

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1955



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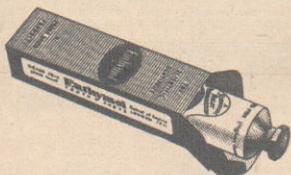
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BACK OF
MY MIND

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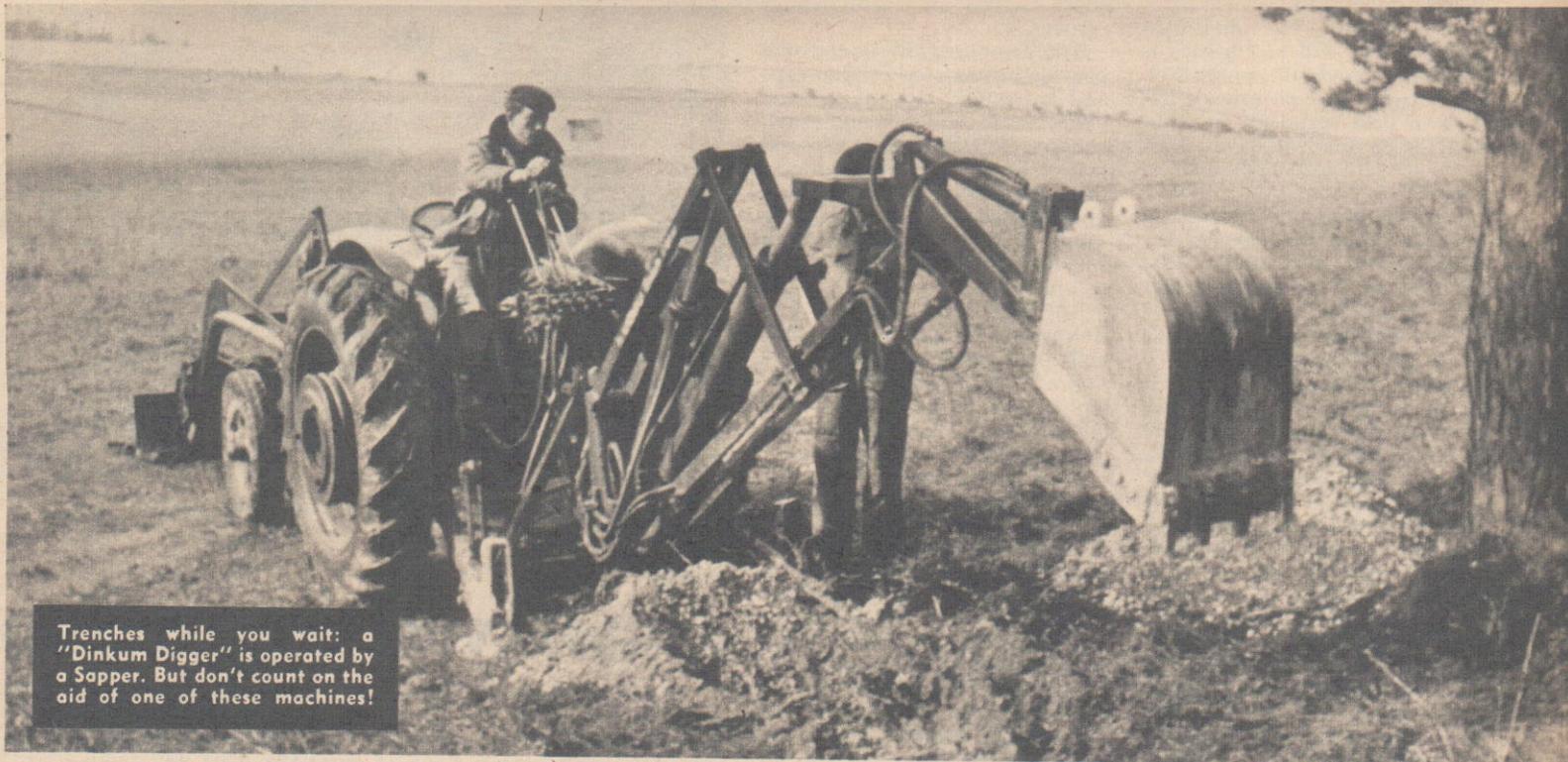


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Trenches while you wait: a "Dinkum Digger" is operated by a Sapper. But don't count on the aid of one of these machines!

SPADES—AND SPEED

What we want in the atom age is an army swift to bury itself . . . and swifter still to attack

WHAT shape will the atomic age Army take on a battlefield? This year's exercises on Salisbury Plain and in Germany have been devoted to solving this problem. Nuclear weapons have brought a big shake-up in fighting theory.

During the coming winter, the results of this year's exercises will be analysed, successes and failures weighed against probable developments, and a crop of new ideas harvested ready for the mill of next year's exercises.

Meanwhile, a picture of an army on a nuclear battlefield emerges from the schemes tried out this summer. Forward divisions are deeply dug in, to shelter from nuclear explosion, and widely dispersed for the same reason. Between the dug-in positions are what General Sir Richard Gale calls "killing areas" in which enemy attempting to infiltrate will be checked.

Behind these positions are new armoured divisions, more mobile than any divisions so far sent into battle, and they are ready to attack or counter-attack, probably after a softening-up by rocket-borne nuclear weapons, like "Honest John."

On Salisbury Plain, Lieutenant-General Sir Ernest E. Down, Commander-in-Chief, Southern

Command, set the pace for digging-in and dispersal. "Dig or Die" was the slogan he gave the Territorials of 43rd (Wessex) Infantry Division. They were ordered to achieve the standard calculated to provide safety from anything but a very near nuclear explosion: that is, they had to get below ground, with at least 18 inches of well-packed earth overhead.

For 43rd Division, which could spend only two days of its summer training on its exercise, many of the bigger positions were "pre-dug" by Sappers with their large mechanical excavators. Into the holes thus produced went horse-shoe corrugated iron shelters to stiffen the walls and take the head-covering. With a finish of sandbags, it all looked "rather Old Bill," as one officer put it, but these big dug-outs provided safe working places for headquarters staffs, regimental aid posts and other groups.

Also at work for the first time

on a major exercise was the "Dinkum Digger," a caterpillar-tractor with a hydraulically-operated excavator bucket at the front. So far the Army has only one "Dinkum," which is being tried out by the School of Military Engineering. This one went along to 43rd Division's exercise, together with another dozen hired (with operators) from civilian firms.

Roughly, the "Dinkum" can move ten times as much earth as a man with a spade, the actual amount varying with the hardness of the ground. In fair conditions, it can make a trench four feet six inches deep, six feet long and two feet wide (the width of the bucket) in about ten minutes.

Just how far forward a "Dinkum" could operate in battle remains to be seen, but, if only to keep the machine down to reasonable numbers, it is certain most soldiers will continue to go to earth with spades.

The Regulars of 3rd Infantry Division, part of which is now in Britain, could give longer to their exercise than the Territorials and were faced with a sterner task. They had to start digging-

in from scratch, using their own equipment, with limited mechanical means. They had three days in which to disappear.

One new problem created by digging-in is that of carrying the necessary stores at a time when the Army is trying to cut down the number of its vehicles. Large quantities of corrugated-iron and sandbags are needed to put a division safely to earth. Then, digging makes heavy camouflage demands. Aerial reconnaissance can show up even fortifications dug by the Romans and unsuspected by people on the ground. So acres of camouflage are needed, particularly in an area like Salisbury Plain where digging even a few inches produces a white scar of chalk. (One observer who flew over a 43rd Division unit reported that the only "give-away" was a chaplain's white "dog-collar.")

While troops at home were busy digging in, two experimental divisions in Germany, 2nd Infantry and 6th Armoured, were trying out new ways of increasing mobility in battle.

The experimental Infantry division—General Gale calls it a "general utility" division—is designed to hold a wide front of up to 15 miles and to attack as necessary. It has no mortars or anti-

OVER →

SPADES AND SPEED *Continued*

tank guns, which have been scrapped for the sake of mobility. The division is made up of three brigade groups. Each group has three Infantry battalions, a tank regiment (one squadron to each battalion) and a field artillery regiment. The divisional field artillery will be unable, as hitherto, to cover the whole divisional front, so each brigade has its own field regiment. In addition, the division will have a regiment of self-propelled medium guns.

The experimental armoured division, designed to exploit the effects of our own nuclear weapons by swift penetration, has fewer than 200 tanks and 300 soft-skinned vehicles. It is made up of four tank regiments, one battalion of Infantry (as against the present two), one regiment of self-propelled guns, one armoured car regiment and engineers. The Infantry, whose main task is protection of tanks in leaguer, will move in Saracen armoured personnel carriers. Brigade headquarters are cut out, the divisional commander communicating direct with regiments. The division also has a few Conqueror tanks to deal with the enemy's heavy armour.

As atomic weapons take the place of conventional artillery, the Army Group Royal Artillery will disappear in its present form and in future consist of atomic artillery and guided missiles.

In the opinion of General Sir Richard Gale, commanding Northern Army Group, an infantry division, properly dispersed, could hold a 15-mile front. This would be difficult to attack, even with atomic weapons, if the ground and dispositions were suitable and tactical training good. Between the defended

positions would be large gaps in which an infiltrating enemy could be engaged by nuclear weapons. To exploit the effects of those weapons there would have to be highly mobile troops ready to strike before the enemy could recover.

The armoured division would provide a long-stop for the gaps and a counter-attacking force. "We must have range and cross-country mobility," said General Gale. "Everything that hampers these must be taken out. My idea of an armoured division is a very small, highly mobile force with sufficient punch to keep out of trouble."

The role of the armoured division was to hit hard and "go like hell" once the decision was made to break out. For that reason Infantry and artillery within the division would have to be able to move as fast as the armour.

"For a long time we have felt that we have cluttered the Infantry with too many weapons," he said. "By adding these weapons, training becomes very complicated and we have taken from the Infantry its inherent mobility. But you cannot take away its weapons and leave nothing in their place. So, we must put in armour which is organic and which the Infantry must be trained to fight."

We were at the parting of the ways in the organisation and handling of land forces, said General Gale. The past experiences of commanders bore little relationship to their future tasks. In the past the commander decided to advance or withdraw and then built up his artillery plan. In future his first consideration would be what to do with the atomic fire-power available.

The task of the new armoured division was to move rapidly into the gaps between the Infantry division's positions. For deep and prolonged penetration the new Infantry division would probably be better.

"I am completely confident that we are on the right lines in the basic organisation of both the Infantry, or general purposes, division and the light armoured division," said General Gale. He added that he was well aware of the limiting factors—manpower and money.

"We soldiers are acutely aware of the cost of the Army, of the need to cut costs and of the manpower problem."

In Rhine Army's exercise experiments were also made to adapt administrative methods to the needs of nuclear war. In place of field ambulances and dressing stations a new medical organisation, styled a collecting and staging unit, was tried out. It can hold 400 men for up to 48 hours. The Royal Army Service Corps also brought supplies of oil and petrol direct from fueling points to tank leaguers instead of to the tank units' rear echelon.



The new battlefield is beginning to look "rather Old Bill" again.

GUSTAVUS SAID IT TOO

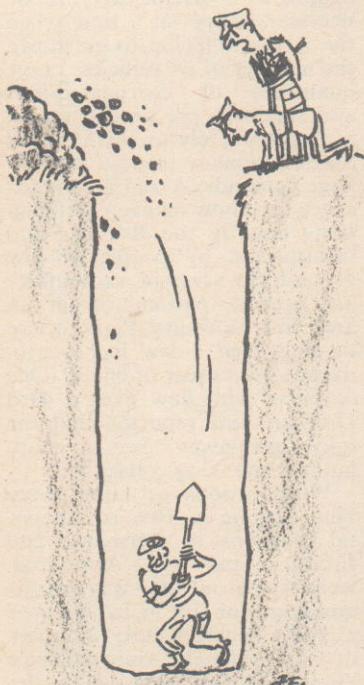
SAYS General Down: "The British soldier hates digging. He hasn't dug since 1914-18. In the last war he only scraped, and often got killed needlessly in consequence. He won't have a hope of surviving blast and radio-activity unless he really digs."

Generals were saying similar things about British soldiers before the Standing Army was created. At the beginning of the 17th century, King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden used to criticise lackadaisical digging by his British mercenaries.

Of Gustavus Adolphus (who swung a spade or pick with the best of his troops) it was written by a Scottish officer who served him: "When he was weakest he dugged the most in the ground; and this he did, not only to secure his soldiers from the enemy, but also to keep them from idleness."

Once, in France, Cromwell's soldiers were so annoyed with Allied criticisms of their digging that they downed spades and successfully assaulted the enemy position of their own accord—thus saving the need for any further digging.

This soldier of World War Two decided he had dug far enough. Perhaps he had for that kind of war. But not for the next one.



"That'll do, Private Smithers . . . we don't want to get TOO defence-minded"

ANY historian of the future who relied on the files of the popular newspapers for information about the British Army in 1955 would assume that it was made up of ill-disciplined moaners who spent half their time baby-sitting and the other half just sitting.

The biggest event of the year, he would discover, was that which was recorded as **ARMY CLIP OFF TOM'S £70 LOCKS** (seven columns headline) and **BUTCHERS! CRIES SOLDIER WHO LOST HIS WAVES** (also seven columns).

For one reason or another, the Army has had a merciless "going over" in the press in the last few months. Some of the unusual interest was inspired, no doubt, by a desire to show that, since nobody in uniform was doing anything useful, the call-up period could easily be cut.

However, recently two newspapers have decided that the wrong type of soldier was getting all the publicity. The *Daily Mirror* said that Servicemen who stole from their fellows were rats, and wondered why anyone should hesitate to call them that.

"The sneak thieves are only part of the story. What about all the namby-pambies who expect Service life to be altered to suit them? The mother's darlings who don't like the drill, or the diet, or the barber? The shrinking violets in search of a rest cure?"

"There are enough genuine grievances in the ranks without being soft about the shysters."

Then the *Daily Mail* spoke of "the undisciplined little minority who disgrace the British Services. Why, oh why, do we pay them so much attention?" It cited the activities of Mr. Craddock, M.P., "self-appointed investigator" of Army conditions, who "tells us that parents who have sent him complaints wish to remain anonymous because they are 'afraid for their sons.' He also suggests that the Army should set up 'grumble councils.'"

"Ye gods and sergeant-majors! What does he think the Army's running? A seminary for milk sons?"

It is unnecessary for **SOLDIER** to add anything to that.

BUT there are other offices in Fleet Street which nourish curious ideas about the Army and its purpose in life.

The *London Evening Standard* had a leading article entitled "Brasshat Censors." What do you think the Brasshats were up to this time? They had had the impertinence to refuse to lend camps and soldiers to a film company which wanted to screen a story satirising the Army. As a result the unhappy producers would have to create their own army, at a cost of £5000 or so.

It seems to **SOLDIER** that if refusing to lend soldiers to be made fools of is "censorship," words have ceased to mean anything.

The film in question is based on the novel "Private's Progress," which is about lead-swinging and scrimshanking in the Army. It is

a very funny novel, as **SOLDIER** said when reviewing it. Soldiers know just how much of it to believe, but the public does not. Already the public absorbs from certain newspapers the most peculiar notions about life in the Services, so why the Army should be expected to assist in distorting its own image still further is hard to see.

