

SEPTEMBER 1963 ★ One Shilling

# SOLDIER



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RSM and Son, by Larry—turn to Page 20

Next month's SOLDIER will include more special articles on the Far East, and a feature on 1 (Br) Corps Outward Bound School in Norway. The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry will be featured in the "Your Regiment" series and the sport spotlight will fall on swimming.

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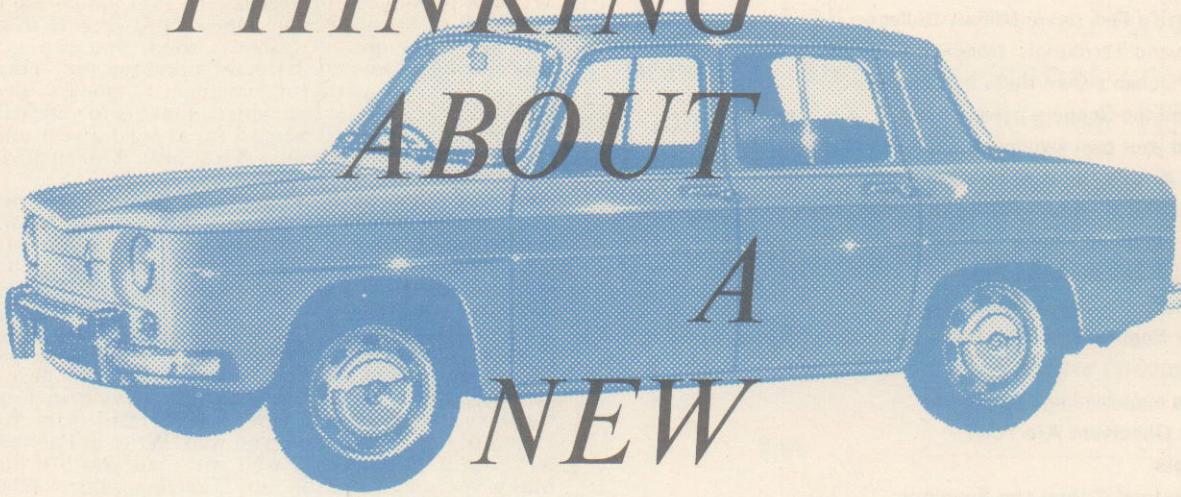


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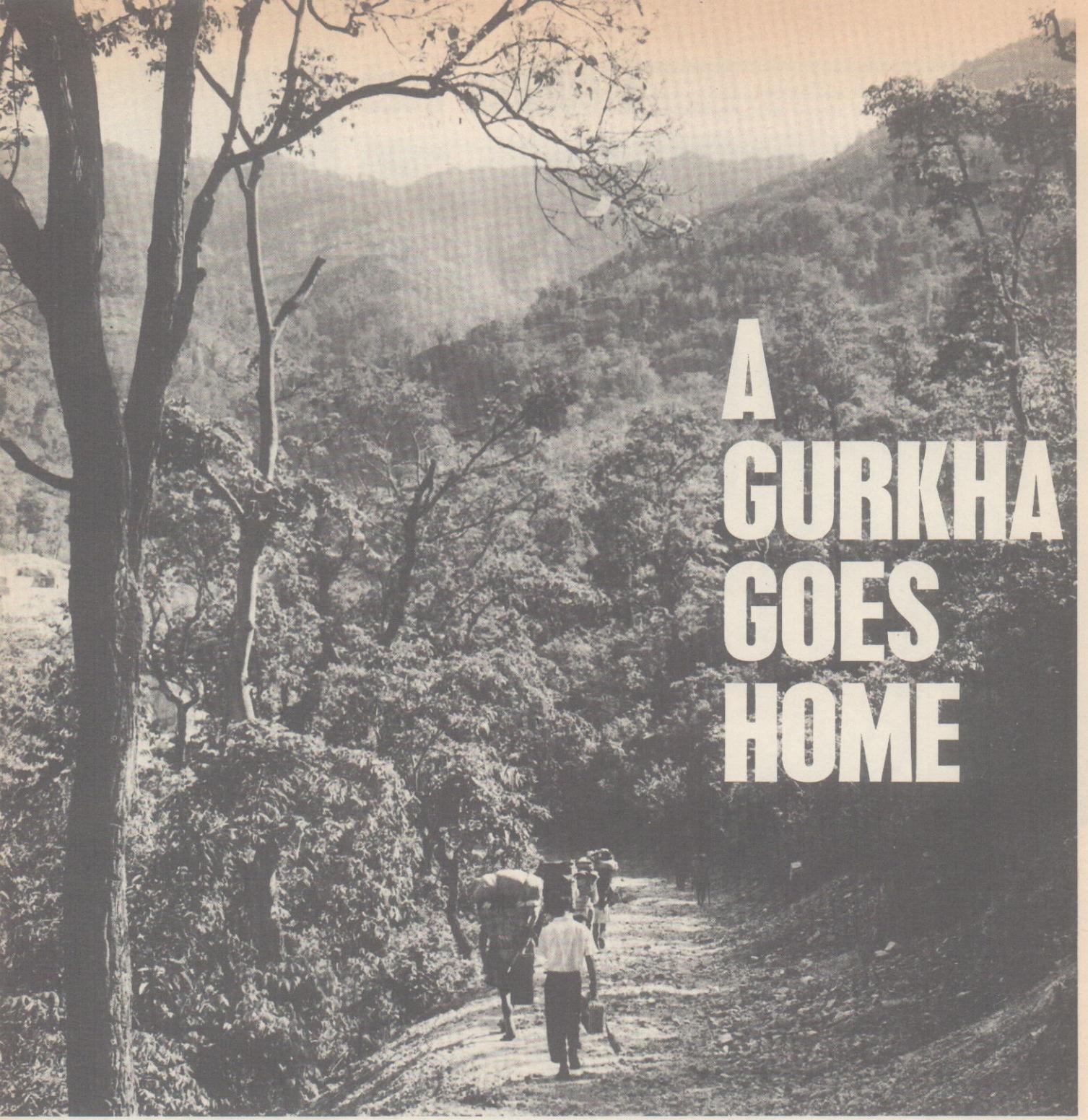
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# A GURKHA GOES HOME

The road from the Indian border peters out near the old Sapper camp at Phusre, above Dharan, and from now on this track is the highway into Nepal.

**S**APPER Dambarbahadur Tamang glanced back towards India then turned his back on the great plain and began the long trek up the steep rocky path into the mountains of Nepal. He had left the rail-head behind him and now stood, literally, at the end of the road, on the threshold between Western and Eastern worlds.

Before him lay a three-day climb into the Himalayan foothills—then six

**No journalist had ever accompanied a Gurkha soldier going on leave into the foothills of Nepal... until SOLDIER's Peter J Davies and Frank Tompsett, on their Far East tour, climbed with Sapper Dambarbahadur Tamang on his three-day trek into the Himalayas**

months' leave with the pretty young wife who had been waiting for him since that last leave three years ago. But this time it was different. Accompanying him were a SOLDIER writer and photographer, six porters, two Gurkha escorts and an interpreter. Like the Gurkha Sapper, the SOLDIER team had travelled 2000 miles by air, rail and road to this gateway to the foothills, and was to go on with him into the heart of Nepal.

# A GURKHA GOES

continuing



First day, 4000 feet up, and a halt at the only water supply. The Sapper washes his mess-tin; a porter scours a pan.

Start of a 2000-mile journey home—the weighing-in at Singapore. Most Gurkhas take home a new umbrella and a case.

Sapper Dambarbahadur on the suspension bridge at Mulghat. This British-built structure is more solid than most.

Although the Gurkha Sapper lived comparatively close to the road and railway—some Gurkhas face a three-week walk home—the trek to his village of Sinduwa, nestling in a sheltered dip in the hills, at about 6000 feet, involved two separate climbs of 5000 feet, then a more gradual ascent to the village itself.

The Gurkha tradition of doing half a morning's work before breakfast meant an initial climb to 4000 feet on an empty stomach. But Sapper Dambarbahadur had not given this a second thought as he set out with his rolled umbrella and brightly polished black shoes.

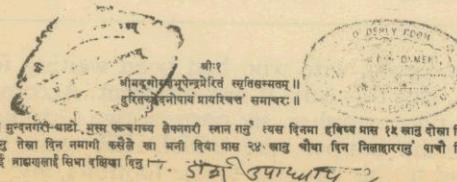
The umbrella—a status symbol in Nepal—was soon in practical use as a sunshade as Sapper Dambarbahadur strolled nonchalantly up a steep rocky "chimney" then up the rocky path winding upward in a rapid succession of hairpin bends. Then the welcome breakfast stop and, as the porters charmed a fire from bamboo sticks to cook rice and curry, the Sapper sat and watched a couple of Gurkha toddlers, half naked, chase each other along the precipitous track, somehow never looking in danger of plunging over the edge and down the steep wooded slope.

After breakfast there was a mere 1000 feet to climb to the stilted teahouse for tea all round. The descent was more rocky than the initial climb and much harder on the feet, but the incredible porters, 100lb loads on their backs,

## PANI PATIYA

Every homeward-bound Gurkha soldier undergoes the five-day cleansing ceremony rooted in the Hindu religion and based on the fact that it is still considered an act of impurity to cross the ocean. Each morning at the Dharan Depot, the troops march to the temple where the Depot priest conducts a half-

hour ceremony. At the end of the five-day cycle each soldier receives a certificate showing that he has undergone the cleansing—"Pani Patiya"—and which ensures that he is not discriminated against by any of the more orthodox Hindu communities he may meet on his route home.



Like every document in the British Army, the certificate is officially stamped.



# HOME

Sapper Dambarbahadur (centre) strides into Mulghat village store, followed by escorts and porters. The balcony became the party's hotel for the night.



Sapper Dambarbahadur (right) and ex-RSM Gore Rai, the party's interpreter, sleeping on the balcony. Note umbrella!



At 4000 feet, between Mulghat and the trade centre of Dhankuta, the Sapper "window" shops at the stalls kept by Nepalese girls under the peepul tree.

The long trek along the valley was lightened by the spectacle of a communal fishing expedition, with men, women and children of a village splashing exuberantly down the rocky stream in a bid to outpace and net a small, elusive shoal.

So, for a night stop, to the tiny village of Mulghat, at the end of the valley leading to the steep, craggy climb to Dhankuta town, trade centre of the area. There was just time to cook and

►OVER

The third day, and the home-going Gurkha, now 6000 feet up in the hills, is wrapped against the chilly morning.

concluding **A GURKHA GOES HOME**



Now, at last, he is nearing home—and Sapper Dambarbahadur pauses to comb his hair before the last stage.

Almost there—home is just a hundred yards away, round the corner to the right and shrouded in Himalayan mist.



**COVER PICTURE**

SOLDIER's front cover, by Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT, shows Sapper Dambarbahadur Tamang taking a rest in the foothills during the later stages of his long trek home on leave. He holds his umbrella in the "back-sticks" fashion—perhaps a legacy of this form of drill for Gurkha recruits—and slung over his arm is the folkweave bag in which he carries gifts for his wife.

eat a meal before darkness fell and Sapper Dambarbahadur and his retinue settled down to sleep on the first-floor verandah of the village store.

After a 5am brew-up the party was on the move again, aiming for Dhankuta in time for breakfast. This time there was a 4000ft stop for tea at one of the *peepul* trees under which young Nepalese girls keep small stalls. After Dhankuta there were more uphill miles to the home of a former Indian Army Gurkha, who welcomed the party warmly and offered shelter for the night.

Over the whole route the people were friendly, hospitable and courteous. Where else in the world can a traveller walk into any house to rest, without needing even to ask?

Another early start on the third day meant a chilly climb through mist and cloud until the sun cut through to give a crystal-clear day and a memorable

view of Everest, a hundred miles away, stretching up behind a range of hills.

Now within striking distance of home, Sapper Dambarbahadur began to look more the traditional Gurkha, with Nepalese hat, colourful folkweave bag full of gifts, and, of course, the inevitable umbrella. As he walked he was happy to chat about his life at home and in the Army...

He was 17 when he married pretty 15-year-old Mina, daughter of a neighbour. After six months of marriage he set out from his tiny village to trek out of the foothills for the first time in his life, to join the British Army and earn money for the family. At that time, seven years ago, the new Gurkha Depot at Dharan, at the edge of the eastern foothills, had yet to be built, and recruits faced a long trek through the foothills and across the flat *terai* (the narrow strip of jungle between foothills and plain)



Out of the mist a welcoming quartet of four neighbours—one a retired Indian Army Gurkha—appears to dance and sing the traditional dance of welcome.



Romeo and Juliet in the Himalayas—in a touching though undemonstrative reunion, Sapper Dambarbahadur hands up his presents to his young wife.

to Jogbani, the border railhead town, then a long and arduous train journey.

He recalled the exciting, often bewildering journey from Nepal to Calcutta, then by air to Singapore and up through Malaya to Sungei Patani where, like thousands of others of his countrymen, he took the ten-month course that turned him into a soldier. Then came the six-month Gurkha Engineers' course at Kluang, followed by service at Kuala Lumpur, in North Borneo, and again at Kluang, with that first memorable leave after three years.

Now, Sapper Dambarbahadur is nearing the half-way stage of his planned 15 years' service that will give him, at 32, a pension for the rest of his life.

As he talked of his family—his wife, mother, two brothers and three sisters—the party topped a rise and the returning warrior looked down on his home village. He faltered in front of his home. The doors were closed, the windows shuttered; all seemed quiet. But at the back he found the kitchen door open and his wife and mother both at home and overjoyed at his safe return.

In public there was no demonstrative welcome. The Sapper just disappeared inside the house for a couple of minutes, emerging to acknowledge the dance of welcome—"Dhan Natch" (Rice Dance)—a kind of sedate *palais glide* danced and sung by four neighbours who had appeared from nowhere.

For the next six months Sapper Dambarbahadur would live again as a Gurkha villager and, like thousands of other Gurkha soldiers, turn the calendar back hundreds of years. He would live in a house with no chimney, the cooking fires burning between three stones on the baked mud floor, the smoke filtering up through the bamboo structure to keep the house free from insects and harden the beams of roof and walls.

He would have to manage on water that had to be carried to the house, with the supply possibly a quarter of a mile away. The money he had earned as a soldier would buy only those basic essentials worth manhandling over the steep, winding paths.

But at least that money will take his family above the bare subsistence-level agricultural economy of the country, an economy that provides a financial balance soon upset when sickness or injury hits a family, the hardship made more serious by the distances a sick person has to walk or be carried for treatment.

But the poverty of the people of the foothills is not the degrading poverty found in so many parts of the world. Each year the ground yields the rice, maize and potatoes, and with the crops come the pride and independence that are national characteristics.

Sapper Dambarbahadur will return promptly from his 164 days' leave and quickly settle again into the more sophisticated Western-style life of the British Gurkha soldier. And just as easily, when his soldiering days are over, he will turn his back on progress and return to Sinduwa to share the simple, unhurried life of his people with the wife he knows will be waiting for him.

## SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

**T**HE best solution would be to have one Minister of Defence with three officers under him, viz: Admiralty, War Office, Air." This was written in his diary, on 28 August, 1917, by a prophetic Field-Marshal Earl Haig. And in April next year, nearly 50 years later, the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force will be merged under one central defence organisation.

A latter-day seer, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, advocated the same step 15 years ago and now predicts that one day there will be a single fighting service. That, the change most feared by the fighting Services, is not to be, for all three are to retain their entities under the reorganisation. But this bringing together makes complete sense in an era when even the smallest of "brush-fire" actions is a combined operation involving Navy, Army and Air Force in close-knit interdependence.

Each Service has ventured into the other's sphere—the Royal Navy has its Marines and Fleet Air Arm, the Army its Air Corps and its sailors in the Royal Army Service Corps and Royal Engineers, and the Royal Air Force, too, has its soldiers and sailors. And each Service has naturally tried to appropriate the larger slices of the financial cake and to push its own weapons systems.

Now there will be a single kitty and a single direction, yet the three Services will retain their traditional duty of tendering military advice to the Government and retain right of access to the Prime Minister.

While there may be reservations at the top where, for instance, senior officers of all three Services will compete for promotion, the sailor, the soldier and the airman will continue to fight alongside each other with an evergrowing appreciation of one another's way of life and indispensability.

It is this spirit of co-operation which will weld the new defence organisation into one fighting machine.

★  
"In *Chieftain* we have got a winner. *Chieftain* meets all the NATO requirements for the 1970s and there is not another tank about which we can say that."

