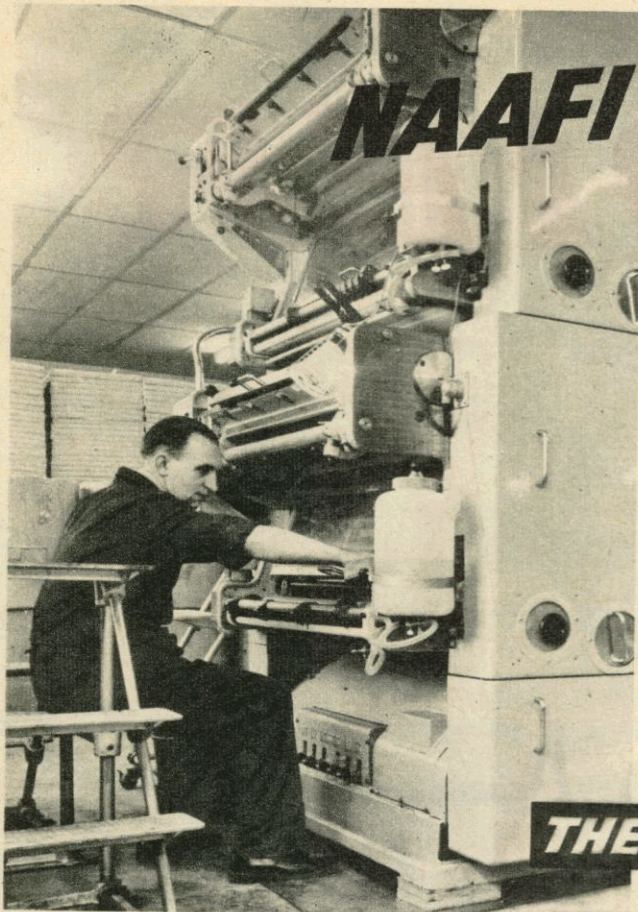


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SOLDIER





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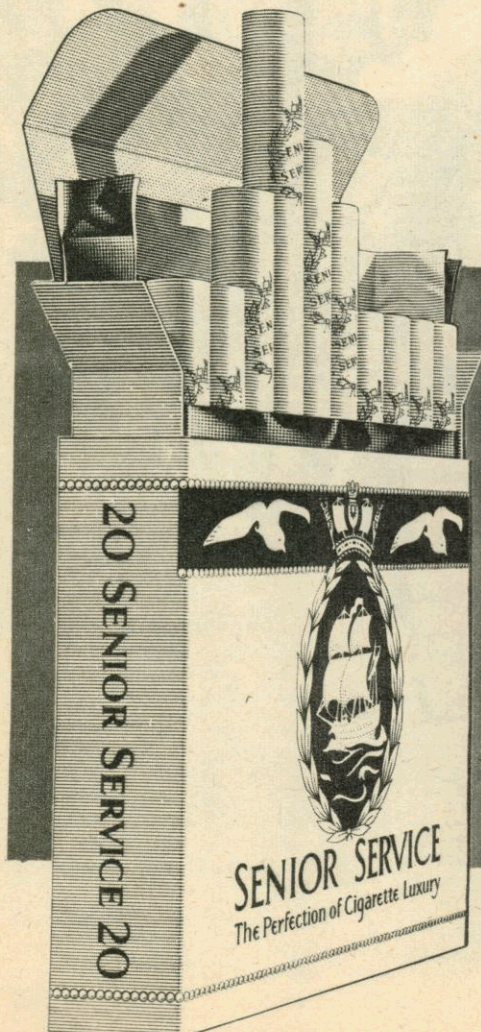
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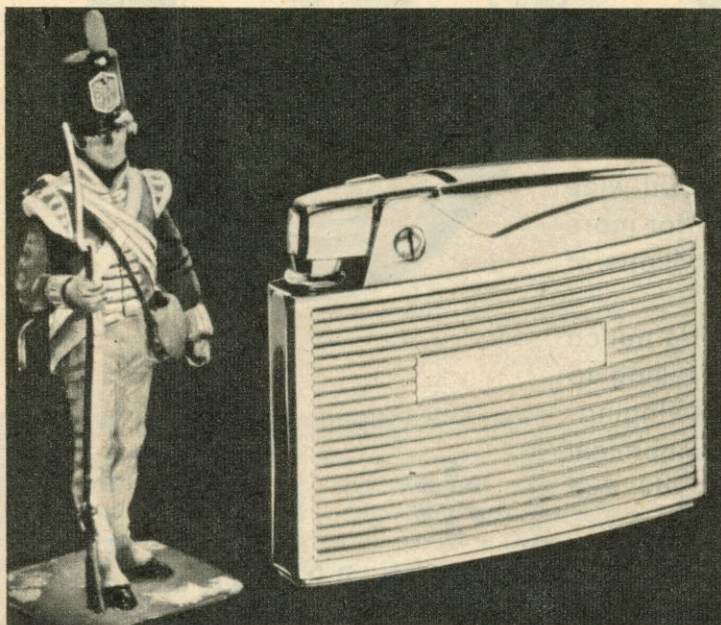
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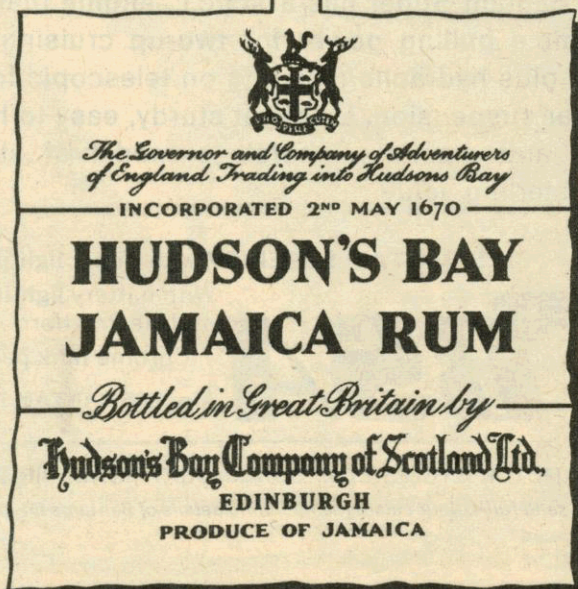
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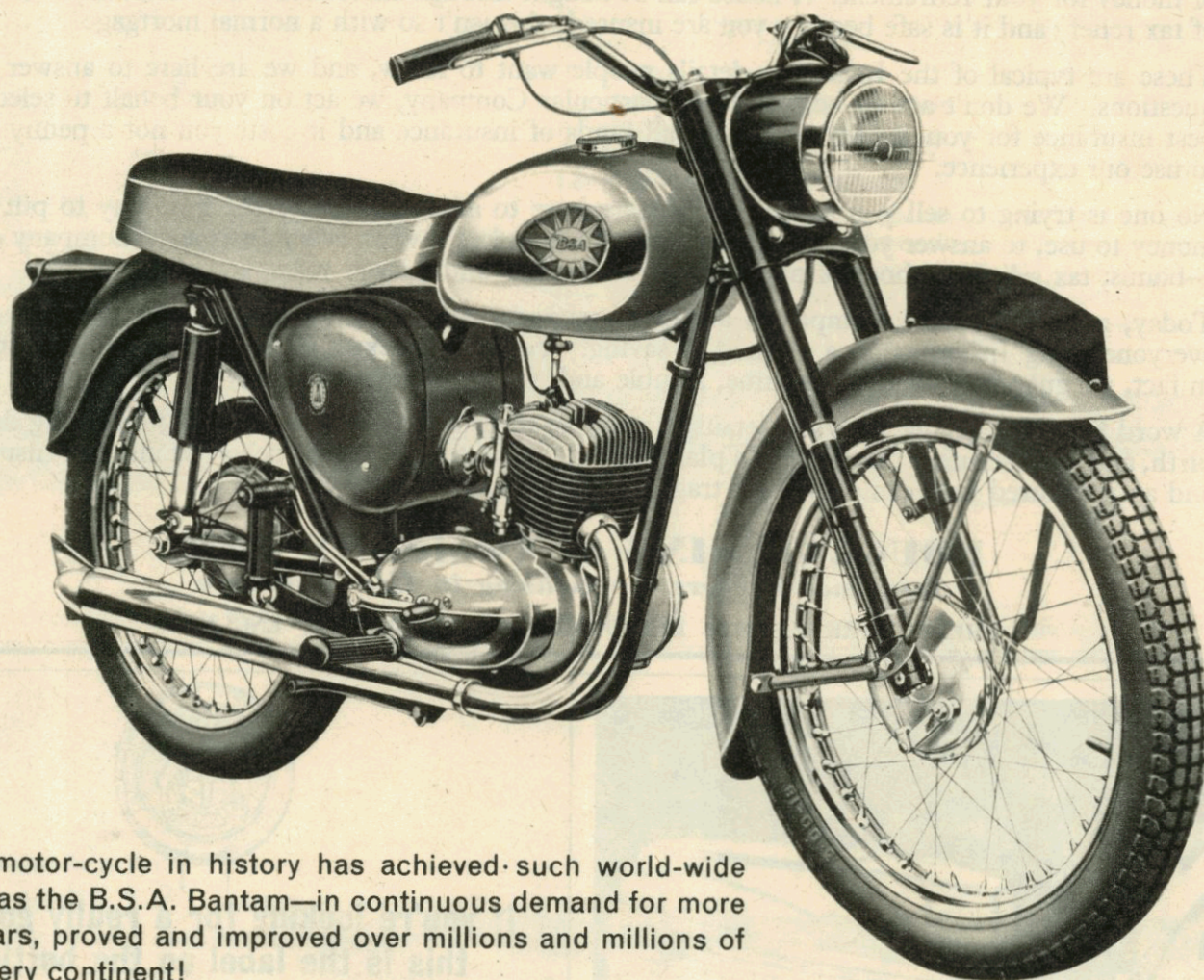
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TERRIERS IN THE TROPICS

It was time for annual camp again

—but this time it was different.

Jungle green was the uniform, a

'Britannia' the transport, flying

100 Territorials 7000 miles into

the tropical sunshine of the East.

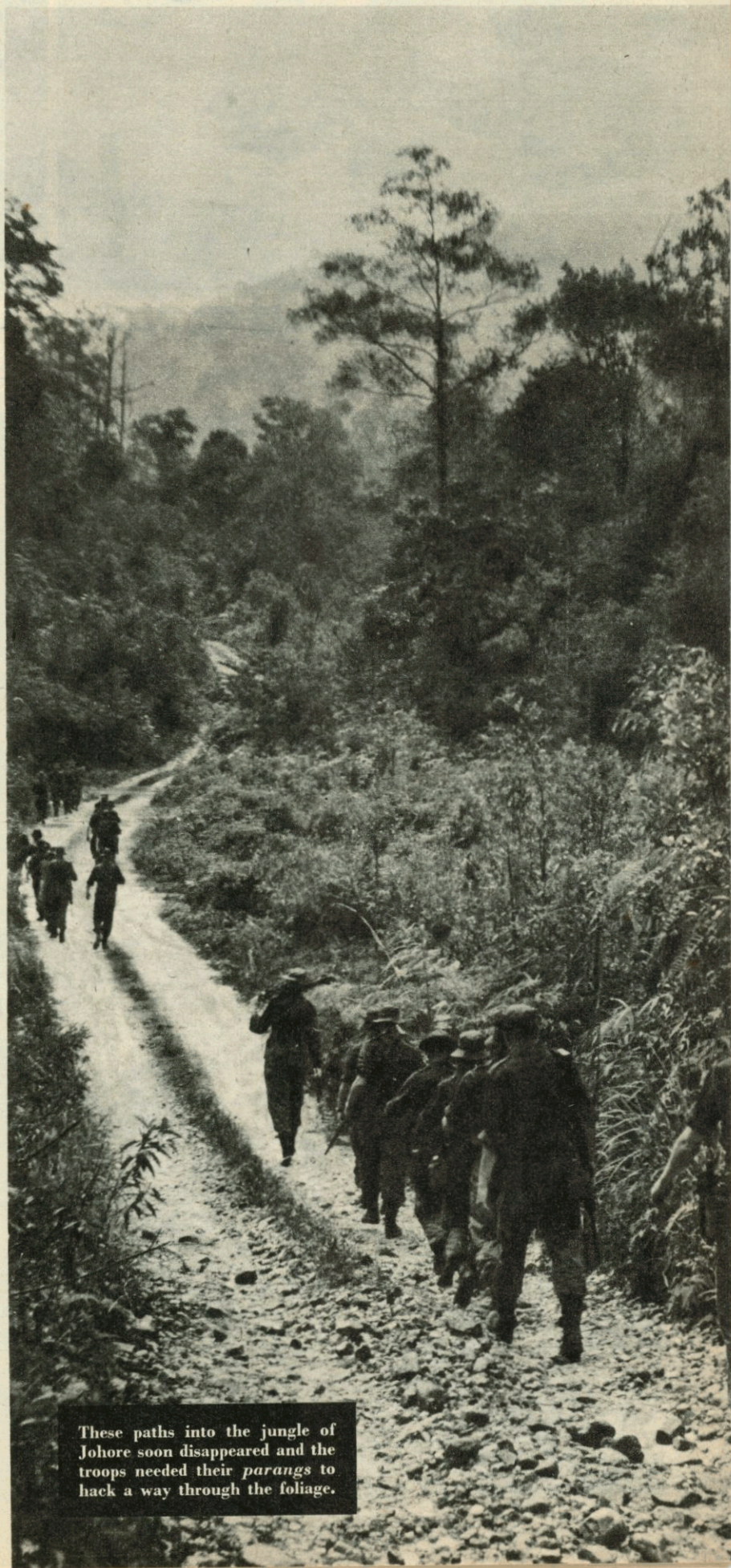
SWINGING his broad-bladed *parang* like a veteran, Private Karl Reeve hacked a path for his comrades through the thick Malayan jungle. Cutting through to the top of a range of hills the *parang* swung again, fashioning from the jungle a shelter for the night. Not unusual—except that this was a Territorial at annual camp!

Only a few days earlier Private Reeve, from Lincoln, and 100 other part-time soldiers of 44 Independent Brigade Group, had been at office desk and factory bench, going home to family and fireside, a spell in the garden and a pint at the local.

Yet within 36 hours of packing their bags for the fortnight's camp they were 7000 miles away in a *Britannia* touching down at Changi airfield, Singapore, becoming the first Territorials ever to serve there as a unit.

Doubts about the intensity of the programme for unseasoned troops in the damp oppressive climate were soon dispelled by the Terriers who surprised the Regulars—and themselves—by acclimatizing as they trained. They plunged straight into a programme that included four dawn parachute drops, four days living rough in the

OVER...



These paths into the jungle of Johore soon disappeared and the troops needed their *parangs* to hack a way through the foliage.



Capt Charles Cory (left) of the Brigade's Field Ambulance, and Capt D. Smith of 15 Parachute Regiment, watch the company at grenade practice.



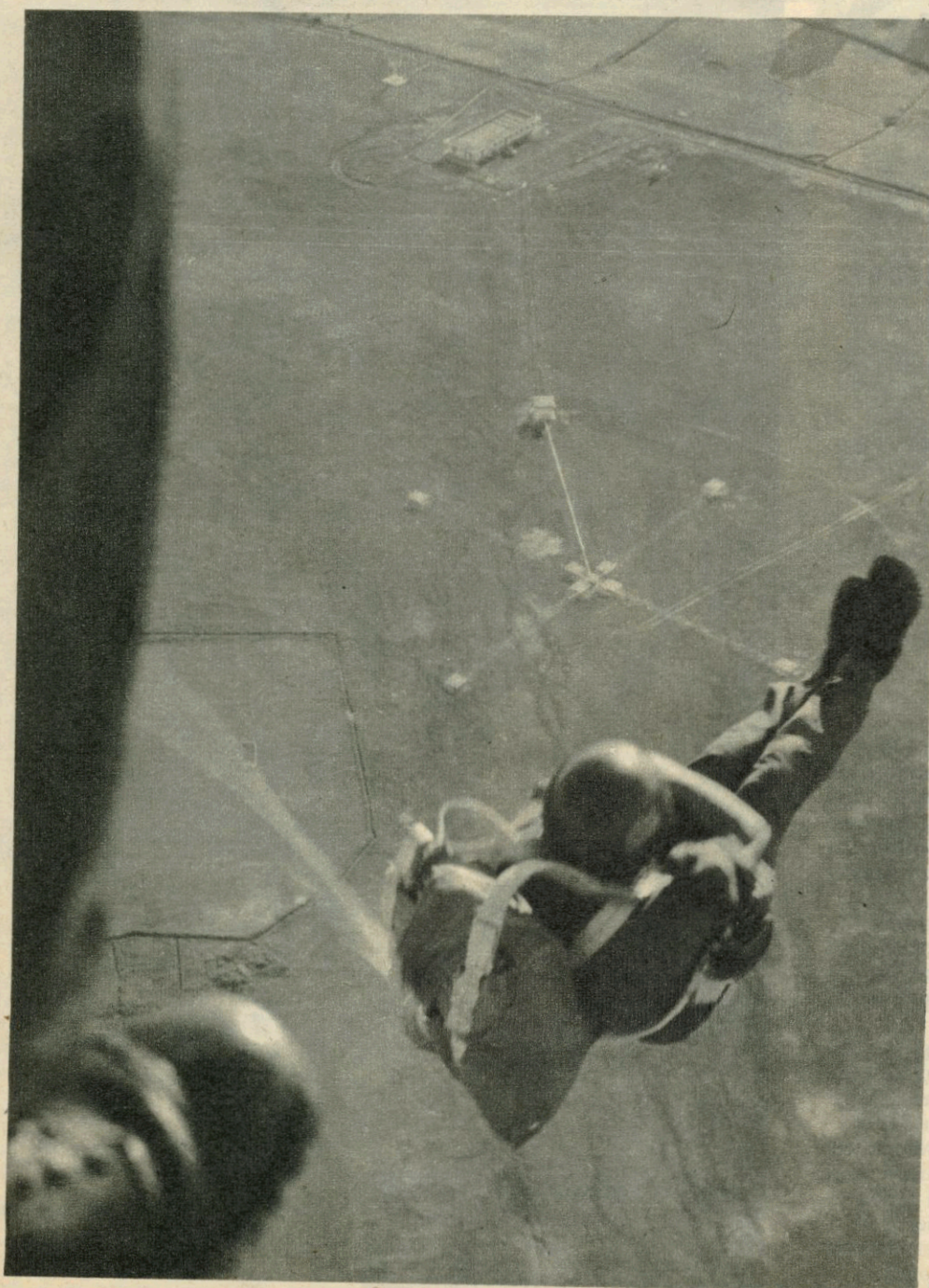
A simply-dressed Singapore woman helps her husband collect wood near the ranges as the Territorials wait to try their hand with grenades.



The view from the back of a three-tonner of the Gurkha Brigade as the small convoy approaches the Johore Causeway on the way to the jungle.



