

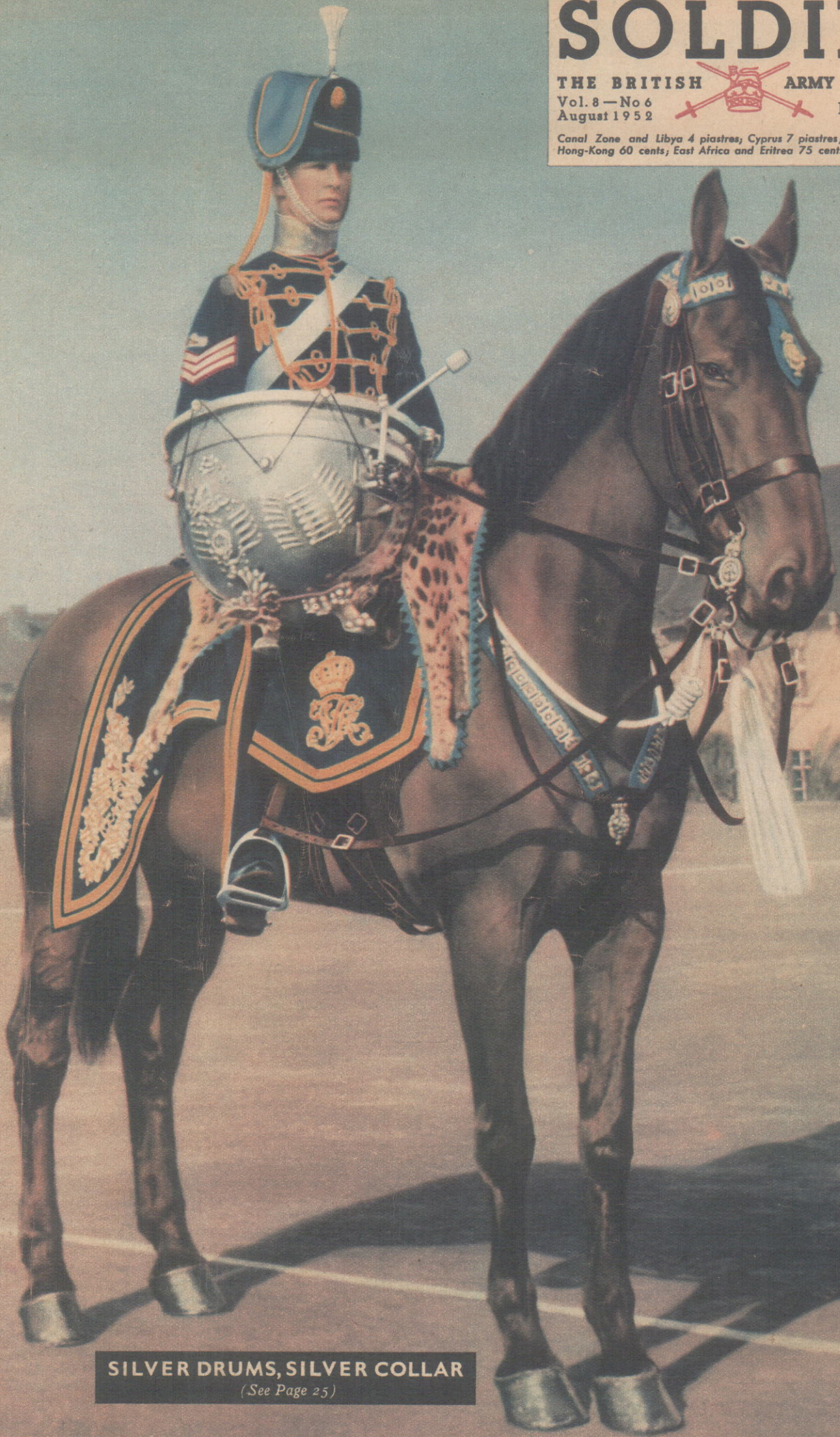
SOLDIER

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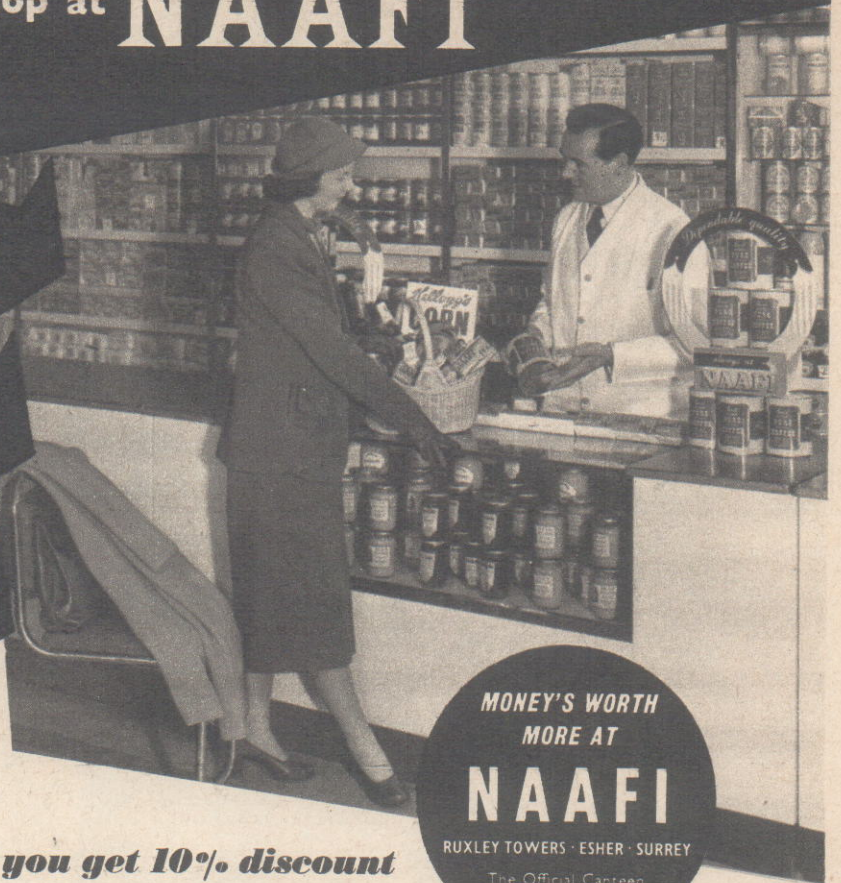
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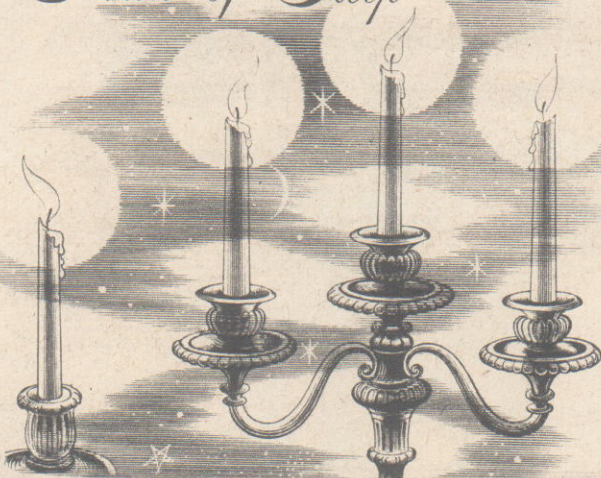
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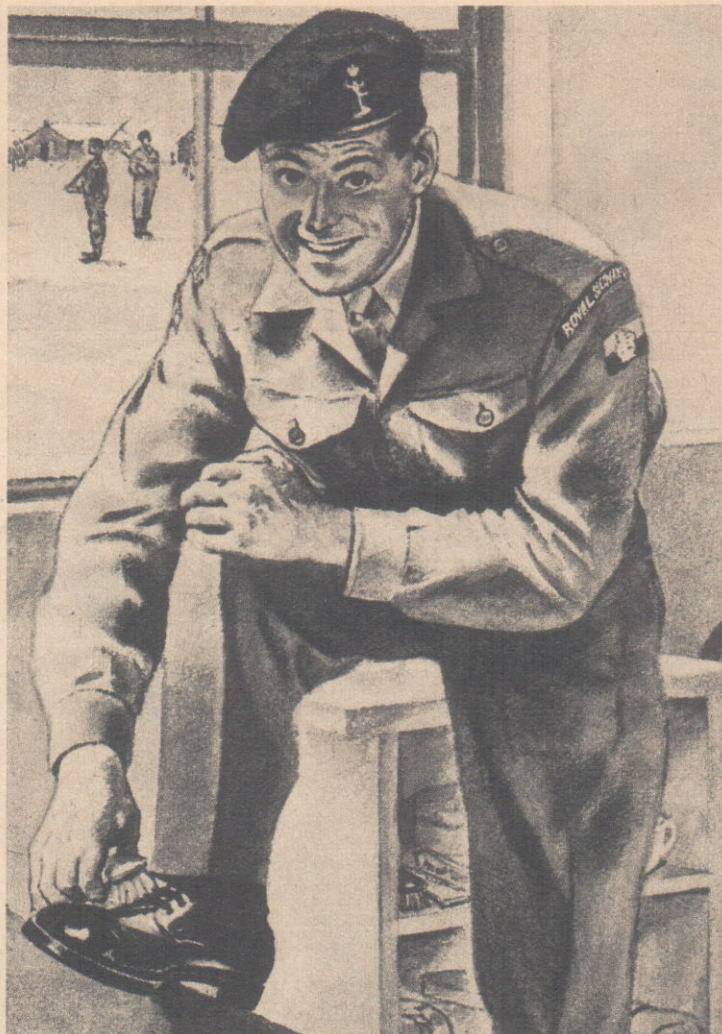
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N19



PLAY THE GAME

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"Out for a blob. Now imagine, old boy, that this pickled onion is the head of a certain batsman who —"

"Must you, Gerald?"

"—celebrated his birthday the night before and overlooked his bedtime beaker of Rose's Lime Juice..."

"Your memory is macabre."

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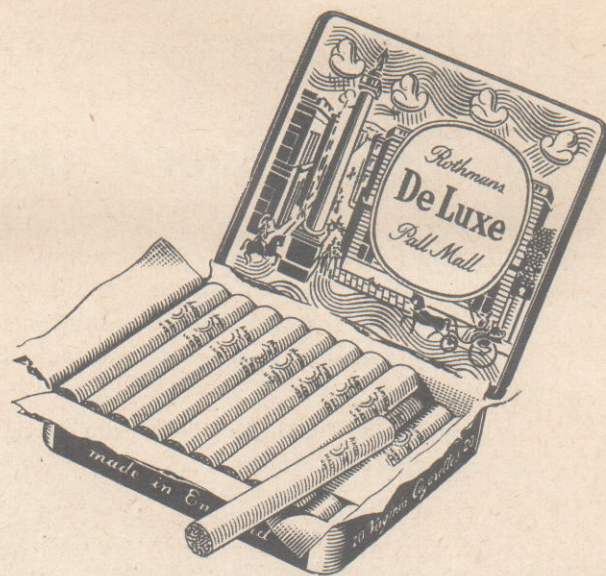
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DEMONSTRATION BATTALION

The Battalion which gave a classic battle demonstration on a hill by the Imjin River now fights a text-book war on Salisbury Plain. Many are the jobs which come the way of a Demonstration Battalion

Jets of flame reach venomously for their objective... and here (below) are the Glosters tidying up in the wake of the flame-throwers. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE).

WHEN the buglers of Knook Camp, near Warminster, sound reveille, the men who climb out of bed and head for the ablutions know that the day will bring a variety of jobs they would be unlikely to encounter in any other unit.

One man may find himself firing the new 7 mm rifle for a party of generals, another explaining the workings of a mortar to a gathering of brightly uniformed military attachés, a third dashing through smoke and flames in an attack demonstration, a fourth dressing in "Fantasian" uniform to represent an enemy soldier.

A fifth man may have the easiest job of all — lying on a grass bank as a battle "casualty." And a sixth may be handed a pair of boots of unfamiliar pattern and told to test them.

The School of Infantry's Demonstration Battalion is, like the School itself, new to the Army. Neither existed before the war. Those regiments which have had the honour (and it is an honour) of supplying battalions are the Cameronians, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment and — now — the Gloucestershire Regiment.

A demonstration battalion must be one which is on top of its job,

is up to strength or can easily be made up, and has all the necessary experts to deal with platoon and support weapons. No battalion in the British Army is better equipped.

The Lancashire Fusiliers were the first soldiers to try out the new combat suit. The Bedfords were the first to handle the 7 mm (.280 inch) rifle, the new entrenching tool and the special wet-cold boot for Korea. Already the Glosters have tested certain Allied equipment not yet in general use.

If anyone invents a new item for the Infantryman, from a map-case to a machine-gun, the chances are that the Demonstration Battalion will be handling it before the rest of the Army. **OVER**





A 17-pounder is whipped into action by the Glosters. The men bear their numbers on their backs.



Watching the Glosters at "war" may be officers of many arms and many armies. Here a spotting Auster climbs low over their heads.



Left: In no battalion are rifles examined so scrupulously. Here is 2/Lieut. W. A. Duguid inspecting.



Left: Another job for the Demonstration Battalion: checking targets. Privates Terence Cresser, William Bridgeman and Royce Harris count the punctures. Right: The "enemy" grouped in menacing echelon.

DEMONSTRATION BATTALION

(Continued)

Not all the Glosters' activities are confined to Warminster. Usually part of the support company is with the Support Weapons Wing of the School of Infantry at Netheravon, and one platoon is permanently with the officer cadets at Eaton Hall, Cheshire. This summer the whole battalion (less a training company) supplied the butt parties and duty men at Bisley ranges. And it fell to the Glosters to take part in the biggest amphibious landings since the war at Southsea (SOLDIER, July).

It is not all glamour being a demonstration battalion. Each man must put something extra into his work. He may crawl through mud today, and tomorrow stand spick and span on the square as one of a fully equipped "show" platoon. Students who inspect him may look in his pack and his pouches, examine his rifle or water-bottle.

Demonstrations by the Battalion vary from a playlet on battle technique to a full-scale company attack using hundreds of pounds worth of ammunition, and supported by Royal Air Force Vampires firing rockets and cannon, a squadron of Comets, 25-pounders, and armoured personnel carriers. At one time a battalion attack demonstration was held (SOLDIER March, 1949) but it has been found possible to teach the lessons more simply by reducing the number of sub-units taking part and bringing the battle nearer to the spectators.

After many of the demonstrations the students at the School repeat what the demonstrators have done. This happens on FIBUA (fighting in built-up areas) which is carried out in the battered village of Imber. The Glosters provide the battalion which the students "relieve" for the night exercise Relief in the Line. A Gloster corporal may find himself handing over a position to a major acting as a corporal, and a Gloster Bren-gunner handing over his post to a lieutenant taking the part of a number one on the gun.

Before a student leaves Warminster he has been attacked by the Glosters in dark and daylight; he has been given covering fire



from the Glosters during a night attack and has survived an assault course in which many of the effects are provided by the Glosters.

On top of all this, the Battalion has to run a training cadre for future cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. It is called upon to give demonstrations of mobile column work to civil defence units and has its

mobile role under the "hedgehog" defence scheme instituted by the Prime Minister.

Recently the Battalion sent to the Small Arms Wing at Hythe Lance-Corporal John Boulton, 24-year-old Korea veteran, and nine men to be coached in platoon weapons, particularly the No. 4 rifle and the 7mm. Within a month they were to be seen

OVER

Smoke from a demolished pill-box makes a sable background for the Glosters advancing across open country.

Top, right: Like a character from a film: L/Cpl. R. Ellingham, blacked out for action.



Right: Sjt. A. Taylor, a reinforcement after the Imjin Battle, demonstrates a mortar to a Sandhurst cadet. Note the device of the US Presidential Citation under his shoulder title.





In forsaken, nettle grown lamber, the most-fought-through village in England, the Battalion shows the tricks of house-to-house fighting. That's Lance-Corporal James Trinder whizzing out of the window.



DEMONSTRATION BATTALION (Continued)



back at Warminster in weapon pits below a stand occupied by students of the Imperial Defence College, the Staff College and the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Six men using the No. 4 (normal rapid rate of fire: 15 rounds per minute) got off 29 rounds each and scored 93 hits out of the 174 fired at small targets 200 yards away. Then four men with the 7 mm fired 256 rounds (64 each) in a minute and scored 137 hits.

In the same afternoon the Battalion demonstrated the Bren, Sten, mortar, anti-personnel, anti-tank and smoke grenades, the medium machine-gun, flame thrower, rocket-launcher and 17-pounder anti-tank gun — all with equal accuracy. A demonstration battalion cannot afford *not* to be accurate.

The Glosters say they have been helped by the enthusiasm of the younger men who have joined the Regiment since its stand on the Imjin River. One subaltern, Second-Lieutenant Peter James, is the son of a Gloster officer who left the Army with the rank of brigadier and with the Victoria Cross, Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross.

PETER LAWRENCE



The Demonstration Battalion is the only battalion in which you are likely to find the 7mm rifle. Here a Sandhurst cadet peers through the optical sight.



Now and then the Demonstration Battalion has an "out of town" job. Here men are taking part in an amphibious landing at Southsea.



Out of Bounds -and Why

FROM time to time an item like this appears in Orders:

The following establishment is out of bounds to all ranks:
The Hasty Tasty Cafe,
High Street
Blandshot.

Just why (many a soldier must wonder) has the Hasty Tasty Cafe been put out of bounds to troops? It looks harmless enough.

It may well be harmless enough. An establishment does not have to be a den of iniquity to be banned.

It is always possible that the cafe has been put out of bounds at the owner's request. He may be unable to cope with the extra custom represented by a sudden influx of troops. He may find he is losing regular customers because soldiers "invade" the place, and are noisier than they need be.

On the other hand, the Army may object to the cafe for a variety of reasons. It may be a resort of black marketeers or gamblers; it may be too popular with prostitutes or other undesirables.

Possibly, again, the cafe has become too much of a home from home and troops are habitually late in arriving back at camp.

In Britain, a cafe is seldom put out of bounds for overcharging or for uncleanness, since Government inspection is strict. Overseas, it is a different story. One of the most famous hotels in Cairo was temporarily put under a ban during the war because of dirty kitchens. Cafes may also be proscribed if they are frequented by persons who are likely to be inflamed by the sight of an Army uniform, or by ingratiating seekers after military knowledge. In the Middle East whole areas are frequently put out of bounds for a combination of these reasons, and the sign which appears at the top of this column is a familiar sight.

Some establishments may be put out of bounds to Other Ranks only. This may be at the special request of the owner, who decides that he wants only officers' custom. But where there is a special officers' club in the vicinity the Army does not encourage setting aside hotels and other premises for officers.

In any event, so many soldiers now wear civilian clothes off duty that a selective hotel-keeper would have his work cut out intercepting Other Ranks.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE phenomenal success of this year's Royal Tournament has prompted one newspaper to suggest that the provinces should be given an opportunity to see this show.

Why stop at the provinces? If ever there was a show likely to pack Madison Square Gardens, in New York, this is it.

If imagination boggles at the thought of the Household Cavalry trotting down Broadway, it need not boggle at the thought of these glittering horsemen exercising in Central Park, ringed by skyscrapers. The sight would be an entrancing one.

Many a spectator coming away from Earl's Court must have found himself wishing that an asset like this could be made a temporary export; not for the sake of the dollars, but for the sake of prestige.

ATTENTION is again being focussed on the fact that the great bulk of Army officers come from below a line drawn across England from east to west in the region of Northampton.

