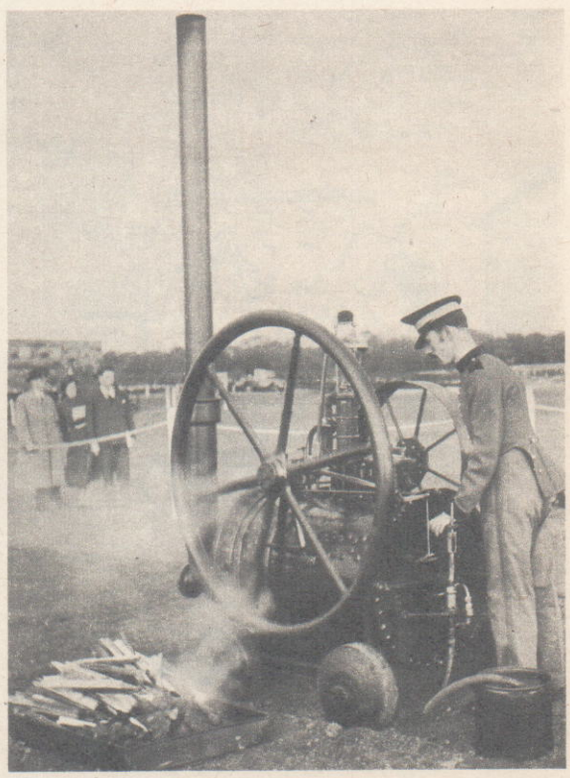
Alongside the steam-engine was a gas turbine and generator. This new piece of commercial equipment is under consideration for future use in the Army.

Carried on four large pneumatic tyres, the latest bulldozer has ease of manœuvre and smart acceleration. Its very appearance suggests power. It fairly shot out of the Royal presence to negotiate the 100-class heavy girder bridge, which the Queen herself later traversed. She was shown how these bridges can be silently and slickly assembled in a matter of minutes.

Exploits by fascine-carrying tanks and the linked ark bridge were both noisy and spectacular. But when all the cacophony from bulldozers, excavators, graders, tanks, fork-lift trucks, bridging cranes and mechanical minelayers, field power station and gas turbine had ceased, still chugging away merrily was the old steam-engine.

As darkness fell over the bridging-ground it only remained for Corporal K. Forrest to rake out the fire of his period piece and get out of period uniform, back into battle-dress.

Left: In an artificial river the Queen saw models of bridging equipment. Note grandstand in rear built from Bailey bridging.



Right: Built by Robert Howe in 1823 — the oldest working steam-engine in Great Britain.

An old friend from the Normandy days—the fascine-carrying assault vehicle. When an anti-tank ditch is encountered the load is exploded clear of the vehicle and falls into the hole, so that other tanks may cross.

For a change— a bulldozer on wheels. This Daimler prototype may or may not be taken up by the Army.

Left: "Come on, chaps!" Under the foliage is Lieut-Col. J. I. Bouverie-Brine RAOC, seen (right) in his normal guise with L/Cpl. P. Shoesmith, one of the reluctant heroes.

NO PROPS REQUIRED

"Props" and costumes are always a worry to an Army dramatic society. The Chilwell Garrison Players solved that one by staging an Army farce—the irreverent "Reluctant Heroes." Since the play's three "heroes" are National Servicemen, what better than to have them played by National Servicemen (with a National Service officer as the deferred University type)? Similarly, the officer and two privates of the WRAC were played by an officer and two privates of that corps. The commanding officer of 6th Battalion RAOC undertook the role of Captain Percy.

The sarcastic sergeant is Major R. Francis RAEC, co-producer. Below: His three problem-soldiers, played by (left to right) Second-Lieut. N. Worsnop ACC, Corporal J. Evison RMP and L/Cpl. P. Shoesmith RAOC.

NORTH CAPE, BELGRADE...SNOWDON

IN an 18-year-old car, four Gunner subalterns stationed in the Ruhr recently drove to North Cape, the most northerly piece of land in Europe, and back in 22 days—a 4500 miles round trip.

At about the same time three other Gunner subalterns set off from Dortmund on a motor-cycle trip to Belgrade and back. Their journey of 2500 miles took ten days.

The two teams were competing in an initiative contest for Gunners of 2nd Infantry Division in Rhine Army. The idea was to do something out of the ordinary, which would cost the participants little and the public nothing.

The four officers who went to the North Cape belong to 41 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. They are Lieutenants J. C. Groom and J. R. Bampfield, Second-Lieutenants J. Hughes and J. M. Barney. The car was a 1939 Mercedes-Benz. Spare parts and petrol were given free by German firms.

By the light of the midnight sun, the four officers planted two commemorative signs near the North Cape.

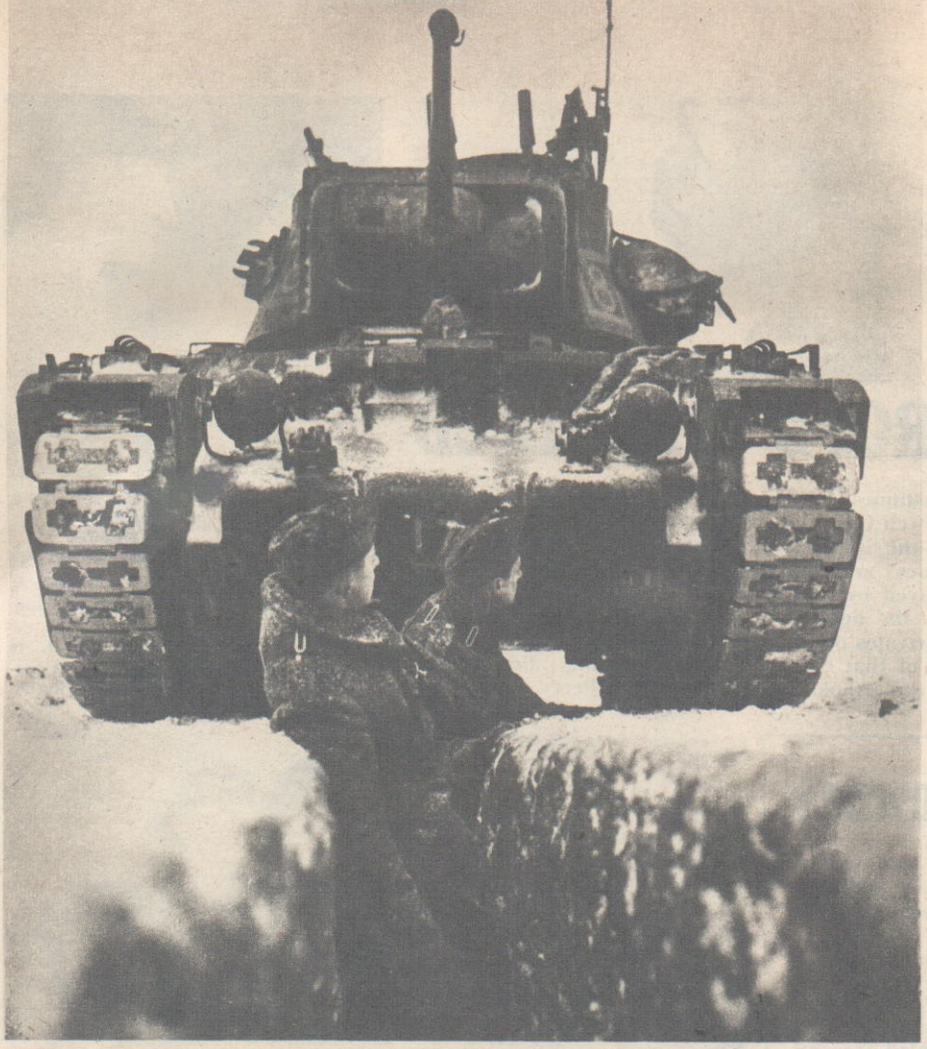
The three officers who motor-cycled to Belgrade and back are Lieutenants Allen, Payne and Michie of 115 Locating Battery, Royal Artillery. Machines and petrol were provided free by a German firm which gave one of the team a course on maintenance and repairs.