Two pieces of bamboo are lashed to form a Cross, a towel covering a ration box forms the altar as the padre, Capt Gray, takes a service.



The dropping zone can be seen clearly marked below and, high over Sembawang Airfield, Pte. I. G. Miller demonstrates a perfect exit drill from the aircraft.

TERRIERS continued

jungle, a full course on the ranges and finally an airborne raid.

Sixty of the men were of 16 (Lincoln) Independent Parachute Company and the main object was for the entire party to join the Regular parachute Brigade in Exercise "Tiger Brew," staged to give the Far East Air Force training in parachute work.

So the 40 men from the other units in the Territorial brigade, many of them officers, had to fit into the Lincoln company. A major and several captains found themselves serving in the ranks, but they jumped to it with the rest.

The Company was soon in action, completing two successive dawn parachute drops from *Beverley*, *Hastings* and twin *Pioneer* aircraft. The rest of the day was spent on the ranges with pistol, sub-machine gun, self-loading rifle and grenade.

By the first weekend they were many pounds lighter and ready for a well-earned rest, but there was no time. As the Regulars relaxed, the Terriers piled into three-tonners and headed for the jungles of Johore. Under the expert eye of the Gurkha they began a four-day practical lesson in jungle survival.

First they learned to live. They built their bamboo huts—*bashas*—learned how to deal with snakes and leeches, how to recognise drinkable water. Then they learned to fight—laying ambushes, countering them, and tracking "terrorists" supplied by the Gurkhas.

But jungle or no jungle, Sunday morning meant a service. A soldier lashed two pieces

of bamboo to form a Cross, and a ration box covered by a towel served as the altar. Though in marked contrast to Lincoln Cathedral the spirit was the same and the occasion a memorable one.

The Terriers emerged from the jungle in great spirits, confident that if the need arose they could tackle jungle fighting at short notice. Without a break they went straight into an attack on the airfield at Kuantan, 200 miles north of Singapore, parachuting in, quickly taking their objective and preparing to defend it from counter attack.

The specialists of the Brigade, as well as playing their part as riflemen, had their own programme to fit in, learning how to adapt their skills to tropical conditions. The Sappers in the party flew to the Gurkha Engineers training centre at Kluang, Malaya, where they learned how to fell 300-foot trees, clear roots, and build a jungle airstrip. Medical men visited the British Military Hospital in Singapore to learn of the medical problems of soldiering in the Far East, and the Gunners spent a day with the Royal Navy studying how Royal Artillery Bombardment Units link naval gunfire with military action ashore.

It was a tight schedule, even for seasoned troops, and much of the credit for its highly successful completion must go to the Commanding Officer of the Lincoln company, Major Don Fletcher, a parachutist for 20 years and a veteran jungle fighter who won the Military Cross during the Burma campaign. His programme was well planned to

OVER...



Watched by Capt T. N. McMullen (left), 2/Lieut E. M. Fitzgerald, soaked by rain and sweat, tightens the rope that is to support his jungle bed for the night.

Jungle life left various impressions on the part-time soldiers. Corporal Reg Ball, of Grimsby, a former airman, had often seen the Malayan jungle from a helicopter, but it was a sweating, grimy soldier who confessed that it was something of a shock to experience it on the ground.

Corporal Philip Woodward, of New Basford, Nottinghamshire, found the Malayan jungle not as dense as that of Brazil. By trade a workshop engineer but by inclination an explorer he has spent many months in the jungles of South America and plans another expedition

in January, when he hopes to throw new light on the whereabouts of a lost Inca city.

Company Sergeant Major Bill Kirk, of Grimsby, has soldiered in many parts of the world, but agreed that his first jungle foray had opened his eyes. But he was delighted with his men: "They have done everything asked of them, worked hard, and taken the heat in their stride," he said.

For the padre, Captain the Rev Percy Gray, it was an ideal place to hold a service.



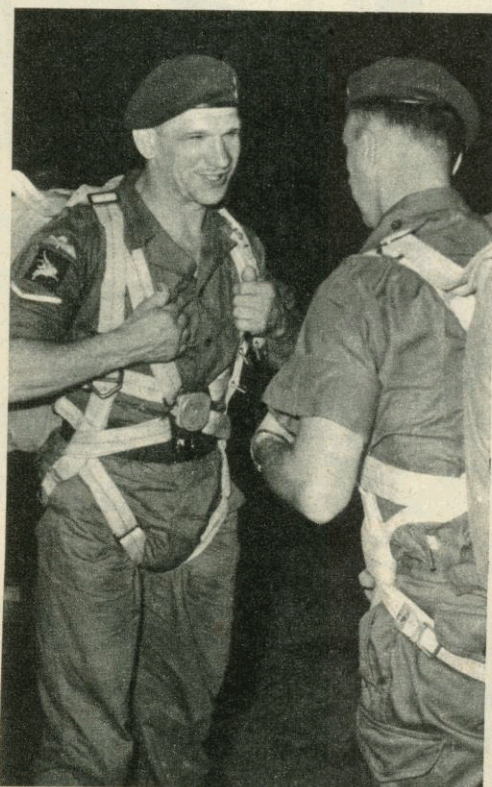
Capt Brian Owford refers to his map as Major Bim Barada, Commanding Officer of the Gurkha company, points out a landmark as they head for the jungle.

Left: After preparing the dropping zone for the attack on Kuantan, climax of the two weeks' camp, the DZ party spend the night on the beach nearby.

TERRIERS *concluded*

give the men the best chance of completing it. Though there were some early heat casualties they all quickly recovered and did their full stint.

"I am very pleased with the whole operation," Major Fletcher told his men as they packed for home. "We have done all that we set out to do." They had—and they had made many friends in the process. The Regular soldiers of Britain's vital Far East base will long remember the Terriers' flying visit. The Terriers will remember it too.



L/Cpl Neville Walker, of the Lincoln company, is a miner from Chesterfield and also an amateur heavyweight boxer. Here he is ready to emplane at Sembawang for a dawn drop on the airfield.



The Kuantan airfield buildings are seen in the background as the troops drop accurately to begin their attack.

They quickly shed their harness and (left) race into action. Opposition is soon dealt with and the airfield captured.

THEY DIVE

BERLIN

A student on the military swimming course in Berlin must be able to swim like a fish. By the end of the course he thinks like one



Drivers David Ascroft (left) and Colin Harvey, both of 54 Coy, RASC, take the plunge in full kit from the ten metres board . . . land with a mighty splash, sink to the bottom, return the way they came—via the scrambling net—then jump off again!

WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

IN battle order (boots and all and with two heavy bricks in their packs) two Signalmen carrying rifles jumped from the swimming pool's ten-metre board—and sank to the bottom. As they surfaced they grabbed at a rope net and painfully hauled themselves hand-over-hand back to the diving board again.

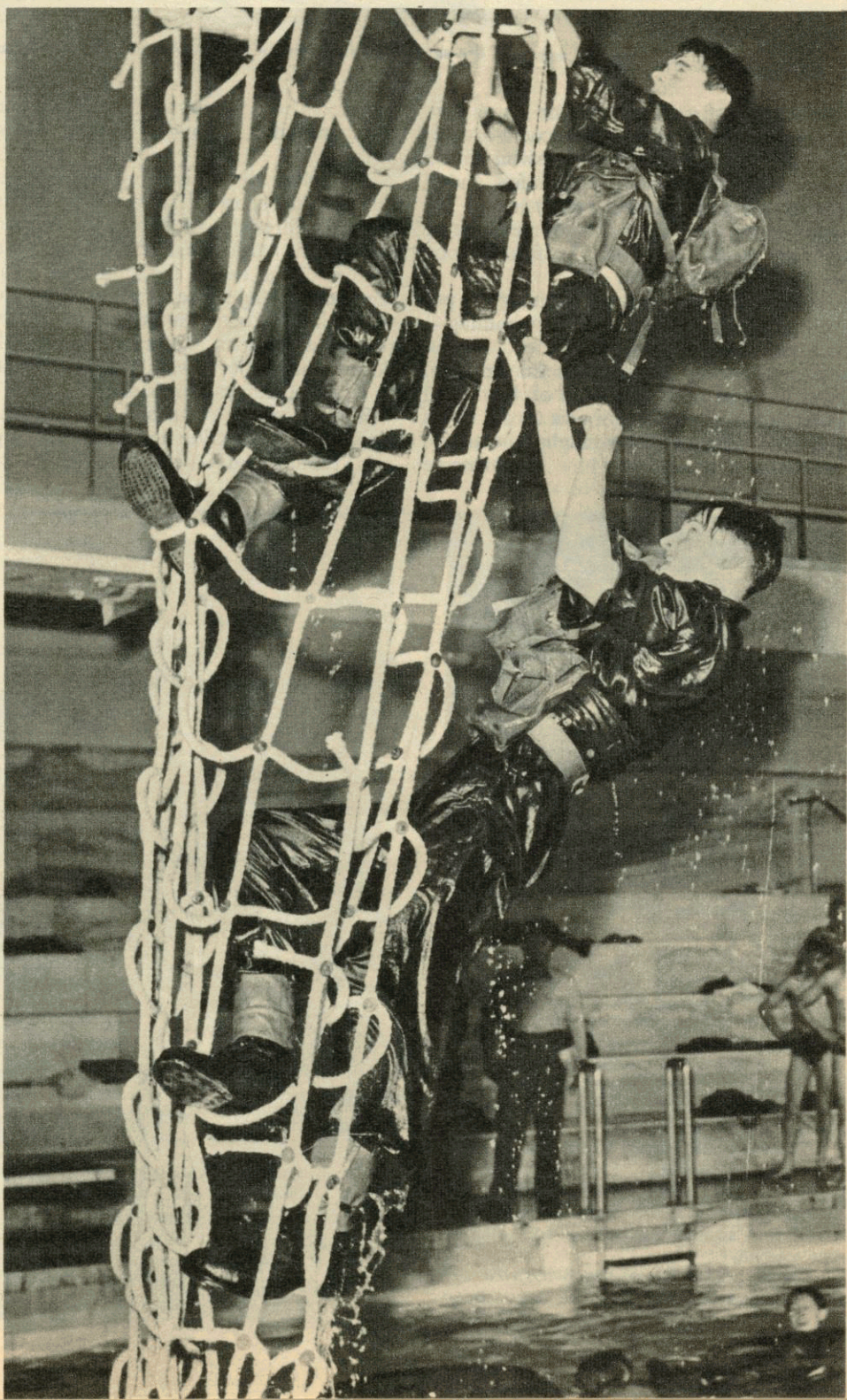
They went through the performance three times in quick succession and then, for good measure, towed each other (still in battle order) the length of the pool. Then they took a well-earned breather before starting all over again.

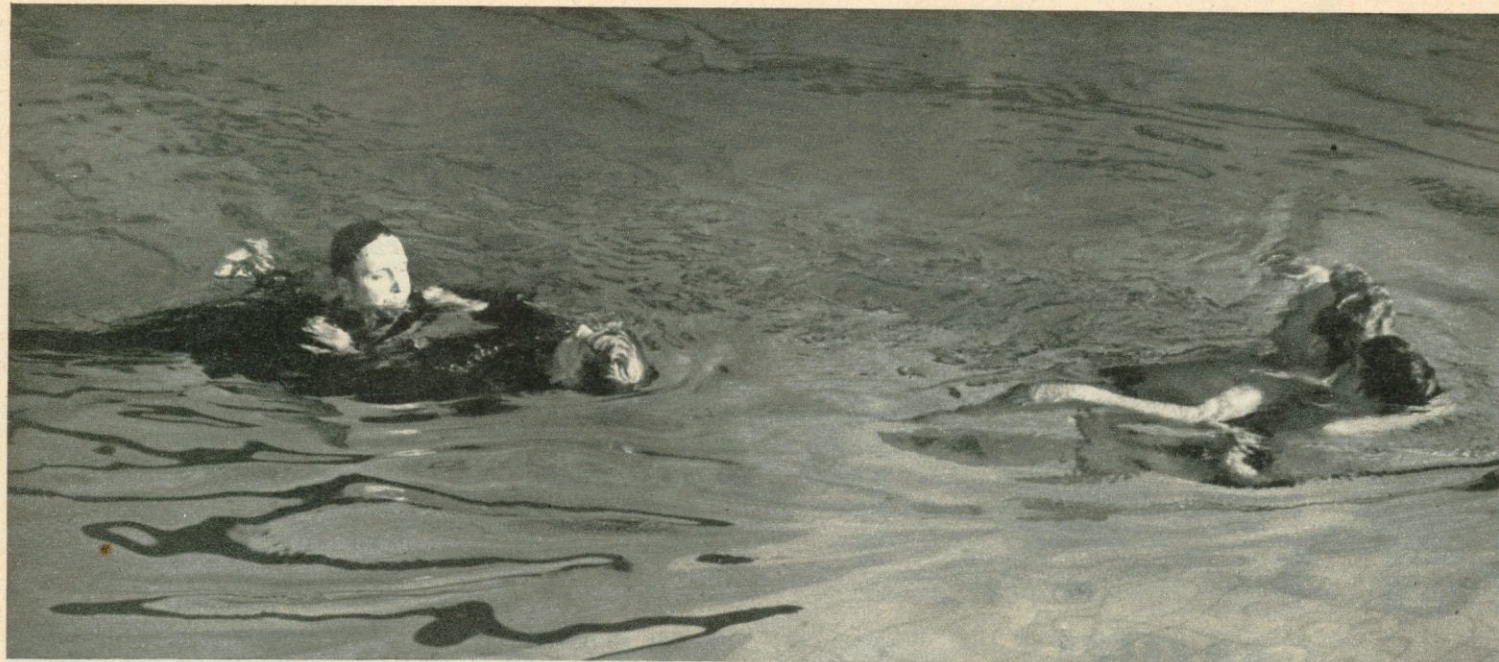
It's tough to be a student at the Military Swimming Course at the Olympic Pool in Berlin as these two young men, and their 18 comrades, were finding out the hard way. Before they were accepted for the course—only good swimmers are eligible—they were warned that they might not be able to complete it, and had to undergo a rigorous medical overhaul. A few men on every course, in fact, do not last the distance.

The Military Swimming Course, the only one of its type in the Army, has a two-fold aim: to improve the standard of swimming in the Army and to send back the students as unit swimming instructors.

It lasts only nine days, but they are nine extremely busy and exhausting days. Each student is given a practical swimming test in the bath and then is immediately and literally put in at the deep end and taught the different methods of diving. From then on it's all

OVER...





Every aspect of life-saving has its place on the course. Here two different methods are demonstrated.

work. In the first three days he learns how to train a non-swimmer, to rescue a drowning man and revive him, to swim under water with and without aqua-lungs and—vitality—he gains greater confidence in the water. “By the end of the course some of us even begin to think like fishes,” one student told **SOLDIER**.

After this first phase the students are put through their paces in battle swimming—all of it carried out in battle order—and learn, among many other useful wrinkles, how to improvise rafts out of battlefield litter and ferry their comrades across rivers and lakes. They are then taught how to dive and plunge correctly, how to reassure

swimmers in difficulty and how to reserve their strength for a long or particularly hard swim.

And while all this is going on, they learn the exciting sport of sub-aqua swimming, being put through five “snorkel” tests before tackling the hardest task of all: sitting on the bottom of the bath, taking off their equipment and letting it rise to the surface before swimming up, taking it back to the bottom, putting it on again and searching for half a dozen small objects which they must hand to an instructor on the side of the bath.

The course is organised by 1 (British) Corps Sub-Aqua Club and the Army Physical Training Corps—both provide instruc-

tors—for the Berlin Infantry Brigade Group and Rhine Army. During the course every student qualifies for a Royal Life Saving Society award.

The 1 Corps Sub-Aqua Club, based on Bielefeld, is some 50 strong and looking for more members. It meets regularly at Mohne See and Eder See for week-end training and has several times been called in to help units out of difficulty. Last autumn, for instance, Bielefeld’s under-water swimmers dived to the bottom of the River Weser at Minden to recover valuable equipment accidentally dropped into the water by students at the Royal Engineers’ Bridge School.

E. J. GROVE



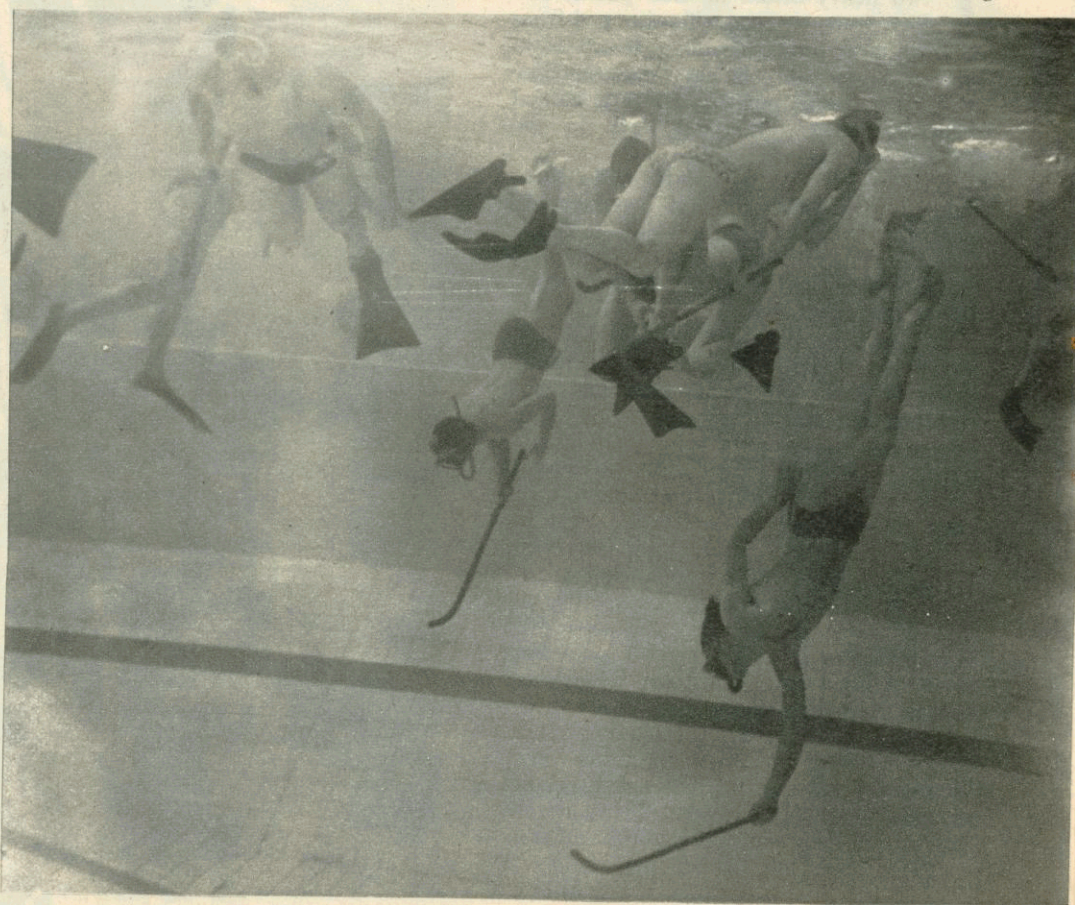
Signalman Hocking Oh—hitched from Penang.