If the schools of the North of England and Scotland could be induced to contribute even half as many officers as are yielded by the traditional officer-producing schools of the South, the Army's officer shortage would be solved. An attempt is now being made to interest the more scientifically-minded students of northern secondary schools in the technical arms of the Army; it is hoped that many of them will attend the first course at Welbeck Abbey next year for preparing boys between 16 and 18 for commissions in the technical corps through Sandhurst.

Someone with plenty of time on his hands might like to analyse the origins of Britain's best-known generals, past and present. Unfortunately for the statistician, a general educated at Winchester may turn out to have been born in Delhi of a Yorkshire mother and an Irish father (who himself was born in Hong-Kong and went to school in Edinburgh).

EVERY now and then someone discovers "the oldest soldier in the world." It is, of course, a distinction which can never be established with certainty.

The magazine *New Era* recently had an article on Karl Glockner, of Eidengesass, Germany, a 106-year-old artilleryman who took part in the siege of Paris in 1870. He still likes a glass of wine and a cigar.

Herr Glockner's claim would seem to be a strong one, but wait: here is news from America that seven men who served in the American Civil War, which ended in 1865, are still alive. They are so frail that the Confederate Veterans Association, to which they belonged, has had to shut down; the members can no longer leave their homes. So, in the atomic age, there are still men alive who fought at Gettysburg!

But wait again! From Mexico comes a report that Serjeant Manuel de la Rosa, who was in charge of the firing squad which shot the Emperor Maximilian in 1867, has just celebrated his 111th birthday — receiving a free house as a birthday gift. If Manuel de la Rosa was a serjeant in 1867 he presumably had put in several years service in a lower rank.

Who is Britain's oldest soldier? In Chelsea Royal Hospital the man with the distinction of having served in the most distant war is In-Pensioner Frederick Kerslake of The Buffs, aged 94. Seventy-three years ago, as a young man of 21, he served against the Zulus in the campaign of 1879. There are other Chelsea Pensioners who are older, but their battles do not go back so far.

It by no means follows that Britain's oldest soldier is necessarily to be found in Chelsea Hospital. Until quite recently the newspapers used to record the birthdays of men who had marched with Lord Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880, and there may still be veterans with prior claims. There are many generals of extraordinarily ripe age still alive.

FACED at Question time in Parliament with puzzlers like "Can an officer's wife give orders to her husband's batman?" and "Can a unit be

charged barrack-room damages when it is under canvas?" a Minister for War has need of all his native wit. Luckily Brigadier Antony Head has reserves on which to draw.

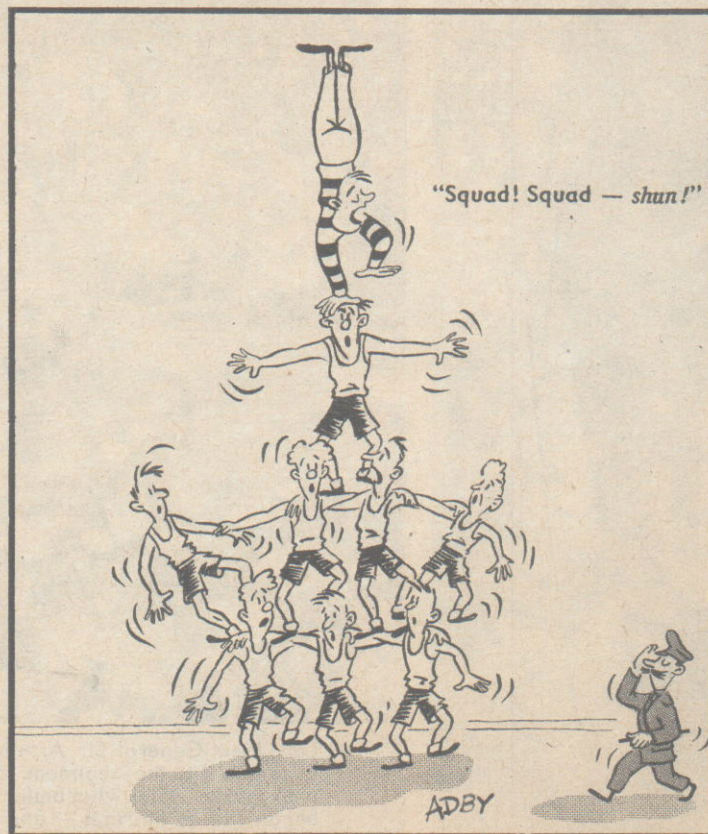
Questions like these inspire a fellow feeling in *SOLDIER's* Query Department. Here there is much speculation as to how the Minister will reply when he is asked (as he surely will be some day): "Should an officer in uniform push a pram?"; "Should a soldier salute the commanding officer's horse?"; and "Is there such a rank as a Queen's Corporal?"

A diarist in *The Spectator* discusses a rumour that the introduction of an Army tie is being considered (the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy reservists have their own ties).

He says: "A soldier in mufti is proud (or anyhow content) to be seen wearing his regimental tie. Is he ever going to put on, in preference, a tie which can be worn by all sorts of units whom he unjustly but fiercely despises? I doubt it."

SOLDIER doubts it too. The only drawback (if it is a drawback) to the multitude of regimental ties is that no one recognises them outside the charmed circle; whereas everybody by now knows the Royal Air Force tie. It all depends on the reason why a person wears a distinctive tie; whether he wishes to bring his background to the notice of the multitude or the privileged few.

There would be nothing to be ashamed of in an Army tie, even though it was the least exclusive tie in all history!



THEY FIRST SERVED UNDER QUEEN ANNE

In an Army which prides itself on the glories of its past and builds its modern tradition upon them, a 250th anniversary is an outstanding event.

The six Infantry regiments whose first battalions were originally raised in 1702 under Queen Anne, to help keep a French prince off the Spanish throne, had planned elaborate celebrations for their 250th birthdays. They were the East Surreys, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Duke of Wellington's, the Borders, the Royal Hampshires and the Dorsets. (Last year the Royal Sussex had its 250th birthday).

Just before the parades and parties were due to begin, the death of King George VI occurred. Celebrations were cancelled, curtailed, postponed or combined with other events. The anniversaries fell mostly very soon after the beginning of the new reign — the twelfth in which the regiments had served. Most of the modified celebrations awaited the end of official mourning.

All the six battalions were stationed overseas — three in Germany. One of the most impressive ceremonies was that of the 1st Battalion The Dorset Regiment, stationed in Vienna. The Battalion linked its 250th anniversary with its Queen's Birthday parade. It fired a *feu-de-joie* and marched past a saluting base on which the Four Powers were represented. The Battalion also beat Retreat in the great gardens of Schonbrunn, the old summer palace of the Hapsburgs.

At home certain of the Depots were able to stage traditional ceremonies, with the aid of Territorial battalions, renewing friendly associations with the towns from which they spring.

The last group of important regimental birthdays was that of the survivors of the 17 regiments raised for the War of Jenkin's Ear. Two of them celebrated their 200th anniversaries in 1940 and three in 1941.

The next group of celebrations will be the 200th anniversaries of the regiments which were formed during the Seven Years War. Five of these occur in 1955, five more in 1956 and two in 1957. A number of other regiments which were raised in the Seven Years War were still in existence until 1948 as second battalions.



THE East Surrey Regiment's 1st Battalion was raised as a Regiment of Marines and fought as such at Gibraltar in 1704-05. It became the 31st of Foot in 1715.

The 1st Battalion maintains many links with the Royal Marines. Its officers wear a blue lanyard similar to that worn by Royal Marine officers. East Surrey and Royal Marine officers are honorary members of each other's messes, and the East Surrey mess uses the Royal Navy form of Grace.

The regimental badge bears the arms of Guildford, the county town of Surrey — even though Guildford is in West Surrey and is the home of the Queen's Royal Regiment. The home of the East Surreys is at Kingston-on-Thames.

The Regiment has won nine Victoria Crosses, one in South Africa, seven in World War One and one in World Two.

THE Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry was the last regiment to become Light Infantry — as an honour awarded for its share in the defence of Lucknow. Here, through the heat of the Indian summer, the 32nd (now the 1st Battalion) bore the brunt of the fighting and won four VC's.

Earlier, the 32nd had had the unsought distinction of suffering more casualties than any other regiment at Waterloo.

The Regiment's custom of wearing a piece of red cloth behind its cap-badge derives from the 46th (Devonshire) Regiment, which became the 2nd Battalion. It dates from the Battle of Brandywine in 1777, when men of the 46th's Light Company dyed their feathers red so that they might be recognised by the Americans, who had sworn revenge for a severe drubbing they had received.



NOT only is this the 250th year of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment; it is also the centenary of the Duke's death.

In 1787 the Iron Duke was a subaltern in the 76th Foot (later the 2nd Battalion) and in 1793 he was a major in the 33rd (now the 1st Battalion). He was later the 33rd's Colonel.

The Regiment is the only one named after a person not of the Blood Royal.

The sixth Duke of Wellington joined the Regiment in 1936. He was killed while serving with the Commandos in Italy in 1943. There is still a member of the Wellesley family serving with the Regiment.

The 33rd were raised mainly in Gloucestershire as Marines. Their connection with the West Riding of Yorkshire dates from the American War of Independence, when most of the men came from the Halifax area.

THE drums which beat to mark the anniversary of a famous battle of the Border Regiment are themselves trophies of that day.

At Arroyo dos Molinos, in the Peninsula, on 28 October 1811, the 34th (now the 1st Battalion) captured its "opposite number" the 34th French Regiment, complete with drum major and drums.

Now, on 28 October each year, the drums are trooped by the Regiment's drummer-boys in period dress, with the youngest drummer-boy carrying the French drum-major's staff.

The 34th was stationed in Carlisle in 1703, thus starting the Regiment's long connection with Cumberland. Later it became the Cumberland Regiment and was linked with the 55th, the Westmorland Regiment, to make the Border Regiment.

THE Royal Hampshire Regiment is the only one of the 250-year-olds to have fought at Minden and to wear the rose on Minden Day. It is also the only one of the six with the "Royal" title, granted in 1946 for services during World War Two.

Both regiments which went to make up the Royal Hampshires had previously been nominally connected with Hampshire. The 37th (now the 1st Battalion) was once the North Hampshire Regiment and the 67th (later the 2nd Battalion) was the South Hampshire Regiment.

The Hampshires have had their share of opposed landings: Belleisle (1761), Helles (1915), Salerno (1943) and Arromanches (1944). They have also had a good share of VC's, four for the Taku Forts engagement in 1860, three each in World Wars One and Two.

"PRIMUS in Indis" — first in India — is the boast of the Dorset Regiment. The 39th (now the 1st Battalion) went to India in 1754, at the request of the East India Company. It fought alongside the Company's sepoys at Plassey and earned a unique battle-honour.

In its 250 years, the 1st Battalion has served 160 years abroad, 50 years in Ireland and only 40 years in the United Kingdom.

The 54th (afterwards the 2nd Battalion) earned a distinction of its own in 1857 when it was travelling to India on the troopship *Sarah Sands*. Fire was discovered on board and the crew mutinied, but the efforts of the 54th enabled the ship to be brought to port 12 days later. An order referring to the fine discipline of the Regiment was read to every regiment of the Army.

SIX REGIMENTS

ARE 250 YEARS OLD



Left: Lieut-General Sir Arthur Dowler, Colonel of the East Surreys, reads a message from Queen Elizabeth II to the regiment founded in the reign of Queen Anne. Above: Tea on the barracks lawn, with music — and what better excuse than a 250th birthday? The 1st Battalion The East Surrey Regiment began life as Marines — and this Royal Marines Band plays at Kingston-on-Thames in its honour.



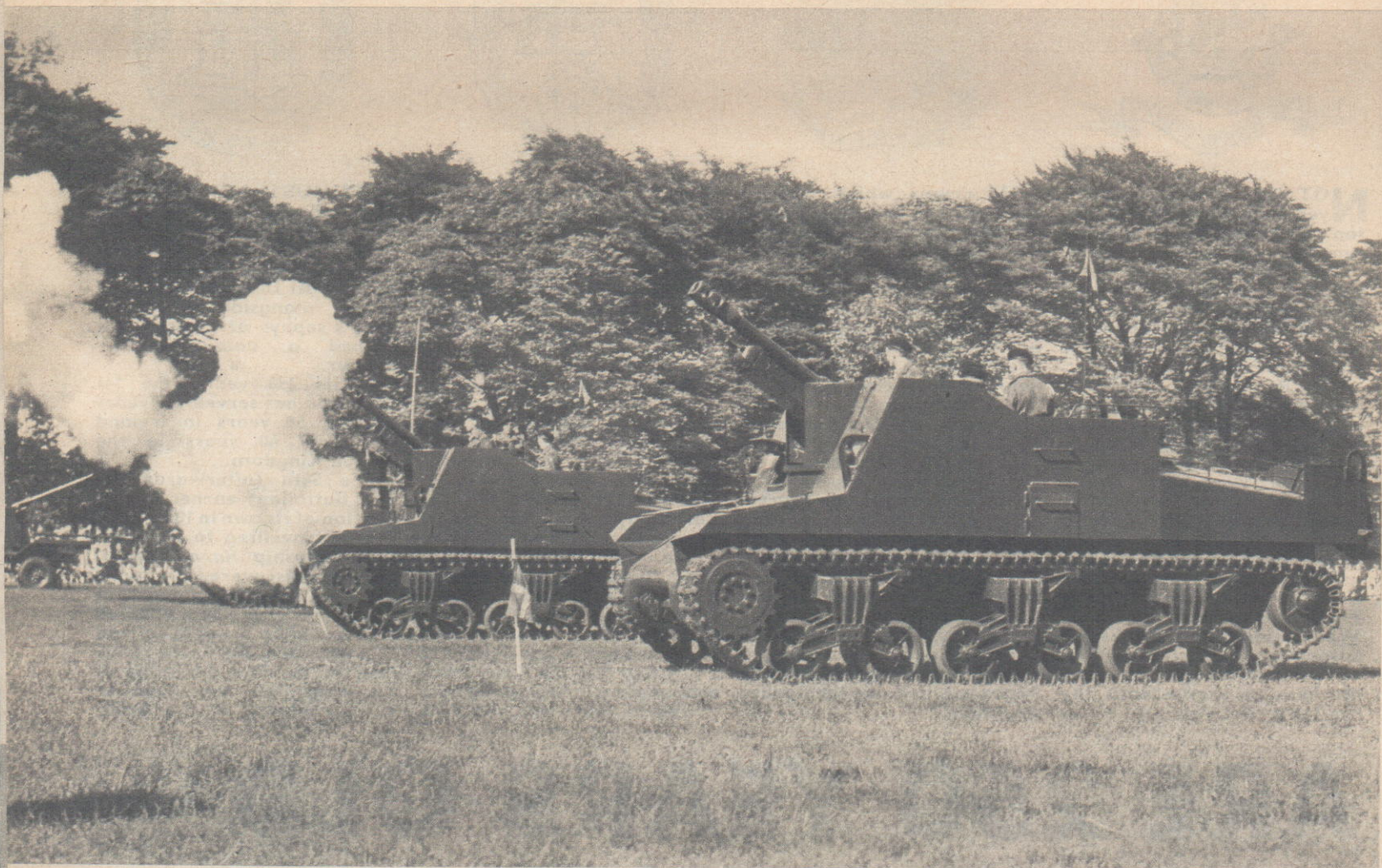
Above: 83-year-old Pensioner Edwin Watkins, late East Surreys, chats with Cpl. Michael Herling (1750 uniform), Pte. G. Rundle (1856) and Lance-Corporal N. Lloyd (1905). Right: Through Kingston with bayonets fixed. The salute was taken by General Sir Robert Haining, Lord Lieutenant of Surrey.



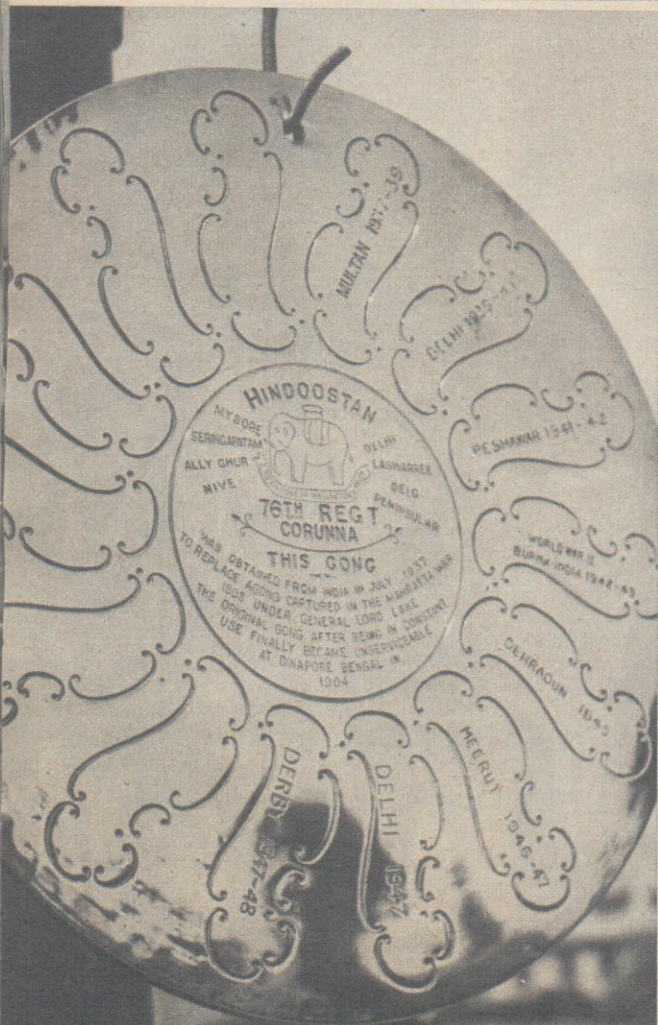
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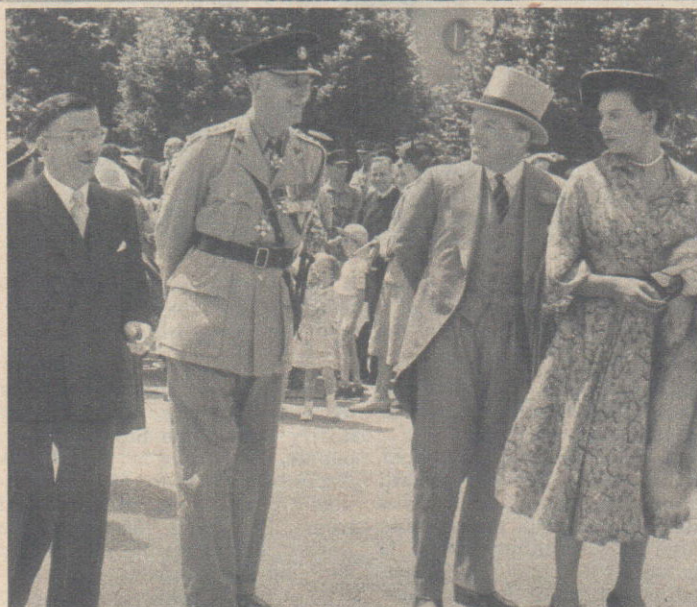
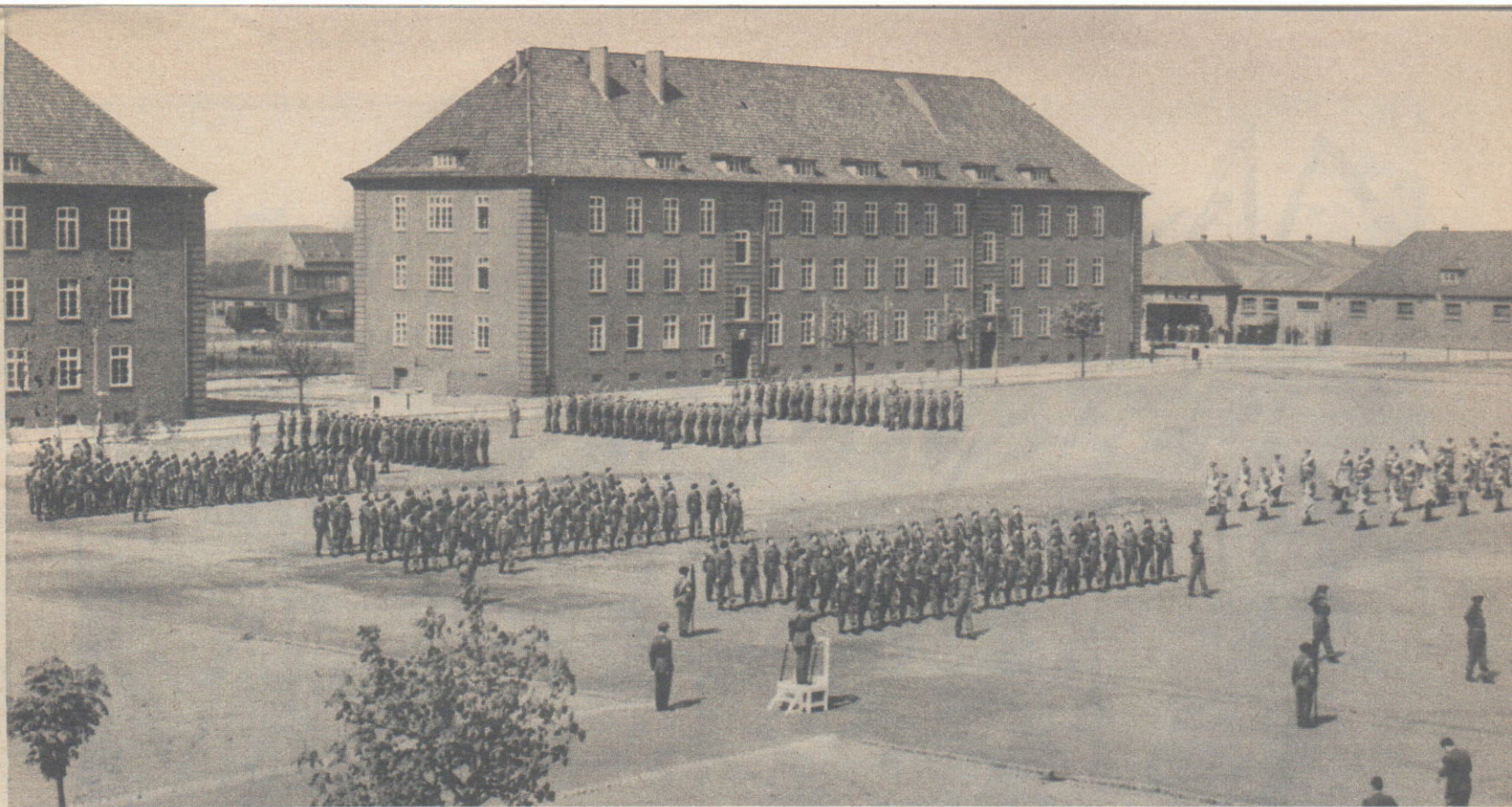
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SIX REGIMENTS ARE 250 YEARS OLD