The officers' route lay through Nuremberg, Salzburg and Zagreb and they reached Belgrade in four days. They presented a divisional plaque to the Central Officers' Club in Belgrade and for two days were the guests of the Jugoslav Army.

* * *

Motor-cyclists have scaled Snowdon before, but it's still quite a feat. The trials team of Western Command Signal Squadron squelched and bumped their way to the 3560 summit in bad weather. It was an eerie experience as the path narrowed, the cloud thickened and the wind rose. The team were Lieutenant J. W. Roberts, Sergeant A. Whalley and Signalman J. Mathews.

You can get there by rail—but it's more fun by motor-cycle.



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SOLDIER

SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

A toughening course, they called it; but it's one thing to be run over by a tank in this kind of trench, and another to be run over in a slit trench—or in no trench at all.

House-top steeple-chase: it happened in the East End of London, where the Army took over acres of bombed houses as a school of street-fighting tactics.

OFF DUTY IN BERLIN

One of the few dance-bands to be conducted by a leader wearing a sword is that of the 1st Battalion The Black Watch, seen here performing in Berlin. It is part of the regimental band, which has produced not only dance music but parade music, concerts and jazz sessions in Denmark, South Africa, Rhodesia, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, France, Holland, Belgium and Kenya.

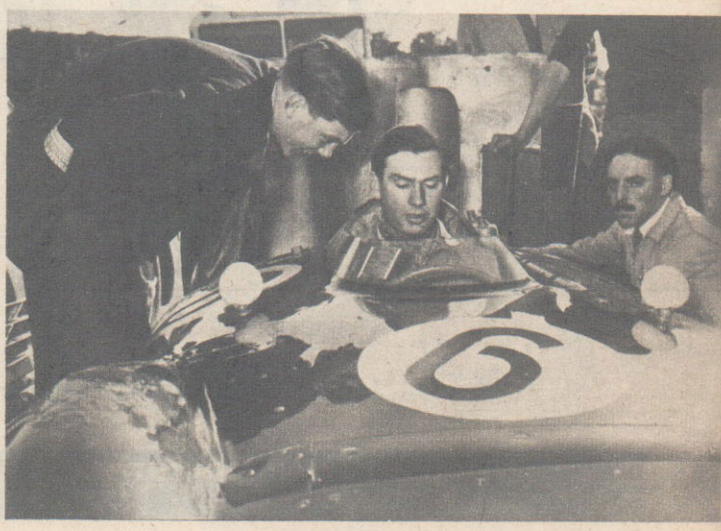
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Yes, the picture on the left was taken in Berlin. Men of the Corps of Royal Military Police are escorting a party of German students into an "Olde Englyshe" style inn erected in the British pavilion at the Berlin Industries Fair. This is an attractive form of escort duty which does not often come the way of the military police.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

In the cockpit of his Cooper-Climax racing car is 2nd Lieutenant Christopher Power, serving with the 16/5th Queen's Royal Lancers in Germany. He competed in this year's Berlin Grand Prix and in many other Continental events. With him (left) is 2nd Lieutenant David Hiam, who acts as manager, and Staff-Sergeant James Hancock, a regular on a 22-years engagement, who is the mechanic. Timekeeper is 2nd Lieutenant Richard Nicolson. The three officers, all National Service men in the same regiment, hope to stay together as a race team after release.

Photographs: Army Public Relations, Berlin.



DID THE LEGEND OF COLONEL BLIMP DO THE ARMY HARM—OR GOOD? HERE IS THE STORY OF HOW A MYTHICAL FIGURE OUTPACED ITS CREATOR

Colonel Blimp Might Have Been a Bishop

IN 1934 was born, in the fertile mind of a cartoonist, a silly old fool who was gratefully accepted by the British nation as a symbol of military stupidity.

He was Colonel Blimp, creation of Mr. David Low.

But, just as Frankenstein lost control of the monster he created, so did David Low lose control of his chuckle-headed colonel.

Blimp had been intended as a personification, not of military stupidity, but of all stupidity. To the world at large, however, the fact that he was a colonel was sufficient. Politicians, press and public hastened to impute the qualities of Blimp to the senior officers of the Army, whom they were pleased to regard as hide-bound and reactionary.

It got to the stage when any officer of field rank who had spent his best years serving his country in a bad climate was liable to be identified with Colonel Blimp. So was any retired officer who came forward, public-spiritedly, in times of crisis offering to do a useful job.

Small wonder that mention of Blimp and his creator inspired a cold fury in military clubs and messes.

A first-hand account of the rise of Colonel Blimp is given by his creator in "Low's Autobiography" (*Michael Joseph, 30s*), a provocative and entertaining book of reminiscences.

The nineteen-thirties were no more conspicuous than any other period for logic and clarity in public utterances. David Low decided to invent a character who would typify what he regarded as a growing tendency to addled thinking and dogmatic self-contradiction. This character would say things like: "We need better relations between Capital and Labour. If the Unions won't accept our terms, crush 'em." It was necessary to find a name and a status for this character.

Ruminating in a Turkish bath, the cartoonist toyed with names like Goodle, Boak and Snood. Finally it was Blimp that took his fancy. But should it be Lord Blimp, Bishop Blimp, Doctor Blimp or Mister Blimp?