One of the students at the Military Swimming Course **SOLDIER** attended was Signalman Hocking Oh, of 7 Signal Regiment, a Malayan Chinese who, in 1959, hitch-hiked 10,000 miles from Penang to Dover because he wanted to join the British Army. He did the trip on £10 and passed through more than 20 countries before reaching England.

“I rarely had to buy food,” Signalman Oh told **SOLDIER**. “Everywhere along the way the people were so kind and helpful. Almost every night I was given a meal and sometimes money to continue the journey.

“What do I think of the British Army? It’s a wonderful life and I’ve never been so happy.”

Underwater hockey in snorkel equipment is a popular feature. It makes for speedy manoeuvring.



NIGHT RAID ON ZUARA



Troops of the 1st Bn, The Royal Scots, boarding the minesweepers in Tripoli Harbour. The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force co-operated with the Scotsmen in their night raid along the North African coast.

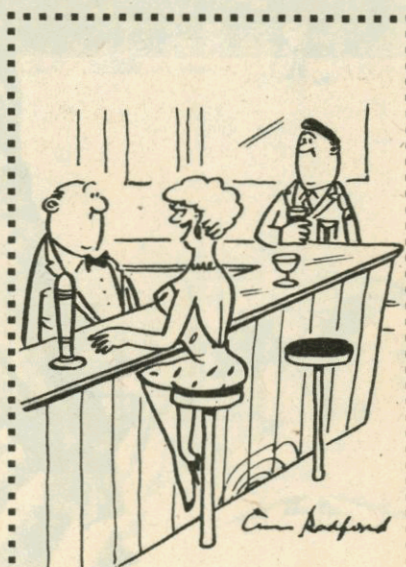
A SQUADRON of minesweepers in diamond formation loomed out of the Mediterranean night. Silently men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, swung over the side and into the bobbing rubber rafts. A lone aircraft roared overhead, breaking the stillness. It was all part of the plan.

No one in the sleepy coastal town of Zuara, 60 miles west of Tripoli, gave the throbbing aircraft engines a second thought. No one realised this was a Royal Air Force *Shackleton* providing a screen of sound for the launches of the minesweepers as they towed the invasion party ashore.

This was Exercise "Saltwater," mounted by the Scottish battalion with the full co-operation of the other fighting Services. The five minesweepers, normally based on Malta, had sailed from Tripoli, each with a compact 15-strong raiding party on board. The object was to destroy a guided weapons control centre near Zuara, and release a local agent.

As the minesweepers steamed away from the enemy coast the raiders began a four-mile slog across rough country to the objective. Men of the Battalion's Headquarters Company, acting as enemy, were well dug in and had surrounded the position with three separate layers of barbed wire.

For 45 minutes the battle raged before the raiders finally won the day and returned to the beach to await the launches. Back on board the minesweepers, the Navy added a finishing touch to the exercise—hot soup, sandwiches and coffee.



"A whisky and soldier, please!"

By road, rail, raft and on foot went the Gunners, from Singapore to east coast, doubling back to climb Gunong Gajah Trom, the 4000-foot

GUNNERS ON THE JUNGLE

THE Malaya of rubber plantations, palm oil estates and stone-built houses faded as the small convoy wound along narrowing tracks. Ahead lay the dank, dark dripping jungle, with trails to blaze, surging rivers to navigate, jungle-clad peaks to conquer. Eight Gunners of 5 (Gibraltar) Battery, 14 Regiment, Royal Artillery, were heading for adventure.

Their three-fold itinerary took in a motor trip, a river cruise and a mountain climb—

but all with a difference. The motoring was without roads, the cruise without craft—other than what could be fashioned from the raw material of the jungle—and the climb hampered by scores of tenacious leeches.

The first of many make-shift jungle camps was pitched at Endau, on the East coast. Objective was Pekan, a hundred rugged road-less coastal miles to the north. It was a maze of a trip along narrow lumpy

cart tracks, stretches of beach, and sometimes old mining company pilot tracks. With many rivers to negotiate and soft sand and mud often trapping the leading vehicles, progress was slow. Sun and dust added to the hazards. So it was a tired party of soldiers which finally, after three days, forced its way through to Pekan.

Rested, men of 14 Regiment, led by Captain Ian Branton, left the *Land-Rover* party and struck inland, travelling north-west by road and rail to Kemubu. With a fault on the jungle railway causing a four-hour delay it was a silent sleeping village the Gunners descended upon to begin their second adventure, a 100-mile river trip to Kota Bharu and the China Sea.

At sunrise, however, Kemubu becomes a warm, friendly place, and after breakfast at the local coffee shop the team split into three working parties, one cutting bamboo to make rafts, a second combing the jungle for *tali* to make rope, and a third setting up camp on the bank of the Sungei Galas.

Two sturdy rafts were built in a day and a half, and with the river rising rapidly the party set out on what proved to be a hair-raising first lesson in practical raftsmanship. The inexperienced Gunners found the cumbersome craft a tricky handful and Gunner Clifford Davies was pitched into the water twice in the first ten minutes.

Some seven miles downstream the current began to flow more swiftly, and it was only a timely warning from a European planter that saved the Gunners from possible disaster. A gorge and rapids they were approaching would undoubtedly have been dangerous in the failing light. Captain Branton called a halt, the rafts were beached—after a struggle—and despite leeches and mosquitoes the Gunners were soon asleep in the communal *basha* of poncho capes and banana leaves.

By a lucky chance someone awoke at midnight to discover the rafts drifting near mid-stream. The river, swollen by up-country rain, had continued to rise and had floated the rafts. After considerable activity the straying craft were recaptured.

Next day the swelling river turned friend, providing a clear channel through the previously menacing rapids. By mid-morning the party's signaller, Lance-Bombardier Geoffrey Taylor, had fixed an aerial on the raft and the Gunners drifted lazily downstream listening to Malay music from Kuala Lumpur.

At Kuala Krai, where the Galas flows into the Kelantan River, they linked up with a

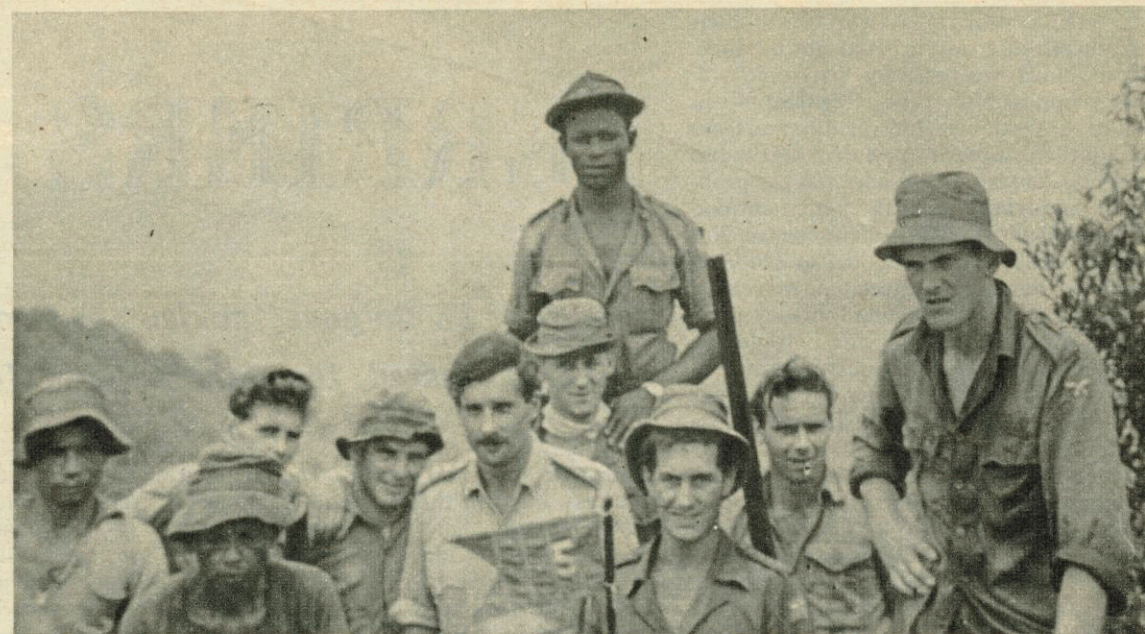
Bdr Stanley Lees, of Liverpool, soon learned to handle the home-made craft. The party's other raft is just behind.



Malaya's north-jungle mountain.

TRAIL

Tired but triumphant, the party pauses at the summit, the third objective achieved. The leader, Capt Ian Branton, is fifth from left, with the two Malay guides on his right. On all sides the jungle stretches away for miles.



party from 20 Regiment, Royal Artillery, and the *Land-Rovers*, with which they had been in constant touch by radio. After a combined camp the parties split again and, while the main group cruised on to Kota Bharu, the other turned south to prepare for the final and most difficult training task. This was to conquer Gunong Gajah Trom—the Mountain of the Kneeling Elephant—descending by a second route to Pasir Berching, a deserted *kampung* at the confluence of the Trengganu and Trengganu rivers.

For the main party, striking up through the jungle with two Malay guides, the war

with the leeches had begun. It was quite an ordeal for the Gunners, most of whom had never walked through jungle before. A ten-minute halt was called every hour when they prised dozens of the slimy clinging parasites from their bodies.

But after a day's hard climb along dried-up water courses and almost vertical slopes the humid leech country was left behind and morale soared. Squeezing up a narrow gap in the scrub-covered rock the Gunners emerged into sunshine, the peak at their feet and a breathtaking view of sun-drenched jungle through wispy clouds.

On the two-day trek northward to the re-supply base, food began to run low and Captain Branton and Lance-Bombardier Taylor pressed on ahead to locate the base. Finally a four-mile wade downstream brought them in sight of their objective.

From here there was a day's march, one more jungle camp—at which they had become expert—then the combined party picked up the transport and headed homeward with tales to tell as tall as the jungle trees—and most of them true!—From a report by Army Public Relations, Hong Kong.

BOXERS ON THE CANVAS



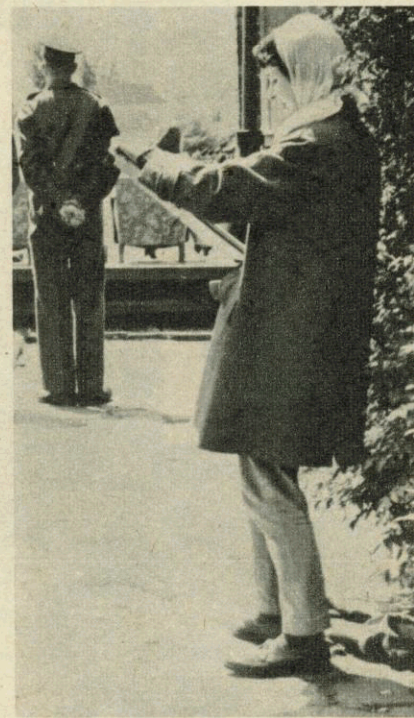
Sketching in oils at Rhine Army's unit boxing final, Mrs. White catches the action of a heavyweight bout between Guardsman J. Hayton and Lieutenant P. O'Neil.

IF it moves—paint it! This is how Mrs. Judith White adapts the old Army saying. For she spends her leisure time painting soldiers at work and at play.

Wife of a former officer of The Essex Regiment, Mrs. White spends much of her time sketching and painting military subjects at Dusseldorf, where her husband works for the Lands and Claims Directorate.

"I love military subjects. Not official scenes so much as soldiers at work," she says. Before she and her husband moved to Germany three years ago, Mrs. White painted and sketched soldiers on guard or on ceremonial duties in London, and sold her work from a barrow in Portobello Road market as well as in galleries.

A recent exhibition of Mrs. White's work, staged for the troops in Dusseldorf, created considerable interest. Soldiers are not used to having their activities recorded in oils.



The artist at work. As the Irish Guards rehearse a Trooping ceremony, Mrs. White is busy sketching.

THERE were those who shook their heads and said it could not be done. Guided weapons for part-time soldiers?—impossible! The Regulars spent months on training; how could amateurs pick up the complexities on drill nights and at odd weekends? Then there was the problem of supplying the costly equipment and—most difficult of all—its maintenance. Not a single Territorial was tooled or schooled to handle the complex electronic system.

Yet in a thorough, testing four-day exercise, 33 Artillery Brigade, the only guided weapons brigade in the Reserve Army, has shown emphatically that where the Army is concerned the impossible just takes a little longer!

From the big Territorial reshuffle last year there emerged a new 33 Brigade, linking for the first time two former heavy anti-aircraft regiments, 324 Regiment, in Northumberland, and 457 Regiment, Portsmouth. They, said the War Office, shall have the *Thunderbird*.

The two regiments received the news with enthusiasm. Upon how they met this challenge depended the future of the Territorial Army in the guided missile field.

The radar equipment and the set up of the command post were virtually the same. The important change, initially, was in deployment. In their role of defending the Army in the field from air attacks, the batteries had to be highly mobile and had to choose new sites carefully, with launchers, control and command posts, and radar dispersed, yet with the whole battery in a compact group.

So the new regiments practised deploy-

TERRIERS IN THE MISSILE AGE

Upon how 33 Brigade tackled the problems of part-time rocketry rested the Territorial's future in this field

ment, with simulated vehicles, and attended lectures—but still there was no equipment. When Warrant Officer II John Sprenger arrived at the Tudor Crescent Centre at Portsmouth to teach 457 Regiment missile gunnery he soon realised there were problems ahead. So he set out to do the impossible.

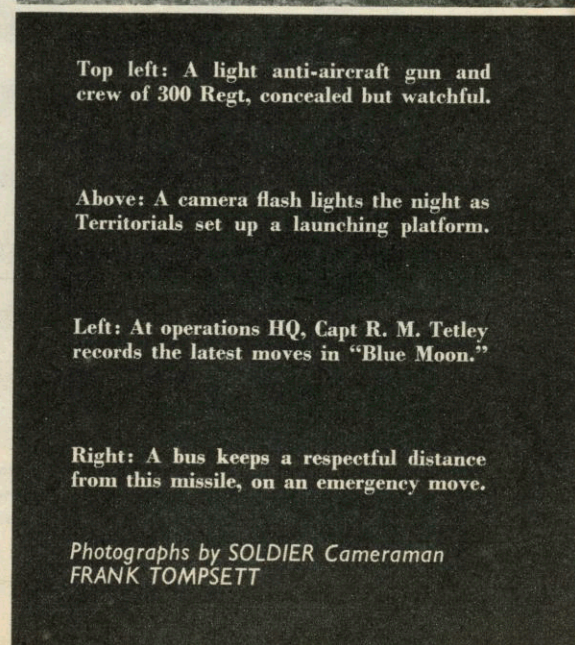
With £15 begged from regimental funds he set to work on his own do-it-yourself missile launching system. Lamps and lamp-holders alone cost him nearly £10. For the masses of wiring and scores of switches, Sergeant-Major Sprenger plundered old radar sets.

The finished product was a full-size working model of the series of control panels needed to fire a *Thunderbird*. It was electrical and not electronic, but for training purposes this was far better than the real thing. It was inexpensive, reliable, easy to maintain and, with the panels lined up side by side

instead of scattered in different vehicles, trainees could see the whole sequence of target drill and appreciate how their own particular task fitted in. And one instructor could do the job of five.

Brigadier S. F. Campbell, Brigade Commander, was immediately enthusiastic, and through him the War Office granted £1000 for further development. With the help of three other regimental "boffins," the warrant officer set up an assembly line. The next requirement was a simulator in vehicles for the more advanced training in the field. The production team set out to provide one for each of the Brigade's four *Thunderbird* batteries. Thus the Sprenger "Marks I and II" gave the Territorial Brigade its chance of survival in the guided weapons field.

The Brigade was receiving the full co-operation of the War Office and soon other equipment began to arrive. Two non-



operational launcher platforms, an operational launcher, a loader, two *jumbo* cranes and, at last, the drill missiles. It was time for a major exercise at brigade level.

At Brigade Headquarters in London's Regent's Park Barracks, Major M. R. Elliott-Bateman, the Brigade Major, set about planning, with careful attention to detail, the "war" his Brigade was to fight. It was a full-scale campaign with a tape-recorded briefing played to all ranks and, from H-hour, a complex picture of air and ground movements built up by a stream of signals. *Meteors*, *Camberras* and *Hunters* of the Royal Air Force took part in the exercise and civilian aircraft

flying along the busy air lanes above the vast Aldershot-Surrey Commons-Salisbury Plain training area became unwitting targets for the *Thunderbird* Gunners.

All Brigade units, including 300 Regiment (light anti-aircraft), 316 Signals Squadron and the two Control and Report Sections, had vital and active roles to play, and detachments of 20 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, the Kent and County of London Yeomanry (Sharpshooters), the Royal Military Police and a Combined Cadet Force helped to complete the picture.

It was a stringent test, especially for the Territorial staff officers, with every aspect of

field operation and administration put into practice, including operational supply points for petrol and ammunition, evacuation of casualties and repair of vehicles. All movement was by night.

It was, without question, a tactical exercise that would have taxed the skill and resources of a Regular brigade. Many lessons were learned, but one outstanding fact emerged: 33 Brigade has responded to the challenge, passed its tests with flying colours and has left the door wide open for other Territorial units to be entrusted with the weapons of the missile age.

Just one outstanding problem remained.

Top left: A light anti-aircraft gun and crew of 300 Regt, concealed but watchful.

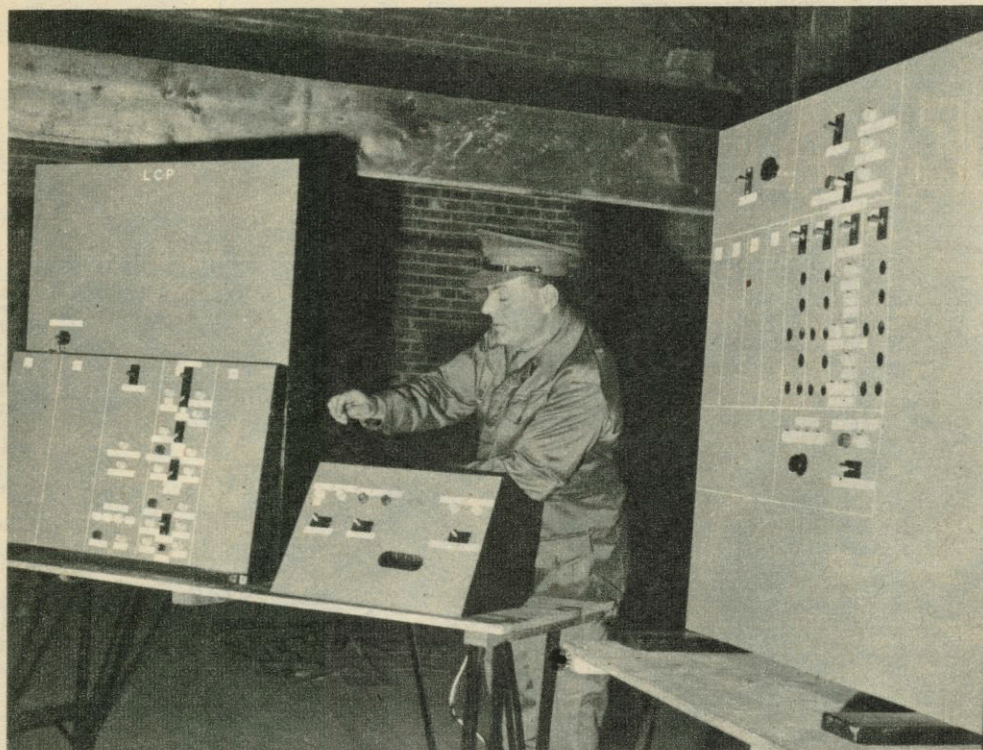
Above: A camera flash lights the night as Territorials set up a launching platform.