So said the War Minister, Mr Joseph Godber, when he spoke to the Press at a recent demonstration of Britain's new battle tank. Senior Army officers and "boffins" were equally enthusiastic over a tank which is "way ahead of its time" and which can outshoot any other known tank.

Next month's SOLDIER will contain a full description and pictures of *Chieftain*, which is now in production and will be coming into service in 1965.



British officers and warrant officers have brought the spirit of Sandhurst to Sungei Besi. Here are two instructors—Sgt-Maj J F McGuinness, Army Physical Training Corps, and, with pace-stick, Sgt-Maj Ryan, Grenadier Guards.

The badge and motto of the Federation Military College at Sungei Besi.



Physical training session in the gymnasium next to the parade ground.



The Commandant, Lieut-Col John Pearson (right), chats with Maj A D Peckham, Chief Instructor and Officer Commanding Cadets at the College.



On their Far East tour, PETER J DAVIES and Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT visit Malaya's own Sandhurst, the Federation Military College, glistening symbol of new Malaya and a living monument to British military tradition

## SANDHURST

## COMES TO MALAYA

THE dulcet tones of a British sergeant-major thunder across the square. Though the commands are in Malay, the inevitable rebuke for a less-than-lightning response is in caustic British sergeant-major language.

The voice of Sergeant-Major M J Ryan, Grenadier Guards, resounds far beyond the squad of Malay officer cadets he drills. It echoes across acres of playing-fields and other cultivated greenery providing a handsome setting for the grandeur of modern architecture.

This is Sungei Besi, ten miles from Kuala Lumpur and only ten years ago a jungle-covered centre of Communist terrorist activity. Now, terrorists and jungle have been swept aside to make way for the 150-acre site of Malaya's Federation Military College, a living monument to British military tradition and a symbol of Malaya's great strides forward both internally and as an international power in the Far East.

Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer first suggested the college when he had charge of military affairs in Malaya during the Emergency. It began at Port Dickson, with 70 boys forming a boys' wing. Two years later a course was introduced to prepare young men for officer training in Great Britain.

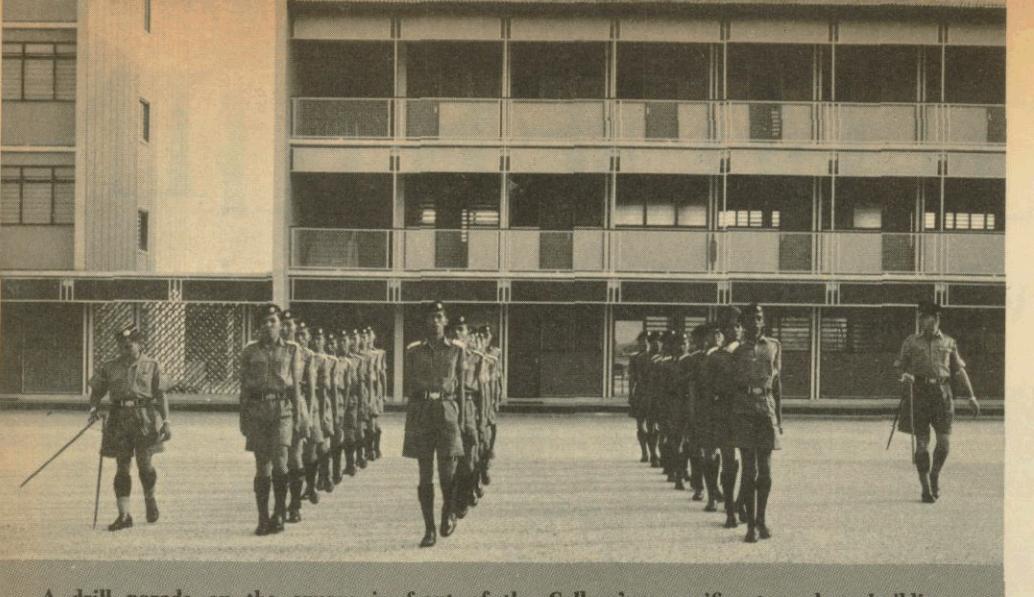
Today there is no need to come to Britain. Sandhurst, or part of it, went to Malaya and in ten short but distinguished years, of which Britain can take just pride, the Federation Military College has become second to none in Malaya, glistening with academic, sporting and military achievement.

Last year the College had a staggering 99 per cent pass record in the Cambridge Overseas School Certificate and an 86 per cent pass in the Higher School Certificate, far ahead of any other Malayan school. Malaya's Sandhurst has already become a vital provider of badly needed leaders, not only for the Army but in all branches of civil life in Malaya.

And all this has been achieved with



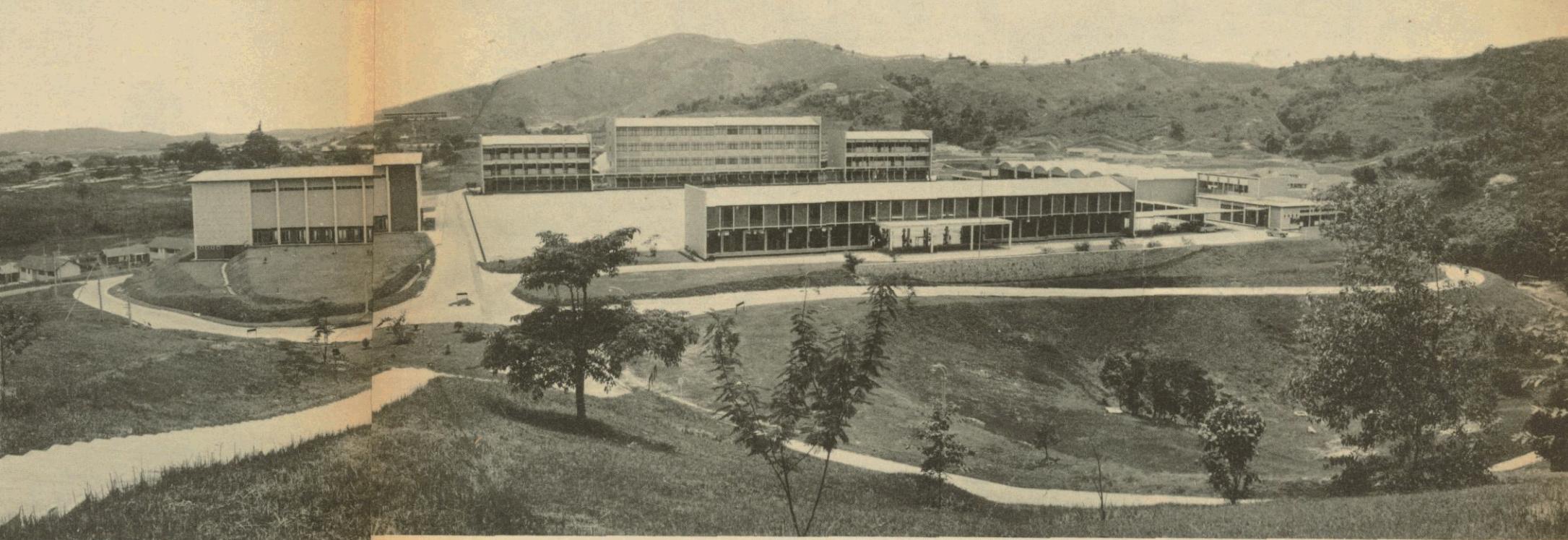
British officers and Sandhurst lecturers holding the key posts. Mr H C Wallwork, the Director of Studies, has been seconded from Sandhurst since the College was founded and will continue in office until 1965. The heads of departments—arts, mathematics and science—have all been seconded Sandhurst lecturers, but with the College firmly established these and other remaining key posts are being Malayanised. Even the British warrant officers are being replaced this year by Malayan soldiers determined to maintain the high standard set by Regimental Sergeant-Major A E Tomlinson, Coldstream Guards, and his colleagues. Last to go will be Sergeant-Major J F McGuinness, Army Physical Training Corps, who has also held the wider post of physical training advisor to the Federation Armed Forces.



A drill parade on the square in front of the College's magnificent modern buildings.

Commandant of the Federation Military College is Lieutenant-Colonel John W Pearson, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, former wartime parachutist who has seen a lot of service in Africa and the Mediterranean area, on both staff and regimental duty. He was second-in-command of the 1st Battalion of his Regiment in Nigeria, the Cameroons and the Congo before moving to the College.

Other British Army personnel include: Major C N Jones, The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, Deputy Commandant; Major A D Peckham, The Queen's Own Buffs, Chief Instructor and Officer Commanding Cadet Wing; Major D K Furney, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, a training staff officer; and Captain J D Jones, RAEC.



Only ten years ago the College's 100-acre site was a jungle-clad centre of Communist activity.

Students accepted into the Boys' Wing have the world before them. They are educated, housed, clothed, fed and cared for free, and are given pocket money ranging from 45s a month at 15 to nearly £6 monthly at 18. Specially planned kitchens provide Malay, Chinese and Indian food.

If a boy's ambition lies in soldiering he has a fine chance of graduating to the Cadet Wing and a Regular commission, or he may graduate to the flourishing sixth form and go on to a career in business, probably via university. Each year, four boys from the Wing are chosen for training at Sandhurst.

The 60 officer cadets accepted each year for the Cadet Wing take a two-year course comprising about 60 per cent military and 40 per cent academic subjects. Cadets destined for the technical arms take a scientific course, while

Sungei Besi, learning how to march, drill and handle basic Infantry weapons, before starting to specialise.

The College is already building up connections with other parts of the British Commonwealth. Two cadets each year transfer to do their second year's training at the Officer Cadet School, Portsea, Australia.

The change-over to Malayan staff is proceeding steadily and sensibly with close co-operation on both sides, and it will not be long before the College is almost entirely Malayanised. But in the syllabus, the training methods, the Sandhurst-style passing out parade, and in the College itself, British influence is bound to remain, providing a firm, proved basis upon which to build an Army. Even the vocal chords of Malaya's sergeant-majors are developing in the best British barrack-square tradition!

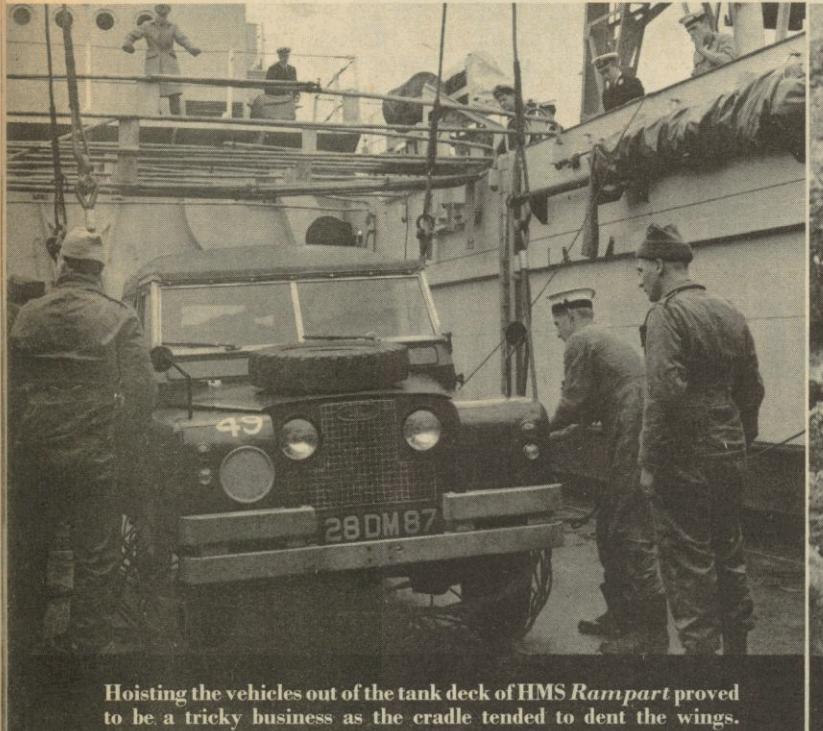
One of the beacons for which the patrols were searching high in the mountains of Norway.



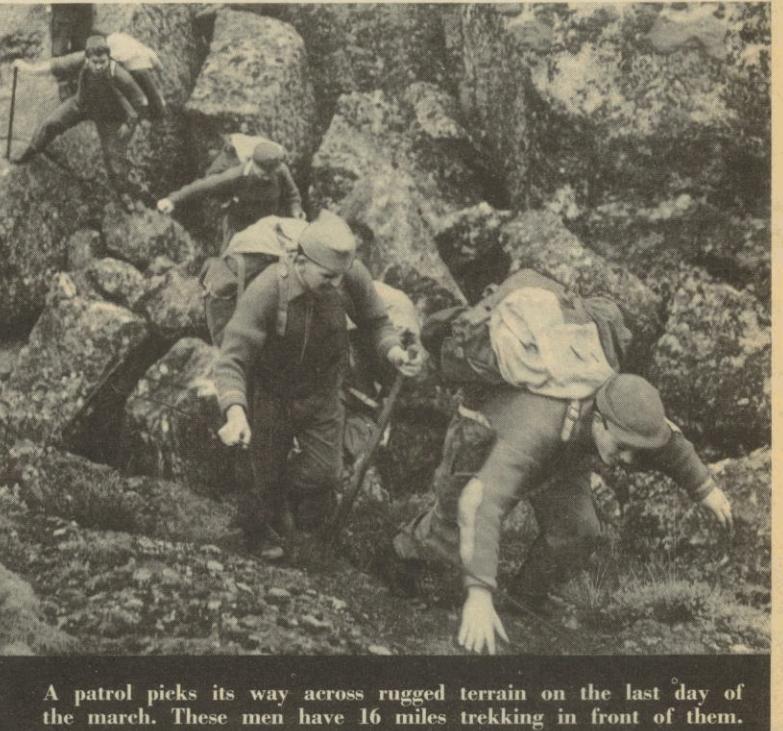
# QUEST IN THE CLOUDS

*Territorial adventure training in Norway*

*ended a bit too adventurously for one patrol of six men*



Hoisting the vehicles out of the tank deck of HMS *Rampart* proved to be a tricky business as the cradle tended to dent the wings.



A patrol picks its way across rugged terrain on the last day of the march. These men have 16 miles trekking in front of them.

**LOST.** Hopelessly, helplessly lost in the mist-shrouded barren peaks of South Norway. Lost where the snow lingered still, where the only sounds were the moaning of the wind, the gushing of falling streams and the spectral jangle of bells worn by mountain sheep.

This was the plight of six young Scottish soldiers on an adventure exercise in desolate mountain terrain. Their rescue was the dramatic end to Exercise "Viking Ship," an enterprising scheme to provide leadership training for junior non-commissioned officers of the Territorial Army. Twenty-seven young soldiers from units of 51st Highland Division took part.

Before sailing from Scotland aboard HMS *Rampart*, a tank-landing craft of the Royal Navy, the men were given new last-minute instructions to make the exercise more realistic. "Your patrol exercise is cancelled," they were told. "Instead you are being sent on a secret operational mission."

Radio beacons assisting aircraft navigation were supposed to have been interfered with by devices planted by foreign agents. Exercise "Viking Ship" was to be used to search for the devices in Norway. The news set the briefing room buzzing with excitement.

Two days aboard *Rampart* in the North Sea did nothing to dampen the Territorials' enthusiasm and after arrival in Norway and pitching camp at a

village on the edge of a fjord, limbering-up exercises started immediately.

On the Friday night, work began in earnest. The men were split into four patrols and taken aboard a small Norwegian vessel which dropped them at different points in the fjords. Their instructions were to patrol along pre-arranged routes, search for the devices and bring one back if possible.

With two days' rations and a sleeping bag in their rucksacks, they set off cheerfully enough despite bad weather which was restricting visibility, and not at all overawed by towering rock faces rising sheer out of the fjord.

But on their separate routes, marked only by red blobs of paint on the rocks, the adventurers soon ran into troubles. The mist turned into driving, soaking rain. With the rucksacks biting into their shoulders and backs they clambered over slippery rocks and across rushing streams. On the first night two patrols found shelter but two had to sleep out in the open. Number Two Patrol marched on until midnight and then slept exhausted on a sloping ridge of rock 300 feet high... and when the soldiers woke in the morning they had all slid some way down the rock face.

Hampered by poor visibility, the patrols began to lose time on their schedules. On the second day out the men of Number Three Patrol found that a boat in which they were supposed to cross a lake was leaking so badly it was unusable. It took them two and a

half hours to find a way round on foot.

By Sunday, Number One Patrol ominously found itself lost in a valley blanketed by thick mist. Its members tried to find their way out while the three remaining patrols were pushing their way further south—Number Four Patrol trekked for 14 hours and covered about 25 miles.