It happened that there were two "pink sweating chaps of military bearing" sharing the Turkish bath and the cartoonist listened to them telling one another that what Japan did in the Pacific was no business of Britain. Then he remembered that in the newspapers that morning there had been a letter from "some colonel or other" protesting against the mechanisation of Cavalry and insisting that, if the horse had to go, the uniforms and trappings should remain, "and troops must continue to wear their spurs in their tanks." This, decided the man in the Turkish bath, was pure Blimp. So Colonel Blimp it was.

It is a solemn thought that if "some colonel or other" had not written that unfortunate letter, or if the editor who received it had thrown it away, the ridicule which descended upon the senior officers of the Army might have been diverted to the House of Lords or the Bench of Bishops.

As a cartoon character, Mr. Low says, Blimp ran quietly for 12 months, then suddenly became famous. "His subsequent progress was . . . an object lesson in what can happen to a symbol."

Blimp's observations were rarely on military matters. According to Mr. Low's analysis, he made only seven pronouncements of this kind, against more than 200 on home and foreign policy. Yet speakers in Parliament soon began to refer to "blimpery" as a military vice. For example, Mr. Hore - Belisha, after his shake-up of the War Office, announced with satisfaction that Colonel Blimp was dead.

While some saw Colonel Blimp as an attack on the military, others (quoted by Mr. Low) saw him as "a vast excuse for deriding authority" or "an assault on England's feudal and aristocratic tradition." More remarkably, others began to inform Mr. Low that the Colonel was a man of courage and loyalty, that he had sons in the Royal Air Force, that he had married into a well-known bishop's family, and so on. Next "it got about that I had founded Colonel Blimp on the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, which showed what a disgusting fellow I was, to make fun of a dead man who couldn't answer back."

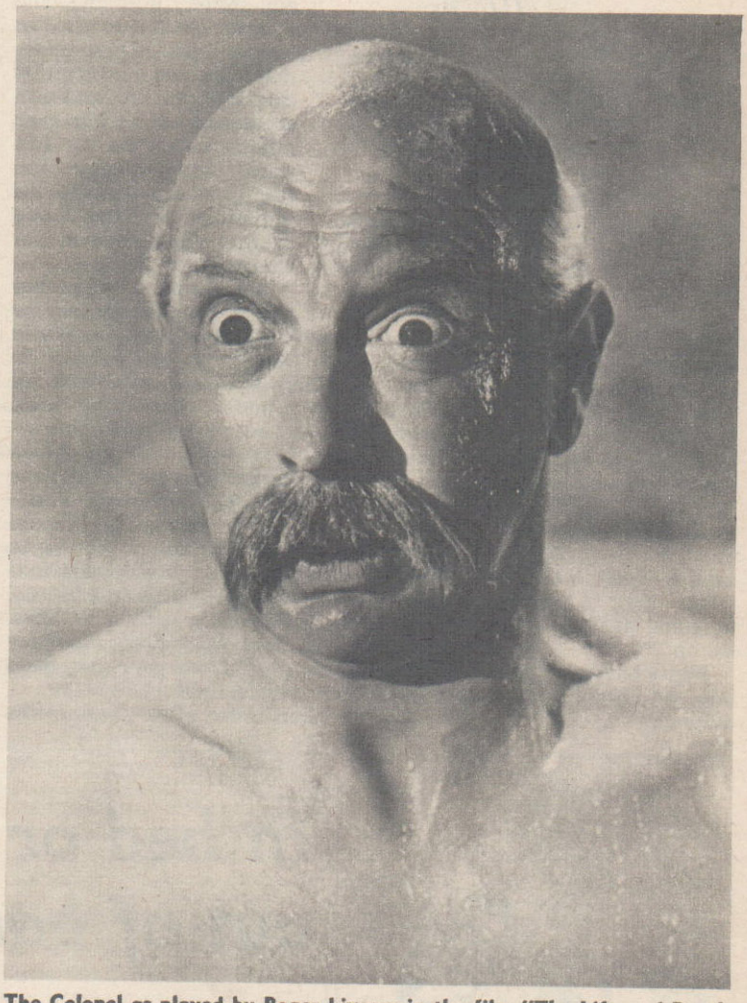
It was too much. "Had I invented this buffoon," the cartoonist asked himself, "or did he really exist?" Then two elderly gentlemen, each claiming to be Colonel Blimp, threatened to bring libel suits.

Eventually Mr. Low tired of his brain-child and decided to let him "live his own life, like John Bull, Britannia . . . Old Bill and the other myths."

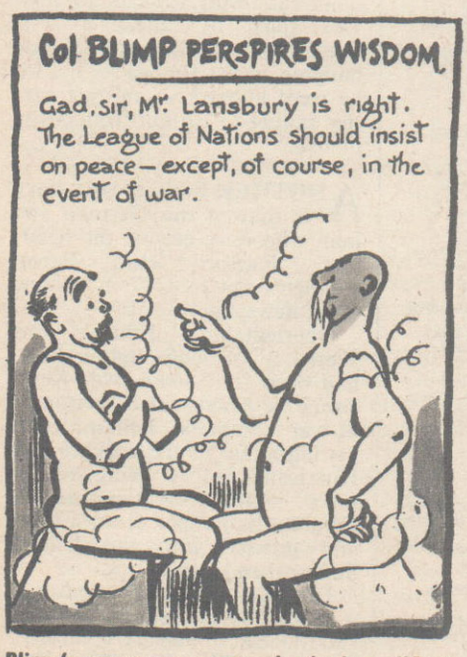
The world, however, had by no means tired of Colonel Blimp. Mr. Michael Powell, the film producer, and Mr. Emeric Pressburger, a script writer, sought the cartoonist's permission to make a film called "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp." The result was a long, sentimental film about "a glamorous old colonel." A section of the press worked up much indignation about it, urging that it should not be shown overseas as it presented a travesty of the British officer. In America, as it turned out, Colonel Blimp was presented in publicity matter as a lecherous type leering at girls' legs.

A very odd story, that of Colonel Blimp. Mr. Low's explanations may not satisfy all his critics. They will say that if you make a clown a colonel you are obviously taking a slap at colonels. There is, however, a school which believes that the continuous ridiculing, between the world wars, of the "hide-

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Colonel as played by Roger Livesey in the film "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp."



Blimp's pronouncements, beginning, "Gad sir . . ." were delivered in a Turkish bath.

From "Low's Autobiography" (Michael Joseph Ltd.).

SALLY—AND THE NIGHTINGALE

bound" military did much to jerk the more complacent Service minds out of their grooves—with the result that British generalship was vastly improved in World War Two. Sir Osbert Sitwell is one who has argued along these lines.


MONTY PUTS OUT BLIMP

Colonel Blimp Gets 'Fall-Out' Order

First Four Hundred will be from the ranks

Chinstrap is on his way out

By Daily Mail Reporter

These headlines were inspired, in 1946, by the reopening of Sandhurst. Blimp was going out, Chinstrap was coming in.

Others will say that the influence of Blimp on the Army was, in fact, negligible.