Left: At operations HQ, Capt R. M. Tetley records the latest moves in "Blue Moon."

Right: A bus keeps a respectful distance from this missile, on an emergency move.

Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT





WO II J. Sprenger with the drill hall version of his simulated launching system for Thunderbird.

The regiments still had not received the real launching equipment. When they did, how were Territorial Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers going to cope with its electronic complexities? Captain Len Bousted, of the Brigade's workshop, is at present building the complete answer to that one—the Bousted "Mark I." Captain Bousted's development of the Sprenger "Mark I" is entirely electronic and will do everything

except fire the missile. By the time the real thing does come along the Territorial maintenance men will know it inside out. Captain Bousted has not yet solved the problem of making his development mobile, but he has plans in that direction.

And whenever the Terriers are called upon to handle the real *Thunderbird*, 33 Brigade will be ready—with all systems Go!

PETER J. DAVIES



Another product of an inventive mind in the Brigade is this shelter, designed and built by Lieut-Col Douglas Smith, who commands 324 Regiment. Built easily on to the side of a Champ, it is light and portable. As it can be built up on the brick system it is planned to use it for Brigade HQ.

Though the two Territorial guided-weapon regiments have much in common—both had been heavy anti-aircraft regiments since World War Two—each has its own distinct personality.

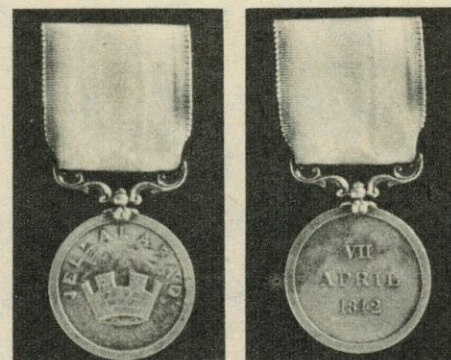
Portsmouth's 457 Regiment has strong links with Portsmouth Grammar School, where several of the officers are teachers. The Regiment began World War Two defending its home town, but from El Alamein onwards it served with the Eighth Army in the North African and Italian campaigns. The Regimental Head-

quarters are in Portsmouth and there are batteries at Gosport, Cosham, and Newport (Isle of Wight).

There is a strong mining flavour about 324 Regiment, with about 80 per cent of the troops coming from the pits. The Regiment won the "Sunday Times" Trophy for heavy anti-aircraft in the last two years it was competed for, and still retains it. "Q" Battery, from Blyth, received the freedom of its home town last year. Headquarters Battery is at Gosforth and "P" Battery at Seaton Delaval.

THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin



The obverse (left) with its mural crown, and the reverse of the first medal. The shaded ribbon symbolizes an Eastern sky at sunrise.

10: JELLALABAD MEDALS

ONE of the most interesting early medals was that awarded by the Indian Government to the garrison of the fortress of Jellalabad in the second Afghan War.

It was a well won award. The little force under Sir Robert Sale held out magnificently for five months against the Afghans. At one time they were reduced to a half-day's rations, but made a daring sortie for supplies.

To make matters worse a series of earthquakes kept the defenders busy repairing the collapsing fortress walls. Finally, on 7 April, 1842, the besieged troops attacked their besiegers and routed them. The only British regiment present was the 13th Light Infantry (later The Somerset Light Infantry).

The medal's simple obverse design shows a mural crown superinscribed "Jellalabad" and on the reverse is the date "VII April 1842." The 2,596 medals were issued mostly un-named but many recipients had their names added.

The Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, was dissatisfied with the design of the medal, struck in India, and had another designed by William Wyon, a member of a famous medal-designing family, and struck at the Royal Mint. In March, 1845, the troops were told that they could exchange their original medals for the new ones, but comparatively few men applied. Only two officers and fewer than 50 men of the 13th Light Infantry did so.

The replacement, a fine medal, is known as the Second Jellalabad Medal or the Flying Victory Medal, as the reverse bears a figure of Victory flying over the fortress, with a wreath in her right hand and a Union flag in her left. The obverse has a head of Queen Victoria, crowned. Above are the words "Victoria Vindex," though a few were issued with "Victoria Regina."

The second medal is rather smaller than the first and the recipient's name was impressed on the edge, though some medals were engraved in script.

The striking ribbon is the "rainbow" pattern—crimson shading to yellow and yellow to blue. It is supposed to symbolize an Eastern sky at sunrise.

Both medals are rare and much desired by collectors.

Through raging blizzard, icy wind and soft porridge-like snow the Combined Services party battled, bidding to become the first British expedition to conquer North America's highest peak



NINE MEN ON A MOUNTAIN



Major Dietz clears snow at the advance base camp. The oxygen, there for emergencies, was not needed.

SEVEN men, linked by a rope, two of them casualties, stumbled and weaved down the mountain in a fierce blizzard. The Combined Services Alaskan Expedition had reached 17,000 feet—almost within sight of Mount McKinley's 20,320-foot summit—when the youngest of the party was taken ill.

The desperate, life-saving descent began, down a steep 300-foot cliff of ice and into the teeth of a raging blizzard that threatened the entire party. Somehow the battered group fought through to base camp at 10,000 feet. After three hard weeks they were back at square one with none of their objects achieved. The party licked its wounds—and planned a second bid to become the first British party to climb North America's highest peak.

It was a boldly conceived experiment, to pitch such an unseasoned party into the wilds of Alaska. When the fierce arctic weather eased there was the sun, glaring down from 3 am until midnight, burning through the dark snow goggles and forcing the climbers to bandage their eyes for sleep.

After a brief get-together on Snowdon the expedition had flown over the polar route to Anchorage, on to Talkeetna by US Air Force *Dakota*, then, one by one, flown in to 6000 feet in a single-engined ski-fitted aircraft. After two weeks' hard work they had set up the advance base camp at 10,000 feet.



A typical scene after a snowfall. Corporal-of-Horse Chudleigh was snowbound alone here for three days after the rest of the party was flown out.

By this time the party's doctor, Flight-Lieutenant Bill Russell, had become the first casualty. Severe snow-blindness and an ulcerated eye meant hospital treatment, and he was flown out.

So it was without a medical officer that the party set out from base, Major Banks, the leader of the expedition, and Chief Technician John Hinde striking out ahead as pathfinders, marking the route with flags. It was at the notorious Windy Corner, at 13,300 feet, that the main party got a foretaste of the weather in store. The fierce icy wind snapped guy ropes and blew down tents. At 14,500 feet the pathfinders were in a different sort of trouble. The snow began to mount up, covering their tent, and the pair lay with knives at hand, ready to cut their way out should the tent give under the weight.

After 36 hours the wind eased but the storm had taken its toll. At Windy Corner there was only enough undamaged equipment for four. So two of the Army men, Major Peter Dietz and Corporal-of-Horse J. F. Chudleigh, who were both feeling the effects of the altitude, returned to 10,000 feet while the other four pressed on.

This proved an arduous journey through the new soft snow; in nine weary hours they had gained only 1000 feet. Meanwhile the leaders were at 17,000 feet tackling the next major obstacle, a steep 300-foot cliff of ice. It was here the two parties linked and made plans for the final assault.

But it was not to be. Junior Technician Oldham, at 19 the youngster of the party, developed altitude sickness which could easily have turned to pneumonia. He had to be taken down with all speed. After lowering him gently down the ice cliff in a sleeping bag they descended to 15,000 feet where Major Banks called a halt and Lieutenant Hugh Wiltshire and Sergeant Alec Fraser sped on to base.

To their relief they found the doctor had returned. His first task was to treat Fraser for a frostbitten hand. Then the two Army men and the doctor set off, climbing to 15,000 feet in a non-stop nine-hour stint.

As they approached the camp Corporal-of-Horse Chudleigh became casualty number four. Struck by snow blindness, he had to be led the last few hundred yards to the camp. That evening the seven-man party

began the roped descent that took them, at 13,500 feet, into another blizzard. After five nightmare hours they reached base.

Next day came the stocktaking. With Staff-Sergeant Ken Douglas having chest trouble there were now five fit men. Clearly the best plan was for the three fittest and most acclimatised—Major Banks, Lieutenant Wiltshire, and Chief Technician John Hinde—to make an all-out bid for the summit with Major Dietz and Flight-Lieutenant Russell in support.

The five men set out next morning, Major Dietz and the doctor carrying enough food for the summit party for ten days.

At 17,000 feet the trio was held for a day, a night, and another day, until finally they set off in a freezing wind. At about 1 am, as Major Banks was debating the wisdom of carrying on, they topped a small rise—and their goal was before them. In a few short strides they stood on the summit of Mount McKinley.

For the expedition—the most ambitious adventure project undertaken by the Combined Services—members gave up a month's leave and a month's pay. The £4000 cost to War Office was further reduced by a grant from the Nuffield Trust.

Much experimental equipment was tested. The party tried out special plastic foam mattresses providing insulation against the cold, and "vapour barrier" boots with cellular rubber socks. Among the successes were special light-weight high protein foods, including dehydrated mushrooms and chicken.

The nine members of the expedition were . . .

Army

Major Peter J. Dietz, Royal Army Educational Corps, aged 37, ex-Marines cliff-climbing instructor, had climbed in Britain and in the Alps.

Staff-Sergeant Ken Douglas, Royal Army Service Corps, aged 32, an instructor with the Army Outward Bound School, had British rock climbing experience only.

Corporal-of-Horse J. F. Chudleigh, Royal Horse Guards, aged 30, also instructed at the Army Outward Bound School and rock-climbed in Britain.

Royal Marines

Major Michael E. B. Banks (leader), aged 39, taken part in two polar and led two Himalayan expeditions. Teaches snow warfare and cliff climbing to Marine Commandos.

Lieutenant Hugh J. Wiltshire, aged 22, had climbed in Britain and Norway.

Sergeant Alec A. Fraser, aged 28, spent nine years instructing in cliff climbing and snow warfare and served in the Antarctic.

Royal Air Force

Flight-Lieutenant William B. Russell, aged 29, expedition medical officer, had recent experience in RAF mountain rescue teams.

Chief Technician John Hinde, aged 34, very experienced leader of RAF mountain rescue teams and instructor on RAF winter climbing course in Scotland.

Junior Technician H. J. Oldham, aged 19, member of RAF mountain rescue team in South Wales and holder of the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award.

Major Dietz



S/Sgt Douglas



Cpl-of-Horse Chudleigh



Major Banks



FOR VALOUR: 9

THE INDOMITABLE MAJOR

"BY his outstanding devotion to duty and remarkable powers of leadership, he was to a large extent personally responsible for saving a vital sector from falling into the hands of the enemy." So says the citation to the Victoria Cross which Major Robert Henry Cain, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, earned in September, 1944, at Arnhem, where he commanded a rifle company of The South Staffordshire Regiment. The company became cut off from its battalion and for six days was closely engaged by enemy tanks, self-propelled guns and Infantry. The Germans made repeated attempts to infiltrate the company's position. Had they done so the whole situation of the airborne troops would have been jeopardised.

Major

ROBERT HENRY CAIN

THE ROYAL NORTHUMBERLAND
FUSILIERS



On the first of those bitter six days a German *Tiger* tank approached the area held by the company. Major Cain, armed with only a *Piat*, went out alone to meet it. He held his fire until the tank was only 20 yards away, then opened up. The *Tiger* immediately halted and turned its guns on him, shooting away a corner of the house near which he lay. He was wounded by machine-gun bullets and masonry.



But despite his wounds he continued firing until he had scored several direct hits on the *Tiger*, bringing it to a standstill. Then Major Cain supervised the bringing up of a 75-mm howitzer which took over and completely destroyed the tank. Only then did the Major consent to have his wounds dressed.



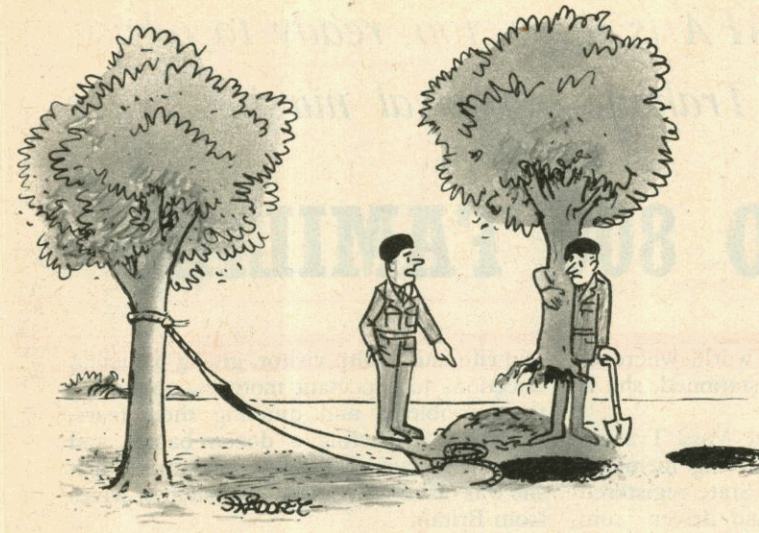
The next morning Major Cain drove off three more enemy tanks by the fearless use of his *Piat*, on each occasion leaving cover and taking up a position in open ground with complete disregard for his personal safety. In the days that followed he was everywhere where danger threatened, moving among his men and encouraging them to hold out. He refused medical attention, although suffering from multiple wounds and a perforated eardrum.

On the final day the enemy made a concerted attack on Major Cain's position, using self-propelled guns, flame throwers and Infantry. By this time the last *Piat* had been put out of action and the Major was armed with only a light 2-inch mortar. But by skilful use of the mortar and his daring leadership of the few men still under his command he completely demoralised the enemy who, after an engagement lasting more than three hours, withdrew in disorder. "Throughout the whole course of the Battle of Arnhem, Major Cain showed superb gallantry," states the citation to his VC. "His powers of endurance and leadership were the admiration of all his fellow officers and stories of his valour were being constantly exchanged among the troops."





"Dear Mum, I'm writing to you from a place called Hastings. Everything is fine except I seem to have something in my eye. Your loving son, Harold."

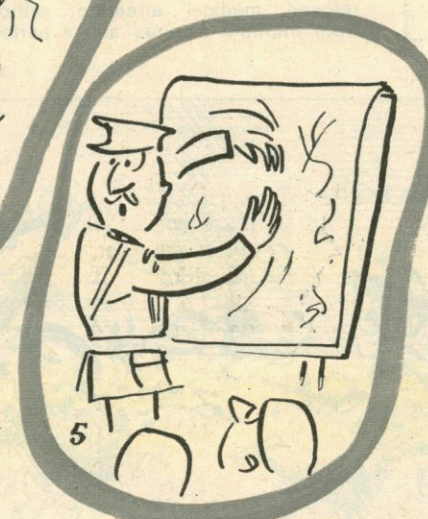
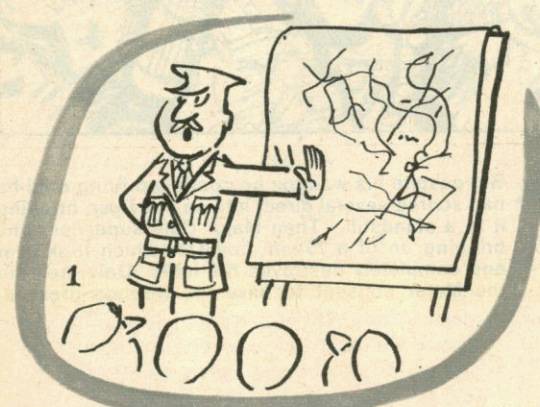


"Why didn't you just lengthen the rope?"

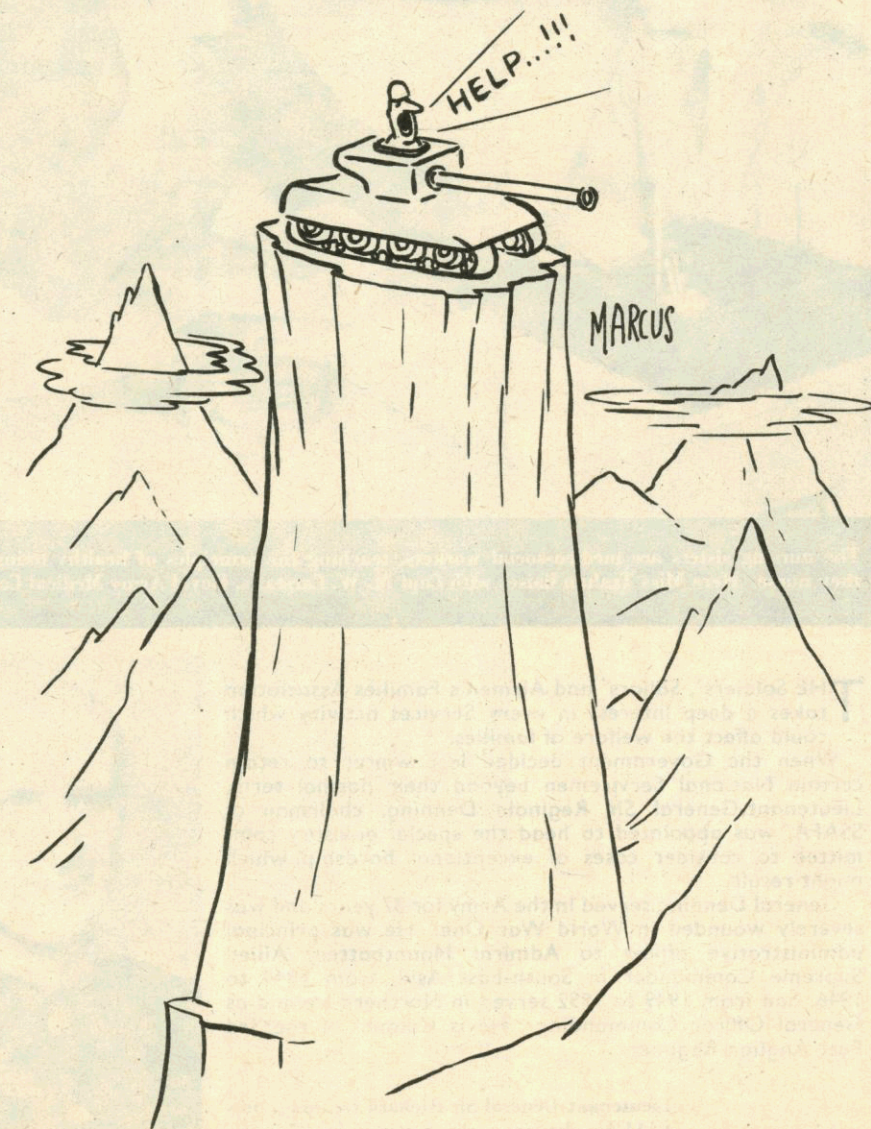


"Don't just stand there—someone throw the sergeant-major an anchor!"