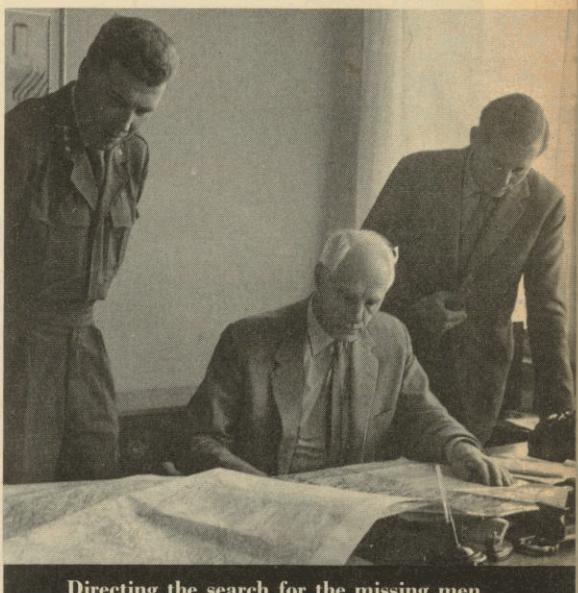
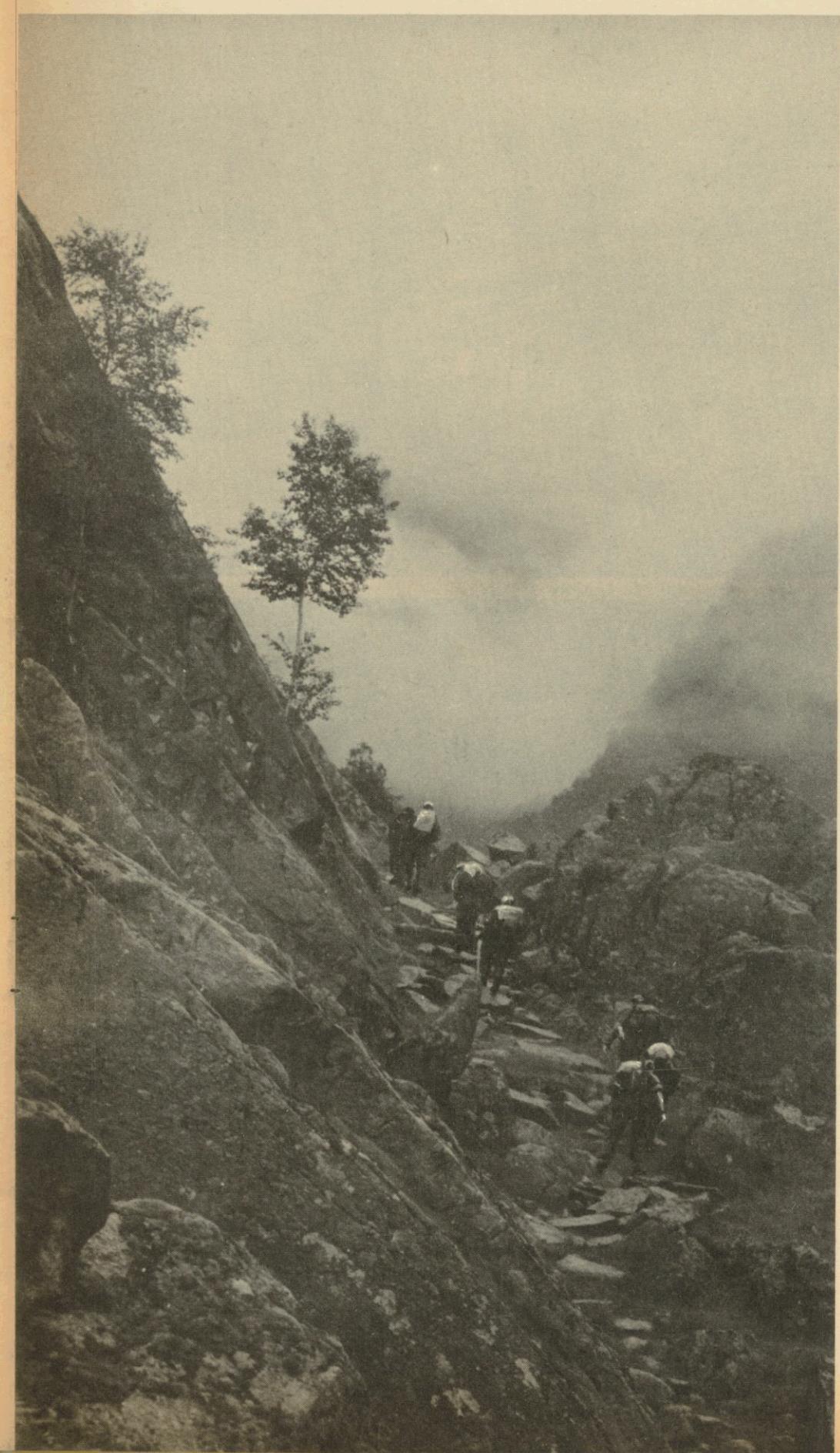
Several of the mysterious beacons were found and deposited at the pre-arranged site. On Monday, two patrols decided to change their routes and head straight for the final rendezvous as they were so far behind schedule.

But for One Patrol, the outlook was decidedly bleak. They tried to march out of the valley by compass but had to turn back after eight miles. Food was running very short and all that day there was only half a tin of vegetable salad to each man. Breakfast on Tuesday was two hard biscuits and one-sixth of a bar of chocolate.

The Patrol tried again to get out of the valley and at last, after a day's marching, the men stumbled across a small hut. Inside, they found shelter and a little food—porridge oats, biscuits and coffee. It tasted like a state banquet.

On Tuesday evening the three other patrols had all turned up and it became clear that Number One Patrol was lost.

At midnight Major Michael Blacklock, The Royal Scots Greys, who directed the exercise, decided to mount a full-scale search. Following radio appeals, Norwegian volunteers formed



Directing the search for the missing men the chief of police (centre) consults Maj Blacklock and a Norwegian liaison officer.

◀ A typical mountain route. Low cloud added to the natural hazards causing all four patrols to fall behind their schedules.

search parties to scour the mountains on foot while Norwegian Air Force planes and helicopters began combing from the air.

But there was one area into which they could not fly—a valley where the mist had not lifted since Sunday and where Number One Patrol was huddled in its hut. The Patrol was obeying instructions: "If you get completely lost, sit tight and wait for rescue."

Directed from police headquarters in Stavanger, the search continued. Reports that the men had been seen were thoroughly checked while search parties probed deeper and deeper into the mountains. On HMS *Rampart*, the other Territorials waited and worried until Thursday afternoon when the news came through that a party of Red Cross volunteers—including one girl—had found the missing patrol.

The following day, *Rampart* was heading back to Scotland—with all the soldiers on board. Exercise "Viking Ship" was specifically designed to develop self-reliance, initiative and physical endurance. The men who trekked across those mountains—whether they reached their destination or not—returned home stronger in all three qualities.

Story by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by PADDY COLBECK

## A BRITISH BATTALION GROUP GOES CANADIAN AND

## JOINS IN THE CANADIAN ARMY'S SUMMER "WAR"



Cpls Curly Couperthwaite, Royal Signals, and Frank Barrett, Royal Canadian Signals (arms up), worked together throughout the visit. Here Sgmn Pete Hardman watches as they erect an aerial.

### LOGGING INDUSTRY

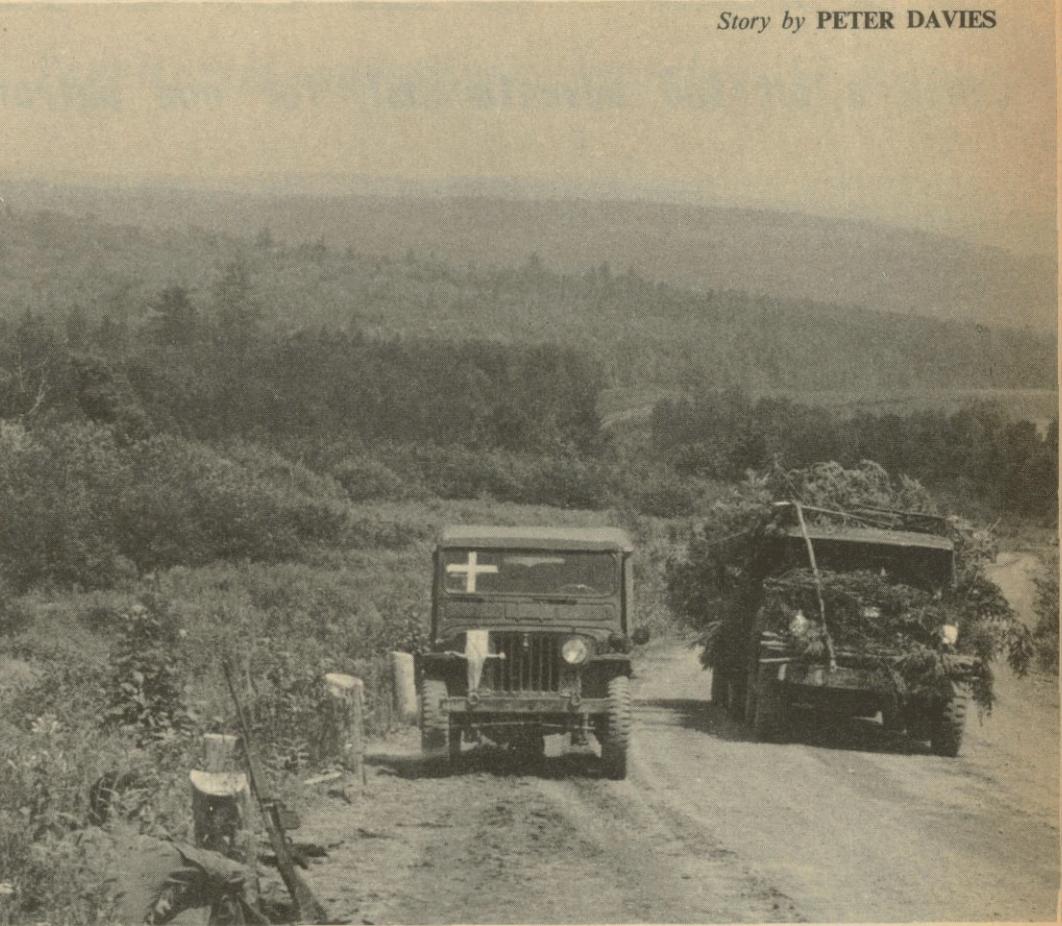
In an old farmhouse in the heart of the exercise area a highly specialised team of defence scientists, officers and men, all from the Canadian Army Operational Research Establishment, set out to record the whole of the ten-day Exercise "Tribulation" in detail.

After recording "everything that could be measured" and collecting the

operational logs of every unit involved in the exercise, the team returned to Ottawa to begin months of sifting and analysing to produce statistics that will help give a commander in the field the probable result of almost any given encounter.

"We are not trying to run a soldier's war from the back room," said

Story by PETER DAVIES



Pictures by PETER O'BRIEN



A dust haze shrouds the rolling wooded countryside of Canada's Gagetown Camp as vehicles and men move stealthily forward.

The rare luxury of being able to chop down trees inspired The Queen's Own Buffs to build a camp of picturesue log cabins.

Pte Tommy Corbett selects the chicken stew out of a Canadian ration pack, as the handy petrol stove heats water for a "brew."



Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Holmes, who led the field unit, "but we do aim to provide him with a fair summary of the odds in a given situation. Then he can play it from there."

The Establishment has an arrangement to exchange information with similar organisations in Britain and America.

## Training with a BITE

**M**OSQUITOES bit, boots pinched, and the rain deluged down. Soaked and weary, a rifle platoon trudged on over miles of rough Canadian bush while their comrades laboured to fashion storm-proof and gnat-proof bivouacs that were to be their homes for the next six weeks. The views of the men of The Queen's Own Buffs varied only in depth of feeling: If this was Canada, the Canadians could keep their great big cotton pickin' country!

Kent's County Regiment, part of Britain's Strategic Reserve, had flown to Canada to share the Canadian Army's summer training at Camp Gagetown, the thickly wooded 427 square miles of training area in New Brunswick. They chose to plunge straight into training, each rifle platoon setting off on a tough 20-mile marching exercise within 24 hours of arrival. Plunge was the word for one rifle company, which suffered a constant ten-hour downpour.

The ferocity of the mosquito attack took the British Battalion Group completely by surprise, and also surprised the Canadians who have built up some natural protection against the virus. Bites swelled alarmingly, about half a dozen British troops needed hospital treatment and many more were treated by the Royal Army Medical Corps detachment with the Battalion.

To add to all this the entire Battalion was breaking in new boots. To save the indignity of boarding and leaving the Royal Air Force *Britannias* wearing plimsolls and with their studded boots—studs are banned aboard *Britannias*—slung round their necks, The Queen's Own Buffs acquired their supply of the new welded rubber sole boots just before departure. The resulting equation: New boots plus rugged Canadian bush equals blisters!

But finally the sun came out, blisters healed, gallons of repellent began to keep the gnats at bay and British troops began to see the brighter side of Canada. Choppable trees were an unaccustomed luxury giving a new dimension to bivouacking. Eminently habitable log cabins sprung up all over the bivouac area, and the Battalion's vehicles became the most lavishly camouflaged in Canada.

The British boys found too that they

were getting on famously with the Canadian Army, mess visiting mess, troops exchanging visits, and, at work, the British troops learning to fight alongside Canadian armoured units, use Canadian vehicles and support weapons, and fit into Canada's 3rd Infantry Brigade Group just like any Canadian battalion.

The training area itself—at first dismissed as a "Salisbury Plain with trees"—proved full of interest and challenge. After coming successfully to terms with it—despite the blisters—the Battalion switched to all-arms training with the Canadians, practised night and day assaults with Canadian tanks, learned to use Canadian assault boats and to build and launch a Canadian Infantry assault bridge.

Exercise "Blind Man's Buff" (a neat tribute to The Queen's Own) saw the Battalion giving a good account of itself in an anti-guerilla operation in which men of the famous Royal 22e Regiment (the "Van Doos") from Quebec formed the enemy. The British soldiers' experience in this kind of warfare gave them the edge in this and the Canadians admitted to picking up a few wrinkles on deployment and on the handling of prisoners.

But naturally the British Battalion Group, training with 11,000 Canadian troops—a fifth of the Canadian Army—profited greatly from the exercises. The Royal Army Service Corps detachment—"A" Platoon of 1 Company—drove jeeps, three-quarter tonners (for which they had nothing but praise) and the "deuce and a half," on the right-hand side of the road in strict dusk-to-dawn black-outs which permitted only a pinpoint of side and rear light.

Five men of the Royal Signals linked the British Battalion with its Canadian Brigade headquarters, working closely with Canadian signalmen, and men of "A" Company, 1st Battalion, 3rd East Anglian Regiment, found parts of the training area equally as rugged as the Malayan jungle they had left 12 months before. (The East Anglians joined The Queen's Own Buffs for the trip, adding a rifle platoon to each company to match the Canadian battalions.)

Nine men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers helped to keep Canadian wires humming and wheels turning, and the three-man

OVER...



Even the ubiquitous jeep gets into trouble in the clinging clay. These are members of The Royal 22e Regiment ("Van Doos").

British support platoons used the Canadians' 81mm mortar instead of their own 3in. Here are Ptes Graham, Howe, Vickers.



continuing

## Training with a BITE

detachment from the Army Courier and Postal Service, Royal Engineers, delighted the Battalion with its efficient mail and counter service.

But the men who made the most friends were those of the Corps of Drums of The Queen's Own Buffs, playing in several towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and earning prolonged applause for their musicianship and showmanship. They found Canadian hospitality overwhelming, especially at Edmundston, an independent little town on the American border.

Here the 24-strong Corps was entertained regally by members of "A" Company, 1st Battalion, The Royal New Brunswick Regiment, whose links with The Queen's Own Buffs stem from the former Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment's affiliation with the old Carleton Light Infantry of New Brunswick. The town's welcome was led by the mayor, who took the salute, made a speech of welcome, distributed gifts and invited the entire Corps to sign the town's visitors' book.

The rest of the Battalion Group's turn to sample Canadian hospitality came during a five-day break in the training programme, when a party of British troops travelled to Montreal to be guests of the Quebec Command. The troops found it a real break. Food and accommodation were excellent, they were able to come and go as they pleased, and take or leave free sight-seeing trips which included free tickets to the races. The only cost was the specially reduced rail fare of about £6 14s.