Salute in Halifax—to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The self-propelled guns are those of 382 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery (Duke of Wellington's Regiment). Left: The gong is a replica of the one captured in the Mahratta war in 1803. The original was banged for 100 years until it became unserviceable. Below: The Duke of Wellington, in a street in Halifax, takes the salute of the Regimental Depot.



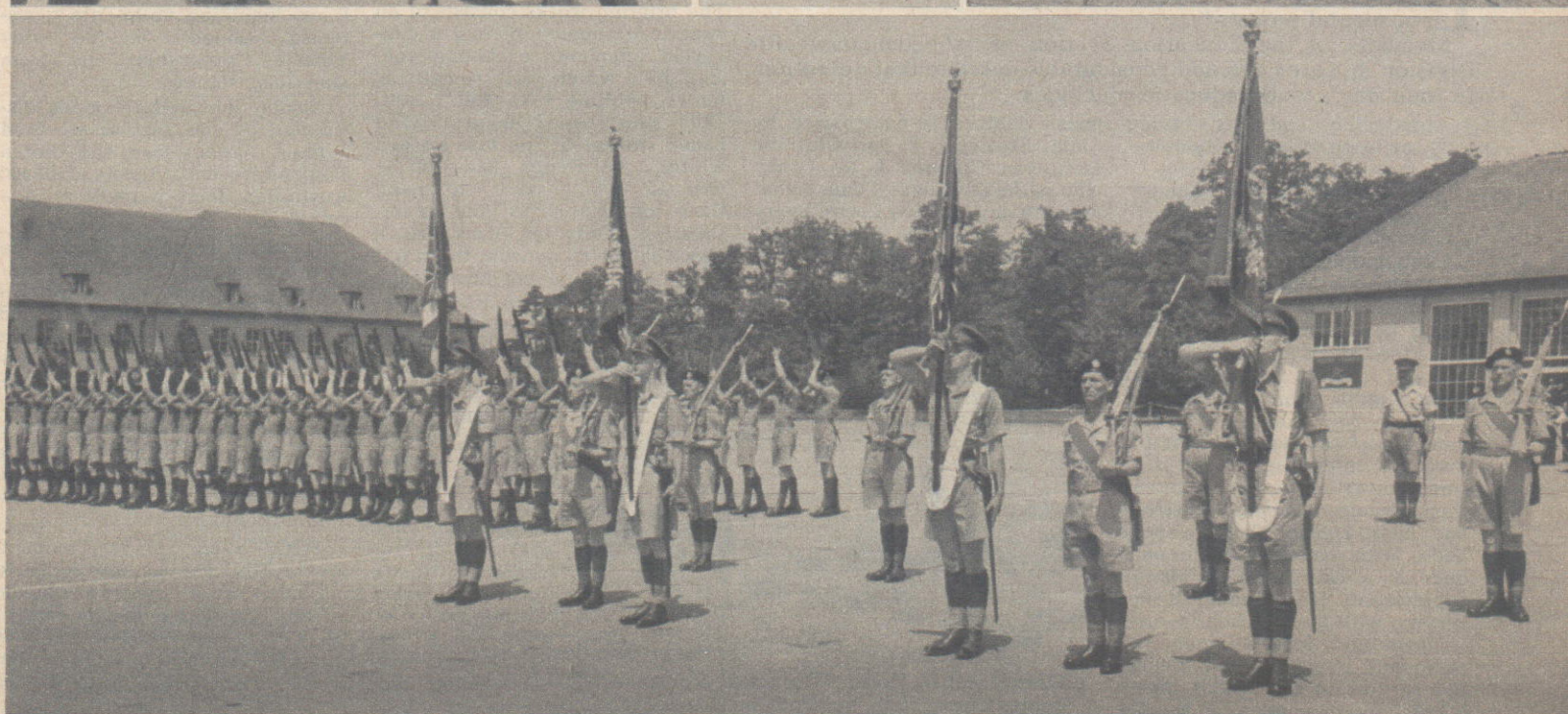
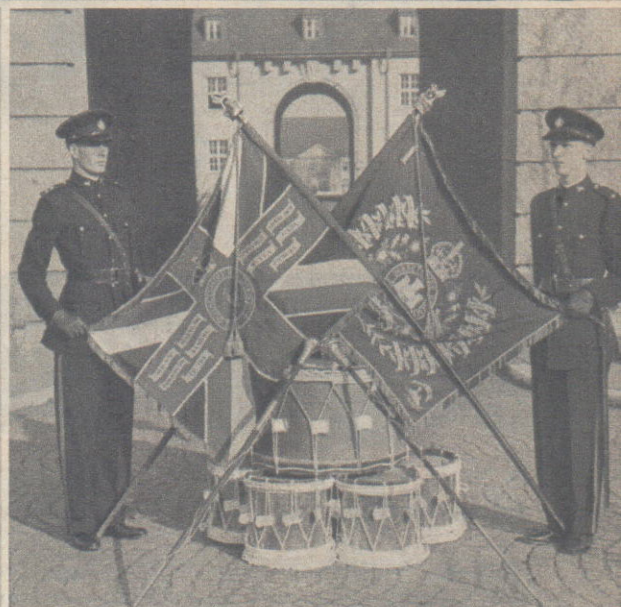


In Germany, the 1st Battalion The Royal Hampshire Regiment remembers its 250th anniversary in its Gallipoli Day parade.

Left: In Vienna the Colonel of the Dorsets, Major-General G. N. Wood, receives congratulations of Austrian Chancellor Figl and Ambassador Sir Harold Caccia.

The Dorsets' Colours were presented to the Regiment in India.

Below: The rattle of a *feu-de-joie* is heard in Vienna. 250 years ago the Austrians were in the same struggle which led to the raising of the Dorsets' 1st Battalion.





News for Korea

A unit with plenty of variety in its life is the Education Section of 1st Commonwealth Division

EDUCATION, says the dictionary, is "bringing up (of the young); systematic instruction; development of character or mental powers."

Members of the Education Section of 1st Commonwealth Division in Korea can add considerable detail to that definition. In their day's work, education includes:

- producing and distributing an international daily newspaper;
- distributing British Sunday newspapers;
- distributing welfare parcels;
- running a mobile library;
- running a film library;
- running a radio station.

The newspaper, *Crown News*, took the place of 29 Brigade's year-old *Circle News*, which ceased publication last October.

Crown News has six to ten mimeographed pages. The first is given to international and divisional news of general interest; then Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand have a page each, with an extra page each once a week. There is also a supplement for French troops serving with the Division.

News and features come by radio and by cable, and include the service of the British Army News Unit in London. A weekly

puzzle feature is contributed by "Jam Stealer," in private life Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Grant, who is the Division's Commander, Royal Army Service Corps. Every Sunday there is a "funnies" section, copyright and printing of

which are given free by the London *Daily Mirror*. Needless to say, "Jane" is included.

In the best morning-newspaper tradition, *Crown News* is printed at night. The last news arrives about two o'clock in the morning — later if something special is expected — and the job is usually finished about four o'clock. The printing works consists of an American squad tent and a converted telephone exchange vehicle, into which dust sometimes blows, spoiling inks and waxes. Once rain seeped in, destroying paper stocks. In the last Korean winter, the waxes had to be warmed over a stove to make them soft enough to take an impression. Only once has *Crown News* failed to appear: the night a machine broke down. Readers received a double issue the next day.

The editorial staff includes British, Canadian and New Zealand sub-editors. Another New Zealander makes a 40-mile newspaper round with a jeep and trailer to distribute the copies. Military police on night duty receive a personal copy as the jeep passes by.



Fleet Street in Korea. The office from which comes *Crown News*, hot from the mimeograph.

.... And a strong pull. Men of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry carry away part of a hut which had been misused by Communist prisoners in the notorious Koje Island camp.

Once a week, the Section adds to *Crown News* an issue of nearly 2000 home Sunday newspapers, flown out by the British Army News Unit for United Kingdom troops. Books are provided from the unit's 3000 volume library, and a mobile sub-library carrying 700 volumes.

The film library contains 72 films, including up-to-date newsreels, obtained from the Army Kinema Corporation and from American sources.

Among the welfare goods distributed by the Section are food parcels. Troops from the United Kingdom recently received 10,400 Australian food parcels in one month.

The Section's latest baby is the *Crown* radio station which broadcasts light music and entertainment from a mobile studio and transmitter each evening. Tests showed that the units of the Division were receiving the programmes loud and clear.

Besides these tasks, the Section has some more orthodox work to do. For instance, it arranges resettlement courses for homeward-bound Regulars.

FOOTNOTE: The 1st Commonwealth Division has now added to its amenities a "drive-in" cinema of the type found in America. It is at rear headquarters and has room for 700 spectators, in normal seats or in jeeps and similar vehicles.

SO THIS WAS THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE

THE air-trooping route to West Africa starts deep under Tottenham Court Road, London.

There, at the London Assembly Centre, in the Goodge Street air-raid shelter, the drafts gather and spend the night in an atmosphere which, according to the humorists, is a mild foretaste of the climate of the West Coast. The families sleep in hotels.

In the early morning, the passengers leave by bus for Blackbushe aerodrome, just beyond Camberley. A stubby Viking takes them that day to Gibraltar. The next day's journey is across the Sahara Desert — 12 hours of flying, broken only by refuelling stops at austere French outposts. It is a trying day for children and their mothers, though the male passengers do their best to keep the children amused.

The first stop in West Africa Command may be at Accra, on the Gold Coast, or at Kano in Northern Nigeria. By this time it has dawned on the least inquisitive new arrival that West Africa Command is no vest-pocket command. It embraces four territories: the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria.

Within and between the territories, surface travel is not easy. The rail journey from Lagos to Port Harcourt, in Western Nigeria, is one of more than 1200 miles; by air it is less than a quarter of the distance. Roads are often made of laterite (a decomposed rock) which corrugates, like sand on a windy beach, and will give even the heaviest vehicle a severe shaking, unless it is driven fast enough to skim from the top of one corrugation to the next.

One result is that West Africa is probably the most air-minded of all Army commands, despite the absence of the Royal Air Force.

The Command has solved the problem of rapid internal communications by buying two Bristol freighter aircraft, which are always ready to rush troops wherever they are needed for "internal security" duties. Each will carry a platoon and all its equipment. The aircraft showed their worth last year when bloody fighting broke out between two remote Nigerian tribes over a land dispute. Men of the Nigeria Regiment flew in to reinforce the police but were not called on.

When there is no operational duty for them, the freighters and their Army-employed civilian crews are leased to a civilian firm, for use as 48-seater liners operating a second-class passenger service between the principal towns of West Africa. The Army proudly claims to have pioneered this austere but cheap passenger flying, and has a priority claim to seats on the freighter services.

There are now no European units in British West Africa. Nor were there, for that matter, last century, when the Coast was regarded as the "White Man's Grave."

Today the coast of mangos and moon-flowers is a families station. In this four-territories command there is hardly a European below the rank of serjeant, none below corporal. Report by **RICHARD ELLEY**; photographs: **W. J. STIRLING**



Sahara stop: the trooping aircraft bound for West Africa has put down at the French fuelling halt of Aulif. Soldiers help to carry children to shelter in a sandstorm.



Stately white Christianborg Castle is the residence of the Governor of the Gold Coast. It was acquired from Danish settlers, who took it over from Swedes. A West African sentry guards the entrance.

Before World War Two, service in West Africa was allowed to count double towards pension and the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. This concession has been withdrawn since energetic health measures, including a daily paludrine tablet, have been enforced.

As nearly all the duties for Europeans below commissioned rank in West Africa Command are supervisory, the lowest rank, except in Signals, is that of serjeant. The few Signals corporals posted to West Africa mess with the serjeants.

A posting to West Africa consists of two tours of 18 months each, separated by three months "recuperation leave" at home. A good many officers and NCO's volunteer for further tours, and there are many who proudly describe themselves as "Old Coasters," the name given to

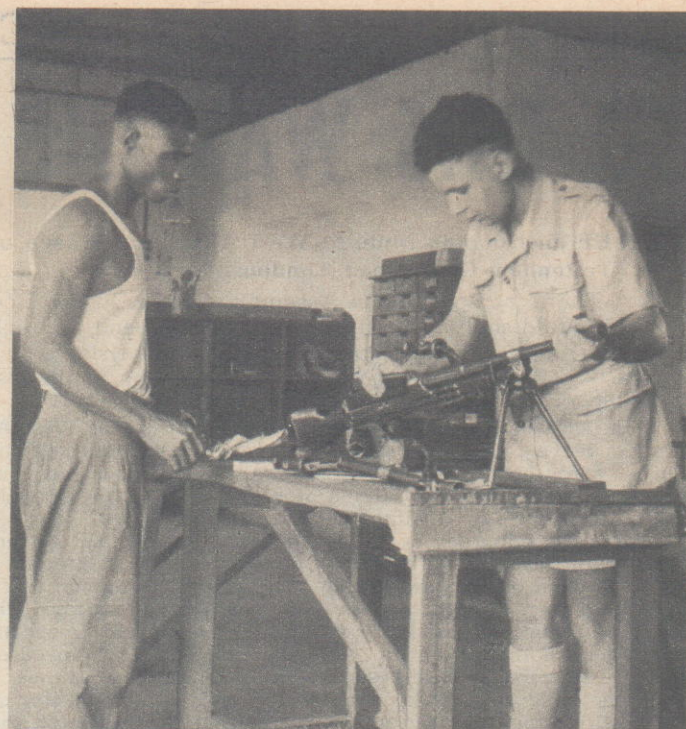
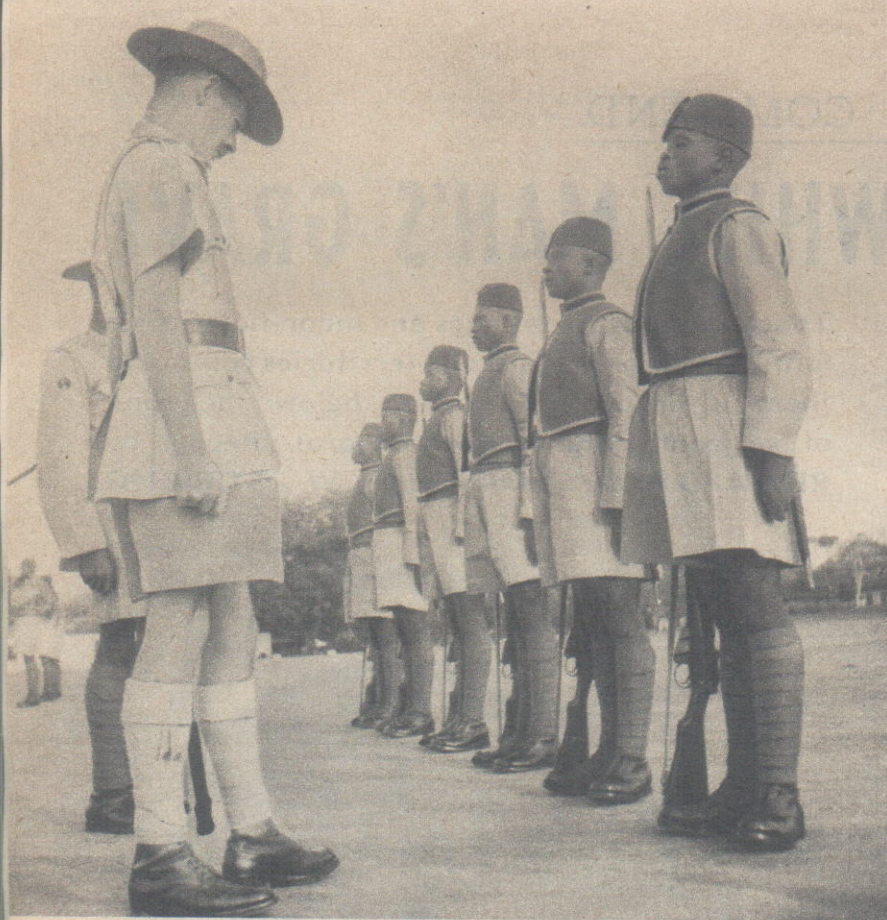
Europeans who have spent long periods on the West Coast of Africa.

Many of the men posted to West Africa have served with non-European troops before. They include officers of the old Indian Army and men who have served with East African troops, as well as those who have done earlier stints with the Royal West African Frontier Force. A large number wear the ribbon of the Burma Star.

Financially, West Africa Command is a good place for European NCO's, especially if they are married. Besides additional pay (once it was "inducement pay") they receive substantial local overseas allowances.