In his recently published "Defeat Into Victory," Field-Marshal Sir William Slim goes out of his way to pay tribute to "the able, highly trained and truly professional younger leaders that the British and Indian armies had quietly produced while their countrymen were laughing at cartoons of Colonel Blimp."

Blimp has been lying doggo of late, but let nobody assume he is defunct.

IN its early pages, Raleigh Trevelyan's "The Fortress" *(Collins, 12s 6d)* **reads uncommonly like one of those diaries of the trenches by soldier-poets in World War One.**

Here is the young subaltern (with a copy of Keats in his kit) sharing with his platoon the stinking discomforts of trench warfare, on the edge of a gun-swept no-man's-land with its spectral trees. The enemy lines are so close that German conversation can be overheard, and men accidentally stray into each other's lines. To the forward platoon come frequent orders to raid the opposite trenches and bring back prisoners for identification.

Yes, it's pure World War One, but it happens to be the beachhead at Anzio, in World War Two.

There are some differences, of course, one of them being Sally, whose "bedroomy American accents" are wafted to the Allied lines by the German "Front Line Radio." "Hall-o, boys, here's your girl-friend Sall-y. Would you like some boogie-woogie to cheer you up in your lone-ly fox-holes?" Then, after the music, Sally heaves a sigh and says, "Gee, that was *good*. Now for some news from your pals back here safe with Jerry."

There were other siren voices at Anzio, besides Sally's, and one of them was that of the nightingale. The author remembers what his favourite poet wrote after listening to this songster:

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain . . .

He comments: "However much these blasted birds trirrup and gurgle, they'll never make me feel that it will be rich to die in the Fossa della Cogna, pain or no pain."

Surprisingly little has been written about the Infantry's bitter, close-quarters fighting in the Anzio beachhead. Raleigh Trevelyan's diary gives a vivid and candid picture of a platoon under stress, and he spares himself not at all. It must have been a considerable temptation to doctor the diary before publication, to remove occasional embarrassing passages; but Mr. Trevelyan has let it stand as a faithful picture of the reactions of a boy charged with the lives of men.

The diary includes a record of the author's visits on leave to Naples (half-hidden under a rash of VD posters), Sorrento and Capri. Then the young officer goes back to the line and spends his 21st birthday under fire near the Maggiore.

He Charged With The Cossacks

A FEW British soldiers made Cavalry charges in World War Two, principally in the Syrian campaign, but so far as SOLDIER knows, only one airman went into battle on horse-back.

This was Sergeant Cyril Rofe, who tells the story in "Against the Wind" (*Hodder & Stoughton, 16s*). He was taken prisoner when his Wellington was brought down in Holland. Soon he contrived to change identities with a Palestinian soldier, which enabled him to leave camp in working-parties and increased his chances of escape.

Twice he was recaptured, but the third time he wandered across Poland with a companion until they joined up with Cossacks, cut off behind the German lines.

After several days in which the Cossacks fought off the Germans, the party with the author, now mounted, came through forest to the edge of a plain. There were Germans on the surrounding hills, Russians on the opposite side of the plain. The Cossack officers drew their sabres, then a cheering, waving mass of mounted men surged across the bullet-swept open to two protecting rows of Russian tanks.

The Cossack charge had been dangerous enough; more perilous was riding in jeeps, trucks and scout-cars with Russian drivers. The spirit of "nichevo" ("it doesn't matter"), kept the author hanging about for weeks before he went aboard an aircraft carrier sailing to Britain from Murmansk.

* * *

ANOTHER lively escape story is that of the German airman who once earned the headline "Escaped Hun Baron Women's Pet in US" in a New York newspaper.

Oberleutnant Franz von Werra, a *Luftwaffe* fighter-pilot, had been shot down over Kent. Twice he broke out of prisoner-of-war camps in Britain, once getting as far as the cockpit of a Hurricane before being recaptured. After being moved to Canada, he jumped from a train and crossed into the United States, then neutral.

His story was told last year in a book by a fellow prisoner (SOLDIER, February 1955). Now, in "The One That Got Away" (*Collins and Michael*

Joseph, 16s), Kendal Burt and James Leasor tell it again in much greater detail and with well-checked facts.

Oberleutnant von Werra was notable not only as an enterprising escaper, but as a "line-shooter." The "baron" in that headline, for instance, was a title he had conferred on himself.

Before capture von Werra had out-done his fellow-pilots in the publicity line by adopting a lion-cub as a pet and being well photographed with it. He had been awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross after a dubious claim to have destroyed seven British aircraft.

Line-shooter though he was, von Werra earns admiration for his audacity in the escape line. If he had succeeded in that Hurricane exploit, he would have given Britain a very red face indeed.

As it was, he was able to take back to Berlin (after jumping bail in America) valuable information about British methods of interrogating prisoners-of-war. This was possibly his greatest service to his own country.

Von Werra would have been thrilled to find himself the hero of an escape story. He died in 1941 when his plane crashed into the North Sea. According to a court of enquiry, the cause was engine failure and the pilot's carelessness.

Enemy Built Him a Monument

MILITARY historians tend to be men of strong opinions. Sir John Fortescue, Major-General J. F. C. Fuller and Captain B. H. Liddell Hart are three ready examples.

A fourth is Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Burne DSO. Many who have not read the forthright books of this connoisseur of battles know him as the editor of *The Gunner*, probably the most stimulating of the regimental magazines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Burne has just completed a two-volume military history of the Hundred Years War, the second volume being called "The Agincourt War" (*Eyre and Spottiswoode, 35s*). Of this century of strife, he says that it "produced a breed of mighty men and illustrious leaders such as can stand comparison with those of any other century in our history."

In this volume the mighty men include King Henry V, who defeated a French Army four times the size of his own at Agincourt, and John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, the "English Achilles" on his famous white palfrey. When, at last, Talbot's head was split by a battle-axe the French generals raised a monument to him—not the only occasion on which the chivalrous French have built a monument to an English adversary. Yet how many British soldiers know Talbot's name?

Mighty as they were, the English were driven from France by a girl. In Colonel Burne's eyes, Joan of Arc's greatest contribution was to raise the morale of the French, to put fire in their bellies. "Once the French morale had attained to, or even approached, that of the English, the result was almost a foregone conclusion and can be accounted for on purely military grounds without having to invoke the direct intervention of the King of Heaven."

Colonel Burne approaches historical records most warily, rejecting the conclusions of many other writers. When tactical accounts are vague he visits the battlefields himself and applies his test of Inherent Military Probability—in other words, he estimates, as a soldier, what other soldiers probably did.

Those who, in our own times, fought on Seine and Somme, at Caen and Falaise, will find many echoes of British valour in this book. They will possibly feel thankful that their own war was not one in which a man died of suffocation when two of his comrades fell on top of him.