Other members of the Battalion made individual arrangements, visiting relatives or heading south into the United States; another large party uprooted their bivouacs and transplanted them on the banks of the St John River near Saint John, where they fished, swam, and enjoyed the bright night life of the town.

It was a welcome break during which the British troops made many friends among the Canadians, returning to duty at least a little more readily than usual to take their place alongside the Canadians of 3rd Infantry Brigade, pitched against Quebec Command's 2nd Brigade in the Canadian Army's supreme field test of the year, the ten-day Exercise "Tribulation," grand finale of Canada's summer training programme and of the British Battalion Group's memorable transatlantic journey.



Tree trunks cut from the surrounding forests support the bridge at one end and in the centre.



The Corps of Drums of The Queen's Own Buffs, Drum-Major WCD Clark at its head, marches into Edmundston, where it was warmly received and gaily entertained by the town.



Ptes Michael Hicken (left) and Ted Owen check rifles and ammunition before the whooping Indians fling everything into a last attack on the stockade!

But in reality the only lethal weapon being brandished outside The Queen's Own Buffs' armoury was the knife Cpl Ivor Fleet was using to slice turkey.



ment: "It has been completely successful," he said after the exercise. "We have refined and streamlined old procedures of logistics."

The Canadian Army's Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Geoffrey Walsh, is to report and show film of the experimental battalion in London at a conference attended by other Commonwealth generals.

## Nine corps in one

One of several "trials" that gave Exercise "Tribulation" its name was of a six-month-old Experimental Service Battalion. By combining all the supplies and services under one command, advocates of the new system believe it will give the Army greater flexibility and a much more efficient flow of supplies and services. This Battalion combines elements of

nine corps: Service, ordnance, electrical and mechanical engineers, medical, provost, and, on a smaller scale, signals, postal, pay and chaplain. They combine to provide supplies and services for battle formations of about 5000-strong.

Lieutenant-Colonel M I Walton, Commanding Officer of the Battalion, is enthusiastic about the new arrange-

## The Sappers paved the way

**T**WO HUNDRED British Sappers preceded The Queen's Own Buffs in Canada. They spent seven weeks in the bush building a bridge and road through virgin forest. The bridge, 96 feet long, was built largely from 2000 trees cut down by the Sappers in the Gagetown training area while thousands of tons of rock were quarried from nearby hillsides to make the road.

Working on the task were men of 24 Field Squadron, reinforced by a troop from 20 Field Squadron and specialists from 36 Corps Engineer Regiment. Object of the exercise was to provide some really tough training among the hazards of Canadian forest in the thaw and to extend the road services in Camp Gagetown.

At first the Sappers found the weather against them. They had to struggle during the day through melting snow and ice which froze solid at night. After ten days of digging ditches by hand to drain away the surface water, the plant equipment was put to work.

With the weather improving, the men laid aside their special waterproof foul-weather clothing and boots and went about their work with enthusiasm.

While thousands of tons of rock and gravel were quarried, the forest echoed with the sounds of axes, bulldozers and plant equipment.

The completed road is 3000 yards long and 24 feet wide. In addition the Sappers improved a further 2000 yards of track.

But it was the bridge that presented the real challenge. It was to span a river subject to flash floods of up to 14 feet. Using huge tree trunks cut from the surrounding forests, the Sappers had to build an abutment at one side of the river and a central support. When completed the bridge was supported by a rock cliff face on one side and by the tree trunk abutment on the other.

Apart from the steel girders, some square timbers for the decking and bridge superstructure and steel tubes used in some of the culverts, the road and bridge were built almost entirely from materials won from the surrounding countryside.

The result of the exercise, apart from providing very valuable training for Sappers in quite different surroundings, is that a new route has been made available for troops exercising in the area. It was a worthwhile job.

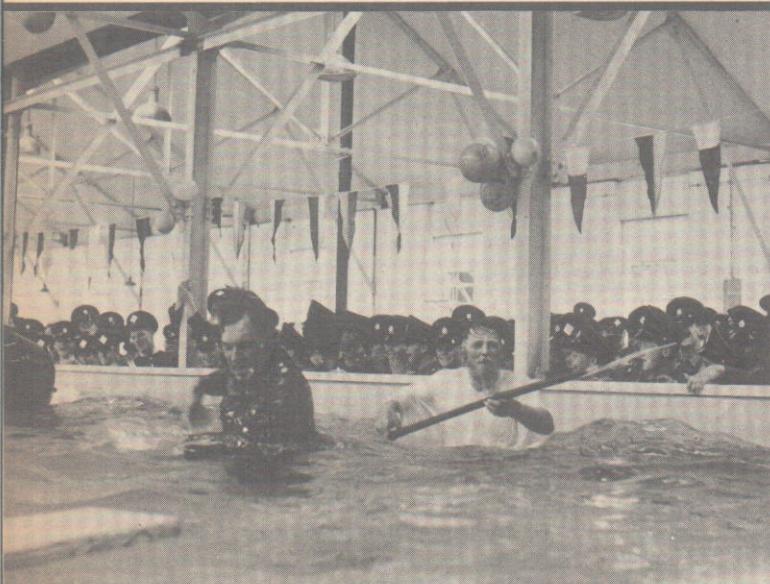
Junior Leaders manhandle into position the heavy concrete slabs forming the pool's outer walls.



# BUILD YOUR OWN SWIMMING POOL!



"Neptune" shaves the CO with an enormous razor during a "crossing the line" opening ceremony which resulted in them both plunging into the pool, to the delight of the audience.



TAKE 90 concrete slabs, 32 metal stanchions, 135 bolts. Add a little cement and place all the ingredients in a fairly warm building. Fold in a polythene membrane, fill with water and garnish with a couple of ladders. The result of the recipe—one championship swimming pool!

It was concocted and cooked by the Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, at Taunton, and it proves that Army units can similarly build their own swimming pools from regimental funds at a minimum cost.

It started when the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel I Renwick, decided the Battalion ought to be brought into line with most other English boarding schools by having its own swimming pool. The cost of a professionally built pool was far too much, so the Battalion had only one alternative—to build its own.

Two major administrative problems immediately cropped up—obtaining permission to use an existing building to house the pool, and arranging for the water and heating supply. But both were successfully overcome without too much difficulty.

After lengthy consideration the Battalion decided to build a surround of concrete slabs which would contain a special polythene membrane holding the water.

The accounts worked out like this:

	£	s.	d.
Concrete slabs, metal stanchions, bolts, cement and membrane	555	0	0
Skilled labour to erect stanchions	110	0	0
Filtration plant and chlorinator	365	0	0
Heater unit	400	0	0
Wooden steps for entering pool	70	0	0
Amount required	£1500	0	0

Starting on the perfectly flat concrete floor of the reappropriated building, skilled workmen erected the metal stanchions, bolting them to the ground.

With the Junior Leaders doing all the unskilled work in their spare time, concrete slabs six feet three inches long, one foot six inches wide and three inches thick were built up on to the stanchions to a height of just over four feet.

A specially made polythene membrane—which has the advantage of being transportable—was inserted into the oblong concrete box. The filtration, chlorinator and heating plants were fitted, wooden steps erected round the pool, the water was poured in—and the Junior Leaders had their swimming pool. It is of 75 feet championship length and 18 feet six inches wide with an overall depth of four feet.

To raise the required £1500, the Battalion launched a massive appeal. Letters asking for contributions went to every parent, many former parents were circularised, Army funds were tapped, Royal Army Service Corps commanders throughout the world were asked to help, and charitable organisations, leading businessmen, mayors and the Territorial Army were all involved. The officers, sergeants and Junior Leaders of the Battalion contributed generously themselves and the money was raised within quite a short time.

FOOTNOTE: The final figure has worked out at £1498 1s 0d.



## THE ARMY'S OLD BOYS: 9

**A**LL his life, Jim Allen has had a dog padding at his heels . . . from the day a whippet puppy was pushed into his arms more than half a century ago until last year when Mimsy, a golden spaniel who had been his faithful companion for 14 years, was put to sleep.

Seventy-two-year-old Jim parted sadly from Mimsy when he decided to enter The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where it is a strict rule that no dogs may be kept by pensioners. It was a heart-breaking decision for him to make after a lifetime of comfort and company from more dogs than he can remember.

Jim was just a teenager when a shifty character pushed a tiny whippet into his arms in Birmingham and disappeared. It was the start of many long friendships between man and dog for Jim Allen.

That whippet got him into a couple of scrapes before he joined the Army. Once, when he had no money for a dog ticket on the train, he tucked the animal inside his coat—but it pushed out its nose as the ticket collector arrived!

Soon after the outbreak of World War One, Jim enlisted in the Army and, after a few months in a Cavalry band, he was transferred to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. Nothing could have pleased him more.

He quickly found himself in France with a veterinary hospital looking after horses. Hundreds of animals passed through his hands—some were sent back to the front line, those that were too badly hurt were killed and sent to Paris as meat for the French Army.

After the war he returned to England and re-enlisted. In 1919 he was sent to Mesopotamia where he worked as a sergeant in the laboratory of an animal hospital, tending horses, camels, cows and mules. While he was there he owned a desert dog that never left his side. At night it would sleep at the end of his bed and by day it trotted at his heels.

Three years later, in Baghdad, Jim had to kill a mule which was beyond treatment. He cut a joint off the animal and offered it to the officers' mess caterer as a "nice bit of beef." That evening seven officers sat down to a "beef" dinner and after the main course the colonel turned to his mess officer and commented: "Delicious. I've never tasted such a good bit of beef."

"The catering officer finally had to admit that he got it from me and that it was a mule," Jim recalls with a twinkle in his eye. "But the colonel must have enjoyed it because when he saw me afterwards he said 'Next time you kill a mule, Allen, cut me off a lump.'"

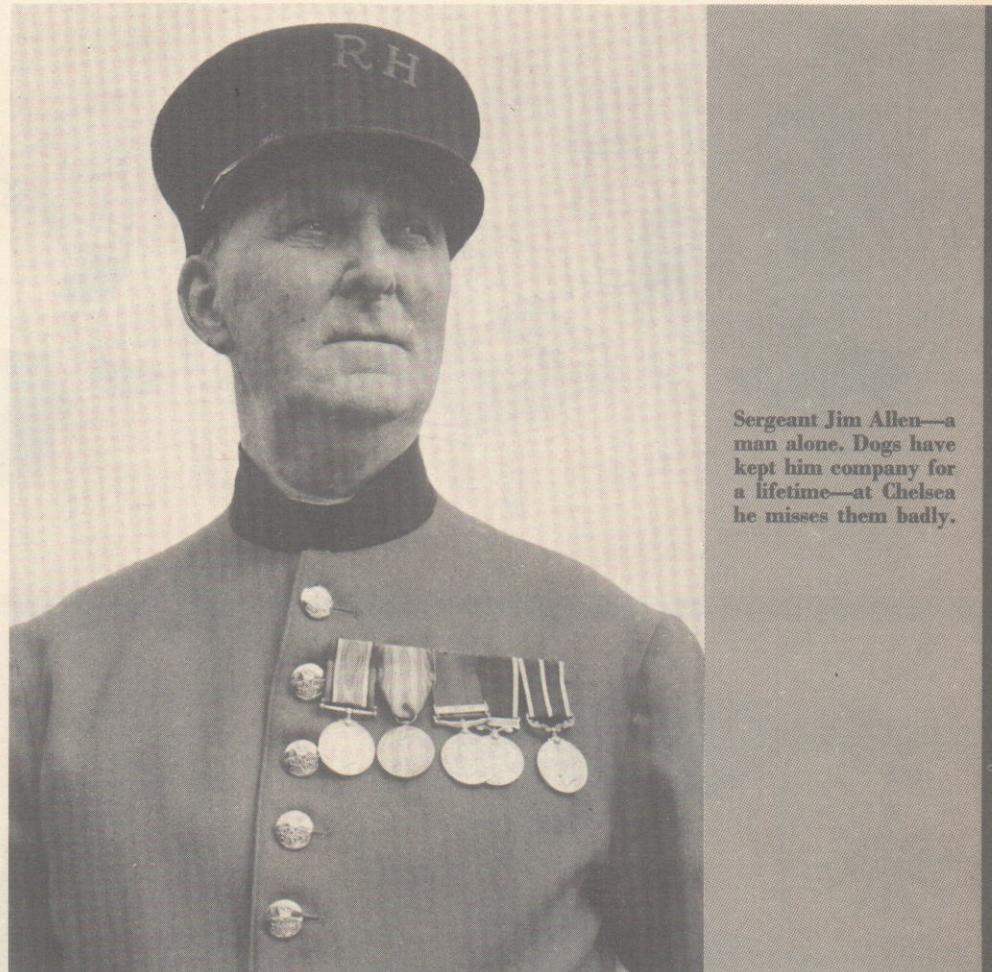
# Sergeant JIM ALLEN

between caring for the station's horses and mules, Jim was second starter at the local Arab pony races. The starting method was simple, but ingenious. Instead of the usual mechanism, Jim just tied a piece of elastic to a post on one side of the course and stretched it to the other. When he was ready to start the race, he just let go.

In 1937 he left the Army after 22 years' service. He first got a job as a chauffeur and then worked in engineering factories at Reading and Farnborough until his retirement in 1957. But all his spare time was spent breeding pedigree spaniels.

Soon after his wife died, Jim decided to go to Chelsea. Now he is a part-time barman in the In-Pensioners' Club—although he is just as much at home on either side of the bar.

"I have made a lot of friends here," he said. "But I miss terribly not having a dog to look after. A dog is a wonderful friend you know—I have never felt lonely in my life. There are a few dogs here and sometimes I take one of them for a walk, but it's not the same as having your own."