SOLDIER HUMOUR



"Marlene, will you . . . wait for it—wait for it!"



Wherever the Army's families are, SSAFA is there, too, ready to advise and help. This is the story of Miss Trahan, a typical nursing sister

SHE'S A SISTER TO 800 FAMILIES

ANY day in the life of Miss Nicola Trahan, one of the 35 SSAFA nursing sisters in Rhine Army, is fuller and more absorbing than most. And much more satisfying.

To the 2000-odd Servicemen and their families in the Dusseldorf area she is adviser and confidant. She is the State registered nurse, the health visitor, the midwife and, above all, the friend in need who never fails.

Her job is to look after the physical and mental well-being of her charges who may call her in at any time of the day and night—and often do. Yet, like her fellow sisters

who serve throughout the world wherever British Army families are stationed, she is often taken for granted.

The day **SOLDIER** met Miss Trahan, one of SSAFA's longest-serving members and, like her colleagues, a State registered nurse and midwife, she had driven from Dusseldorf to Krefeld to minister to a score of soldiers' wives and children. Early that morning she had been called out to accompany a wife to a hospital on what she calls her "maternity escort" duty. Then she had visited a mother who was worried about her child's health and given her advice.

Now she combined her qualifications as

midwife and health visitor, giving penicillin injections to expectant mothers, answering their problems and quieting their fears, medically inspecting a dozen babies and prescribing cures for their complaints. Then she was off to welcome a new batch of wives from Britain.

That was only a small part of her job. Most days Miss Trahan visits half a dozen or so wives she knows to be unhappy or in need of help, and consults one or more of the unit commanding officers in her area. Sometimes she is called in by husbands who are worried about their wives' health or inability to cope with problems. Often she has advised newly-weds in the art of running a home, helping to plan a weekly budget and showing the wife how to cook and sew and keep her home clean and attractive.

Most of the problems Miss Trahan is asked to solve have their roots in twisted human relationships and lack of experience and training. There was the husband—a rare example—who ill-treated his wife because she did not keep the home as spick and span as he wished. He deeply resented Miss Trahan's attempts but at last she succeeded, not only in teaching the girl how to run her home properly, but in breaking down the man's suspicions and unfriendliness.

Regularly, too, Miss Trahan visits the British schools in her area and carries out a pre-medical inspection, keeping a special watch on those children she knows come from unhappy homes and those who for some unaccountable reason are backward in their studies. If she has reason to believe that a child is being ill-treated or badly handled by its parents she will visit them and try to make them see the error of their ways. Miss Trahan, who keeps a written record of every British Services family in the Dusseldorf, Villich and Krefeld district, has about 500 children on her books and sees most of them once a month.

To keep acquainted with the difficulties of every one of her 800 families in time for her to be able to do something about them is obviously impossible. But most of them become known to Miss Trahan, either directly from unit commanding officers or from the local SSAFA committees, composed largely of wives themselves.

Miss Trahan, who before being posted to Rhine Army served as a nursing sister at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe (SHAPE) in France where she cared for families belonging to 14 different nations, told **SOLDIER**: "Mine is a very rewarding job. Sometimes families resent any attempt to help them but the vast majority welcome me like a long-lost sister. We SSAFA sisters never interfere but when help is needed we want to give it for the good of the whole family."

E. J. GROVE



The nursing sisters are medico-social workers, teaching the principles of healthy living as they nurse. Here Miss Trahan liaises with Capt M. W. Carstairs, Royal Army Medical Corps.

THE Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association takes a deep interest in every Services activity which could affect the welfare of families.

When the Government decided last winter to retain certain National Servicemen beyond their normal term, Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Denning, chairman of SSAFA, was appointed to head the special advisory committee to consider cases of exceptional hardship which might result.

General Denning served in the Army for 37 years and was severely wounded in World War One. He was principal administrative officer to Admiral Mountbatten, Allied Supreme Commander in South-East Asia, from 1944 to 1946, and from 1949 to 1952 served in Northern Ireland as General Officer Commanding. He is Colonel of the 3rd East Anglian Regiment.

Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Denning, now SSAFA's chairman, was a soldier for 37 years.



IT BEGAN AT THE CURRACH

THE Nursing Service of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association was formed in 1892 when the first sister, Mrs Nora Diamond, a doctor's widow, was appointed to care for soldiers' families at Curragh Camp in County Kildare, Ireland. Mrs Diamond served at the Curragh for 30 years before her death.

By 1898 the SSAFA Nursing Service was 16 strong, but the organisation grew rapidly, at home and overseas, during and after World War One. When the National Health Service Act came into force in 1946, Services families in Britain became the responsibility of local health authorities but SSAFA nurses have since continued to serve overseas.


The aim of the service is basically what it was in 1892 but since the character of domiciliary nursing care has changed so the objective of the Nursing Service has expanded to include the wider range of functions and responsibilities. Originally the sisters were trained nurses and midwives. Today they have to be not only State registered nurses and State certified midwives but, in addition, hold either the health visitor certificate of the Royal Society of Health or the certificate of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Fourteen of the present 98 SSAFA sisters hold all four qualifications.

SSAFA nursing sisters teach as they nurse, impressing on those who come under their care the principles of healthy living and the prevention of mental and physical ill-health. They are, in fact, medico-social workers.

Why, in this welfare state age, is SSAFA necessary? The answer is simply that Service life presents problems which cannot be solved by the normal machinery of the welfare state services, problems which are often unique.

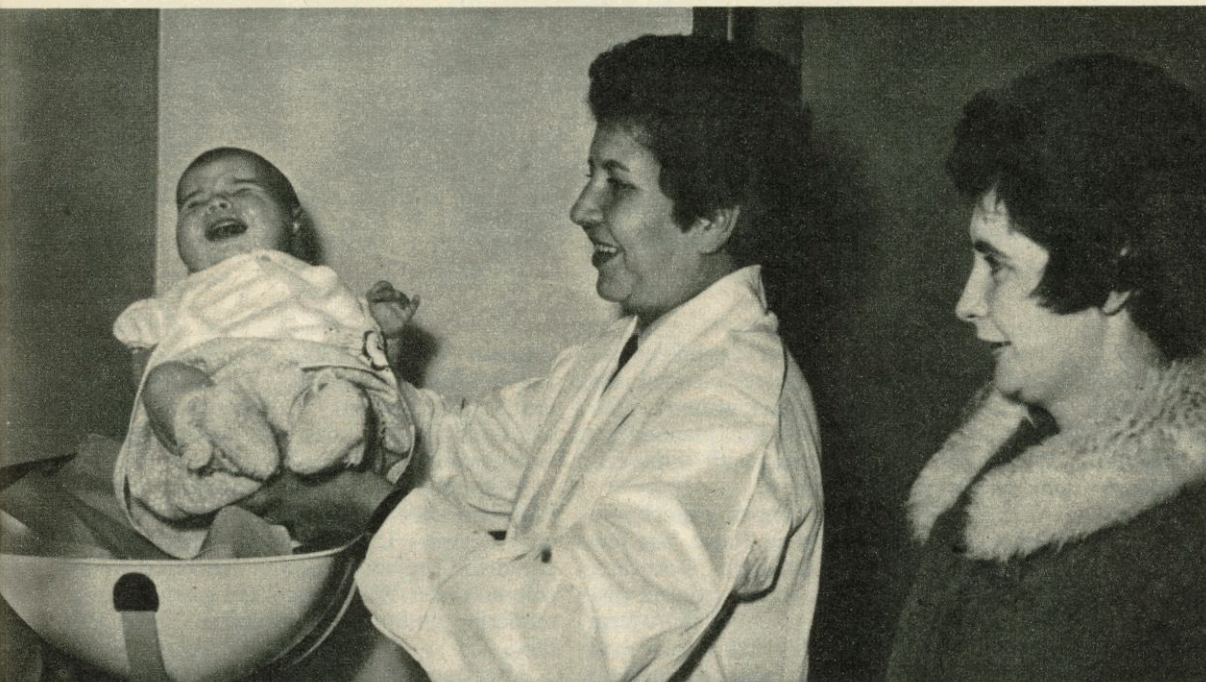
SSAFA not only helps and advises Service families. It does the same, too, for the Services authorities, incidentally saving the taxpayer many thousands of pounds a year, for instance, by carrying out duties which often make compassionate leave unnecessary.

SSAFA, which in Britain employs over 12,000 voluntary workers, needs £150,000 a year to do its work. It is financed by voluntary contributions.



Miss Trahan gives a penicillin injection to an expectant mother, Mrs Margaret Stringemore.

Below: Weighing the protesting 11-week-old son of Mrs Phyllis Douglas, another soldier's wife.



Every week Miss Trahan travels between 500 and 700 miles in her car as she visits the 2000-odd Servicemen and families whom she serves both as adviser and a confidant.



THE TIGERS CHARGED AN ARMY

Faced by the cheering, charging redcoats the Americans panicked, and it seemed that one regiment would sweep away an entire army

FOR nearly 150 years the inspiring call, "Come on the Tigers!" has heralded the bayonet charges of the 17th Foot (The Royal Leicestershire Regiment) in battles in many parts of the world. But the greatest bayonet charge in the Regiment's history—and one of the greatest in Army history—took place more than half a century before the 17th Foot's prowess in India earned them the honour of wearing the Royal Tiger in their cap badge.

On the slopes of a grassy hill outside the university town of Princeton, New Jersey, on a bitter January day in 1777, the 17th Foot, only 240 strong, charged the main mass of George Washington's American army and came close to routing them.

Ironically, this massive regimental triumph, commemorated to this day by the unbroken laurel wreath surrounding the tiger in the crest, is woven into the story of the defeat of General William Howe's British army. The bayonet charge saved the Regiment from annihilation but did nothing to prevent Washington from sweeping the British out of Princeton.

Princeton was, in fact, the turning point in the American War of Independence. Up till then it had been a cake-walk for the disciplined British redcoats; thereafter Washington led a proud army instead of a lethargic rabble.

Having taken New York and humiliated the Americans at Long Island, Kip's Bay, and White Plains; having stormed Fort Mifflin and Fort Mifflin and chased the

rebels the length of New Jersey and beyond the River Delaware, Howe pleaded for reinforcements from England, waited for the Delaware to freeze over and planned an invasion of Pennsylvania, with Philadelphia as his immediate target.

There was every prospect of a quick and total victory for Britain in those last few weeks of 1776. Beyond the Delaware, Washington's army was on the point of disintegrating. Under the system of short-term enlistments, the bulk of his men were free to go home on 31 December, and most of them were eager to go. After the disasters of the summer and autumn, there was little stomach left for the fight. "Such a mercenary spirit pervades my army," wrote Washington, "that I shall not be surprised at any disaster... I think the game is pretty near up." Many of his officers, he added, were "not fit to be bootblacks."

There were forebodings, too, in the British camp. Howe was pleading in vain for reinforcements while, in London, Parliament was hopelessly split over the war issue. The direction of the war was ludicrously in the hands of Lord George Sackville, who had been handed out of the Army after disgracing himself at Minden.

With the revolutionary cause on the point of collapse, Washington decided on a desperate measure to restore morale. He planned a sudden blow at Trenton, one of Howe's frontier posts on the Delaware. To boost her inadequate army, Britain had been forced to employ as mercenaries 18,000

German troops; 1300 of these, under Colonel Rahl, formed the Trenton garrison. Rahl, contemptuous of American troops, had been heard to boast that "these country clowns cannot whip us."

Although warned of an impending attack, Rahl had allowed his troops to stand down on Christmas Day and was utterly unprepared for the shock assault delivered by a column under Washington, the garrison surrendering without the loss of an American life.

After months of blunders and disasters, Washington had gained his first victory over the British. The spirit of his tattered army soared and the bulk of his militiamen agreed, on receipt of a ten-dollar bounty, to serve for a further six weeks.

General Lord Cornwallis, Howe's chief lieutenant, raced from New York to Princeton on hearing of the defeat and early on 2 January led a strong force on the ten-mile march south to Trenton. After an artillery duel outside Trenton, prolonged by Washington in order to prevent a daylight British attack, Cornwallis called for reinforcements from Princeton and settled down for the night. With the broad Delaware at his back and a superior force in front, Washington was in a desperate position. That night he called a council of war and outlined a bold and daring plan.

Soon after midnight, in pitch darkness, he led his men quietly out of the camp, leaving 500 to keep the camp fires up and simulate the noise of trenching work. Skirting the



The small but formidable force charged, hacking a way through the American ranks.

British left, they struck the road for Princeton and by dawn were approaching the town. While Cornwallis was investigating an empty camp, his enemy was preparing to strike in his rear.

Washington planned to move stealthily into the town along a side road which ran a little less than a mile to the south-east of the main post road. Connecting the two, about half a mile outside the town, was a stream, and between the two roads rose a hill now known as Mercer Height.

The American commander sent General Hugh Mercer's 350-strong column along the bank of the stream to destroy the bridge carrying the post road in order to prevent Cornwallis from hurrying to Princeton's aid. In the event, Cornwallis had no idea where Washington had gone until he heard distant gunfire from Princeton that morning.

By chance, Lieut-Colonel Charles Mawhood, of the 17th Foot, temporarily commanding Howe's Fourth Brigade, was moving out of Princeton along the post road with the 17th and 55th Foot (later the 2nd Border Regiment) en route for Trenton, just as the Americans were approaching the town on the side road. From high ground Mawhood caught a glimpse of Washington's army toiling along in a parallel but opposite direction, and also spotted Mercer's men moving along the creek. The 17th were promptly despatched to intercept them.

Accounts of the action vary, but it seems unlikely that Mawhood, with his 700 men, realised that he was taking on Washington's

entire force. Mercer's men, seeing the redcoats, with Mawhood at their head, sprinting towards them, turned tail and made for their own main force. Britons and Americans converged on an orchard, the latter reaching it first and plunging into cover.

"Gentlemen, dress before you make ready," shouted an officer of the 1st Virginians. Came a reply from the ranks of the 17th: "Damn you, we will dress you"—and British muskets poured a volley into the orchard. The Virginians, cowed by the disciplined fire of the 17th, began to waver, and Washington sent the Pennsylvania Militia to their support. As they streamed over the brow of a low hill they ran full tilt into the Virginians, now fleeing in panic.

The panic spread; the Pennsylvanians took one look at the cheering redcoats bearing down on them, then turned about and joined the fleet-footed retreat. It now appeared that Mawhood, with a single regiment, might sweep the Americans off the field, brigade by brigade. Washington had only his rearguard to fling into the battle.

Accurate defensive fire from two American guns behind the hill momentarily held up the 17th and, during the lull, Washington, galloping after the Pennsylvanians, pleaded with them to return to the fray. "Parade with us, my brave fellows," he was heard to shout. "There is but a handful of the enemy, and we will have them directly."

At this crucial moment his veteran New England Brigade, rearguard on the march from Trenton, surged into the field. The

Pennsylvanians and Virginians stopped running, turned about and, with Washington himself at their head, moved briskly into line on the New Englanders' left. The whole line advanced on the 17th Foot. At 30 yards they fired a volley, instantly answered. When the smoke cleared, Washington was seen to be still erect on his horse, miraculously unscathed. A well-aimed bullet at that moment might have changed the course of history.

Belatedly, Mawhood realised he was facing the entire American army. His only chance was to advance. He ordered a charge, and the gallant survivors of the 17th grimly hacked a path through the massed enemy and escaped to join Cornwallis. Of the 240 who entered the battle, 101 fell or were captured.

Throughout the action, in which General Mercer himself was mortally wounded, the 55th were helpless spectators from high ground to the north. The brave stand by the 17th enabled the 55th to fall back to Princeton, where they joined the 40th (later the 1st South Lancashires) and made an orderly retreat to New Brunswick.

Congratulations poured in on the 17th Foot—from George Washington himself, from Howe, from Cornwallis, and from the King of England. Cornwallis had missed a great chance of finishing the war triumphantly at Trenton but thanks to the men of the 17th, who fought like tigers that day at Princeton, the picture was not one of unrelieved gloom for Britain.

K. E. HENLY

ATUG on the cord, the curtain fell away, and the memories came flooding back. On the unveiled plaque, in three neat columns, were the names of 31 men who died serving with Bombardment Units in World War Two.

Select a name at random: "J. Lee, Captain, Normandy." As forward observer with the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, Captain Lee was last seen shortly after D-Day standing on his blazing vehicle firing a Bren in support of the Infantry. Captain P. Williams was cut down by machine-gun fire as he landed with the Commandos. Captain A. J. T. Jenkins died aboard a cruiser torpedoed off Anzio.

They were there at Dieppe, at Oran and Algiers, Sicily, the South of France . . . At every major assault landing of the war these specialist bombardment units were at the heart of things, manning that vital link between the naval guns and the assaulting troops. Men of the forward observation posts—an officer, three other ranks and a naval telegraphist—would go in by landing craft, parachute or glider immediately behind the first wave, keeping in close touch with the assault troops and guiding the naval fire to where it did most damage. At the peak, immediately before D-Day—the Bombardment Units' greatest and most vital operation—there were some 700 officers and men on strength.

Normandy in fact accounted for half the 31 names listed on the memorial at the Territorial Centre, Clewer Mead, Windsor. Five



From inside a bullet-scarred building in Normandy an observer directs naval fire.

PLAQUE OF HONOUR

major-generals and four brigadiers were among those who saw a sixth major-general, Sir Robert Laycock DSO, Chief of Combined Operations from 1943 to 1947, unveil the plaque. The Rev. F. Vere Hodge, a former parachute officer with Bombardment Units, conducted the service.

The units have now evolved into 95 Regiment, Royal Artillery, and Clewer Mead is the headquarters of the Regiment's one Territorial battery. Today this work is more specialised than ever, with NATO gunnery procedure and terms to be learned as well as Army and naval drills, and calls for a high standard of physical fitness as well as technical skill.

All this applies equally to the Territorials of 881 Battery. On annual camp they train with the Regulars, and there is also a yearly visit to Cape Wrath, the naval range on the northern tip of Scotland. Exercises with NATO have meant occasional overseas trips for some of the Territorials, including one to Sardinia.

The men of 881 Battery are training hard to keep pace with the Regular batteries. Should the need arise they will maintain the traditions fostered by the men whose names form those three neat columns on the plaque at Clewer Mead.