BOILING DOWN THE COMMANDERS

THE English were cremating their dead after Agincourt. Two illustrious corpses were those of the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk. Custom ordained that these bodies should be brought home, but the Duke had put on a great deal of weight and was too heavy to be easily portable. So the English Army, using as always "every ingenuity and device," put the two corpses in a pot and parboiled them, in order to reduce the fat. The bones were then carried home.

This macabre episode is mentioned in the book by Lieutenant-Colonel Burne reviewed above. It is a reminder of the unceremonious methods of preservation applied in olden times to high commanders who fell on overseas service.

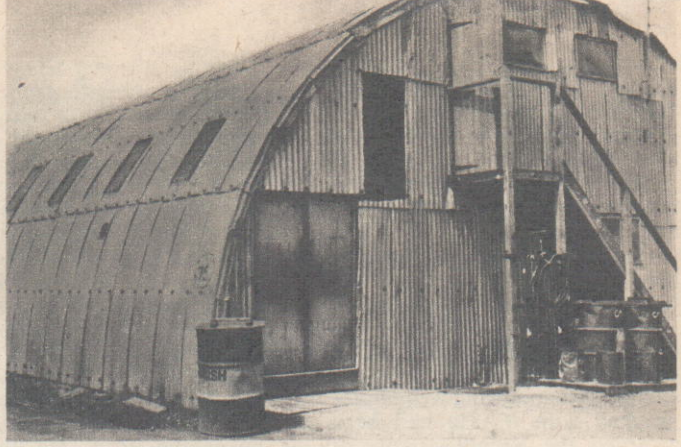
Many an admiral was sent home stuffed into a cask of spirits to prevent his body's decay. It was thus that Lord Nelson's corpse was shipped home in the *Victory* after his death at Trafalgar. Brandy was used in preference to rum. One night the Marine guarding the great cask saw the lid slowly rising—and his hair slowly rose, too. The Chief Surgeon was called and diagnosed "a disengagement of air." Some of the brandy was then drawn off.

At least one general, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Pakenham, who was killed in the New Orleans expedition, was brought home in a cask—by his military secretary.

THE CABIN CRUISER: Men of 83 Supply Depot, Royal Army Service Corps, are looking back over a summer in which many half-days, week-ends and holidays have been spent exploring the rivers and canals of North Germany—and visiting German yacht clubs.

Last autumn the Depot bought a 24-foot hull. None of the soldiers professed to be boat-builders, but they said, "By the spring she'll be a handsome motor cabin cruiser."

With the aid of books like "How To Build Your Own Boat," the unskilled but enthusiastic painters, shipwrights and mates got down to work. Not the least snag was the discovery that it was extremely difficult to bend plate glass round corners, as dictated by the design. But the craft was completed, launched ceremonially, and named *Private Murphy*, after the first Royal Army Service Corps soldier to win the Victoria Cross.

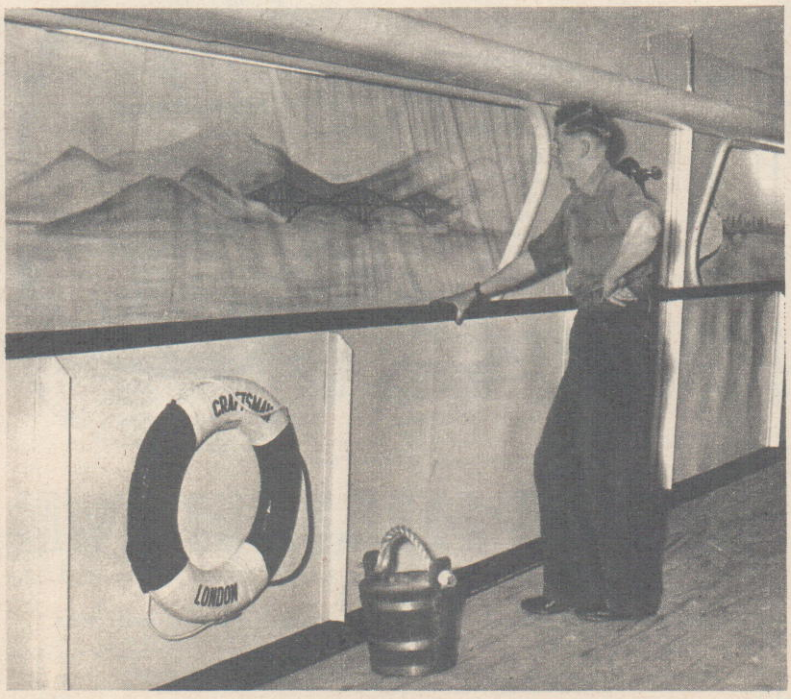


THE CINEMA: It's not much fun sitting in an open-air cinema when the thermometer shows 30 or more degrees of frost. So the Cameron Highlanders in Korea decided to build their own cinema. It doesn't look much from the outside, but it can hold two-thirds of a battalion at one sitting. Its stage is strong enough to support a tank, if anybody wanted to look at a tank. The cinema—proudly labelled "No. 1 Cinema"—has now been gratefully taken over by the Royal Sussex.

Note: this cinema does not boast Cinemascope, but the projectionist achieves something approaching a Cinemascope effect with the aid of a piece of tin inserted in the projector.

'DO IT YOURSELF'

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A MODERN CRAZE BUT THE ARMY HAS BEEN DOING IT FOR CENTURIES



THE CANTEEN: Below ground in Rhine Army's 10 Armoured Workshops lies the twin-screw steamer *Craftsman*, complete with wheel, starboard and port lights, portholes and a bell. She was built as a canteen by the men of the unit in their spare time.

A former Commanding Officer, Major F. G. Noel-Hudson, a yachting enthusiast, thought of the idea. The canteen then in use had no games room or rest room. Why should they not make a canteen of their own and while they were at it make it different from all others?

Volunteers cleared out a large cellar which had been used as an ammunition store and knocked down the intervening walls. Along one side they laid wooden planks scrubbed white, as on a ship. While some put up panelling made of old tea chests, others built a companion-way leading upstairs, erected a ship's rail behind which were placed paintings of sea scenes (done by the men themselves) and fashioned an air-conditioning system out of old tins. For added realism they made "portholes" and put up nautical signs. In all there are four rooms which serve as a bar, a rest room, a billiards room and a television room.

From shopping forays in Hamburg Major Noel-Hudson brought back, among other items, a ship's telegraph, port and starboard lights, two ships' bells, a rum cask and a ship's wheel recovered from a sunken German ship. These went into the bar, together with a large model galleon made by German workers in the unit.

LETTERS

HOW MANY LANDS?