For some married men, the drawback to a West Africa posting is a shortage of married quarters, due in part to the fact that until after World War Two

OVER



Left: The inspecting officer finds little to fault at this guard mounting by the 3rd Gold Coast Regiment. Above: under European NCO's, West Africans make good armourers.

SO THIS WAS THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE (Continued)

West Africa was not a "families station." This shortage, which is being remedied as quickly as possible, does not matter so much in big towns like Accra, where a soldier can hire private accommodation for his family, and receive corresponding allowances. In some of the smaller stations like Kaduna, however, there is little private accommodation and a man may have to wait his turn for a married quarter before his family can join him.

A European home in West

Africa is a spacious and airy place where the housewife's main task, unless she chooses to do the cooking, is to keep her servants up to the mark.

Many families take enthusiastically to gardening, a rewarding hobby in a climate where plants grow rapidly. Gardens produce many kinds of large bright flowers and such eccentric blooms as the moon-flower, which opens only at night. Fences may be covered with the loofah-plant, which produces not

only a pleasant flower but a useful accessory for the bathroom. The fruit-patch may yield pineapples, bananas and paw-paws, and there are few quarters without a mango tree.

It is, of course, advisable to keep an eye open for snakes and scorpions, especially on the smaller stations, and when the rains start. In Kumasi, on the day SOLDIER went there, a cobra had been seen coming in through the bathroom door by a staff-serjeant's wife as she was

about to step out of her bath; another was discovered by a soldier's small son when he disobeyed parental orders and took the cover off a drain. Neither the staff-serjeant's wife nor the child was bitten, and very few people ever are bitten, as any medical officer will testify.

The household budget in West Africa may be high. In Accra a large loaf costs 2s. 2d., butter 5s. 6d. a pound, potatoes 6d. a pound; against that, good beer is 2s. a large bottle, whisky 21s. a bottle, cigarettes 5s. 8d. for 50. Bananas are two or three a penny and pineapples 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d.

Below, left: Another job for a European NCO: swimming instruction, at Zaria in Nigeria. The West African soldier takes readily to water. Right: Built for coolness, in an agreeably exotic style: an officers' mess at Zaria, Nigeria.





West Africa's only major-general is the GOC Nigeria District: Major-General C. B. Fairbanks.

Fruit is even cheaper in the out-stations. There is no rationing, but when shop-keepers run out of certain kinds of tinned foods, they must just wait for the next ship. That is why outside a general stores (and most shops are general stores) you may see a "just arrived" list which includes tinned peas and processed meat alongside nylons and curtain material.

In many of the stations, the wives get together to solve their problems. In Lagos, under the chairmanship of the District Commander's wife, Mrs. C. B. Fair-

OVER

The territories of West Africa Command are spaced in increasing order of magnitude eastward along the Gulf of Guinea. Besides Britain and France, Spain and Portugal have toe-holds on this coast. Liberia is independent. From Bathurst to Freetown is 400 miles by air; Freetown to Accra, 900; Accra to Lagos, 300.



The badge of the Royal West African Frontier Force.

ALL soldiers in West Africa Command belong to the Royal West African Frontier Force. All wear the palm tree badge.

The regiments of the Force owe their beginnings to levies raised by the early British trading companies when attacks by hostile natives seemed imminent.

One such unit, in the middle of last century, consisted of runaway and redeemed slaves. Another was, Glover's Hausas, a famous body raised by a captain in the Royal Navy at Lagos in 1865. Glover's Hausas moved to the Gold Coast to become the Gold Coast Constabulary, which eventually became the Gold Coast Regiment. The regiments of all four territories were linked in the West African Frontier Force in the early 1900's.

In World War One, the Force's first job was to deal with the German West African Colonies. A force of 1500 men from the Gold Coast marched into Togoland, where it fired Britain's first shot of the war. It captured the whole territory by 26 August 1914.

Once West Africa was cleared, the West Africans went over to East Africa to help subdue the stronger German forces there.

Between the two world wars, the regiments went their separate ways under their Colonial governments, linked only by an Inspector-General, a colonel who had his headquarters at the Colonial Office in London.

HOW THE PALM TREE GREW

The Inspector-General visited the units once a year and was earmarked to command the Force in the event of war.

When World War Two broke out, West Africa achieved its first general headquarters, and during 1940 the regiments were brought under the Army Council. At the same time the foundations of the services were laid — West African Engineers, Signals, Army Service Corps and others.

Two brigades were sent to East Africa to fight the Italians. Then the Force was built up in Sierra Leone, when French West Africa was under Vichy control, and the African units were reinforced by a brigade from Britain. Finally, the Royal West African Frontier Force's war effort came to a climax when two divisions, the 81st and 82nd, went to Burma to fight the Japanese, and one brigade operated with the Chindits.

Today the Royal West African Frontier Force is still a united and self-contained force, designed primarily for internal security duties. It can be expanded if necessary.

In the Gambia, the Gambia Regiment consists of one company. In Sierra Leone there is the one battalion of the Sierra Leone Regiment, and 1st Coast Anti-Aircraft Regiment, West African Artillery, which mans coast and heavy anti-aircraft guns and searchlights. The Gold Coast Regiment has three battalions and includes the 2nd Light Battery, which has 3.7-inch howitzers and light anti-aircraft guns. The Nigeria Regiment comprises five battalions and a field battery (which is soon to have a troop of light anti-aircraft guns). Nigeria and the Gold Coast each have a field squadron of West African Engineers.

The hub of the Command is Accra, capital of the Gold Coast. On the outskirts of the town are the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Lashmer Whistler, late Royal Sussex, who served in both world wars. Before his present appointment he was Kaid in the Sudan.

Roughly, there is now one European officer, warrant officer or NCO to every ten Africans in the Force. Official policy is to replace the Europeans by Africans as the territories move towards self-government, and as Africans are trained to European standards.

It is necessarily a slow process, since the general standard of education in the territories is low, and also because some large and important areas have few or no facilities for educating young men to the standard necessary for officer-cadets.



He commanded the last British troops in India and was afterwards Kaid in the Sudan: Lieutenant-General Sir Lashmer Whistler, Commander-in-Chief, West Africa Command. His headquarters are at Accra, Gold Coast.

Local commanders keep in touch with secondary schools, with the object of finding potential African officers, but there is strong competition from the other government services and the professions.

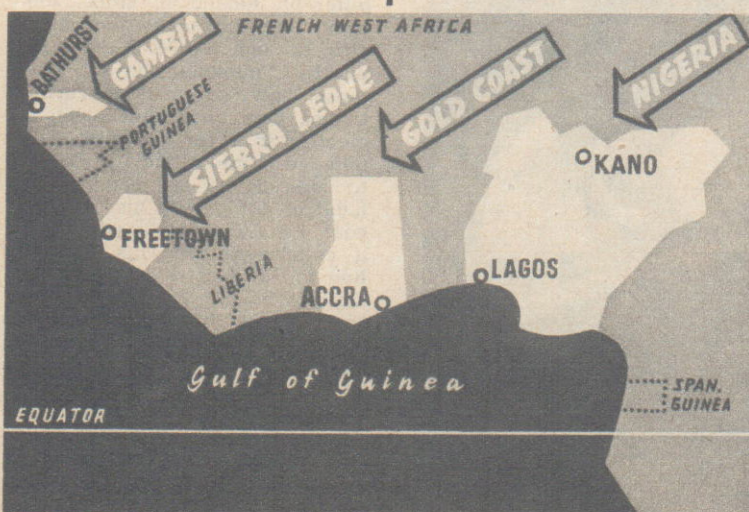
So far there are 13 West African officers, two West African cadets at Sandhurst and two more about to go to Sandhurst. Soon the Command Training Centre on the Gold Coast is to set up a wing to prepare cadets before they go to Britain.

Below commissioned rank, Africanisation is making more progress. A battalion now has a European regimental sergeant-major, company quartermaster-serjeant and some general duty serjeants. There is an African battalion sergeant-major, who is sometimes known as the African regimental sergeant-major, and all the company sergeant-majors and other NCO's are African. In the Artillery, all gun-numbers are Africans.

The quest for potential tradesmen in a mechanised army is difficult in countries where the discovery of the wheel is still comparatively recent. The Army has also to compete with a big and expanding civilian market for tradesmen.

Despite the difficulties, almost all the tradesmen in the Force are Africans. Those who show enough promise are sent, along with other NCO's, to Britain for courses.

For the European, the Royal West African Frontier Force can offer an interesting job. As a senior staff officer put it to SOLDIER: "It gives an opportunity to a man who has ideas. This is a force which still has to be developed."





A West African teacher helps to amuse the children of soldiers in the mixed school at Accra.



Left: Did you think loofahs were marine growths? This is a loofah plant at Accra Military Hospital.

A children's Sunday school party was in progress at Lagos when SOLDIER called there. The entertainment was aquatic.



SO THIS

banks, they meet regularly and "grill" a staff-captain on such matters as the time-table of the Welfare bus on shopping days. They successfully urged the building of a families wing at the local military hospital, such as Accra and Freetown already boasted (previously families used the civilian hospital) and raised £80 to provide comforts for it.

Young children seem to thrive in West Africa, an impression which is confirmed by the medical officers. They enjoy the big gardens, the beaches and such amenities as the playground instituted for their behalf by the Army Chaplain at Lagos, the Rev. H. R. Colton.

Schools are provided by the Army in the bigger stations, and in smaller stations children attend private schools, the Army paying the fees. While in West Africa, children can take scholarship examinations for English schools and entrance examinations for public or military schools. Most parents prefer to leave older children at school in Britain.

Mess life in West Africa follows much the same pattern as in other commands, but mess buildings tend to be more spacious and to have more gardens. The highlight of the culinary week is usually a curry lunch on Saturday or Sunday; a West African curry, with 20 or more side-dishes, is an event to be noted in any gourmet's diary.

Social life for the adults is much what they make it. Entertainment is helped out by the Army Cinema Corporation which has one static cinema in Accra, another building in Kaduna, and two mobile cinemas, one each in Accra and Lagos. Other stations depend for their film shows on projectors worked by African unit operators. It takes a film six months to go round the Command from its first showing in Accra.

In one respect — thanks to the air link with Britain — West Africa seems very near home. Mail travels out in the lordly four-engined Hermes of British Overseas Airways. In Accra, you may read yesterday's London paper with your evening beer.

New arrivals in West Africa soon learn to keep anything pilferable locked up, since "teef-men" are common, but many officers and NCO's have trustworthy "personal boys." Even those, however, may do curious things. One boy, after using an electric iron for the first time, plunged it into a bucket of water to cool, as he had been in the habit of doing with his old charcoal iron. A chaplain who broke a collar-stud sent his personal boy to the quarter of another officer to borrow a substitute, and then forgot about the matter. Three or four weeks later, the chaplain's boy began worrying him to buy a new stud, and eventually explained that he had been paying rent of a penny a week to the personal boy of the officer from whom the stud had been borrowed.

WAS THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE (Continued)



Polo before breakfast at Accra. Teams in Nigeria compete for a giant cup presented by Kaiser Wilhelm in 1914.

DON'T SHOOT THE VULTURE — it's on the Strength

ANY soldier who works where food is issued in West Africa soon becomes used to seeing vultures waddling tamely around the stores.

The birds are official, as well as natural, scavengers and are protected by law.

One vulture, easily recognised because it has lost a foot, is known to have spent the last nine years at the Central Supply Depot at Kaduna, in Nigeria. Men in the Command Ammunition Centre at Takoradi, on the Gold Coast, maintain friendly relations with a tribe of monkeys in the surrounding woods.

CATS are on the establishment of the West African Army Ordnance Depot at Accra to scare away not only rats but lizards, which are also partial to a meal of Ordnance stores. In the Command Ordnance Depot at Lagos, bales of clothes are sprayed weekly with DDT, to combat white ants and "woolly bear."

THE wooden parts of vehicle bodies rot away in the damp sunshine and the rain. So Army workshops in West Africa replace them with mahogany — second-grade mahogany, it is true, but still mahogany which would be considered too expensive for the job in England. It is cheap in West Africa. A soldier may have his kit crated in mahogany for the journey home; the crates can then be turned into shelves or furniture for his next married quarters.

MAJOR H. Y. Wakeling, who commands 88 (Nigeria) General Transport Company, West African Army Service Corps, claims he has the most widely-distributed general transport company in the world. It covers the whole of Nigeria (roughly four times the size of the United Kingdom) and has two detachments. "I spend most of my time in aeroplanes visiting the detachments," Major Wakeling told SOLDIER. On long convoys, vehicle engines become so hot that the coils on certain trucks refuse to work. The Company's solution is to take them out of

the engines and mount them on the front bumpers, to cool in the breeze.

IN Lagos, the Nigeria Signal Squadron has periodically to clear its wireless transmitters of lizards' eggs, frogs and land-crabs. Sometimes the intruders short-circuit the apparatus.

WHEN the rains come in Nigeria, the West African Engineers prepare for "aid to the civil power." Some of the laterite roads become impassable; the Sappers make them passable at least for special convoys. Bridges are swept away, so the Sappers step in with Bailey bridges, saving road transport detours of perhaps hundreds of miles.

THE Accra Plain, says an officer of the Gold Coast Regiment's No. 2 (Light) Battery, West

African Artillery, is as near to Larkhill as anywhere he knows — and it's just as difficult to find one's way about. When the Battery's light anti-aircraft troop grows tired of shooting down balloons and kites (no target sleeves are available) it practises aiming at passing birds.

AFTER World War Two, a number of old tanks were planted as trophies in various camps. No. 3 (Nigeria) Station Workshops, West African Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, had an old Stewart tank, suitably painted and surrounded by whitened stones. A few months ago the tank was ordered to be cut up for scrap, but the workshops commander obtained a reprieve for it; there was nothing else heavy enough or strong enough to provide the resistance needed by his Porto-Power, a gadget for removing dents from sheet metal, which exerts up to 20 tons pressure.

SAPPERS maintaining "swish" (mud-brick) houses on the Gold

Coast sometimes have to cope with termites' nests in the walls. This may mean digging out large portions of the wall to find the queen termite, and then rebuilding the wall.

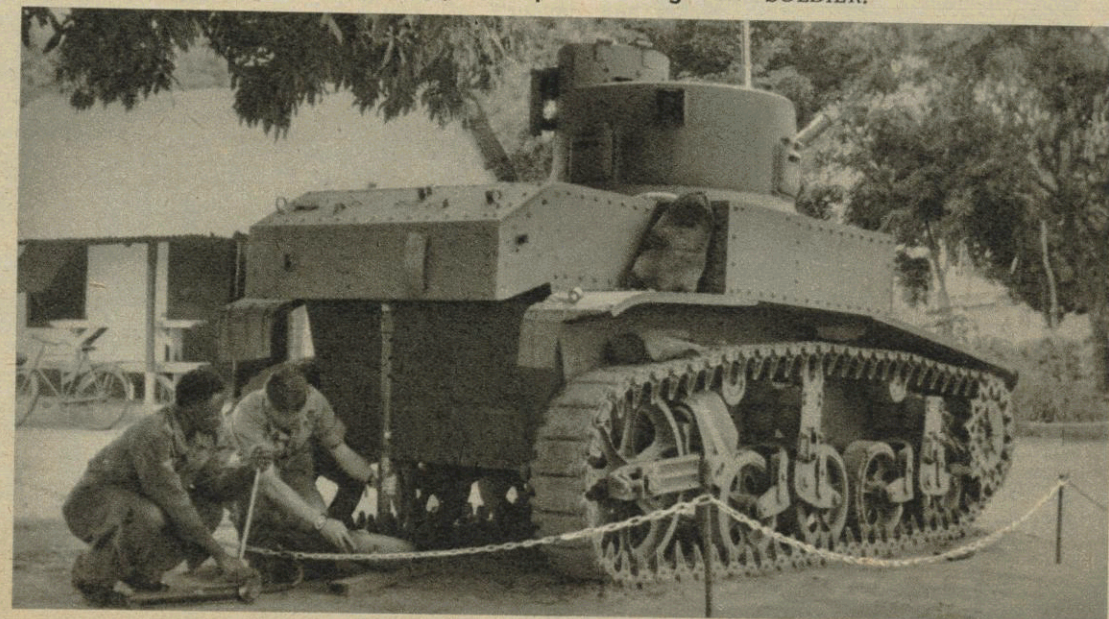
THE Royal West African Frontier Force recently had an unusual invitation — to hold exercises in an area of Northern Nigeria and to make as much disturbance and as many bangs as possible.

The reason was the tsetse fly, killer of horses and cattle, which denies a broad belt of grassland to Nigeria's cattle-farmers and horse-breeders. In that belt, the tsetse fly preys on wild game.

Now the wild game is migrating northward into cattle country, in search of new pastures, and taking the tsetse fly with it. A military exercise across its path, it was thought, might frighten the game back to its old pastures and so stop the tsetse fly menace from spreading.

The invitation had to be refused; the exercise would have been too expensive.

★ This WEST AFRICA REPORT will be continued in next month's SOLDIER.



This old tank in the station workshops at Kaduna, Nigeria, is useful as well as ornamental. It is the only thing you can press hard against!



Aren't women the end? They even make scenes when a man's on sentry-go outside St. James's (George Cole and Peggy Cummins).

THE GUARDSMAN AND THE GIRL

A Guards sentry knows what to do when one giggling girl says to another: "Course he can't speak, Doris — 'e 'aint 'uman!"

He ignores them. Or he starts to march up and down.

But what does he do when a discarded girl friend turns up and starts reproaching him as he stands on duty outside St. James's Palace? It's no good marching up and down. The girl does that too, crying "Arthur! Arthur!" after him. Then she "faints" in his path.

This piquant situation is followed through most divertingly in a British film "Who Goes There?" It is a film which is both funny and well-bred, so that the Guards emerge honourably with not an inch of their stature diminished. But one of the Guards traditions is to "steal"

any film in which they appear, comedy or otherwise.

Well, Arthur the Guardsman scoops up his little Irish girl and (leaving his rifle, alas, unattended) carries her through a conveniently unlocked door into the house of the Assistant Gold Stick, who lives in the Palace by "grace and favour" of

the Sovereign. Then, in a fearful lather, he dashes back to his beat — and his rifle.

Alas, the Assistant Gold Stick's son, who is rather a bad stick, is the first to find the girl. He is the sort of man who, when innocently asked, "Perhaps you haven't found the right girl yet?" answers, "Of course I have. Dozens of times." You might think the little Irish girl was in acute danger, but you don't know this little Irish girl. She means to win back her Arthur, and she pulls some pretty strings.

There are many deft touches. When Arthur is carrying his burden into the house a radio news bulletin is in progress and the announcer mentions Her Majesty the Queen. Burdened and compromised as he is, the Guardsman stiffens momentarily to attention. It later turns out that he once went to a holiday camp but found the discipline too strict; he was glad to get back to Wellington Barracks. There is another effective moment when a lady rings up her adoring Guards major and asks him whether he has a Guardsman called Arthur something in his company.

At one stage the harassed Guardsman is put under close arrest. He escapes by lifting a window and climbing out. The Coldstream ought to tighten their security measures!