General Laycock (left) and Mr Hodge recall the names of their former comrades.

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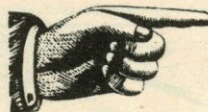


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The senders of the first six correct or nearest-correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

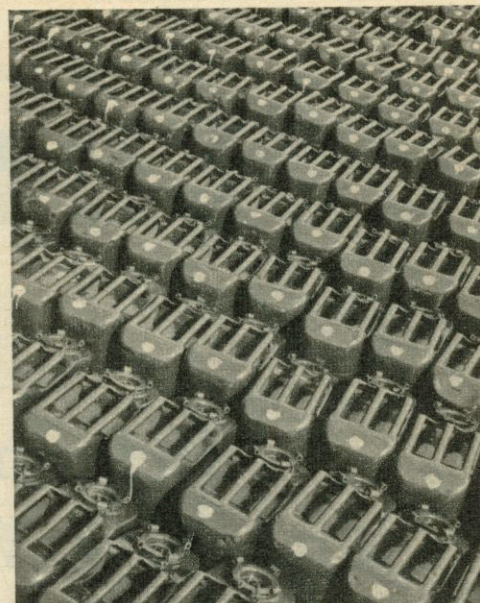
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3. A £4 gift voucher.
4. Three recently published books.
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6. A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

COMPETITION 53

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
The Editor (Comp 53), SOLDIER,
433 Holloway Road, London N.7.
2. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 53" label printed on this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Servicemen and women and Services' sponsored civilians may compete for any prize; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only.

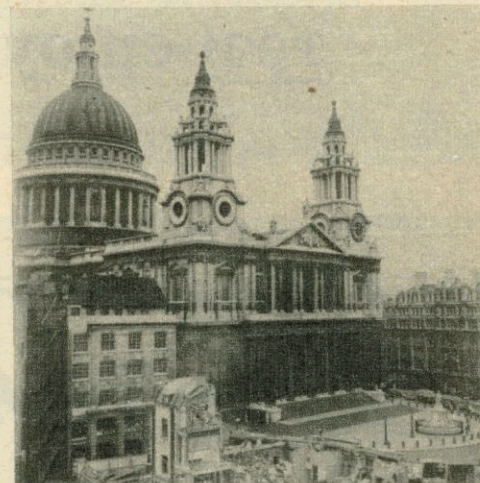
*The solution and names of the winners will appear in the January, 1963, issue of **SOLDIER**.*



- 10 Would these be: (a) Dutch mousetraps; (b) Canadian jerricans; (c) Russian aircraft batteries; (d) Chilean hot water bottles; (e) Swiss locks.

TEST YOUR WITS and be among the prizewinners

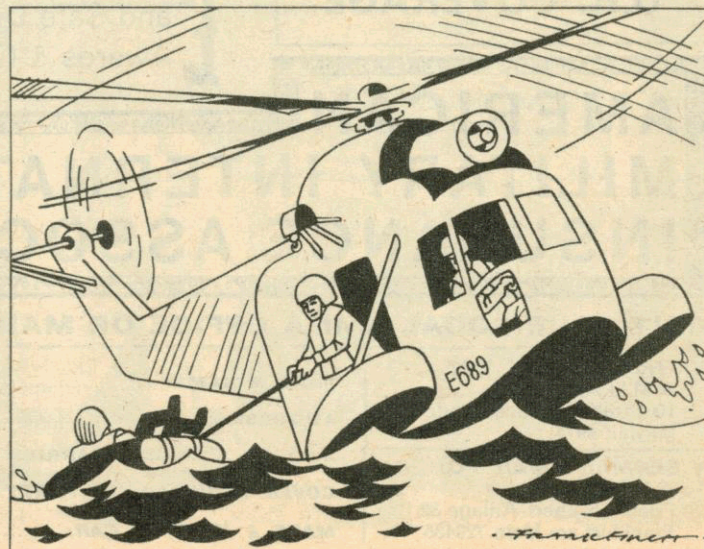
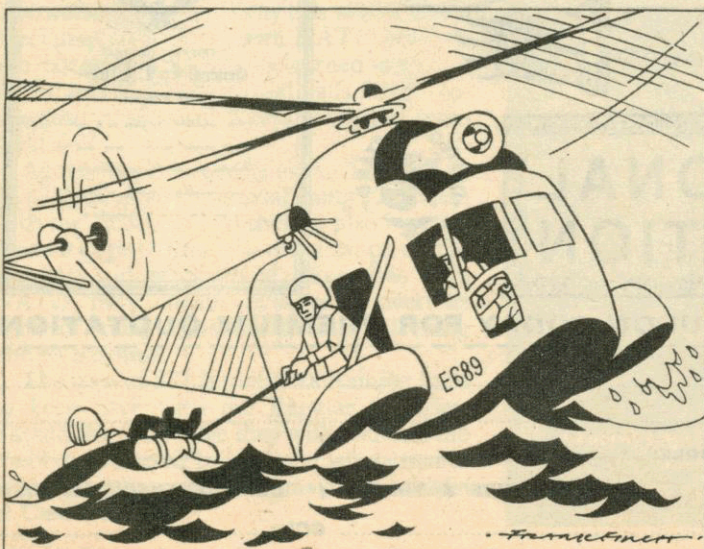
- 1 Benbecula is: (a) A mountain in Perthshire; (b) A Deputy Prime Minister of Algeria; (c) A vampire bat; (d) An island in the Outer Hebrides. Which?
- 2 Name five British tanks beginning with the letter "C."
- 3 As cool as a cucumber... Now try these: (a) As l----y as a c-----t; (b) As d--d as a d-----l; (c) As w--- as an --l; (d) As r----- as r---; (e) As s----- as an --l. The dashes indicate missing letters.
- 4 Which is the odd man out here: (a) Ocarina; (b) Mouth-organ; (c) Oboe; (d) Zither; (e) Heckelphone; (f) Piccolo?
- 5 Unravel these capital cities: (a) A NIGHT SNOW; (b) BRACE RAN; (c) MOCK SLOTH; (d) BRIDE HUNG.
- 6 If an ANT that is a song of praise is an ANThem, then which ANT: (a) Burns without smoke; (b) Relates to the South Pole; (c) Is related to the deer and goat; (d) Is worn by stags; (e) Is worn by insects?
- 7 Eat, drink and be merry... Then group the following into their proper order in threes: Hull, sun, monkey, yellow, quartered, philosopher, fire, stars, me, sword, red, Halifax, blue, drawn, friend, moon, organ, famine, guide, hung, Hell.
- 8 Complete the sequences: (a) O T T F F S -; (b) I I I I V I X X V -; (c) 2 4 8 16 32 64 -.
- 9 Which word on this page contains a deliberate spelling error?



- 11 This is a picture of: (a) St. Peter's, Rome; (b) Metropolitan Opera House, New York; (c) St. Paul's Cathedral, London; (d) Central Station, Stockholm. Which?

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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





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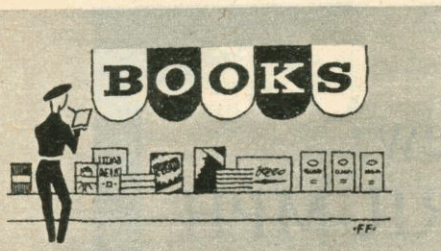
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TWO TO ONE —BUT THE JAPS WON

IT is natural and proper that officers of conquering armies should boast about their comrades in their war reminiscences, but when it comes to the Japanese who overran Malaya in 1941-2, that boasting is a bit too much for a British reader.

Colonel Masanobu Tsuji's "Singapore: the Japanese Version" (Constable, 30s) is sickening. Here, "revered," "esteemed" and with tears flowing down their cheeks in moments of joy and sorrow, are the brutes who bayoneted British wounded, who tortured and otherwise maltreated their prisoners, often to death.

The author relates a nauseating story of the painful experience he had when he was instructed to inform a regimental commander that he was to be punished with 30 days' close arrest (including the loss of half his pay) because three of his soldiers had raped and pillaged in Penang. The regimental commander felt he should commit *hari-kari*. If many others had had similar feelings, the Japanese Army might have been very short of officers before the war was half over.

This is also a sickening book in a way for which the author is not to blame, for it is the story of what Sir Winston Churchill called "the worst disaster and the largest capitulation in British history." With this confirmation from the Japanese side, the facts are now clear: 60,000 Japanese beat 130,000 British, Australian, Indian and Malay troops.

The Japanese advantages were that their troops were seasoned (though no more trained in jungle warfare than ours) and determined, whereas most of ours were green and bewildered; that they had command of

sea and air; and that British leadership was far below the standard it attained in other theatres. These outweighed the British advantage in men and material which was left about so generously that the Japanese advanced on what they called "Churchill supplies."

By no means was all sweetness and light among the Japanese in Malaya. The author, who was on the staff of the army commander, General Yamashita, devotes a whole chapter to the jealousy of the "self-righteous and map-tactical" staff of the next-higher headquarters. It seems that it was only in Malaya that the Japanese navy fought side-by-side with the army instead of against it.

Of the three Japanese divisions in Malaya, one was the Konoe Imperial Guards Division which, unlike the other two, had not been in battle since the Russo-Japanese war but was an élite force of picked men. Its staff appears to have carried out orders from the army commander with a haughty independence which earns scathing remarks from the author.

Unpleasant though it is, this book is important to anyone who wants to know the other side of the picture. Colonel Tsuji was one of the planning staff of the Malayan campaign and during it spent much of his time visiting front-line units. His account is both graphic and authentic.

When the war ended and his admired General Yamashita was being sentenced to death for war crimes, Colonel Tsuji was obeying orders to disappear and prepare himself for his country's reconstruction. He wandered Asia in disguise for some years and reappeared to be elected to the Japanese parliament.

"Thanks to Britain's money spent on excellent paved roads, and to the cheap Japanese bicycles, the assault on Malaya was easy."



Smoke billows up from oil tanks on fire at the naval base on Singapore Island.

Inspection in 1941 by King George VI of 6th Armored Div. "A" Squadron relaxes while "B" and "C" stand easy by their Valentine tanks.



THE "DEATH OR GLORY" BOYS

EARLY in 1938, a four-seater motor-car arrived at Meerut Station, in India, addressed to the 17th/21st Lancers. It was not yet "on strength," so Indian regulations did not permit an issue of petrol, and it arrived at the Regiment's barracks with the regimental quartermaster-sergeant at the wheel and four Indian grooms supplying the motive power.

The car was shortly followed by the Regiment's first tank. This travelled for four miles, bearing the commanding officer and adjutant, then shed both tracks and left its passengers to walk home. Came the second tank—and the turret fell off. For the 17th/21st Lancers, who had just said good-bye to their horses, mechanisation had begun.

The Lancers may have been sad at parting with their horses, but a little thing like changing to tanks was not going to upset them. After all, this was the Regiment which, disliking the amenities at Tidworth, had set the fashion by building its own playing fields.

They had been told conversion from horses to tanks would take two years. The commanding officer decreed that it would be done in time for the next brigade camp, just under a year ahead. "The Old Man's gone mad," commented someone, but the Lancers did it, by dint of much double-time working through India's hot season.

That sort of spirit shows itself repeatedly in the pages of "The History of the 17th/21st Lancers" (Macmillan, 50s), by Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. V. French-Blake. The author, a one-time commanding officer of the Regiment, takes the history from the amalgamation of the 17th and 21st Lancers, in 1922, up to 1960.

The start of World War Two found the Regiment newly returned to Britain and

without transport. It was three years before, equipped with *Crusaders* and *Valentines*, the Lancers set forth for North Africa as the nucleus of a force commanded by their own Colonel R. A. Hull (now Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the first Cavalryman at the head of the Army for 40-odd years).

They saw much fighting in North Africa. Perhaps their most notable exploit was at Fondouk Pass where, like the 17th Lancers at Balacava, they advanced into a "Valley of Death"—a defile mined and screened with German anti-tank guns and tanks. They lost 32 tanks that day, but cleared the way for the rest of their brigade to break out to Kairouan.

They slogged through Italy and with true Cavalry versatility took turns to man armoured cars as well as tanks, and spent a time in the front line as Infantry. Short of Sappers, they also built their own bridge one day, felling trees with their tanks. When the war finished, they may well have established a record by going through it with only two courts-martial chalked up against them.

The ink on the German surrender in Italy was hardly dry before the 17th/21st were rounding up horses and founding a riding school, with which they shortly moved to Austria. They went on to Greece and to troubled Palestine where, as still another operational mount, they took over armoured rail-cars to patrol the railway lines.

Peaceful postings to Catterick and Germany followed, and in 1960 the Regiment sailed for Hong Kong. By that time, all but one in a hundred of its men were Regulars—a tribute both to the fame of the Regiment and to its potent cap-motto, the Death's Head "Or Glory."

NATO

"THE Politics of Western Defence" (Thames and Hudson, 30s), by F. W. Mulley, MP, comes as a long, cool look at the whole confusing business of avoiding a war by being prepared in NATO to fight one. Experts as well as laymen will find it a help in getting NATO into perspective.

The author, who served in The Worcestershire Regiment in World War Two, has been intimately connected with the international politics of European defence and is a Labour Party spokesman on defence matters. He covers the NATO field thoroughly, from political control—for which he has his own suggestions—to the capabilities of field formations.

While the policy of the West is now to be in a position to survive the first blow of a

AND DEFENCE

nuclear war and able to strike the second, and a massive, blow—the deterrent against surprise all-out attack—the author is also emphatic on the need for a deterrent against aggression with conventional forces.

Paradoxically, he says, as methods of delivering weapons of vast destruction become more and more expensive and complex, the ordinary soldier, with conventional weapons, becomes the most valuable deterrent in our system. He urges that the target of 30 full-strength NATO divisions—instead of the 15 or 16 now fully effective—should be reached, to form the shield which would deny an easy gain to an aggressor and to force on him time to reflect on whether to withdraw or risk raising the ante to the catastrophic heights of nuclear warfare.

The author goes into the problems of

command and suggests a supreme commander for nuclear weapons (probably to be known as SACNUC) and a commander-in-chief for tactical nuclear weapons (CINCTACNUC?) whose functions would be primarily to ensure that nuclear fury would not be unleashed prematurely.

Among the problems he discusses are those of logistics. Unlike operational planning, logistics cost money in peace-time, and so have become the Cinderella of military science. They are not under the control of the military commanders, and are dependent in NATO on varying national wills and capabilities. The author therefore proposes a NATO logistics organisation, financed from a central fund. He points to the success of the "infrastructure" organisation (provision of static common facilities, like air-

HANDBOOK FOR GUERILLAS

RECENTLY it was reported that the British Army is to have new doctrine and training manuals on fighting guerillas. A few months earlier, the American Army made a new senior appointment to "focus on the Army's anti-guerilla activities."

A basic study for anyone interested in this problem is what the other side has to say about it, and "Guerilla Warfare" (Cassell, 25s) makes available translation of two of the most notable text-books on the subject by two of the most successful guerilla leaders of modern times.

The first is a pamphlet by Mao Tse-tung published in 1937 when Mao's Communists were allied with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists against the Japanese. It laid down the rules not only for the fight against the foreign invader but also Mao's subsequent victory over his temporary ally.

The other is by Major Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, Fidel Castro's adviser in the successful Cuban revolution. If Mao's work provides the model on which Communist guerillas have campaigned and probably will again campaign in Asia, Che Guevara's pamphlet is likely to be equally important as a text-book for Communist revolutionaries in Central and South America.

On principles, as might be expected, they have a great deal in common. Che Guevara may or may not have heard of Sun Tzu, who inspires much of Mao's writing and who summed up guerilla tactics 2400 years ago in four Chinese characters, "Sheng Tung, Chi Hsi" (Uproar (in the) East, Strike (in the) West), but Che Guevara expounds the same tactics.

Both writers are adamant on the importance of guerillas winning the support of civilian populations. Mao's suggested establishment for a guerilla band puts a political officer and three public relations men into a company of 122—a proportion of effort which must be nearly as high as the advertising activity of a detergent manufacturer. Mao also lists "The Three Rules and Eight Remarks" for "unity of spirit that should exist between troops and local inhabitants." These include, "Replace the door when you leave the house" (after using it as a bed) and "Do not

OVER...

fields, communications and ammunition storage) which is controlled and financed in the same way. The system, he believes, would lead to greater logistics authority for commanders, more standardisation of weapons and equipment (which national considerations render more a pious hope than practical politics), bigger stocks, and more mobility and flexibility.

The author is at his most spine-chilling on the West's nuclear capability and in an appendix on the effects of nuclear weapons. Hiroshima and Nagasaki gave a mere hint of the horrors now locked up in warheads; modern means of delivery have never been tested in war. The effect of the combination is only an expert's guess. If the author is right and conventional forces deter the use of it, then a soldier's life is indeed worthwhile.

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bathe in the presence of women." Guevara, in less homely style, urges, "Make the enemy reveal himself as the true, hated criminal."

It is basic that guerillas must depend on intelligence provided for them by the civilian population but denied to the anti-guerillas, and that on the civilians will also depend much of the guerillas' supply—unless they can

capture all they want from their opponents. British experience in Malaya showed that winning over and protecting the inhabitants was a slow, expensive but essential contribution to victory over revolutionary guerillas. This complicated, but vital, aspect of guerilla warfare is a necessary study for officers of regular forces which may have to wage an anti-guerilla campaign.

DESERT ISLAND CHOICE

WHICH ten books would you pick for the military section of your desert island bookcase?

Stimulated by the reappearance of "Defeat Into Victory," writes a SOLDIER reviewer, I have been jotting down my own list.

To keep it in bounds, I have restricted selection to books published since World War Two. I have excluded Sir Winston Churchill's series on that war, as being something more than military, but it would appear elsewhere on the bookshelf and make irrelevant a large number of generals' reminiscences.

Here, but not in any order of merit, is my list:

"Defeat Into Victory," by Field-Marshal Viscount Slim (1956)—The essence of modern generalship.

"Letters of Private Wheeler," edited by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart (1951)—The essence of privateship in Wellington's day.

"Gallipoli," by Alan Moorhead (1956)—Superbly written military history.

"The Reason Why," by Cecil Woodham-Smith (1953)—Sparkling evocation of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

"The Wooden Horse," by Eric Williams (1949)—A distinguished representative of the many absorbing escape books.

"The Jungle is Neutral," by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Spencer Chapman (1949)—How to live with almost anything and anyone, in Jap-occupied Malaya.

"Zulu Battle Piece," by Sir Reginald Coupland (1949)—Brilliant, pocket-size account of disaster at Isandhlwana and the stand at Rorke's Drift.

"Beyond the Chindwin," by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson (1945)—Best-written of all "private army" books.

"Going to the Wars," by John Verney (1955)—For light relief among the Yeomen of World War Two.

"Nightrunners of Bengal," by John Masters (1951)—Must have one novel, and this one about the Indian Mutiny is splendidly colourful.

Anyone else like to have a go?