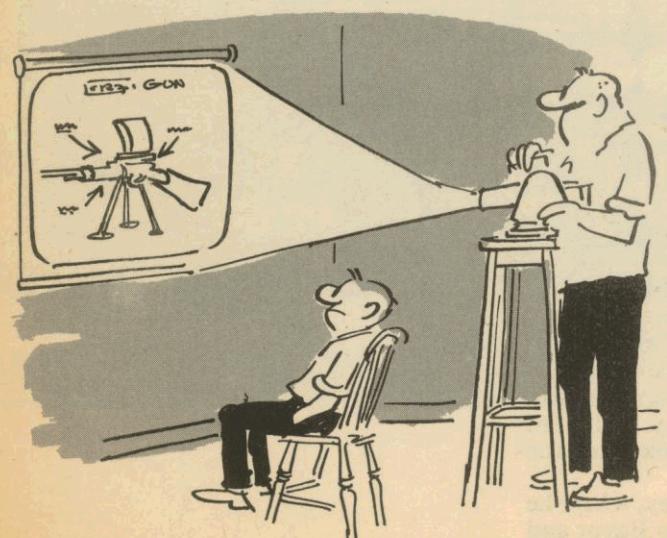
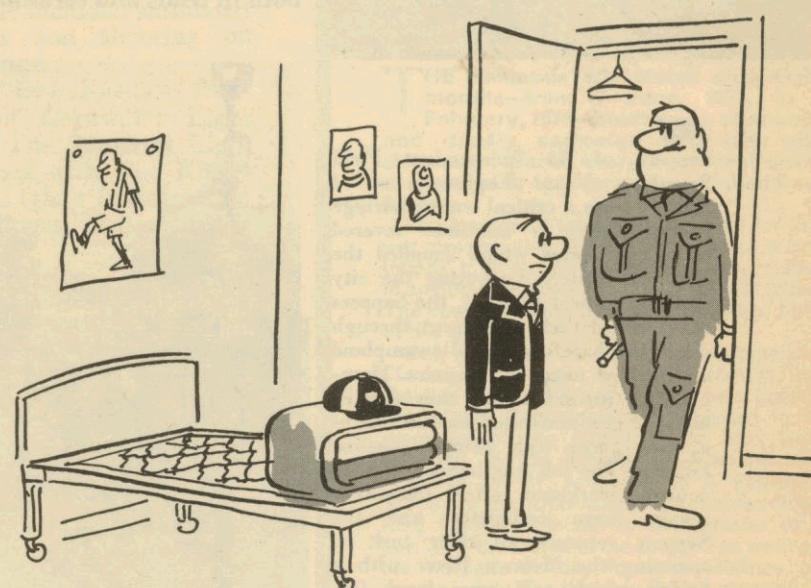
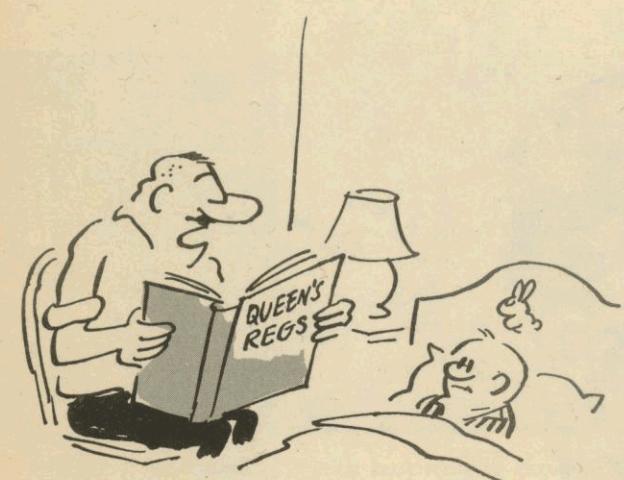
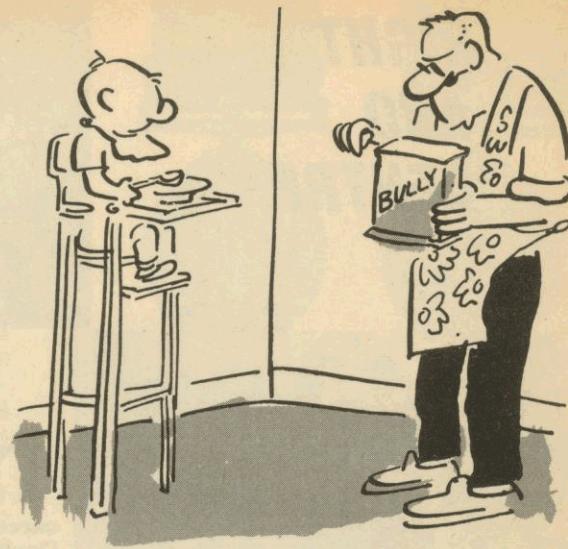
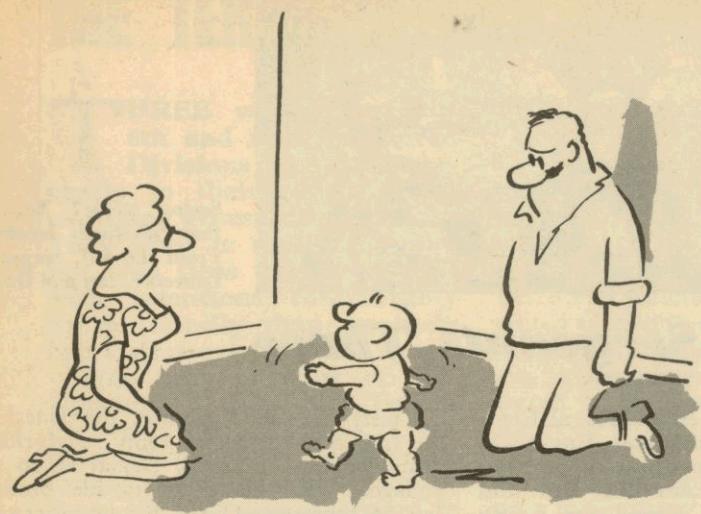
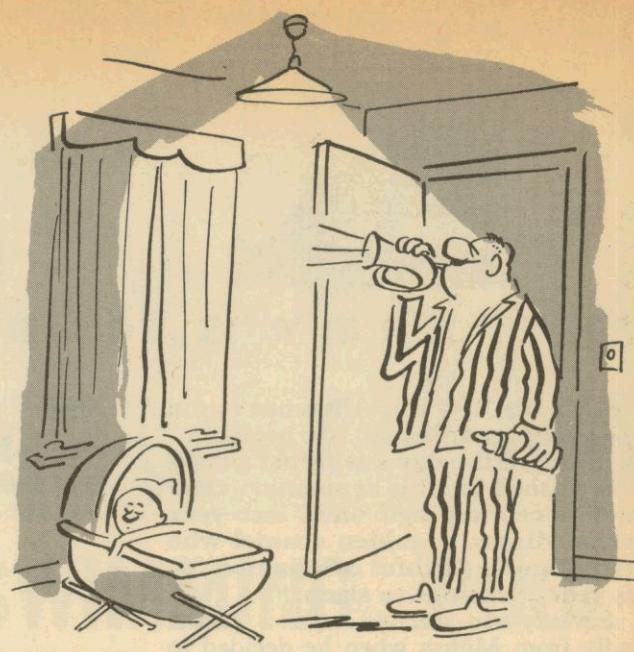
Sergeant Jim Allen—a man alone. Dogs have kept him company for a lifetime—at Chelsea he misses them badly.

In 1923 he moved back to England where, after a short spell in a veterinary hospital at Aldershot, he was posted to the Royal Military Academy and Staff College at Camberley to look after the horses there.

After six years at Camberley, where he had kept spaniels, he went to Egypt and Alexandria and became the proud owner of a litter of Airedale terriers. In

# RSM and Son

by Larry



over

# LEFT RIGHT AND CENTRE



Sappers of 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, saved Nairobi from a critical water shortage recently after a landslide severed two huge mains which supplied the city with water. Answering the city council's appeal for help, the Sappers manhandled their equipment through dense bamboo forests and swampland and started temporary repairs. Hampered by incessant rain, they worked in thick glutinous mud on the side of a steep gorge with 24-inch pipeline sections. The job was handed over to council workmen after temporary repairs were completed and the Sappers returned to their task of spanning the Melawa River with a bridge which will save local farmers a detour of up to 50 miles.



Seeing treble? No, it's the Pickworth brothers. From the left, Sergeants Laurence, Ian and David.

## Sergeants Three

THREE brothers in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers have had extraordinarily parallel careers. Sergeants Laurence, Ian and David Pickworth all joined the Army Apprentices School at Arborfield, Berkshire, as boys; all are fitters by trade; all are trained parachutists and all are keen motor-cyclists, regularly competing, whenever the opportunity arises, both in trials and scrambles.



Thirty-year-old Laurence, the eldest of the trio, is the reigning Army rough-riding champion, and in 1959, David, at 26 the youngest, was runner-up to his brother. Ian, 29, represented Great Britain in scrambling while he was stationed in Germany.

The brothers, whose home town is Hamble, in Hampshire, are keeping up a long and proud military tradition in their family for their father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all soldiers, the latter losing an eye in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

They were all serving in The Parachute Brigade until last month when Laurence was posted to the School of Artillery in Wales. Ian and David are with 16 Parachute Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

◀ Troops at Little Aden can now swim in safety for the first time without worrying about sharks and sting rays. Sappers of 472 Lighterage Troop, part of 17 Port Regiment, laid the three buoys that hold a shark net in position across the bay. The buoys—each four and a half feet in diameter—were laid from a Z craft within 12 inches of predetermined positions so that the strain of the net was identical at all points.



Amateur actors from the Army and the Royal Air Force opened up a 2000-year-old Roman theatre in Cyprus recently. Assisted by local teachers, the Servicemen and their families presented "Julius Caesar" in an ancient theatre which has been buried for centuries in the ruins of Salamis and was discovered only three years ago. The production was on behalf of the Friends of the Red Cross who help support the Kyrenia Home for Sick Children.

# THE TERRIERS JOIN RHINE ARMY

THREE veterans of the 6th and 11th Armoured Divisions returned recently to their old wartime stamping ground in Germany. They were in uniform again, but this time as Territorials with intentions considerably more friendly than on their last visit nearly 20 years ago.

They were members of "C" Squadron, The Ayrshire (Earl of Carrick's Own) Yeomanry, Territorial Army, who spent their fortnight's camp this year with the Royal Horse Guards at Herford.

The Terriers took over a squadron of The Blues' light armour—including *Saladins*, *Ferrets* and *Saracens*—and after stiff driving tests to accustom them to driving on the right side of the road, they undertook a series of field exercises north of Osnabrück.

For Squadron Sergeant-Major T Stevens MM and two other sergeants it was a nostalgic fortnight recalling wartime experiences. Life when they last saw Osnabrück was somewhat different.

Between training and exercises,

the Terriers took time off for sightseeing in Hannover, Minden and Hameln. During the second week they moved into the field with a squadron of The Blues for a three-day exercise.

It was the first time any Scottish Territorial armoured formation had visited Germany and the first time the Squadron had soldiered overseas in peacetime—although it had served in the South African War and both World Wars.

The Ayrshire Yeomanry are by no means the only Territorials to train in Germany this year. Among others were 14 "Ever-Readies" of The Leeds Rifles who spent two weeks with The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire at Wuppertal. Their intensive training programme included simulated battle attacks and shooting on Sennelager ranges.

Fifty more "Ever-Readies" from The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and The Somerset Light Infantry trained with The King's Shropshire Light Infantry on Sennelager ranges earlier in the year.



The obverse of the medal (left) and reverse showing a skirmish in the bush. The ribbon is yellow with black borders and stripes.

## THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

### 21: THE ASHANTEE WAR

THE Ashantee War lasted only eight months—from 9 June, 1873, to 4 February, 1874—but it was a strenuous and deadly campaign and rife with sickness. Almost every man went down at one time or another and many died from fevers.

The reverse of the medal awarded for this war gives an idea of the bush in which it was fought. It illustrates a skirmish, with a native in an odd crouching position in front of a tree. The obverse shows the usual diademed head of the Queen.

Only one bar was awarded—Coomassie. (To save confusion, I should mention that the bar for the 1900 Campaign was spelled Kumassie.) Coomassie was awarded to all members of the British force who were engaged in the actions at Amoafu and Ardahsa on 31 January and 4 February.

The war occurred when the Ashantee chief, King Coffee, objected to the transfer of a port from the Dutch to the British and went on the warpath. A tiny force of Marines on garrison duty was the only British strength in Ashantee (now part of Ghana) but they were supported by men from several Royal Naval ships.

Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley was in command, but his troops did not arrive until December and Wolseley himself did not arrive until October.

Before the troops arrived the Marines and men of the naval brigade had fought several sharp actions and had made some adventurous forays into the thick bush. In August, Commander Glover was sent with about 50 men far into the bush with vague and hopeful orders to take the thousands of Ashantees in the rear!

The general advance on Coomassie, King Coffee's capital, did not begin until early January and was fairly rapid, although the natives fought bravely.

British units engaged were: Two companies of the 23rd (Royal Welch Fusiliers), 42nd (Black Watch) and 2nd Rifle Brigade. Two battalions of the West India Regiment and several native battalions were engaged.

Four Victoria Crosses were won, the most outstanding being that of Lieutenant Lord Eric Gofford of The South Wales Borderers. His continuous gallantry and daring were magnificent.

Naming on the medal is in indented Roman capitals with the lettering filled in black. The date 1873-4 is indented next to the recipient's particulars. The ribbon is yellow with black borders and two thin black stripes down the centre. The medal's reverse is found on later African medals.



Above: The Ayrshire Yeomanry move off on patrol in their *Saladins* and *Ferrets*.

Below: West Country Terriers charge out of a smoke screen during an attack.





# THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS

YOUR REGIMENT: 9

The Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, presented the 1st Battalion with new Colours in Kenya in 1962.

The Skins demonstrating a classic Infantry role—a beach assault—during the annual Sapper display at Gillingham this year.



## THEIR FORBEARS FOUGHT WITH REAPING HOOKS

THE Irish are fighters. Always have been; probably always will be. But they are a sentimental lot, too. And it is these two factors that contribute largely towards the extraordinary comradeship within the ranks of The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Extraordinary because it is something more than the natural affinity of professional soldiers. "It is something that perhaps can only be described as one of the very greatest forms of trust and mutual understanding," says Lieutenant-Colonel P J Blake MC, commanding the 1st Battalion.

It is something, almost tangible, felt by every past and present Inniskilling of every rank. They know it is there, but cannot put their finger on it.

This atmosphere is not reflected in the prosaic pages of the Regiment's official history. But every Inniskilling knows that it was there when the deposed King James II attempted a come-back in Ireland in 1668.

For from the ancient Castle of Enniskillen the Irish not only defended the town but sallied forth to attack their

enemies with any arms they could find, including scythes and reaping hooks. The threat was finally averted, but such redoubtable fighters could not be allowed to disperse and from them several regiments of foot and horse were formed—one of them being The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

By 1751, when the Regiment was designated 27th (or Inniskilling) Regiment, it had already seen action at home, in the Low Countries and in Scotland. In 1796, while attacking the island of St Lucia, the 27th displayed such gallantry that when the fort was captured the Colours of the Regiment were displayed for one hour before hoisting the Union Jack.

During the Peninsular War the 2nd Battalion of the 27th had among its officers a dare-devil Irish romantic, Major John Waldron. During a lull in the battle for Castalla in Spain, a French officer advanced and challenged Waldron to a duel.

A historian described the scene: "That agile Irishman instantly leapt forward, the hostile lines looked on, the swords of the champions glittered in

the sun, the Frenchman's head was cleft in twain and the 27th, rising up with a deafening shout, fired a volley and charged with such shock that . . . Suchet's men were overthrown."

At Waterloo the 27th lost so many officers during one action that there were hardly enough left to command the companies. The 40th Regiment, in an adjoining position, considerably offered to lend the Inniskillings some of their officers. But the officer commanding the 27th imperiously refused the offer, saying: "The sergeants like to command companies, and I would be loath to deprive them of the honour."

In 1881 the 27th were amalgamated with the 108th and the title of the new regiment was officially changed to The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Ten fighting battalions were raised for World War One, all of which were serving on the Western Front by 1916. Perhaps the most gallant action was when the 1st Battalion landed at Gallipoli, stormed the slopes of Scimitar Hill and took the first line of enemy trenches.

Then, led by its commanding officer,

the Battalion advanced again until mowed down by enemy fire from both flanks. At this, Captain O'Sullivan, who had already been awarded the Victoria Cross, collected some 50 men and rushed forward once more, his last words being: "One more charge for the honour of the Regiment." It is in memory of this that the Inniskillings wear behind the cap badge a red triangle, the ace of diamonds halved, which was the sign of the 29th Division.

In World War Two the 1st Battalion fought with great courage in both Burma campaigns, ending the first with a grim trek of 500 miles through the most pestilent and malarial country in the world.

The 2nd Battalion fought on the retreat to Dunkirk and in 1943 took part in the invasion of Sicily and Italy. In November, 1943, the "Skins" were only 12 miles from Isernia when word came that the Germans were withdrawing. The Americans were racing for the town but the 2nd Inniskillings, determined not to be outdone, sent off a lightly equipped patrol with a pot of paint and a huge stencil of the regimental

cap badge. When the Americans arrived they found the Castle of Enniskillen inexplicably confronting them from every available wall.

The 6th Battalion, raised at Belfast in 1940, fought with great gallantry in North Africa and Italy until disbanded in 1944 while north of Rome.

Since the war, the Skins have been kept busy in Hong Kong, Malaya, Jamaica, Egypt, Kenya, Kuwait and Bahrain with tours at home in between. Currently they are stationed at Gravesend but are ready to move into action at short notice.

It has been said that every house in the town of Enniskillen has some connection with the Skins, although the town very infrequently gets the opportunity of seeing its Regiment.

The fact that the Regiment spells its name differently from the town of its birth is really less surprising than it appears—one historian has listed 34 different ways in which the name has been written since 1567.

But whatever way it is spelled, the Irish have good cause to be proud of the Skins.

The Skins' headdress is a caubeen with a grey hackle. Their badges and buttons depict a three-turreted castle with the colours of St George flying, but it is uncertain whether this is in fact Enniskillen Castle. The official regimental history cautiously concludes that the three-turreted castle is "symbolic of Enniskillen."



Left: The Regimental cap badge, now only worn by the Territorial battalion. Right: The collar badge worn by all other ranks.



The button worn by all ranks of the Regiment.