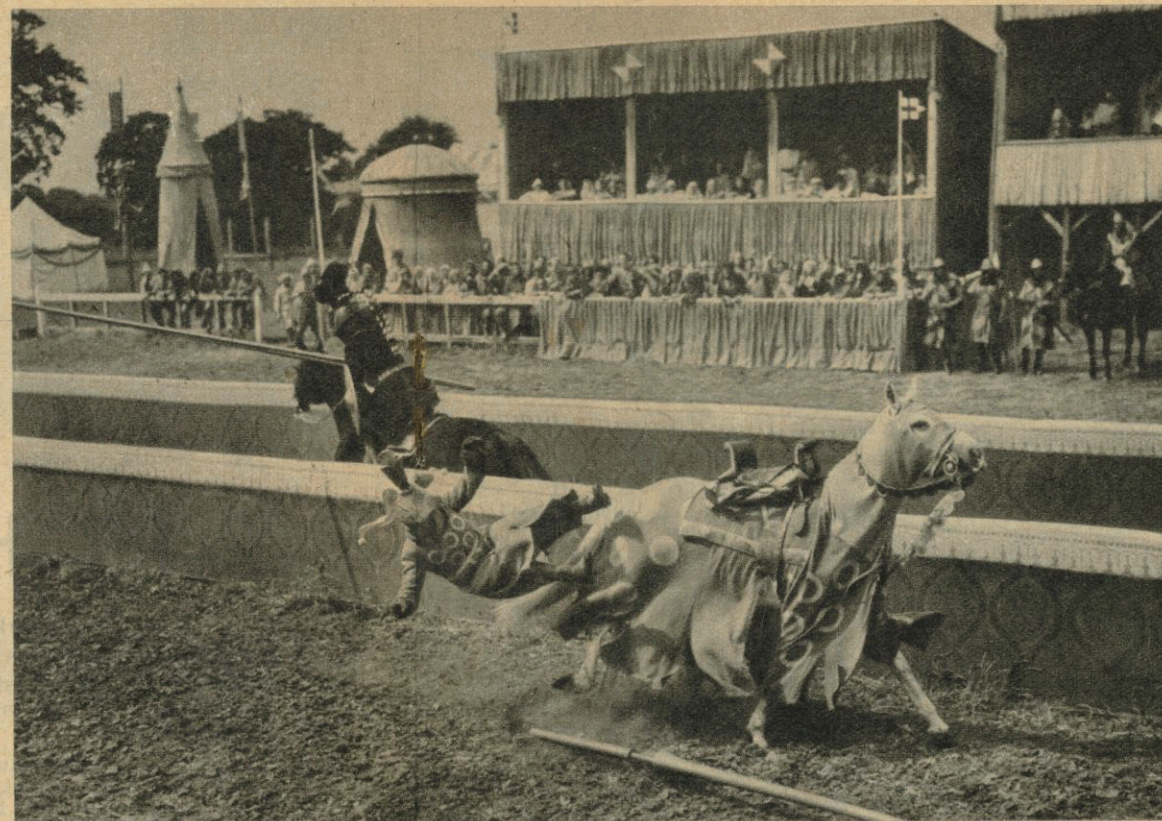
To those unfamiliar with the Guards, the film shows how very expressive a conversation may be conducted by merely repeating the word "Sir" with suitable inflections. It also shows how the Guards hold their bearskins when they take them off in polite society (they do not suspend them by the straps, like shopping bags, as some may suppose).

George Cole is excellent as the agonised Guardsman and Peggy Cummins is the scheming essence of all little Irish girls. The philanderer is played by Nigel Patrick, who has a smooth and lovely sister in Valerie Hobson. Her Guards major is Anthony Bushell. He is allowed a wink on parade — but Arthur the Guardsman is not.

Peggy Cummins gazes reverently up at CSM T. S. Blake, Coldstream Guards, who gave technical advice in "Who Goes There?" and played a minor part.



Right: "Permission to speak, sir?" Guardsman Crisp is about to launch out on an improbable story.



In the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouche: the Black Knight unseats another arrogant Norman. Below: Having crossed the castle moat, the Saxons erect scaling ladders — one of which is being toppled backwards.



BONK! Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert is finally felled by Ivanhoe's axe. The duel started on horseback.

MINE'S A MACE—WHAT'S YOURS?

NOT for years has there been such a delightful ding-dong on the screen as the storming of Front de Boeuf's castle in the new colour version of "Ivanhoe."

The fact that everyone knows how the fight will finish, that simple faith (plus bows and arrows) will prevail over Norman blood, does not lessen the enjoyment for one moment.

Even to modern arms, a Norman fortress of this type might prove a bit of a Cassino. Mr. Pandro S. Berman's Saxons do a very creditable job with the aid of strips of prefabricated "corduroy" bridging (joined together in the middle of the moat), scaling ladders and a large tree trunk; and, of course, arrows — thousands of them, whizzing in coveys, like flights of swifts. The Norman crossbowmen on the ramparts do their best, but their weapons seem like catapults against the long bow. Odd to think that in 1139 the Lateran Council decided that the crossbow was too murderous a weapon for one Christian to use against another.

Many will find the Tournament scenes not less exciting than the storming of the castle. Being propelled from the saddle of one's galloping horse at the end of a pole and crashing to the dust with one's head enclosed in a double layer of metal is not everybody's idea of a field sport; but the Norman knights ride into the fray against the black challenger with all the insouciance of Army colonels cantering out for a chukker of polo. Indeed, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert closely resembles at least two brigadiers of SOLDIER's acquaintance.

The climax of the film is the

duel to the death between Ivanhoe and de Bois Guilbert — with a squad of royal crossbowmen ready to avenge a foul. De Bois Guilbert elects for close combat and chooses a spiky iron ball on the end of a chain (a weapon to which the Lateran Council apparently had no sentimental objections). His adversary selects the next best thing, a long-handled chopper. The clash of metal is terrific, rather like the emptying of ashbins outside a hotel window at 4 a.m. And just as the fatal blow is struck, up rides King Richard, spotless out of his dungeon in Austria, followed by a magnificent train of horsemen flying Red Cross colours. Throughout, the gaily caparisoned horses and horsemen are a glory and a delight.

Robert Taylor (a handy man with a dagger) is all that Commando or maid could wish in the part of Ivanhoe. As Rowena, Joan Fontaine wins him, but Elizabeth Taylor as Rebecca (who loses him) is consoled by a higher place in the billing. George Sanders is excellent as Brigadier Sir Brian.

What the Laird of Abbotsford would have thought of this screen-play based on an adaptation of his novel is anybody's guess; he would probably have revelled in it.

PART 2 JOHN GROVE

concludes his story of the invasion route through North-West Europe, as seen eight years afterwards. This article tells how Holland and Germany have healed their scars

1952 Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski

OF the many plaques which commemorate brave deeds in World War Two, few stir the imagination more than the one which stands on the bridge across the fast-flowing Waal at Nijmegen, in Holland.

This scarred bridge was described by Hitler as the "gateway to the Fatherland." He ordered his troops to defend it to the last man. In the final extremity it should have been blown up — but it was not. The reason why was not known until long afterwards.

As the first British tanks approached the bridge a Dutch boy ran the gauntlet of German fire from both sides of the river and from snipers perched in the bridge girders, to sever the demolition wires. Unscathed, he dashed to the leading British tank and told the crew what he had done. While riding on this tank across the bridge, proud and exulting, he was shot dead by a sniper.

This lad was 19-year-old Jan van Hoof, in whose memory the concrete plaque has been erected in the centre of the bridge.

Of all the seriously damaged countries in North-West Europe Holland has made the most remarkable recovery. The broken dykes have nearly all been repaired and the flooded land, for the second time in Holland's

history, has been reclaimed from the sea. Where in 1944 there were vast lakes of water and treacherous islands of churned-up mud, new villages and farmsteads have risen. At Walcheren, where the dyke was blasted by Allied bombers to flood the German-held island, scores of concrete caissons from Mulberry Harbour and miles of torpedo netting were used in its repair.

Only in the bigger cities like Nijmegen, Arnhem and Eindhoven, where the devastation was greatest, are there still ruined buildings or ugly gaps. This year Holland plans to build 50,000 houses and thus complete her post-war re-housing project. Hundreds of miles of new roads have been laid and today Holland claims she has the best highways in Europe.

Only a few of the British Army's Bailey bridges still span the intricate network of canals and rivers. At Maastricht, in southern Holland, the St. Servatius Bridge across the River Meuse, which was blown up by the retreating Germans, has been replaced by a bigger and better bridge — six feet wider and several score feet longer.

While the Dutch have swept

away the signs of war they have also done much to honour the liberators. Most of the graves of the 40,000 Allied Servicemen who are buried in Holland were adopted at the end of the war by individuals or families. They not only keep the graves fresh with flowers but write to the families of the men.

Arnhem, of illustrious memory, was a popular riverside resort

THE ROAD FROM PORT WINSTON



Uelzen, Germany, 1945: a Bren gunner crouches in the shelter of a war memorial of the 1870-71 Franco-German war, while buildings go up in flame.



Uelzen, 1952: The memorial remains, but the background is new. There seem to be still a few lumps of rubble ...

before the war. Now it has become a pilgrim city, visited each year not only by thousands of British and American tourists but also by Dutchmen from the length and breadth of Holland. There are two Airborne war memorials, one at Arnhem and the other at the nearby village of Oosterbeek.

The Dutch are normally a phlegmatic people but the inhabi-

tants of Arnhem have an admiration for the British soldier which is almost embarrassing. "The bravery of your airborne boys was unbelievable," Wilhelm Arbols, who lived in Arnhem throughout the war, told SOLDIER. "They suffered terribly but were always cheerful and kind. To us, after long years of German occupation, those young men were like gods. We will never forget them." Sentiments like these will probably outlive all the war memorials put up to the memory of brave men.

Nijmegen suffered heavily from air-raids and saw bitter hand-to-hand fighting in the streets. Half the buildings in the city were destroyed and it will be another ten years before rebuilding is complete. The inhabitants are proud of their feat in restoring two of their oldest churches and their town hall.

When the war left Holland volunteers cleared up the ruined sites and with their bare hands sorted through the heaps of rubble for the original bricks and stone-

work, to use in the new buildings. One of the war relics left in Nijmegen is a rusty German anti-tank gun — the last to be knocked out in the assault on the bridge—which now stands among the shrubs and flowers of Kronenburger Park overlooking the river.

Ten minutes car ride from Nijmegen lies the German border south of the Rhine. In this area, eight years ago, one of the greatest artillery barrages in the history of war was laid down in support of the British and Canadian armies thrusting into Germany. For five hours the German Army in front of the Rhine was pulverised by rockets, ack-ack guns, tanks, Bofors, mortars and medium machine-guns. Even so the Germans, fighting at last on their own soil, contested every yard. What was not destroyed by the terrific bombardment was later smashed by air-raids and savage street fighting.

Time seems to have stood still in this part of Germany. A graveyard silence reigns. Scores of villages are still heaps of ruins and will probably never be rebuilt. Their inhabitants, evacuated in the face of the Allied advance, have set up new homes in the towns and cities east of the Rhine.

In some of the bigger towns like Kranenburg, Cleve and Goch a few houses and shops have been built but they only emphasise the surrounding devastation.

In the nearby Reichswald Forest, where some of the heaviest fighting of World War Two took place, the war is still claiming its victims. Teams of German volunteers continue to search for the thousands of hidden mines which were never mapped by the Germans, and the ghostly silence is occasionally shattered by an explosion which takes with it another life. Rhine Army soldiers who use the forest for training are forbidden to use suspected areas.

OVER



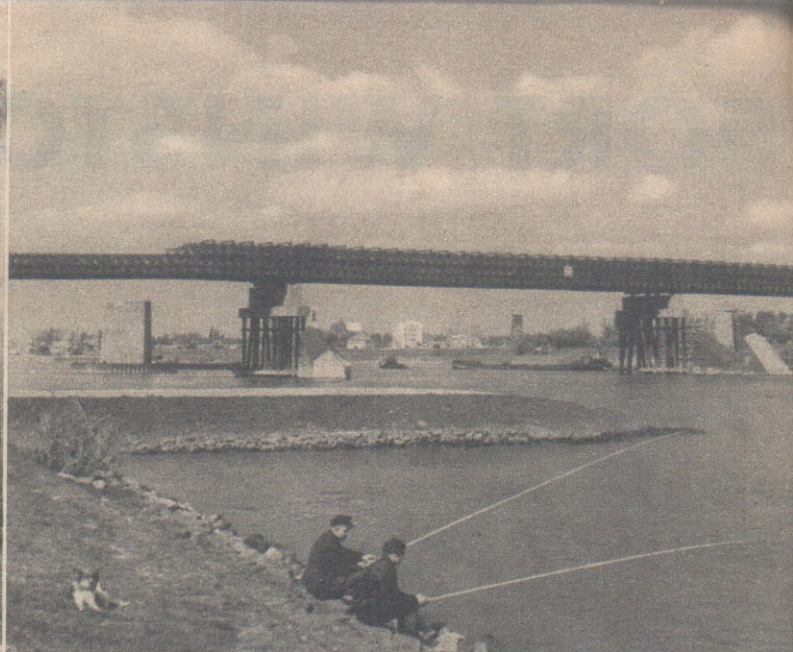
Left: The Guards Armoured Division rumbles across the bridge over the Waal at Nijmegen, in 1944. The body of a German sniper lies in the foreground.

Right: The bridge now carries a plaque in honour of the gallant Dutch lad whose intervention secured the crossing intact for the Allies. Note the hand clutching a severed cable.





1945: Men of the Cheshire Regiment who crossed the Rhine at Wesel in support of 1st Commando Brigade are seen disembarked from Buffaloes on the east bank.



1952: The giant Bailey bridge which today spans the Rhine at Wesel — it is 720 yards long. Some collapsed girders of the former bridge have been removed.

THE ROAD FROM PORT WINSTON (Continued)

Wesel, on the east bank of the Rhine, where one of the three assault crossings was made, is still deserted by half its population. Here, towering above the ruins of the old bridge which lies rusting in the water, stands "Montgomery Bridge," one of the largest and strongest Baileys ever built. It stretches for 720 yards across the Rhine and bears on a copper plaque the inscription: "Built October 1945 — January 1946 by 12 Corps Troops, RE." Without Montgomery Bridge, which carries thousands of vehicles daily, communications to and from the city would have been so restricted that most of the factories would have been forced to close.

After the crossing of the Rhine the German Army offered little resistance to the Allied drive across western Germany, over the River Weser and up through Bremen and Hamburg to the shores of the Baltic Sea. But the story of that swift advance can easily be read in the succession

of road and river bridges hastily destroyed by the retreating Germans.

The large cities like Hamburg, Bremen, Osnabruck and Munster still bear the gaping wounds of heavy air-raids and some evidence of the final assault by ground troops. But the returning soldier today would be astonished by the amount of rebuilding which has taken place, and the air of apparent luxury reflected by the sight of well-stocked shop windows and sleek American motor-cars. He would find it difficult to recognise Hamburg as the shattered city he knew in 1945. Almost all the ruins — apart from the dock area which may take 25 years to rebuild — have been swept away, leaving open spaces which have been turned into car parks and playgrounds. Millions of recovered bricks have been used to build houses and flats, shops and cinemas, and most of the unusable wreckage has gone to build up the foreshores of the famous Alster Lakes.

The docks, in spite of the damage, are working almost to capacity again and the shipyards both in Hamburg and Bremen are busy day and night. In 1950 Western Germany was allowed to build her own ships once again; today she ranks fourth among the world's ship-building powers.

Western Germany's recovery, largely with the help of Marshall Aid dollars, has been astonishing. There has been no food rationing since 1949 and unemployment is on the wane, although a million are still without work in the three western zones. The black market has gone and the tobacconists' shops are well-stocked with all the best cigarettes and cigars at prices slightly below those in Britain. Seven years ago, an English cigarette was worth three shillings...

The Rhine Army soldier of 1945 — with memories of the vast prisoner-of-war camps and the great vehicle dumps which choked the autobahns, the constant guarding of military installations

railway stations, docks, coal dumps and supply depots, the dismantling and destruction by Sappers of war factories and fortifications — would find the life of the soldier in Germany scarcely credible today.

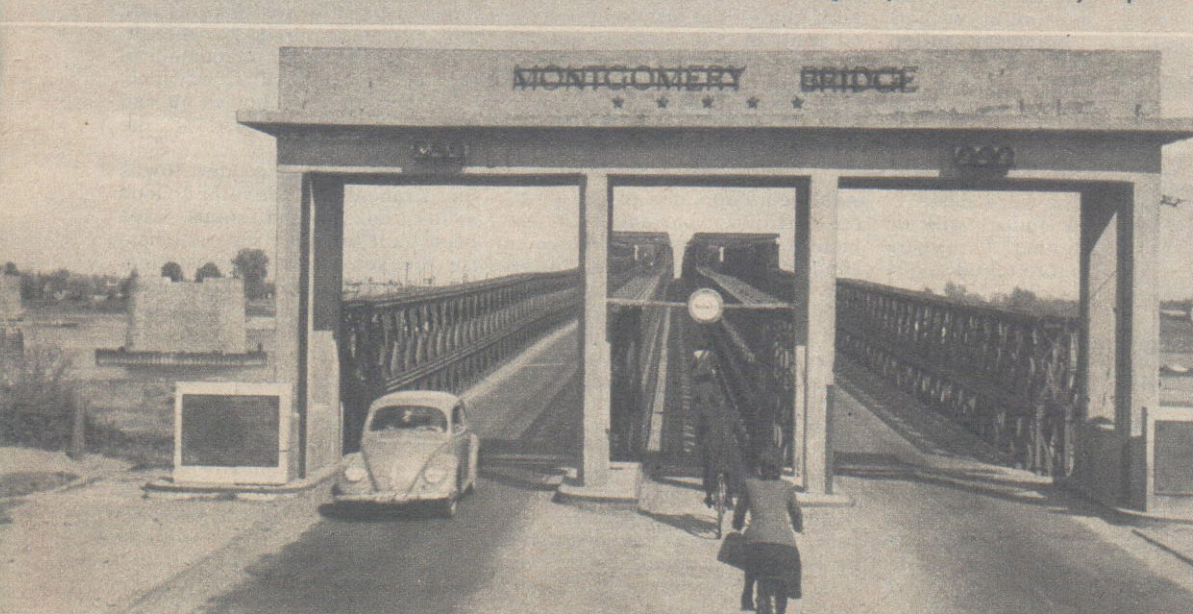
Did he really have to take his rifle with him when he went to the cinema or the garrison theatre? Did he and his mates, for safety's sake, go out at night in pairs? Were there really armed guards on rations trucks, inside the field cashier's office and outside the NAAFI? Seeing the soldier of today mixing freely with the German population, attending their theatres, cinemas and football matches, accepting invitations to their homes and taking part in political discussions with them, he could not be blamed for wondering if he had dreamed it all.

Rhine Army has ceased to be a police force on guard against possible danger from within the zone. As the country has struggled its way back to normality more and more control has been handed back to the Germans and today Rhine Army is able to devote its energies almost exclusively to training. Many of the former prisoner-of-war camps are now practice ranges or training areas and the soldier spends most of his time in the field, learning the art of war over the ground where an older generation of British soldiers fought in bitter earnest.

It is a remarkable tribute to the British Army that in a recent public opinion poll conducted throughout Western Germany and Berlin to measure the popularity of the Allied occupation forces, the British soldier, individually and collectively, easily came out on top.

Forty-eight percent of those questioned praised him for his good conduct since 1945 and only 19 percent found fault or were disappointed. The remaining 33 percent had nothing to say. Many said they had been impressed by the extraordinary kindness and consideration shown by the majority of British soldiers to young children and old people.

A five-star bridge: Montgomery Bridge at Wesel. It has two carriageways and a central cycle path.





On Luneburg Heath this simple monument records how the German High Command "surrendered unconditionally to Field-Marshal Montgomery all land, sea and air forces in North-West Germany, Denmark and Holland."



The latest of the monuments: it was unveiled this year at Flushing in honour of No. 4 Commando and the town's own fallen. Right: The boar at rest. It marks the end of the Club Route — the route of 30 Corps.

1945: The Rathausmarkt (Town Square) in Hamburg on the day that British troops entered the city in May 1945.



1952: The new Rathausmarkt—symbolic of the new Hamburg. The traffic light winks again and the rubble has been cleared.



THE historic silver kettle drums of the 3rd King's Own Hussars have been seen on parade this year in Rhine Army (see cover of this issue).