Applying your rules (SOLDIER, October) I can count 45 countries visited since 1936:

United Kingdom, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, France, Norway, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripolitania, Libya, Sicily, Italy, Greece, Albania, Jugoslavia, Austria, Aden, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, British Somaliland, Italian Somaliland, Eritrea, Belgian Congo, Zanzibar, Mauritius, Mozambique, Seychelles, South Africa, St. Helena, Las Palmas, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Sudan, Jordan, Cyprus, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Belgium.

The two Somalilands I have counted as one country.

I have been fortunate in my travels, as in East Africa Command I was in a recruiting team and then became Librarian in GHQ MELF, which again got me around rather more than my normal job would have done. Like Warrant Officer William Neely I, too, belong to the RAEC. Are we really the most travelled corps or regiment?—**C. H. Gash, WO1 RAEC, 19 Regional Library.**

★*SOLDIER would add one to this reader's total by treating the Somalilands as separate countries, but take two off by counting Italy and Sicily as one and Tripolitania and Libya as one. Tripolitania, like Cyrenaica and the Fezzan, is a province of Libya. By this reckoning, the total is 44.*

DE-BUNKING?

I have occasionally seen in your paper letters of interest on many old traditions and have noted your comments to such letters, usually decrying the subject put up.

There were several: King's Corporal; the saluting of VCs; cubicles; and the wearing of civilian clothes. The two former subjects were put down as "gossip," and the two latter were treated as if the present-day Army Council had discovered some heaven-sent gift to aid recruiting for the Regular Army.

In my regiment we had a King's Corporal who, being illiterate except for signing his name, had won the recommendation for the Victoria Cross at Omdurman. In those days, you got the Cross or a commission—Hector Macdonald was one who chose the commission. But as this man was unable to write he became Corporal—King's Corporal, and as such he was known in the regiment. I met him in 1915 when he had rejoined.

In my father's regiment also was a King's Corporal who earned the award for action at Talana Hill, in the 2nd Boer War. He, too, was unable to write.

Cubicles were first tried out at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, in 1912. It is now Collins Barracks. They were removed at the wish of the men—the Welch Regiment—who preferred a more friendly way of living. This brought the number of men in any barrack-room to 12, which included the senior soldier or a lance-corporal.

In my regiment the holder of the VC was saluted. During the late war there were Gunner officers who always saluted their VC holder. I have done it myself. So there must have been some old Army tradition for officers to accept this gesture to any gallant NCO or man.

Permission to wear civilian clothes was always granted to any man, after he had done his recruit's training, if he so wished. Officers always wore "mufti" when off duty and outside barracks, which I always thought was a great pity.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

I speak, of course, entirely as one of the Old Army that died at the first Battle of Ypres. But the four points I have commented upon are well known to those of us who are left, so things cannot just change by a system of what is now termed "de-bunking."

I heard somebody lecture to the point that Alfred did not burn the cakes or Turpin ride to York, which I disagreed with, for, on that count, and, in 200 years time, Field-Marshal Montgomery himself will be just a myth.—**Lt-Colonel The O'Doneven, Gold Mead, Lymington, Hampshire.**

★*SOLDIER has often been asked whether an uncommissioned winner of the Victoria Cross is entitled to a salute from all ranks, including officers. The official answer is that he is not; only the holder of a commission is saluted. The custom of saluting an uncommissioned VC has doubtless been practised in various units; the spirit which inspires such a practice is not one at which SOLDIER would wish to scoff.*

SOLDIER cannot recall any occasions when the wearing of civilian clothes or the provision of cubicles in barracks have been represented editorially, as "heaven-sent gifts to aid recruiting."

The Army has so many fine traditions that a critical inspection of some of the less authenticated ones—King's Corporal, Angels of Mons and so on—seems justified from time to time.

MUCH ABOUT "BULL"

I wonder to what extent the press and the politicians are to blame for the present indiscipline in the Army. And what has been done to counteract the continual petty complaints from such sources? They are simply ignored, this being considered a dignified way to treat them. Has that policy succeeded?

I suggest at least two time-honoured topics of complaint could have been ridiculed out of existence many years ago: so-called "bull" and "spud-peeling."

I was in the Army much longer than most, and am more qualified to comment than the average politician or press writer and publicity official employed by the War Office.

How do the press and the civilian element generally get it into their thick heads that soldiers have always been so well fed as to imply that most of them are employed for hours on end peeling potatoes? This fallacy existed even in the rationing period of our lives. I wager that in my spud-peeling days I handled far fewer than any housewife peeled daily.

In many well-conducted units, much spud-peeling was, and is, left to the defaulters as punishment, or should I say in trade union parlance "victimisation"?

As for barrack-room chores, we did them for less than half an hour per day per man perhaps. Have the objectors ever thought how much time

The highest individual award in motorcycling, the gold medal of the International Six-Days' Trial, was won by two soldiers this year. They were Trooper Eric Adcock, Royal Tank Regiment (on the left in the picture above), an instructor at the Army School of Mechanical Transport, and Lance-Corporal Ron Langston, 1st Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps (seen with Trooper Adcock). Both finished the 1250 miles course, over rough Bavarian country, without losing a single point.

Sergeant Tom Challoner and Lance-Bombardier Gwyn Chambers, both of 31st Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, lost only three and four points respectively and received silver medals. The other four Army riders had to retire, a fate which overtook one-third of the 320 riders.

Right: Trooper Adcock in the lead.

Photographs: Sergeant M. J. Steed

Greeting each other before the start of an Anglo-American soccer contest at Naples are team captains Fireman Apprentice W. A. Lehmann (left), United States Navy and Corporal Barry Crole, British Army. The referee is Sergeant Tom Mirams, Royal Air Force. The American sailors, from the carrier *Randolph*, sank the British side 3-2 and 5-0 in both matches.

a woman, and many a man, puts in on household and similar chores? Let them think what "bull" goes on in their homes, and elsewhere outside the Army! In the barrack-rooms in which I was quartered there were usually from 12 to 20 men. We had, as a rule, two tables and four forms, a fireplace with fire-irons, fender and coal-box, the windows and the wooden floor. Once a week we all turned to and "did for them."

But consider the old lady with whom I lodged before I enlisted. She scrubbed her kitchen table and windsor chairs *every* day; she blackleaded her huge old-fashioned fireplace and stove six days a week, and twice a week she earth-stoned her front door steps (six of them) and washed the front path on her hands and knees. She had a husband and eight children. She got no promotion to enable her to get out of it all.

I once read of an isolated case of soldiers having to paint rocks green to match the surrounding landscape. Yet how common it is to see the bricks of civilian houses being painted red, or the whole of the outside of even the largest buildings entirely painted white or cream in foggy London, to match absolutely nothing at all?

And take notice of the shop assistants laboriously polishing the huge brass name plates below the shop windows every morning, for the local dogs to cock a snook at immediately afterwards. And don't forget the thousands of charladies scrubbing and washing labour-saving tiles at the shop entrances, no matter how it may be raining or snowing.