### UNDRESS ORDER

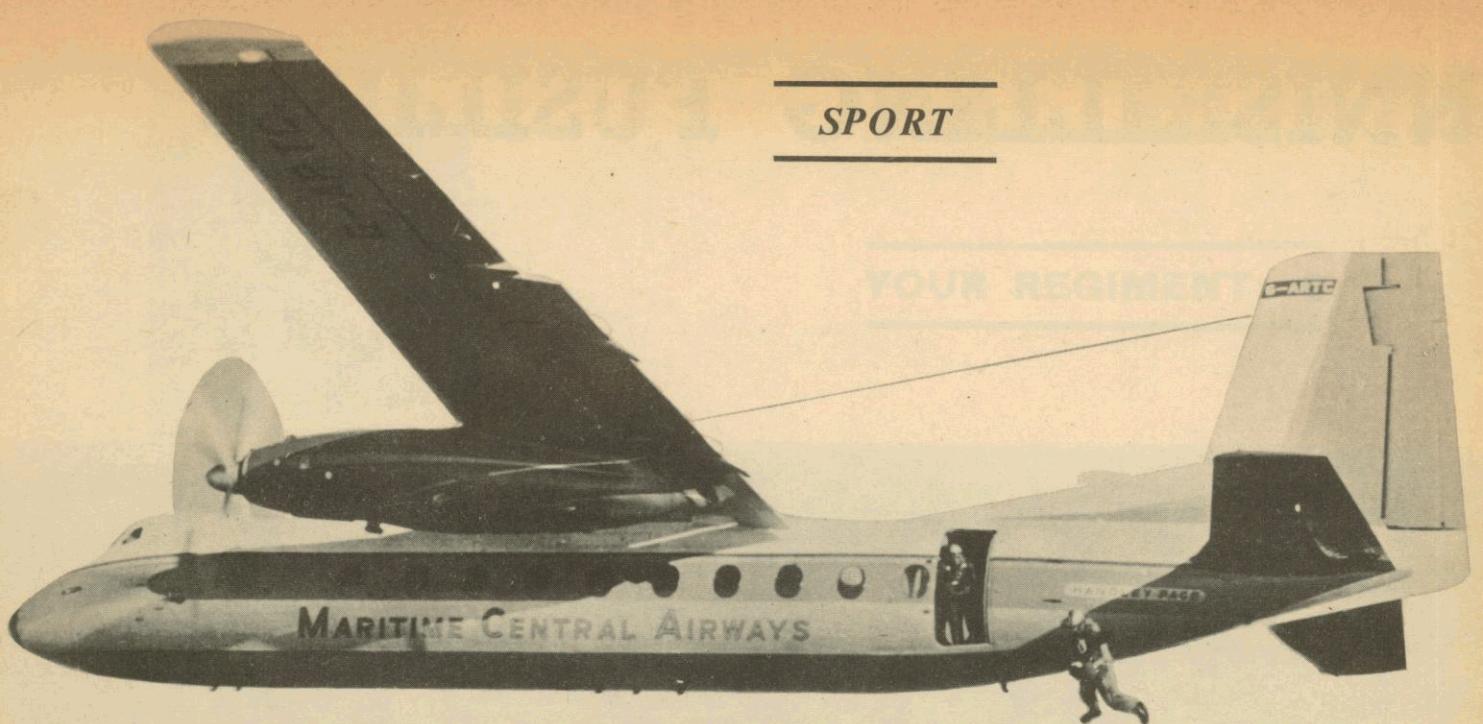
During the Battle of Maida against the French in 1806, the 27th were practically the only veterans in the victorious British force. Attacked from front and flank amid burning stubble, "Nothing," to quote General Stuart's despatch, "could shake the firmness of the 27th."

After the battle, the regiments were bathing in turns and while the 27th were actually in the

sea it was mistakenly reported that the French Cavalry were again bearing down on them.

The Inniskillings rushed from the water, seized their belts and muskets and in a matter of seconds the whole Battalion had fallen in . . . stark naked.

It has been suggested that this incident was the origin of the regimental nickname, "The Skins"!



# They fly through

Above: An SAS skydiver jumps during the trials which led to them setting up a record for a delayed drop by a team.

Below: A perfect free fall position demonstrated by Sgt Sanders of the SAS competing in the world championships held in America last year.



**S**PREAD-EAGLED in the blue, the skydiver turns, dives and somersaults ecstatically as he plummets towards the earth at more than 100 miles an hour. The world looms bigger and bigger until a hiss of escaping nylon stops the mighty wind rushing upwards and leaves him dangling breathless under a floating parachute. This is free falling, the Army's newest sport.

More and more soldiers are being encouraged to dive into the sky. And now the Army Free Fall Parachute Association has its own plane—a

generous gift that will help to make free falling one of the Army's most popular sports.

The Association had been facing ever-increasing difficulties in arranging flights for its members when Rothmans, the cigarette people, offered a six-seater De Havilland Rapide—an aircraft ideal for skydiving. The offer was gratefully accepted.

The Rothman Rapide will make a world of difference. It will be available for training courses and for use by unit clubs both at home and in Germany.

And what is not widely appreciated within the Army is that any soldier can become a skydiver—the sport is not restricted to trained parachutists. Any man—without previous experience—can apply to attend an instruction course, the ultimate result of which is stepping happily into the sky.

Free falling is a comparatively recent development of sport parachuting which became popular in Europe in about 1950. Leo Valentin, the French "bird-man," became a pioneer of skydiving when he discovered it was possible to use the limbs of the body like the rudders and ailerons of a plane.

Before his time, parachutists practising delayed openings usually fell in a compact position with arms crossed and legs together, which normally resulted in continuous spinning and somersaulting. Today's trained free faller adopts a stable position in the air by holding certain body positions. He is able to turn, dive, roll, somersault or track across the sky.

With a stop watch and altimeter strapped to a reserve parachute, Army free fallers dive from between 3000 and 12,000 feet with delays of between ten and 60 seconds. Plunging earthward, balanced on a knife edge of rushing air,

they pull the ripcord at 2000 feet to drift gently to the ground, steering the parachute to a set target.

Today there are 14 free fall clubs attached to the Army Free Fall Parachute Association and while more are springing up all the time, the Army is training its own instructors under the auspices of the British Parachute Association.

Army skydivers are tremendously enthusiastic and have a proud record to maintain. Last year six experts from 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, led by Colonel Dare Wilson MC, represented Britain at the World Parachute Championships in America—and came ninth overall. Special Air Service skydivers also gained the British and Commonwealth team delayed drop record when they fell from a height of 34,350 feet—or six and a half miles—and delayed opening their parachutes for two and a half minutes.

The longest free fall in parachuting

## the air . . .

history was carried out by an American three years ago. He jumped from a balloon at 102,800 feet and fell for four minutes and 38 seconds, reaching a maximum speed of 614 miles an hour (nine-tenths of the speed of sound at that altitude) before opening his parachute at 17,500 feet.

Army skydivers almost swept the board this year at the British

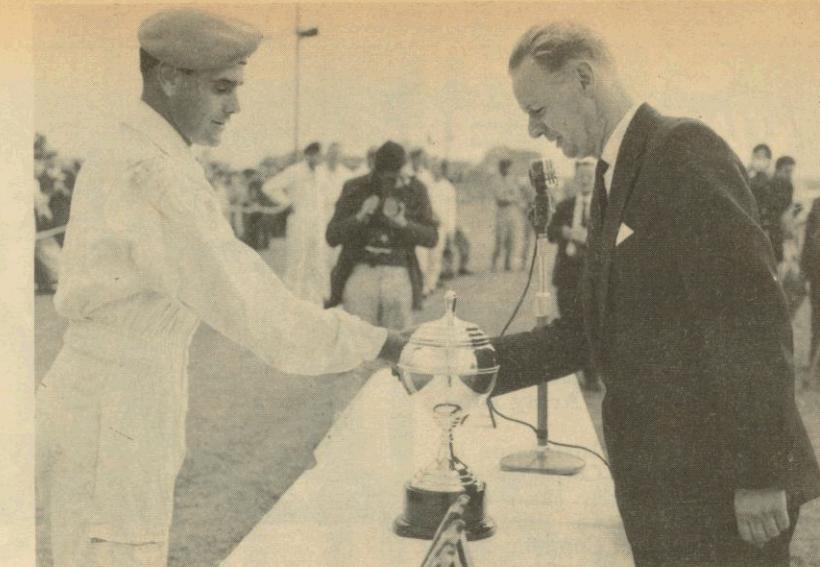
Parachuting Championships held at Sywell, Northamptonshire. Staff-Sergeant Michael Turner, of 9 Independent Parachute Squadron, Royal Engineers, and a member of the Sapper Skydivers Club, won the titles of British and Army Free Fall Parachute Champion.

Competitors entered three events—two precision landings from 3300 feet



The team of skydivers from 22nd Special Air Service which represented Britain at the World Parachute Championships in America last year. They came ninth.

The following free fall clubs have been formed and are affiliated to the Army Free Fall Parachute Association: 7 Parachute Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery; 39 Regiment, Royal Artillery; 9 Parachute Squadron, Royal Engineers; 1st Green Jackets; Depot, Green Jackets; The Queen's Royal Rifles, Territorial Army; 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment; 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions, The Parachute Regiment; 63 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Parachute Brigade); 22nd Special Air Service Regiment; 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists Rifles), Territorial Army; 10th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, Territorial Army.



SOLDIER Editor Mr Peter Wood presenting the trophy for the best stylist to Cpl Terry Jickells, 22 SAS, at the Army Free Fall Championships at Sywell.

with a ten second delay and 5000 feet with a 15-20 second delay. The third test was skydiving from 7000 feet in a pure style event. A new SOLDIER trophy for the best stylist was awarded to Corporal Terry Jickells, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment.

The Rothman Trophy for the best British team went to 22nd Special Air Service Regiment "A" Team, followed by the Royal Air Force Sport Parachute Club, 22nd Special Air Service "B" Team, British Parachute Association "A" Team, The Parachute Regiment, Sapper Skydivers, 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, and 21st Special Air Service (Artists Rifles), Territorial Army.

The standard of the competitors at Sywell this year has been described as brilliant and the results augur well for the future of Army free falling.

Of the free fall aero acrobatics performed by the experts, one of the most difficult feats is that of passing the baton. To do this the first man out takes up a stabilised, slow fall position while his companion jumps in a streamlined head first position, stabilising as he overtakes. The two track toward each other and when they are falling at equal speed the baton is passed. And it all has to happen in the space of about 20 seconds.

The success of a free fall depends largely on judging the correct moment to leave the aircraft, actions during the free fall and actions after the parachute has opened. Sport parachutes normally have two gores missing and by rotating the canopy a parachutist can influence his drift and rate of descent to bring himself down on the target.

Skydiving can be dangerous; of that there is no doubt. But enthusiasts claim that it is less dangerous than mountaineering and Colonel G C A Gilbert MC, Chairman of the Army Free Fall Parachute Association, says: "Danger is virtually non-existent. It is extremely safe providing training is carried out properly. We believe that soon free falling will be accepted as quite a normal, ordinary Army sport."

## BIATHLETE IS CHAMPION SHOT

**T**WENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Corporal Alan Notley, of the 3rd Green Jackets, became one of the youngest men ever to win the Queen's Medal at Bisley when he scored 637 points out of a possible 750 in the Army Rifle Championships.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor D Stockman, Small Arms School Corps, finished second, one point behind Notley. Major P M Welsh, 2nd Green Jackets, was third and also won the Army Hundred Cup after a tie shoot with Major W F C Robertson, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

It was a great year for the Green Jackets. They won the KRRC Cup (Major Units Championship), the RASC Cup (Minor Units Championship), the Small Arms Cup (Rifle and LMG), the Staff and Schools competition, the Manchester Regiment Cup and the Young Officers' Cup.

Gurkhas, shooting for the first time at Bisley, had nine representatives in the final hundred. They took third and fourth places in the Major Units Championship and second and third in the Small Arms Cup. In the Royal Ulster Rifles Cup, men of the 2nd Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles—flown specially from Hong Kong to take part—provided both teams for the final.



The first Junior Army Cricket Final has been won by the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, who defeated the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps, by five wickets in an exciting match at Nuneaton. All Junior Leaders and Apprentice units in the United Kingdom—nineteen in all—took part in the knock-out competition. In the final the young Gunners scored 80 for five wickets against the RAC's 79 all out.

## SPORTS SHORTS

**L**ANCE-CORPORAL J Fox, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, set up a British pentathlon record of 5122 points while competing by invitation in the Royal Navy Inter-Command Modern Pentathlon Championships.

The Army has beaten the Royal Navy at sailing. Superior team tactics gave the Army team, led by Captain S Jardine, Royal Engineers, a victory by a quarter of a point over the Royal Navy during the Coningham Cup race in the Inter-Services Keel Boat Championship at Seaview, Isle of Wight. In their four *Mermaids*, the Army team went on to beat the Royal Air Force by 30½ points to 27 and win the cup.

After two postponements because of bad weather, the regimental open polo tournament played at Windsor Great Park was finally won by The Life Guards who defeated the Coldstream Guards by six goals to three.

*The Modern Pentathlon Championship between the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, was won by the Sandhurst "A" Team with 10,132 points. Dartmouth came second and the RMA "B" Team, third.*

Now the second best steeplechaser in Great Britain, Lance-Corporal Ernie Pommert, 10th Royal Hussars, has had an outstandingly successful season. In the Inter-Services Athletic Championships he retained the 3000 metres steeplechase title and clipped nearly four minutes off the old record. At the Amateur Athletic Association National Championships at the White City, and in an international meeting against Norway, he finished a close second to the current British champion, Mike Herriott. And in a match against America at the White City he came third in 8 minutes 43 seconds, lopping nearly a further 5 seconds off his previous best time.



With first places in six of the 19 events, the 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, retained the Army Inter-Unit Athletics title at Aldershot Stadium. Last year's runners-up, 1st Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, were forced into third place by 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment. Only one record was broken—when 1st Training Regiment recorded 7 minutes 53.8 seconds for the 4×880 yards relay, clipping 14.8 seconds off the previous best time. The Minor Units competition was won by 16th Parachute Royal Army Ordnance Corps/Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, followed by 1st Guards Independent Parachute Company and 224th Signal Squadron (Radio Training). The picture shows L/Cpl C Gooden, 3rd East Anglian Regiment, winning the 100 yards final.



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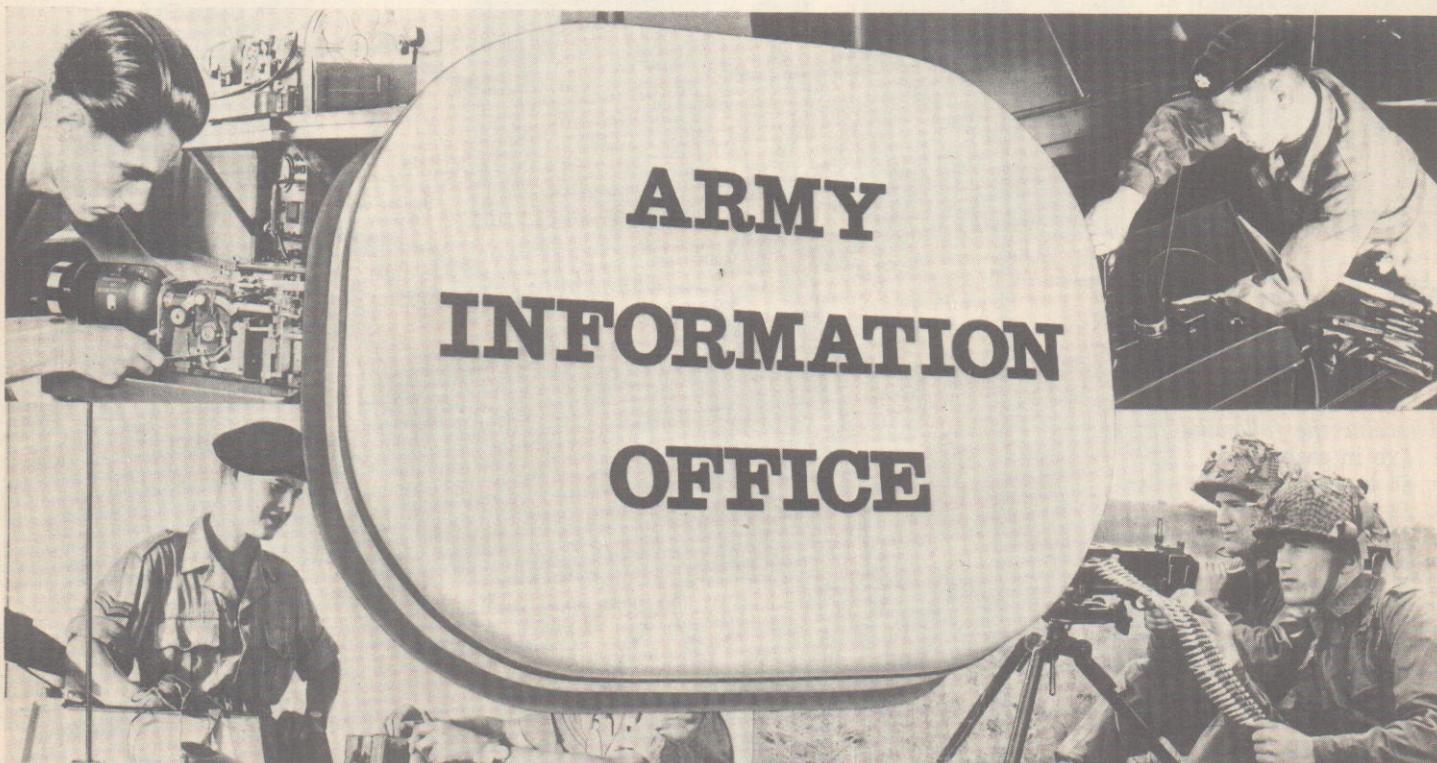
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COMPETITION 64

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Nine prizes are being offered to navigators in the **SOLDIER** picture rally. Senders of the first six correct or nearest-correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

- 1 £10 in cash.
- 2 £6 in cash.
- 3 £4 in cash.
- 4 Three recently-published books.