GATEWAY TO INDIA

FROM Quetta to the Khyber Pass and northward to Chitral, the Indian North-West Frontier has lived for centuries in history, fame and fiction. The other frontier, to the north-east far beyond Calcutta, could never compete. Action had been almost entirely lacking here until early in 1944 when the Japanese, having already captured and occupied the whole of Burma, launched their final all-out onslaught.

To the north of the Indo-Burmese frontier lies the small and remote state of Manipur with its capital, Imphal, a sprawling village set in a lush green plain. Manipur was the last serious obstacle between the Japanese and India, the most glittering prize of all.

The battle for Imphal lasted four long and bitter months, much of it fought in the muck and slush of the monsoon. Now, after nearly 20 years, its story is told by two officers who were there, Lieutenant-General Sir Geoffrey Evans DSO and Antony Brett-James, in "Imphal" (Macmillan, 32s).

In their introduction the authors wisely state that they have made no attempt to analyse the battle; they let individual combatants tell what happened and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Thus their narra-

tive has a continuity and authenticity all too often absent from accounts of active service.

The assault on Imphal by the Japanese 15th Army, comprising three tough, jungle-hardened and battle-seasoned divisions, began early in March, 1944, and in its initial stages met with some success. While two divisions staged a diversion, the third attacked with savage ferocity. "On this battle," said the Japanese General Tanaka in a special order to his division, "rests the fate of the Empire."

In the bitter and ruthless fighting that followed, in the Imphal plain, through the fever-infested jungle and across bare and pock-marked hills, the brunt fell on the Infantry. Strategic points were captured, lost and recaptured, often at bayonet point, and platoons, companies and battalions were often embroiled in desperate hand-to-hand combat.

When it was all over Japanese losses in killed and wounded totalled at least 30,000, and British, Gurkha and Indian casualties in the Imphal garrison amounted to 13,000. But, though the cost was heavy, Imphal marked a turning point in the war in Asia. The Japanese were routed and demoralised at last and the road to Mandalay and beyond was opened.

A TROOPER GETS HIS SERVICE IN

SPORT

PPRIVATE KEVIN LIVESEY took a long, reflective drink of the luke-warm water at the umpire's chair, gave his racquet handle a deliberate wipe and walked slowly back to receive service.

His opponent, 17-year-old Trooper Barry Lill was, after 12 weeks in the Army, on the threshold of an easy victory in the men's singles final of the Army Tennis Championships. He was leading by two sets to love and 4-3 in the third set, having broken Private Livesey's service yet again. So far the match, played in hot sunshine, had produced little to interest the final's day crowd at the Officers Club, Aldershot.

Fighting back, Private Livesey produced two unplayable returns, squandered a game point, but finally levelled the set at 4-all. He was twice 15-40 down on his own service but each time he pulled through then produced some dazzling returns of service to take the third set 8-6.

Private Livesey opened the fourth set with a double fault then played brilliantly to take the next eight points for a 2-love lead, and was soon leading 4-1. But in the next game a fractional loss of concentration was evident, and thanks to two loose shots by his opponent, Trooper Lill held his service. He went on to take the next four games and the championship, 6-1 7-5, 6-8, 6-4.

Private Livesey, a 24-year-old National Serviceman with only two weeks' service with The Lancashire Regiment remaining, had produced some sparkling tennis in patches, but could not match his young opponent for steadiness and application.

Trooper Lill, 17th/21st Lancers, who last

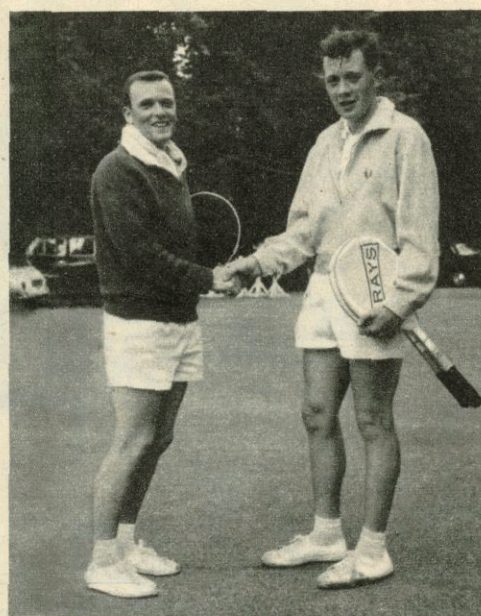
year won the Nottinghamshire junior and under-21 titles, is a worthy Army champion. He will clearly be a force to be reckoned with in Services tennis in the years to come.

Captain D. J. Temple, adjutant of the Women's Royal Army Corps School of Instruction, Hindhead, pulled a leg muscle in a warm-up match the day before the championships began, and had to play with her leg firmly strapped. Despite this she had no trouble in winning the women's singles title for the fourth successive year. She never looked like losing a set, beating Second-Lieutenant P. Tortoiseshell 6-1, 6-1 in the final.

Partnering Captain M. E. MacLagan, WRAC, she also retained her women's doubles title. It was the pair's third successive win and they dropped only seven games in the process, beating Second Lieutenants J. Upton and Tortoiseshell 6-0, 6-2.

Another triumphant casualty—also a pulled muscle—was Captain P. Cheston. He and Lieutenant-Colonel K. Dewar, a tennis veteran of 47, justified their top seeding by winning the men's doubles title. But they came perilously close to defeat before beating Major P. Dickenson and Captain D. Jeffrey 3-6, 8-6, 6-0 in a final that ended in anti-climax after an exciting first two sets.

This was in marked contrast to the mixed doubles final, which rounded off the championships in fine style. Private R. J. Mason and Captain M. E. MacLagan won the first set 6-4. Lieutenant-Colonel Dewar and Major J. Comyn took the second 6-1, then the battle commenced, won finally by Private Mason and Captain MacLagan 11-9.

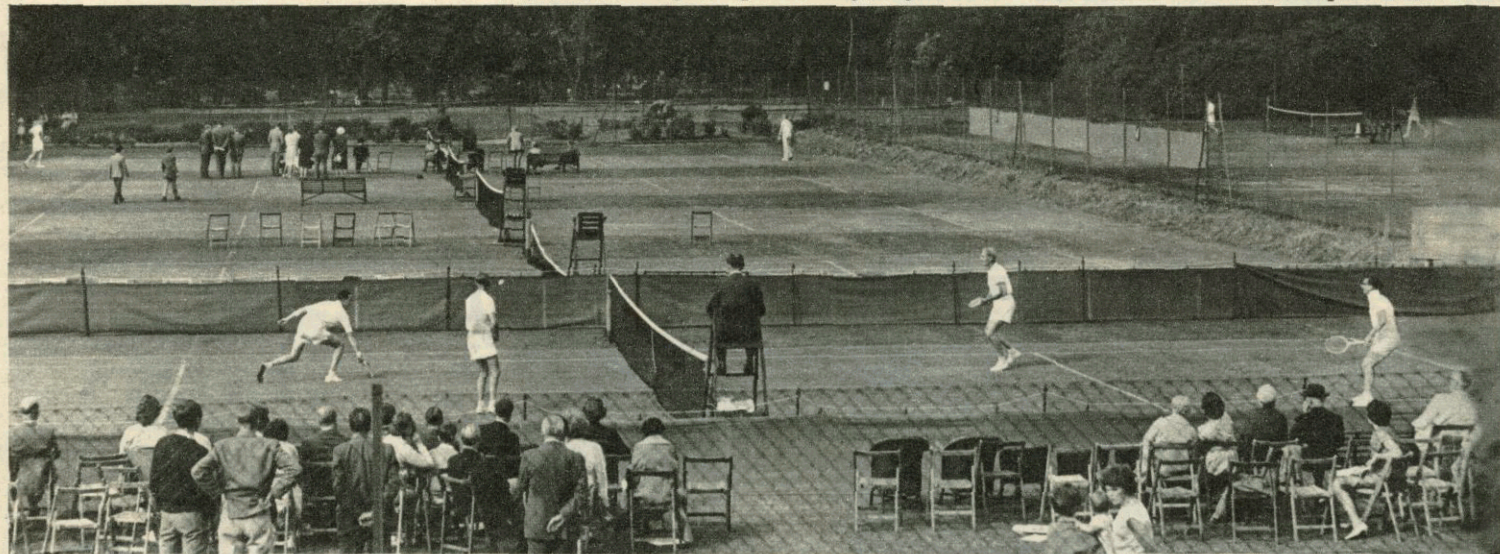


Pte Livesey (left) and Tpr Lill pictured after a final played in the best sporting tradition.

Captain MacLagan just failed to win three doubles titles. In the open mixed doubles, a new event open to close relatives partnering serving men or women, Lieutenant-Colonel M. D. MacLagan and Captain MacLagan lost the final 2-6, 6-2, 4-6 to Captain and Mrs. G. Oehlers.

The Inter-Regimental Doubles was a triumph for the first seeds, Captains B. Reeves and J. McManus giving the Royal Army Educational Corps its first win in the 50-year-old competition.

The scene during the men's doubles final. In play are (left to right) Capt D. Jeffrey, Maj P. Dickenson, Lieut-Col K. Dewar and Capt P. Cheston.



ARMY TOIL IN THE FIELD

THE defeat of the Army by the Royal Navy was the only decisive result in the Inter-Services Cricket Tournament, and it gave the Senior Service the championship.

Facing a Navy first innings total of 228

for nine declared, the Army could only muster 79, of which Lieutenant J. G. Lofting scored 31. Following on they did better, managing to avoid an innings defeat and stealing two wickets while the Navy knocked off the 15 needed for victory.

Lieutenant J. C. Holman was top scorer in the Army's second innings, scoring 27 out of 163. No one, in fact, got on top of the Navy's attack, led by Ordnance Artificer R. D. Healey who took six for 41 in the first innings and finished with a match analysis of nine for 71.

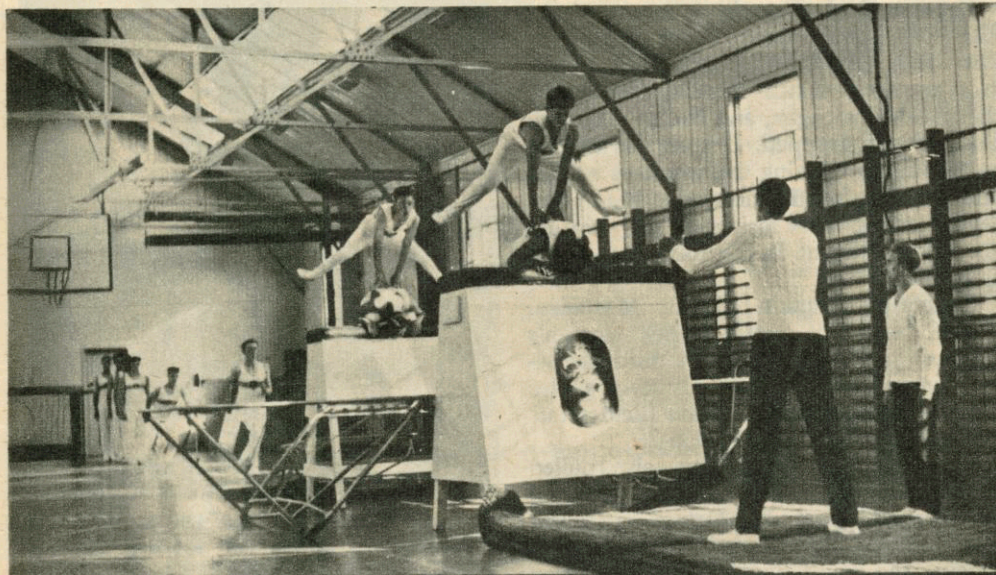
The game against the Royal Air Force was

a much closer affair, though again it began for the Army with a toil in the field. The RAF declared at 161 for three to which the Army replied with a declaration at 156 for six, of which Second Lieutenant J. Baskervyle-Glegg had made an invaluable 63. In their second innings the RAF were all out for 203.

Needing 209 for victory, the Army might easily have forced a great win, but by close of play were fighting to avoid defeat. Second Lieutenant Baskervyle-Glegg was again the Army's top scorer with 47 out of 173 for eight.

BOYS WITH

BOUNCE



First the trampet then the trampolin give the boys that extra spring over the horses.

ARMY TRIUMPHS IN INTERNATIONAL

THE Modern Pentathlon international, held this year at Bremen, Germany, was a triumph for Great Britain and a credit to the Army. For the first time Britain's team was composed entirely of Army men and—for the first time—Britain won, beating Germany's "A" and "B" teams, Italy and France.

Individual second in the competition—

which calls for fencing, shooting, swimming, riding and cross-country running—was Corporal Mick Finnis of the Middlesex Regiment. Aged 25, his interest in the sport began only four years ago and since then he has represented Britain in America, in the pre-Olympics in Rome, and in Moscow.

Close behind him in third place was Corporal Len Collum of The Life Guards. Also 25, he represented Britain in Sweden in 1960 and, as individual British champion, at the world championships in Moscow last year.

Third member of the victorious team was Lieutenant Adrian Lane, aged 23, of the Royal Military Police, who took part in the pre-Olympics and was in the British team

THE airy gymnasium at Arborfield is only just high enough for the acrobatics of the boys of the Junior Leaders Unit, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. The trampet and trampolin have this year put new bounce into an acrobatic display team that had already earned itself a high reputation at shows, fêtes and recruiting displays.

The team of 12—nine boys and three staff—made its debut on Parents' Day three years ago with a slickly-timed show that was the hit of the afternoon. News of the act soon spread and requests for special displays began to pour in. Last year the team was in constant demand, sometimes taking in two shows a day.

Major S. J. Wilson, the Commanding Officer, was among the enthusiasts, and to ensure a regular supply of top-class reserves he introduced gymnastics as a hobby at the unit. Now the trampet and trampolin have widened the scope of the act, and competition for team places is keener than ever.

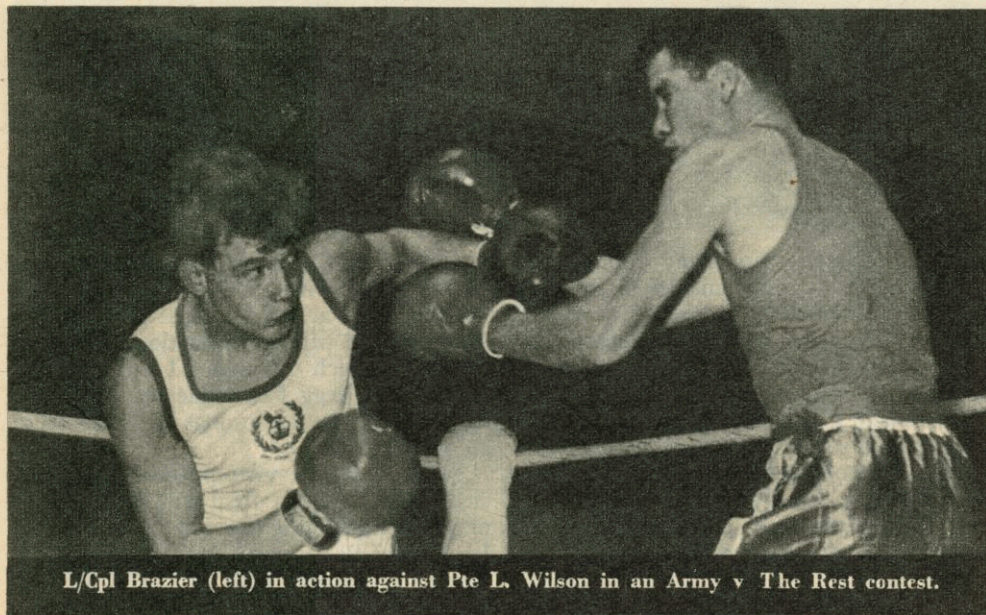


The winning team: Capt Richards (non-playing captain), Cpl Collum, Lieut Lane and Cpl Finnis.

which competed in Switzerland last year.

All three have been temporarily attached to Headquarters 1 (British) Corps at Bielefeld, Germany, with Captain Gordon Richards, Royal Army Education Corps, who took over as team captain only last year.

THREE for Great Britain



L/Cpl Brazier (left) in action against Pte L. Wilson in an Army v The Rest contest.

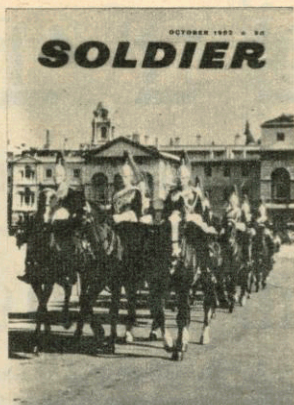
LANCE-CORPORAL BRIAN BRAZIER will box for Britain at the Empire Games in Australia next month. A Physical Training Instructor with The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, and stationed at the Home Counties Brigade Depot, Canterbury, the light-welterweight is the present holder of the Army, Imperial Services and Amateur Boxing Association championships.

★

Brigadier A. J. Deane-Drummond will fly the new lightweight Elliott 463 in the standard class when he represents Britain at the International Gliding Championships in the Argentine next February.

★

Captain John Gough of the East Anglian Brigade, stationed at Simpson Barracks, Northampton, will shoot for Great Britain in the rapid-fire pistol section at the World Shooting Championships in Cairo this month. He is one of a 25-strong team led by General Sir Lashmer G. Whistler, chairman of the Joint Shooting Committee for Great Britain.



**FRONT
COVER**

Seen riding across Horse Guards Parade is a "short" Queen's Life Guard found by the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues). The Guard, pictured by **SOLDIER** Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN, has just changed and is returning to Hyde Park Barracks. The word "short" implies that the Queen is away from London and consequently the Guard is commanded by a corporal-of-horse and is much smaller than when the Queen is in residence.

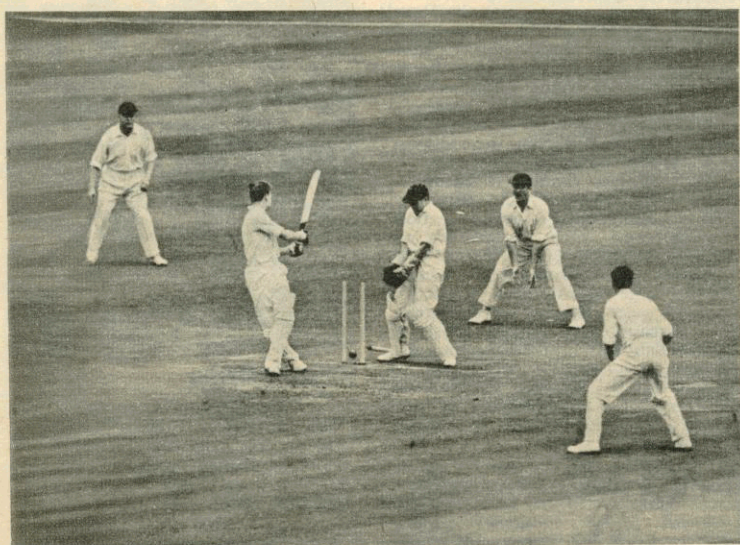
The Royal Horse Guards, The Life Guards and the Household Cavalry Regiment (Mounted) form the Household Cavalry. The Royal Horse Guards, now at Windsor, are a fully air-portable unit of the Strategic Reserve; The Life Guards are serving in Rhine Army as an armoured car regiment.