The producers are perfectly entitled to satirise the Army if they want to—using their own resources. It's a free country. It might be a good idea if the film companies clubbed together and built their own military camp, complete with all necessary properties for farce, and with a permanent staff of workshy privates, pop-eyed sergeant majors, lipping subalterns, choleric colonels and female "battleaxes." This would probably save time, trouble, temper and money in the long run.

Within recent months there has been quite a spate of film farces about the Army. There was one, curiously enough, in which a film company descended upon a more or less innocent camp and demoralised it. There was the famous "Reluctant Heroes," complete with a WRAC girl under the bed. There was another in which Tommy Trinder appeared as a spiv reservist, and in which ex-RSM Brittain made a rather unhappy appearance. There was yet another about the desperate efforts of Ronald Shiner to earn three stripes. There will always be a public for films like these so long as people like to see pomposity humbled. To be sure, these Army farces are usually harmless enough. It would be foolish to try to stop them—but why ask the Army to make them?

SOLDIER to Soldier

It may well be that the United States Army gives wider facilities to film-makers than does the British Army. But in **SOLDIER**'s view (and not only in **SOLDIER**'s view) the United States Army has been horribly bitten on occasions by the producers if it set out to help.

JOIN the Army and See the World" is still true—up to a point.

One snag is that if a soldier travels by air he does not see much of the world in between one strip of tarmac and another. On a troopship he catches glimpses of exotic coast lines, and he may have an occasional jaunt ashore, but it is still possible to travel 10,000 miles and see not very much. Which is a great pity, when one reflects that the man who has journeyed that distance may never again travel farther from England than the end of Southend pier.

On Page Eight of this issue is the story of two soldiers who, when their time came for release, decided to make their own way home from Africa, in order to see a bit more of the world than empty desert. One of them rode 1600 miles by pedal cycle, and says he would gladly do it again.

It's an idea to be encouraged. There's still hope for the race when a man is willing to turn down a soft seat and a quick flip in an aeroplane and come home under his own steam, with his eyes open.

Who's next?

MUCH talk has been stimulated by the "torture course" which has been introduced in the United States Air Force, with

the idea of fortifying future prisoners of war against the kind of treatment they may expect from an enemy who seeks to possess their minds as well as their bodies.

Whether fortitude can be bred by such methods remains to be seen. **SOLDIER** has contended before now that the best armour in adversity is the knowledge of what other men have endured without cracking.

"Brain washing" of the kind attempted by Communists is not a new development, as many seem to think. The Inquisition practised it, with varying success. In the British Army's own annals are shining examples of resistance to mental "persuasion."

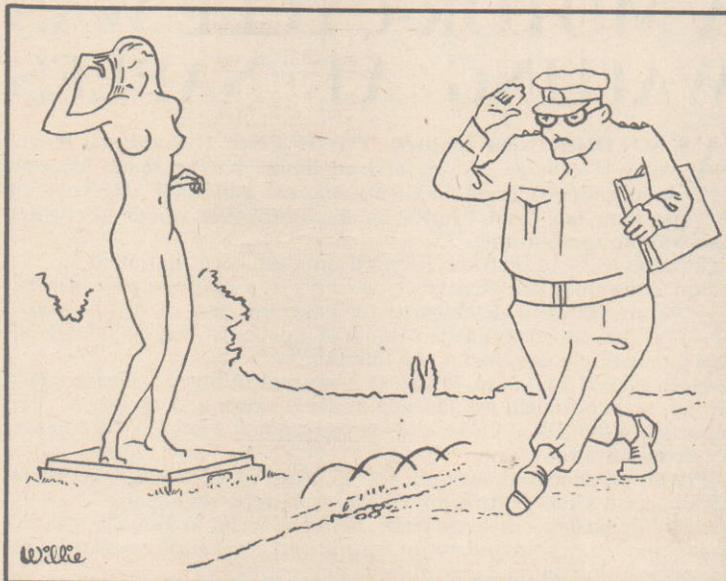
In 1780 more than one hundred Highland soldiers were thrown into an Indian dungeon by the tyrant Hyder Ali. They were treated with consistent and conspicuous cruelty, but simultaneously they were offered every inducement to desert to the enemy and join his standard. For diet they were fed a minimum quantity of unwholesome rice. To shake their resistance still further they were subjected to fierce heat by day and unwholesome dews at night. "Daily," says an old historian, "some of their companions dropped before their eyes, and daily they were offered liberty and riches in exchange for this lingering torture, on condition of relinquishing their religion and taking the turban. Yet not one could be prevailed upon to purchase life on these terms. These Highlanders were entirely illiterate; scarce one of them could have told the name of any particular sect of Christians, and all the idea they had of the Mohammedan religion was that it was adverse to their own, and to what had been taught by their fathers . . ."

For three years this oppression went on, and still the men were obdurate—"an instance of what may be expected from being accustomed from the cradle to self-command, and self-denial."

Not the least part of the story was that the Highlanders had absolute faith in, and enjoyed the absolute trust of, their officers, who were fellow captives. Surprisingly, the men put the more wholesome parts of their food into that destined for the officers. "Whether it was from this circumstance," writes General Stewart of Garth, "or from mere strength of constitution, the officers outlived the confinement, although subjected in every other respect to the same privations as the men, of whom, out of 111, only 30 survived, and few were ever afterwards fit for service."

Some will say that you cannot breed that kind of spirit in an irreligious society, or that a welfare state does not foster "self-command and self-denial."

It is up to growing generations to prove the pessimists wrong.



THE HARD WAY HOME— but it's the best way

So says Sapper David Taylor, who cycled home from Tripoli. He began on one machine, finished on another

A DARKLY-TANNED cyclist wearing an Arab skull cap and mounted on an old Italian bicycle heavily laden with camping equipment rode up to the guardroom at the Royal Engineers' depot at Barton Stacey in Hampshire.

"I'm Sapper David Taylor," he said. "I've just cycled here from Tripoli."

"And my name," said the incredulous military policeman, "is King Kong."

But the story was true. Sapper David Taylor, 23-year-old examiner from Doncaster, had left Tripoli 23 days before, and travelled 600 miles by ship and 1600 miles by cycle.

For over two years he had seen little more of the world than the deserts of the Middle East. He was due for demobilisation later in the year and had 28 days leave to come. Why not cycle home through Europe and see something of Italy and France? He was sure he could complete the journey in 28 days.

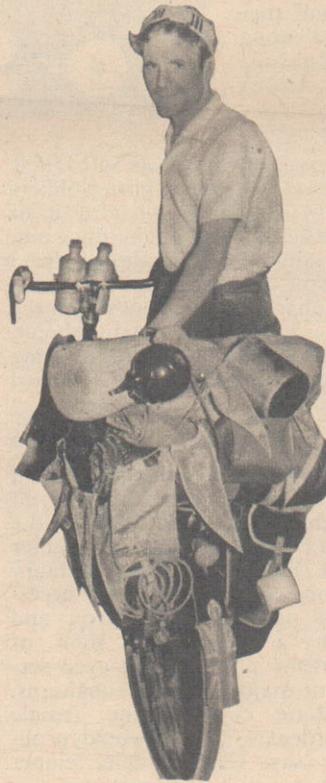
With his friend, Lance-Corporal Robert Howsden, of 17 Field Squadron, also in Tripoli, Sapper Taylor obtained permission to travel independently to England when called forward for demobilisation instead of going by air, which is the usual way. The only stipulation was that they were to report to Barton Stacey before their leave expired. They were paid the Army's ordinary ration allowance for each day of the journey.

Lance-Corporal Howsden had brought his lightweight bicycle with him to Tripoli. Sapper Taylor bought a second-hand cycle frame, sent to England for the accessories and built his own machine.

Then the two went into training. Every weekend they went for long rides along the coast road from Tripoli to Homs and at Whitsun they did a 500-mile tour of Tripolitania in three days. They saved every penny to buy camping equipment and spare clothing, and they made their own sleeping bags. For hours they studied maps, planning each day's journey in advance and working out the cost of the trip. Through their units they obtained passports, travellers' cheques and letters of authority which they were to show to British officials in Italy and France if they found themselves in trouble.

At last the two Sappers rode out of barracks, miniature Union Jacks fluttering from their machines, each of which carried more than 80 pounds of equipment in pannier bags. Within an hour they were aboard an Italian ship which carried them via Malta and Syracuse to Naples, where they landed five days later.

"The sea voyage was the worst and least interesting part of the whole journey," Sapper Taylor told SOLDIER. "The Italian food disagreed with us both and the sea was not always as smooth as one imagines the Mediterranean to be. We were glad to get to Naples to start



Sapper David Taylor, and (left) as he looked when he reached home.

Photograph: The Yorkshire Post.

est village. Unable to speak Italian, he indicated to the village policeman by sign language what had happened. The policeman took him to a local cycle shop and arranged a deal. In exchange for the damaged machine and the equivalent of £2 the shopkeeper gave him a well-worn Italian machine with up-turned handlebars. It was at least twice as heavy as the Sapper's own bicycle and lacked the small gears necessary for climbing steep hills.

"The prospects of getting home looked dim," says Sapper Taylor, "but I was determined to finish the journey even if it meant arriving on a penny-farthing." As it turned out the machine behaved perfectly and from then on Sapper Taylor had no trouble of any kind—not even a puncture.

Four days later, after passing slowly along the coast road via Pisa and Spezia, Sapper Taylor arrived in Genoa. He stopped each night at camping sites, cooking his own food and washing his underclothing and socks so that every morning he had a clean change.

From Genoa he followed the sea to the French Riviera, calling at Mentone, Nice and Cannes before striking north again for Lyons and on to Paris. Around Paris he had his first taste of cobblestone roads. "They were so uncomfortable that it was a relief to walk and give my bones a rest."

After two days in Paris (where he rode twice round the Arc de Triomphe before he could find the way out) Sapper Taylor set off on the last lap through Rouen to Dieppe. When he rode into barracks at Barton Stacey his cyclometer clicked to register 1627 miles.

In his pocket was £2, all that remained of the £60 with which he had left Tripoli 23 days before. His expenses included £11 for the voyage to Naples, all his food, presents for his family and friends and the cross-Channel fare.

"It was a wonderful experience and if I had the opportunity I would start it all over again next week," he told SOLDIER. "I saw more of the world in those three weeks than I have ever seen before."

the real part of the journey."

From Naples the two made their way along the rocky coast road to Rome where they stayed for two days sightseeing. They visited the Colosseum and the Vatican. In Rome, however, Lance-Corporal Howsden fell ill and decided to complete the journey to England by train.

On his own, Sapper Taylor set off from Rome for Pisa but as he was crossing a bridge an Italian motor van struck him and hurled him and his cycle to the ground. The van driver failed to stop and Sapper Taylor was left stranded for an hour. As no other vehicle arrived, he gathered the pieces together and walked several miles to the near-

A MOTOR-CYCLE WAS WAITING AT NAPLES

A SOLDIER went to press Private Peter Richardson, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, arrived home, having made his way independently from Fayid by air, sea and road. He covered the last long lap from Naples on a motor-cycle which his father had waiting for him there.

Twenty-year-old Private Richardson had been stationed in the Canal Zone since last December, working as a photographic printer.

"I've always been determined to make the best of my National Service," he said, "and I can think of no better way to round off two interesting years than a trip like this."

He travelled by air to Malta as a normal military "release" passenger, and continued the journey under his own arrangements. He reported to the Royal Ordnance Corps Depot at Feltham, Middlesex, for demobilisation.

Private Richardson was an active member of the Twickenham Motor-cycle Club before his call-up and represented his corps in the Middle East motor-cycle trials, held in Cyprus in June. He played rugby and waterpolo and swam for his unit. Much of his spare time he spent sailing on the Great Bitter Lake.



Private Peter Richardson was a photographic printer at Fayid in the Suez Canal Zone. He, too, decided to make his own way home.



Scene, Kenya: laden with stores, the pack train negotiates a rocky gorge impassable to wheeled transport. Pictures: Sapper M. G. Hodges.

THE OLD WAY STILL WORKS

IN the campaign against Mau Mau in Kenya, which is being fought by British and African troops over terrain varying between mountain, moorland and dense forest, criss-crossed by gorges and tortuous rivers, ponies and mules have come into their own. Operating up to heights of 12,000 and 14,000 feet, they carry rations, water, ammunition and weapons.

This vital supply role is being performed by 67 (Animal Transport) Company, East African Army Service Corps, from its base at Nanyuki, where the rolling plains of the White Highlands are bounded on the west by the Aberdare ranges and on the east by snow-capped Mount Kenya. It is on these two great humps on the surface of Africa that most of the terrorists have taken refuge and are being harried day and night by the security forces.

Before Operations "Hammer" and "First Flute"—two large-scale actions which dealt heavy blows to the terrorists—no one knew how the animals would react to high-altitude load-carrying. The first few days on the mountains were anxious ones. The animals grew lethargic and showed signs of losing condition. Gradually, however, they became acclimatised, and, with the aid of an occasional tot of rum in their grain, completed their task successfully without suffering any ill-effects. When

operating at heights **OVER** →

There are still times in this age of mechanisation when the Army is forced to rely on hoofs instead of wheels



Crossing rivers presents no problem to these sure-footed ponies, even when carrying loads of up to 160 lb.

THE OLD WAY

(Continued)

their loads are reduced from the normal 160 lbs. to about 100 lbs.

Some of the ponies were caught in a snowstorm on Mount Kenya, which must have been a strange experience both for them and for their African handlers.

There is a maxim that a loaded mule or pony can ascend a steep slope only if a man can also do so without going down on his hands and knees. But on the West Aberdares a section of animals disproved this by ascending a precipitous 200 ft. slope which no man could have climbed without using his hands. The animals took four hours to reach the top of the escarpment, but they made it, their only aid being that they were shod with "caulkings"—shoes with the ends bent down to form studs.

In the forest the horses and mules require protection against attacks from terrorists and wild game, and it is the responsibility of the battalion to which they are attached to provide armed escorts. When allocated to a unit, the horses report for duty in three-ton lorries—three animals to each lorry—complete with saddlery and seven days' rations.—*Captain N. S. Horne, Military Observer, East African Command.*

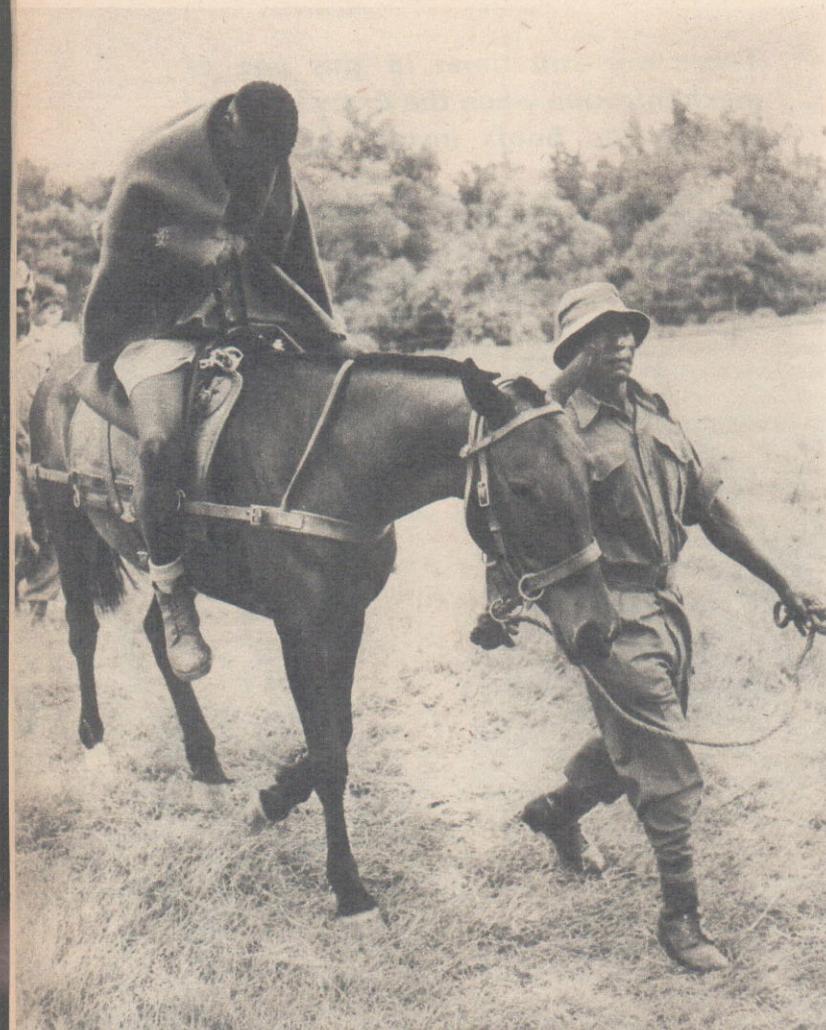


A mule as a stretcher-bearer. This device was designed by the East African Service Corps for recovering wounded from places inaccessible even to jeeps.