If any soldier, potty politician or pressman imagines that only in the Army is there "bull," let him have a look around the local hospitals, fire stations and public conveniences, and not least his own home.

The War Office could very well use these remarks as a basis for a new type of recruiting poster.

Perhaps I should offer my services as a publicity officer.—**J. H. S. Locke, 1 Grosvenor Gardens, London, N.10.**

FASCINE-ATING

The article on the Conqueror tank (SOLDIER, October) stated that "for smaller gaps, fascines (bundles of palings tied with steel wires as used in World War Two) have been found to be strong enough to carry the Conqueror."

In fact, fascines made of brushwood were first used by the Tank Corps at the Battle of Cambrai in November, 1917. They were devised to help cross the Hindenburg Line, which consisted of three lines of trenches too wide for a tank to bridge. The first wave of tanks dropped fascines in the front line, the second wave crossed on these and dropped theirs in the second line, and so on.

Some tanks carried large anchors secured by a wire hawser, which they dropped on approaching the German front line. At the back they had painted in large white letters "WC", meaning wire car, but not so called by the troops. These anchors tore large gaps in the barbed wire, which was 50 yards deep in places, and thus enabled the attack to be made without artillery preparation, creating thereby complete surprise.—**H. E. Emans, late 3rd Battalion Tank Corps, 110 Totley Brook Road, Totley Rise, Sheffield.**

★ *See picture of fascine tank on page 24.*

SIDE BY SIDE

It is stated in Bookshelf (SOLDIER, September) that during the battle of the Reichswald no fewer than four Middlesex battalions were engaged side by side in the initial fire plan.

This certainly is a fine record, although in World War One there were many brigades of four Territorial battalions of the same regiment in action.

In an assault on the fortified German positions at Lens in 1917 there were no fewer than five battalions of one regiment engaged. The 139 Sherwood Forester (T.F.) Brigade had the second regular battalion loaned to them by 6 Division. The attack, a frontal one on heavily-fortified German machine-gunners, was a failure.

Forty years later a few memories of that fierce fight under a hot July sky come back to me. A very experienced sergeant of the machine-gun company said appreciatively of 2 Battalion. . . . "They went in like lions and came out like lions." A sergeant named Cobb, who became a sergeant-major and held the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Croix-de-Guerre, was a real warrior. Three holders of the Victoria Cross were in that brigade and every man was a volunteer. I was just 19 years of age.—**R. Shipley, late 8 Sherwood Foresters and Machine-Gun Corps, Lion Hotel, Springs, Transvaal, South Africa.**

PAY PARADE

Pay parade is by no means a time waster (Letters, October). It is the one time in the week when everybody in the company is on parade and it can be used, among other things, for giving out notices and checking and inspecting items of kit for which otherwise an additional parade would have to be held.

Often, as a subaltern, I have paid out warrant officers who received considerably more than I did, but as they all had many more years service and were reaching the top of the ladder it was only right that they should. Certainly, I never felt "mortified."

Presumably every recruit, on joining the Army, finds out what his career has to offer and looks to see what rate

of pay he can expect when, and if, he becomes a regimental sergeant-major. In any event, the rates of pay are available for everyone to see.—**Captain M. J. D. Brady, Adjutant, 4/5 (Cinque Ports) Bn., The Royal Sussex Regiment (TA).**

RECRUITING OFFICERS

You state (Letters, October) that it would be for the Army Council to consider any change in the rules which prevent other than Regular officers becoming recruiting officers. I believe a change is being made. Can you confirm?—**"Another Major."**

★*Yes. An instruction was issued by the War Office on 16 October that officers holding extended service and short-service quartermaster-type commissions, who have been recommended for permanent commissions and are qualified for pension under Army Order 18 of 1949, are eligible for selection as Army Recruiting Officers.*

MILITARY CROSS

Can SOLDIER confirm that it is not possible for an Other Rank to be awarded the Military Cross? A colleague says he knows a man, a corporal in World War Two, who was awarded the Military Medal and the Military Cross.—**N. Mawson, 172 Hartington Street, Barrow-in-Furness.**

★*Originally, those eligible for the Military Cross were captains, subalterns and warrant officers who had performed "distinguished and meritorious services in time of war." This was amended in 1931 in order that the decoration could also be awarded to acting or temporary majors. It can still be won by warrant officers of both classes.*

TERRITORIAL MEDAL

Is the award of the War Medal for Territorials, issued after World War One, still applicable to Territorials who served in World War Two? What are the qualifications? I served from 1939-46 and hold the Efficiency Medal (TA).—**"Ex-TA."**

★*The Territorial Force War Medal was awarded only to those members of the Territorial Force and Territorial Force Nursing Service with four years service prior to World War One, provided they agreed to serve overseas before 30 September, 1914 and did not qualify for the 1914 or 1914-15 Stars. The medal ribbon has two green stripes on a yellow background.*

BAN LIFTED

You state (Letters, October) that all Regular soldiers were retained during the emergency. I thought the ban had been lifted.—**"Old Timer."**

★*The ban on discharge of long-service pensionable Regulars was lifted after SOLDIER had gone to press.*

THANK YOU

I received your letter stating that I had the necessary qualifications for the Meritorious Service Medal and by the very same post arrived the award!

I really would like to thank SOLDIER for this most efficient effort on my behalf. It is most gratifying to know that both serving and ex-serving members of the Army have such an efficient guide and counsellor at their service. Actually I am astounded and quite baffled by your efforts in these matters, which produce such convincing results.—**W. Hughes (ex-WO 1), Arlington Terrace, Aldershot.**

I would like to thank you once again for your help with my recent query. As usual you were "on the ball" and my query was dutifully answered.—**WO II L. Saunders, 355 Blurton Road, Blurton, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.**

Listening to other people talking I was beginning to think that someone was picking on me and I had started walking round with "a chip on my shoulder." Then it occurred to me to write to SOLDIER about my problem (concerning medical grading). I am very glad I did so. Your explanation made everything very clear to me and eased my mind.—**"Military Medallist."**

more letters . . .

NAAFI PRICES

Replying to "Flummoxed" (Letters, October) you state that NAAFI prices have not been increased in Berlin, where no local overseas allowance is payable."

It is true that those of us living in Berlin are not receiving local overseas allowance, but NAAFI prices have certainly been increased all the same. Men's shoes have gone up by 8s. a pair, the cheapest nylons are 8s. 1d., not to mention cosmetics, wool and so on; in fact most items have had odd pennies put on.