The Household Cavalry Regiment (Mounted) is formed with a squadron from each of the two regiments and has a solely ceremonial role. It is stationed at Hyde Park Barracks and has some 250 horses. Men from The Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards can be posted to the Mounted Regiment, the result being that the Household Cavalry is almost completely trained in both ceremonial and service roles.

SPLASHING WIN

DESPITE torrential rain which soaked the Aldershot track the Army maintained its post-war record of never postponing an athletics match, and after a two hour delay the 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, splashed their way through puddles and showers to their fifth inter-unit victory in 25 years.

The Cheshires, stationed with the Rhine Army in Munster, finished with 137 points, seven more than 1st Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, Cove, Hampshire, but the issue was in doubt until the final event. The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment came third and the 1st Battalion, The Green Howards, fourth. The 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, retained the minor units title.

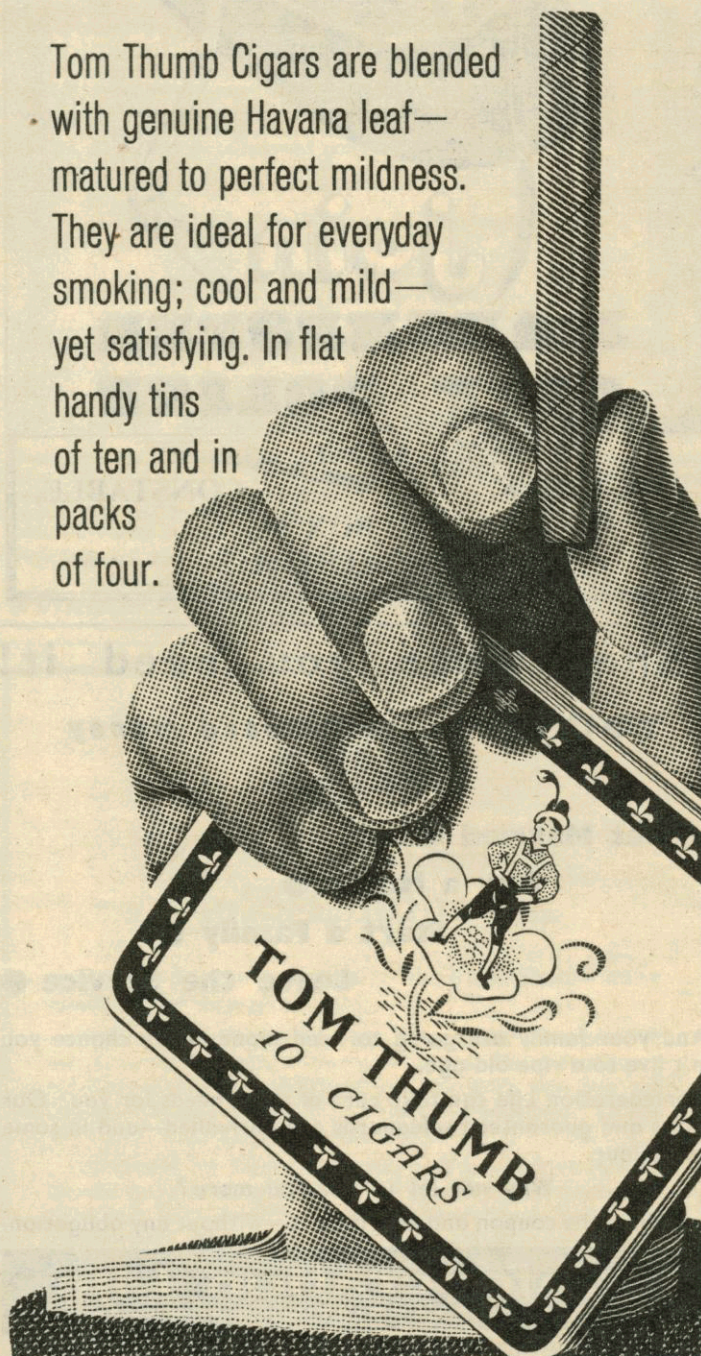


A long innings ends. Bails fly for the last time at Lord's in the Royal Engineers v Royal Artillery fixture, played there since 1907. Services matches must cease at Lord's. The Sapper batsman is 2/Lieut M. W. Stott.

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LETTERS

Arms Drill in 1619

The following is an extract from "British Battles on Land and Sea" by James Grant, a copy of which was given to me by my father over 70 years ago and is still in my possession.

"In a treatise called 'England's Trainings' published in 1619 by Edward Davis, we find the mode of handling the matchlock by the English musketeer.

"A soldier must either accustom himself to bear a piece or pike. If he bear a piece, then must he first learn to hold the same, to accommodate his match between the two foremost fingers and his thumb, and to plant the great end on his breast with a gallant soldier-like grace; and if ignorant, to the intent that he may be more encouraged, let him acquaint himself first with the firing of touch-powder in his panne, and so by degrees both to shoot off, to bow and to bear up his bodye, and so, consequently, to attain to the level and practice of an assured and serviceable shot, readily to charge and, with comely touch, discharge, making sure at the same instant of his mark, with a quick and vigilant eye."

This must surely be the earliest recorded "Detail for Arms Drill."—Capt A. S. Hawke (Rtd.), PO Box 8015, Causeway, Southern Rhodesia.

and there have been many theories to account for it. The stock of "Brown Bess" was of walnut stained a reddish brown whereas the stocks of all the Army's previous firearms had been black. It has also been alleged that the barrel was browned by pickling in an acid bath. "Bess" may have been derived from "buss", a German word for a gun and used in "arquebus" and "blunderbuss."

"It Happened Here"

The generosity of SOLDIER readers gave our film "It Happened Here" (the story of the German occupation of England) a flying start when it was announced in your columns some



German troops march triumphantly into Parliament Square. A scene from the film "It Happened Here".

years ago. Since then we have battered our way through to the final stages—and now we are appealing for help again.

Those readers who saw part of the film on BBC-TV a few months ago will realise the sort of thing we are trying to do. We aim at authenticity of every detail; with a fictitious story such as this, absolute conviction is essential, and so we use original uniforms, vehicles and weapons. But the people wearing the uniforms and handling the vehicles and weapons must have the same degree of authenticity—which is why we depend on people with military experience.

Until now the film has been shot on an amateur basis at very infrequent weekends, but now we are determined to get it finished as fast as possible and we plan to shoot through the day as well, on professional lines.

REUNIONS

The York and Lancaster Regiment. Reunion dinners at Sheffield, 9th Bn (World War Two), Saturday, 6 October; 12th Bn (World War One), Friday, 12 October. Particulars from RHQ, Endcliffe Hall, Endcliffe Vale Road, Sheffield 10.

The Royal Tank Regiment Old Comrades Association (Embodying Heavy Branch Machine Gun Corps). Reunion dinner at Durham, 26 October. Particulars from R. S. Hyde, Potters Cott, Potters Bank, Durham City.

11th Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers (Rochdale 1940). Reunion dinner, CWS Cafe, Bury, 20 October. Particulars from W. Taylor, 866 Manchester Road, Bury, Lancs.

Salonica 1916

The attached photograph, taken by myself on the seafloor at Salonica in 1916, may be of interest to your readers, particularly those who served in Greece during World War One. It shows a meeting between (left to right) the English Generals McMahon and Milne and the French General Sarraill, and is, I believe, the only photograph taken at that time.

Generals McMahon and Sarraill are wearing the stars of orders and, although on serious business, seem to have found time to enjoy the antics of a little dog.—N. V. Marks (ex-The Royal Irish Fusiliers), 22 Cranbrook Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.



Brown Bess

To settle an argument can SOLDIER please give the date when the famous "Brown Bess" musket first came into use in the British Army, and also the origin of its name?—J. Bunker, Blantyre, Washington, USA.

★ The actual date when "Brown Bess" was introduced is unknown. The earliest specimen of the weapon known to SOLDIER is in the Tower of London and bears the date 1717 on its lock plate.

The origin of the name is also a mystery

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

We need soldiers for the action sequences, women volunteers to play members of a Nazi para-military welfare organisation which figures prominently in the film, and scores of people for miscellaneous parts. For the Party Rally scene alone we need 200 extras! Besides personnel, we urgently require access to wartime and pre-war vehicles—English and German, military and civilian, especially ambulances. And we hope that military authorities will not be too unkind when we request the temporary use of War Department locations.

To make this film one of the few to re-create accurately the atmosphere of wartime England we need assistance and guidance from those who remember the period. However little time you can spare, if you would like to work on this picture we should be delighted to hear from you.—Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo, "It Happened Here," 49 Queens Gate Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Boxing

The letter from WO I Sawyer (SOLDIER, July) revived old memories for me.

In the early 1930s I remember following the team of The East Lancashire Regiment and I am under the impression that about that time they won the Army championship three years in succession. Those were the days of "Napper" Head, "Jumbo" Kennedy, Bandsman Bennett and that lovable character Joe Elvin; all first-class boxers (as well as soldiers).—Lieut-Col R. J. Drummond, RAPC, Command Pay Office, Farelf, c/o GPO Singapore.

Breaking Step

I wonder if any of SOLDIER's readers are in a position to help me with a point of military history. When a body of soldiers crosses a bridge I understand that it breaks step. The reasons for this are perfectly clear in dynamics and, indeed, I understand that marching soldiers are sometimes used for the resonance testing of structures. What I have been unable to discover is whether or not there has ever been a catastrophe as a result of the resonant vibration induced by a body of soldiers. If there has, I should very much like to know when and where it occurred.—R. E. D. Bishop, Kennedy Professor, Department of Mechanical Engineering, University College, London, Gower Street, WC1.

★ **SOLDIER** has given Professor Bishop these examples, unearthed by the Institution of Royal Engineers, Chatham:

1. In 1831 the Broughton Suspension Bridge over the River Irwell at Manchester

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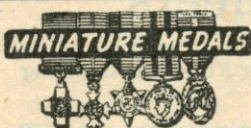
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Among the many facilities available through the Institute of Army Education is assistance to Army parents with handicapped children.

Many parents may not be aware of the fact that the Institute can and does offer advice and guidance on the type of education provided for children suffering from physical or mental handicaps.

The Institute maintains a list of special day and boarding schools which exist in Britain for handicapped children and can give information on the help provided by specialised voluntary bodies.

Readers of SOLDIER who are interested should apply through the Chief Education Officer to the Commandant, Institute of Army Education, Eltham Palace, London, S.E.1.

All letters will be treated in the strictest confidence.

more letters

failed as 60 soldiers marched over it in step. Many were injured.

2. Biggest tragedy was in 1850 on the Angers Suspension Bridge in France. A 500-strong French Infantry battalion became bunched up as it marched across in step. The bridge collapsed and 226 men were killed as they were plunged into the ravine.

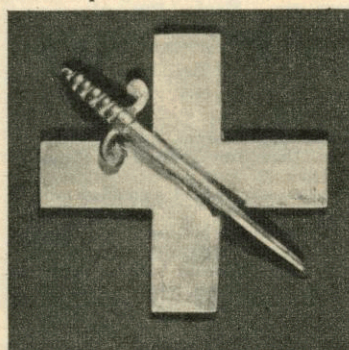
3. At Chatham in 1868, during a rehearsal for the Siege Operations (forerunner of the Royal Engineers demonstration), Prince Arthur of Connaught, then a lieutenant in the Engineers, was marching a party of Royal Marines across a trestle bridge built by the Sappers. The Marines were ordered to mark time. The bridge collapsed and one Marine was killed and many hurt.

Do SOLDIER readers know of any other instances?

What Is It?

I have been unable to obtain any information about the enclosed cap badge which was handed to me, as a collector of badges, for identification. The silver cross is one and a half inches across and the gilt sword one and three quarter inches long. Can SOLDIER help?—J. Turner, 65 Christ Church Mount, Epsom, Surrey.

★ SOLDIER is stumped. Can any reader help?



Mackinnon Road

I wonder if any reader of SOLDIER possesses a copy of the "heraldic crest" which appeared on the front cover of the magazine published for and by the men of the garrison at Mackinnon Road, in Kenya, in 1948-50? It was a quartered shield supported on either side by a lion and a tailed BOR rampant, and surmounted by a bulldozer, a mountain and a bush hat. The quarterings included, I believe, an Askari, a dripping tap and a giant ant. The whole was backed by crossed water pipes and wreathed with barbed wire with the motto "Nil Desperandum Wewe."

I was a staff-sergeant among the first Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers there, and would like to get the crest copied as a memento.—T. Sutcliffe, 6 Bellamy Close, Shirley, Warwickshire.

Collectors' Corner

G. M. Picken, 8 Watkins Avenue, West Hobart, Tasmania, Australia.—Cap and lapel badges of the British Army.

R. P. Jones, 7 Coombe Road, Bushey, Herts.—Military badges and uniforms. S/Sgt J. Zaback, AF 14559892 Box 83, 2057th Radio Relay Sqdn, APO 171, US Forces.—Will exchange American for English or foreign medals.

Major H. W. C. Furman, JAGC, HQ 3rd Infantry Division, APO 36, US Forces.—Will exchange US military insignia, badges, etc., for other similar.

S. B. Taylor, 8 Long Close, Luton, Beds.—Requires old type Highland cap badges, also Cameron hair sporran.

G. Freeman, 151 Stainbeck Road, Leeds 7, Yorks.—All military cap badges.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Movement lines on right of tail rotor. 2. Wave on left of dinghy. 3. Length of float on port side. 4. Lines on helmet of man in dinghy. 5. Height of doorway. 6. Shape of wave at bottom right. 7. Left leg of man in dinghy. 8. Lower strut of tail rotor assembly. 9. Rear edge of starboard window. 10. Shape of "G".

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER'S Competition 50 (July—quiz) were:

1. Cpl Moore, GEC Bks, Town Range, Gibraltar.

2. Maj J. Emerson, RAEC, Depot Brigade of Gurkhas, c/o GPO Sungei Patani, Kedah, Malaya.

3. Sgt K. H. Jones, RAPC, Regimental Pay Office, Stockbridge, Hants.

4. Miss B. Carew, 3 Cresswell Lane, Lea, Malmesbury, Wilts.

5. RSM W. Wilson, RAMC, 158 (W) Fd Amb (TA), TA Centre, Briardene, North Road, Cardiff.

6. Cpl D. Godber, HQ Libya and Tripolitania Pro Sec, RMP, BFPO 57.

7. C. A. Shock, 21 Simmonds Road, Hucclecote, Gloucester.

8. Maj A. M. Pyne, RE, Quarters 401-B, Fort Belvoir, Virginia, USA.

9. Capt P. H. Courtenay, 8 Indep Recce Flt, AAC, BFPO 10.

The answers were: 1. Buckingham Palace sentries are now in forecourt at a distance from sightseers' cameras. 2. (a) Clean/whistle; (b) cool/cucumber; (c) pretty/picture; (d) proud/peacock; (e) plain/pikestaff. 3. (a) Bernard Law (Montgomery); (b) Aneurin (Bevan); (c) Alexander, or Zoltan (Korda); (d) Konrad (Adenauer). 4. (a) The Royal Fusiliers; (b) Coldstream Guards; (c) The Royal Ulster Rifles; (d) The King's Shropshire Light Infantry; (e) Royal Horse Guards. 5. (b) (21 birthdays (anniversaries) on 29 February, 1964—1900 was not a leap year). 6. Fair, fat and forty; Going, going, gone; Signed, sealed and delivered; Hop, skip and jump; Bell, book and candle; Lock, stock and barrel; Hook, line and sinker. 7. (a) Trafalgar; (b) Matapan; (c) Copenhagen; (d) Alexandria. 8. (a) 240; (b) 32; (c) 17. 9. (a) (Tomato—a fruit; others vegetables) (Other variations were accepted). 10. Eligible. 11. (d) (Square caps).

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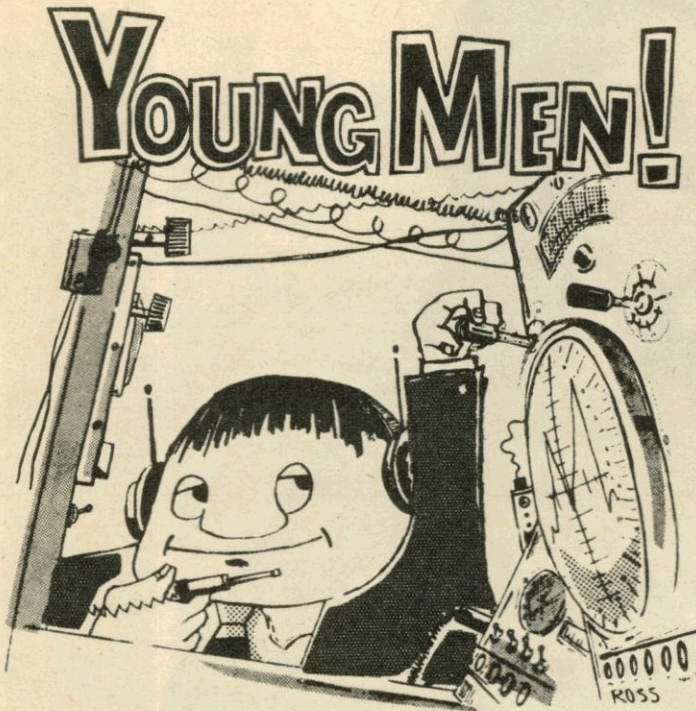
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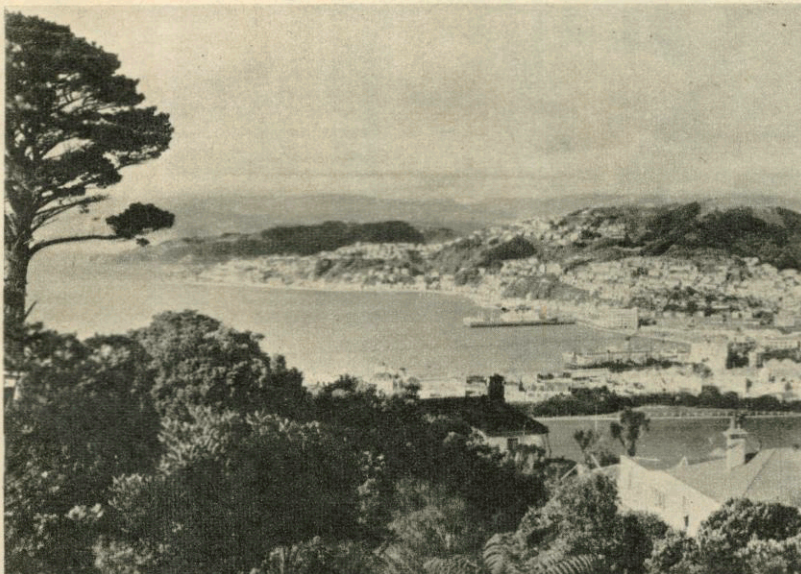
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