WHO WAS HE?

HE . . . was a Scot, grandson of a man who had forfeited his property for his share in the 1745 rising, son of a carpenter; . . . had Macliver as a surname, but when his mother's brother, who bore a well-known Scottish name, introduced him to the Duke of York as candidate for a commission, the Duke said, "What, another of the clan!" and he was registered in his uncle's name—"as good as any to fight under"; . . . fought when 15 years old at Vimiero, where his captain took him by the hand and walked him up and down in view of the enemy, who had opened fire, to give him confidence; . . . led a "forlorn hope" at the siege of San Sebastian; . . . was promoted captain without purchase after five years service and had to wait another 30 years for his colonelcy; . . . borrowed £800 to buy his majority and £1300 for his lieutenant-colonelcy and not until he had been in the Army 40 years could he write that he was "very nearly clear of debts and all pecuniary obligations"; . . . commanded a division at Chillianwala, where he led two charges, and a bullet took the handle off his watch; . . . shared his tent for 48 hours with his horse, which was wounded in the same battle; . . . commanded the Highland Brigade in the Crimea and after their success at the Alma asked as his only reward that he might be allowed to wear the Highland bonnet instead of a general's cocked hat for the rest of the campaign; . . . directed the 93rd (2nd Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) when they were the "Thin Red Line" at Balaclava; . . . angrily refused to serve under a junior general until he stayed as guest of Queen Victoria at Windsor, after which he told her he would serve under a corporal if she wished it; . . . went to India as commander-in-chief at the outbreak of the Mutiny; . . . personally commanded the column which relieved Lucknow and evacuated the garrison with 600 women and children and 1000 wounded in face of enemy forces four times as strong as his own; . . . received a letter from Queen Victoria in which she said he "must bear one reproof from his Queen . . . that he exposes himself too much: his life is most precious, and she entreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be, foremost in danger, nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health".

For answer, see page 38.



Sitting wounded go by horseback. Padded rests back and front keep the casualty in the saddle.



Latest in the list of territories to be evacuated by the British Army is the Sudan. Its military history is a stormy one, but at least—

The crowd in Khartoum is ready to applaud its Government's call for withdrawal of foreign troops. Lord Kitchener, who led British soldiers into the Sudan, looks on.

WE STOPPED THE BLOOD

THIS is the Sudan of the soldier. Destitute of wealth or future, it is rich in history. The names of its squalid villages are familiar to distant and enlightened peoples . . . Its ample deserts have tasted the blood of brave men. Its hot, black rocks have witnessed famous tragedies . . ."

The words, as the reader will guess, are those of Sir Winston Churchill. In his book, "The River War" (1899) he lets himself go in a description of "the military Sudan." The earth "burns with the quenchless thirst of ages . . ." It is fretted by "a fiery snow, such as might fall in hell." At dusk "everything darkens and grows grey—like a man's cheek when he is bleeding to death."

In our own times the deserts

of the military Sudan have been starved of British blood—and of any other brand of blood. The great provinces of Equatoria and Darfur and Kordofan have enjoyed the novelty of peace. Before the Mahdi became lord of misrule on the Upper Nile there were eight-and-a-half million people in the Sudan. During the sway of that bloodthirsty Messiah, between six and seven million lives were lost by war,

famine and pestilence.

Yet Kitchener's army which broke the Dervish power at Omdurman and ushered in a half-century of peace did so at a cost of only 220 British and Egyptian lives and less than half the money spent in a single day of World War One.

The classic, and unforgettable, tragedy of General Gordon first focused the attention of the British public on the Sudan, then an Egyptian "colony." Britain in the 'eighties was the paramount power on the Lower Nile, and under the consulship of Lord Cromer Egypt was stable and prosper-

ing. But in the torrid tracts a thousand miles to the south the great war drums of the Mahdi were rolling and the reign of the rhinoceros whips had begun. This prophet's hotheads were ready to carry his war of extermination to Cairo and Constantinople. Among those who flocked to his banners were the fierce Hadendowas, or "Fuzzy-Wuzzies."

The Gladstone Government shied at the idea of direct intervention in the Sudan. An Egyptian force of 10,000 under General Hicks set out into the mirages, was betrayed and wiped

OVER →

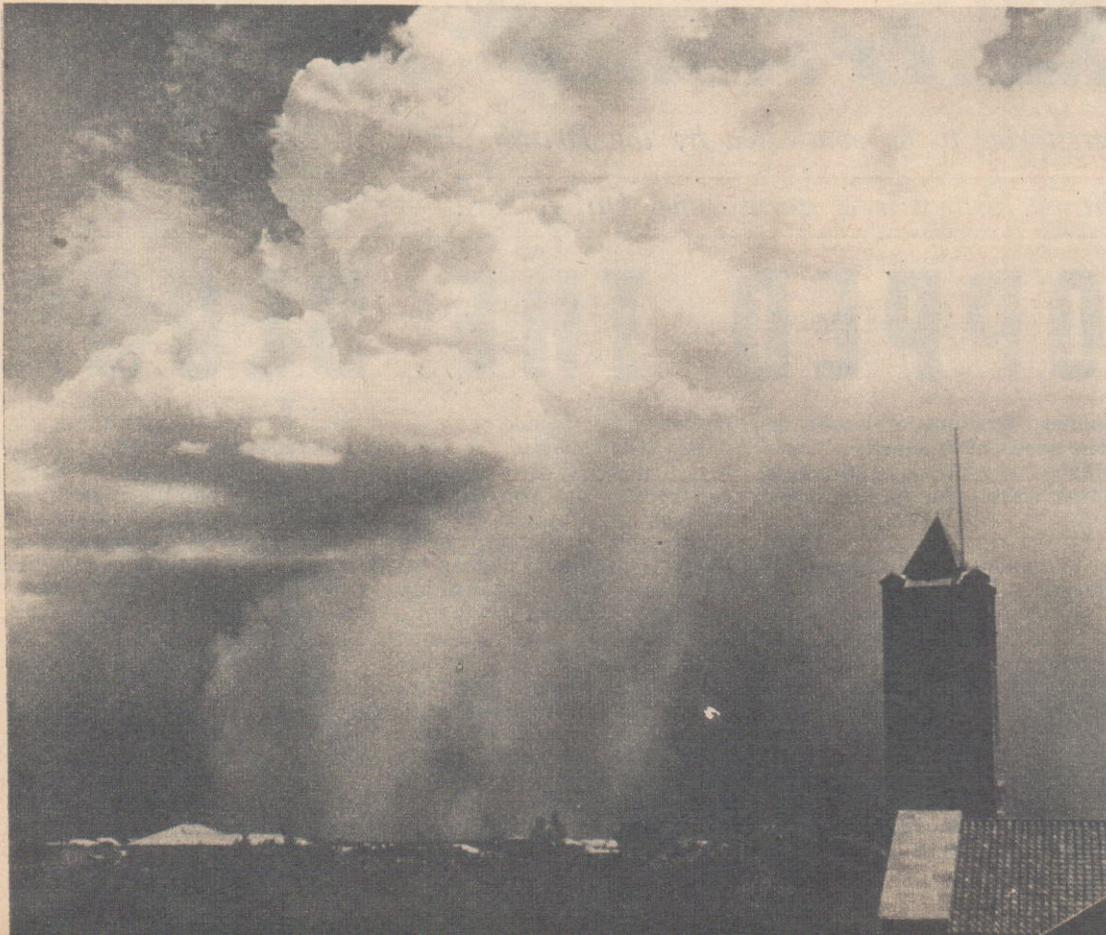


The drawings of the Mahdi's men in the attack (left) and of the British cavalry charge at Omdurman are reproduced by permission of the Illustrated London News. Above: The memorial on the battlefield to the men of the 21st Lancers who lost their lives at Omdurman.

WE STOPPED THE BLOOD

continued

Storm clouds gather over Khartoum: The Sudan is noted for its violent "huboobs," or dust storms.



out. Tardily, it was decided to dispatch General Gordon, who had already been governor of Equatoria and of the Sudan, to Khartoum to evacuate foreigners. Tardily again, long after it was clear that Gordon was trapped, a relief expedition was sent off under Lord Wolseley. After a gruelling struggle, the vanguard reached Khartoum two days after Gordon was murdered and the

city sacked. Since the British Government had no wish to battle for the Sudan, the relieving force was withdrawn.

For a decade Egypt continued to thrive under British rule, while the Sudan weltered in misery. Then Lord Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, was sent south with a strong Anglo-Egyptian force to unseat the Khalifa, who had inherited the

bloody mantle—and ambitions—of the Mahdi. The result was Omdurman: no classic among battles, but a resounding victory.

In 1900 one of Kitchener's soldiers, Sir Reginald Wingate, succeeded him as Sirdar and Governor-General of the Sudan. He led a force which slew the Khalifa and his last supporters. Thereafter he guided the destinies of that land until 1916, stamping out the slave trade which Gordon had fought in vain. Other British officers joined the Sudan Government and helped to pacify the territory and develop its resources.

For the British Army the Sudan became a one-battalion, no-families station; a station on which, as in India, men wore topees and spine-pads, and were confined to their barracks between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon. (The modern generation of soldiers would not recognise a spine-pad if they saw one.) In the present century the only major incident in the Sudan was the mutiny of Egyptian-officered Sudanese troops in 1924. This led to the formation of the Sudan Defence Force, under British officers and NCOs. That force is now Sudanised. The last British *Kaid*, the last British *Bimbashi* departed a year ago. (SOLDIER, October, 1954.)

In the annals of the British Army the Sudan will be remembered for these things:

It was the scene of the last pitched battle between a savage army and a European power; a battle in which fanatics on one side fought with spear and sword and some even wore chain mail,



and gunners on the other lobbed shells from gunboats which had been sent piecemeal from Britain and assembled on the Nile; a battle in which the British Cavalry made its last major charge, with Lieutenant Winston Churchill in the ranks of the 21st Lancers; a battle in which a "sticky" situation was saved by a ranker in command of a cavalry brigade—the future Major-General Sir Hector MacDonald, a crofter's son who had joined the Army as

a private.

It was the scene of an audacious feat of railway-building which did more to defeat the Dervishes than any cavalry charge. "A senseless project" the rail and military experts had called it, "just the sort of idea you'd expect from a Sapper." But Kitchener's Engineers thrust out the bright rails over the dancing, hostile wilderness for 400 miles, cutting out the worst of the

OVER →



These famous crags overlooking an airfield are at Kassala, which the Italians seized early in World War Two. They did not hold it long.

A horse-and-camel patrol of the Sudan Defence Force keeps watch on the Sudan-Eritrean frontier in World War Two.





Designed especially for the Army: the Fairey ultra-light helicopter can be carried in a three-ton lorry. The "gun" pointing forward is the pressure head of the air speed indicator.

WE STOPPED THE BLOOD continued

Nile cataracts over which Wolseley's men had manhandled Cook's steamboats.

It was the scene of "last-ditch" valour in the finest tradition by General Hicks who, when his force of 10,000 had been all but destroyed, led the survivors of his Staff in a last charge, emptying his revolver into the enemy and hacking away with his sword until transfixed

by a Dervish spear.

The British Army leaves many tangible souvenirs in the Sudan—from the names of the regiments carved in the barren Red Sea hills to the modern Sapper-designed city of Khartum. But it leaves a powerful intangible legacy—of courage and resource, and the memory of men who refused to yield even in the face of hopeless odds.

Troops will say goodbye with regret to Khartum's unique Nile-side NAAFI club, with its open-air dance floor (here in the throes of "Housey-Housey").

THEY ARE MAKING IT "SOLDIER-PROOF"

THE Army's "aerial jeep" has come a step nearer with the first flights of the Fairey ultra-light helicopter. This is probably the first aircraft to be designed from scratch specially for the Army, since the Royal Flying Corps became the Royal Air Force. Four prototypes are to be delivered to the Army for "evaluation."

The new machine is a two-seater, with the pilot and observer sitting in a transparent cockpit, the observer facing either forward or backward. There are few obstructions, and between them the two men have a 360-degree field of vision.

The Army had asked for a machine with a very high rate of climb which could be used as an air observation post or a runabout. It had to be easier to maintain than existing helicopters. It had to be capable of operating on a wide range of fuels—roughly anything from high-octane spirit to paraffin. And it was important that it should not use too much of whatever was in the tank.

The craft had to be light enough and small enough to travel in an ordinary three-ton truck, and to be man-handled on and off the vehicle. Finally, it had to be tough enough to stand up to rough treatment and size eleven hobnailed boots—"soldier-proof" as somebody at the maker's said.

The ultra-light helicopter is designed to be all these things. It is, in addition, "soldier-proof" in another way. It has no tail rotor, to endanger the lives of men running incautiously to or from it, and the two-bladed horizontal rotor is high enough from the ground to enable all but the tallest men to walk under it safely.

The power plant, a Blackburn-Turbomeca Palouste turbo-generator (supplying 250 gas horsepower) sends compressed air through the hollow rotor-blades to Fairey pressure-jets at the rotor-tips. With this method of turning the rotor, there is a negligible amount of torque and so no tail-rotor is necessary to keep the fuselage pointing the right way. From the tail-end of the generator comes another 20 pounds of residual thrust. This has almost no effect on the forward movement of the machine, but it is directed on to the rudder and makes the aircraft more responsive to the controls.

The fuselage is about 14 feet long and 6 feet 3 inches wide, and the machine stands 7 feet 11 inches high. The rotor cuts a circle of just over 28 feet. For travelling in a three-tonner, the blades can be detached and stowed in the vehicle. For lifting manually, porter-bars are inserted in the under-carriage cross-tubes.



Serene in the sunshine, Kyrenia Castle towers above a peaceful harbour. Inside the walls are political prisoners arrested in the recent disturbances on the island.