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

6 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

In addition, three bound volumes, each containing 24 copies of **SOLDIER**, are being offered as special prizes to junior soldiers; members of the Army Cadet Force or Combined Cadet Force; and members of the Territorial Army or Army Emergency Reserve.

#### RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:

The Editor (Comp 64), **SOLDIER**, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 64" label printed on page 31.

3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.

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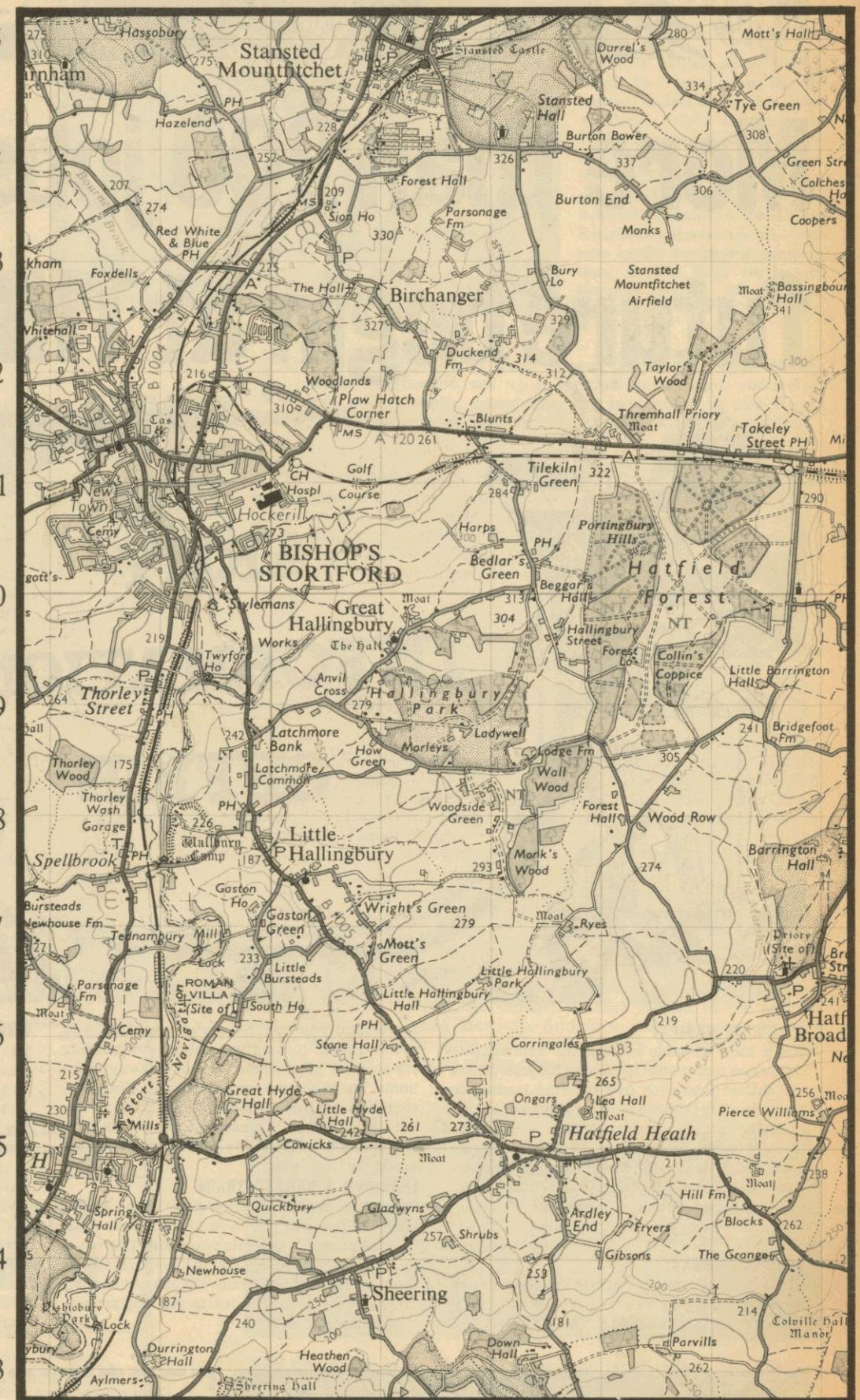
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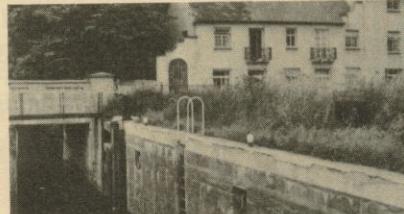
The correct answers and the names of the rally winners will appear in the December issue of **SOLDIER**.

#### ROUTE CARD

Cars must assemble in the grounds of Durrington Hall and must follow this prearranged route, answering the question at each check point. Each photograph can only be ONE place on the map.



1 Proceed to Check Point One. What is the map reference?



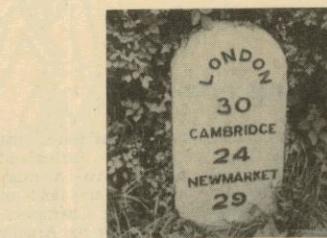
2 Follow these instructions to Check Point Two. Drive north, fork left, turn left, take third on the left. What is the name of the waterway?



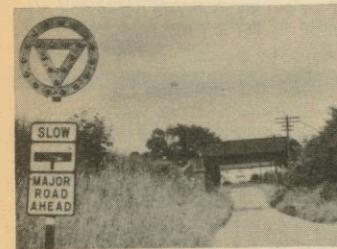
3 Proceed to Check Point Three by the shortest possible route. How far was it?



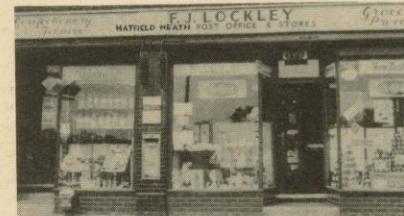
4 Reverse the following instructions to Check Point Four. Take first left, turn right, take first right. Does the sign to Duckend Farm point east, west, north or south?



5 Proceed in a north-westerly direction to Check Point Five. It may be 24 miles to Cambridge, but how far is it to Bishops Stortford station?



8 Proceed to Check Point Eight. The sign says "Slow, Major Road Ahead." But which major road is it?

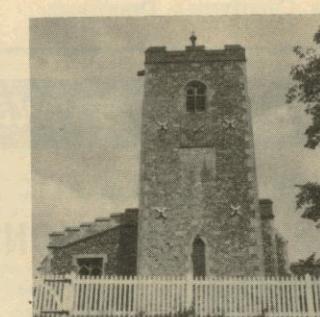


9 The post leaves in ten minutes at Check Point Nine. What is the slowest speed you must average to catch it?



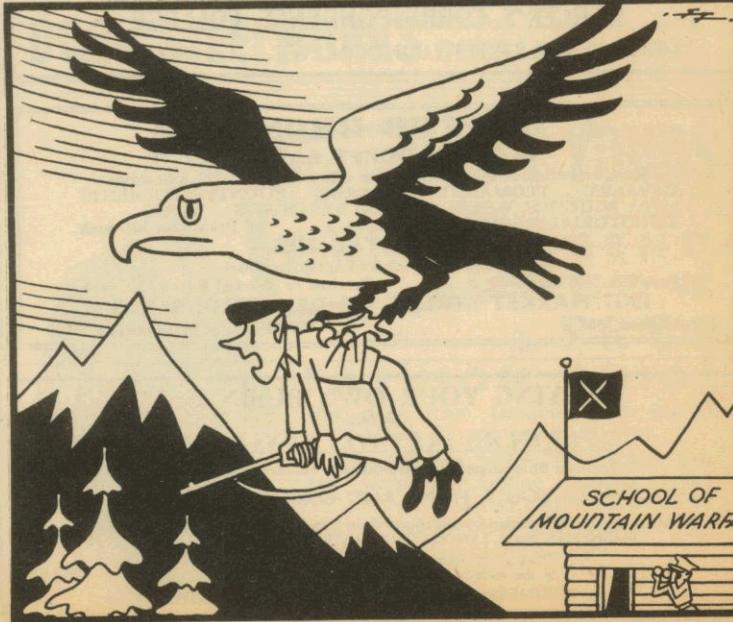
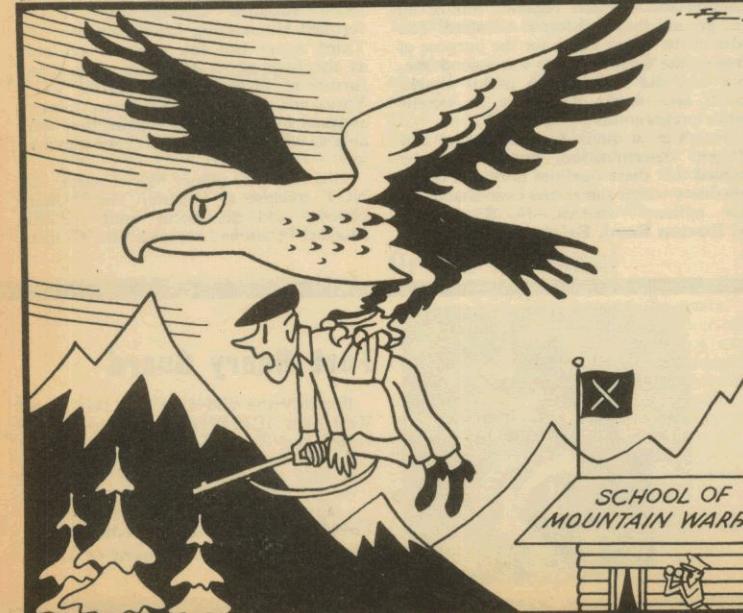
6 Continue north to Check Point Six. Is the windmill still in use?

7 You must approach Check Point Seven from the north-west and drive at an average speed of 30 miles an hour. How long should you take?



10 The Vicar of Sheering has kindly offered the use of a roadside field below the level of his church for the rally finishing point. Is the field north or south of the church?

#### HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 34.

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## Cap badges

WHEN I joined the Army, in 1915, my father said: "Don't forget you have joined the regiment I served with, and be proud of the badge you wear." When my sons joined up I gave them the same advice.

At present I have two sons in the regiment in which my father and I served, and I am now a member of the Old Comrades' Association, carry the Standard and still wear the same badge.

However, due to amalgamation and the changing of brigades, the regimental cap badge has now changed. How can a soldier be proud of his cap badge if they keep changing it?

During a dinner in the presence of the Army Council, the Queen read part of a letter from a soldier: "You will see that disaster has overtaken me, I feel something like a man who has awakened after an operation to find himself minus a limb. They have taken my cap badge, and with it the great love of my life."

Also, the War Minister stated that regiments would lose no honours, but to take away a cap badge is surely to take away the greatest honour of all. When one sees a soldier the first thing one looks for is his cap badge.—W Matthews, 40 Elford Rise, Windmill Lane, Nottingham.

## LETTERS

### Boxing prowess

In SOLDIER (June) it was stated that this year The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders became the first Scottish regiment ever to compete in the finals of the Army Inter-Unit Boxing Championships. I do not wish to deprive the Argylls of honour and glory, but I must point out that the 1st Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders, reached the final as recently as 1959, the winners that year being 15 Training Battalion, RASC.

The 2nd Battalion, The Royal Scots, also reached the final, and won the Noble Trophy for the runners-up, in 1923.—Lieut-Col R D MacLagan MC, RHQ Queen's Own Highlanders (Seaforth and Cameron), Cameron Barracks, Inverness.

● **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 was most interested to read Mr Chambers' letter in defence of Haig. However, there are a few points which need clarifying, particularly the Cambrai episode.

The tank experts had found what they thought to be the ideal sector of the Western Front for the employment of their new weapon and approached General Byng, commanding Third Army, in whose area Cambrai lay, for permission to mount a massive surprise assault on the Hindenburg Line. Haig was fully informed of the venture and privately advised Byng against the idea. However, Byng, to his eternal credit, hazarded his professional reputation in allowing the assault to take place.

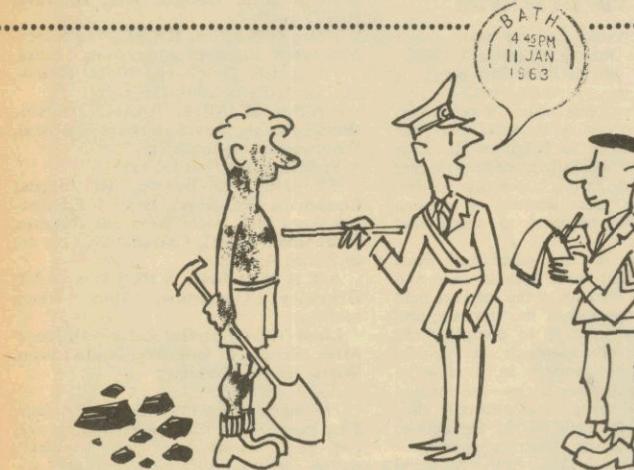
In due course, without any preparatory bombardment, 383 medium and heavy tanks lumbered into battle and within hours smashed through the heavily fortified Hindenburg Line. However, the Third Army had few reserves available as the bulk of its effectiveness were dying further north in the mud bath of Third Ypres, and so, when the Germans counter-attacked with their usual vigour, they were able to win back all the territory they had lost.

Haig's great qualities were courage and dogged determination, but it may be argued that these qualities bordered on an obstinacy which sometimes over-shadowed his military wisdom.—N S Major, 26 Buxton Road, Brighton, Sussex.

### Fort Henry Guard

Recently the 2nd Queen's Own Royal West Kent ACF, Westerham Detachment, visited the Royal Tournament. I would

like to bring to your attention the superb and smart drill demonstrated by the Canadian students of the Fort Henry Guard in their red and black uniforms. If only we could see more of this type of drill done smartly by the British Army we should have something to brag about.



three-corps assault on the fortress complex.—Sgtm P Shanahan, 2 Squadron, 8 Signal Regiment, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

owing to the thickness of the jungle there should be no firing and the work was to be done with the bayonet. The following account by Lieut A J Macpherson makes it quite clear not only that the muskets were loaded but that the 24th Foot achieved their objective:

"My company was near the centre where the Colours were a target to aim at. One discharge of grape seems to have swept away my right section—for a moment I am alone, still unhurt. On, on we go . . . the goal is almost won . . . the ground becomes clearer, the flashes from the guns more vivid, we can dimly see through the smoke the Sikhs labouring at their guns . . . bayonets come down to the charge and with wild choking hurrahs, scarcely a shot having been fired, though our men were loaded, the battery is won."

Campbell was emphatic in his praise, saying, "It is impossible for any troops to have surpassed the gallantry displayed in this attack. This single regiment actually broke the enemy's line and took the large number of guns in their front." Sir Charles Napier was no less warm. "Their conduct," he declared, "has never been surpassed by British soldiers on the field of battle."—Maj G J B Egerton, RHQ The South Wales Borderers, The Barracks, Brecon.

The superbly gallant soldiers of World War One deserved better leadership.—H Summers, 2 Wellgarth, Crossgates, Leeds 15, Yorks.

### Unloaded into action

Major John Laffin's statement in his article on the Punjab Medal (SOLDIER, May), that at the battle of Chilianwala the 24th Foot "advanced on the Sikhs with unloaded muskets," is incorrect.

When Sir Colin Campbell decided to attack the Sikh position he stated that

\*Maj Laffin replies: Official histories state that the Regiment's muskets were unloaded, for example, "The Second Sikh War" published by Bentley in 1851. I am interested to learn of Lieut Macpherson's account as it throws a different light on the matter. There is no question of the 24th's courage and if their muskets were unloaded, they showed greater courage still.

Major John Laffin's statement in his article on the Punjab Medal (SOLDIER, May), that at the battle of Chilianwala the 24th Foot "advanced on the Sikhs with unloaded muskets," is incorrect.