British wives in Berlin would like to know why they have to pay more for goods when no allowance is made; and why, immediately their soldier husbands received a pay increase last April, NAAFI increased their prices.—**"Housewife."**

★*NAAFI say the prices of clothing, footwear and haberdashery were increased on 24 September in all their shops in Germany, including Berlin, in order to bring them into line with price levels in the United Kingdom. These adjustments were not related in any way to the withdrawal of the Deutschmark concession, and the increases would have come about irrespective of whether the concessional mark had continued or not. However, in the Federal territory the loss of the mark concession resulted in prices of these same articles being increased slightly more than in Berlin, where the concession remains in force.*

The suggestion that their prices were increased in April because of Services pay increases is quite wrong, according to NAAFI. They say their prices in Germany are based on prices they themselves have to pay for goods in Britain, plus the cost of transporting those goods to the Continent. Price fluctuations in Britain are reflected in the prices charged in Germany. These are not affected by changes in Service pay.

QUICKEST "ROYAL"

Correspondents writing to SOLDIER on the rapid acquisition of the title "Royal" by corps and regiments (Letters, August and October) have overlooked the Royal Corps of Signals. The order creating the Corps of Signals was promulgated by Royal Warrant on 2 July, 1920. On 5 August the same year the Corps became the Royal Corps of Signals.—**Brigadier E. A. James, late Royal Signals (TA), Fernwood, 15 Bracebridge Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield.**

THE BEVERLEY

Very interesting aircraft, the Beverley. If it can carry half-a-ton over 2400 miles what does the Valetta carry over the same distance? "Considerably less," according to your article (SOLDIER, October). It seems hardly worth while putting either aircraft up to cover that distance, unless they are carrying gold!—**SSM IC R. Say, RASC, Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.**

★ *Half-a-ton on a maximum flight of 2400 miles is not so small as it might appear. It is equivalent to the weight of 10 average-sized men, who could be parachuted on a special mission. The Beverley could also carry in place of men a considerable quantity of small arms and larger weapons or urgently-needed stores.*

FIRST ASHORE?

The claim by the 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards that their tanks were the first to land in Normandy on D-Day (SOLDIER, October) does not seem justified.

This regiment was in support of 69 Brigade of 50 division and was due to swim in with its DD tanks to arrive on the beach ahead of the Infantry at La Rivière. Owing to the rough sea the DD's were not launched, but later beached by Landing Craft, Tanks. The Infantry landed at 0730 hours without any armoured support until the 4/7th tanks beached later.

In Sword Sector DD tanks of A and B Squadrons 13/18th Royal Hussars were launched at 5000 yards in a rough sea, but swam in under their own power to Queen Beach, touching down at 0730 hours, just before the leading Infantry of 8 Brigade of 3rd Division. The DD tanks of this regiment were the only ones on the Allied front to be launched according to plan and carry out their task of providing armoured support to the leading elements of Infantry.—**R. Cadogan, late A Squadron 13/18th Royal Hussars, 117 Kimberley Road, Penylan, Cardiff.**

NEW COLOURS

It is felt within 4/5 Battalion of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment (Territorial Army) that the article 'Now It Bears New Honours" (SOLDIER, September) could have made mention of the fact that the new Colours were presented to the Battalion by the Duchess of Kent, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. The entire parade, with the exception of the Band and Corps of Drums of 1st Battalion and the permanent staff officers and non-commissioned officers of 4/5th Battalion, were Territorials and National Servicemen on their 15 days' training.

I am not aware of any other unit of the Territorial Army having had a presentation of Colours, and I believe this battalion is the first to be so honoured since World War Two. Their old Colours were presented by King Edward VII at Windsor Castle in June 1909.—**Sergeant J. B. Cavanagh, 90 Hermitage Lane, Aylesford.**

"DIGGER" DISCIPLINE

Sergeant E. G. H. Raynes mentions the custom in the Australian Army of a soldier halting, facing inwards and remaining to attention when passing or being passed by a marching body of troops (SOLDIER, October). I remember being taught this courtesy when I was a schoolboy in the Officer Training Corps before World War One. The same custom, incidentally, applied to funerals.

I was unaware that the custom had lapsed. As it certainly existed, "re-adopted" rather than "adopted" would be the correct word to apply.

Another unofficial courtesy, which I hope has not lapsed, was that soldiers excused parade should find something to do and not stare out of windows at those on parade.—**Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Irwin (rtd.), The Lawn, Willingdon, Sussex.**

DECIDEDLY DOGGY

In return for its guard duties at the stores, I am allowed to keep my dog in the unit. If I wanted to take it with me to Leeds when I go on leave could I claim a Forces concessional rate?—**"Trooper."**

★*There is no concessional rate on British Railways for soldiers' dogs.*

ANSWERS

A QUIZ FOR CHRISTMAS

DO YOU LIVE HERE?

1, Devon; 2, Kent; 3, Lancashire; 4, Wigtownshire; 5, Carnarvonshire.

WHO'S IN TROUBLE?

1. George Cole, in "Who Goes There?" 2. Alan Ladd in "The Red Beret." 3. Stewart Granger and Robert Newton in "Soldiers Three."

SPOT THE MISTAKES

The newspaper bears an impossible date.

A newspaper cannot have 15 pages.

There are no tigers in Africa.

There are no corporals in the Royal Artillery.

"N.A.F.F.I." should read "N.A.A.F.I."

"Ghurkas" should read "Gurkhas."

There are no coroners in Scotland.

Radnor is an inland county.

Haiti was never in the Commonwealth.

Holloway is a women's gaol.

Note: An Army corporal CAN win the Distinguished Flying Medal.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. (a) False; (b) False; (c) True—José Meiffret reached 109.12 mph behind a car in 1951; (d) False.
2. James Dean.
3. A watch which, when required, chimed the time correct to the last quarter, or even to the last minute.
4. Thrown out of a window.
5. The sinking of the troopship *Birkenhead*.
6. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.
7. Emerald.
8. In 1885 Arbroath beat Bon Accord in the Scottish Cup 36-0.
9. (a) miscreant; (b) sycophant; (c) pedant; (d) cormorant; (e) verdant; (f) termagant.
10. (a) Marilyn Monroe; (b) Stewart Granger.
11. Range.
12. "No Time For Sergeants."
13. (a) male; (b) male; (c) female.
14. Harness it to a plough.
15. Camembert—a cheese among wines.
16. (a) newspapers; (b) doctors; (c) films; (d) cars; (e) diamonds.
17. Glasgow.
18. (a) Belgium; (b) Ireland; (c) America; (d) Britain; (e) Egypt.
19. Charles Hamilton.
20. To sail a replica of the "Mayflower" to America.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

The second picture differs from the first in these respects: style of "N" in "trains"; number of dots on hand-bag; cap-badge on left-hand soldier; right cuff of left-hand soldier; lorry driver's left eyebrow; size of window at back of lorry cab; radiator-cap; position of signal gantry; smoke from signal-box chimney; notch in one signal-arm.

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JANETTE SCOTT

in "The Good Companions"