HEADLINE ISLAND

"THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN," SAY THE OLD HANDS AS THE ARMY'S RIOT SQUADS FACE THE CYPRUS MOBS



IT'S like a receding mirage, this notion of a peaceful, friendly base in the Middle East.

There were high hopes that Cyprus would prove to be the real thing, but the old Palestine and Egypt hands are saying, "This is where we came in." The British Army is once more uncoiling its rolls of barbed wire, operating road-blocks, enforcing curfews, "feeling" for hidden weapons with mine detectors, conducting house-to-house searches, guarding key points, pulling down inflammatory banners.

Searching of houses is a ticklish job when the occupants are hostile and an embarrassing one when—as often happens—they are hospitable. Soldiers new to this type of operation are apt to be disconcerted when those whose rooms they have searched politely offer them refreshment.

The rules of the game are well-known by now: phlegm against hysteria, good humour against bad temper, and—when the stones and bottles begin to fly—"minimum force necessary to restore order."

A crowd must be warned when drastic measures are **OVER** →

• • • • •
 "How about letting me through, hey?"—"Sorry, chum, orders are orders." An incident in Nicosia.

The new Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Cyprus wears a sterner look than is his usual custom: Field-Marshal Sir John Harding.





In spite of riots, ceremonial drill goes on: the band of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers marches past Government House in Nicosia during guard changing. Below: the Fusiliers, equipped with mine detectors, search for hidden arms in the village of Sotira.



HEADLINE ISLAND

(Concluded)

about to be taken. So the unusual sight has been seen of British soldiers—the “riot squad” of the South Staffordshires—going into action carrying a linen scroll, of the type borne in processions, reading **DISPERSE OR WE FIRE**, with the words repeated in Greek and Turkish. Similar signs have been carried by other troops on their vehicles.

Recently arrived forces on the island include the oldest regiment of the Line, the Royal Scots, from the Canal Zone; the South Staffordshires, also from Egypt; the Royal Leicestershires, from the Sudan; and 3rd Royal Marine Commando Brigade from Malta. Since 1 April, when the first explosions started, the 2nd Battalions of the Green Howards and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers have been on their toes, along with 40 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery and 35 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers. But the new building projects on the island go ahead.

For Service families the situation (as **SOLDIER** went to press) had meant little change. They still visited the friendly Turkish markets in Nicosia, Famagusta and elsewhere.



Impassive but ready for action, men of the South Staffords stand guard behind a barbed wire road block protecting the law courts in Nicosia.



Royal Marine Commandos investigate one of the large holes in the earth used for storing grain. What else is down there?



After their dawn descent on the village of Akanthou: Commandos withdraw from one of the houses they have searched, watched by the occupants.

THEIR "CAMP" WAS A RAIL TOUR

STRAIT from their civilian occupations, a party of ex-National Servicemen travelled this year to Germany for their annual training with the Army Emergency Reserve. They were officers and men of No. 9 Movement Control Group and had a first-class close-up of the German railway system.



ALL ABOUT

TRAINS

The party of 144 who arrived at the Hook of Holland included not only railwaymen, but printers, stevedores, insurance brokers, civil engineers and bricklayers. For the purpose of this "camp" they were all railwaymen again, keen to learn from Rhine Army Movements Control the procedure required to move thousands of troops a day.

The party was split into groups which visited different parts of the Zone—Berlin, Hanover, Moench Gladbach, Hamburg and Dusseldorf.

The Hanover party spent an instructive period in the signal box of Hanover Main, which has the largest electrically operated automatic control table in Germany. Two hundred scheduled trains are "fed" through the station every day, some from Italy, Switzerland, Denmark and Holland. Many have to be split up so that the coaches can continue to different destinations. For this purpose five radio-controlled shunting engines are used, the sets being "netted" into the control box in the signal box.

One afternoon was spent in a big freight yard with a daily capacity turnover of 4750 wagons. The German staffs gave every help, and provided interpreters.

At Hanover the Reservists examine the biggest electrically-operated signal control panel in Germany.

Quicker MEALS, Quicker MAILS

NEW dining-cars and new travelling post offices are the latest developments in Rhine Army's railway services.

The dining-cars work with the "green," "red" and "blue" trains which ferry troops and their families between various parts of Germany and the quayside at the Hook of Holland.

They are the first to be specially designed and built for the Army. Previously, the Movements branch of Northern Army Group hired dining-cars from the German Dining Car Company. When these were needed for civilian trains, old Pullman cars were hired temporarily.

Now come the new coaches, each complete with its own kitchen and capable of seating 52 people. Two of them on each military train will serve meals comfortably to 400-odd passengers. They are being operated, as were their predecessors, by the International Wagons-Lits Company.

Between them, the three trains have seats for 1128 passengers. Last year, the dining-cars served more than half a million lunches, an equal number of teas, nearly 430,000 dinners and, for first-class passengers, 136,000 breakfasts. And records show that the numbers increase year by year.



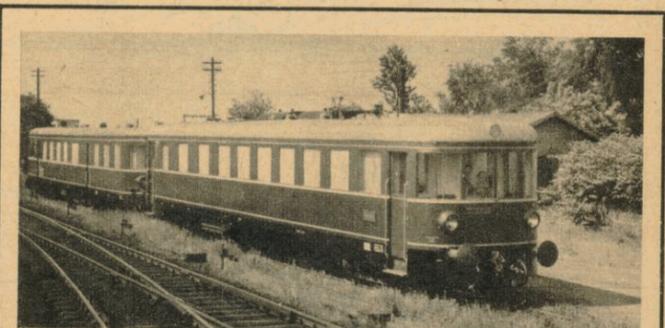
Rhine Army's own dining-cars each seat 52 passengers.

The travelling post offices are completely new. Three German ones have been adapted for Army Post Office use. Each night, there is one travelling in each direction between Moench Gladbach and Hamburg as part of a civilian train. Each carries a sergeant, a lance corporal and two Sappers, victualled with haversack rations and a large vacuum flask of tea.

On the "up" trip, the train leaves Moench Gladbach with between 90 and 100 bags of mail, some of which is to be sorted on the way. There are eight "working stops" at which mail is loaded and unloaded. Then, at ten minutes to two in the morning, the crew leave the travelling post office at Hanover, handing over to a courier who travels with it to Hamburg.

On the "down" journey, the crew take over from a courier at Hanover. On this trip they sort the London mail which accounts for the odd sight, in a German train, of pigeon holes labelled "W.C.1 and 2," "S.E.1" and the other London districts.

Sorting begins in a travelling post office. Pigeon-holes on right are marked with London postal districts.



THE GENERAL'S ★ ★ ★ ★ SPECIAL

This two-car diesel train is reserved for General Sir Richard Gale. Hence the four stars being fitted by Lance-Corporal J. B. Vigden (below).

A National Serviceman with the task of looking after the Commander-in-Chief's personal diesel train is Lance - Corporal J. B. Vigden, Royal Engineers.

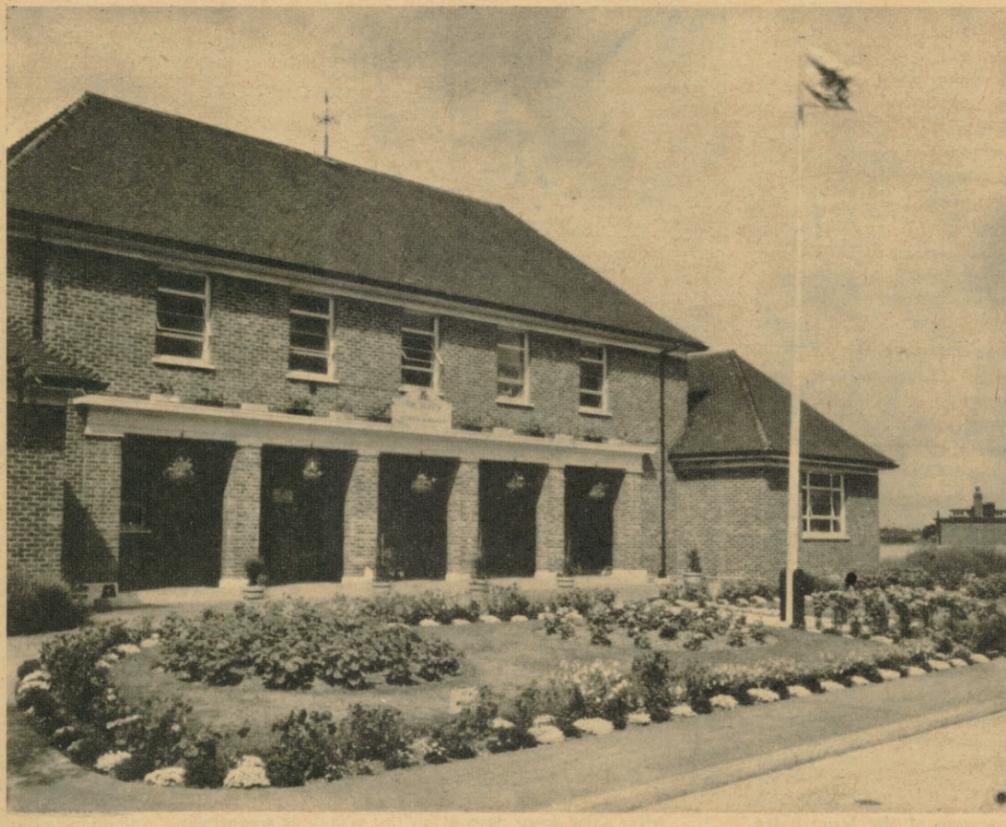
This "special" consists of two coaches, one containing the motor, and has sleeping cabins, a bathroom, dining-room, lounge, strong-room and kitchen. When in use it has two drivers, a cook and a waiter, all German.

General Sir Richard Gale often employs his train, particularly on exercises. It has also been used by the Princess Royal.

For Lance-Corporal Vigden, the train is not a full-time job. Between trips, he works in the Transportation office at Northern Army Group Headquarters.



LOOK! NO WHITEWASH!



THE smartest camp is not necessarily the one most heavily lathered in whitewash.

Here is a picture of the Guard Room at the Buffs' Depot at Canterbury. Note that it has—
No whitewashed posts;

No white-painted ropes or chains;

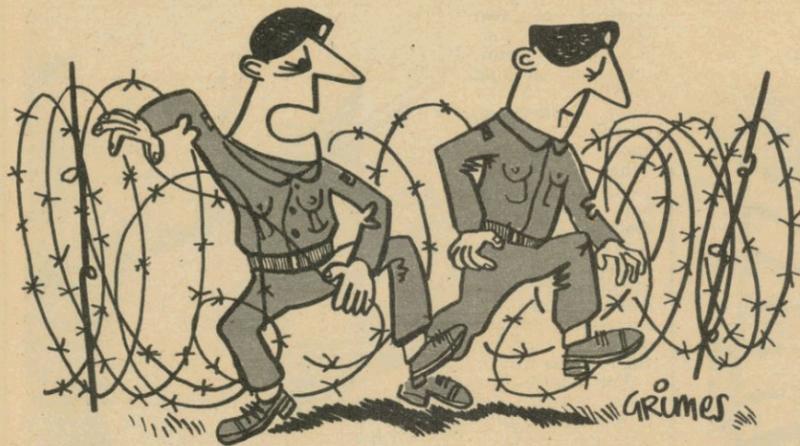
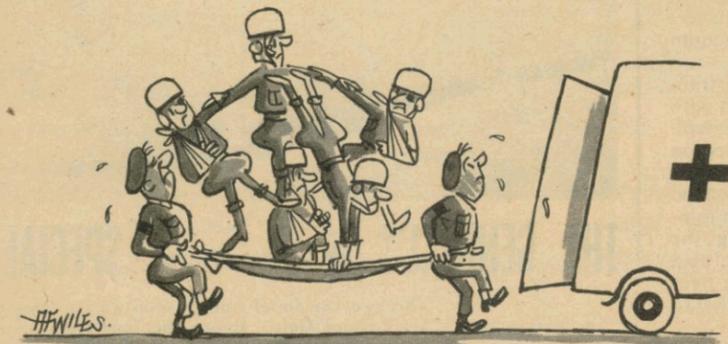
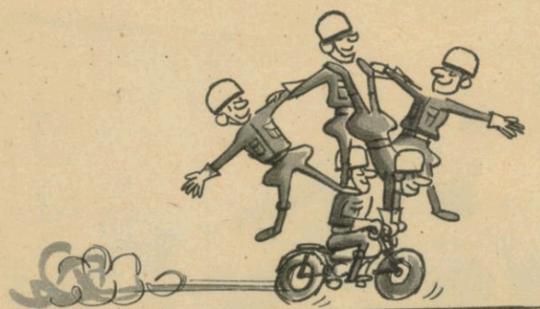
No whitewashed saw-tooth bricks;

No lettering in white pebbles.

Does it look unmilitary in consequence? Not in the opinion of the Buffs, or of the generals who have admired it.

The Regiment was lucky enough to qualify for a new and excellently designed camp under Mr. (now Lord) Hore-Belisha. For 16 years it has kept its buildings spotless.

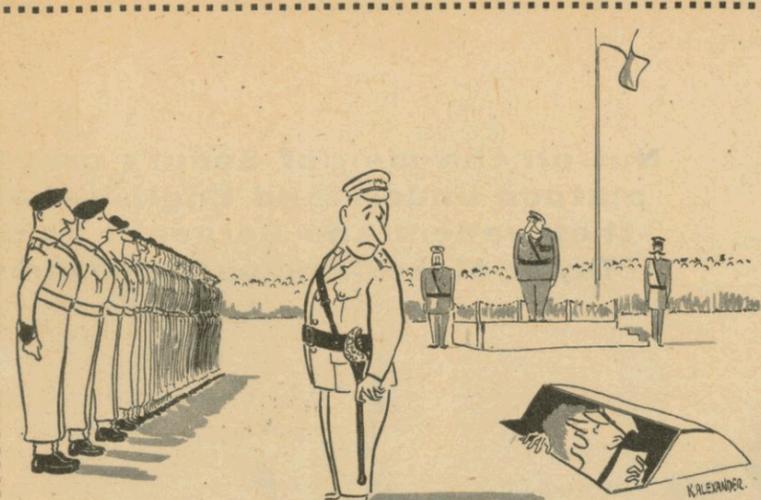
Can any unit produce a smarter guard-room than this?



"Somebody ought to get around to making this stuff without spikes on it."



"Yes, this is Command Headquarters, General Biggles' office—and this is 607 Private Jones, defaulter, speaking."