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On his return, Mr Leeman consulted a Lancashire dyer and together they carried out experiments. Mrs Leeman boiled prepared samples in a copper pan, but when dried in the sun the colour faded. More samples were prepared for testing



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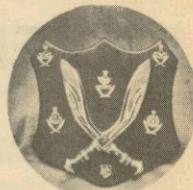
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## more letters

and this time, as the dinner was being cooked in the copper pan, Mrs Leeman boiled the samples in an old and rusty iron pan. This time the experiment proved successful because the dye used, oxide of chromium, was fastened by the oxide of iron from the rusty pan. Khaki has been the predominant colour of the British soldier's uniform ever since.—  
**Capt (DO) P J K McLoughlin, Area QM, West Riding ACF, Chequer Road Barracks, Doncaster, Yorks.**

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

See Page 31

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Eagle's eye. 2 Soldier's ear. 3 Number of eagle's tail feathers. 4 Lines behind left mountain. 5 Fourth letter in "MOUNTAIN." 6 Eagle's mouth. 7 Eagle's rear talon. 8 Curtains in window. 9 Soldier's beret. 10 Mountain peak on right.

## PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 61 (June—maze of lines) were:

1 Sgt S P Jobes, Camp Police, 47 Regt, RA, BFPO 20.

2 Cpl B U Odokara, Hospital Office, 1 Coy, RAMC, Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot, Hants.

3 Sgt R K Gough, 11th Hussars, BFPO 30.

4 Pte D Norton, RAMC, 114 Scott-Moncrieff Square, Aldershot, Hants.

5 Hamish D Clark, Field House, St Edward's School, Oxford.

6 S/Sgt M Allen, RAMC, Physiotherapy Dept, Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, London SE18.

Special prizes awarded to:

SB James G Brown, BC Signal Squadron (RC Sigs), British Columbia Area HQ, 4050, West 4th Avenue, Vancouver 8, BC, Canada (soldiers not in British Army).

A/T R M Jeffcott, 8 Pl, J Coy, AAS, Beachley, Chepstow, Mon (young soldiers).

Lieut (QGO) Sirilal Rai, c/o Officers' Mess, School of Infantry, Netheravon, Wilts (British Gurkhas).

The maze of lines contained 30 objects. They were: Rugby ball, umbrella, boot, axe, golf club, cricket bat, padlock, child's scooter, artist's brush, table fork, mess tin, hand saw, spanner, automatic pistol, pencil, nail, cotton reel, bird, frying pan, coat-hanger, egg, hockey stick, chair, rolling pin, safety pin, bath, tweezers, pencil sharpener, pig, button.

## REUNIONS

**Beachley Old Boys Association.** Annual reunion 20, 21 and 22 September. Particulars from Hon Sec BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, Mon.

**Green Howards Association.** 1963 reunion at The Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall, 28 and 29 September. Tickets and details from Regimental Secretary, RHQ The Green Howards, Richmond, Yorks.

**Master Gunners Past and Present.** Annual reunion dinner at Victory Ex-Services Club, 63/79 Seymour Street, London W2, Saturday, 12 October at 7 pm. Tickets £1 and details from H Whitting, 55 Orpington Rd, Merstham, Surrey.

**The South Wales Borderers and Monmouthshire Regiment (24th Regiment).** Annual reunion at Brecon, 21 and 22 September. For tickets and accommodation apply Regimental Secretary, RHQ The Barracks, Brecon.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

David Blackman, 17 Fisher Rd, Seven Hills, New South Wales, Australia.—Will exchange Australian beer mats for others; correspondence appreciated.

Donald MacPherson, 88A 6th Avenue, May Fair, Johannesburg, South Africa.—Requires British and South African helmet plates, British police helmet plates and old Scottish badges.

Cpl A Bell, 1 Squadron, 4th Signal Regiment, BFPO 15.—Requires Military firearms.

Sergeant S H Taylor, RASC, Command Staff Inspection Team, HQ BAOR, BFPO 40.—Postage stamps of Commonwealth and Germany. Correspondence welcomed.

G McBrearty, 48 Briarwood Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk.—Requires German spiked helmet of World War One period.

Sergeant R Bailey, 48 Command Workshop, REME, BFPO 53. Miniature wine, spirit, liqueur and beer bottles; correspondence from other collectors of similar items welcomed.

J J Fairbairn, 7 Hartfield Road, Ayr, Scotland.—Requires cap badges of all Scottish regiments.



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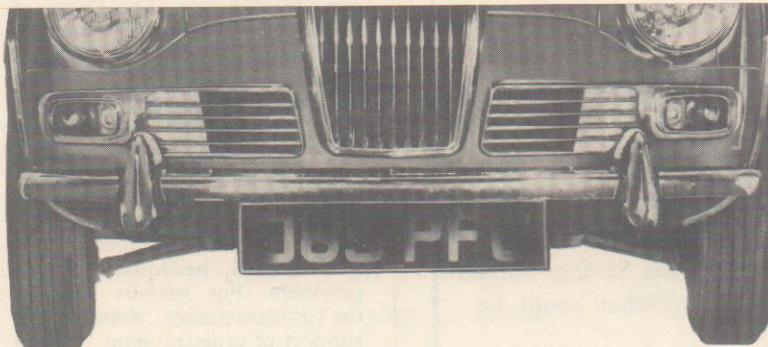
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## BOOKS



Dieppe: These Sappers died placing metal nets in front of tank tracks.

## PRELUDE TO INVASION

THE great raid on Dieppe on 19 August, 1942, is still one of the debating points of World War Two. Should it have been staged at all? In the event, did the Allies or did the Germans profit most from it?

A new French account of the episode, "Dieppe, The Dawn of Decision" (Souvenir Press, 30s), by Jacques Mordal, sets out the facts and contentions. The raid was made by the 2nd Canadian Division and three British commandos. Their objectives, few of which were achieved, were the destruction of German defences and installations, and the capture of landing-craft, documents from a divisional headquarters and prisoners. For various reasons, the raiders were denied the support of cruisers' guns, full air preparation, and an air landing.

Fighting lasted for ten hours, during which the principal successes were the destruction of one coast battery and the neutralisation of another.

Elsewhere, it was disaster. Most of the Sappers who should have prepared the way for tanks were wiped out and the tanks floundered and lost their tracks on the beach pebbles. Few Infantry got beyond the hotly defended beaches.

When the force withdrew, more than 1200 dead and twice as many prisoners were left behind. A hundred aircraft, 28 tanks, a destroyer, three tank-landing ships and some smaller craft had been lost.

Why? Politically, it was thought desirable to make some gesture to the hard-pressed Russians. But the Russians gained only confirmation of what they had suspected—that the Second Front was still far away. Militarily, there was thought to be a need to

prevent the morale of troops in Britain being undermined by inactivity, particularly the Canadians, who had crossed the Atlantic two years earlier and had yet to be bled.

There was experience to be gained in landing techniques and the use of new equipment, and unquestionably Dieppe had its lessons for later and greater landing operations. But Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery expressed the feelings of many when he wrote: "I believe we could have obtained the information and experience needed without losing so many magnificent Canadian soldiers."

The Germans, whose losses were relatively light, also learned useful lessons about defects in their coastal defences and communications. These were methodically put right. The raid also convinced Hitler that the place to destroy invaders was on the beaches.

On the propaganda front, Dieppe gave some substance to German pretensions that their defences were impregnable, but they went too far in claiming that they repulsed a full-scale invasion.

Those who benefited most immediately from the raid were a thousand or two French prisoners-of-war. For their own ends, the Germans made much of the "good behaviour" of the people of Dieppe during the fighting, and offered ten million francs to compensate for casualties and damage. The Mayor asked for the release of local men and the Germans made the gesture. It was accepted with alacrity not only by genuine Dieppois prisoners but also by some who adopted Dieppe as their home town for this occasion only.

# MOST ENVYABLE ORDER

**W**HAT manner of man wins Britain's supreme award? In "The Story of the Victoria Cross" (Muller, 50s), Brigadier Sir John Smyth VC, MC, provides an answer.

"To those who ask me—and many do—what sort of men win the Victoria Cross, I can only reply—any sort. Courage is a queer thing and although many people have tried to analyse it, I myself think that it is without rhyme or reason. . . . To very few is it given to be without fear; most men are afraid of something, most of us of many things. How lucky the man whose courage is at sticking point at the right moment. But if there is any single common denominator amongst all VCs I would be inclined to say that it is a degree of obstinacy—a refusal to be beaten. . . ."

That Sir John is right, is borne out in his fascinating book, the first complete history of the Victoria Cross, and with consummate skill he paints a graphic picture of many of the exploits which gained the award. Not without reason did King Edward VIII describe the Victoria Cross as "the most democratic and at the same time exclusive of all orders of chivalry—the most enviable Order of the Victoria Cross."

Men from all stations in life and most parts of the world—New Zealand, Nepal, Fiji, India, Canada and Australia, to mention only a few—march through these pages, but all have in common the quality of supreme courage. And it is a courage that can run in families. The Goughs have won three Victoria Crosses and there are four instances of brothers winning the Cross and three of a father and son, the most famous of the latter being Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who won it in the Indian Mutiny, and his son, who won it during the South African War.

The Victoria Cross has in no way cheapened with the passage of time. The reverse is in fact the case, for far fewer awards were made during World War Two, in relation to the vastness of the operations involved, than for the Indian Mutiny.

Sir John records every Victoria Cross which has been awarded since the decoration was instituted by Queen Victoria. With its detailed and complete index, this book will prove of inestimable value to the student, and be the final arbiter in many an argument.

It is fitting indeed that such a saga of gallantry should come from the pen of one who is not only a Victoria Cross holder himself, but also a distinguished author in his own right.

D H C



Boy Cornwell, second youngest holder, at 16, of the Victoria Cross.



Sepoy Kamal Ram won his VC in Italy on his first day in action.



Captain Charles Upham is the only combatant to win a Bar to his VC.

## NEW PAPERBACKS

FOR the reader who wants to keep up with recent books, but has to keep an eye on his spending, paperbacks are a boon. Of recent issues, perhaps the most important is "The Explosion of British Society 1914-1962" (Pan Books, 3s 6d), by Arthur Marwick. Important, because it is a first publication—something unusual in the paperback world.

The author, at 24 one of the youngest history lecturers in the country, surveys the forces—particularly scientific and social—which have changed the face of Britain since the First World War. This valuable little book can be recommended to anyone wanting a lucid insight as to how we stand today and how we got here.

Perhaps the most notorious prisoner-of-war camp of World War Two was that at Colditz Castle, the grim fortress to which the Germans sent habitual escapers. Major Pat Reid's brilliant "Colditz Story" and "The Latter Days at Colditz" gave

the prisoners' side. Now, in "Colditz, The German Story" (Pan Books, 3s 6d), Captain Reinhold Eggers, sometime senior German security officer at the Castle, gives the other side in a story as fascinating as any prison camp tale.

Another camp in another place. This time, a grim account of bestiality and suffering in the extermination camp at Auschwitz. "Journey Through Hell" (Pan Books, 3s 6d), by Reska Weiss, is a Jewish woman's report of how she survived the massacre which Adolf Eichmann organised after the deportation of Hungary's Jews. It is a stark record.

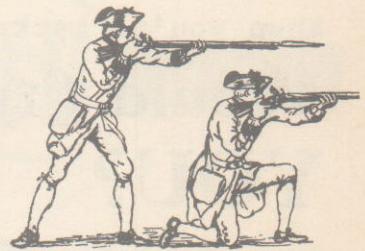
Back to more familiar ground, this time the oppressive, tangled jungle of Malaya. "The Durian Tree" (Pan Books, 3s 6d), by Michael Keon, is a powerful novel set in Malaya during the Emergency. The Communist villain hatches a plot to discredit and dishonour the British administration. An exciting tale.

J C W

## IN BRIEF

VOLUME II of Cecil C P Lawson's "A History of the Uniforms of the British Army," out of print for 22 years, has now been republished (Norman Military Publications, 50s). Volumes I and III in this series have already been reviewed in SOLDIER (January, 1962, and January, 1963). Volume II deals with the uniforms of the armies of George I and II from 1715 to 1760 and,

OVER . . .



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like its predecessors, is profusely illustrated. It includes a description of regiments raised for the '45, and sections devoted to the Royal Engineers, Scottish and Hanoverian regiments and regiments serving with the French and Dutch armies.

Volume IV in this series, a completely new book, is to be published early next year.

D H C

**B**RITAIN'S ex-Servicemen have never entered politics as a party, and a look at some other countries shows this to be a blessing.

As pressure groups, legitimately interested in such matters as pensions and employment, however, they have had considerable influence, and it is this aspect which Graham Wootton examines in "The Politics of Influence" (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s). He finds that over 36 years the British Legion's important successes outnumbered its important failures, and judges that the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association has also been an effective pressure group.

R L E



Zulus attack an escort of the 80th at the Itombi River.

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## TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL

**S**OME of the most glorious pages in the history of the British Army were written of the battles of the Zulu War, yet the war itself was one of the most disreputable ventures with which British soldiers have had to be associated.

It was a war in which Britain suffered one of the most humiliating defeats in her history — at Isandhlwana. News of the Zulu victory was received in half the courts of Europe with unconcealed glee. A bunch of "naked savages" had twisted the lion's tail.

"The Zulu War — Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift" (Wiedenfeld and Nicolson, 21s), by Rupert Furneaux, third in the "Great Battles of History" series, edited by Hanson W Baldwin, maintains the high standard set in the earlier volumes and enhances Mr Furneaux's reputation as a military writer.

Mr Furneaux marshals his facts with precision, explains lucidly the background to the war, and paints concise pen-portraits of its leading figures. In a penetrating examination, the author concludes that Sir Bartle Frere, Governor-General of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of Natal, possibly aimed at adding "a fresh jewel to Queen Victoria's crown, a great South African empire." Frere arrived in South Africa two years before the war with the idea that the Zulu army might attack Natal.

The man he sent to fight the Zulus was Lord Chelmsford, whom Mr Furneaux describes as "one of those delightful donkeys by whom the British Army was afflicted for 100 years." Chelmsford under-estimated his enemy and at the outset of the war split his command into three. After camping at Isandhlwana, he further divided his own centre column while he pushed ahead in search of the enemy and a new camp site.

The Zulus he was seeking — 20,000 of them — attacked and slaughtered the "caretaker force" in the camp and a native contingent.

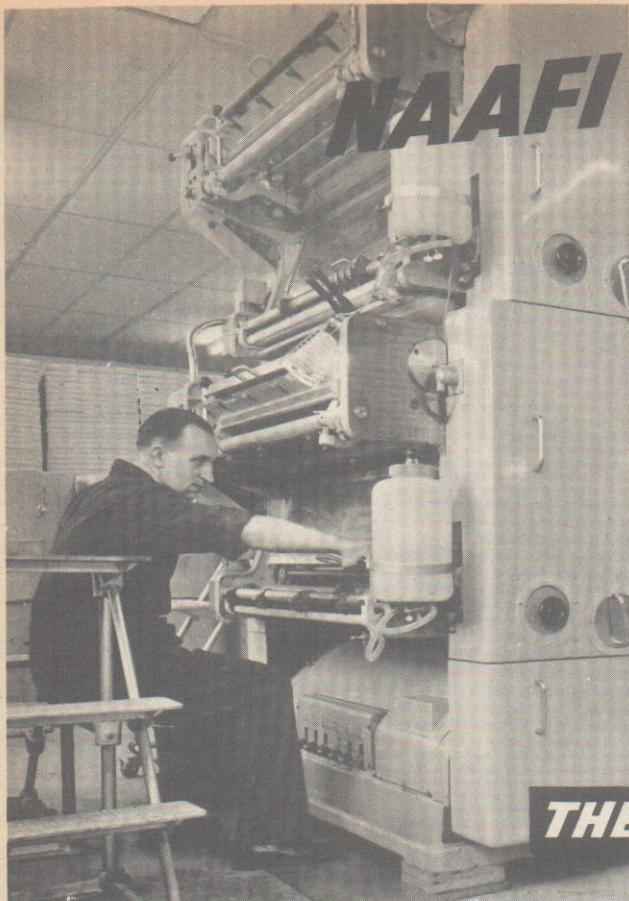
The description of the battle is a brilliant piece of work. The author uses a succession of incidents to link the whole in a most exciting account.

Equally exciting is the story of the defence of Rorke's Drift, the 12-hour fight in which a handful of Englishmen fought off 4000 Zulus and won 11 Victoria Crosses.

The gallantry of the British soldiers — in particular those of the 24th Foot (The Warwickshires) — alone relieves the sordidness of this campaign. They fought to the last at Isandhlwana and to victory at Rorke's Drift.

This is the second book on this conflict to be published recently. "The Last Zulu King" (SOLDIER, July) is the full story of Cetshwayo, Chelmsford's adversary. The two books are complementary.

J C W



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