The last time they appeared in public was at the Tidworth Tattoo in 1939 when they were carried by "Mary," a grey mare boasting service with the Regiment in Egypt, India and England. On the outbreak of World War Two, when the 3rd Hussars lost their horses, "Mary" was retired and the drums went into store.

SILVER DRUMS, SILVER COLLAR

This year the drums were carried on parade by "Gauntlet," a bay. By tradition the drum horse of the Regiment is a grey but no suitable successor of that colour could be found.

In the 3rd Hussars regimental honours are inscribed on the kettle drums. Traditionally, they are never covered on parade.

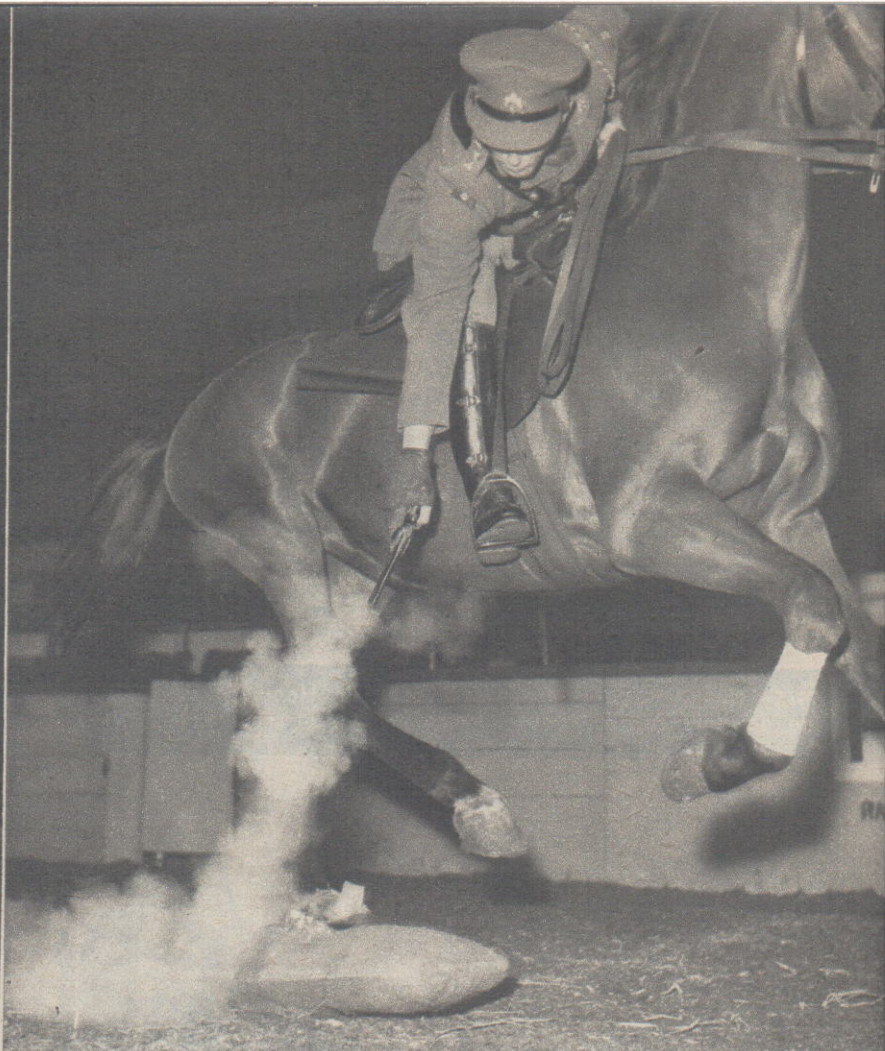
The original drums were cap-

tured by the Regiment (then the King's Own Dragoons) from the French at the Battle of Dettingen in 1743. They were destroyed by fire but were replaced by exact replicas which are in use today.

To commemorate the Regiment's gallantry at Dettingen, King George the Second permitted them to have a kettle

drummer and a horse in excess of establishment. That royal decree is still in force.

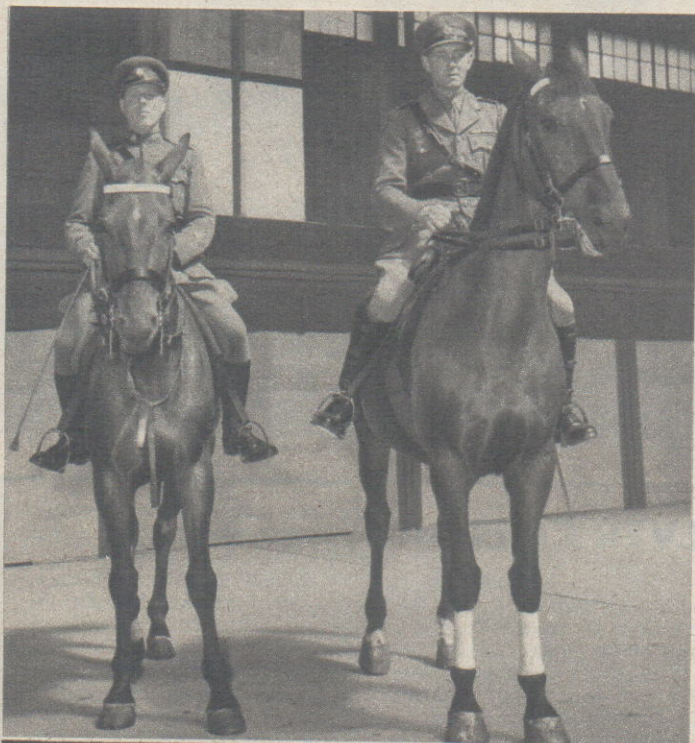
On SOLDIER's cover "Gauntlet" is mounted by Drum-Sergeant Brian Edwards, whose ceremonial uniform includes a three-inch high silver collar, hinged and fastened at the back. This was presented to the Regiment in 1772 by Lady Southampton, whose husband was then the commanding officer. — From a report by Capt. I. G. W. Grant, Public Relations, BAOR.



Left: Target is a seven-inch disc. Each rider must pierce it as he rides by with the dummy on the right, then repeat the feat with a dummy on his left. Right: Two of the three revolver targets must be hit while the horse is jumping. The revolver must be holstered afterwards. (Photographs: W. STIRLING and F. TOMPSETT)

SPORT

Sword, Lance and Revolver



First and second places in the revived Sword, Lance and Revolver championship at the Royal Tournament were won by riders from the RASC Horse Transport Training Company: Captain G. G. R. Boon and RSM W. Jenkins.

FOR the first time since 1939, the Sword, Lance and Revolver Championship was held at the Royal Tournament this year.

And for the first time since this all-ranks championship was instituted in 1924 (when it was won by Captain R. L. McCreery MC — now General Sir Richard McCreery), the cup went to a rider from a non-Cavalry regiment. He becomes Mounted Champion-at-Arms.

Both first and second places were secured by the Royal Army Service Corps Horse Transport Training Company. Captain G. G. R. Boon, winner of the King's Cup for jumping in 1948, won the Challenge Cup on "Progress" with 97 points, RSM W. Jenkins on "Bamboo" was second with 89 points and Serjeant E. Scattergood, Corps of Royal Military Police, on "May," was third with 83 points.

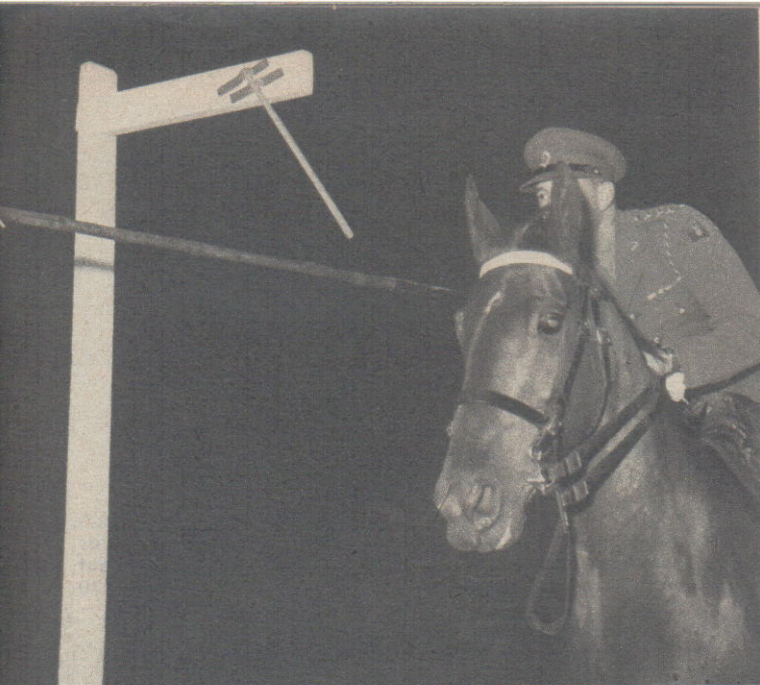
The Sword, Lance and Revolver Competition, which calls for a blending of many skills and the keenest judgment, took the place of such old Tournament institutions as Cleaving the Turk's Head, Lemon Cutting, Tent Pegging, Sword versus Lance, Lance versus Lance, Lance versus Bayonet and others. Lance versus Sword, the last of these, was discontinued in 1920. Separate Sword, Lance and Revolver competitions were run for officers and men from 1914 to

1924 (war years excepted); then the event became an open one.

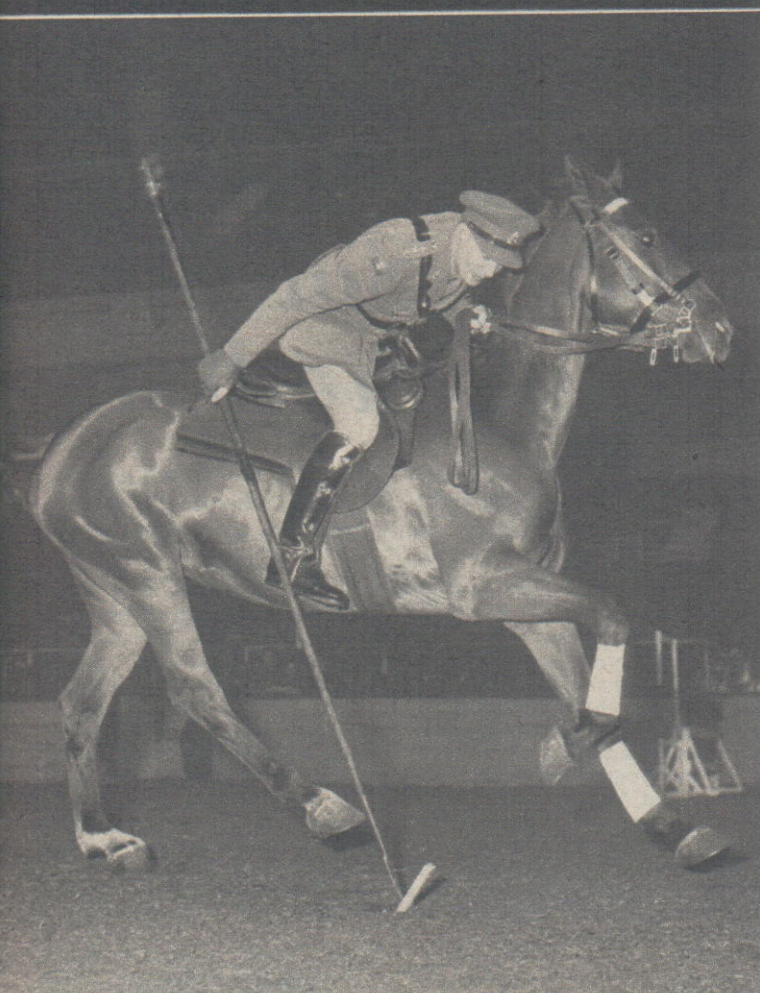
For this contest the riders have 45 seconds in which to complete the course. They jump two fences and thrust with swords at two seven-inch discs mounted on dummies; jump two more fences and fire at three targets with a revolver; and finally tilt with a lance at two three-inch rings, mounted on gallows, and at a tent peg driven into the ground. After the second sword thrust, the sword is left in the dummy, but the revolver must be restored to its holster.

Points are awarded for style, horsemanship and accuracy; they are deducted for every second over the 45 taken to finish the course.

If a competitor drops his revolver his run is finished, and he earns only the points awarded for that part of the course completed. **W. H. PEARSON**



A three-inch ring mounted on a gallows is picked off by the rider's levelled lance. Below: a tent peg is neatly transfixed.

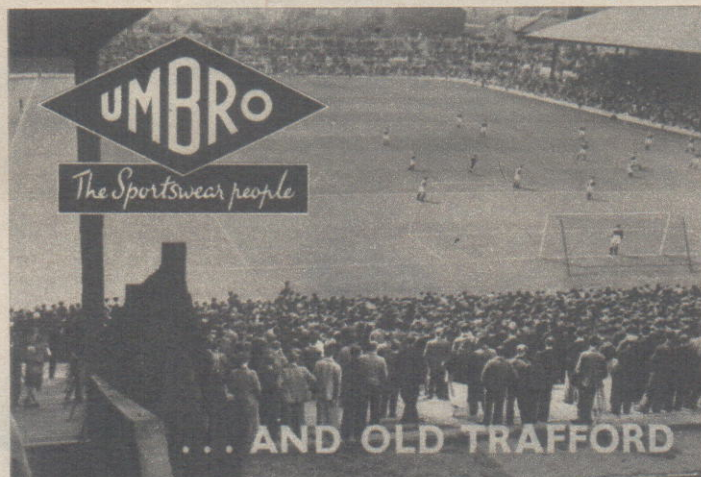


CHAMPION

Sgt. R. J. G. Anderson, Royal Marines, this year broke Royal Tournament records by winning the challenge cups for épée, foil and sabre, the Master-at-Arms Shield and the Queen's Certificate. He was dismounted Champion-at-Arms in 1949, 1950 and 1951.



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Champion shot of Rhine Army, Corporal J. S. Bailes, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who scored 224 out of 240. Below: In the .22 roulette gallery, the problem was to fire five rounds into the black segment of a revolving wheel. Only one man scored a "possible." He scooped a handsome money pool.



The Rifle Brigade team looses off in the Sten gun match. Winners were the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Below: Corporal K. Davis, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, made the best individual score in one practice, 117 out of 120.



Young Soldiers Show The Way

AN outstanding feat was achieved by the young soldiers' rifle team of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, competing at Rhine Army's small arms meeting at Sennelager this summer.

The team scored 637 points out of a possible 720 — 109 points better than last year's winning total, and far higher than the winning scores of the warrant officers and corporals.

In the Duke of Wellington's young soldiers' team was Corporal J. S. Bailes, whose aggregate of 224 out of a possible 240 made him Rhine Army's champion rifle shot for 1952 and also gained him the young soldiers' championship. His score was the highest yet recorded for either event. A team mate, Private A. Hemingway, was runner-up in the young soldiers' championship with 215 points, a score which would have won the title last year by five points.

In every event except one (the Sten gun team match) there were higher scores than in the previous history of Rhine Army's "Bisley."

The meeting attracted entries from almost every unit of battalion strength in Rhine Army (including teams in Berlin), from the Canadian 27th Infantry Brigade, and the Belgian, Danish and Norwegian forces in Germany.

The Rifle Brigade's 1st Battalion carried off the Rhine Army Shield as champion team with a record score of 3468 points out of a possible 4432. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment were second with 3374 points. Three team events were won by the Rifle Brigade, two by the Duke of Wellington's.

The best individual shooting performance in one practice was by a Duke of Wellington's soldier — Corporal K. Davis. He won the "corporals and below" championship for Regulars.

Not all the shoots were official: there were sideshows at which competitors could win useful prizes — cigarettes, beer and money.



Warrant Officer Class I A. J. Bishop, of the Military Provost Staff Corps became champion pistol shot of Rhine Army.

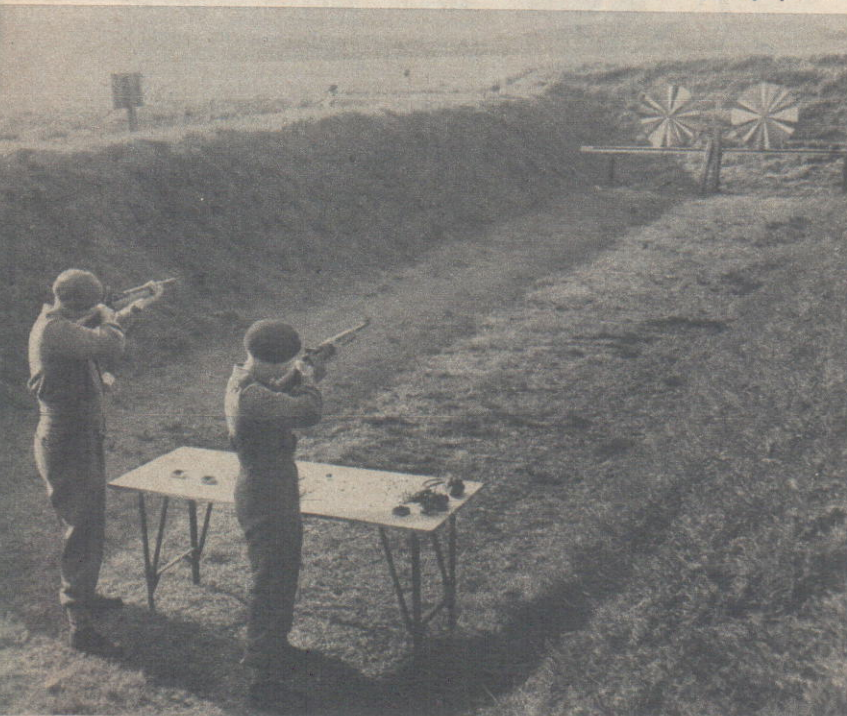




Photo by courtesy of Planet News Ltd.

GUS RISMAN looking deservedly proud of "THE CUP" won by his team at Wembley.

GUS RISMAN

Player-Manager of the Workington Rugby Team that won the Rugby League Cup at Wembley, when asked how their Bukta Jerseys and Shorts stood up to this epic struggle, said:—

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Known throughout the British Army as "The Voice," R.S.M. Brand, late of the Grenadier Guards and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, has used and recommended Kiwi for twenty-five years. Here is his 7 point method for getting a parade ground polish on a boot.

- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."