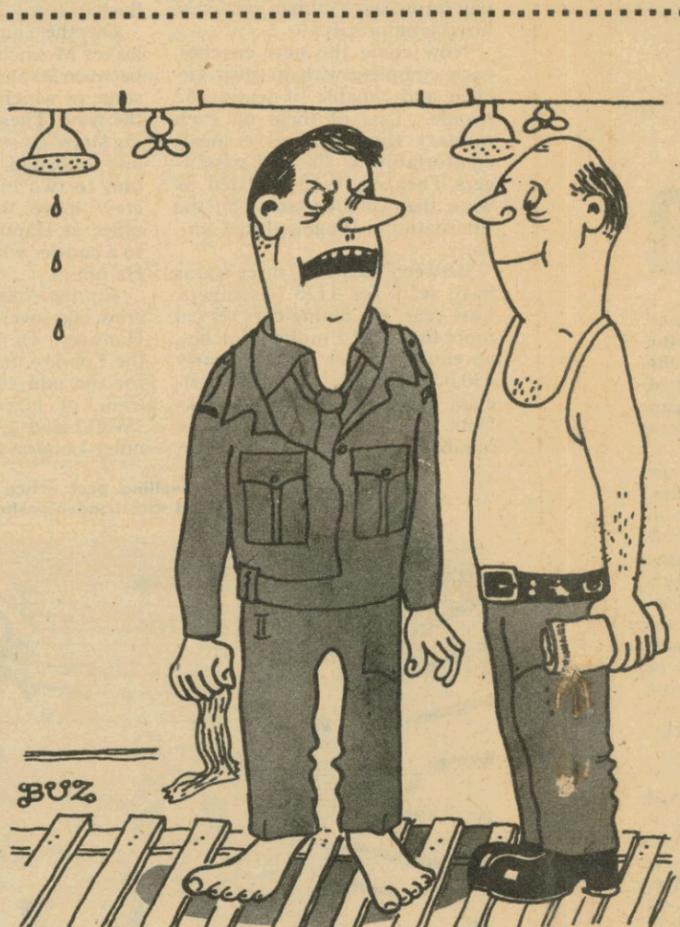


"Open order, march."

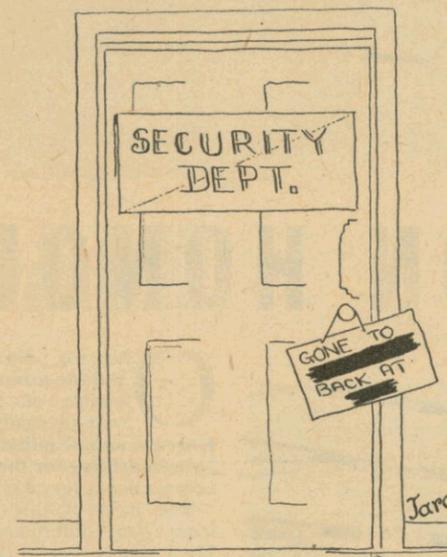


"Every time you give somebody a singe we have to turn out the fire piquet."

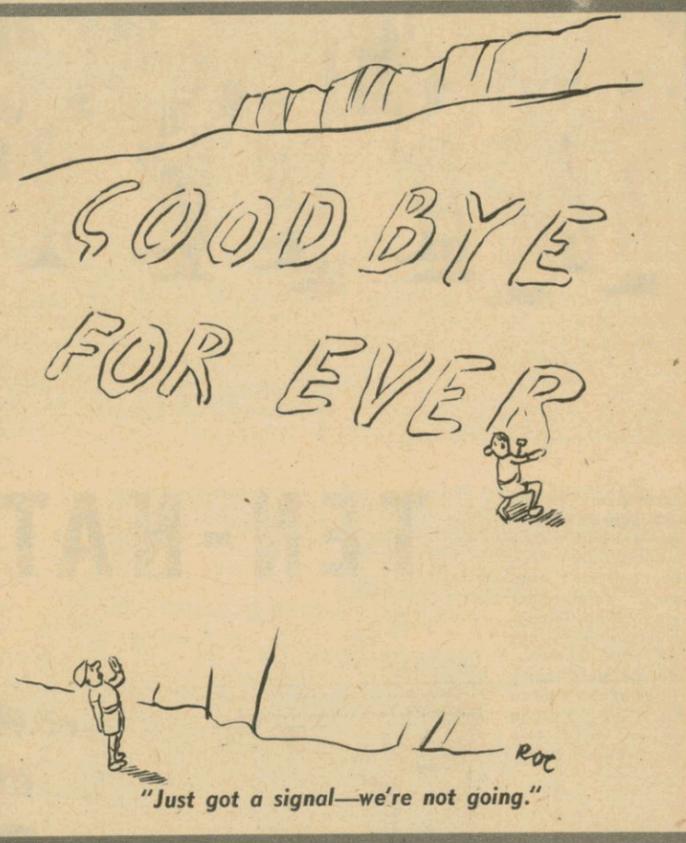
SOLDIER HUMOUR



"Every day I pray that some pipsqueak NCO will ask, 'What's the matter with you, Fanshawe—two left feet?'"



"I've never seen such a horrible lot of perishers, except of course the one of you whose father is a Member of Parliament."



"Just got a signal—we're not going."



MORKY



Not all the men of Seoul's crack platoon understand English—but they understand Sergeant John Taylor, of the Cameron Highlanders

"Present Arms" by the Honour Guard at Seoul. Giving a hand salute are Bombardier Ken Archer (left) and platoon commander Sergeant John Taylor. The American colour guard with chrome-plated helmets carry the flags of the United States, the Korean Republic and the American Eighth Army.

TEN-NATION HONOUR



Right: Four continents are represented in this line-up: Africa, Europe, Australia and Asia.

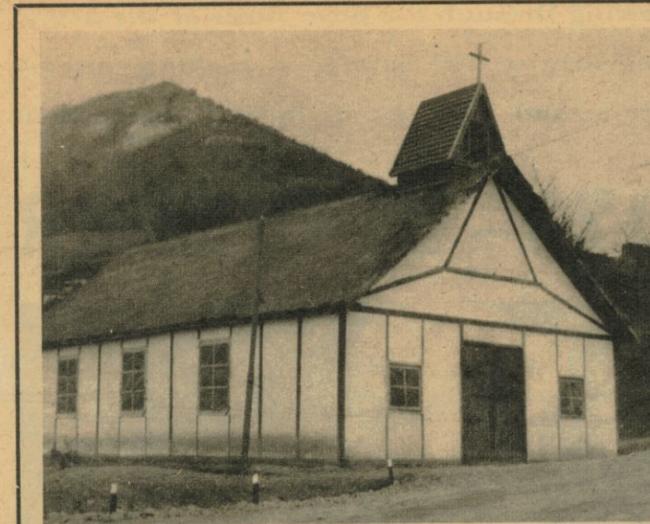
ON an immaculate parade-ground in the centre of Seoul, the war-ravaged capital of Korea, a unique military unit can be seen drilling for three or more hours a day, every day.

The men of this unit come from ten different countries. Their skins range in colour from coal-black to pink, and their uniforms from the kilt and bonnet of a famous Highland Regiment to the light khaki and pom-pom of a French *poilu*.

One common feature of their uniforms is the colour patch in the form of a white Maltese cross on the left shoulder, and above it the words 'HONOR GUARD' (American spelling).

The Guard is made up of picked men from every United Nations contingent in Korea. It turns out once or twice a week for a ceremonial parade, or in honour of a visiting personage, and also carries out regular guard duties every night at Eighth Army Headquarters.

Soldiers from the United Kingdom are serving with this crack formation, alongside men



A PEAL OF BELLS - IN KOREA

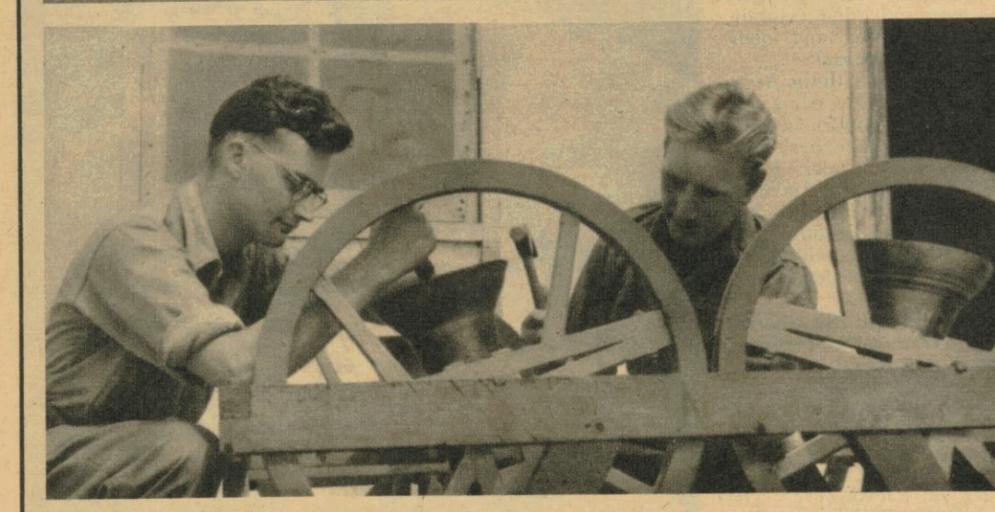
THERE are Army Churches in which the "bells" are played by gramophone record, suitably amplified. But that is not good enough for Korea. Out there they prefer the real thing.

In the little Army Church of St. Martha, near the Truce Line, a peal of four bells—on which 24 changes can be rung—has been installed.

The church is in the camp of 55 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers. Hanging church bells is just one of the things the Sappers take in their stride.

Left: The Church of St. Martha, near the Korean Truce Line.

Below: Sapper Peter Minchin (left) and Sapper Derek Hooper secure the bells in their frame.



Sapper Peter Minchin, carpenter in the Army and bell-hanger in civilian life, was mainly responsible for setting up the bells. Before joining the Army he was a regular member of the bell-ringing team of St. Mark's Church, Swindon, and in his travels round England he rang bells in 1800 churches.

He was assisted by two other bell-ringers — Lance-Corporal Colin Cade, of Scothern, near Lincoln, and Sapper Derek Hooper, of Mudford, Yeovil.

Several high-ranking officers attended the service at which the bells were dedicated by the Reverend E. L. Lake, of the Royal Canadian Army Chaplain's Corps.—Report by Private V. Winterbottom, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

GUARD

from Australia, New Zealand, America, Turkey, Thailand, Greece, France, Ethiopia and the Republic of Korea.

Commander of the Guard is Lieutenant J. Jamieson of the United States Army, and in command of the United Nations platoon is Sergeant John Taylor, aged 30, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. He has to overcome a considerable language barrier in teaching drill, for only a few of the platoon can speak English. By repeatedly demonstrating the movements, however, he has instilled into his men just what he wants—and they are able to respond correctly to his commands in English.

To obtain uniformity, the British and Australian drill manuals were adopted as a basis and the drill of the other countries suitably modified.

Right marker of the platoon is Bombardier Ken Archer, of Stepney, London. In six years Army service he has seen Germany, Belgium, France, Holland and now Korea. Two other platoon members are both

National Servicemen in the Royal Artillery. They are Gunners Ray Parker, of Consett, County Durham, and Clive Gudge, of Tredegar. Their previous unit, 19th Field Artillery, is stationed near the Korean Truce Line. Both say that their billet is the friendliest yet.

The men of the Honour Guard work hard for the privilege of wearing the coveted flash. In return they enjoy a number of concessions which are the envy of men in other units. They have full-time leave passes, so that when not on duty they can go out of camp whenever they wish. Any serious infringement of discipline would bring the penalty of Return to Unit—so it is a well-behaved body.

Most of the scrubbing, polishing, and ironing that contributes to the Honour Guard's impeccable turn-out is carried out by "gentlemen's gentlemen"—a staff of Korean houseboys.

Most dazzling are the Guard's parade rifles and bayonets. The wooden parts have been french-polished and the metal parts chrome-plated to flash in the sun. The American members of the Guard wear chrome-plated combat helmets.

But perhaps all the Guard members secretly envy Sergeant John Taylor's kilt!



Gunner Ray Parker shows the flash of Korea's ceremonial unit.



Looking for leaders—
Maj-Gen Kennett Bayley

A new breeze is blowing through the boys' units of the Army.

THE ARMY'S BOYS Almost every arm of the service is looking out for ambitious youngsters—and there's no limit to promotion

BOYS WILL BE BOYS—BY ORDER

THE Army's first Director Boys' Training is Major-General Kennett Bayley, a former Light Infantryman who was Director of Personnel Administration at the War Office from 1951 until he retired last June.

He is carrying out the Army's new policy of training boys *as boys* rather than as soldiers.

Boys' units are being run more on the lines of boarding schools. The lads are kept well occupied with more organized sport and a wide variety of hobbies.

More academic subjects are being taught. The purpose is that every boy shall obtain his second-class certificate of education by the end of his three-years training. In the past too many boys failed to reach this standard.

Entrance examinations will also be stiffer and there will be closer scrutiny of background and character before a boy is accepted.

In all types of training greater emphasis is being placed on developing powers of leadership

and sense of responsibility, so that by the time he leaves for man's service every lad should be able to take up junior non-commissioned rank. To this end there will be more individual training, culminating in day and night exercises out of barracks.

Closer relations with the Army Cadet Force are also being fostered. This year, for the first time, lads from the boys' units attended Army Cadet Force camps, so that they could give the cadets an idea of the life they led.

There is no relaxation of discipline. Punishments will generally take the form of deprivation of privileges.

There are plans to provide all boys' units with better barracks. As far as possible, they will be away from other units.

Already the Royal Signals Boys' Regiment has moved from its old quarters at Beverley, in Yorkshire, to new barracks at Denbury, in Devonshire. The Boys' Infantry Battalion at Plymouth (which recently invited parents to spend a night in barracks as part of an "at home") will move to Weedon, in Northamptonshire, and the Royal Engineers Boys' Squadron will be going into more modern accommodation at Aldershot.



It's a pleasure: a boy Gunner samples the Christmas pudding.

FOUR DOORS ARE OPEN

IT is only in recent times, and notably since World War Two, that boys have been trained specifically as technicians and junior leaders.

Today a boy can begin to carve a career in the Army—a career that can lead to a commission—as soon as he leaves school. Four ways are open to him: to join an Army apprentices' school, a regimental boys' unit, a band or Welbeck College.

The Army now finds a large number of its tradesmen from the boys who work their way through the Army Apprentices' Schools at Chepstow, Harrogate, and Arborfield. Lads are admitted between 15½ and 17 years of age and train for three years at one or more of the Army's 200 trades. When they advance to man's service they become Regular Army tradesmen for eight years with the Colours and four with the Reserve.

At all apprentices' schools boys are instructed in general military subjects as well as in their trades. This prepares them for the day

when they become NCOs, warrant officers, or even specialist commissioned officers.

There are other skills to be learned outside the three apprentices' schools. For example, the Royal Army Medical Corps are forming their own apprentice boys' company, in which initial instruction in nursing will be given, as well as educational and

OVER →



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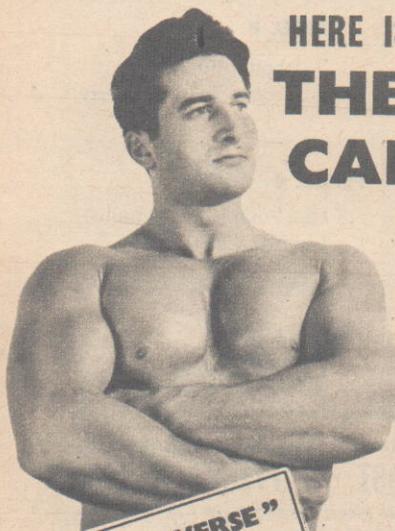
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military training. The boy who wants to be a chef can take a three-year apprentices' course at the Army Catering Corps Training Centre.

Most of the principal arms now have their own boys' units, whose primary task is to train future regimental NCOs and warrant officers. The Royal Artillery trace their boys' units back to the 1700s, but until 1926 no serious attempt was made to train boys for NCO rank; the lads were employed almost exclusively as drummers, trumpeters and band boys. Two corps which recruited boys between the world wars are the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the Royal Signals. Since World War Two boys' units have been launched, successively, by the Royal Engineers, the Royal Army Service Corps, the Royal Armoured Corps and—belatedly in 1952—by the Infantry. Soon the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are to follow suit.