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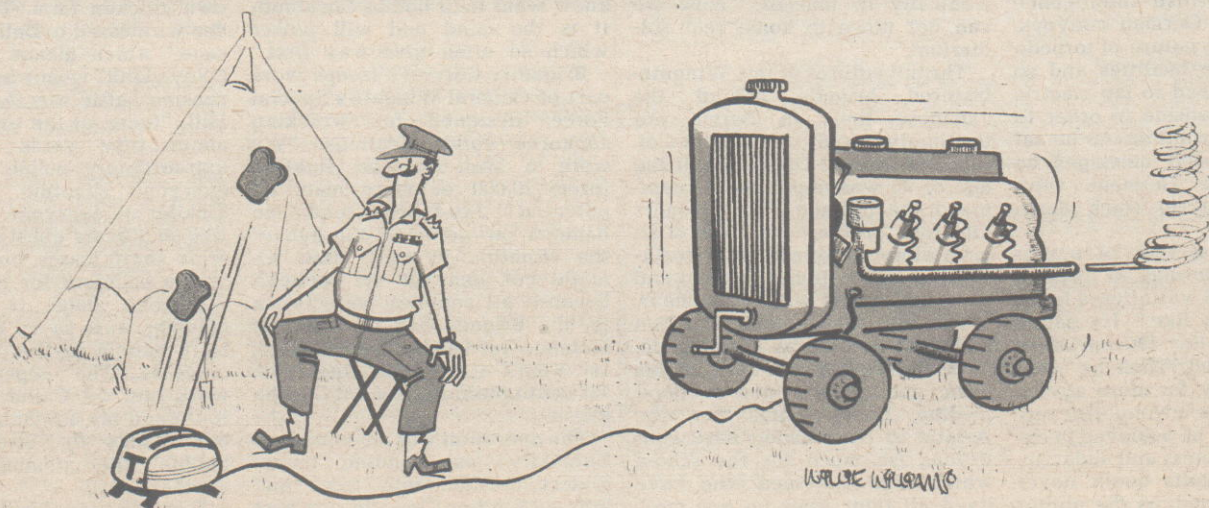
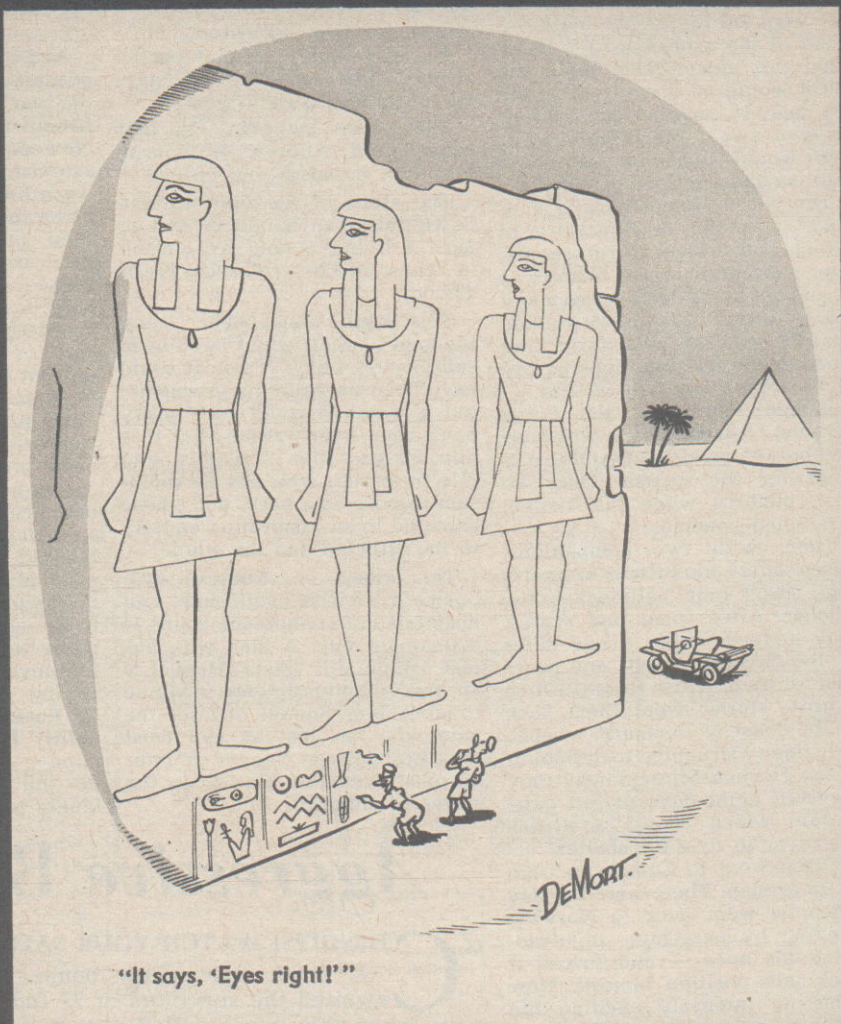
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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS



"Next time they ask for volunteers to scour china you'll know it's not an MI 5 job."

SOLDIER humour



An Agent Who Earned His Two Eggs

IT was an old country house with high walls around. All who visited it were sworn to secrecy.

The "guests" — men and women — were a cosmopolitan lot. They talked and laughed, but they did not ask each other personal questions.

Every now and then, at meal times, one of the guests found two eggs on his or her plate, instead of the usual one. All knew what this meant. That night the guest would be driven out to the big, heavily guarded airfield half an hour away, and in an hour or two would jump by parachute into occupied Europe.

The house "somewhere in England" was the headquarters of British and Allied secret agents. One man who passed through it — and not to his death, as so many did — was a young Norwegian, Oluf Reed Olsen, whose thrilling story is told in "Two Eggs on My Plate" (Allen and Unwin, 15s).

Immediately after the Nazis invaded Norway, Olsen was busy photographing airfields and equipment for the British. Once he took pictures while the airfield was being bombed.

Then, with two companions, Olsen sailed for Britain in an 18-foot, smack-built half-decker, the *Haabet*. After some bad scares, they arrived within a few miles of the Scottish coast, and were spotted by a British aircraft; then a great storm swept them back to the coast of Denmark, whence they finally struggled to the mouth of the Thames. Miraculously they survived eight days of full gale, a gale which forced a British destroyer to turn for shelter.

Olsen went to Canada to train as an airman. Then came the day when he went back to Norway. Landing by parachute, he dislocated his knee — and forced it back into position himself. Now came an intensely exciting life amid the pine hills of Norway, with ambushes and shooting affairs and Buchanesque chases across moorlands. Olsen's job was to report to British Intelligence the sailings of German convoys, to check on the nature of torpedo nets, submarine facilities and so on. At first he had to tap electric wires at the roadside in order to operate his transmitter. As he sat sending his coded messages he knew that the Germans were listening, trying to track down the broadcasts.

After his first tour of operations Olsen returned to Britain, via Sweden, and was offered leave "anywhere you like." He sailed to Canada in the *Queen Mary* and was married. Then he went back to Norway for more adventure. His book is a wonderful record of what can be achieved in extremity by coolness and audacity. Many of his bluffs ought never to have succeeded, as the author himself would no doubt admit.

SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

His Battle Began After Arnheim...

TO mark the end of his boy's service with the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Andrew Milbourne asked his NCO for a light — "an act which, the day before, would have cost him seven days freedom." It was the traditional ritual.

World War Two had just begun. Young Andrew Milbourne went through the usual mill of soldiering. He earned a corporal's stripes, then — for personal reasons — "packed them in" and volunteered for the Parachute Regiment. To his surprise, he was accepted.

He was happy as one of the Army's elite. And he was engaged to an ATS girl.

Then came Arnheim. On that bitter field Andrew Milbourne lost both forearms and an eye.

The story of his fight to live down this dire handicap and to earn a living is told by himself in "Lease of Life" (Museum Press, 12s 6d).

This could have been many kinds of book. It could have been self-pitying; but it is not. It could have been exceedingly gruesome; but it is not. It could very easily have been over-written; but it is not. Instead it is a plainly told tale by a man who has no ambition to pose as a hero, but whose example is an inspiration equally to the afflicted and the whole.

The story of Andrew Milbourne's early sufferings in hospitals and ambulance trains is a poignant one. A man who has lost a limb still "feels" it; if it is an arm, phantom fingers continue to mock him. Sooner or later the man who has lost an eye must look in a mirror. Sooner or later he must accustom himself to the stares of children.

Andrew Milbourne was repatriated via Switzerland before the war's end. He had now to be fitted with his first artificial hand. Nowadays mechanical hands are astonishingly ingenious; indeed, according to Milbourne, they have too many gadgets. For all their ingenuity, it is still very hard to perform many seemingly simple acts, and they are of little help in the dark. It was a heart-breaking task learning the new way of life. His Service chums did not forget him, however, nor he them. The Airborne Security Fund presented him with a new typewriter, and he quickly became proficient at using it.

Just before Arnheim, Milbourne had broken his engagement but an Army padre brought him and his ATS girl together again. They married.

Obviously, jobs were not going to be easy to obtain, though sympathy was. To make it impossible for anyone to say, "I would be paying you for doing nothing," he decided he would prove his ability by working down a coal mine — and he did. He gave up the job only under medical and family pressure. A Sunday news-



Andrew Milbourne: a war-time photograph. Below: the signature of a man with no hands.

paper "discovered" him and flew him on a visit to Arnheim.

At heart, Milbourne wanted a job with the Army. This became an obsession, and because of it he and his plucky wife became temporarily estranged. He talked of emigrating to Australia. Ironically, it was only when the Australian newspapers got on to this story that a suitable job was found for him — as a clerical officer in the Ministry of Pensions, Newcastle. Now the Milbourne family is together again — and there is a son.

"There is no finer life than the Army," says the author. For its part, the British Army can be immensely proud of Andrew Milbourne. His book achieves the notable feat of making the reader feel proud and humble at the same time.

Aggressive Beards Only

"CHINDITS! WATCH YOUR SALUTING!"

CA black and yellow banner bearing these words awaited the survivors of 77 Independent Infantry Brigade when they were pulled out of the jungle to recuperate after the capture of Mogaung — an assault which cost them one-third of their strength in casualties.

No doubt every survivor said ironically to himself: "Now we can get down to some real soldiering!"

The adventures of this Wingate-inspired brigade behind the Japanese lines in Burma are thrillingly told by Lieut-Col. Michael Calvert DSO, who at the age of 30 was appointed to command the brigade, in "Prisoners Of Hope" (Cape, 16s). His often grim story is spiced with forthright, unconventional opinions and is by no means without humour.

The European soldier can live and fight as hard as any Asiatic, says the author. Because of his basic good health due to good feeding, he is better than the Asiatic in overcoming hard conditions (so much for the school which says that men who have lived all their lives on one meal a day are better equipped to sur-

vive). "Most Europeans do not know what their bodies can stand; it is the mind and will power which so often give way first."

Brigadier Calvert's troops were part of General Wingate's Special Force, designed for wrecking Japanese communications. "We were a well-balanced fighting force, 20,000 or more men, all potential Jap-killers and no hangers on, going to the hub of the situation in order that we might cut some of the spokes." Because all supplies were flown in, the Brigade had no "tail." It included 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st King's (Liverpool) Regiment, 1st South Staffords and 3/6 Gurkha Rifles.

The operation was air-launched. Unluckily on landing many gliders crashed into trees and into each other ("we did our best trying to haul gliders out of the way,

The flash of 3rd Indian Division: the Chindits.



but were continually run down by more gliders"). But "Broadway" was established and soon had its own chicken farm. The commander wirelessly to Delhi "Pork Sausage" which meant good news ("Soya Link" meant bad). The first rousing battle was that of Pagoda Hill; "there, at the top of the hill, about fifty yards square, an extraordinary mêlée took place, everyone shooting, bayoneting, kicking at everyone else, rather like an officers' guest night." There were sharp losses, but this action "set a standard for the brigade."

At one stage, it seems, the columns were saved from ambush by a bubble in the commander's compass. The Japanese would work out the Chindits' probable route and lay a beautiful ambush; but thanks to "Archibald, my bubble" the columns would go another way.

Here is one bizarre incident in this often bizarre campaign:

An elephant, heavily loaded, capsized in a river, the weight on its back hanging under it like a keel. A Canadian officer plunged into the river, climbed on the beast's belly and cut the girth. Then the elephant righted himself, spouted water through his trunk, and climbed ashore.

These are some of the author's views on military matters:

BEARDS: "Beards very definitely have their uses. If a man feels that he is tough, and looks tough, he will very often act tough." But only aggressive beards were permitted in 77 Brigade — no BBC or Father Christmas styles.

LEECHES: "I found that a sharp knock or tug would dislodge them even when they were only half gorged... and there was not much bleeding afterwards, in spite of what the pundits say. As a non-smoker... I was damned if I was going to start smoking for the benefit of a lot of leeches."

MESS TINS: "Japanese mess tins had lids, could be suspended over a fire and were designed for cooking. Ours are designed to act in lieu of plates and are quite useless."

HAMMOCKS: "The American hammock was one of the greatest

successes... It consisted of an ordinary hammock made of waterproof material. Above it, and connected to the bottom by mosquito net walls, was a waterproof sheet. The entrance was through a zip-fastened aperture in the mosquito-net wall. The whole weighed 6½ pounds, and if properly hung kept one completely dry."

LEADERSHIP: "We had all come to take these wonderful Burma Rifle officers for granted. You would say, 'Bring me six elephants,' or 'a river,' 'a steamer,' or 'a Chinese regiment,' 'fifteen bullocks,' and they would look at you from behind their moustaches, salute, disappear followed by a worshipful company of Kachins, Chins or Karens, and then appear with whatever you wanted. They certainly lived up to General Wingate's tribute that they were the finest body of officers any unit had ever possessed... The best came from Steel Brothers, Bombay Burma Corporation, Irrawaddy Flotilla Company and the like. A very fine body of men who still believed... in those old-fashioned virtues, honesty, truth, courage, unselfishness, modesty and duty."

The Slippery Brigadier

AND still they come, the books by escaped prisoners-of-war.

Brigadier George Clifton qualified to join the escaper-authors by making nine attempts, getting away from his place of confinement five times and reaching the Allied lines twice. "The Happy Hunted" (Cassell, 21s) is the story of his war, both before and after capture.

One of the few Regular officers of the New Zealand Army, Brigadier Clifton set off for England in 1940 as a brigade major. He saw service in the Western Desert and Greece and had the distinction of being informed of the first of two bars to his Distinguished Service Order before he had been told of the award of the Order itself.

The author was captured twice in the Alamein line. The first time, by shamming wounded and then dead, he and another officer, who had taken off their badges of rank, were able to deceive German troops. Finally they walked back by night.

Brigadier Clifton's second period of captivity was much longer-lasting, but through no fault of his own.

After meeting Rommel, the Brigadier jumped from a truck and tried to run off across the desert in a cloud of dust. Then he feigned "Gypsy tummy" and slipped out of a lavatory window at Mersa Matruh, only to be picked up four days later by some German officers hunting gazelle.

The author's most promising escape took him from an Italian prison to the Swiss frontier before he was picked up. Less successful was his leap from a train, when he was spotted by the engine-driver; an infuriated Ger-

man serjeant-major shot him in the thigh after he had surrendered.

His last escape was made when the RAF were over his camp a few weeks before V-E Day. Four days later, a very tired brigadier limped into the American lines in Germany.

The Guards

SIX months ago SOLDIER reviewed Major Henry Legge-Bourke's "The King's Guards — Horse and Foot." Now come two books in similar format by the same author: "The Household Cavalry on Ceremonial Occasions," and "The Brigade of Guards on Ceremonial Occasions," each published by Macdonald at 10s 6d.

For those whose purse could not rise to the earlier volume, these are excellent value. Each one contains 30 full colour illustrations and numerous black-and-whites.

Major Legge-Bourke describes the various duties and ceremonies which fall to be performed in London and Windsor, explaining the origin of procedures and items of uniform. He is disinclined to believe a Household Cavalry legend to the effect that the red cord down the centre of the cross belts is a relic of the days when unpopular monarchs were locked in their coaches (in case ruffians attacked them) and the key was suspended on a cord worn by one of the escort!

Did you know that only a select number of Very Important Persons are allowed to drive through the Horse Guards arch? They are issued with an ivory pass which must be shown to the sentries.

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HUMAN FLIES: Royal Marine Commandos scale the cliff at this year's Royal Tournament. (Photograph: W. J. Stirling)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Six English counties border the English channel. Can you name them from East to West?
2. What is a holograph?
3. Vinoo Mankad was the hero of the second Test Match this year. For which English team does he normally play?
4. Is Trinity House a religious institution, an insurance company, the pen-name of a well-known author, a corporation which controls sea pilots, a boys' school?
5. He was a Greek philosopher whose contempt for the comforts of life led him to live in a tub. His name?
6. How many living Marshals of France are there?
7. Who wrote
*Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.*
8. Which Morse Code letters consist of (a) a single dot; (b) a single dash?
9. The present Royal House is the House of Windsor. What was this House called previously?
10. You would look him up in Crockford's if you wanted to find out something about a jockey, a sea-captain, an actor, a Church of England clergyman, a member of the Peerage— which?
11. One of these does not belong to the group: Benedictine, Van der Hum, Chianti, Chartreuse, Grand Marnier. Which?
12. How many engines have these Royal Air Force aircraft:
- (a) Hornet; (b) Shackleton; (c) Meteor; (d) Hastings?
13. "The apparent loss in weight of a body totally or partially immersed in a fluid is equal to the weight of the fluid displaced." What is the name of this scientific law?
14. Who wrote the pioneer jazz tune, "Alexander's Rag-Time Band"?
15. This young actress is said to be a distant relative of Mr. Winston Churchill. Does that help you to identify her?



(Answers on Page 38)

FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

The following films will shortly be shown in Army Kinema Corporation cinemas overseas:

GIFT HORSE

A film based on the combined operations raid on St. Nazaire in 1942. Heroine of the piece is the "Gift Horse" herself, one of the 50 over-age American destroyers transferred to the Royal Navy and a sister-ship of HMS Campbelltown, which was used in the raid. The film tells the story of the ship and crew, from their first meeting in 1940 to the climax of the raid. Trevor Howard is in command, and his crew includes Richard Attenborough, Sonny Tufts and James Donald.

DERBY DAY

It's amazing the people you find at Epsom. Aristocratic Anna Neagle goes there because her dead husband would have liked her to see his horse run. Michael Wilding goes to draw some cartoons and because the script-writer wants him to meet Anna Neagle. John McCallum is trying to raise the wind to get away from a murder charge. Googie Withers, Peter Graves, Suzanne Cloutier and Gordon Harker are there to fill in the picture.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

Gus Kahn had 800 songs published during his career as a song-writer, and the producers must have had a headache picking the 17 of them which feature in this film of his life. Danny Thomas plays Kahn, with Doris Day as Mrs. Kahn.

DIPLOMATIC COURIER

Here's a film for the boys in BETFOR. American and Russian intelligence men — and women — wage a complicated battle all over Trieste for a piece of microfilm revealing The Plans. Cast includes Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal and Stephen McNally.

MY SIX CONVICTS

The triumph of psychology in an American prison. Highlights include an attempted prison-break. The cast, which includes a safe-cracker, a killer, an alcoholic, an embezzler and a psychopath, is headed by Millard Mitchell and Gilbert Roand.

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HANOVER: CENTRAL HOTEL.	SUN. August 24th, to TUE. " 26th.
DUSSELDORF: HOTEL EDEN.	THUR. August 28th, to SAT. " 30th.
BAD OEYNHAUSEN: HOTEL MEYER.	MON. Sept. 1st, to WED. " 3rd.
BRUNSWICK: HAUS BETHMANN, PETERSILIENSTR. 1/3.	FRI. Sept. 5th, to SAT. " 6th.

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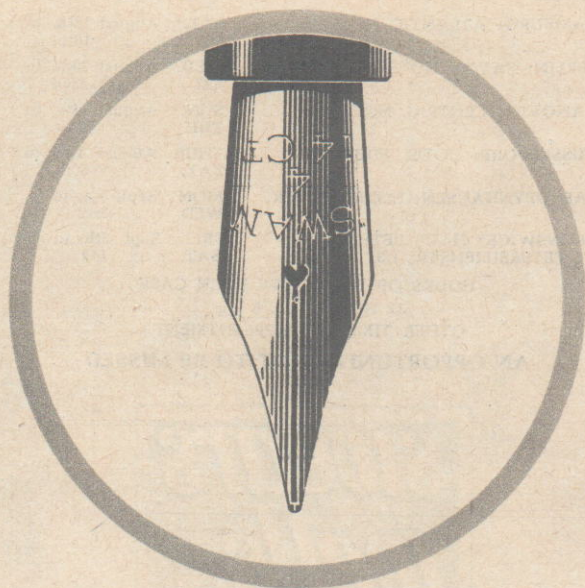
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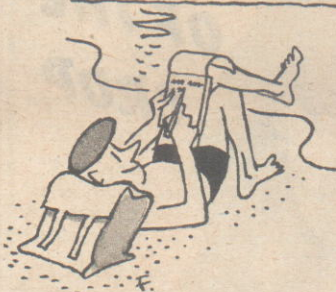
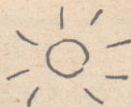


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BOWS AND ARROWS

I am involved in an argument which may strike you as a ridiculous one, but I am now sufficiently goaded to ask: Were bows and arrows ever issued to British soldiers in World War Two? — "Pixelated" (name and address supplied).