A boy can also make a career for himself in the Army by joining one of the 120 Army bands as a bandboy. He can become a drummer in the Foot Guards or an Infantry regiment or a piper in a Scottish or Irish regiment. If a bandboy shows special ability he may be selected to take a 12-months course at the Royal Military School of Music, which is the first step towards becoming a director of music. Many of the present directors of music joined as bandboys.

At present, bandboys are administered by their own regiments but it is likely that they will soon come under the control of the Director of Boys' Training. The Experimental Unit set up at Strensall in Yorkshire two years ago to train bandboys for the Light Infantry Brigade has been so successful that similar units may be created to train band boys for the regiments of the other Infantry Brigades and probably one for the Royal Armoured Corps.

One of the most important post-war innovations was the establishment, two years ago, of Welbeck College, where boys are trained to become Regular officers in the technical corps.

Here, in a boarding school atmosphere, boys between 15 years nine months and 16 years nine months, who have passed their General Certificate of Education in mathematics, science and at least one other subject, are given a two-years course in mathematical, scientific and general subjects. All pupils must belong to the College's Combined Cadet Force unit.

Pupils are automatically candidates for the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst and, if successful, undertake to serve for at least five years as Regular officers on the Active List. Before joining Sandhurst they serve a short period in the ranks.



Boys of the Combined Cadet Force of Fettes College, Edinburgh, splash ashore from a landing craft on an exercise at Aberdour Beach, Fife.

THE FOURTH LINE

Eton boys and errand boys are found in the ranks of Britain's 125,000-strong cadet movement. One unit boasts a battle honour

A Harrow boy who had a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack: Cadet Harold R. L. G. Alexander.



A Rugby School Volunteer Corps cadet of Queen Victoria's day.

B RITAIN'S fourth line of defence," was how a distinguished general, Sir George White VC, once described the cadet movement.

Since then the Royal Air Force, the Home Guard and various Reserves have been created, but the cadets still make a big contribution to defence.

No fewer than 125,000 boys, from 14 to call-up age, spend part of their spare time in battle-dress, undergoing not only military training but learning the lessons of patriotism and citizenship. They have shown that in emergency they can be actively helpful: in World War Two they did many useful jobs as messengers and in other capacities, and 17-year-olds took their places in the Home Guard. Except in a few schools, cadet service is voluntary. Cadets receive no pay.

Their military training is mainly designed to enable them to take Certificate "A" (elementary drill, weapon-training, field-craft and map-reading). Some boys, if there are facilities, may alternatively take Certificate "T"—which embraces more technical subjects—and some of the Combined Cadet Force lads prepare themselves for the Royal Navy or Royal Air Force.

Having taken their certificates—generally, after about two



years—they go on to more advanced training and have the valuable experience, as cadet non-commissioned, warrant or under-officers, of instructing.

Fortified by cadet training, a young man begins his National or Regular service with a considerable advantage. He has already reached the stage of a trained recruit and at his depot will probably go straight into the squad of men earmarked as potential leaders.

Britain's cadet movement dates back to 1859, when the Volunteers, predecessors of the Territorials, were formed. A number of schools, Eton, Harrow and Rugby among them, immediately started their own Volunteer corps of masters and senior boys. These developed into the Officers' Training Corps. At the same time, Volunteer battalions began to raise their own cadet

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companies, with an eye to future recruits. From these companies are descended the units of the Army Cadet Force. The last major shuffle occurred after World War Two, and produced the Combined Cadet Force, to include most school contingents, leaving the Army Cadet Force with the remaining units.

The Combined Cadet Force, with 70,000 boys and 2000 schoolmaster-officers, is restricted to schools which educate boys beyond the age of 17. Each contingent is an independent unit, and though it is usually affiliated to a Regular or Territorial unit, its members generally wear the school badge in their berets and the school name on their shoulders.

There is little room for expansion in the Combined Cadet Force. It has 350 contingents and there are not many eligible schools unrepresented (a few choose to remain in the Army Cadet Force). Its biggest unit is that of Eton, one of the schools where membership of the cadet unit is compulsory. The 680-strong Eton contingent is also the only cadet unit to have Colours—officially. These were presented by King Edward VII, in defiance of the custom that Colours are only for combatant units.

The only British cadets overseas belong to the Combined Cadet Force; they are at Services schools in Germany.

Each Combined Cadet Force contingent has a basic section, members of which train for the first part of the Certificate "A" examination. In addition, each contingent has one or more of three senior sections—Army, Royal Navy or Royal Air Force. All but five schools have Army sections, 104 have naval and 207 air sections.

The Army Cadet Force, 55,000 strong and with 4000 officers, consists mainly of "open" units which any boy of the right age may join. Only one-fifth are



A detachment of cadets from Surbiton Grammar School practise gun drill while in camp at Dippgate.



Happy in his work: Cadet Roy Rogers, of a Surrey cadet band.

"closed" units belonging to schools. The Home Office has acknowledged the value of the Force in building character by forming units in its Borstal institutions and "approved" schools.

Each county has its own Army Cadet Force commandant, with a small permanent staff, under whom the cadets are divided into battalions and independent companies. A good deal of the training, however, is done in sections or platoons, each housed at a Territorial centre and consisting usually of two officers, one adult warrant officer and 20 boys. There are about 1800 such detachments scattered over Britain.

Most units are affiliated to

their county regiments and some of the detachments are linked, in addition, to Territorial units independent of the county regiments, with curious results. At a summer camp, SOLDIER came across the band of a cadet battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment, most members of which wore Royal Artillery badges. Their sub-unit, known as a battery, was affiliated to a Gunner unit. Similarly, a battery (complete with one field-gun) wearing the badge of the Surrey Yeomanry, turned out to be part of a cadet battalion of the East Surrey Regiment.

The Army Cadet Force boasts the only cadet battalion with a

battle honour. It is the 1st Cadet Battalion The King's Royal Rifle Corps, which earned "South Africa" by sending a contingent to the Boer War.

About half the cadets' parade time is spent on military training. Sport takes up a good deal of the remainder, and the Force is particularly strong on boxing. Both Don Cockell and Dai Dower graduated through Army Cadet Force rings.

Army Cadet Force officers, like Army officers of the Combined Cadet Force, hold special Territorial Army General List commissions and receive a limited amount of pay for their cadet activities. Most of the senior Army Cadet Force officers are retired Regular or Territorial officers; the remainder range from peers to artisans, many of them being ex-soldiers.

Each year, about 1000 Combined Cadet Force boys and several hundred Army Cadet Force boys go to Germany on attachment to Regular units. A mixed party of cadets visits Canada annually for a shooting competition, and a party of Combined Cadet Force lads has even visited India's cadet corps.

Every summer both Forces go off to annual camp in Britain, an event which calls for help from the Regular Army, and for "tuck-shops" by NAAFI. (It was reported that one NAAFI manager this year received a number of complaints because he had omitted to stock razor-blades.)

For many of the working boys of the Army Cadet Force, camp is their only holiday. Training ceases at lunch-time on most days so that they can go to beaches and places of interest. Combined Cadet Force units generally go to summer camp direct from school, at end of term.

The boys receive full, man-size Army rations, with a supplement, yet still spend a good deal of their pocket money ("banked" with their officers) on food. One Combined Cadet Force member, questioned as he returned home from camp, told a senior officer: "It was smashing—the grub was lots better than at school."

THEY "SIGN ON" AT SEVEN



Starting young: Two colour sergeants of the Frimley and Camberley Cadets.

THE youngest cadets in Britain are probably the junior members of the Frimley and Camberley Cadet Corps, who may join at seven years of age.

The Corps, now 150 strong, sprang from a Bible class more than 50 years ago. The teacher who originated the Corps, Miss G. M. Reynolds, is still its honorary secretary. She has seen the sons of former cadets pass through the Corps and is hoping soon to see grandsons joining it. For her work, she has been awarded the MBE.

The senior section of the Corps is now a company of the 2/5th Cadet Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment. The younger boys are divided into three companies, according to ages, and have their own non-commissioned officers. For drill, they have 40 small carbines, presented to them by a Free French unit in World War Two.

The Corps has received much help from officers of the Staff College. Both instructors and cadets from Sandhurst have helped to train the boys.



The whiteness of this girl's teeth is here being measured. The "whiteness-meter" showed that they were shades whiter after one brushing with Macleans.

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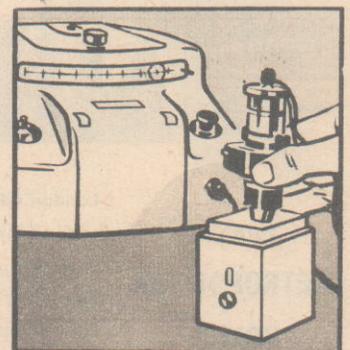
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Did you Maclean your teeth today?



To measure the whiteness of human teeth, a solid block of pure magnesium oxide was used as a standard of whiteness. The spectro-photometer was then set to this standard and the degree of whiteness of the teeth measured on the scale shown above.

Field-Marshal from Wagga Wagga

THE first Australian soldier to win a field-marshal's baton was the ex-schoolmaster from Wagga Wagga, Sir Thomas Blamey. Only one other Commonwealth soldier has achieved the same distinction: Jan Christian Smuts.

The story of Field-Marshal Blamey's tempestuous life is skilfully told by John Hetherington in "Blamey" (F. W. Cheshire and Angus and Robertson, 16s). It must have been a difficult book to write. The Field-Marshal was not a "sympathetic" character, and it would be idle to pretend that he was revered throughout the Australian Army. Press and politicians lambasted him for years. How, then, did he keep his job? The answer is: *He had tremendous power of command.*

Australia's Minister of Information once said: "The next man to Blamey is as a curate to an archbishop." An American battalion commander in Papua, after a Blamey inspection, said: "He's the commander, all right. I'd know him for the top man without any badges of rank. I'd know the sonofabitch in his pyjamas. He descended on us like a cartload of tigers."

After a spell as a schoolmaster, young Blamey entered the Australian Army in 1906. In World War One he was Lieutenant-General Sir John Monash's chief of staff; and on New Year's Eve, 1918, Monash and Blamey dined in the Ritz in London and drank

champagne toasts to the brave new world.

command the second Australian expeditionary force. His enemies began reciting "Blamey stories" which multiplied as the war progressed, for the commander was "full-blooded and indiscreet."

Field-Marshal Blamey's baptism of fire in World War Two came in the unhappy expedition into Greece. He was ordered to leave ahead of his troops—and because he obeyed he was criticised. Vigorously he opposed any attempts by the British Staff to break up his Australian forces. When he was appointed deputy to "the Auk" this kind of thing would happen:

Auchinleck: I want the 9th Division to stay in Tobruk. You must support me, as my deputy.

Blamey: I am your deputy, but I'm also GOC AIF. I want them relieved.

The reader's sympathies over

BOOKSHELF

champagne toasts to the brave new world.

In 1923 600 Melbourne policemen mutinied and there was a vacancy for a strong man as Chief Commissioner of Police in Victoria. Blamey gave up the Army and took the job; but in 1936 he resigned after a big row. At this stage he seemed a most unlikely candidate for a field-marshal's baton...

By 1939, however, Australia had to cast round for men who were men—and the much-abused policeman was appointed to

He Counted Without Padre

A PADRE "in the bag" faces many an unusual challenge.

In one prisoner-of-war camp, a South African began to beguile the tedium by lecturing "with tremendous detail and vivid illustration" on the sex-life of the elephant.

He counted without a chaplain who was a Bachelor of Science and claimed to be the only scientist in camp. This padre counter-attacked with a series of talks on the evolution of sex and "approached the elephant from the remote base of unicellular life."

By the time he reached the larger mammals his hearers were steeped in sheer scientific curiosity. "Facts, not filth," someone called his series.

The story is told by Douglas Thompson in "Captives to Freedom" (Epworth, 10s 6d). The author, himself a Methodist chaplain who had been a missionary in China, was captured in the Western Desert. He spent most of his captivity working in the camps of uncommissioned prisoners in Italy and Germany, refusing an opportunity of being repatriated.

Among the Germans he met were two panzer officers who hoisted civilians from their seats in a train so that two prisoner-padres might travel in comfort, on the grounds that "We military people have to stick together." At the end of the journey, one of these officers told the padres' escort to disappear, escorted the prisoners to the refreshment room, over-rode the protests of the barman and ordered coffee. When a group of Hitler youth joined in the protest he lifted them bodily out of the room, apologised to the two prisoners and said: "No discipline in this nation these days. No wonder you win."

Among the more painful sights of the prison-camps were the starved Russians whom the British troops, in defiance of German orders, fed through the barbed wire. In return a Russian dental officer—a woman major—repaired teeth for British soldiers instead of merely pulling them out, as she had been ordered.



Sir Thomas Blamey: "Like a cartload of tigers," said an American.

this particular wrangle are likely to be with Field-Marshal Auchinleck.

When Japan entered the war, the soldier from Wagga Wagga was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Military Forces. The Prime Minister, Mr. John Curtin, told critics: "Gentlemen, I want a commander of the Australian Army, not a Sunday school superintendent."

In the Pacific the Field-Marshal spared neither himself nor anybody else, and the wasps of controversy still buzzed round him. He refused to learn any tricks of showmanship, saying, "I'm here to do a job. Don't ask me to be a Hollywood soldier."

He died in 1951.

Over the Alps

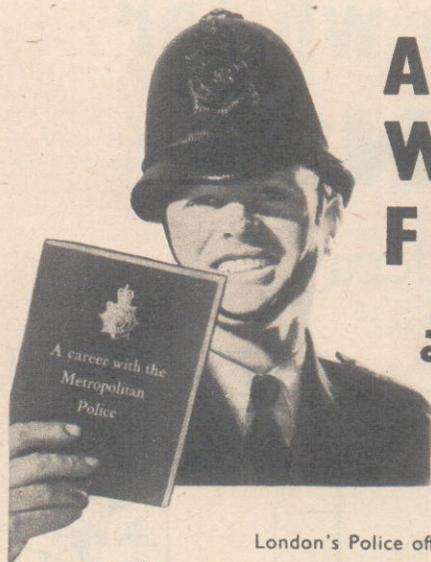
SUPPOSE that in 1940 Rommel landed in Scotland with 20,000 men and 37 tanks, destroyed six British armies in six battles, and roamed the countryside from Edinburgh to Plymouth, living off the land, until 1955.

Then, having failed to detach the Scots or the Welsh from the English, or to capture London, he sailed home to defend Germany which Britain had at last succeeded in invading.

That is a rough parallel to what Hannibal, the Carthaginian, did to Rome, if for tanks you read elephants. It is put forward in "Alps and Elephants" (Bles, 10s 6d), a scholarly investigation by Sir Gavin Beer.

By which route did Hannibal cross the Alps? With clues nearly 2200 years old, Sir Gavin has traced the path to his own satisfaction. Other authors have reached different conclusions.

Hannibal was a resourceful soldier. When his elephants refused to board a raft to cross the Rhone, he covered the raft with earth to look like land. The beasts panicked in mid-stream, but waded safely to the other side. When his cavalry horses developed hunger-mange, he had them cured by bathing them in old wine. And when a rock blocked an Alpine track, his engineers disintegrated it by lighting a huge fire on it, then drenching the hot stone with vinegar.



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NINE LIVES OF A GENERAL

RICHARD HILTON, author of "Nine Lives" (Hollis and Carter, 16s) is Major-General Richard Hilton, DSO, MC, DFC and Bar—but you won't find the "gongs" mentioned in this autobiography.

The author's friends thought he was making a bad mistake when, from Woolwich, he entered the Royal Garrison Artillery. This was in the days of "horse worship." But his ambition was to be posted, not "into concrete," but to the North-West Frontier, where the Royal Garrison Artillery saw active service in the mountain batteries while the horse-gunners played polo in the plains.

World War One intervened, and at the outset the author found himself serving with huge muzzle-loaders trained on the Solent narrows. These antiquated weapons could lash the entire navigable channel with steel "cricket balls."

Then he became a Forward Observation Officer in France,

Gunner, airman, attaché: Major-General Richard Hilton. From the jacket of "Nine Lives"



and was one of those who had a bird's eye view of the Battle of Loos from the famous colliery winding-towers. These were well built and took the German gunners three months to destroy. In 1916 he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps as an observer. Once his aircraft came home

scarlet with blood from nose to tail—Hilton's blood, which had earlier blinded the pilot.

Between the world wars Major-General Hilton realised his ambition and served on the Frontier. It was, in his view, one of the most satisfying jobs a soldier could do. "For the sad thing about a professional soldier's job generally is that he spends his time learning an art which all sane people hope he will never have to use . . . The lazy soldier persuades himself that no harm will come if he slacks off a little . . . But on the Frontier of the old days . . . there was no pretence at all about our daily military training. Any fool could see the practical necessity of it, and examples were always occurring to show the penalties of neglect." In other words, it was the Pathan who kept the British regiments alert.

After Dunkirk the author busied himself in "an interesting though utterly thankless job—no less than the creation of air observation for artillery." Says the General: "I am proud to have been by far the oldest pilot to wear Air OP wings on my chest." At the end of the war he helped to disarm the German Army in Norway, and then had a spell as military attaché in Moscow—about which he has already written a book as lively as this.



Jack Johnston went behind the Japanese lines with the Royal Leicestershires.

Private's Novel

IT was not hard for Jack Johnston, author of the latest novel about the Chindits, to pump local colour into his story. From a tank regiment in India he joined the Royal Leicestershire Regiment as a private and spent five-and-a-half months behind the Japanese lines, on a long-range penetration mission under Major-General Orde Wingate.

His novel, "Patrol of the Dead" (Arthur Barker, 12s 6d), is about a cut-off jungle patrol trying to rejoin its parent force. It is a sweat-drenched, squelching, blood-spattered tale, in which the savagery is relieved by flashes of soldierly humour. Corporal Donovan has a rare old time keeping his men together, fighting defeatism, quelling quarrels, and of course engaging the Japanese. The soldiers' slang is well rendered, though now and then someone makes a speech rather out of character. But even if the patrol becomes bogged, the story never does.

How We Seized The Citadel

"HE who holds the Citadel holds Cairo: he who holds Cairo holds Egypt," goes an old Egyptian saying.

It was a bold stratagem which peacefully secured the Citadel to the British Army in 1882. The ruse is described by H. Wood Jarvis in "Pharaoh to Farouk" (Murray, 21s.), a lively and readable history of Egypt.

After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, a column of 1200 Cavalry set off towards Cairo and towards nightfall of the following day reached Abbassia Barracks—subsequently home to thousands of British soldiers. Here, surprisingly, 10,000 Egyptian troops surrendered. The commandant of the Citadel rode out to Abbassia and, after persuasion, agreed to surrender his command; but the well-fortified Citadel held 6000 men, and there was every likelihood that the commandant would change his mind when daylight came and he saw how small was the British force.

So Captain Charles Watson, Royal Engineers, Intelligence officer to the column, took 150 men and rode round the outskirts of the city to the Citadel. Keeping his men in a dark lane, to conceal their small numbers, he ordered the commandant to hand over the keys of the fortress and march his men out to Kasr-el-Nil Barracks. After some argument, the commandant obeyed, and the 6000 marched out to make room for the 150.

There remained a small fort on the Mokattam hills, the guns of which covered the Citadel. As the garrison marched out, Watson called over an Egyptian officer and said he would be "very much obliged" if the Egyptian would ride to the Mokattam fort, tell the garrison to join their comrades in Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, and bring the keys back to the Citadel. The officer did so.

The author nevertheless pays deserved tribute to the fighting qualities of the fellahin soldiers—under the Pharaohs, the Mamelukes (the "slave sultans" of Egypt), Mohammed Ali (the Albanian who founded Egypt's last dynasty) and lastly under British officers in the Sudan.

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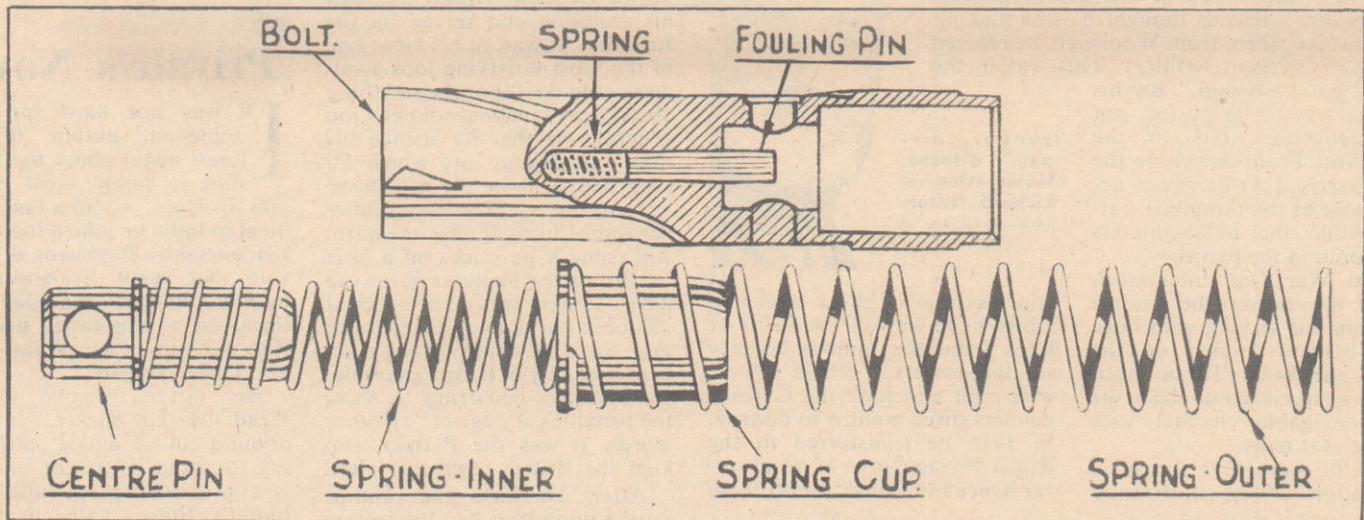
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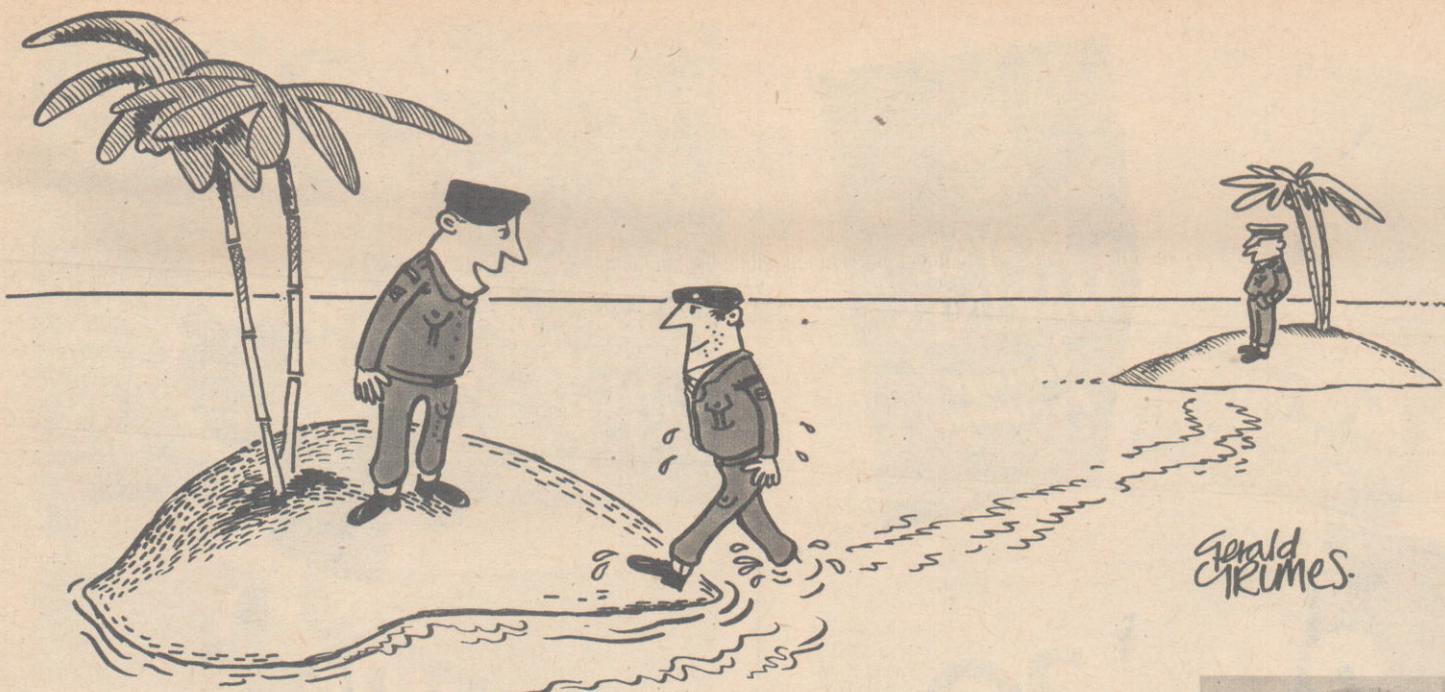
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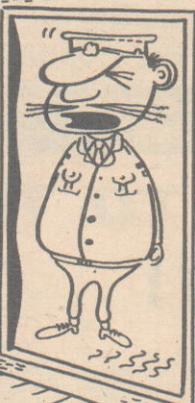


Gerald
GRIMES.

"Did you get a forty-eight too?"



ARE YOU
A SMART
SOLDIER?



Grimes

"Where the blazes did
this mirror come from?"

GERALD GRIMES, who this year attended his last Territorial camp as a National Serviceman, is one of six artist brothers. Their father was a cartoonist for many years on the London Star ("All My Own Work" by Grimes).

In 1950, after two years at the Heatherley School of Art, Gerald Grimes found himself in the Royal Army Pay Corps. He never got beyond the training centre, where they put him on the permanent staff as a sign-writer. He says he held down the job because of his talent at lighting fires and making tea.

Three of his brothers have found scope for their artistic talent in films. His sister went on the stage. Gerald's ambition is to be a topical cartoonist on a newspaper. His work has appeared in national dailies.

GRIMES his page



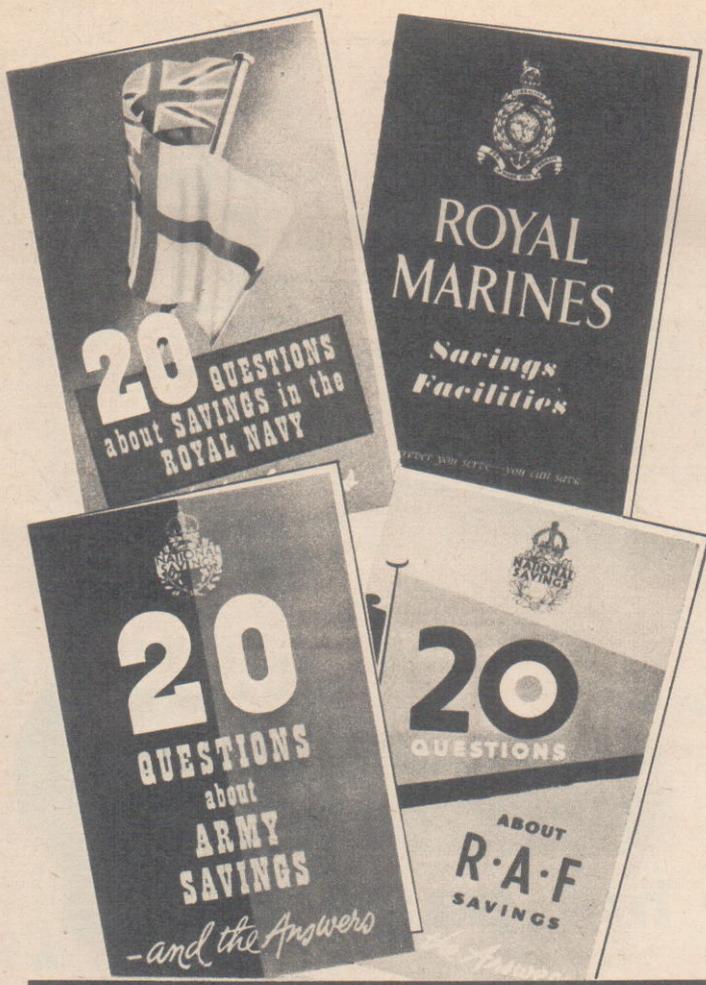
GRIMES

"Blimey—that was a near one!"



GRIMES

"Now we're not going to let a drop of rain worry us, are we?"



From: Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams,

K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A., J.P.

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

To: All Serving in Her Majesty's Forces

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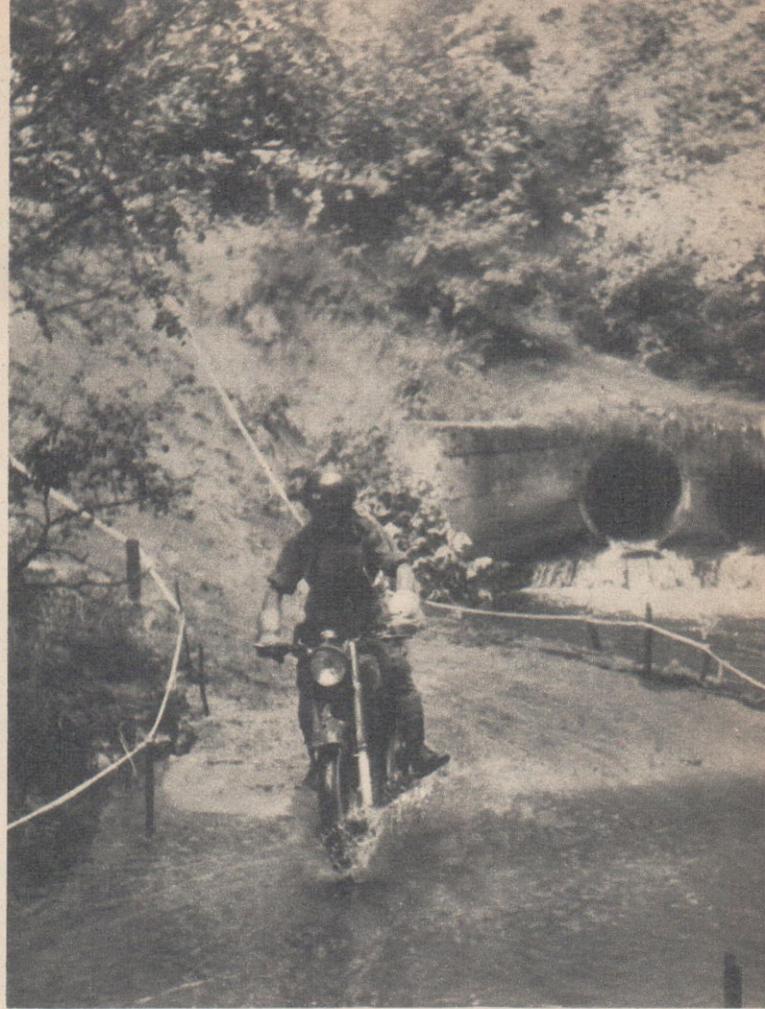
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An officer competitor successfully negotiates a switchback . . .



. . . and a Gunner plunges into one of the watersplashes.



Sergeant K. Slaughter won four prizes. Below, a rider gets stuck in a sandpit and another heads for the watersplash.

DESERT RATS ON TRIAL

THE biggest event of its kind in Germany, this year's motor-cycle cross-country trials organised by Seventh Armoured Division (the Desert Rats), were a more gruelling test of man and machine than ever before.

The 90-mile course, divided into two circuits, was set out over Luneburg Heath near Hohn and included almost every kind of hazard—watersplashes, deep sandpits, treacherous dust tracks, ploughed fields and man-made switchbacks in thick woods. It was too much for many of the 200 competitors, who came from units all over Rhine Army.

Sergeant Ken Slaughter, of

Seventh Armoured Division Signal Regiment, had a field day. He won both the Northern Army Group and Seventh Armoured Division individual trials and led his team to victory in both the team events.

Sergeant Slaughter, who is 32, entered for motor-cycle trials

when he became a despatch rider in the Royal Corps of Signals in 1948. He has also taken part in German civilian trials, winning several awards this year.

Young officer novice riders of 6 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery also had a successful day. They won both the Northern Army Group and Seventh Armoured novices' team events.

Seventh Armoured Division Signal Regiment won the divisional team award for the fourth year in succession.



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LETTERS

● **SOLDIER** welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must, therefore, give their full names and addresses 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.

Nations Medal has been provisionally agreed as 27 July, 1954.

Service of one day in Malaya and Singapore since 16 June, 1948 is sufficient entitlement for the General Service Medal; the minimum for the Africa General Service Medal is three months in Kenya since 21 October, 1952.

14 PENCE DAILY

A friend of mine says that when he joined the Army Service Corps in 1914 his pay was six shillings per day. Another friend, whose father at that time was a regimental sergeant-major, says that as the daily rate for an RSM was about 7s 6d, a private soldier could not possibly get six shillings. Who is right?—G. W. Fonyon, 30 Springfield Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

★ *The pay of a private soldier in the Army Service Corps in 1914 was 1s 2d per day.*

CRESTS

You should not talk about military crests (**SOLDIER**, September). There is no such thing. Corps and regiments have badges, not crests.

The crest is that part of an achievement of arms (itself commonly called a coat of arms) which is worn on top of the helm. It is becoming a growing habit among the ignorant to call the whole achievement a crest.

The badge is derived from the custom in mediæval days of the great families (who, of course, possessed their own personal arms for family use) of adopting a device for the use of their servants and followers; in fact, a livery, the object being easy recognition in battle. And, as the ordinary follower was not important enough to have his own achievement of arms, he wore the badge of his lord. But even knights and gentlemen with arms of their own also wore the badge of their overlord.

Hence, the regimental and corps badges of today. Whether you see them on cap or button, table silver or china plates, on Regimental Colours or writing paper, cut in the face of a hillside or tattooed on a man's skin, they are still badges; never crests.—Lieut.-Col. R. W. Norman, OBE, commanding 6th Bn. The Durham Light Infantry.

★ *SOLDIER* wrote of "those military crests carved out of chalky hillsides." This may be incorrect usage, but most people regard a badge as something which can be worn.

BATMEN

Even allowing for the mis-reporting of the batman situation by the national newspapers, there is never smoke without fire. Maybe the anachronism of officers in peacetime being provided with soldier-servants at public expense is a question overdue for consideration by War Office. I am a business executive with the same income as a married major and have to turn out every day quite as well as any officer on a ceremonial parade. But my employers do not provide me with a valet.

In time of war and on active service a servant is a necessity to an officer. In peace this is not so and I commend the system once used in the Indian Army, whereby each officer employed a "bearer," a civilian servant for whom the Army had no responsibility over pay, food or clothing.

Many soldier-pensioners possibly might be glad to have such employment to supplement their pensions, if the Army could provide a barrack-room and food on repayment and the officers who employed them paid them a fair wage.—Captain H. V. Sawyer, Army Emergency Reserve, 7 Gubyon Avenue, Herne Hill, London.

KOREA MEDALS

If a soldier is posted to Korea is he allowed to wear the ribbons of the two medals for service out there? How long does a soldier have to serve in Malaya or Kenya to receive a medal?—"Curious Civvy" (name and address supplied).

★ *A British soldier posted to Korea nowadays is not entitled to either medal. The Korea Medal was for service between 2 July, 1950 and 27 July, 1953. The closing date for the United*

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STAFF - SERGEANT L. T. GUY, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, has had only 10 weeks leave in Britain since 1932. He joined up as a Gunner in 1931 and was sent to India, since when he has served—contentedly—in Hong Kong, Shanghai and "most of the Far East," Ceylon, British Somaliland, Abyssinia, Egypt, East Africa, Palestine, Syria, Italy and Austria. He was second-in-command of the Army Guard Dog Unit at Klagenfurt when this picture was taken.



MAJOR ERNEST GEORGE SAUNDERS, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who has just retired from the Army, served in all three Services. He joined the Royal Navy in 1915 at 15, later transferring to the Royal Naval Air Service. In 1918 he joined the Royal Air Force for two years, became a civilian, then in 1921 joined the Army, in which he has held every rank from private to major. He served in the first Rhine Army after World War One and ended his service in the second.

"STEADY THE BUFFS"

In what circumstances were the words "Steady the Buffs" used?—Jean-Claude Martin, French Army, Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe.

★The expression "Steady the Buffs" occurs in a Rudyard Kipling short story "Poor Dear Mamma" in the book "Soldiers Three." This may well have been the origin of the saying as the most diligent research over many years by the Past and Present Association, The Buffs, has failed to provide any other clues.

"SIR"

Can SOLDIER settle a friendly argument? I maintain that nowhere in Army regulations is there an order stating that a company sergeant-major shall be called "sir" and that he should be addressed only by his rank.—NCO (name and address supplied).

★There is nothing in regulations, but to address a company sergeant-major as "sir" is a long-standing usage.

FROM RESERVE

Is it possible for a Class "B" reservist, with several years to serve, to transfer to the Territorial Army?—R. J. Ashton, 23 Stafford Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

★A Class "B" reservist wishing to transfer to the Territorial Army should ask the commanding officer of his intended unit to submit an application for him to be enlisted. If accepted—there have been no recent rejections—the applicant must undertake to serve for a period not less than that to which he is committed under his Reserve obligations.

MARINES' DRILL

For anyone to describe the drill of the Royal Marines as "shuffling" (Letters, August) shows a lack of appreciation of neat, orderly movement with a very high standard of precision. Guards officers have been known to ask the Royal Marines how they manage to achieve such slickness.

The purpose of drill is to move bodies of men in an orderly manner with the minimum of fuss. Why did Sir Winston Churchill always select Royal Marines as his orderlies? Would he have chosen "lazy, shuffling" men?—"Jill Tar" (name and address supplied).

MALTA 1800

The article on the King's Own Malta Regiment (SOLDIER, August) recalls the occasion when the 35th Foot (Royal Sussex) presented their Colours to the Maltese in 1800 as an expression of appreciation for the islanders' assistance and bravery. After World War Two the Colours were found to be badly damaged and Sir John Sleeman obtained permission to take them back to England to be repaired at the Royal College of Needlework. They were returned to Malta on a cruiser and a colour party was sent from Egypt. A Commando company of the Royal Marines provided an escort for the Colours and the Royal Malta Artillery an escort to receive them.

The Royal Sussex Regiment, with whose second battalion I once served, has the honour of taking precedence over all other Infantry regiments on parade in Malta. Also of interest is the fact that the death of a sentry at the hands of mutineers in Fort Ricasoli just after the turn of the nineteenth century is commemorated by two tablets, one in the guard room wall, the other on the parapet against the pole where the flag is flown.—G. R. Skilton, 167 Pearson Avenue, Toronto.

MEDALS GALORE

I imagine that the claim "Is it a record?" which accompanied the picture of eight members of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess, Singapore Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, who received their Long Service and Good Conduct Medals on the same day (SOLDIER, August), will meet with a storm of denials.

Possibly the largest issue ever made was in the first half of 1933, when the remnants of "Kitchener's Army" were collecting their reward for "18 years undetected crime." Nearly 2000 names were recorded in one issue of Army Orders. My own regiment, the Life Guards, received 17, the recipients being nearly all warrant officers and senior NCOs. Though I write from memory, at that particular period I think there were 53 holders of the medal serving with the Regiment.—Lieut.-Col. R. J. T. Hills, Buenos Aires Herald, Buenos Aires.

OFF THE PIER

I think "Off The Pier" (Letters, July) refers to an episode in the training of "D" Troop, No. 3 Commando, the pier being that at Largs, Ayrshire. It was our troop leader, Capt. "Johnny" Giles, Royal Tank Regiment, who purposely forgot to give the order to halt and the entire troop entered the not-too-icy waters of the Clyde. We were wearing denims, steel helmets, gas capes, rope-soled boots, gaiters, and small packs, plus rifles. After a "starboard wheel" we all scrambled ashore, formed up again and marched off as though it were an everyday occurrence.

There was a very close union between Captain Giles and those whom he commanded and his death at the head of the same troop at Vaagso, Norway, on 27 December, 1941, was keenly felt by those of us fortunate to serve under him.—WO 1 C. C. Stacey, RMP/SIB, FARELF Detachment, Malaya.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Trumpeters toot for it



Another verse of the song-hit,
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Revive on it,
thrive on it,
Feel more alive on it —

Good wholesome beer!

Trumpeters toot for it
Tubas go 'hoot' for it
Flautists all flute for it

Good wholesome beer

Some men walk dogs for it
Some men saw logs for it
Some men face fogs for it

Good wholesome beer

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MORE LETTERS

TOO EASY?

How many years does a regiment spend abroad? My son, who is in the Army, says it is only a three-year period. I know things have changed since I served with the Colours, but I do not think conditions to-day are as easy as all that.—"Old Soldier" (name and address supplied).

★The normal overseas tour for a regiment nowadays is three years, but it is often followed by three years in Germany (a "home" station), then a further overseas tour for three years. Between moves a regiment may stage in England.

FOUR VCs

Your article briefly recapitulating the history of the 8th Hussars (SOLDIER, September) did not mention that the Regiment won four Victoria Crosses in a single action at Gwalior during the Indian Mutiny. A squadron of 98 sabres under Captain C. W. Heneage charged a force of between 200 and 300 enemy horse, broke through and then charged two batteries, capturing two guns. In this action the Rane of Jhansi, dressed as a cavalry leader, was cut down by a Hussar. Recipients of the Cross (selected by their companions) were Captain Heneage, Sergeant J. Ward, Farrer G. Hollis and Private J. Pearson. A fifth VC was won for the Regiment in the Mutiny by Sergeant-Major James Champion.—J. B. (name and address supplied).

.....
HE was Field-Marshal Lord
Clyde, better known as Sir Colin
Campbell. (See page 10.)
.....

FILMS

coming your way

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

GEORDIE: From a postal course in physical culture Bill Travers builds himself up to win an Olympic title, woos lady champion Doris Goddard, forgets Norah Gorsen, the girl back home; mind triumphs over muscle when Alastair Sim intervenes.

CAST A DARK SHADOW: Dirk Bogarde murders his wife for her money, tries to dispose of sister-in-law Kay Walsh when she finds out. The trap he sets for her proves his own undoing. With Margaret Lockwood.

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD: Jerry Lewis, cutting capers as a barber's apprentice, gets himself involved with a jewel thief, while his partner, Dean Martin, finishes up in the Air Force. For Lewis and Martin addicts.

VALUE FOR MONEY: John Gregson, Yorkshire lad "oop for the coop," meets gold-digging chorus girl Diana Dors, loses home-town sweetheart Susan Stephen and lots of "brass." The two girls gang up on him. Comedy with a broad Northern accent.

DOCTOR AT SEA: Mad moments with the Merchant Marine. Everything happens to Dirk Bogarde as ship's doctor, under a roaring captain (James Robertson Justice). Brigitte Bardot makes a pert debut.

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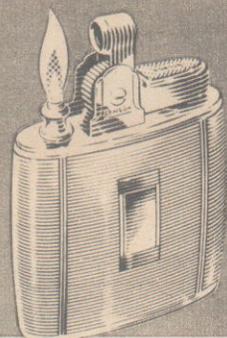
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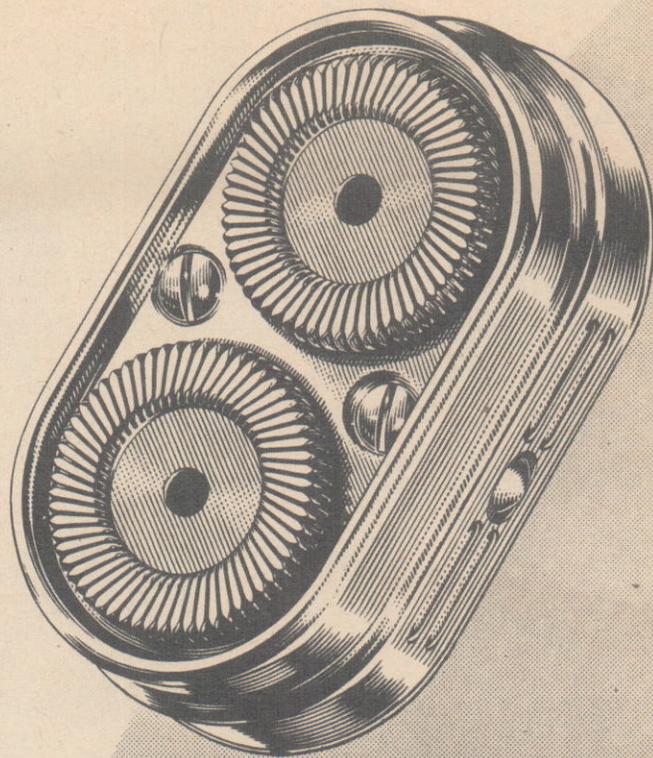
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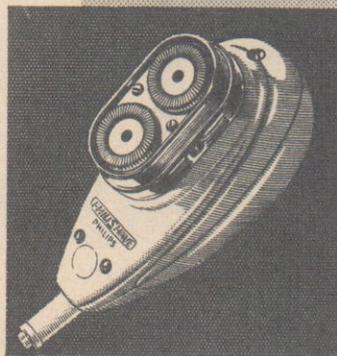
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