★ This argument may have originated from an article by Peter Fleming in *The Spectator* of 4 April 1952. The writer (later in the war a lieutenant-colonel, Grenadier Guards) told how, in the summer of 1940, he found himself charged with working out ideas for the guerilla defence of Kent against German invaders. He obtained, "at the taxpayer's expense," two large bows and a supply of arrows and ordered a detachment of Lovat Scouts under his command to begin practice. The idea was that guerillas would have a concealed headquarters in a large wood, from which they would emerge at night to harass German headquarters. "It was on the cards... that circumstances would arise in which a silent arrow could advantageously be used when a noisy bullet could not." The distracting effect on the mind of the German High Command at having their men picked off by arrows would be greater, it was thought, than if they were attacked with more orthodox missiles. Arrows were even fitted with fuzes and detonators, so that "a brisk and unexplained explosion" could be caused within the enemy lines. "This was," wrote Mr. Fleming, "as far as I know the nearest the British soldier has come for several centuries to discharging an arrow in anger."

LETTERS

● **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. 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 own orderly room or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

HAPPY VALLEY

I was commanding a battery in the Battle of Keren and naturally read the account in your June number with great interest. I should like to draw your attention to one unfortunate expression. After describing the two unsuccessful attacks on the Acqua Gap, the writer goes on: "Finally, the attempt on the Acqua Gap was abandoned because the 4th's covering Artillery had been dislodged."

This implies that the Artillery had allowed themselves to be forced to withdraw out of effective supporting range, while the Infantry they were supporting remained in position — in plain English that the Gunners let the Infantry down. This was not the case. The Artillery who went with the Infantry into Happy Valley remained with them throughout their stay in that haven and withdrew with the rest of the force. The reason why the attempt on the Acqua Gap was abandoned was because the Italians held it too strongly for us to capture without very heavy casualties.

I would be grateful if you would publish this letter in justice to the Gunners, who had by no means an easy time in Happy Valley. They were in action in full view of the enemy at some 2000 yards range, suffered heavy casualties and supported the Infantry 100 per cent. Incidentally, the final battle for Keren began on the 15 March 1941, not 15 February. — Brigadier H. W. L. Cowan, Headquarters, Royal Artillery, 50th (Northumbrian) Division, Catterick.

A DISTANT BANG

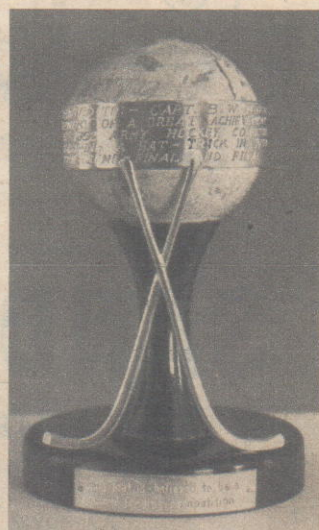
I should like to congratulate you heartily on your article on Woolwich in the March issue. There is, however, one point of some importance on which you may have inadvertently misled your readers. The

HISTORIC BALL

THE slightly bruised (and much autographed) hockey ball seen here was the one which scored the winning goal in the final of the 1952 Army Hockey Cup.

It has been presented to Captain B. W. Burke, Royal Army Educational Corps, "in memory of a great achievement... by scoring a hat-trick in both the semi-final and final." This feat is believed to be a record.

The Army Hockey Cup was won by Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine. This was the first time that the cup had been carried off by a command abroad. The winning team's first and last rounds were both played in violent thunderstorms.



article leaves the impression that the connection of Woolwich with guns and Gunners began only in 1716. The very title "Story Which Began With a Bang" (referring to the Moorfields explosion of 1716) implies this and it is strengthened by the passage: "The story of Woolwich and the Gunners... started in 1716..."

The story of Woolwich goes back much further than 1716. The old Gun Wharf was probably constructed in the reign of Henry VIII, and it was certainly in existence in 1583. The Arsenal was not founded as a result of the Moorfield explosion; it was already half a century old, having been started at Tower Place in 1670.

There is a further small point where a misconception may be caused. You say "The rumours about its (Woolwich's) future have subsided — for the time being." From this it might appear that Woolwich has had only a temporary reprieve. I can see no prospect, however distant, of such an eventuality. — Lieut-Col. A. Burne, Editor, *The Gunner*, 29 Sheffield Terrace, London W. 8.

BLANCO BLUES

The problem is blanco. With the RASC in Colchester I wore khaki-



green. Then I was attached to an Infantry battalion and was told to change to buff. I reported to another RASC unit and was made to change back to khaki-green. I was then posted to London District (buff) and sent to an RASC unit (khaki-green). Next I was detached for firing practice (buff) and then sent to my present unit, which is also buff, and so buff I am. However, I live in a large barracks where the troops are khaki-green. I suggest that, apart from military policemen and bandsmen, who use white, it would be economic for the Army to use one shade of blanco. This would save unnecessary wear on equipment by scrubbing off one colour to put on another. — "Corporal" (name and address supplied).

I was once told off by a bus con-

WESSEX AT WAR

A new divisional history is due to be published in October: "The 43rd Wessex Division at War," by Major-General H. Essame.

The Trustees have decided to distribute the book at the reduced price of ten shillings to past and present members of the Division and 8th Armoured Brigade, and to the relatives of the fallen. Those wishing copies (including relatives) should write to the publishers, Messrs. William Clowes and Sons Ltd., Little New Street, London EC 4, specifying their links with the Division or Brigade, with South-West District, or with the Army Cadet Force and Home Guard in that District.

ductor because I left an ugly khaki-green stain from my belt on the back of the seat. Is a soldier allowed to remove his belt on such occasions?

— "Bewebbed" (name and address supplied).

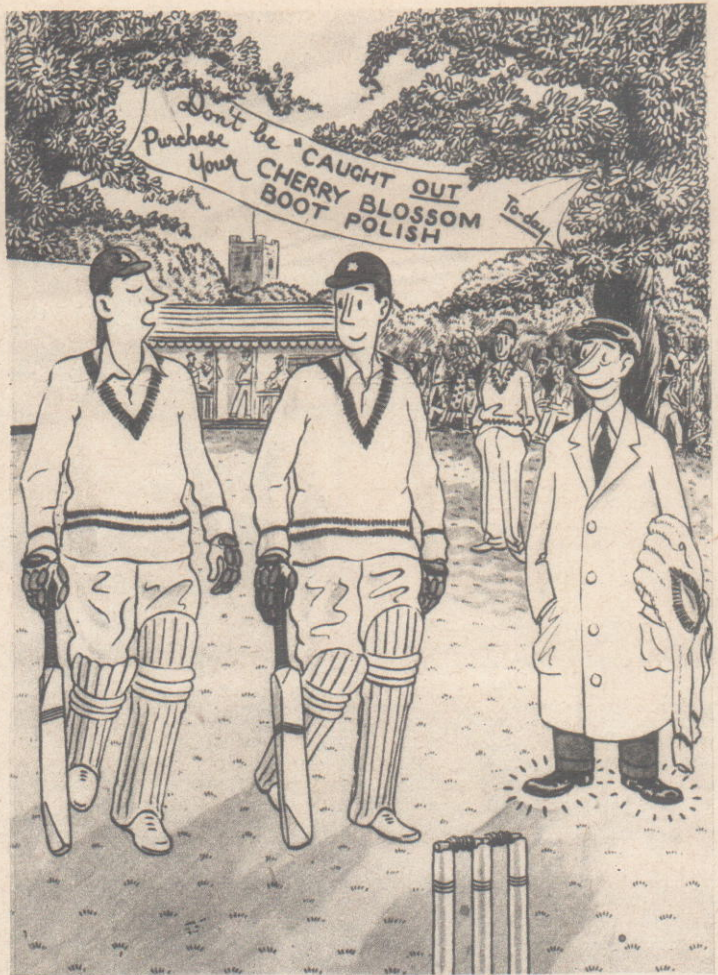
★ General officers commanding are given the choice of four shades of blanco (dark, medium and light khaki-green and buff). Soldiers are not required to change from one shade to another often enough to justify a change in the present arrangements. "Corporal" was just unlucky.

Belts will always be worn when walking (or riding) out.

RED SASHES

Despite the special position of the Infantry we have, so far as I know, no distinction of dress peculiar and universal to the Arm. I think, however, that the scarlet sash worn by warrant officers and sergeants is the privilege solely of Infantry other than Rifles. In SOLDIER for February is a picture of a Chinese serjeant in Hong-Kong wearing a sash. His badge appears to be that of the RASC. In the May issue is a photograph of a WRAC drum major in a mixed anti-aircraft regiment wearing a similar sash. This must surely be irregular.

Continued Overleaf



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LETTERS (Continued)

whether for Royal Artillery or WRAC. The sash, if worn over the left shoulder, might perhaps be accepted in place of a drum-major's sash — by agreement, of course, with the Somerset Light Infantry.

We lay continual and jealous emphasis on our regimental diversities, and very properly. But it seems a pity to forget our few similarities to the extent of allowing encroachment to pass without protest. — "Jealous Foot Soldier" (name and address supplied).

★ Red worsted sashes may be worn by all warrant officers class two and NCO's down to and including serjeant of the Foot Guards, Infantry regiments (except Rifles), Army Air Corps; Army Physical Training instructors and Army Recruiters; members of uniformed drill staffs ranking as serjeant and above, and prefects, monitors, serjeants and colour-corporals of the Duke of York's Royal Military School and of the Queen Victoria's School.

As a point of interest, serjeants before 1802 wore the sash round the waist and up to 1845 it was striped (red and the colour of the regimental facing). An item of dress peculiar to the Infantry is the scarlet girdle for wear with No. 1 Dress (not worn by Rifle and Scottish regiments).

AMERICAN READER

I have been reading *SOLDIER* for more than three years; to be exact, ever since I arrived in Germany in 1948. I find it to be an excellent magazine, able to write seriously without being pompous, able to be humorous without being silly and able to be critical without being offensive. Keep the good work going, gentlemen, and I hope to still be reading your magazine many years from now. — Corporal Don McGreevey, US Army, The Transportation School, Fort Eustis, Virginia.

★ *SOLDIER* welcomes the many letters it receives from readers in the United States Army.

Some American readers ask whether they can join the British Army — just as British soldiers occasionally ask whether they can join the American Army.

MEDAL ANNUITIES

I was interested in your reply to Captain Bardwell's letter on the Meritorious Service Medal annuities (*SOLDIER*, May). I agree that £780 is allotted to the Cavalry but if, as you say, 78 holders get £10 a year each, it would be interesting to know where the money comes from to pay increases to some of these annuitants. In my records I have a number who receive £14 a year instead of £10. — J. Holt, Army Pay Office, Stockbridge.

★ Under Article 1220 of the Pay Warrant 1940 a total basic sum of

increases in respect of both awards up to a fixed income limit. He would not be allowed to exceed that limit by virtue of his annuity. The amount of increase to which he was entitled would therefore be spread over the two amounts. These increases are allowed for in the annual Army Estimates.

TERMINAL GRANTS

I feel the time has come when some form of financial advance (not inducement or reward) should be given to those long-service Regulars who, when they extended, re-engaged or continued in the service beyond 22 years, needed no form of financial inducement to do so.

Many of us have completed 22 years reckonable service and are now continuing in the service. All of us with the rank of warrant officer class one have qualified for at least £300 under Army Order 116/51, but we must wait until we are discharged before we receive any benefits. This may not be until we have reached the age of 53 (for those who are permitted to serve that long).

Now is the time when calls on our purses are the greatest, whereas at 53 years of age our children are grown up and our wants are fewer. I do feel that an advance of 75 per cent of our terminal grant so far earned might be given to those of us who have completed 22 years, provided that we are recommended, willing and accepted for continuance in the service; such advance to be paid on the first day of a man's service beyond 22 years. — SSM S. Haley, RASC, GHQ Far East Land Forces.

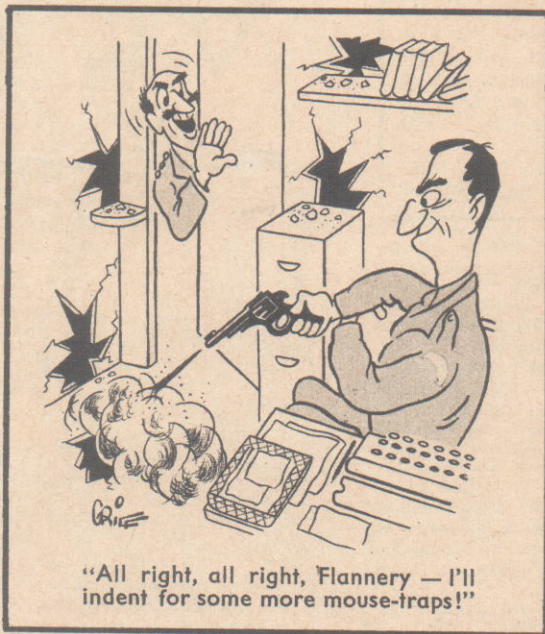
★ The terminal grant was introduced to help in resettlement. To pay advances on it would defeat this purpose. Before the 1950 code, a soldier leaving the Forces could meet his immediate resettlement needs on entry into civil life only from his savings (if any) or by commuting part of his pension under restrictive conditions.

The various bounties admissible under ACI 672/50 are, of course, inducements to laggards, not rewards for merit, and in any event are a stop-gap measure.

LOST YEARS

I joined the Army on 27 September 1943 when exactly 18, and was commissioned on 19 March 1944. After the war I became a Regular, my seniority to count from my 21st birthday (27 September 1946). Do the lost two-and-a-half years count towards pension or gratuity? I have found that the time I have spent as a captain while under 21 counts towards increments of pay. — El Bimbashi J. H. W. Haddon, Sudan Defence Force, Loelli, via Torit, South Sudan.

★ Under Army Order 18/49 all commissioned service, together with half service in the ranks from the age of 18, counts towards the ten years necessary for a Regular officer's gratuity and the 20 or more years needed for retired pay. However, when it comes to assessing the actual amount of retired pay, commissioned service under the age of 21 is disregarded. In other words,



FIVE GUINEAS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

Have you entered yet for *SOLDIER*'s photographic competition? Full details appeared in last month's *SOLDIER*. Closing date is 30 September 1952.

SOLDIER COUPON PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

only service after 21 reckons when the pay itself is worked out.

Allowing for half service in the ranks, this officer's qualifying service dates from 23 December 1943. He would therefore complete ten years qualifying service towards gratuity under Article 19 of Army Order 18/49, as amended by Army Order 116/51, on 22 December 1953. He would also complete 20 years qualifying service for retired pay on 22 December 1963, but only service from 27 September 1946 (his 21st birthday) would be reckonable service towards retired pay.

JOURNEY HOME

My wife and child are living in Gibraltar. On being transferred to the Reserve after five years Colour service I hope to join them. (1) Do I need the permission of Royal Artillery Records to do so? (2) What is the position in respect of my Reserve liability? (3) Am I entitled to a free passage? — Bdr. F. E. Baker, Kinnel Park Camp, Rhyl.

★ (1) Yes. (2) This will be cancelled unless this NCO returns to Britain within his Reserve period. He will not be paid while abroad. (3) No free passage is granted unless he enlisted in Gibraltar. Even then it would only be given provided he did not take free leave travel to the Rock during his five years service.

I am Maltese. I joined the British Army in Malta. I expect I shall be released in Britain. Do I travel home free? — Sjt. J. Frendo-Cumbo, RASC, Cyrenaica.

★ Yes, but if total service is only five years see letter above. A soldier serving in the area of his home may be released locally.

"ROYAL ARMY"

I find myself described in a legal document as "major in the Royal Army."

Is this insertion of the word "Royal" a common legal usage? Or is it just the eccentricity of a lawyer's clerk who was seeking to avoid confusion with the Salvation Army?

It is quite a surprise to see "Royal Army" in black-and-white, but one rapidly grows to like the look of it. — B. B. (name and address supplied).

Answers

(From Page 34)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall.
2. A document wholly written in the hand of the person in whose name it appears.
3. Haslingden, in the Lancashire League.
4. A corporation which controls sea pilots.
5. Diogenes.
6. One, Marshal Juin.
7. Thomas Gray.
8. (a) E; (b) T.
9. The House of Saxe-Coburg.
10. A Church of England clergyman.
11. Chianti, a wine; the others are liqueurs.
12. (a) two; (b) four; (c) two; (d) four.
13. Archimedes' Principle.
14. Irving Berlin.
15. Alice Kelley (born Springfield, Missouri).

2 minute sermon

THE story goes that while on his way from the United States to drop an atom bomb on a Japanese city an American airman received a radio message saying the war was over and he was to return. He came back, the bomb still aboard and circled his air-station, asking if he could land. After a nervous pause a voice over the air replied, "Could you possibly go on, we're terribly busy here today." He flew to the next station and again asked if he could land with his bomb. Again he was met with the same request. They would love to see him, of course... but just now they were terribly busy. So on he went to yet another airfield. This time he simply radioed, "Have an atom bomb on board and five minutes of petrol left. Am landing." There was no direct reply, but after a few seconds he heard over the radio a great concourse of frightened voices "Our Father, which art in heaven..."

How true that is of so many of us. We turn to God when we are frightened, or in trouble or sorrow — and it is right that we should. The trouble is that very often it is only then that we turn to Him. In wartime our Churches were very full on days of National Prayer. When things seemed very grim people turned to God. So it was in the battlefield. Any chaplain will tell you that services were very well attended then.

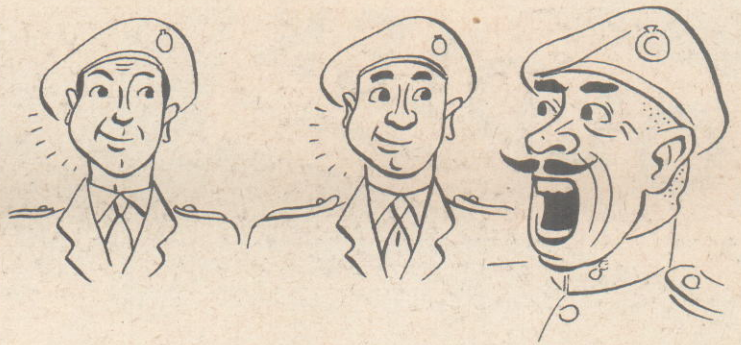
All this goes to show us that we have a wrong view of God. He wants our love and attention at all times, not simply when things go wrong.

Are we expected to go only to our earthly fathers when we are up against things and need his help? Surely he wants our friendship constantly.

Our Heavenly Father is just the same. He wants our friendship and loyalty constantly too.



*improves
all meals*



Party....'shun!

On the word

BLUE BIRD
chew, by numbers...One!



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YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING THERE!



**YES, YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A
BLUE RIBAND
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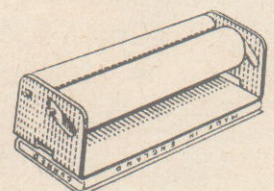


***"I've been
briefed
by Dad"***

says Bob the barrister's son
"and he certainly gave me wise
counsel when he put me on to
rolling my own with RIZLA.
And with the Rizla Rolling
Machine it's easy as pie to make a
perfect cigarette. When it comes
to cooler, longer smoking—Rizla
gets the verdict every time."



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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

ARMY MAGAZINE



JANET LEIGH

— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer